

# Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

VOL. XX. No. 32. Twopence.

SYDNEY, OCTOBER 21, 1926.

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

## DRY "PUNCH."

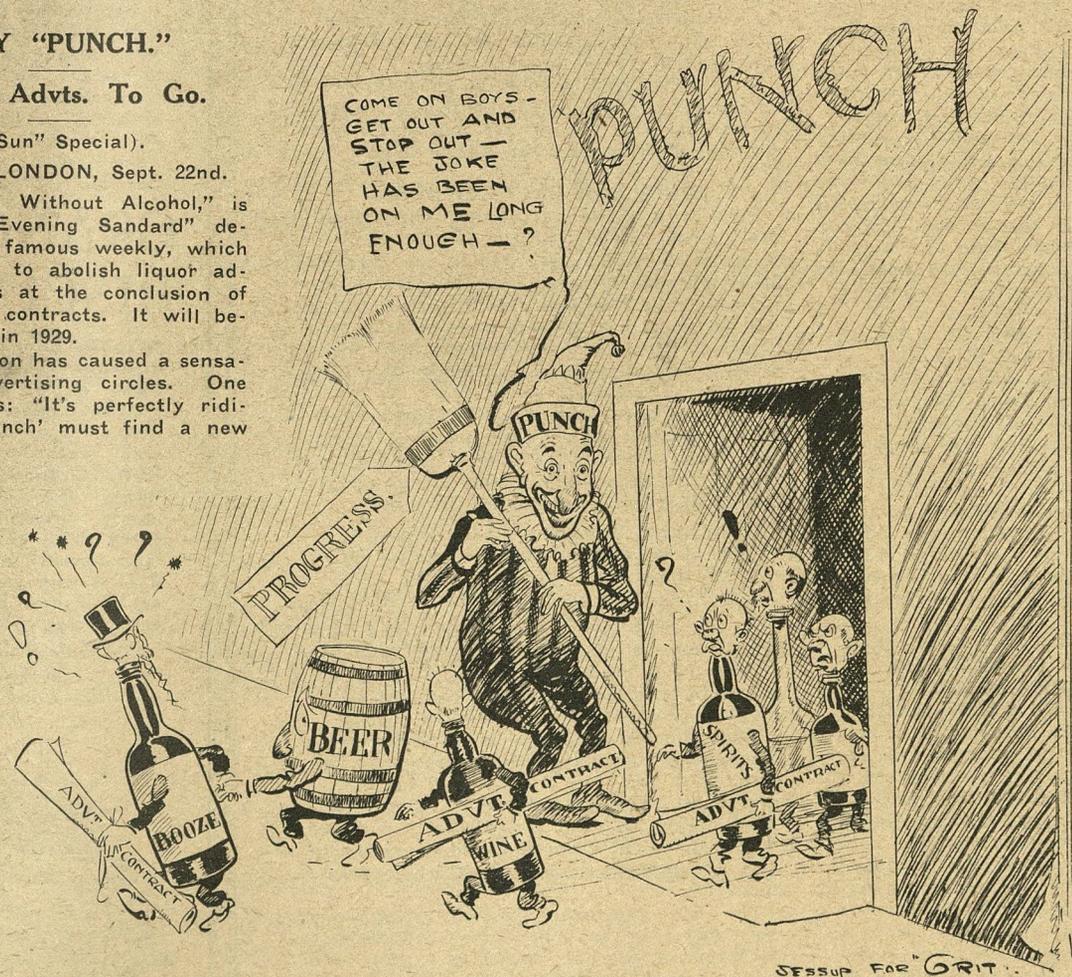
### Liquor Advt. To Go.

("Sun" Special).

LONDON, Sept. 22nd.

"A Punch Without Alcohol," is how the "Evening Standard" describes the famous weekly, which has decided to abolish liquor advertisements at the conclusion of the current contracts. It will become "dry" in 1929.

The decision has caused a sensation in advertising circles. One brewer says: "It's perfectly ridiculous. 'Punch' must find a new name."



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## DID YOU NOTICE?

Almost on every page and certainly every day the papers provide the evidence that warrants all possible efforts to bring about Prohibition. It is not only the Great Deceiver but the Great Trouble Maker. It is harbored in the home as a "necessary medicine," and kills the child and puts the man out of a job, while all the time it is adding to the woman's burdens.

This evil will not go because some people do not like it, or because we tell it to go, but only when we fight it, and it will be a costly fight.

Every unpaid subscriber to "Grit" is helping the enemy.

Every Prohibitionist who won't take "Grit" and read it is a brake on the wheels of Prohibition.

### BRANDY AND SUGAR. LITTLE CHILD'S DEATH.

June, October 11.—When Maggie Edwards, aged 5, on Friday night last complained of being ill her parents gave her a dose of diluted brandy. Next morning the child again complained of being ill, and was given another small dose of brandy and water.

During the morning she told her mother she was going to have a drink, and later was found moaning on the bed. The child died yesterday without regaining consciousness. Under the bed the parents found a brandy bottle and some sugar. The child, evidently, drank a quarter of a bottle of brandy, with sugar.

### SOUTH AUSTRALIAN IN U.S.A. PROHIBITION A SUCCESS.

Mr. Ranfurly Stuart Adey, son of Mr. George R. Adey (Inspector in Charge of the Traffic Department of the Municipal Tramways Trust), is in America. We learn from "The News" that in a letter to his parents he says:

"I am convinced that Prohibition is a success in America. I have not seen a drop of liquor since I have been here. I have not heard Prohibition discussed, except in the newspapers, which are as a rule full of rum-running tales."

### AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS. BILL FOR CHAMPAGNE.

#### WARM DEBATE BY COUNCILLORS.

London, October 6.—There was a sequel to Folkestone's entertainment of the Australian cricketers at the meeting of the council to-day when a bill was presented. It appears that £100 was voted, and of this amount £51 was spent in champagne.

Councillor Stainer began the trouble by asking who drank the champagne, as he understood that most of the Australians were teetotallers. A warm debate did not reveal an answer to the question, but Colonel Kenny, in justifying the bill, insisted that £48 spent on "eats" was about the right proportion to the cost of the drinks.

### AUSTRALIAN WINES. WILL THEY OUST FRENCH? ("Sun" Special.)

London, October 5.—The special representative of "The Sun" learns that a determined effort to expand sales of Australian wines throughout the Empire will be a feature of the Imperial Conference.

It is understood that Australian wine firms will inform Mr. Bruce that there is an exceptional opportunity to increase the wine trade, not only in England, but in other Dominions, including Canada, which at present give preference to the French product.

An Australian expert informed "The Sun"

representative that, after a close study and sampling of wines served in hotels and restaurants, he considered that the quality now being consumed in England was 10 per cent. below that of 1922, which did not compare with the pre-war wines. The consumers of the cheaper wines were not exacting, but connoisseurs were most dissatisfied with the deterioration in the higher-class vintages. This should afford a chance for Australia.

### JUST DRUNK. THREE MONTHS AT THE CENTRAL.

	Men.	Women.	Pledges.	Broken.
July .....	603	123	166	32
August .....	744	155	214	32
September .	618	125	213	37
	1965	403	593	101

### A BAR TO HEAVEN. THIS HOTEL HELPS CHURCH.

Bendigo, October 7.—A publican, in the Police Court to-day, when asked to explain how persons got into the bar of his hotel on a Sunday afternoon without his knowledge, said they evidently took the key from the mantelpiece in the bar parlor.

It was his practice to leave the key there on Sunday because one of his daughters had to go into the bar to get money for the church collection from the till.

### TESTS FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Sir,—In the report of the discussion by the Marylebone Division of the British Medical Association, which appeared in the "British Medical Journal" (page 434), medical practitioners will find much information which will be of service to them in examining men charged with alcoholic intoxication while driving motor vehicles, instances of which are now so frequent.

There is one point, however, with regard to this subject which deserves more attention than seems to have been given to it, and that is the striking effect which alcohol has in diminishing the sense of danger.

"Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,  
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!  
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;  
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!"

So we read in the immortal Tam. This effect, too, it must be borne in mind, is produced by a smaller amount than is required to bring about cerebral changes which can be recognised by any known tests.

What amount of alcohol is required to lessen caution in a dangerous degree it is impossible to say, but it may well be that a very small amount is sufficient at some critical juncture to turn the wavering balance of the judgment from the side of safety to that of danger—a danger which ends in disaster.

The only conclusion, therefore, which one can come to is that no one who has recently partaken of alcohol should be allowed to drive a motor vehicle.—I am, etc.,

JOHN R. KEITH.

### WM. LAMBERT HAMILTON, M.W.I.A. ("INSULATOR")

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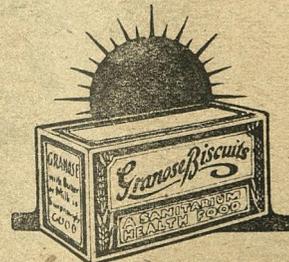
Granose Biscuits are so light, so flaky, that they almost crumble at a touch. Yet they are of a consistency that permits them to be cut clean through from end to end. So divided, Granose Biscuits may be buttered, or first toasted and then buttered. They are perfectly delicious either way.

## GRANOSE BISCUITS

Granose Biscuits are a delicious substitute for toast as a base for poached eggs. Eaten with milk or cream, or with fresh or stewed fruit, Granose constitutes the favourite family breakfast. For every flake of Granose is a grain of wheat. This is why you should eat a Granose Biscuit at every meal.

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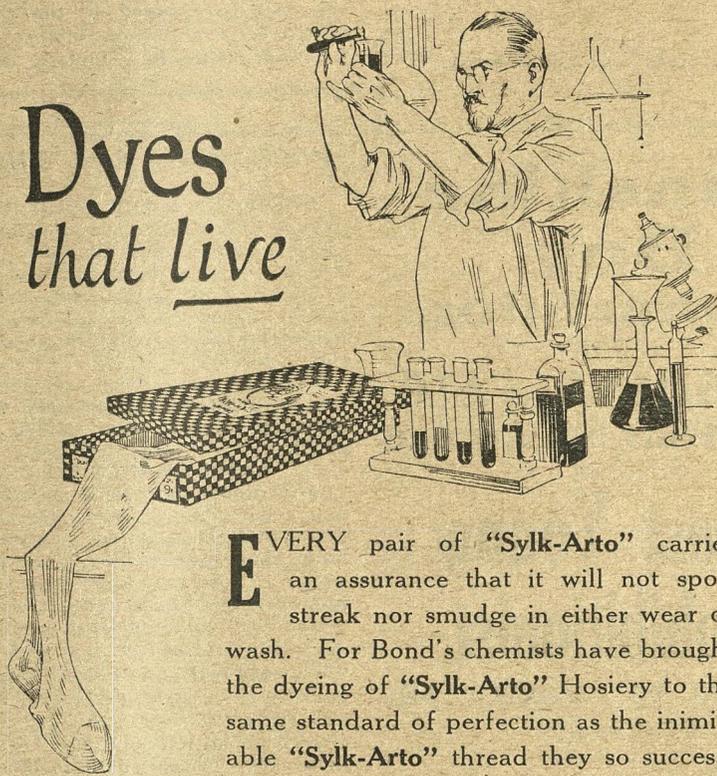
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PASS "GRIT" ON

# Dyes that live



**E**VERY pair of "Sylk-Arto" carries an assurance that it will not spot, streak nor smudge in either wear or wash. For Bond's chemists have brought the dyeing of "Sylk-Arto" Hosiery to the same standard of perfection as the inimitable "Sylk-Arto" thread they so successfully produced.

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### DIFFERENT MOTHERS.

#### THE MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS.

By HELEN GRAHAM.

The story was told me by Ted Leslie himself, and it is quite true, hence its value.

One midday, as the crowd surged and re-surged up and down, back and forth, along one of a city's busy thoroughfares, amidst the crush walked a man holding a high position in the life of the community.

Suddenly a man stopped abruptly in front of him, looked at him searchingly, and then accosted him with, "Hullo, Ted—don't you know me?"

The one thus addressed looked hard at the unfamiliar face, while his eyes grew perplexed with puzzled bewilderment: But in spite of concentrated attention, he said at

length, "No—for the life of me can I think who you are!"

The man who had first spoken gave a laugh which might mean anything, took a step nearer, and said in strangely mingled tones, "Why, Ted, don't you remember—Dick Hinton?"

Instantly comprehension came—comprehension and remembrance. And both men gazed across the barrier of the years, and for a few moments lived in another world—the world of the yesterdays. And memories stirred to life and held them in thrall.

"Yes, I'm Dick Hinton right enough, and you are Ted Leslie, and we haven't met since

we were kiddies together," went on Dick, when speech was possible. "You remember, Ted, how we lived near to one another in that little settlement, and we went to the little school together, and sometimes sat together, and went home together, and even chased billy-goats together! You remember it all, don't you, Ted?"

Of course he did, every detail of those old happy, carefree days, when life, with a capital "L," was before the laddies, and when chances seemed quite even. But Ted remembered more, for as he gazed at the face so strangely disfigured by the unmistakable language of dissipation, he remembered what he would fain have forgotten—the tragic record of the man before him, his erstwhile playmate.

He knew him for a card manipulator, a crook, who had won £20,000 on an ocean liner between Liverpool and New York; he knew him for an international criminal, and as one whose passion seemed to be wrongdoing. He knew him as Dick Hinton—alias—alias—alias!

"How did you recognise me, Dick?" he asked, wonderingly. Again the man laughed strangely. "Oh, I've seen your photo in the paper many times. And when I've been in Australia I've watched your career, watched it as God only knows. And one day, Ted, I even had a great desire to call to see you on the off chance of having a chat with you! Think of it, me calling upon—you!"

"But why didn't you, Dick?" He shrugged his shoulders significantly. "Better not," he said, and there was a queer look in his eyes, and he breathed strongly. "You've gone your way, Ted, and I've gone mine. And mine has led me—!"

The sentence remained incompleated. Then he added, "And your way has led you to master obstacles, and fight difficulties unaided, and by sheer perseverance to mount the ladder, rung by rung, till now—why now, Ted, you are controlling an organisation that might at any time be hunting me down!"

There was a moment of tense painful silence, then, as if overcome by emotion and incapable of further speech, Dick hesitatingly stretched forth his hand, and using the old familiar boyish name, he said, brokenly, "Good-bye, Teddie!" and turned quickly away, and was soon lost in the crowd.

And the harsh voices of the newsboys shrilled the result of the latest race, and of the world's big events. But they fell unheeded on the ears of Ted Leslie, for, like an echo that rose above the jargon and noise, came the words which would not die down: "My way led me— But your way led you up the ladder, rung by rung, till now, Ted, you're controlling an organisation that might at any time be hunting me down!" "And once we hunted billy-goats together!"

And a great wave of thankfulness passed over Ted, and he lifted his heart in deep gratitude to God as he realised afresh that she whom he calls "mother," and who now lies, tired and weary, just waiting for the Everlasting Arms to enfold her and bear her Home, had ever been a mother in a thousand. She had put "first things first," had sought for herself and her loved ones the Kingdom of God, had trained her children in the things that make for righteousness, and had ever set before them an example of high principles that had left a lasting record.

But poor Dick's mother—well, she was not a bad woman as badness counts. But her attitude to the things that really matter had been one of indifference, the future was sacrificed for the present, and the children were allowed to go their own way, and set up their own standard.

And as Dick so significantly put it, his way had led—not "up the ladder, rung by rung," but down to the uttermost depths of tragedy

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## PROHIBITION WITHOUT COMPENSATION.

To be decided by Referendum, with bare majority, in State and Local Areas,  
and to operate within two years.

### STATE CONFERENCE.

The Prohibition Conference, to be opened on Thursday by our President, Rev. H. C. Foreman, at the City Temple (Church of Christ), Campbell-street, near Elizabeth-street, at 2.30 p.m., promises to be one of the most momentous ever held in the history of the Movement.

The Conference is called for the practical and important business of creating an organised State-wide fighting force for the next State elections.

Our roll-call at the last No-License poll in 1913 was 245,000, as recorded in the ballot-box, and it may well be estimated that our numbers have doubled since then. To organise and equip this fine army of Prohibitionists is the task we have set ourselves to accomplish.

Our Cause has been the football of party politics for years. We are determined to control the balance of political power in future and to demand from the Legislature and from the Government the rights to which our numbers and the greatness of our Cause entitle us.

Addresses will be delivered at the Conference by leading churchmen and political representatives, the latter including Sir Elliot Johnson (late Speaker of the House of Representatives), Senator Thomas and Mr. W. P. J. Skelton, M.L.A.

Resolutions will be submitted demanding the right of the electors to vote on Prohibition without compensation at the 1928 poll, asking for the immediate restoration of the local option provisions and insisting on liquor law observance. It is proposed to ask for a pledge from candidates at the next State election in favor of these democratic demands.

The Conference programme will be divided into the following four sections: (1) General Principles; (2) Organisation; (3) Finance; and (4) Publicity. These matters are being fully considered by the Campaign Committee of the Alliance, and a series of resolutions embodying their proposals will be submitted to the delegates.

Delegates are asked to come prepared for work rather than for speechmaking, and to visualise the complete plan of a business-like organisation covering the whole State. Attention to details as well as to general principles is essential to ensure the successful establishment of Prohibition—the ushering in of the greatest measure of practical Christianity of modern times.

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**PASS "GRIT" ON**

**PROHIBITION BRINGS SUNSHINE**  
SYDNEY TOWN HALL

## Sunshine Boy Competition

AT THE  
**SUNSHINE FAIR**  
Town Hall, Nov. 4, 5, 6

FOR THE

## Finest Young Prohibitionist

ACCORDING TO PHYSIQUE AND  
MENTALITY.

Parents, Teachers, Friends of Boys  
generally are invited to interest the  
Lads in this unique event.

### CLASS I.

Boys of ages 8 to 12—

1st Prize .....	£2 2 0
2nd Prize .....	0 10 6

### CLASS II.

Boys of ages 13 to 15—

1st Prize .....	£2 2 0
2nd Prize .....	0 10 6

### CONDITIONS.

- Entries to be made in writing, addressed to the Joint Secretaries, Sunshine Fair, Room 302, Macdonell House, 321 Pitt-street, to reach them not later than Wednesday, November 3. Entries to be accompanied by entrance fee of 6d.
- Competitors to give date of birthday, full name and address and state class enrolled in at school, or, if not at school, occupation.
- Competitors in Class I. to be at the Town Hall basement at 7 p.m. on Thursday, November 4, for the purpose of being judged. A number of finalists will be chosen then, and these will be required to attend again at 7 p.m. on Saturday, November 6, for the final decision.
- Competitors in Class II. to be at the Town Hall basement at 7 p.m. on Friday, November 5. Finalists in this class will be required to attend on Saturday at 7 p.m. also.
- Competitors to be dressed in shirt, belt, knickers.
- The decision of the Judges will be final.

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

### PREPARING FOR THE FAIR.

#### WORKERS MAKE GOOD REPORTS.

That the interest of the Congregational ladies in the preparations for their stalls is keen was plainly shown at the meeting of their Committee during the week. They finalised matters generally, and now are ready for the helpers in the various Churches to complete their parcels.

The cake competition promoted in connection with their Congregational Cake Stall is arousing interest, and should be quite a success.

#### LAMP SHADES TO ORDER.

Mrs. Roper, of Beaconsfield-road, Mosman, one of the Committee for the Congregational Stall, is prepared to receive orders for lamp shades—prices to range from £1 upwards. Those who know Mrs. Roper's work are sure that orders for these furnishing attractions will be delighted with what they get. The proceeds of her work are for the stall.

#### METHODISTS HAVE DOLL COMPETITION.

A feature of the Methodist effort is the Doll Competition for most neatly dressed doll in two classes, dolls to be of respective value of 5/- and 7/6; competitors to be up to 12 years of age and over 12 years. The prizes offered are 10/-, 6/-, and 4/- in the former, and 12/6, 7/6 and 5/- in the latter. Mrs. Masterman, at the N.S.W. Alliance office, or the conveners (Mrs. Gale and Mrs. Lane) will supply all particulars.

#### POSTER DISPLAY.

Samples of cartoons and posters from New Zealand, America and our States have come to hand for this display, which promises to be one of the most instructive features of the Fair.

#### THE SUNSHINE BOYS.

The idea of a competition to find the finest type of lads between 8 and 12 and 13 and 15 has caught on. Particulars are given in the next column. It is likely to be good. See that the boys enter.

#### THINGS IN GENERAL.

The programme of the Fair is now available for distribution, and we ask the assistance of our friends in making this as widely read as possible.

A special feature is the Business People's Lunch on Friday, November 5, 12.45 to 2 p.m. Tickets are 2/-. An address will be given by Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.

Then there will be the Family Tea on Saturday at 5.30. This is likely to be one of the happiest functions on the programme.

Some men workers from among our friends are needed for the evening of preparation, Wednesday, November 3. Any time after the tea hour will be the time at the basement of the Town Hall. They are needed for work in connection with decoration and stall arrangement.

#### DEPOT FOR PARCELS.

It is desired that articles in parcels being sent shall be priced by the donors. This will save much worry to the stallholders. Parcels of gifts may be sent to the N.S.W. Alliance Rooms, 3rd Floor, Macdonell House, 321 Pitt-street, any time before opening day of Fair, or taken to the Town Hall Basement on morning of opening day. Please mark on the parcel the stall which is to receive it.

**COME TO THE FAIR**  
NOVEMBER 4, 5, 6.

## 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.

## CONVICTIONS FOR DRUNKENNESS IN N.S.W.

### YEAR'S GHASTLY TOTAL.

The value of statistics, like the value of sausages, depends largely upon the maker.

The number of convictions for drunkenness afford no real guide to the increase or decrease of inebriety. In America, as the Chief of Police of Detroit said to Mr. Hammond: "One out of every ten may escape under Prohibition, whereas in the saloon days only one out of every ten drunken persons was arrested."

Yet the convictions for drunkenness in New York City in 1925 under Prohibition conditions were a little more than 9000, whereas according to the papers laid on the table of the House of Assembly this week the convictions for drunkenness in N.S.W. in 1925 were 29,362, with an additional 1169 convictions for crimes of which drunkenness formed a part. And the population of New York City is over 6,000,000 as against N.S.W.'s population of a little more than 2,000,000. In other words, if the drunkenness under Prohibition were equal to the drunkenness under license, and arrests were made on the same basis, the convictions in N.Y. should total 90,000 instead of 9000.

### BY ITS FRUIT SHALL YE KNOW IT.

No one expects that Prohibition will completely prohibit at least for a generation. Christianity is not a failure because it is not 100 per cent. observed by the City Council. It is surely a sufficient condemnation of license that, as the N.S.W. figures show, it produces more than ten times the amount of drunkenness per 1000 inhabitants as is produced under Prohibition.

The figures for last year in N.S.W. show a slight decrease in the number of convictions compared with former years. This, however, may be quite misleading. As Mr. Hammond has pointed out the magistrates are giving longer sentences, and are committing more men to Shaftesbury and other places.

The Victorian figures would seem to indicate that Sydney was a drunken inferno compared with Melbourne, as the convictions in the sister capital in 1922 were only 33 per 10,000 inhabitants as against 142 for N.S.W. and 161 for Queensland. As the Commonwealth Year Book points out, however, the explanation lies in the fact that no conviction is recorded against first offenders in Victoria.

### GUARD SIX O'CLOCK.

There is still some talk of an attempt being made in Parliament this session by the liquor interests to extend the hours of liquor trading, or to give further trading facilities to liquor, which would amount to the same thing.

The attitude of the Government on this question is not known, but Six O'Clock Closers and Prohibitionists are advised to be prepared for any emergency. "Trust God and keep your powder dry," as Cromwell said long ago.

Ms.L.A. should be made to realise that any tampering with Six O'Clock Closing by them will involve your relentless opposition, both as regards their selection within the Party or election at the polls.

### CITY AND COUNTRY COMPARED.

Of the 29,362 convictions last year in the Mother State 9121 were recorded in the Central Police Court, 1440 in Newtown, 649 in Redfern, 525 in North Sydney, 513 in Glebe, whilst the record against Burwood was only 170, Ryde 33, Hornsby 81; these latter places being centres where the Temperance sentiment is strong and hotels are comparatively scarce.

Outside the metropolitan area Goulburn has a bad record of 324, Newcastle 1440, Queanbeyan 630, Albury 326, while Wilson's Downfall belies its name by having no convictions at all.

### DRUNKEN WOMANHOOD.

Of the total number of women convicted (2524) no less than 1575 were sentenced in the Central Police Court. Redfern's percentage of drunkenness amongst women was worse than that of the Central Police Court, being about 23 per cent. as against nearly 16 per cent. in the Central Court and 10 per cent. in North Sydney.

Nearly one-third of the arrests for drunkenness in the State take place after pay day—between 8 a.m. on Saturday and 8 a.m. on Sunday, the total being 9176 out of 29,363; while convictions for drunkenness between 8 a.m. Sunday and 8 a.m. on Monday reached 1128. These figures disclose a truly alarming amount of Sunday and after-hour trading, and with the Saturday to Sunday convictions present another proof of the lawlessness of liquor.

Tabulated, the figures in the return stand as follows:

Convictions for year ending 31st December, 1925.	
1. For drunkenness .....	29,363
2. For crimes associated with drunkenness .....	1,169
3. Of women for drunkenness .....	2,524
4. Arrests between 8 a.m. Saturday and 8 a.m. Sunday .....	9,176
5. Arrests between 8 a.m. Sunday and 8 a.m. Monday .....	1,128
6. For selling liquor on Sunday .....	45
7. For selling after hours .....	153
8. Selling without a license .....	152
9. For selling adulterated liquor .....	7

### £20,000 Wanted—More Expected.

A Finance Drive, having for its object the raising of a Fighting Fund of £20,000 for the Prohibition Campaign of 1928, is to be proposed at the forthcoming Conference. Various means of securing this necessary finance will be submitted for approval. The amount is not large compared with the £78,000 raised by the New Zealand Alliance for the 1925 poll, especially when it is remembered that N.Z.'s population is not two-thirds of that of N.S.W. After one poll the N.Z. Alliance was £50,000 overdrawn, but thanks to the public spirited Britishers of the Dominion the arrears were overtaken in six months.

We ask the 245,000 electors who voted for No-License in 1913, or their relations, as well

### Professional and Business Men's Auxiliary.

Arnott's Biscuit Works at Homebush was the scene of a successful lunch-hour meeting, held under the auspices of the Professional and Business Men's Auxiliary, last tweek.

"I have come," said Mr. Vaughan, "to tell you how to make your wages real instead of fictitious." When he started in the Labor Movement as a Labor member 21 years ago the condition of the workers, he said, seemed to call for every effort to raise the standard of life. "I have to confess," said the speaker, "that after all the efforts of the last 14 years, including the loss of £14,000,000 of wages in strikes, the effective wage of the average male Australian worker has increased by only 2/6 per week."

To continue that process is to create industrial chaos and widespread discontent. Every rise in wages given by the Courts under present conditions handicapped in-

### SUNSHINE EXCURSION

Lane Cove and Parramatta Rivers to Cabarita

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23.  
2.15 p.m.

Tickets: Adults, 1/6; Children, 1/-.

Demonstration and Speeches at Cabarita Park.

dustry, and simply increased the cost of living.

The speaker proceeded to show that American workers under Prohibition had enjoyed higher rates of pay and a lower cost of living—the net increase in six years amounting to 75 per cent. as against 4½ per cent. in the Commonwealth. Liquor might be "wet," but it was draining the worker dry through its colossal cost and the inefficiency it produced.

Mr. Vaughan said that the higher the wages and the better the industrial conditions the better it was for trade and for the nation, provided that these improvements were accompanied by increased industrial efficiency. The worker had to produce his wages before he was paid, and the more he produced the larger the share of production could labor claim.

Questions were called for, but a worker shouted "We're all with you," and the large crowd smiling said in effect, "Them's our sentiments."

as the new adherents to our Cause, to get ready for this £20,000 campaign. Only 1/- a head from 400,000 Prohibitionists in N.S.W. would raise this amount. Be ready for our S.O.S. (Shell Out Shillings or Sovereigns).

## A WOULD-BE MOVIE STAR.

### LIVING IN THE HEART OF HOLLYWOOD.

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

"The Three Mustgettheirs," Senators Hill, Bruce and "d'Artagnan" Reed of the slimy leftovers and boozem friends, have had a tough time navigating the arid desert sands on six kidney heels looking for an oasis for our margin of left-over publican survivors of the lost Battalion of Death, so dry, they cough up chunks of paper and ejaculate, "Who'd a tho't it?" They can't send the country "dry." That reminds me of a jobbie that I was in jail with. As we chaperoned a contented kind of a Berkshire sow and eleven children, and as he assisted me in taking (the door) the hoop and burlap bag off the pig barrel, said, "I got 90 days for cleaning out a fowlhouse. They can't keep a man in jail for that!"

"The Three Mustgettheirs" that get theirs from the ilk—that vie with the cabby that says the horse will come back, and have tallow candles shining brightly in their windows for John Barleycorn, whom the superstitious aver they hear singing through the sod, "There's a light in the window shines brightly for me," have a tough time convincing 'em (after putting 'em on so many losers) to recoup their losses on the next race, the 70th Congress.

Ninety-five per cent. of the publicans in America saw the handwriting on the wall when Prohibition became an amendment to the Constitution, and either sold, let or utilised their premises for legitimate gain. The sore-heads and standpatters still stick and keep their places open for the boobs that they'll kid into the belief that the less than 1 per cent. slops they sell is the "rhibuck stuff," to the extent that I've seen an old-time habitual and some of these younger smart "punks" that try to be clever, begin to get roughly hilarious when keyed up on the make-believe stuff and look for stoush after knocking over a few pots. They don't kid drunk. A good psychologist behind a near-beer keg can kid them that they are.

I saw one of the bhoys steamed up on this anaemic beverage burst through the swinging doors recently with an imitation jag on, and began to give the Saturday night shoppers a demonstration of what an O'Kelly could accomplish as he threatened to clean up the sidewalk with all the "drys" in these sad days when a man's freedom, liberty of the pen and speech, and Prohibition was only a joke, when he drew seconds on himself and came up for air. He looked as foolish as "Sunny Corner Sandy" Hoare's old hollow back bay brumby the day he bolted towards Wallerawang and quit after realising that he wasn't hitched to the sulky.

These remnants of the Battalion of Death (creatures of habit) keep open from an obstinate viewpoint, and the belief that John will come home. In San Francisco and New York money (a slush fund) gotten from Australian and other foreign liquor interests subsidise many for the purpose of giving the country a blind pig appearance to maritime travellers to those ports frequented mostly by foreigners, with the intention that ocular demonstration will create the impression upon visitors that Prohibition is a failure. Visitors to San Francisco should go to Cappstreet, near Mission, and see the North Star Laundry which was previously the North Star Brewery that made the world-famous "steam beer." Then they should cross the bay to Oakland where, in the 1500 block on East 14th street, the Brooklyn Brewery is the De Luxe Laundry. These two laundries are the largest in the world.

They should also know that the gang commanded by "The Three Mustgettheirs" is

paid to stem the wave of Prohibition that must—just as soon as Australian business and Australian patriotism realises its economic value—clean house in Australia.

The foreign liquor interests are frantic, although they might not show their anxiety, and as each shipment of human freight from either the Atlantic or Pacific land, hired drunks, hired bootleggers (men and women) mingle in their midst. I know of instances where prominent Britishers have been pestered to distraction by bell hops (buttons), waiters, porters, hotel managers and others of this strongly organised body, with the view that the impression be conveyed to their homeland, in the hopes that a negative view of Prohibition from such eminent authorities will retard and stem the economic wave, Prohibition. The whole scheme is cleverly engineered, so much so that great, sincere Australians and Englishmen have fallen for the bunk. These liquor interests know that Britishers are easy to sell booze and that even if they do not use it, they will not squeal, but rather desirous of avoiding the unpleasant notoriety that a mix-up with a bootlegger would bring about.

Australian visitors should not judge California by San Francisco, which looks "blind piggy." They should visit the more progressive, Oakland, Berkeley and Los Angeles, the three most modern, cleanest and richest cities in America per capita. The conditions under which the people of these cities live, their progress, prosperity and go-getiveness are a revelation. Their feminine gender from infancy to age are beautiful to behold.

San Francisco is the Land's End of America. The last joint, the flop joint, in the vertebrae, where the native sons and moss backs of the U.S.A. form a square, and still comb their greasy forelocks over their foreheads a la butterfly, wear purses, key-wind watches, clothes fastened with hooks and eyes, and carry their belongings in carpet bags. Some day Oakland or Los Angeles will annex Frisco; then the "south of the slot boys" will either take to the tall timbers or else get out of the habit of going home from work, dolling up in the go to meetin's, and having a heck of a time standing outside their favorite near-beer blind pigs watching (the Herefords) the white-faced street cars gallop up and down Market, Valencia or Mission.

Outside the conversions of all but a few

# 5/-

Deposited Weekly  
will in 3 years  
amount to  
£41/3/11

In 5 years 10/- will amount to £143/4/1

In 7 years £1 will amount to £419/2/8

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dozen saloons into stores, the breweries converted, and the Bank of Italy, Telephone Building, and a few more banks that stand where rat holes (saloons) formerly stood. I noticed where Abe Attel's brother Caesar owns, besides a dog called Caesim, a hock shop at 3rd and Mission, and that Tim McGrath has a new pair of 'lastic sides. Frisco will fall out of bed and wake up some day, I hope. Oakland and Los Angeles are very progressive. In them, if you don't keep moving, you'll get grown over.

America mourns the death of its Sheik. The great movie hero has gone into the vast beyond. The fine gentlemanly, sober, hard-working, industrious boy that swept floors, slung hash, polished brass and cut lawns on his way to the highest peak in Hollywood, Rudolph Valentino, is dead. On the silver sheet we have him somewhat, and had Warner Bros. been earlier with the great speaking invention that is to make the dumb movie passe, we would have him in all but the flesh. (Australian youth will do well to remember this immigrant boy that came to America, handicapped by the language, and then gained its greatest popularity.)

Three weeks before Valentino died the Chicago "Tribune" bitterly assailed the poor chap, whom it said was a "pink puff" and should have been drowned at birth. It concluded by saying, "Thank God for 5-yard Kelly." Poor Ruddy, then dying, challenged the writer to a fist fight. The "Tribune" passed him up. Had he been a Chicago bootlegger, or one of the Eucharistic Congressmen, ah! that is different.

(Continued on page 10.)

FOR DELICIOUS PASTRY AND CAKES

USE

**Griffiths Bros.'**

FIRST QUALITY

CREAM OF TARTAR

**OUR RAILWAYS AND LIQUOR.**

**THE RAILWAY COMMISSIONER SIDES WITH BOOZE.**

**LARGE AND INFLUENTIAL DEPUTATION MAKES OUT A STRONG CASE.**

The "Sydney Morning Herald" says:

"A deputation, which developed into a debate, gave Mr. James Fraser (Chief Railway Commissioner) an uncomfortable 15 minutes yesterday.

"A large crowd of women and politicians, representing 31 organisations, asked him that to advertise their cause upon railway and tramway buildings organisations which advocated Prohibition should be given the same advantages as those who advertised wine, beer and spirits."

That report, however, misstates the question.

The facts are:

1. Liquor has been demonstrated the world over to be prolific of accidents.
2. Men have been dismissed from the New South Wales railways for being under the influence of liquor and a public menace.
3. The Railway Commissioners are under the strongest possible obligation to protect the travelling public from danger.
4. The railway slogan, "Safety First," demands the elimination of the beverage use of alcohol.
5. Passengers under the influence of liquor have frequently embarrassed the travelling public and the railway officials.
6. The railways accept and emphatically display all kinds of advertisements inviting in most deceptive terms all and sundry to use alcoholic beverages.
7. Such advertisements are unscientific, dangerous, insulting to intelligent people, frequently offensive, and their acceptance by the Government adds an endorsement that greatly encourages undiscerning young people in one of the most degrading and tenacious habits of modern times.

**THE SPEAKERS.**

Miss Preston Stanley, M.L.A., made a convincing and lucid statement. Dr. Richard Arthur, Sir Thomas Henley, and Messrs. Hoskins and Lane, M's.L.A., all spoke emphatically.

Madame Wolcarius (President of the Representative Women's Prohibition League), Mrs. Vickery (of the Feminists' Club), Miss Edith Fry (of the National Council of Women), Mrs. Emily Bennett (of the Next Step Movement), and Major Swain (of the Salvation Army) all made effective contributions to the request.

**THE REQUEST.**

First, that these liquor advertisements be removed from all railway spaces.

Second, failing that reasonable request, that space be sold to the Anti-Alcohol Party to educate, warn and advise the public of the danger of the beverage use of alcohol.

Third, that it is unfair and undemocratic to show preference to an admittedly dangerous business while excluding those organised for the public good, backed by scientific authority, and working in harmony with the Railway Department's own policy of Safety First.

**QUESTION FOR THE COMMISSIONER.**

Advertising on the railways undoubtedly brings results. Since more intoxicating liquor will be consumed, and public and domestic disaster must follow, will the Commissioner take his share of responsibility?

**MR. FRASER'S REPLY.**

In reply, Mr. Fraser said that obviously the deputation's view was that the liquor traffic should be abolished. "You desire to destroy this demon," he said, "by persuading the Railway Commissioners to cut off a joint of his finger. The money spent upon advertising liquor on the railways is a mere bagatelle compared with the sums spent in other ways. No action we could take in the manner you propose would reduce the amount of liquor consumed."

The reason why the advertisements for prohibition had been refused was that in common fairness the Commissioners would have to accept also anti-Prohibition propa-

ganda. The advertisement of a particular brand of whisky was not propaganda against the discontinuance of the trade, and the Commissioners had no more right to refuse it than they had to refuse an advertisement for bacon or silk stockings. The question, too, was political, and would sooner or later be brought up in Parliament, which so far had shirked it.

Here several of the ladies, who had become extremely restive under Mr. Fraser's reply, commenced to murmur loudly, and Mr. Lane, very excited, broke into the Commissioner's statement by denying that what he said of whisky advertisements and propaganda was correct. A whisky advertisement, he said, was obviously propaganda for the continuance of the traffic.

Mr. Fraser, who had flushed deeply at the interruption, coldly drew Mr. Lane's attention to the fact that when he spoke no one had interjected or questioned him.

**THE REPLY CRITICISED.**

The Commissioner acknowledges that drink is a "demon," that the proposals put before him would curtail it at least in a small way, for he says it would be cutting off a finger, but since he can't do everything he won't do anything. Since no one can do everything, then let us follow the Commissioner and do nothing!

Result, chaos.

The Commissioner asserts that no action he could take would reduce the amount of liquor consumed. Then he has no business to take the liquor men's money, since he is confident that he gives them no increased trade for their money. If on the other hand he is wrong and the liquor men right, and there is a large increase in the sale of liquor as the result of these advertisements, then to remove them is on the authority of the liquor sellers to reduce their output. The Commissioner is evidently unusually obtuse.

The deputation did not ask for the right to advertise Prohibition, but rather to warn, instruct and advise the public as to the danger of the beverage use of alcohol, which is quite a different thing.

Mr. Fraser says "if he allows one side to advertise Prohibition propaganda, he must then allow the other side to advertise anti-Prohibition propaganda."

Having made this declaration, he promptly refuses to put it into practice, and he gives the sole right to speak on alcohol to the liquor sellers, who have no interest in the public good, and he denies to the anti-alcohol party the right he acknowledges they ought to have.

Mr. Fraser says "he has no more right to refuse a liquor advertisement than he has to refuse a stocking or a bacon one." This reply merely makes the Commissioner seem to be a stupid man. The commodities mentioned are essentially different.

Mr. Fraser, let us ask you a question: Have you no more right to demand abstinence in an engine-driver than you have to demand that he wears cotton socks?

We emphatically deny that our request to warn and advise the public as to the dangers associated with drinking is in any way political.

Mr. Fraser's reply was confused, illogical, inconsistent, and detrimental to the public welfare.

# A Personal Chat with my readers

## OUR ADVERTISERS.

I greatly appreciate the very many kind and generous letters I have received in reference to the discontinuance of Anthony Hordern's advertisement.

For twenty years I have persisted with "Grit." I have had the experience common to all would-be reformers, viz., very numerous discouragements at the hands of one's friends and very delightful occasional appreciation from strangers. I do not recall any incident in the history of "Grit" that has brought forth such warm-hearted and practical appreciation.

The cartoon this week and the special article on the Railway Commissioner's reception of what was probably the largest and sanest deputation that ever waited on him, all unite to draw the attention of our readers to the part that advertisers play in public life and in the production of a newspaper.

If those who appreciate my breaking the biggest advertising contract in my paper will also remember that every advertiser in "Grit" risks the boycott and the general backwash of the liquor sellers' nastiness, they will, I am sure, go out of their way to do business with our advertisers, and to let them know why they are doing it.

I heard the story of a man who was drowning in a river that seems to me appropriate. He called lustily for someone to save him. A passer-by stooped and caught him by the hair, but alas, it was a wig and came off in his hands.

The man sank but came up, still calling to be saved. The willing helper caught him by a frantically waving arm. The arm came off and he sank again. In response to his further cries for help the man on the riverside said, "How can I save you if you won't stick together?"

Surely it is unnecessary for me to rub this in?

Charles C. Albertson's lines have lately been haunting me:

Three things have taught me courage—

Three things I've seen to-day:

A spider re-weaving her web

Which thrice had been swept away;

A child refusing to weep

In spite of a cruel pain,

And a robin singing a cheery song

In the midst of a chilling rain.

\* \* \*

## DON'T SHIRK POLITICS.

The politicians we condemn, the bad men who are a menace to public life, are elected by the good people who stay at home on election day. Every Prohibitionist who is a "don't" gives a solid backing to the liquor gang.

They "don't" bother to take a Prohibition paper. Their ignorance of the ramifications

and fresh developments of our movement is largely responsible for the continuance of the liquor evil.

They "don't" trouble to pay for their paper, and having starved it they twit it with being thin.

They "don't" encourage their minister to keep everlastingly at it.

Why not have "Grit" sent to your minister with your goodwill, a weekly reminder of your interest and a weekly urge to his activities?

I read the following in the U.S.A. "Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters' Journal":

"It is not high patriotism for a citizen to claim he 'takes no interest in politics.'"

"Because 'politics is the science of government' every citizen in a democracy should be interested in politics.

"If he fails to be so, selfish interests gladly assume the task of governing.

"A democracy cannot function unless citizens take part in politics; unless they assist in moulding a sound public opinion, participate in primaries and elections and at all times insist on high ideals in public affairs.

"These ideals will be approximated in proportion to the activity of citizens.

"Corruption in politics often disgusts citizens who refuse to longer continue the struggle and who lose interest in the affairs of government.

"This brings joy to privilege. They, too, affect a disgust, but this is a gesture. They have a free field to secretly manipulate government when citizens retire from the field.

"The test of our faith in free government is our zeal and our vigilance in behalf of that government."

\* \* \*

## A MESSAGE FROM A SCIENTIST.

What is described as the most remarkable scene ever known at such a gathering occurred at the Church Congress at Southport following the reading of a notable paper written by the late Professor John Adami just before his death on August 29.

The paper concluded: "I want to make it clear that the scientist may arrive at clear knowledge of religious truth by the very methods employed at his own work. More and more as the years passed I have become convinced that love of God is everything, and that if man possesses this all other things are secondary. This life is not the end. The soul is immortal."

After the reading, the Archbishop of York, standing with upraised hand, said: "These words from a dying man are too important for us to pass quickly to lesser things"—and asked for silent meditation upon them. Everybody in the crowded hall rose and stood silently while the hands of the clock passed three minutes.

Dr. John George Adami, a pathologist, who was well known in Great Britain and Canada, was Vice-Chancellor of the University of Liverpool since 1919, and for the previous

# GRIT

A JOURNAL OF  
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY  
AND PROHIBITION.

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

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

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue, the paper being posted for 52 weeks for 11/-; outside the Commonwealth, 12/6.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1926.

25 years was Strathcona professor of pathology and bacteriology at the McGill University, Montreal.

Surely this ought to steady those who, reading little else than our daily papers, have almost come to believe that there is no God.

\* \* \*

Prebendary Mackay, of London, just lately made a striking statement. This striking and encouraging statement:

"When the nineteenth century began there were, outside the British Isles, only two bishoprics of the Anglican Church (excluding eleven in America). When, thirty-seven years later, Queen Victoria began her reign there were only ten. To-day in India and Ceylon there are twelve bishoprics under a metropolitan, the Bishop of Calcutta; in China and Japan there are fourteen bishoprics; in South Africa there is an archbishopric and thirteen bishoprics, and in other parts of Africa eleven bishoprics. In Australia, which at Queen Victoria's accession, was reckoned only as an archdeaconry in the diocese of Calcutta, there are to-day four archbishoprics and twenty bishoprics. In New Zealand, an archbishopric and eight bishoprics; in Canada, four archbishoprics and twenty-four bishoprics, making, with other dioceses not here enumerated, a total of no less than one hundred and twenty-nine. Think of that! In 1837 ten, in 1926 one hundred and twenty-nine overseas bishoprics, including twelve archbishops, I wonder if any such record as this could be found in any period of the Church's history in any part of the world.

In our anxiety about what remains to be done we must not overlook the very evident and real progress that has been made.

The Editor

Support Our Advertisers.

## REV. W. P. NICHOLSON AT AUBURN.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE MISSION, BY REV. JOHN WAUGH, B.A.  
(PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER, AUBURN).

It is about three years since the ministers at Auburn began to think of the possibility of having Rev. W. P. Nicholson to conduct a mission in their district; for as soon as his visit to Australia was mooted the Ministers' Fraternal made application to have Auburn included in his itinerary. They expected much in those days; they realise now that more even than they expected is coming to them and their people through the work of this servant of God.

Preparations were made during the six months prior to the Auburn Mission in conferences, to which all the Protestant ministers and Army officers in Auburn, Lidcombe, Granville, Harris Park, Parramatta, Guildford, etc., were invited, and which most of those invited attended. The spirit of brotherhood, cordiality and keenness for the advancing of the Kingdom of God has been very noticeable in these conferences, and several have suggested that these meetings, in the form of the District Ministers' Fraternal, be continued after the mission. Much prayer was also made in the various congregations concerned, and the ministers did what they could, in pulpit and press, to create a spirit of expectancy in their people, so that when Mr. Nicholson arrived there would be a suitable and congenial atmosphere, in which he would be able to work. All the Protestant denominations in the district are co-operating in the united mission, and all have already received help and encouragement and uplift therefrom.

The mission opened on Sunday evening, October 3, in the big marquee, or "Canvas Cathedral," which has been erected in Queen-street, Auburn. There were over 1000 present that night. Some doubtless had come to pick up spicy tit-bits which they expected the evangelist to let fall; some had come out of mere curiosity—to see and hear this new thing; but as one and all listened to Mr. Nicholson's magnificent exposition of the Letter to the Church at Ephesus, in his address on "Leaving the First Love," the Word of God, living, active, sharper than any two-edged sword, pierced through to many a heart and conscience, as the spirit awakened anew a love for Christ, the crucified and risen Saviour. The address was a masterpiece of impassioned eloquence in an appeal for renewed dedication to Christ, the Chief among ten thousand and the altogether lovely One. It was also a masterpiece of exposition, as most of the evangelist's addresses are.

Owing to Monday (Eight-Hour Day) being a holiday, of which advantage is taken by most of the Auburn Sunday schools for picnic purposes, no meetings were held here that day, the missionary attending instead that successful All-Day Conference at St. Barnabas', which has already been reported in these columns. On the Tuesday night, however, the "spade work" of the mission began in earnest, when Mr. Nicholson commenced his series of addresses to Christians, preparing them to take part in the more aggressive part of the mission yet to come. The attendances have been on the increase each night since, so that it is hoped that shortly the "house full" sign will have to be exhibited outside the marquee on week nights, as well as on Sundays. Mr. Nicholson has consistently held the mirror of Christ up before the people in these meetings. He has called them in Christ's name to essay the impossible in Christian character and service—impossible from the human end, but most assuredly possible in God's intention and by reason of the Holy Spirit's power in the life of the surrendered Christian. He has sought to make

his hearers dissatisfied with their attainments, to show them their possible best, and to lead them to travel God's way thereto. And, thank God, the Word has found a lodgment in many hearts. Many of God's people have begun to measure themselves—not by themselves or their neighbors, as heretofore, but by Christ and His ideals. Many have come to realise that the Christian life is intended to be one not of weakness but of power; not of defeat but of triumph; not of failure but of victory; and in increasing numbers are looking to God Who can make them more than conquerors through Him Who loved them.

Large gatherings marked the meetings on the second Sunday of the mission (October 10). There must have been about 1200 in the tent at the evening service. This week the missionary has been dwelling more insistently upon the power of the Holy Spirit and the equipment for character building and service which may be ours in Him. At the Sunday evening's address, "Ye Must be Born Again," there was a deep intentness on the part of the great crowd present, as the missionary placed plainly before them the great issues of life and death, and proclaimed the only way of life known to the N.T. or the Christian Church—through a living faith, a personal trust, in a crucified and risen Saviour. This was the beginning of the campaign for reaching the unconverted, and Auburn, like everywhere else, provides a large field in this respect; we trust also a field that will prove fruitful in these days.

Three special meetings have recently been held here, apart from the evening services. On Thursday week the missionary, accompanied by a party of the local ministers, visited the works of Messrs. Babcock and Wilcox, at Regent's Park, where a lunch-hour service was held among the employees, evidently to their liking, for at the close they carried a vote of thanks to Mr. Nicholson for visiting them. On the Friday we went to the Clyde Engineering Works, where Mr. Nicholson addressed some 500 men in one of the dining rooms, and then spoke to a crowd of two or three hundred in the street outside. The following Tuesday over a thousand boys and girls were marched into the marquee to meet Mr. Nicholson and to hear a Gospel Message. Auburn school children can now sing "Romans, Ten and Nine" as well as those in Goulburn and Lismore.

It is early yet to report on the measure of success attending the Auburn Mission, for the mission has little more than begun yet. There have been no crowds seeking to take the kingdom by force, but, more significant at this stage, there have been many who have sought the Holy Spirit's power in their lives to make them more effective servants for Christ. If Mr. Nicholson's aim is realised—that in every church there shall be, as a result of the mission, a body of men and women on fire for Christ and definitely empowered by the Spirit for His service—then there will be the beginnings here of a real revival in this district, whose extent no man can gauge. And for such a revival we are praying out here, and we ask the prayers of our fellow-Christians elsewhere.

And Nicholson himself? He has endeared himself to all, young and old. He speaks straight, calls a spade a spade, and a sin a sin. His denunciations of evil have made many squirm and feel decidedly uncomfortable; but the day for smooth speech on matters of morals is surely past. There are some aspects of his message with which we do not all agree. We do not all place the

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THE AUSTRALASIAN WHITE CROSS LEAGUE,

56 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.  
W. E. WILSON, Hon. Secretary.

emphasis on some things which he stresses. But what of that? In the "things essential" there is unity; his proclamation of the eternal verities of the Christian faith gains an echo in our hearts, and we rejoice in the coming amongst us of this gifted servant of God.

One hears the criticism from various quarters that he is slangy, that his utterance is crude. His language is certainly pictorial at times and forceful. Some of his remarks lifted from the context of what has preceded and followed them (and of the happy smile and the characteristic laugh which often accompanies them) might cause some of the "unco' guid" to raise their eyebrows; but when one realises that here is a man whose passion is to win men and women to enjoy the freedom and life which are his in Christ, who lives to proclaim Christ and Him crucified and risen again, and that his objectionable (to some forceful language is a means used by God to bring conviction to multitudes; when one realises this, when one meets Nicholson, hears him, sees him at work, feels the devoted passion of the man, criticism takes a back place, and coming to scoff one remains to pray; or, more accurately, coming to criticise one remains to thank God for the advent among us of this His servant, upon whom has fallen the mantle of Elijah and of Amos and of John the Baptist, but in whose heart is the tenderness of a Paul willing to be all things to all men that by any means he may win some.

## A Would-be Movie Star—

(Continued from page 6.)

Jean Acker, his first wife, viewed his body to-day, wept, and said, "He loved me, I loved Rudy." Winifred Hudnut (Natcha Rambova), his second spouse—on the high seas—has not been heard from. Pola Negri, self-styled betrothed on previous occasions, has been through the mills of the divorce courts that grind slowly, and the emotional contrast between Jean Acker and the Polish actress, whom Valentino never declared his fiancée, is abundant, and much overdrawn for publicity. Jean grieves with the grief of a Bonny Jean. Pola, on hearing of his death, "whooped it up" all around the Hotel Ambassador, and yelled lustily and loud. Later on we find her dressed in weeds, with pale, drawn, unveiled face and heavily camouflaged around the eyes with "horn rims," bowed down with grief, tottering, leaning heavily on the arms of doctor and manager, through a line of railroad commuters at the station (that don't know yet whether it was grief or publicity) to an east-bound train en route to New York. A month ago Rudy and Jean were much in company together. America said they were to be united again. Jean told us to-day: "No! But Rudy gave me his photo; he loved me; I loved Rudy." Poor Bonny Jean.

Hundreds of thousands paid homage to the splendid man; and the publicity hounds had Roman holidays. Now and again a blood-curdling yell would permeate the atmosphere, and an abbreviated gown firmly stuffed with feminine pulchritude would be dragged out of the line-up only to drift back into the line again until she would reach the pier and pull the old fainting gag once more. One woman got away with it seven times, and was going back for more when a copper chased her home to make up the beds and "do" the dishes. Most of the mourners were women about the age of thirty down.

Our movie world is a world unto itself. Purged of scandal, infamy and undesirables, it is fast becoming a phase and plane equal to the legitimate stage's life immortalised by Australian Dan Barry, Sir Henry Irving, and the Divine Sarah. Out of every hundred thousand movie-crazed that hie to Hollywood—carried away in the belief that movie-dom daren't frown upon their egotism, arrogance and insanity—only one reaches prominence; five of them reach the mob in a mob scene and go hungry between pictures. The other 990,984 become domestics, hash-slingers, and of menial mien if minus a trade. Those with a trade find employment, many drift via shanks' mare, a stolen railway ride, a job peeling spuds on an ocean liner, or a "live-un" crops up; some work their way back—it doesn't matter how, as long as they get back—to Main-street, where they talk about the days when "Me and Doug, Fairbanks, Snowy Baker, Mary Pickford, Mae Busch and Charlie Chaplin, et al, were 'on the lot,'" just as if they all slid down the same cellar doors together. I've seen some queer instances of movie madness.

At a train in Cleveland I saw the husband and his three children begging the mother to give up her plans about journeying 3000 miles to Hollywood, where she, in her insanity, saw herself famous. They even rode around to Detroit with her imploring her to return home. It was very pitiful; the woman had gone absolutely crazy over the movies. It was study for me. I camped on their trail.

In the Detroit waiting room of the Michigan Central, where we had to wait for the West-bound, she met her aged mother and father, who had come over from Canada to intercept her and beg her to wait a while. The old couple had a very strong Lancashire dialect. I decided to "butt in." Walking over to the woman I said, "You'll excuse me, madam; I overheard you say that you contemplated a future in Hollywood's great film colony?"

She replied: "Yes, I do. I am of the society type. I'll make it."

"Madam," I said, "I'm from Hollywood; in fact, I'm returning to my home on this train you intend taking, but which you should not, as you'll starve to death out there. In the first place we have thousands of fitter types than you heaving corned beef and carrots around in our grease houses during the mid-day lunch hour than you could shake a stick at. I've seen them in a much more violent condition than you are, and saw them turn back when someone buzzes in their ear the information I give you unsolicited and gratis."

"In the first place your appearance wouldn't get you past the gateman; secondly, you have neither the beauty nor talent to get you in a mob scene. Take my advice, if you have a home, go home and stop home before you become the laughing stock of the mob that are as crazy as you. Here is my card. When you get down and out, for the sake of those babies come and see my wife before hell swallows you."

I then went over to the lunch counter where, through a mirror, I saw the astounded faces of her relations and hers.

Coming over to where I sat she said, "Mister, do you belong to Hollywood? Do you mean what you say? Why did you approach me as you did?"

I replied, "Yes! My home is in the heart of Hollywood, the heart of the movie world. I mean what I say. I approached you when I learned that your parents were English. I'm British. Here's my train. Good-bye. Heed what I told you."

As the porter carried my bag into the Pullman car, and as I was stepping aboard the great transcontinental flyer, I felt the old Englishman's hand in mine, and turning towards him I saw big tears roll down his cheeks as the good old Lancashire lad said to me, "Hi lad! Thank ye."

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## Canada's Government Control of Liquor Fails.

The complete failure of the Canadian Government's co-called "control" of the liquor traffic is confessed to by the Vancouver "Sun" an anti-Prohibitionist paper. Bootlegging, drunkenness, sly-grogging is worse than ever in British Columbia. The following is from a prospectus inserted in the B.C. dailies, and testifies to the truth that a Canadian brewery under control is more profitable than an oil well:

### "DO YOU KNOW

that a well-known British Columbia brewery paid its shareholders 800 per cent. on their investment?

### "DO YOU KNOW

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

### "DO YOU KNOW

that there is more profit made from a brewery in British Columbia with a sale of 200 barrels a day than from a flowing oil well with a production of 2000 barrels a day?"

One result on this flood of beer under this B.C. system of dealing with liquor is that whereas the convictions for drunkenness in 1920 under Prohibition in the Province were 896, under Government "control" of liquor the convictions jumped up to 2505.

## Prohibition a Reality.

"Everybody in America declares that Prohibition is a farce, but I found it much of a reality during my trip," said Mr. Hugh S. Robertson, conductor of the famous Orpheus Choir, who arrived home on July 6, after a three months' sojourn in America and Canada. The stories about the easy supplies of illegal liquor were untrue, so far as his experience went. He tried at all the hotels and restaurants he visited to ascertain how much liquor was available, and he found there was not one drop to drink. Even Americans supposed to be "in the know" could not, when challenged, produce any liquor. He was convinced the yarns put about were intended as propaganda for liquor interests.

## SYMPATHETIC UNDERSTANDING.

Professional skill is not the only requirement of a funeral director. He must perform his sensitive tasks quietly and unobtrusively, and in a tactful manner that inspires confidence and goodwill.

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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.

**PROHIBITION.**

I wonder what my Ne's and Ni's know about Prohibition. Suppose you try your hand at finding a fact or quality to commence with each letter in the word Prohibition. Here is one I saw in an American paper:

- Promotes thrift,
- Reduces crime,
- Overthrows temptation,
- Helps "down-and-outs" to be up and in,
- Increases employment,
- Betters labor conditions,
- Improves health,
- Transforms homes,
- Induces efficiency,
- Outgrows habit, appetite and custom,
- Nurtures morality.

Have a try and send the result to me.  
—UNCLE B.

**THE BOY I LIKE.**

- He has a mind, and knows it;
  - He has a will, and shows it;
  - He sees his way, and goes it;
  - He draws a line, and toes it.
  - He has a chance, and takes it;
  - A friendly hand, and shakes it;
  - A rule, and never breaks it;
  - If "there's no time" he makes it.
  - He loves the truth—stands by it,
  - And never tries to shy it,
  - Whoever may deny it,
  - Or openly defy it.
  - He hears a lie, and slays it;
  - He owes a debt, and pays it;
  - And, as I've heard him phrase it,
  - He knows his game and plays it.
- W. E. Winks.

**OUR LETTER BAG.**

**GREATER SUCCESS.**

Fred Rochester, Piper's Flat, near Irondale, writes: I suppose you have been thinking I gave up writing to you. It is getting very hot now. There are a lot of kitten rabbits about up here. The bush is very happy with birds. I suppose it is very hot down there, too, Uncle. We play cricket at school; the girls play tennis. I don't know how Irondale got its name, but I think they must have been going to start ironworks there, and

called it Irondale. I suppose you have a lot of work, Uncle. I will close now, wishing "Grit" greater success.

(Dear Fred,—Thank you for your letter and your good wishes for our greater success. When people say "they hope" I will succeed I tell them I can do all the hoping the Cause needs. What I want is folk "to help" me to succeed. I divide my friends up into "hoppers" and "helpers."—Uncle B.)

**WHERE THE BIRDS ARE.**

Amy Wooman, S.S. 1249, Forge Creek, via Bairnsdale, writes: I am writing now so that I will escape from the scallywag list. We planted some seeds at school, and I do not know how they are getting on now because we have not been there. There is going to be a big water tank at Bairnsdale in the main street; the men are carting the gravel for it. There are only two men doing it. They come out just near our school seven miles away. It is going to be a big tank too. One stormy night Denzil saw a mother plover, and she had the young ones under her, and Denzil just kicked the fence wire and out ran three young ones. The harmonious thrushes sing round the school and the porch door, and they sing beautifully. There are a lot of harbingers of spring and sundews out now, and they look nice in the spring sun. There were a lot of people came up to vote. There were sixty-two, so that was not bad for our little Forge Creek.

(Dear Amy,—You are very fortunate to be among the birds and the flowers. If you are very gentle and quiet and patient the birds will make friends with you, and they are charming friends.—Uncle B.)

**EGGS.**

Mary Williams, Bark Hill, Bairnsdale, writes: I was pleased to see my letter in "Grit." We have only one poddy lamb, and it is young. Her name is Molly. We have a lot of seeds at school. The teacher gathered 14½ dozen eggs for the hospital. We have an extra week's holiday because the teacher is going down to a rural school for a week at Melbourne. My sister Gertie is down in Melbourne for a holiday; she is stopping at her auntie's place.

(Dear Mary,—Your teacher must have been very busy to have gathered 172 eggs. I do hope they were all quite fresh. You know in the city there are fresh eggs, cooking eggs, farm eggs and just eggs. We don't say anything about the lastnamed ones lest they should charge them up as poultry.—Uncle B.)

**COMING TO SYDNEY.**

Audrey White, "Granville," Errol/doune-street, Cessnock, writes: It is raining too hard for Billy and I to go to church to-night,

so we thought we would write to you again. We are going to Sydney next week for a few days, and are going to the Zoo, the Art Gallery, Botanical Gardens and other places, and dad says that if we can possibly manage it we will go to St. Barnabas' on Sunday morning, and perhaps see and hear Uncle B. That will be good-oh! Last Sunday we had a big Sunday school rally. All the Sunday schools in town united and we marched in a long procession to a picture theatre, where we crowded out the building and had a lovely time. Miss Foster gave two nice talks. At night the theatre was again full, when Mr. Joughin spoke to the bigger folk. Billy will write after we come back from Sydney.

(Dear Audrey,—I am hoping to see you on Sunday next week. I am going to Melbourne, and am writing these letters a fortnight before they will be printed. Your father wrote me a perfectly lovely letter. It made me very happy to receive it.—Uncle B.)

**A. B. C. D. UNCLES.**

Mario McDonald, "Hilldrop," Netherby, via Nhill, writes: You asked when I was going on another jaunt. Well, I have just returned from a very short one. I spent ten days at a friend's home in Lorquin West. That is not very far from here, so I did not waste any of it in travelling. The last evening I was there we had visitors. Only twenty-two young folk, and with the help of the pianola we made sufficient noise even to please us all. We had a very wet week-end, so everything is looking fresh again, and the crops are a picture. After the rain ceased we ventured out in their Fiat, and before long we were only sitting still while the wheels went round, so our menfolk had a little exercise in getting the car out of the bog. "Once bitten twice shy" they say. However, we were careful not to get bogged again. Last week was very hot, so I began to imagine myself back in Queensland. Shearing has started once again. One of the sheds near here has seven thousand sheep to shear, and they use the machines. I think it is great fun to be a looker-on, don't you, Uncle? Do you know, I have an Uncle A., an Uncle B., Uncle C., and Uncle D.? The Netherby footballers are anxiously awaiting next Saturday to see who wins the final match, as they are now minor premiers, and hope to be more. I am enclosing a snap of my sister, but you have met her before. It was she who started at least twenty of your family writing to you, including myself. She has just returned from a short stay near the Murray River, at Tongamah. Well, Uncle, I have spent the whole afternoon writing, so it is almost time I made a move, so I will close. Kun amo kaj plej bonaj deziroj.

(Mia Carina Mario,—That seems to me to be the kind of talk you are indulging in these days. I hope you understand it. I don't. Perhaps the alphabetical uncles have gone to your head. Thank you for the photo. The ice cream king has departed from us, but there are three fine ones in his place, so come along and they will show you how.—Uncle B.)

(Continued on next page.)

### Seven to Seventeen— PER THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Stewart Jeskie, "Yamba," Duntroon-street, Hurlstone Park, writes: I have never written to you before, but I would very much like to join your large family. I am nine years old, and I go to Canterbury school, which I like very much. I am going to Dubbo for my holidays, and I will be coming home again on Eight-Hour Day. We get "Grit" every week, and we like reading the children's corner. I hope you have good meetings on Monday. We attended nearly all Mr. Nicholson's meetings, and enjoyed them very much.

(Dear Stewart,—I have a kind of suspicion that your private secretary wrote that letter for you. If so you are very fortunate. I have to write my own letters, and the result is many of them are never written. I hope you will not become a scallywag.—Uncle B.)

### \* \* WELL DONE, BURWOOD.

Dulcie Button, 32 Condor-street, Burwood, writes: I have not written for a long time, and I must write again. We have the wireless on and have a loud speaker. We like to listen to the bedtime stories, especially on Sunday evenings, when they have a children's choir that sings hymns, and Uncle George tells a Bible story. We had a Bible school examination in July, and the results are just out. I came top in my division with 98 marks out of 100. Burwood school gained five prizes, four first and one fourth. Don't you think we did well, Uncle?

(Dear Dulcie,—You did splendidly, and we are all proud of you; and Burwood keeps up its reputation. I am having a very busy time; in fact I am writing letters instead of having tea to-day.—Uncle B.)

### \* \* AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Owen Waters, Holly-road, Burradoo, writes: I know my name is on the scallywag list and has been on for a very long time. Will you please cross it off and I will try and do better? We are having our Michaelmas holidays, and it has been raining all the time. The rain is making the grass shoot in the paddocks nicely. Mr. Griffin, the florist in Bowral, has bought all our daffodil blooms, and now there are no more left. The rain has also helped the fruit trees to get their leaves and blossoms. There are plenty of black clouds about and they won't let the sun shine. One of our tanks was nearly empty, and now it is full again since it has been raining. We must not want the rain to stop because it is not too plentiful at times. I send my love to all my "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Owen,—I passed through Burradoo last week and it looked so green and fresh

that I envied those who lived there. A friend sent me some beautiful narcissus from near there the other day; they lasted over a week. I did enjoy them. We don't grow flowers in the city; we grow soot, grime and dust.—Uncle B.)

### \* \* LOVELY RAIN.

Una Waters, Holly-road, Burradoo, writes: We have had a lot of daffodils, and now they are all finished blooming. We have been taking the blooms three times a week to the florist in Bowral, whose name is Mr. Griffin. We had exams. all last week and I came sixth best in the class. I think I am going up into fourth class at the end of the year. We are having some lovely rain that is making all things beautiful. We were going down to the Mittagong Lake to-day for a picnic but it was too wet, but we must not mind that because the rain is needed so badly. So with love to all my "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Una,—There is no doubt rain is lovely. It not only makes things grow, but it washes the air. Did you ever think of that? If I began to make a list of all the things rain does I think I would fill a page. We ought to be very thankful to our Heavenly Father that in spite of all our sinfulness He sends the rain.—Uncle B.)

### \* \* \* IT IS TIME.

Sylvia Waters, Holly-road, Burradoo, writes: I think it is time I wrote to you again, Uncle. We are having our Michaelmas holidays now, and it has been raining all the time so far. My auntie and sister have gone away. Auntie has gone to Sydney and my sister has gone out in the west of New South Wales to Mossiel. Sixth class had a September examination just before we broke up for our holidays, and it lasted for a week. I think I passed in it; we have not got all our marks yet. The rain we are having is doing a lot of good to the plants, and was needed very much up here. I suppose you needed it down there in Sydney too. I have no more news to tell you, Uncle. I send my love to all my "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Sylvia,—You are right, "it is time." I have a lot of lonely Ne's and Ni's who are like the cow's tail—all behind. I have never found a way of putting a little "hurry up" into them, but I just act on the old saying, "Leave them alone and they'll come home, wagging their tails behind them."—Uncle B.)

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### ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION TO "GRIT" IS 11/-.

"Grit" subscriptions received to 15/10/26, and where not mentioned the amount received is 11/-: Mrs. Hatherly, 30/7/27; J. S. Thorne (six copies weekly), 20/-, 15/1/27; Mrs. Roper, 5/- donation; Mrs. W. L. West 10/-, 30/6/27; Mrs. Hibbard, 3/-, 15/1/27; Miss E. Hensley, 3/-, 8/1/27; William F. Stewart, 3/-, 13/1/27; S. F. Allen, 32/-, 30/12/27; W. Noel Gilson (four subs.), 12/15/9/27.

The following are paid to 30/12/26: R. G. Wood, 21/-; John Jones, 12/6; E. R. Batten-shaw, 4/1; W. S. W. Howard, 20/-; A. C. Ross (and 10/- educ.); A. H. Fletcher, Palmerston North, W.C.T.U., 12/6; Mrs. C. Fisher; Mrs. A. B. Peebles, 21/-; Rev. P. H. Chennell, 11/3; Mrs. J. Long, 7/4; Roy Guthrie, 15/10.

### Thanks to Mr. Ley.

Leeton, on the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area, was without a liquor license from its inception until a couple of years ago. Prior to license, the arrests for drunkenness were 30, chiefly in connection with the annual show, when there was a booth on the ground. A drunken man was rarely seen upon the streets. In 1925 the convictions for drunkenness and for drunkenness and disorderly conduct totalled 91. There were also two cases of selling without a license. Drunken men are frequently seen, and in the family and in business the effect of the liquor bar has been seriously felt.

### Value of Water.

One Mother says:

A child health organisation recommends that children should drink at least four glasses of water a day. Make three large posters each containing the picture of a child drinking from a cup. Print with crayola "thirsty?" in large neat letters. One of these hung near the bed suggests a drink upon rising, another in the bathroom is a second reminder, and one in the dining room encourages him a third time. When the child is ready for school or play, I say, "Get a drink of nice cool water, then you may go." By this plan each child drinks more than the required amount and is consequently much healthier.

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PASS "GRIT" ON



AND THEY ALL SMILED.

DIETARY, NOTE.

"Could I see Gen. Blank?"
"I'm sorry, but Gen. Blank is ill to-day."
"What made him ill?"
"Oh, things in general."

CRAMPED HIS STYLE.

"Sam, do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

"Ah does, sah."

"Sam, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Well, Judge, wif all dem limitations you jes' put on me, Ah don't believe Ah has anything at all to say."

INGENIOUS.

Twenty-two Japanese were brought before Municipal Judge Richardson on charges of putting the larger strawberries on top of the little boxes and displaying the boxes for sale.

"It no hurt the little ones," several of the Nipponese argued. "They stand it all right."

"But you are not charged with cruelty to strawberries," Kramer retorted. "You are charged with deceiving the public."

HE DID HIS BEST.

Tommy was only nine, but he knew how to follow Sunday school teachings, as he understood them. He came home one day with a black eye.

"How did you get that black eye, Tommy?" asked his mother, starting at once to bathe it.

"Johnny King hit me," was his sullen answer.

"I hope you remembered what your Sunday school teacher told you about heaping coals of fire on his head," the mother said.

"Well, mumsie, I didn't have any coals of fire, so I stuck his head in the ash barrel," Tommy answered with a dash of pride.

VERY APPROPRIATE.

A new tailor in town used as a trademark the picture of a large red apple.

Curiosity got the better of the village grocer, and he asked the tailor why.

"Well," said the tailor, "I'd like to know where the clothing business would be to-day if it hadn't been for an apple."

SAFE WAY.

A young matron went into a Broadway drug store and asked for some insect powder.

"Will you take it with you?" asked the clerk.

"Of course not!" snapped the young woman. "I'll have the bugs call here and you can give it to them."

OUT OF STOCK.

The patient saleswoman brought out the seventeenth hat. The customer seemed impressed, but her doting husband spoke up with decision:

"That hat does not become you, my angel." The saleswoman produced another.

"And that certainly is not worthy of you, my angel."

"I fear we cannot suit your angel," said the saleswoman, finally. "We have nothing in the way of a halo."

SUGGESTION TO FISHER.

"Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with having seized your wife and thrown her bodily into the creek," sternly said the judge. "How do you plead?"

"Guilty, your Honor," replied Jim Fiddlin of Clapboard Springs, "and you plagued well know, I—"

"Tut! Tut! You—"

"Well, I just wanted to tell you that when a woman comes to whur I am fishing at and throws my can of bait into deep water I'll throw her in after it, and don't you forget it!"

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



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

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

### SUNDAY.

"If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?"—Matt., 5, 46.

In this—love—and in this only, true holiness lies. This is Scriptural perfection, or completeness of character. "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" A man's brother is often the last person he loves; but without that love he cannot see God. His hate will blind his eyes to the spiritual vision. "He that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness"; and "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." Therefore, he who is walking in the darkness of an unforgiving spirit, whatever other virtue he may possess, cannot possibly see God, who is the Light of life, neither can God look on him with any pleasure. That darkness has completely blinded his eyes. Is there someone whom you feel you cannot love, cannot live peaceably with? Someone who perhaps irritates you, and in whom you can see nothing but faults you particularly dislike—someone who perhaps may have wronged you, and about whom you deceive yourself by saying, "Oh, yes, I forgive, but I cannot possibly forget." At the back of your mind there is always a latent grudge against that person. Then "Leave there thy gift before the altar, and first be reconciled to thy brother." "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear my prayer." Vain are all your prayers, all your good works; vain all your profession of religion until you conquer that enmity, and are in love and charity with all, even that uncongenial person. Remember God loves that person as much as He loves you. Love conquers all things. You can conquer your worst enemy by love.

### MONDAY.

"In all labor there is profit."—Prov., 14, 22.

Never toil has yet been wasted,  
Some will reap what others sow;  
None can tell what mighty harvests  
May from some small seed here grow.  
In all labor there is profit,  
None can toil and toil in vain;  
No man's effort here is useless,  
Great the toil, then great the gain.  
Sloth and ease ne'er reaped a harvest,  
Idleness ne'er won a goal;  
All who gained their highest purpose  
Gave to it their heart and soul.

### TUESDAY.

"Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—Gal., 6, 9.

Who does not need this exhortation continually? Who does not at times grow weary in well doing, weary of "the daily round, the common task," and long for something more, though the hymnist tells us it will furnish all we ought to ask? One doubts it. The spirit may be willing to continue unweariedly at one's daily task, but the flesh often cries for relaxation. Even the young with plenty of recuperative power grow at times tired of the common round, and in the meridian of life weariness often overcomes one, while when one has passed that meridian one finds the Giant Slothfulness waiting to lull one into the slumber of inaction and lethargy. In the Christian life the temptation to grow weary sometimes creeps over one. The fight against evil

seems so ceaseless, the temptations to ease so strong, and even the worker in the Master's vineyard is often overcome by this temptation. The results at times seem so small and not commensurate with one's efforts, and the work gets so little encouragement, that there comes again and again the inclination to give up or slacken one's efforts. Yet we have this promise: we shall reap if we faint not. Hope is the tonic to put new strength into us, and here is the hope which will not disappoint. We have the sure word of promise. He who keeps on is bound to win.

### WEDNESDAY.

"By love serve one another."—Gal., 5, 12.

Duty and love are not always synonymous. Duty can never take the place of love in Christ's estimation. It is when the love of Christ constraineth us that duty becomes transfigured. Unless a child obeys its parents from love, and not merely from fear, the obedience will be withdrawn when out of sight. Christ wants us to do His will "from the heart." Love is the centre and circumference of His religion, the main-spring of the whole works, the foundation of the Christian building. Love is the light which shines on the common drudgery and makes it all divine, the lever which lifts it above earth level. Love is the element which turns life's water into wine, for when Love leads the way, Duty follows with winged feet, even into the darkest paths.

"Tis love which makes our willing feet  
In swift obedience run."

### THURSDAY.

"Now abideth love."—1 Cor., 13, 13.

When like a scroll the heavens and earth  
shall pass,  
And we see plainly that which darkly  
through a glass  
We now perceive, in that glad home above  
One thing will still remain, for heaven is  
love.  
There will be all we longed for over there,  
Love perfected in which we all shall share;  
No loneliness in that glad home above,  
For love is heaven, and heaven itself is love.  
And God Himself, the lover of our race,  
Will see His love reflected on each face;  
And only those can reach that home above  
Who wear the badge of love—for heaven is  
love.

### FRIDAY.

"In the image of God created He him."  
What an awful thing is man, made in the  
likeness of God! All things on earth put  
under his feet—linked to the infinite, infinite  
are his possibilities for good or ill. No man

liveth to himself—waves of influence extend from his personality all around him; each wave touches other waves, and so rolls on for ever. We touch other lives at many points. No man knows what he is capable of. Yet he fritters away his time like a gaudy butterfly just made to perish in an hour, spending his God-like faculties all his vast energies and capacities on mere sport or the cultivation of his physical strength. "In the image of God created He him." Can you imagine a God spending His powers in such a manner? Recreation is good and necessary, but when made the end and aim of life it is puerile and unworthy the nobility of a God-like man or woman.

### SATURDAY.

"Now we know in part, but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away."—1 Cor., 13, 13.

In all gold there is some dross,  
'Mongst all flowers there are some weeds,  
In all gain there is some loss,  
In all sowing some lost seeds.  
Sighs will often follow mirth,  
Nothing perfect is on earth.  
Purest gold without alloy,  
Fadeless flowers without a sting,  
Fairest bliss and endless joy,  
Life which never death can bring,  
Reaping without loss or pain,  
In God's home we may attain.  
Nothing perfect is on earth,  
Man, then seek immortal birth.

New book suitable for Christmas by Fairelie Thornton, "The Southern Cross, or the World Unseen"—1/6. Angus and Robertson, 89 Castlereagh-street, Sydney.

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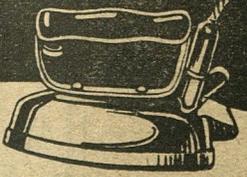
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**"POPULAR ERRORS."**

**"SURE AS THE SUN RISES."**

(By W. D. BAYLEY, B.A., M.L.A.)

That is an every-day saying, but the joke in it is that the sun does not rise. Every school child knows that. Yet such is the hold on our minds of popular fallacies that we still say, "Sure as the sun rises."

Whatever everybody believes can surely not be entirely wrong! Yet history has shown that an opinion universally held, by learned and ignorant alike, can be absolutely fallacious.

Humans have inhabited this globe for at least 6000 years. Some say 6,000,000 years. But take the smaller figure. For 5500 years of the 6000—or over 90 per cent. of the time—everybody, young and old, educated and illiterate, religious and profane, bond and free, thought, believed and declared the earth to be flat. In spite of what now appears to be the most obvious of proofs, a flat earth, with the sun going around it, was accepted at an unchallengeable scientific fact. But the earth is not flat. The sun does not rise and set.

Many more examples of popular fallacies could be given. Such an obvious fact as that "blood circulates through our bodies" was discovered in comparatively recent times. But we forbear and come to our main point.

The most popular idea about alcohol is that it is a stimulant—99 per cent. of the people when they hear some one say, "I keep some stimulants in the house," think of whisky, brandy, wine and other alcoholic drinks, and the vast majority of those who take these drinks believe they are taking a stimulant.

Is this idea, "Alcohol a stimulant," true? I have shown that general or popular acceptance of it is no basis for its truth. Indeed popular prejudice is the greatest barrier to acceptance of truth or of looking at the evidence on which an opinion can logically be formed.

**TO WHOM SHALL WE GO**

for reliable information about alcohol? Certainly not to the liquor traffic or its paid advocates. The enormous profits accruing to the trade prevent an unbiased attitude. There is a reason for distorting, modifying or juggling with the evidence.

Shall we go to the Moralists and Reformers? They are free from any crudely material reasons for propagating erroneous ideas. But too often enthusiasm, devotion and lack of a scientific mind lead them into extreme and misleading statements.

Where then shall we turn? I say to the scientists who, by the latest methods and apart from any bias either way, have decreed, after long and careful study, what they believe to be scientifically established.

And where may we find these decrees? For English speaking readers there is fortunately at hand such a source of indisputable information.

**THE BRITISH REPORT.**

During the war the British Government desired to control the Liquor Traffic in the interests of national efficiency. They therefore set up a Liquor Control Board, with powers to adequately meet the situation, with Lord D'Abernon as chairman. They reduced hours of sale and the output of liquor to less than one-half of pre-war consumption.

This Board, desiring a sure foundation for their regulations, appointed an Advisory Committee, consisting of recognised experts, "to consider the conditions affecting the physiological action of alcohol, and more particularly the effects on health and industrial efficiency produced by the consumption of beverages of various alcoholic strengths, with special reference to the recent Orders of the Central Control Board, and further to plan out and direct such investigation as may appear desirable, with a view to obtaining more exact data on this and cognate questions."

Their report is embodied in a 134 page book which contains their unanimous findings. A perusal of the names of the nine distinguished scientists, representing various angles of research and endeavor, will satisfy any reasonable person of the reliability of the pronouncements formed in the report.

These talks will elucidate as reliably as my ability permits, in popular form, the statements found in the report of the Com-

mittee referred to, which is, by the way, still studying the problem.

For this time I quote for your serious consideration the following findings:

"Alcohol is narcotic rather than stimulant in action" (Intro. P. lx).

"Later work supports the conclusion that the direct effect of alcohol upon the nervous system is, in all stages and upon all parts of the system, to depress or suspend its function." (P. 37.)

"It is, in short, from first to last a narcotic drug." (P. 38.)

In the language of the street, this all means that Alcohol is a Dope.

This fact is the master key by which we open the door of understanding to all results of drinking.

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**The Offensive Drink and the Drink Offensive.**

According to Keith Jones, United Press Correspondent in London, plans are afoot in London for the launching of a great "drink offensive" against the United States, according to officials of the United Kingdom Alliance, Britain's greatest temperance organization, and the World League Against Alcoholism.

Backed by a combination of American and British interests, an official of the Alliance said that a plan is being laid for the formation of a mighty armada of rum ships which will "out-armada" any similar aggregation of rum runners that has ever set out from British shores. By overwhelming the United States revenue cutter service with a sudden rush of ships, according to this official, the backers of the scheme expect to make the "offensive" a financial success.

"Some of the rum runners will undoubtedly be caught," the official declared, "but while the Prohibition officers are busy taking care of the three or four ships that are caught the rest will be able to get through, land their cargoes, and get back to sea again beyond the three-mile limit before the scattering of rum-chasers has been able to make sure of the few prizes they have caught."

"There is also another side to the armada," he continued, "that goes deeper than the mere incident of one grand running of the blockade.

"It is felt that if the venture is successful and is staged at the right time from the point of view of political psychology, the 'offensive' may have an important bearing on the next Presidential election. There is an undercurrent of conviction that if in the next eighteen months or two years a supply of whisky can be kept steadily flowing into the United States political ammunition would thereby be furnished the opponents of Prohibition, and the chance of electing a wet majority to Congress materially increased.

"For, despite their allegation that 'business is as usual,' the fact of the matter is that British liquor interests have been badly hit by American Prohibition. Large quantities of British whisky, it is true, still find their way into the United States, but the volume of business is small compared to what it would be if the liq were off. There is, therefore, an intense desire on the part of British liquor interests to see that Prohibition is defeated."

**One Chance in a Thousand to Obtain "Genuine" Liquor.**

"Prohibition agents are seizing more liquor than ever, but all of it is synthetic. The chemistry department has not tested a sample of genuine liquor in two months," says the chief chemist of the Internal Revenue Bureau. Drinkers now have only one chance in a thousand of obtaining "genuine" liquor from bootleggers, is the belief of Prohibition authorities. "Liquor that has not been aged in wood and is not properly made will get the drinker in time if he continues to imbibe," the chief chemist warned. "Moonshine being sold now contains fusel oil, wood alcohol, lye, zinc and other knockout constituents." Since Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Andrews took over the work of enforcing the dry law, he said, real rum is obtainable only on prescription.



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—Philip Snowden, M.P.

**Roumanian Parliament Will Pass Liquor Bill.**

Roumania's liquor bill intended to restrict the consumption of liquor by limiting its manufacture and sale, with complete prohibition at the end of twelve years as its final goal, will be passed, say news reports from Bucharest. According to the report, the Government announced just before the three months' adjournment that Parliament would pass the bill. The proposed new law will drastically raise the tax on alcoholic drink as its first step.

**WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY NOV. 7th, 1926**

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