

Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

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Twopence.

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THE GRINDSTONE

I GRIND THE IRON-HARD HUSK OF LIES
FROM THE INNER OPAL TRUE —
I KEEN THE EDGE OF A FAITH-DULLED BLADE
UNTIL IT BITES ANEW —
I SET THE POINT OF THE DRILL THAT CUTS
THE WAY FOR THE BOLTS OF TRUTH —
I SHAPE THE CHISELS EDGE GROWN BLUNT
ON THE FETTERS OF BLINDED YOUTH —
I GRIND THE MAN-MADE RUST OF LIES
THAT CRUST ON A NATION'S NAME —
I FASHION THE EDGE OF THE AXE TO CUT
THE ROOTS OF A COUNTRY'S SHAME —
THESE THINGS I DO BY SLOW MAN-POWER
AND SLOWLY THE WORK IS DONE —
FOR THIS IS THE TASK THEY HAVE SET ME TO
FOR A SCORE OF YEARS AND ONE —

NOW SWING ME OVER AND HARNESS ME
TO A FOUNTAIN OF END-LESS POWER
AND THE LABOUR WHICH TOOK ME A YEAR TO DO
I'LL DO AGAIN IN AN HOUR —



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A SWIMMING HERO WHO NEVER SMOKED OR TOOK A DRINK.

By JACK CREAGH.

A press cable says:

"To the fact that he has never smoked and has never taken a drink of liquor, George Young, 17-year-old Canadian swimmer, believes he owes a goodly portion of the endurance that enabled him to conquer Catalina Channel."

I sat down to write, looking through the various notes and statements of Labor leaders re Prohibition. I felt I had an easy job, but my mind would not let me pick this angle, for at the moment I was just full of the fact that a Scotch Canadian lad of 17 years had done the impossible—"to swim from Sante Catalina Island to the rock-strewn Point Vincinte, on the mainland of California."

The distance as the crow flies is about 22 miles, but the strong currents that flow, mostly icy water, made the distance to be covered about 30 to 40 miles. All America is excited over the event. The story of this young lad's wonderful exploit is such that I am going to write his life, or as much of it as I can get from the various sources.

GEE! IT IS WONDERFUL!

Gee! It is wonderful! These words are coming from the lips of every man, woman and child who reside on this great continent, especially the lads I come in contact with. My, they are proud! I thought I would let the folk wayback in Aussie get as much of it as possible in the hope that it would at least grip some of the lads in my beloved Australia. Talk of novels, movies, of heroes, why this lad's life is shot through and through with wonderful doings, yet less than three days ago he was practically unknown to most of the world. It is true. Toronto, in Canada, knew of him, but now his doings are being told all over the world.

LESSONS TO YOUTH.

I see a lesson to youth in every saying and doing of this lad, and while adults can benefit, youth should get most out of this record. The first lesson he taught the whole world from his lips as he rested on a stretcher, the water of the Pacific still on his splendid young body. The officials, especially the press, wanted some "copy," and they asked, "How did you do it?" The lad used the words I started this true story with:

"I have never smoked, and never taken a drink of liquor."

These words were amongst the first the lad spoke; but the first thought of this lad, as he stood on the rocks, his hands high above his head, his body tired, his muscles stiff, his heart beating hard, a great crowd on the shore, his own trainer and those in the official boat still being tossed about by the waves he had come through; yes, his first thought was of his mother, and that thought was: "Gee, won't mother be happy!" Get the scene again. A great cheering crowd on the beach, many rushing into the water to get a grip of him. Many colored lights shone out from the shore and from attending boats. Bedlam broken loose; the lad standing there wondering. His attendants saw the crowd rush; they beat them to it. Jumping into the water they carried him to their boat, then on to the Red Cross boat, where in a very short time the doctors pronounced him as normal.

LET US GO BACK A BIT!

About 16 years ago a young Scotch woman, with very little money, had just lost her husband—but rich, because in her arms was a 12-months old man child, and in her

heart a great love for the child. Looking into the future she was brave, as so many of her country are. She looked ahead. The colonies called. Would she go to Australia? New Zealand or Canada? Well, Canada won, and eventually she found herself in Toronto.

Leaving dear Scotland she boarded the boat. What a time she had on that boat, for George the baby liked the water, and seeing him running to the side of the ship, how her heart must have jumped; and pale faced, she grabbed hold of him, clutching him to her heart. He was all she had in the whole world. Yes, this tough morsel of humanity must have caused her many an anxious moment.

AT SIX YEARS.

The call of Toronto, that beautiful city in Ontario did not go unheeded. At first the mother used to hold her bairn in the waters of the River Don, just up to his knees, George often trying to pull away. Mrs. Young had to work hard. She was a good cook, and between the cooking and the struggle to make her boy the great fellow he is, her lot must have been pretty hard.

At ten we find George being nicknamed the Big Fish. The water called, and a Mr. John Walker, New Granite Club, took the lad in hand, and when George was ten years old we find him a crack swimmer. It is only right for the man who trained the lad to speak. Here are his words as given to the press, who called to congratulate him:

"I have trained Young since he was ten years old, and have been with him at every championship he ever won. I say Young is not only the best swimmer Canada has ever produced, but that the world has ever produced." Mr. Walker said that before the race he was afraid that Young would not go the distance, as he had not trained.

Young learned to swim in the River Don, which runs through the east side of the city. It is nothing but an ordinary "swimming hole" for the boys of the East End. He learned at six years, and made such rapid strides that at the age of sixteen he was the holder of four records and fifteen championships. He is the holder of four Dominion championship records, the 200 yards and 220 yards free style, quarter mile, and mile. He is the only one to surpass the records of Hudson, the great Montreal champion.

This is some record; but the grit of the lad not only comes out in swimming, but in everyday life, as the following will show:

AT FOURTEEN.

While his mother cooked the meals at the Lake-of-Bays Hotel, George then 14, did bell-hopping, that is, he was in the lobby of the hotel, at the beck and call of everybody. It is a hard job, and one has to be smart. We can imagine the boy, struggling with heavy luggage, running errands, or calling for someone wanted on the 'phone. All this helped to make him strong. Then many a "piece" he got, as he ran into the kitchen between busy times; and when he was free, oh, boy, the water, plenty of it, and George liked it cold, and free from alcohol, inside and out.

GEORGE, A HERO.

One night the hotel caught fire. Mrs. Young was on the third floor. George could see his mother at the window. Some men on the ground held blankets so that she could jump into them. George saw her plight, and began to crawl up a water-pipe to the third floor. The call of Mother had been answered, but Mother had jumped. Her spine

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No. 16-F

was injured, and she is still suffering. His mother's physical condition and the need for a greater effort of help from George was answered by the lad in a wonderful way. Her need, her happiness was the chief incentive to George Young to win.

The period between the mother's injury and the swim in the Pacific was about three years. George was 14 at the time of the injury, and he showed his mettle, for he worked harder, and on every possible occasion he went into the water. The chief hardship came because of his mother's injury. After work, especially on pay days, George would hurry home, make things as comfortable as possible, and then off for a swim—but always mother first. In the three years he piled up a record of honest service and love to his mother that would be hard to beat, and I pass it on to the youth of Australia, who perhaps may not come up to George's sport standard, but all can come up to the standard of true service and love for their parents.

(To be continued.)

MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

KIND WORDS AND GENEROUS GIFTS.

I have received many letters of appreciation, congratulation and birthday wishes, and I am placing some of them on record in this article.

In the last 21 years I have received much "good" advice as to how "Grit" should be run and how it might be improved. Sometimes I have been able to enjoy the brilliant suggestions, but more often I have felt like reminding my advisers of the dear old lady who, when asked after the service by her pastor what she thought of the sermon, said, "I would enjoy it better if you told us a little more of the 'hows' and little less of the 'do's'."

Many "stunts" have been tried, many of the methods of other papers have been tried, but they have not proved workable. When I read such letters as the following I wonder why "Grit" has not a circulation of 50,000 a week.

CLERGYMAN.

A Presbyterian minister writes:

"Your letter gave a shock to my nervous system, as I thought I had paid my sub. for this year, but on looking up my diary for last year I find you are correct, so I am enclosing a cheque for one pound, the balance you can accept as conscience money for my negligence. Seeing you are celebrating your 21st year, you can have a lunch at my expense, and with my very best wishes for the continued success of your valuable paper.

"I value very much your paper, but do not misunderstand me when I say I value yourself even more, for I know a little of the uphill fight you have always had to wage, and I know no one who has done so much for the cause of Prohibition and Reform than your own self.

"You have my earnest prayers for the success of your paper and a long life for yourself."

A Church of England Archdeacon writes: "I enclose £1 note towards a birthday gift for the coming of age of 'Grit.' It has been more than worthy of its name during all these years.

"With all best wishes, and wishing 'Grit' many happy returns on March 10."

A pastor of the Church of Christ writes: "Congratulations on your splendid publication, 'Grit,' attaining its majority. Friends and foes of the cause of Prohibition alike admire you for the 'grit' which has enabled you to do such wonderful service on platform, in pulpit, and not the least by 'Grit.' We quote it, and use it for propaganda week by week."

FELLOW SCRIBES.

A well-known journalist writes:

"Here is a cheque for £10/10/-. I hope it is your first 'coming of age.' It is intended as 10/- per year for the last 21 years.

"I do hope, too, that your 'coming of age' party on March 10 will be a very, very happy one."

A Melbourne editor writes:

"The history of 'Grit' can be written in four letters—G R I T. 'Grit' is the most appropriately named newspaper I have read, and I have read it with scarcely a break for 21 years. Many happy returns—this to the editor, not the publisher."

A QUEENSLANDER.

"You say that 'Grit' is 21 years old. Let me see how old was it when I first saw its face and smiled, because at our house, no

matter how vinegary we are at the time, we always smile when 'Grit' comes. If I remember right you had visited Ipswich and held forth with the aid of pictures in the Town Hall on your work in Sydney. I remember the lecture was fine. The only trouble was there did not appear to be enough seats. Do you know, sir, if you had time, I'd like to carry your bag or hold your hat, while you went up and down the land saying in your own way, "'Grit,' let me introduce you to 'Grit'." Sometimes in my ambitious moments I even think, before I go hence, I'll start a second edition of 'Grit,' but then if I did, after I'd sat up till midnight and got up at sunrise, after I'd spent my last bob, and been refused by my banker any extension of my overdraft, after I'd seen a vision of a better world and transferred it to my 'personal column,' I'm afraid I'd see on a friend's table an unopened copy three weeks old, and perhaps my Cornish blood would become overheated, and I'd say, 'Go to Jericho.' I might even quote Shakespeare: 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind, thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude; freeze, freeze, thou winter sky, thou dost not bite so might as benefits forget.' That, of course, would cause them to withdraw their support. They'd say: 'Isn't he an old grouch.' Still, it might be that here and there someone would overcome evil with the weapon I had put in his hand, and I might even see other hands and hear other voices carrying on the fight against alcohol, with the inspiration and information they had gleaned from my pages.

"Well, Sir, I set out to say 'Congratulations,' 'Thanks.' May you long continue your work of mercy, education and hope."

A CITY ARCHITECT.

A well-known and much travelled architect writes:

"Congratulations on 21st birthday of 'Grit.' The paper comes here every Saturday, and I open it on Sunday and leave it on the table along with a couple of church papers. My three boys come along—21, 18 and 14 years old—and each read it or part of it—14 always opens it at the humorous column, and demonstrates the wisdom of putting in that page. Then the girl, wife and self read it at various parts of the day, and at 10 p.m. it is wrapped up with the 'Messenger' and sent to my eldest son 'on the land.' Sometimes he has to go without if I see something I want to send on to someone else. Your paper is a wonderful production, considering its difficulties. Many people speak of your work in this and other parts of temperance endeavor with warmest admiration, even if they are not 'working at it.'"

"Cease not to sow for fear of the birds' I saw carved on Canon Bartlett's memorial in Westminster Abbey. In the face of the difficulties you have, may you long continue the good work.

"I cannot claim new subscribers, but do not neglect any chance on behalf of 'Grit.' I prefer to send my copy to Ken than have

FULL OF VALUE

King Tea

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

a separate order. I have been making a collection of clothes for your work, and in a few days a parcel will be ready and sent along.

"Assuring you of the appreciation your paper meets with in its fearless fight."

FROM A SHEAF OF OTHERS.

I select some of the other kind letters.

A country coroner writes:

"Many happy returns of the day. It would be a calamity if anything compelled 'Grit' to stop. More power to you and more praise."

One friend sends the following suggestion:

"Herewith P.N. covering 2/6 as an offering to 21st birthday celebration. It has come into my mind should each subscriber do likewise it would be a lift for 'Grit' and a manifestation of gratitude for the valuable publication."

From the country comes this message:

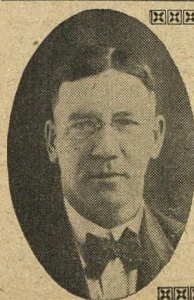
"Your splendid journal 'Grit' is well named, well known, and well loved as well as well hated. All worthy citizens are anxious for the prohibition of the wretched, degrading traffic. We are all trusting that the United States will hold fast and fight on and conquer to the last city and hotel. We must win in Australia. I hope your 21st anniversary will be a great success. The whole of the churches must pray, work and pay so that sinews of war may be provided to help cheer those in the front rank."

A "breeze" from Wagga Wagga:

"Dear Boss 'Grit,'—Yes, you must feel a bit perky on reaching your 21st birthday, can quite understand that you have gone through many trying weeks, and old Dad R.B.S. must often have wondered how the h—l he was going to see you through many of the week-ends. Sparkle up and keep the flag flying at pole-top. Remember that you have a long way to go to catch up to the old man on the Upper Murrumbidgee, who reached 90 years of age the other day, and is reported to be cutting his third lot of teeth. Hurrah!

"Cheque for 42/- herewith, so as to make up for a few of those deadheads on your list."

"It's your 21st birthday next month, isn't it? Well, I have known you for about 18 years, and admire you for many things. Am sending you a small birthday present; you'll do some good with it or make someone a little happier I know, so 'many happy returns' and good-bye, 'Grit.'"



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THE LICENSE INVASION.

HOW THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS SMOTHERED.

Many strange stories are told concerning the ways of the collectors of signatures to petitions for new licenses. They may be asking only for the names of those who want the gas in the street, or asking you to sign a requisition for a telephone service. If "hotel" is mentioned, it is only as a first-class residential hotel which will be an ornament to the architecture of the district, and, catering for the tourists or high-class boarder, will bring business to everybody around.

On one occasion, when one of the petition mongers was asked if any liquor would be sold in the hotel, he replied that it would be supplied only to the "guests." Possibly, "guests" would bear the same liberal interpretation as Justice James put upon "lodger," and anyone who crossed the threshold for a drink would be a guest.

The remarkable thing about the whole business is the number of people opposed to a liquor bar who allow themselves to be caught by the guile of these canvassers. There are always a considerable number who say subsequently that they were quite misled when induced to sign the petition. This only serves to emphasise further the injustice done the community in depriving the electors of their Local Option rights.

Some remarkable disclosures have been made by the police inspection of petitions. One of the most glaring illustrations is in respect of a district, with an adult population of about 5000, where and from the petition, supposed to contain a majority of signatures, the police had to remove over 1500 names. This reveals a state of affairs which, in a democratic community, is appalling. It can be seen that the situation is in the hands of the police officers revising the petition. They may be careful, or careless, or otherwise; the petition is in their hands. And when an applicant's canvassers put on 50 per cent. of ineligible names the public welfare is endangered. It is indeed time that the whole matter of licenses is treated as a public interest, and fewer concessions given to the liquor traffic.

There have been 23 applications dealt with or in process of preparation during this month. This indicates the extent of the activities of the traffic. It is a monstrous thing that respectable neighbourhoods should be open to exploitation as they are under the law, as it now is.

Even Matraville, where a few people, including some returned soldiers, are endeavoring to make a home among conditions not the most favorable, is regarded as fair game. A petition for an hotel is now before the Licensing Bench.

Chullora, the new railway centre near Bankstown, is marked down as a desirable site for a "residential hotel." The site first chosen was just opposite the pay office of the big railway works. Truly, liquor has an eye to business. Later, this was abandoned for one a little further away. The application is being strongly opposed, prominent railway officials giving evidence against it.

Crow's Nest must be regarded as a prize, for two big brewery companies are fighting for the right to get in. It is stated that £30,000 have been paid for one site. How great the profits must be, and how big the amount of the people's spending money going to the liquor exploiters! The strange thing

CONFERENCE WITH COUNTRY MINISTERS.

A number of country Methodist ministers, now in Sydney for the Annual Conference of their Church, met at tea, at the invitation of the Prohibition Alliance. The desire was to discuss with them some problems of the campaign, especially as regards country centres.

There were about 30 present, and they fully represented the various districts of the State. After the tea, and in the short time available between the Conference sessions, Messrs. Vaughan and Macourt placed the various phases of the campaign before the ministers. The absolute necessity of close association between the Churches and the Prohibition Alliance was stressed, particularly so far as the country is concerned. Criticism and suggestions were invited, and a number of the visitors spoke candidly concerning features of the campaign. Emphasis was placed upon the need for more thorough organising of Prohibition sentiment in country towns, with Prohibition committees to carry on, and also more extensive publicity. Several spoke of a sympathetic press in their districts, and others said that there was a fairness about some journals opposed to Prohibition that made them receive matter in its favor.

Rev. T. M. Taylor, of Orange, expressed the thanks of the ministers at the close of the gathering.

The country ministers are among the most important links in the campaign for Prohibition, and the spirit of friendship and comradeship in the gathering will have further effect in connection with the plans for the year.

MEETING IN DOMAIN.

Rev. H. C. Foreman, Messrs. Vaughan, Lane, M.L.A., and Macourt were the speakers at a protest meeting held in the Sydney Domain on Sunday afternoon. It was appropriate that in this rendezvous of democracy there should be a condemnation of the attack on the people's will by those responsible for the Liquor Bill.

Strong approval was given by the crowd when it was pointed out that there had been no public demand of any kind for the proposed legislation, which could only be regarded as a concession to the liquor traffic in return for something done for the politicians.

A resolution of protest against the Bill was passed, with only one dissentient voice.

Comments in the crowd were strongly antagonistic to the Government and Mr. Gavin for the manner in which they were supporting liquor's claims for further concessions against the people's will. These served to emphasise the feeling that the public is thoroughly stirred over the matter, and will remember it against the day of the elections.

It is intended to embark on a programme of open-air meetings in the metropolitan area, with the object of conserving the feeling of indignation until the people have the opportunity of dealing with the politicians who have been untrue to democracy.

about the whole matter is that so many persons, including business people, allow themselves to be duped into supporting the liquor traffic's game.

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

METHODIST CONFERENCE AND PROHIBITION.

The question of Prohibition and general matters of campaigning were before the Methodist Conference at various times during the sessions. Resolutions of protest against the attack upon six o'clock closing were carried and forwarded to members of Parliament. There were other resolutions in respect of law enforcement, Local Option, and the larger issue of Prohibition.

Rev. Wallace Deane, the convener of the Social Questions Committee, has done splendid work during the year, and the earnestness of his committee was shown in their report and in the plans for this year.

The annual social questions demonstration in the Lyceum was a big and enthusiastic gathering, revealing the revived interest in the campaign. The President-General (Rev. J. G. Wheen) presided, and there were present on the platform representatives of the various Temperance bodies of the State. A splendid rallying call to the Church was given by the chairman, and he was followed by Rev. R. B. S. Hammand, Rev. V. C. Bell, Miss Preston-Stanley, M.L.A., Rev. H. C. Foreman and Rev. W. H. Howard.

A resolution of protest against the Liquor Bill was carried.

FIELD APPOINTMENTS.

FRIDAY, MARCH 11.

7.30 p.m.—Lecture, Port Macquarie.

Mr. O. A. Piggott.

SUNDAY, MARCH 13.

7 p.m.—Auburn Methodist Church.

Rev. H. Putland.

11 a.m.—Jones Island Methodist Church.

2.30 p.m.—Cundle Methodist Church.

7.30 p.m.—Cooperbrook Anglican Church.

Mr. O. A. Piggott.

11 a.m.—Beecroft Anglican Church.

Mr. C. E. Still.

MONDAY, MARCH 14.

8 p.m.—Lecture, Taree.

Mr. O. A. Piggott.

TUESDAY, MARCH 15.

8 p.m.—Lecture, Cooperbrook.

Mr. O. A. Piggott.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16.

8 p.m.—Lecture, Wingham.

Mr. O. A. Piggott.

SUNDAY, MARCH 20.

11 a.m.—Lidcombe Methodist Church.

7 p.m.—Auburn Church.

Rev. H. Putland.

11 a.m.—Smithfield Anglican Church.

3 p.m.—Fairfield West Anglican Church.

7 p.m.—North Auburn Methodist Church.

Mr. O. A. Piggott.

11 a.m.—Corrimal Anglican Church.

2.30 p.m.—Fairy Meadow Ang. Church.

7.15 p.m.—Balgownie Anglican Church.

Mr. C. E. Still.

11 a.m.—Bulli Methodist Circuit.

3 p.m.—Bulli Methodist Circuit.

7.30 p.m.—Bulli Methodist Circuit.

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NEW SOUTH WALES PROHIBITION ALLIANCE

Headquarters: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Our Objective: The Abolition of the Liquor Traffic.

Our Weapons: Education and Legislative Action.

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

NEW CAMPAIGN DIRECTOR.

HON. CRAWFORD VAUGHAN APPOINTED

MR. HENRY MACOURT ASSISTANT.

The big campaign inaugurated by the Prohibition Alliance in connection with the next State election and referendum has necessitated a reorganisation at headquarters. The Executive had deferred filling the vacant position of State Superintendent pending a full consideration of the requirements of the whole situation. It was realised that the position of Chief Executive Officer at the present juncture required a man of special qualities, capable of dealing with the political situation and the great need for complete organisation of our forces throughout the State.

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee it was unanimously resolved to appoint Hon. Crawford Vaughan as Campaign Director.



Hon. Crawford Vaughan.

The chairman, Rev. H. C. Foreman, M.A., in presenting the recommendation to the Committee, said he believed the proposal to be a very wise one. Mr. Vaughan had been directly connected with their work sufficiently long for them to have every confidence in his ability to fill the important post of Campaign Director.

He had the political sense, a capacity for taking the big view; he was a fine platform speaker, and had an undoubted interest in the Campaign for Prohibition. Already he had won the confidence of those ultimately associated with their work.

Mr. Crawford Vaughan has had wide experience in public affairs. Born in South Australia, as a young man he entered journalism, which naturally led him to politics. He became Leader of the Parliamentary Labor Party, and afterwards Premier of his State. Like many other notable Labor men, he differed from his party on the conscription issue, and later went to England and America on special war missions. Returning to Australia, he was one of the men who launched the cotton industry in Australia. A few years ago he came to N.S.W., at once entering public affairs as a member of the Country Party.

Last year he joined the staff of the Prohibition Alliance, chiefly for the purpose of developing business sentiment in relation to Prohibition. Subsequently, he took the oversight of the political side of the general campaign, and has been a prominent figure in the fight against the Liquor Amendment Bill.

Mr. Vaughan is commended to our people throughout the State. We feel assured he will be well received and heartily supported. He proposes in our next issue to give a special campaign message and greeting.

ASSISTANT CAMPAIGN DIRECTOR.

It was with a desire to strengthen the Executive control of the Campaign that the Committee decided to create the office of

LABOR AND LIQUOR.

A LETTER TO LABOR MEMBERS.

By CRAWFORD VAUGHAN.

We draw your attention as a Labor representative to the way in which the Liquor Amendment Bill flouts the Labor platform at every turn.

The Bill abrogates the principle of the Referendum, and if passed will make the plank in the Labor platform, declaring for the initiative, referendum and recall a piece of mere hypocritical pretence.

The Bill defies majority rule and government by the people, substituting for these great democratic ideals the rule of a wealthy vested interest that has no sympathy with Labor, and that has refused to apply the 44-hours principle to its own retail business.

The Bill cuts right across the 44-hours day by extending the liquor trading hours from 72 per week to 90 per week, and because of this is strongly opposed by a large number of Trades Unions.

The Bill flatly contradicts the policy laid down in the Early Closing of Shops Act, which provides for closing shops at 6 p.m. on week days and noon on Saturdays, by allowing liquor shops to do business until 9 p.m. every week day.

The Bill, if limited to fashionable residential hotels, will confine the privilege of drinking after 6 p.m. to a class of "lounge lizards" and rich late diners, for whom wines and liqueurs are amongst the "necessaries of life."

The Bill if extended to hotels and wine restaurants generally, will enrich the brewing concern by impoverishing wage-earners, seriously imperilling the home life of the masses, diverting spending powers of the workers from necessities to liquor, and increasing unemployment by lessening the output of the factories.

The Bill is in flat contradiction to the Child Endowment measure, for if passed it will enrich the Big Three of the brewing trade by depriving little children of needful sustenance.

The Bill is not required for the entertainment of the Duke of York, as alleged by its Ministerial sponsor, for the Duke is coming to Australia to attend functions at Canberra, at which no liquor will be served, and in any case it is preposterous to open every public house till 9 p.m. for an indefinite period of years, in order to entertain the Duke of York with alcoholic refreshment accompani-

ment at one hotel for one meal. The Duke's name is used without his consent to cover a political concession amounting to £4,000,000.

The Bill reveals the trail of liquor's influence in politics and if carried will make the Labor Government a byword and reproach to every democrat.

The Bill had the support of Mr. Bavin in the Lower House, and of inner circle "Nationalists" in the Upper House, which indicates that the liquor trade has influence in the counsels of both parties.

We earnestly request you to reveal your manhood by voting for laying aside a measure which reduces the Labor platform either to platitudinism or hypocrisy, and which, if passed, will add to the sum of social misery in our midst.

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MY WESTERN TRIP.

By CRAWFORD VAUGHAN.

I left behind at Parkes an energetic committee determined to perfect the Prohibition organisation in that town. The suggestion that we should utilise the motion picture in country towns was warmly welcomed here. The lantern has its uses, but it does not draw audiences which have become used to the movie. The idea, as I explained it to the Parkes Committee, is to run a full picture programme, featuring the liquor evil with the proper romantic setting, and throwing upon the screen our educational slides at convenient intervals. We should be glad to hear from other country centres concerning their views on this proposal before we actually embark upon this new feature in our educational activities.

At Orange I spoke to the children in the High School, emphasising the importance of Temperance, but avoiding the controversial issues. Canon Taylor, the honored president of our Orange Branch, joined with the Ministers of this important centre in making my meetings a success. The W.S.T.U. have a very active Branch in this capital of the West, and under the successful leadership of Mrs. McNeilly and Miss Whitmee, attended the Conference in force.

The open-air meeting was well attended, and clearly indicated that the Liquor Amendment Bill has very few friends in Orange.

At Bathurst the Alliance Branch has been resuscitated. Mr. Paul, ex-member for Orange, took the chair both at the Conference and at the open-air meeting which followed. It was decided to hold the annual meeting some time in March, and to invite a notable speaker to address them. Mr. W. J. Snowling, the earnest and hard-working hon. secretary, has been chiefly instrumental in keeping the organisation intact at Bathurst.

There is, in these Western centres, great need for the development of the Alliance Organisation. The field is white for the harvest if we will but set out to gather it. The smaller centres cannot easily be reached by our staff but should it be decided to station a permanent area officer at either Orange or Bathurst, it would fan the glowing embers of the Temperance Cause into flame in every centre out West.

ment at one hotel for one meal. The Duke's name is used without his consent to cover a political concession amounting to £4,000,000.

The Bill reveals the trail of liquor's influence in politics and if carried will make the Labor Government a byword and reproach to every democrat.

The Bill had the support of Mr. Bavin in the Lower House, and of inner circle "Nationalists" in the Upper House, which indicates that the liquor trade has influence in the counsels of both parties.

We earnestly request you to reveal your manhood by voting for laying aside a measure which reduces the Labor platform either to platitudinism or hypocrisy, and which, if passed, will add to the sum of social misery in our midst.

THE MYSTERY BILL.

The wonders and the wickedness of the Liquor Bill will be given adequate space in the next issue.

A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER.

WHAT'S YOUR PRICE, JOE?

THE STORY OF A COW.

Prohibitionists of Australia.

My Dear Comrades,—This is strictly a personal epistle to you, strictly private, and must not be read by any of the "Battalion of Death" or the assassins that, under the camouflage of scribes, scavenge like sewer rats the mire and murk of the underworld's dank stanks and cesspools for the literature obtained from illiteracy for newspapers that carry murderous liquor advertisements into respectable homes, newspapers that have Hindoo fakirism skinned forty ways as their sheets become transformed into red rags that when lifted—hey, presto!—they divulge the youth of Australia as children toying with what were innocent liquor advertisements metamorphosed into death adders.

In a recent "Grit" editorial the editor took a "slam" at one of Sydney's great literary lights that, like other know-alls that have been in America long enough to digest a mess of Boston baked beans, went home to write a book about how America should be run. It is really a wonder how this country survives after they leave it for the "big sticks." I regret that, in his editorial, the editor of "Grit" did not mention his name. I would then be able to tell you whether he was the same newspaper man from Australia that I kicked out of my library, across the piazza of my home, and down the walk into the street where I slapped him in the face with his hat. He had come all the way from Australia with an offer from the "Battalion of Death" to ascertain if I would "sell out." In other words, he asked how much I would take to "double-cross" the Prohibition party in Australia. Throwing his cheque book upon my desk he said, "Joe, what is your price?"

The year 1926 has been a wonderful Prohibition year in America, and I am going to intersperse this letter with excerpts from the American and foreign press in order that you will observe a little of the gigantic progress and prosperity accrued from Prohibition. America is as safe from the onslaughts of the World's League Against Prohibition as Heaven is from Hell. You must know that the L.V.A. (Licensed Viciousness Associations) or, as America termed them in the days when they enslaved the American home (and kept a list of the new-born) with the gluttony gourmandisers, "Licensed Victualers' Associations," and the rest of the "Battalion of Death," have organised and have their backs humped fighting, hog, cheek and jowl. In America they are on the defensive. Outside they are aggressive. That is the best news I have to give you. It is a sure sign of victory.

They are bashing their brains out on the American Rock of Gibraltar. America will stand all the battering the ghouls can give it, and after the presidential election of 1928 in America you'll have renewed confidence. America will "hold the line"; the rest of the civilised world will eventually embrace Prohibition.

Don't become impatient. Don't take your "wet" press and its "wet" propaganda seriously; let them use up their ammunition, and reply to all "wet" arguments like we in America do—by bursting out laughing in their faces.

The economic pressure is too great for the combined forces of Hell to bear. Alcohol has emerged from the "line up" to be spanked by the great pedagogue Progress. Combine, pack concentrate, agree, and hold that line. Meanwhile work with a long steady gait. Don't become excited. Don't become jealous because your brother Prohibitionist has more ability than you, and is more of a "go-

getter." Give the most capable the floor. Don't adopt a dog in the manger attitude because your own aggrandisement begins to look like last year's bird's nest. Don't pout and become peeved when our great army pelts with pansies one of our scrappers that crossed No Man's Land into the "Battalion of Death's" smoke house and returned with the "bacon." Join in the great army of Prohibition boosters. Throw away your hammers and buy trumpets. Then we will witness the day when Australia will no longer worry about the unemployed and the skeleton of the babe that mouths at the withered breast of its weeping mother. It will be then that the "Licensed Viciousness Association" loosens its grip on Australian throats; and as you see the vultures removing, one by one, their bleeding talons, you will realise the value of unity.

I notice where jealousy already emanates from certain well-meaning Church members in our land. They seem fearful else other tributaries take up too much room in this great economic reform, Prohibition, and steal the Church's thunder.

Admittedly the Church is the steel reinforcement around which the great concrete formation becomes solidified; and if our good, sincere churchmen will permit the merchant et al—not bent upon looking at Prohibition through religious glasses—to take a bite of his apple, Australia will have the "Licensed Viciousness Association" looking like the devil with cholera morbus inside a very short period of time. It takes more than hair to make a dog, and more than a tail to wag it. For the edification of all not well versed in the value of unity, I shall describe an incident in which diversity put a well-meant dairy business out of commission. Bill we will call the merchant, and Joe we will call the Church. (The scene is London, England.)

Bill and Joe decide to enter the dairying world. They go to the saleyards and buy a cow costing ten pounds. Bill pays five pounds and Joe pays five pounds. They take the cow home and put it in the cow shed. Next morning Joe gets a bucket and goes down to the barn to get a pail of milk. He finds Bill milking the cow, and says, "Bill, I own half of the cow, and I want half of the milk." Bill says, "No, you don't own this half of the cow; I own this half and the milk is all mine; you own the front half, Joe."

For weeks Joe carried eight and ten buckets of water a day, besides hay, chaff and oats to water and feed his half of the cow, and Bill got all the milk. One day as Bill was passing Joe's half of the cow to get the milk Joe's half of the cow horned Bill, and Bill sued Joe for damages. Joe got even with Bill; he killed his half of the cow, and Bill's half died.

(I use that as an illustration to remind those not versed in unity of the value of discipline, self-sacrifice, unselfishness, and co-operation amongst all creeds and all people that desire to see the world's greatest single reform, Prohibition, an Australian reality.)

The Christmas of 1926 in America saw, amongst America's 125,000,000 people, a few, say 100, stiff spread out from drinking bootleg poison. They were suicides that knew exactly what to expect. However, there is approximately 100 less to violate the Eighteenth Amendment next Christmas. As is expected, the "wet" propagandists have seized upon it as propaganda, and there's another howl. The World's League Against Prohibition, financed by the world beyond America with the object of breaking down the American Constitution and protecting the liquor interests abroad, finds it good copy, and Senator Edge and the usual "wet" drek, such as Al Smith, Reed, Bruce of Maryland, Hill et al, are yelling their heads off demanding the return of liquor, because a few degenerates committed suicide. Uncle Sam has replied by putting another 2 per cent. wood alcohol in commercial alcohol until he finds other means of making it foolproof.

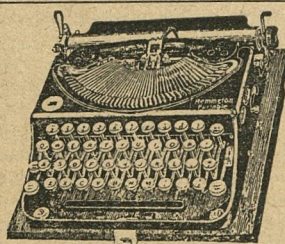
Uncle Sam is not fighting. The Prohibition party is not worrying or is it spending a penny in its defence. The 18th Amendment is constitutional, and it remains to be seen whether the American Constitution that has been through wars with England, Spain, the Indians and Mexico (all of which she came out of gloriously) can be shattered by a few local-rum hounds and the "degenerated alliance of foreign liquor traffickers."

The investment in slaves was of more importance to the southern cotton planters than alcohol is to the perverted traitors that hail from the foreign countries in which they have two-thirds of the population more or less enslaved, and all of it infected with their ravenous destructive bacteria, and it remains to be seen whether "The Battalion of Death," with the weight of the Roman Catholic Church thrown in, can destroy the richest, healthiest, cleanest and most powerful constitution in the world, that of America. The South couldn't, and it resorted to rebellion.

Prime Minister Bruce is here at my time of writing encouraging better relationship between America and England. He says: "They hold the situation in their hands." If he said Prohibition America does, he would be nearer the mark. Bruce knows where England's friend hangs his hat, and if we had more like Bruce that desires amity and goes after it via the sugar bowl route and less like those that call Uncle Sam Shylock, England would be surer of co-operation when, in the next war, she's dodging gas-laden shells from across the Channel.

(Continued on page 12.)

PASS "GRIT" ON



Remington Portable

The Supreme Personal Typewriter.

Take it with YOU
---anywhere!

Weighing but 9lbs., the Remington Portable Typewriter is amazingly handy. Add to that the fact that it is standard in design and performance, and you will realise what a fine little machine it is. The price is equally attractive. Ring City 8234 for details.

CHARTRES LTD.

(Formerly as Stott & Hoare & Chartres Ltd.),
309 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.



STRIKING AND ENCOURAGING

A GENEROUS TRIBUTE BY A NOTED JOURNALIST.

Mr. J. A. Packer, a world travelled journalist, whose book on Russia was welcomed by many a few years ago, and whose 40 years' association with "Daily Telegraph" and editorship of the "Watchman" and the "Baptist" make him so widely known, writes:

Mine is only a tiny journalist bell, but I should like its note to be sounded in the carillon of congratulations to "Grit" and its brave editor that will peal forth this week in honor of a memorable coming-of-age. Looking back twenty-one years does not seem very long. I can remember, as though it were yesterday, when the birth of the new baby among journals was announced, and its proud parents and generous sponsors feasted their eyes upon it, and modestly hoped that it would make good.

Seven thousand six hundred and sixty-five suns have risen and set since that auspicious birthday, and the swaddling infant has become a full-grown man. All the sicknesses and growing pains common to childhood have been its portion. There were times when the fond parents stood by the bedside and awaited the crisis which threatened a mournful end, but the crisis passed, and infancy and adolescence have passed into manhood, with a rare bloom of health for its cheeks, and a robustness of physique which gives full promise of a rich, ripe old age.

The inner secret of what all this has meant is with one man, the Editor, who has through all the years sought to plough a straight and often lonely furrow, with no horses or motor tractors to pull the plough, and nothing but his Herculean strength and indomitable will-power to push it into fruitful soil. It is comparatively easy to edit and manage some papers. Energy that makes for success is in their favor. Well-defined rails are laid down upon which they may run. "Grit" had to make its own constituency of friends, with a policy that was a challenge to every reactionary force in the community it sought to serve. The name of the paper, "Grit," was never intended to denote sand, but strength of character, pluck, endurance. And the paper has lived up to that true derivation with superb consistency. It has been a shining evangel for righteousness—political, social and domestic reform—and most of all reform through the regeneration of the individual.

"Grit" has filled a unique place in Australian community life. By its spirit of splendid optimism it has encouraged the things which count the most and make for the best in the lives of men and nations. It has fearlessly and relentlessly challenged the Goliaths of evil. But the page which I have always read first in the paper each week and prized the most has been the Editor's "Personal Chat With My Readers!" There one always finds Mr. Hammond at his best—inspiring, lovable, sympathetic. His reflections are a tonic for tired, dejected souls, and they never fail to refresh and strengthen.

Mr. Hammond has proved himself a champion of champions, a flaming prophet, a leader who lives, plans, and acts in the spirit of the great soldier who said, "I will find a way, or make one." He doesn't wait for his opportunity; he makes it. He is a dynamo of energy, a giant at work; his big-hearted philanthropy responds to every human appeal. At what cost to himself one trembles to think. No man in Australia, be he Prime Minister, Archbishop, or artisan, works at higher or more sustained tension, or crowds so much real self-sacrificing work into every day in the week. I know of no man who burns so much midnight oil—and I have used up a good many gallons myself during my fifty years of journalism—but how many miles to the gallon Mr. Hammond travels, not even a speedway expert could determine.

The meaning of it all? Just an enthusi-

astic adherence to an ideal. And what are hardships, contumely, slander, ridicule, persecution, toil, sickness, premature age, to "a soul throbbing with an overmastering purpose"?

A NOBLE SACRIFICE.

The following letter, with its valuable and self-sacrificing gift is a most touching tribute, and crowns the long series of sacrifices that has made "Grit" possible through all these years:

"As I have not any money at present for our good reliable 'Grit's' 21st birthday, the



J. A. PACKER.

Lord has guided me to send you this old 'heirloom.' It is a valuable watch, being the best gold and good solid works inside. I would like you to take it to a really honest, trustworthy jeweller, who will give you the just value of this faithful old time-piece. It is like parting with an old friend, but still I rejoice to give it to the cause that seeks to win people for my Blessed Saviour. My earnest prayer is going with it that you will have Divine guidance in trading with it for the benefit of 'Grit,' which certainly is the Lord's work."

A BREEZE FROM THE WEST.

The following telegram, signed by the President, Rev. A. J. Barclay, and R. J. C. Butler, from Perth, W.A., came like a southerly on a hot day:

"Prohibition League of W.A. heartily congratulates 'Grit' on its 21st birthday. 'Grit' is invaluable to Commonwealth movements. 'Grit' has earned gratitude of thousands throughout our land. We wish the Editor and his splendid paper long years of increasing usefulness."

NOTED CHURCHMAN.

The Rev. A. Law, D.D., Rector of the most fashionable parish in Victoria, and Editor of the Evangelical paper for Australia, writes:

"Congrats on 'Grit's' 21st birthday. You deserve every credit and I know in my little way how much one has to endure in trying to help other folk. With hearty good wishes and felicitations."

MANY, MANY OTHERS.

I am crowding out many things this week to make room for the wonderful niceness that this 21st anniversary has provoked. People could not have been nicer, and could not have sent more flowers if I had died. Can

you imagine our feelings when I received this note: "Enclosed, please find a birthday present for 'Grit,' £1 for every year. Wishing the paper and Prohibition every success."

It just takes one's breath away, while it puts fresh hope in one's heart. Here is another:

"This is to wish 'Grit' long life and renewed vigor. Work for time and eternity cannot stop. May I repeat Lord Kitchener's command—Carry on! Carry on! 'Grit' has long ago justified its existence. Please find enclosed small offering for your 21st birthday party."

SAYING IT SNAPPILY.
MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY!

F.L.B.

Dear "Grit,"

I sit
And think a bit
On problems deep and shallow,
Of "law,"
And "jaw,"
Of notions raw,
Of minds both rich and fallow;
But this
The bliss
I always miss
When postman fails his duty—
The purge,
The urge,
The inward surge
Toward things of Love and Beauty.
When you
"True-blue"
Come peering through
The mists of fear and doubting,
With Light
So bright
Like stars at night
The evil forces routing;
And so,
Although
I'd have you know
My pocket lacks a lining,
Just two
P'un' two
I'm sending you,
With "Birthday Greetings" shining.

GEORGE A. BOND & CO., LTD.,
will be paying, on the 18th March, their quarterly dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum on 139650 Third Preference Shares.

Sac Suits

FROM

£6/6/-

Gowns and Hoods for all University Degrees.

Special Attention to Clerical Outfitting.

Harris & Boyd

FOR A BETTER SUIT

H. E. HARRIS, late Manager of Howat and McPhail.
O. A. BOYD, late Head Cutter, R. C. Hagon, Ltd.

TAILORS AND CLERICAL OUTFITTERS

313 PITT STREET, SYDNEY
(Near Y.M.C.A.).

Phone: M 3632.

A Personal Chat with my readers

AFTER 21 YEARS.

For many years I have tried on this page to talk to my readers about the more intimate experiences of life and pass on to them the comfort, inspiration and encouragement that is mine from time to time. The Psalmist says, "My heart sheweth me their wickedness"; and while there is a danger in measuring another's corn with your own bushel, yet an appreciation of one's own shortcomings gives us understanding and sympathy with the struggles and failures of others.

There was a time when I was fortunate enough to have a wee garden of my own, and as I delight in flowers I used to bring back from my journeyings all manner of plants. You might suppose that a particular flower was a narcissus, but to me it was a sweet remembrance of Te Aute, N.Z. You might think the violets nice, but to me they were a perfumed remembrance from a charming home, where I occupied a room vacated in my honor, and fragrant with hospitality. You might think that plant a poor specimen, but to me it was making a brave effort to live in strange surroundings without the care it once knew. In like manner "Grit's" pages are full of remembrance and oftentimes stir me to deep feeling.

The late James Griffiths, that noble Christian gentleman and business prince, whose tea is known all over Australia, once said to me, "Water is a most excellent thing, but I think a little tea improves it." I agreed most heartily, and then in his quiet, gentle way he added, "Prohibition is good, but a little of the Gospel improves it."

I immediately added the inspirational page to "Grit." For years I wrote "What the Parson Says." Then I changed it to a daily message suitable for use at family worship. I was more than fortunate in Fairelie Thornton taking charge of the religious inspirational page.

For years we had a page by "The Man on the Water Waggon," and I was often the man, but mostly it was supplied by a busy business man, and I think "Grit" the poorer for the absence of this page. The 7 to 17 page is due to the late Rev. Harold Wheen, but he was not long able to keep it going, and ever since I have so loved it that I was reluctant to permit anyone else to be in charge of it, but it is fragrant with the memory of Harold Wheen, that good and wise lover of young people whom God lately called home.

AUSTRALIAN CASH ORDERS, Ltd

351-359 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.
CASH ORDERS FOR EVERYTHING.
ICE CHESTS FROM 2/6 PER WEEK.

OUR CARTOON.

The front page has been my great delight, just to watch Mr. Jessup's most expressive face, to wait for his eyes to light up as I tell him a story and suggest to him the plan for the next cartoon, to hear him say, "That is a good juicy subject." That has always been a pleasure. To find that the cartoons have been reproduced in every part of the world adds very much to the worthwhileness of "Grit."

The page that is designed to produce a smile has sometimes reduced me to tears, for there have been exceptions taken to some of the silly stories on this page, and we have lost subscribers, due rather to their lack of humor than our lack of delicacy.

The heading of this page was suggested by a very remarkable man, an alcoholic, and a charming man in spite of his failings.

He advertised in the "Herald": "Wanted a job by a man who has broken all the Commandments except the sixth, and will do anything without exception to earn a crust."

This attracted me and it amused me to find how few people knew what the sixth Commandment was—they did not know in the paper office.

He urged the personal touch in the paper so this page was added, and is redolent of his memory.

* * *

THE CHRISTEN- ING.

accident.

Mr. J. A. Packer was at Wentworth Falls, and I journeyed up there to seek his wise and ready council. He was cautious but encouraging, critical but practically helpful, and I left him more determined than ever to launch on the treacherous sea of journalism. I wanted a short name, a suggestive name, an ambiguous name. I told one man that I proposed to bring out a Prohibition paper. He knew how inexperienced I was, and how penniless, and he said, "I wonder if you know what you are up against? I wonder if you have grit enough to see it through?" I at once decided that the word "grit" was short enough, suggestive of a moral quality as well as a physical characteristic, and it was happily ambiguous and not likely to scare timid not yet Prohibitionists away from the paper.

The definition of "Grit" on this page was supplied by one of the most interesting, pathetic and hopeless derelicts I have ever known; he sent it to me from jail. He was an M.A. of Oxford, a lawyer, a pagan, and an alcoholic, but he put many Christians to

The title "Grit," after much inquiry and seeking of advice, came apparently by

The title "Grit," after much inquiry and seeking of advice, came apparently by

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.

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.
Address: Box 390F, G.P.O., Sydney.
Office: N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance, Macdonell House, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue, the paper being posted for 52 weeks for 11/-; outside the Commonwealth, 12/6.
Change of Address or non-delivery of the paper should be promptly reported to the Manager.

NEW ZEALAND SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscription, 12/6 per annum, in advance.
New Zealand Postal Notes and stamps cannot be cashed in New South Wales.
You may send your subscriptions c/o Secretary, N.Z. Alliance, 114 The Terrace, Wellington, N.Z.

Remittances should be made by Postal Notes payable to Manager of "Grit," or in Stamps.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1927.

shame by the thoughtful, kind and generous things he frequently did.

I have written under no less than seven different pen names in the pages of "Grit," and if there has always been too much of Hammond in the paper, it was entirely due to the fact that I had not the means to pay anyone else to do it, and I have failed to find others who would do it on what "Grit" paid me. When I started I received no remuneration of any kind, and I have cheerfully doubled the amount each year and ended up where I began on nothing a week.

* * *

The paper, of course, costs more to produce than we charge for it, but this is true of all papers without exception, and we can only continue to supply it because the advertisers make it possible.

Two of our present advertisers have been in "Grit" from the first issue, viz., Winn's Ltd. and Griffiths Bros. Their interest in "Grit" and the loyalty of some of our readers to those who dare to antagonise the liquor interests by appearing in our advertising columns cannot be overlooked on the occasion of this birthday.

To do business with our advertisers will not cost you a penny, but it justifies their faith in us, and warrants the continuance of their space in our pages.

Have you ever made a list of things advertised in "Grit" and set opposite them the amount you spend on such articles each year? Well, I am prepared to say we could put £100,000 worth of business each year through our "Grit" advertisers without inconvenience to ourselves or without spending a penny more than we do, and that if we did so we could double the circulation of "Grit" and otherwise greatly improve it.

(Continued at foot of opposite column.)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF "GRIT."

THOSE WHO ROCKED THE CRADLE.

In 1905 a Local Option Bill was placed on the Statute Book of the State, fixing the first anti-liquor poll in 1907.

Various efforts had been made from time to time to produce a temperance paper and always with disastrous financial results.

There was no money in it, and consequently no money behind it. Temperance folk were not journalists and journalists were not temperance folk, at least not so that you would notice it.

With these two essentials to a paper missing and no demand for one, the only urge to its production was the emphatic need for it.

One of the curious, unpardonable and inexplicable things about Church folk is that they will buy a morning and evening paper daily, but they cannot afford a weekly journal devoted to all they esteem most highly and consider most vital to advance the best conditions of society. The path of reform was strewn with the skeleton of past journalistic efforts.

It was a case of "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and so a parson with no experience in journalism undertook to do the impossible.

THE BIRTH OF "GRIT."

Mr. William Winn and Mr. A. B. Pursell met the parson, and discussed the financial possibilities and the probable usefulness of such a venture.

It was decided:

1st. To bring out 15 issues in the five months before the poll and then to cease publication.

2nd. To give the paper as general an interest as possible with only a small Prohibition emphasis, increasing the Prohibition space as the poll drew near.

3rd. That at all public meetings we promise to post 12 consecutive issues for one shilling.

A Personal Chat with My Readers—

(Continued from page 8.)

The possibility is so great as to be staggering, and it would cost you nothing.

In addition you would have the satisfying feeling known only to those who are loyal and have really helped the cause they believe in.

We are compelled to refuse some advertisements that figure largely in other papers, and the Government that spent last year £5862 in the six Sydney daily papers spent not a penny with us.

One man signed a contract with me for £48 worth of space in "Grit," and after it had appeared twice paid to cancel the contract because of the liquor boycott.

I hope you will find time to read the story on this page.

The Editor

We at once consulted Mr. A. J. Packer, whose service to the cause of religion during the last 40 years, through the medium of his journalistic ability, is colossal. He was the "doctor" whose presence assured that "Grit" should be well born. Messrs. W. Winn and Pursell did most of the nursing, and were busy rocking the cradle and at-

AN APPRECIATION.

By M. PRESTON STANLEY, M.L.A.

When one reflects upon the courage which was necessary to establish "Grit"—

The enthusiasm and unselfishness which was necessary to nurture it during the years of its infancy—

The service and sacrifice which was necessary to the solution of the problems of its youth—

The untiring energy—unflagging zeal—and splendid purpose which characterised all the years between its birth and its majority—

When one reflects upon "these" things one realises that the coming of age of "Grit," this child of Fidelity and Integrity, is in the nature of a great event.

For 21 years the voice of "Grit," vibrant with power, has been heard in the land.

For 21 years that voice has challenged "the Great Iniquity" which blights the young man as lightning does the tree and strips him bare of his inheritance—

Which puts out the light of intellect in manhood in its prime—

Which robs old age of its serenity and peace—

Which debases—debauches—destroys—maims, mires and misleads multitudes—

Which dethrones reason, and then prones depravity—

Which invades the ballot-box, only to corrupt it—

Which weakens the administration of justice—

Which mingles with the current of public affairs, as a polluted stream that poisons all it touches.

The voice of "Grit" has been a life-line to an army that will never be numbered—

It has pulled many a man to shore—it has kept many another from being caught in the undertow.

Wherever it has gone it has helped to broaden that white line of public conscience which is the soul of the road of civilisation—

And to deepen that sense of personal responsibility upon which in the last analysis all human progress depends.

Just what the community owes to "Grit" will never be measured....

"Grit" has come of age. May the majesty of its maturity match the power of its youth. May its future be worthy of its past, and may it gather strength upon strength with the passing years.

tending to the needs of this infant that so soon developed a very healthy and lusty voice, to say nothing of a costly appetite.

One other friend who, in spite of the exacting demands of a high position in the Federal Government, played a very important "motherly" part in the early days of the infant "Grit."

EARLY DAYS.

The 1907 poll was surprisingly successful. Some 600 people subscribed in these few months, and with this nucleus we decided that "Grit" must live.

It cut its teeth, had croup, the measles, the mumps and many minor ailments, but it lived.

When the next poll was held we got out a special edition of 100,000 copies. The wrappers were addressed and the papers wrapped by voluntary labor—no small undertaking. We had a manager who collected the moneys due to us from our advertisers and absconded with them. We never saw him again.

Another manager more cleverly imposed upon us to the tune of £130 and nearly strangled the paper. His wife and children saved him from jail, and for weeks "Grit" was "a patient not expected to live," but the "nurses" pulled him through.

We put "Grit" on the streets of Sydney and were boycotted.

We cheerfully trusted our friends, accepted their order for "Grit," and after 21 years find that we have written off £5000 in unpaid subscriptions.

Nothing has hurt or hampered "Grit" more than this dishonesty of our friends who accepted the paper and never paid for it.

SOME FACTS.

We have issued a number of special editions, one numbering 240,000, and all told have sold nearly 7,000,000 copies.

Over 3000 children have written to Uncle B. The bookkeeping has been done by voluntary labor, as has been the accounting. Less than £200 has been paid for special articles or editorial work during my periods of absence.

"Grit" has been quoted in many languages and its cartoons reproduced as far as we know in some 23 papers.

A copy fell into the hands of a British soldier in Lemnos, who wrote and said thank you for it.

An Aussie in Flanders picked up a copy in which was a letter written to Uncle B. from a child he knew in Marrickville, and he at once wrote to her.

A medical man in charge of a large hospital in India received a copy containing an Easter sermon. He wrote and said it brought him to his knees and he sent a thankoffering.

A New Zealander found when he was in Russia that "Grit" was "worth its weight in gold" to him.

This record would be unpardonably incomplete without mention of the part "The Worker" have played in printing and publishing "Grit." That we have never failed to come out on time is entirely due to their excellent management. The patience with which they waited for payment in past days enabled us to survive many a threatened end to our existence. The kindly co-operation of those responsible for the setting up of "Grit" has only been exceeded by the remarkably generous way in which the management met us when added costs due to

(Continued on next page.)

The Autobiography of "Grit"—

(Continued from page 9.)

war conditions and wages awards increased the cost of production.

A LADY'S TRIBUTE.

The following lines are sent by Helen Graham as an expression of goodwill:

So you're twenty-one to-day,
Well done, "Grit"!—
And a manly chap they say
Every whit.
When to this State you came,
Who'd have thought you'd win such fame
And so justify your name?
Plucky "Grit."

You're so straight, and pure, and true,
Cheery "Grit,"
That we read you through and through
Every bit.
There's Joe Longton o'er the sea,
And there's Hammond and Faerlie,
And the Alliance Page, to see
In you—"Grit."

Your "Jessup" "can't B beat,"
Brainy "Grit,"
And provides a treat each week
By skit;
And there's Creagh, from New Jersey,
Who proves conclusively
A State from drink—thrall free
The best yet—"Grit."

You're a fighter to the backbone,
Gallant "Grit,"
Though the fight has oft been lone
You've done your bit.
With your back against the wall,
You've faced politicians all,
For the drunkards' children call
To YOU—"Grit."

You're such an educator
With your wit,
Such a splendid agitator
Ever fit,
That we cannot quit the fight,
Till we come into our right,
And King Bacchus put to flight
By YOU—"Grit."

And when this life is o'er,
Gallant "Grit,"
And DRINK can slime no more
Not a whit,
In the realms of endless day,
Some souls perchance will say,
You helped us find The WAY.
Thank you—"Grit."

You've a knowing little pate,
Clever "Grit,"
And are always up to date
And quite fit.
The Liquor Laws you con,
And have many a battle won,
And saved many a mother's son,
Thank you—"Grit."

So there's but one toast to-day,
Dear old "Grit,"
And just one word to say
That is fit.
We're proud to call you "Friend,"
Our love to you we send,
And pray unto the end,
"God bless you—"GRIT!"

Many kind congratulations have been held over for want of space.

Have you read Faerlie Thornton's new book, "THE SOUTHERN CROSS, OR THE WORLD UNSEEN"? Send for it to-day to Wm. Tyas, 558 George-street, Sydney; 1/6.

WINN'S

OFFER THESE

Convincing Values

TO CELEBRATE OUR
21st Year of Advertising in this little Journal!



BOY'S PULL-OVERS

From 4/11

K1.—Boys' Good Quality Woollen Knitted Pullover Jerseys, as illustrated. In a nice, strong, ribbed knit, with plain colored contrast facings around neck. In Brown-Heather, Dark Grey, Mole, Putty, or Lovat. Sizes: 20 to 24in. chest. Worth 6/6.

Special Price 4/11

Or 2 for 9/8.

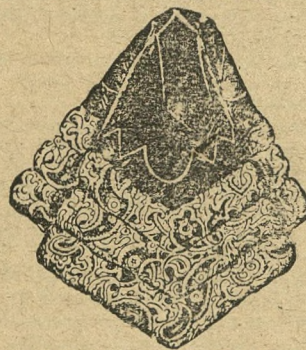
Sizes: 26 to 30in. chest. Worth 7/6.

Special Price 5/11

Or 2 for 11/8.

SATIN CENTRE DOUBLE BED JAVA DOWN QUILTS 24/11

A BARGAIN TO BUY FOR THE FUTURE



AXG.—Wonderful Offer in Full Double Bed Size Java Down Quilts, as illustrated, with full satin centre of good quality satin in V. Rose, Saxe, Marone, Helio, and Black, with Art Sateen surrounds to tone in Paisley or Floral Designs. Worth 27/11.

Winn's Special 24/11



36in. Traced Pure Linen Supper Cloth, hemstitched edge for crochet (at right-hand top). Worth 5/11.
Winn's Special, each 3/11

20 x 30in. Traced Pure Linen Shams, hemstitched edge for crochet, attractive lazy Daisy designs. (At right-hand bottom). Worth 7/11 pair.
Winn's Special, pair 3/11

14 x 20in. Trace Pure Linen Centre, hemstitched edge for crochet. (At left-hand bottom). Worth 1/11.
Winn's Special, each 1/-

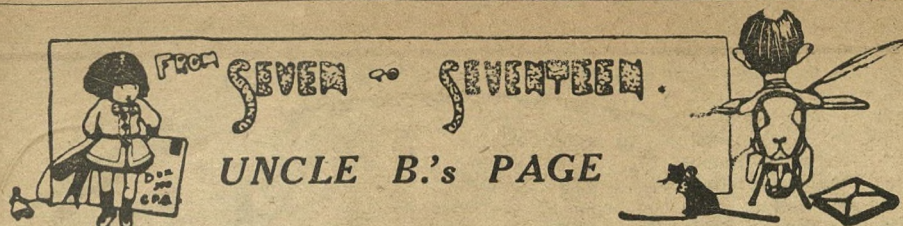
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Winn's Special, each 1/6 1/2

36in. Traced Supper Cloth, good quality hemstitched hem, attractive designs (at left-hand top). Worth 3/11.
Winn's Special, each 2/6

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New Mail-Order Guide. It
will be posted Free on publi-
cation.

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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.

OUR LETTER BAG.

THE FIRST.

Ruby Tate, "Rockcory," Atkinson-street, Arncliffe, writes: I am writing you my first letter, hoping to become one of your many Ni's. I'm not going to be a scallywag, Uncle. We have some nice flowers out in our garden, especially snapdragons. I have been promoted at day school (5B) and Sunday school, which I am very glad of. I have been learning music for 12 months, been for a music exam., won a prize of 5/-, and I am going for another exam. in May. We have had nice weather lately and it has made the flowers come out. We have swimming and sewing lessons at school, also painting lessons. Have you seen the underground railway, Uncle? We have; it is simply lovely, also cool and refreshing after being up on top, but when the train comes rushing in it makes a dreadful thundering noise, so loud that one has to block up their ears. I am nine years old now and will be ten on April 15.

(Dear Ruby,—Your first letter is a splendid start, and I hope you will write regularly. I am glad to hear you won that prize. I wonder what you did with it. Yes, I have been in the underground in Sydney, also in New York and London, and ours compares well with them.—Uncle B.)

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Frances Williams, S.S. No. 1249, Forge Creek, via Bairnsdale, writes: We are back at school. I am writing to you again because I am not as busy as the birds, though I believe you are. I have been writing to a girl over in England. She sent a number of snaps to me. I am going for my merit this year. My sisters and brothers and I have been down to the lake many times. We have a girl staying with us for a while while our mother is away. She and I went in for a swim last night, and we went right out of our depth seven or eight times; it was beautiful and cool. I don't suppose you get time for any swims. We have a wireless set now, but we have not heard you in the afternoons. We always hear church in the morning and at night. Did you get the "Gap" that your Ne's and Ni's from Forge Creek sent you? Mrs. Condon gave each child in the school a beautiful book at Christmas because of our remembrance of her son Alban who died last year. My birthday is next Sunday, February 6; I will be fourteen years old.

(Dear Frances,—Your letter is most interesting. I agree with you that I am a busy person—even busier than the birds, because they go to bed hours before I do, and I often rise as early as they do. The Forge

Creek Ne's and Ni's made me very grateful and pleased with their Christmas remembrance. I hope you had a very nice birthday and will tell me about it.—Uncle B.)

* * * *

IN DAD'S SHOES.

Albert Gerlack, c/o Nyberg's Store, Brown's Bay, Auckland, writes: It is time I wrote you another letter, if only to tell you my father will be in Sydney one month hence and will pay "Grit" office a visit, and also pay subs. We are having lovely sunny weather here now, and Auckland is being decorated for the reception of the Duke and Duchess of York. I will have to do my dad's work on the farm while he is away in Australia, which includes milking two cows, feeding one pig, and looking after the other animals. My mother and I have just come back from a holiday to Te Awamutu, where we spent two weeks. We visited a farm of three thousand acres, owned by John Earle, and managed by a friend of ours. We had about two thousand people here at Brown's Bay this last Christmas, and we have a fine picture theatre and cabaret here now. In the Christmas fortnight they had pictures every night, and a different picture too. Now they are on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and in the winter every Saturday. They have dances after the pictures, and on New Year's Eve they danced till 4 o'clock in the morning.

(Dear Albert,—I do hope I am fortunate enough to meet your father when he is in Sydney. I wonder how you will get on in "dad's shoes"! So Brown's Bay is becoming spoilt with pictures and jazz. I think the folk are fortunate who live the simple life and do not need artificial pleasures.—Uncle B.)

Trousers AND Shirts

YOU HAVE A SPARE PAIR OF PANTS AND, MAYBE, HALF A DOZEN SHIRTS.

I PERSONALLY KNOW OVER ONE HUNDRED MEN WHOSE PANTS ARE TOO WELL VENTILATED FOR DECENCY, AND WHO FEEL LIKE WALKING ABOUT SIDEWAYS WITH THEIR BACK TO THE FENCE.

THEY HAVE NOT ENOUGH SHIRT TO MAKE A THUMB BANDAGE.

Please send to

Rev. R. B. S. HAMMOND,
St. Barnabas' Church, George St. West,
Sydney.

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DID YOU EVER HEAR?

There are lots of queer things in the world, but there is a reason back of them all. You may not know what the reason is or understand it, even when you know it, but you may be sure it is there.

A preacher was asked by a very dirty man at an open-air meeting why God made fleas. You could have seen him give an impatient scratch while he was asking the question. The preacher looked at him with a deep understanding look and replied, "They are God's messengers to let a man know that his bath is long overdue."

Now here are some queer things you never, never heard of.

You never heard of a hen waiting for the worms to come to the surface.

You never heard of a bee that kept one eye on the clock.

You never heard of a meadow lark that complained about the weather, or a goat that admitted that the times were hard, or a parrot that could say anything original.

There is no substitute for hard work, there are few things so valuable as cheerfulness, and there is nothing so important as real prayer.

"I worked in my own way to develop my memory!" says Dean Pound. "It is not a 'natural gift' that came to me already developed. But one of the most difficult things in the world is to get credit for work. A writer will sweat, worry, starve, go in rags during the apprenticeship that eventually qualifies him for his great work. When it appears, the world says, 'He's a genius!' A business man will start out in youth as a coal heaver, toil twelve hours a day, sacrifice pleasure, study until past midnight, and after forty years of effort gain a fortune. 'He's a lucky dog!' says the world. One man will spend sixteen hours a day at his desk; the man next to him will spend eight. Yet when the sixteen-hour man arrives at his goal and the eight-hour man is only half way there, people look at the faster traveler and murmur something about 'pull!'"

UNCLE B.

A Confidential Letter—

(Continued from page 6.)

In speaking of slaves and liquor, "Dad" Whitehurst, an old Indian fighter, that fought at the great battles of El Merito Springs and Cook's Canyon, where several covered waggon trains fell before "Big Tree," "Geronimo," "Victoria," and "Sitting Bull," came in a few hours ago and delivered me the following:

OLD AUCTION BILL IS REMINDER OF OLD DAYS.

Stratton Harmon, of the Gardena Milling Co., recently noticed in a Piggott, Ark., newspaper a copy of a sale bill advertising an auction for March 1, 1849. The articles listed for sale, as legitimate merchandise, included colored slaves and hard liquor. The article reads:

"Having sold my farm and am leaving by ox team for Oregon Territory on March 1, 1849, I will sell all my personal property, except two ox teams, Buck and Ben and Lon and Jerry. The property consists of the following: Two milk cows, 1 grey mare and colt, 1 pair of oxen, 1 yoke, 1 baby yoke, 2 ox carts, 1 iron plough with wood mole board, 800 feet of poplar weather boards, 1000 feet of three-foot clapboards, 1500 ten-foot rails, 1 60-gallon soap kettle, 85 sugar troughs made of pine as timber, 10 gallons of maple syrup, 2 spinning wheels, 39 pounds mutton tallow, 1 large loom made by Jerry Wilson, 100 split hoops, 100 empty barrels, 1 32-gallon barrel of Johnson-Miller whisky, seven years old, 20 gallons apple brandy, 1 40-gallon copper still, 4 sides of oak-tanned leather, 1 dozen wood pitchforks, a one-half interest in the tan yard, 1 32 calibre rifle bullet moulds and powder horn, a rifle by Ben Miller, 50 gallons of soap, hams, bacon and lard, 40 gallons of sorghum molasses, 6 head of fox hounds, all soft mouthed but one.

"At the same time I will sell my negro slaves—two men, 35 and 50 years old, two boys, 12 and 18 years old, two mulatto wenches, 40 and 30 years old. Will sell all together to same party, as I will not separate them."

Times have changed since. Crime such as the massacres of humans by humans continue. Slavery has gone; a war, the Civil War, abolished it. Alcohol has gone, and if the wets and Roman Catholics think it can come back and a war will settle the argument, Uncle Sam, like Barkus, is willing to defend the Constitution to-morrow, just as he did yesterday. Prohibitionists, all the propaganda you read is hot air and stink barrage. The idea is to discourage you and weaken you. I'll never be able to tell you when we are defeated, nor will any other man, not if he lives to be a billion years of age. Prosperity looms ahead of America. Decay, degeneracy and backward movement behind the rest of the world that does not adopt Prohibition. Therefore, the rest of the world is desirous of breaking the Constitution of the United States, and the professional political wets are playing the world's league against Prohibition for a bunch of mugs. In 1928 America will give the wets the father of all lambastings. I am desirous of knowing what alibis "the Battalion of Death" will spring then. The following excerpts are from American newspapers, the compilation of which I dedicate to Archbishop Duhig, of Queensland:

METROPOLITAN LIFE BREAKS LOAN RECORD.

New York, December 30.—The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in 1926 broke all its previous housing loan records by authorising 22,150 loans for a total of 141,682,337 dollars, they announced to-day. This exceeds the 1925 figure by approximately 40,000,000 dollars.

J. A. McNaughton, Vice-President and General Manager of the Los Angeles Union

Stock Yards Company, in his weekly review of the live-stock situation:

"At this time there are some 700,000 dairy cows in California with a value of 46,400,000 dollars." The proportion of these figures applies to a large extent to other States where the development of the dairy industry has progressed to keep pace with consumer demand. The review continues:

"Despite the growth of the dairy industry in the Pacific South-west it has not been sufficient to meet local demands.

"The dairy cow bears out the truth of the statement that 'the prosperity of nations has always been in its flocks and herds.'"

New York, December 30.—The petroleum industry enters 1927 with every indication of continued increasing business and prosperity, in the opinion of Carl H. Pforzheimer, whose firm specialises in Standard Oil securities.

"New high records in production, consumption, earnings and dividends were established in 1926 and the new year opens with probably better prospects than any of the last five years."

REFORMED PICKPOCKET WILL LECTURE AT IMMANUEL CHURCH.

R. W. (Razor) Fenton, once as slick a pickpocket as ever filched a pocketbook, but now reformed and a lecturer, arrived in Los Angeles yesterday, and will speak in the Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Figueroa and Tenth streets, Sunday night, on "Crime from the Criminal's Viewpoint."

The reformed man declared that Prohibition had nothing to do with the crime wave. Instead, he said, it was created by the carelessness of the public. People handle money and valuables much more carelessly now than before the war, he declared. The crook's path, therefore, is made much easier.

Fenton was once associated with Herb Wilson, mail bandit, now serving a life term in San Quentin for murder of a cellmate.

Sandford Bates, Commissioner of Correction of Massachusetts, says: "The general volume of crime is on the downward trend." S. J. Flaherty, Inspector of the Boston Police Department, reports that "during the five years from 1919 to 1923 the prison population of Massachusetts decreased 69 per cent." Chief of Police Ravis said recently of conditions in Los Angeles, "while some classes of crime show a slight increase over last year, the majority of infractions of the law are actually on the decrease."

* * *

Whenever and wherever you hear of Miss Ann Teek, General De Base, or Sir Loin de Bouef airing their views on the Prohibition situation in America being anything but "beyond the average of prosperity," laugh and hand them a bouquet of wild Irish raspberries. Unfortunately the world is cursed with a variety of newspaper editors that should be wearing a straight jacket in the madhouse, instead of being free to act in conjunction with other murderers that are pure and simple poisoners. The only difference between a liquor vendor that sells alcohol to him and a woman that poisons a husband with "rough on rats" is that she gets hung, and the liquor vendor gets paid. From the scare headlines the editor gets blood money. From the liquor vendor he receives pay. It is mainly that type of vandal that has the destiny of Australia in its hand. They have sold Australia's humanity to John Barleycorn, and now want to sell its great oil wealth to John D. Rockefeller.

The merchant, the sporting man and the real women of America, for many years, refused to listen to Prohibition whenever a salesman happened along with the great life and labor saver. They'd stand an hour and listen to a salesman from the Canadian Can-opener Company, with his foot in the doorway, that said, "I am selling a can-opener that cannot be beaten. It can open any can that cannot be opened by any ordinary can-



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opener, and any can that can be opened by a can-opener. If you can show me a can that cannot be opened by any can-opener other than this can-opener, I will prove to you that this can-opener can open a can quicker than any other can-opener can. Now if you get a can-opener that can open a can faster than this can-opener and will get the can-opener and a can——" They wouldn't listen to Prohibition at first, but later on they tied the tin can to John Barleycorn. The good salesman came along and sold the hardest bunch in America, and proved that "the toughest bunch" to sell is the easiest to keep sold and put," providing you have the right line of goods and give honest value. The merchants and the sporting men especially in America were the hardest nuts to crack and sell on Prohibition, but they were cracked and sold. Now that they're sold, "they stick like cement."

Yours faithfully,

JOE LONGTON.

Special Representative in America to the Sydney "Sportsman."



If only Hollywood would tell us how the hero's pants hold their crease after the storm.

The man who gets everything he wants is the one who wants nothing he can get.

What a howl would ensue if poverty made women wear so few clothes!

The man who buys the dress is willing for it to be shorter if she will only wear it longer.

Papa: Where have you been, James?"

"Fishin'."

"Come into the woodshed and we'll have a whaling expedition."

Inquisitive party (to hod-carrier): "And do you go up that ladder all day long?"

Pat: "No, sur; half ov the toime Oi come down."

When a boy had a date in the old days he turned down the gas instead of stepping on it.

"Mother, did you say I must follow the example of our pastor?"

"Yes, son."

"Then I must eat another piece of pie."

SOMETHING IN THIS.

J.W. writes: "One reason why second thoughts should be followed is that few people think of duty first."

JUST IN TIME.

The railway carriage was crowded as the young man opened the door and asked in a sarcastic voice: "Is this Noah's Ark full?"

"Yes," was the reply from a grumpy man in the corner. "We're all here except the ass. Come in."



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CORN FLOUR

The secret of an easily prepared, tasty and altogether delightful blanc-mange is to use only fresh milk and Wade's—the Corn Flour with the creamy flavor. Make it exactly as described on the packet, and you will have the ideal partner for every kind of stewed fruit.

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Mistress —
Mary, your kitchen
is a picture!
However do you
get everything so
spotlessly clean
& bright?



Yes, me'am, it do
look nice but it's
very little trouble
when you use
**PEARSON'S
SAND SOAP**

LIFTING THEM HIGH.

"Did yo' run when he stahted shootin'?" asked George.

"Ah don' rightly reclec," replied Jasper, "but Ah reckon Ah must o' been travelin' right along, 'kaze de bottom o' my feets is full o' buckshot."

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You will never regret the expenditure of ONE SHILLING in, providing yourself and family with knowledge on the most important subject of sex in the purest style.

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W. E. WILSON, Hon. Secretary.

DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON, author of "The Southern Cross," etc.

SUNDAY.

"God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it."

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud—
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of Time—care's balm and bay!
The week were dark but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.

—Geo. Herbert.

He that hath never prized the boon aright
Let him sit down and picture to himself
A land without a Sabbath. Stalwart men
would be no more,
All would deteriorate,
The race would dwindle, the robust and
strong

Would sicken, and the mad be multiplied.
The wheels of business would soon grate and
jar,

Men would lose faith in God, in one another,
in themselves.

The laborer would be chained remediless
To sad incessant toil, the artisan
Would be defrauded of one-seventh his time,
For in seven days the son would earn no
more

Than did his sire in six.

—S. W. Partridge.

MONDAY.

The desecration of the Sabbath is one of those evidences of that criminal recklessness, that insane love of pleasure, and that subjection to the government of appetite and passion which forebodes that the beginning of the end of social happiness and of true national prosperity has arrived. Here we see how imperative is the duty of parents and of legislators on this subject. The head of every family is obliged, by the command of God, not only to honor this day himself, but to use all the means in his power to secure the observance of it by all those committed to his charge. He is thus not only promoting his own, but his children's happiness; for nothing is a more sure antagonistic force to all the allurements of vice—as nothing tends to fix in the minds more strongly a conviction of the existence and attributes of God—than the solemn keeping of this day. And hence also legislators are false to their trust who, either by the enactment of laws, or by their example, diminish in the least degree, in the minds of the people, the reverence due to that day which God has set apart for Himself.—Prof. Wayland.

TUESDAY.

"Will a man rob God, yet ye have robbed me."

There are many ways of robbing God. He who cannot forego one day in seven from sport is robbing God. He who lays up no treasure in heaven, will find none there. Heaven must begin below to continue above. "Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people." That preparation will not be found in the places of the world's amusements. Man may deceive himself, but he cannot deceive God. "God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Sow to the flesh and you cannot expect to reap to the spirit. "There is a natural man, and there is a spiritual." To which do you give most attention and consider of first importance? People are accustomed to think all that is natural is right. Nature has to be overcome by grace. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit, they are foolishness to him, because they are spiritually discerned." The god of this

world hath blinded their eyes, so that they call good evil, and evil good, and know not that they are blind. When a preacher countenances Sunday sport, Sunday newspapers, and other things which war against the soul, he is a blind leader of the blind, and both will fall into the ditch. There are wolves in sheep's clothing even to-day. Beware of such.

"Principalities and powers
Mustering their unseen array
Wait for thy unguarded hours,
Watch and pray."

"Christian, dost thou see them on the holy ground?

How the powers of darkness compass thee around."

WEDNESDAY.

"Be sober, be vigilant, for your adversary the devil goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

There are those who deny the existence of Satan. Just because they have not seen him, they affirm that he cannot be. On this ground they must also deny the existence of good angels as well as evil ones; nay, they must deny that there is a heaven, a hell, their own immortality, and a thousand other things besides, which they have never seen, and some of which they can never see. But if the existence of Satan be merely a chimera, an invention, whence come temptations, depravities, sufferings—whence comes all the evils afflicting mankind? Sin, answer some, is the cause. Yes, verily it is, but sin is only an instrument, and must have an agent. That agent is evil, and only evil. And is he not rightly named Satan, the prince of hell, and the enemy of God and man?—Dr. Davies.

The latest device of the "father of lies" is to be shamming dead, and persuade people he does not exist.

THURSDAY.

"Surely He scorneth the scorners, but He giveth grace unto the lowly."—Prov., 3, 34.

Rest thee well assured, scorner, that thy laughs cannot alter truth, thy jests cannot avert thine inevitable doom. Though in thy hardihood thou shouldst make a league with death, and sign a covenant with hell, yet swift justice shall overtake thee, and strong vengeance strike thee low. In vain dost thou jeer and mock; for eternal verities are mightier than thy sophistries, nor can thy smart sayings alter the divine truth of a single word of the Volume of Revelation. Oh! why dost thou quarrel with thy best

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Friend, and ill-treat thy only refuge? There yet remains hope even for the scorner—hope in the Saviour's veins, hope in the Father's mercy, hope in the Holy Spirit's agency.—Spurgeon.

FRIDAY.

"FOLLOW ME."

The publican rose up. This implies immediate action. Are you ready? It was now or never with him. So must you act with prompt obedience. He did the first thing Jesus bade him do. Are you willing to do as much? If not, you are deciding against Christ, and that means death.—Dr. Cuyler.

SATURDAY.

If the Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest during the last three centuries, I have not the slightest doubt that we should have been at this moment a poorer people and less civilised.—Macaulay.

He who keeps no Sabbath on earth will enjoy none in heaven.

We believe that the first day of the week is the Lord's Day, or Christian Sabbath; and it is to be kept sacred to religious purposes by abstaining from all secular labor and sinful recreations; by the devout observance of all means of grace, both private and public, and by preparation for that rest that remaineth for the people of God.—"Baptist Church Manual."

He that remembers not to keep the Christian Sabbath at the beginning of the week will be in danger to forget before the end of the week that he is a Christian.—Sir Edmund Turner.

Students of every kind, beware of secular study on the Lord's Day.—Professor Miller.

The longer I live the more highly do I estimate the Christian Sabbath, and the more grateful do I feel towards those who impress its importance on the community.—Daniel Webster.

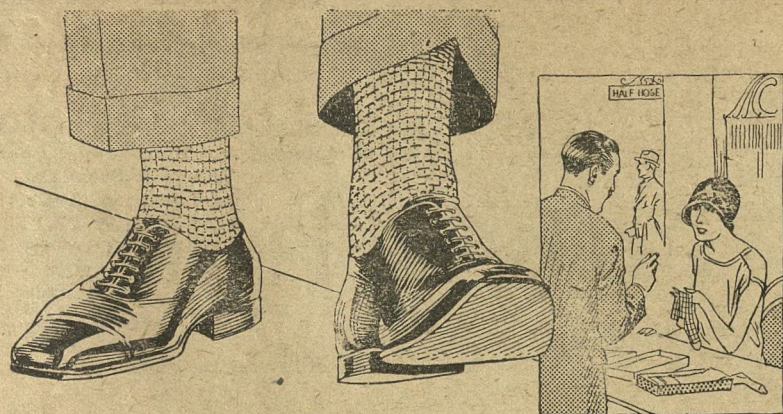
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