

Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

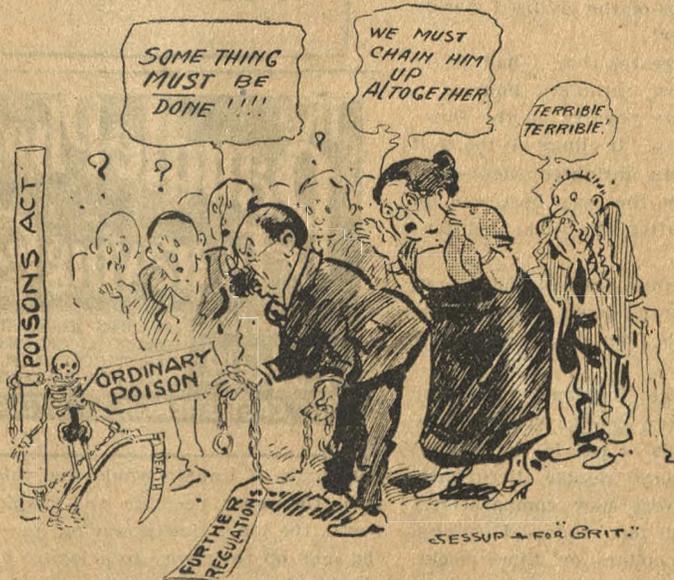
VOL. VXII. No. 20. Twopence. SYDNEY, AUGUST 2, 1923.

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

BE CAREFUL WITH POISON.

Further precautions to protect the unwary against taking or administering poison by mistake are enjoined in regulations under the Poisons Act which have just been gazetted. Any person leaving poison in a place easily accessible to others is liable to a penalty of £20. Persons keeping poison for sale must keep it in a special place, or in vessels or bottles different from others, and all liniments, lotions, or disinfectants containing poison must be sold in bottles distinguishable by touch from ordinary medicine bottles. They must also bear a label stating that the contents are not to be taken internally.

—"Daily Telegraph," 30/4/23.



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DARKEST AMERICA UNDER PROHIBITION.

IMPRESSIONS OF A VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES BY BISHOP ANTON BAST, COPENHAGEN, DENMARK.

The Bowery! Everybody who is acquainted with New York associates with this name all vice and all misery of this world. The Bowery is the great highway of poverty running for several miles through the old part of New York and embracing Chinatown, the Ghetto, "little Italy," and the Polish quarters.

The Bowery is the huge sieve through which every immigrant landing in New York has to go. Those who have backbone and moral power will go through it all right, forward to the real America, to a life full of work and success—but, alas, far too many never go through. They will be found sticking in the mud. They will be the recruits of the large Bowery army of hopeless down and out men.

I remember very distinctly my first visit to the Bowery. It is burned in my brain. It is about nine years since I left the subway at the Municipal Building late one night and from that sparkling stone palace went out under the elevated railroad, which was trembling under the pressure of the thundering night trains—and walked on to the Bowery. Pawnshops! Cheap, dirty lodging houses and saloons! It seemed to me as if the whole street consisted of these buildings! These three classes of business formed an endless chain as far as I could see—and there was the most intimate connection between them. Their customers were absolutely the same. They took the long trail from pawnshop to saloon and from the saloon to the dirty lodging house—and so on, while they day by day sunk deeper in misery, until one day they collapsed in the mud, where they had lived and were swept aside like the dust on the street to a drunkard's grave, that is without a name and on which no tears are shed.

O, but let us not in all this hopeless darkness forget those stars of hope, which faithful hearts kept burning through the night: Hadley Hall Mission, the Bowery Mission, All Night Mission, Rescue Hall, Old Chinatown Mission! If there are places in this world where sin and misery have been fought with clean hearts and burning souls—then it is in these poor, worn-out halls on the Bowery. Why? Because those men and women, who fought so passionately and untiringly, every one of them had tasted the same grim bitterness of sin, that burned in the faces of the wrecks who drifted into the halls, had

tasted the cup of sin and learned to hate it, and had lifted their lips to another drink pure and clear as crystal—and now they wanted to give their poor brothers the same drink to happiness and salvation.

The Bowery! With your raving, drunken men, your dark crimes and your unspeakable vices—and more than that, with your drink, drink, drink, you were one of the open sores of this world—and our heart was trembling when we only thought of you!

Now nine years later I have paid another visit to the Bowery—and in the meantime great things have happened. Or rather: one great thing! The will of the American people has made the United States of America a dry country. I do not try to hide the fact: Before I went down on the Bowery once more, I doubted about what answer my visit there would give to the question: What does Prohibition mean to the darkest spot of New York, perhaps of the civilised world?

Here is the answer!

The change was greater than I had dared to expect in my most optimistic hours.

Naturally there was poverty on the Bowery—deep, sad poverty. It clings all too well to this world with its unrighteousness—and no single reform, not the very best, can do away with it. But after all: What a difference!

Here where in former days in the run of one hour I had counted more than 100 intoxicated men, in the run of an evening I could not find one.

The guests of the lodging houses—the homeless men of New York, who used to come to these "hotels" (that is the elegant name for these dugouts) ragged, dirty, half-naked sometimes, were now comparatively well dressed and well fed. Indeed I counted quite a number of collars on those necks, that never before had known what a borderline the white collar represents between the low and the lowest step on the social ladder. All signs indicated a great change.

The missions which in the days of the saloon were crowded with human wrecks, were now half empty. Since Prohibition has come they have in some measure outplayed their part in the life of the city. The standard of life is now on a higher level. The Bowery does not call so much for slum work now as it does for regular Christian church work. There is room enough for that!

And the famous breadline? I wondered

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very much if I again would find this institution, the most peculiar and tragic in this world, the long, slowly moving line of starving men on their way to a loving hand, that passed them a piece of bread and a cup of milk or coffee—all they would get for the next twenty-four hours besides their beer and whisky.

When I slowly realised this fact, that the breadline, the very symbol of the Bowery, does not exist any more, then I understood what a difference Prohibition meant. For I am well aware that the Bowery is the barometer by which one measures the pressure on the American city.

Therefore I went away from the old streets that night, praising my God for this new Bowery—and for Prohibition!

APPRECIATION

CRITICISM

SUGGESTION



Letters to the Editor.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WINE DRINKER.

A PERSONAL REVIEW.

To the Editor, "Grit."

Sir,—Not one word I write now is intended to be an excuse, or a palliation of my own guilt in excessive wine drinking. Myself only I blame for the downward course I took. Yet I cannot bring myself to say that it was deliberately or wilfully taken. There was never a conclusive or convincing answer to the question that was often in my mind—Is there harm or wrong in taking wine? Of course I could look around me and see evidence of the havoc caused through drink to my fellow man. But I simply argued it was their own fault. It took some three to four years of life amongst Sydney's underworld to convince me that drink was an insidious evil of the very worst kind, that it was doing more than any other evil to undermine the national life of our young and promising Empire.

Down in this underworld you will find representatives from every sphere of life steeped in vice, sin, and wickedness. Professional and otherwise, they are there, citizens of that grim, hidden underworld. I met there parsons, doctors, politicians, solicitors, artisans, clerks, merchants, business men—men and women in every sphere and calling are there. Many of them living immoral, disgusting lives; others struggling with their better selves to retain self-respect; some there are grasping at every straw to save themselves from getting to the lowest and joining the vast number passing out.

Passing out from the upper strata of clean, healthy social life to this underworld is a terrible thing; but it is not the worst. When you feel yourself being regarded with suspicion, no one any longer trusts you, and you begin to feel you cannot trust others, and you begin to feel the world of respectability and the higher ideals you were realising slipping away. Oh! the agony of all that! And when at last the gap rapidly widens and the last tie is almost severed, you cast a longing glance back at the old associations and interests, when in deep travail of soul you look for someone to invite you to come back, and instead you get a cruel kick off and a push downward. Oh, I thought that was Hell magnified—that passing out from the regard and esteem of the upper world. But there is something worse further on. I will only mention it—the passing of a poor soul from this underworld. Where to? Call it "outer darkness"! There, and nowhere in the universe, is there such a real thing as black despair. It's the severing of the last tie that binds to humanity. All

hope gone. Theology uses the word "lost"! I never believed it before till I came face to face with such apparent reality. If there is reality in that term it is there—passing out from the underworld. Yet, no, I dare think the wonderful love of God has something kinder for these poor souls to reckon with in His eternity. Who knows? But I have digressed from my subject. In the foregoing list I belonged to one of the professions. Which? It matters little now—I mean as regards the purpose of these notes. Otherwise it matters very much, for it carries awful responsibilities.

In the matter of taking wine, I found numbers in my profession who were habitual drinkers, and in connection with most of them it was secret drinking, known only to certain brothers in the profession. Some went far over the limit; some who were least suspected by the public or by those in authority over them. Not having any hard and fast scruples on the matter, I was ingratiated into the circle; and in my earlier life was for years a moderate drinker in secret. At last I broke bounds. Secret drinking I could not tolerate. If it was not wrong to drink wine, why hide it? Or to state it more correctly, why drink and lead the public to think I didn't drink? That was what the whole position amounted to. I was a hypocrite. So at last I began to drink in public. Some regarded me as "a jolly good fellow"; others began to regard me with contempt. Anyway, this stand on my part did not help me in my work. It was a retrograde step, and slowly my prestige in the profession began to wane long before I drank to excess. But I found a sufficient number of sympathisers to stiffen me against all who opposed. The relinquishing of my profession was a tragic breaking up, both in my public and private life, extending over a period of many long weary months. All this time I was under the continual influence of wine. The dope was beginning to tell. Week in and week out I was going about in a dreamy maze; memory was failing; when I did a thing I found myself wondering if I had done it. I could not remember. There was a continual numbed sensation in the head. At last the final plunge was made, and I went out, like one of old, not knowing whither I went. But, of course, the circumstances were vastly different. A fortnight without money to buy wine cleared my head somewhat. I braced myself up and applied for admission to a branch of the Government service. A written examination followed, in which I was successful, and was immediately sent to work. I was at work three days when I was asked to attend an eye-test to complete my papers. That settled me. In

one eye I had been blind for upwards of 20 years. I was told I could not go on, and my short connection with the Government service was severed that afternoon. From that onwards the way was downward. One night I had neither the price of food nor bed. It was cold and raining, and I was poorly clad. As a last resource I went and sought shelter in a well-known charitable institution. I stood that place for one week. In the light of civilisation it was an abomination; in the light of Christianity it was an insult to the name. And it was a Christian institution, run in the name of Jesus Christ! I left it with the indelible impress of nights of torture from vermin; the filthy atmosphere reeking with smells and immoral language. Next night I slept in the Domain and enjoyed sweet peace and rest. In a day or two I was fated to link myself on to a wine saloon, where I took the post of cellarman at £1 per week, and as much wine as I liked to drink. I must admit that for some months here I drank heavily and became dead to the world. Dead—no desire to get out of the rut I was in. What will-power I had was gone. I was as a living corpse, operated by a mechanism I didn't know anything of. I understood nothing in those dead days. In that dimly-lighted cellar I passed days and nights, buried away from the abodes of men. —Yours, etc.,

"IN TERROREM."

LAW-BREAKING IN COUNTRY HOTELS.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—A week or two ago you published a letter from "A Man of the Road," in which he speaks of lawless hotelkeepers and easy-going policemen. You added an editorial footnote, saying that you thought cases of law-breaking coming before a traveller's notice should be reported to the Inspector-General of Police. I assure you, sir, that if the men of the road were to do this they would have time for nothing else.

The condition of things in the liquor trade right throughout the country is deplorable. I have been on the road for a considerable time, and stay in many hotels. I only know one hotelkeeper who makes any pretence of keeping the law. He does so in many, but not in all, respects. For instance, he is not above supplying liquor to aborigines. In that town there is only one hotel, and the local constable is the most honorable and strict member of the force that I have met. Hence the publican keeps the law to a great extent.

In many instances the police would take action, but an unsympathetic magistrate hinders them. In many cases illegal business is done with the connivance of the guardians (?) of the law. Again, many hotels are at long distances from the police stations—perhaps 30 or even 50 miles away—so cannot be watched. I know such hotels in which business goes on seven days a week and up to 20 hours a day. I know one licensed house only three miles distant from

(Continued on page 16.)

New South Wales Alliance

Offices—Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney.

Cable and Telegraphic Address: Dry, Sydney.

Phones: General Offices. City 157; Organising and Public Meeting Dept. City 8944.

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 5.

- 11 a.m.: Bexley Methodist Church.
7 p.m.: Bexley Congregational Church.
Mr. R. J. C. Butler.
11 a.m.: Bankstown Presbyterian Church.
7.15 p.m.: Campsie Anglican Church.
Mr. C. W. Chandler.
11 a.m.: St. Nicholas' Anglican Church, Enfield.
7.15 p.m.: Arncliffe Presbyterian Church.
Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.
11 a.m., 7 p.m.: Manildra Churches.
Mr. Chas. Still.
11 a.m., 7 p.m.: Newcastle Churches.
Ex-Senator David Watson.

R. B. S. HAMMOND—

MONDAY, AUGUST 6.—Methodist School Hall, Willoughby, 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9.—Granville Town Hall, 8 p.m.

E. SPURGEON GILBERT—

THURSDAY, AUG. 2.—Methodist School Hall, Grosvenor-street, Bondi Junction, 8 p.m.

TUESDAY, AUG. 14.—The "Warren" Methodist School Hall, near Marrickville Railway Station.

Australia's Dry Comedian is resting.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

Over 200 residents attended at a protest meeting of citizens held in Victory Hall, Lakemba, on Monday, July 23; Mr. S. P. Clark presiding. Mr. D. H. Hardy, Field Secretary, N.S.W. Alliance, was present by invitation.

The meeting was convened for the purpose of organising local opposition to the proposed hotel license at Lakemba. After the enthusiasm displayed and the local suggestions placed before the meeting the chances of Mr. Hotelkeeper look extremely blue.

That capable and energetic temperance worker, Mr. Paterson, was elected Organising Secretary. The local clergy are all working very strenuously on the committee, and success is assured.

On several occasions we have felt very much heartened with the ready response to our call for assistance in connection with the monotonous work of organising. On this occasion a most gratifying response comes to us from Braidwood. Mrs. Brooks has very generously made a donation to the Prohibition work by offering free accommodation for Mr. Carroll when he is in the district in September. The donation is thoroughly appreciated and acceptable.

It is such acts of assistance so generously subscribed which will eventually give the children their natural birthright to be born of sober parents into a sober home, and to be educated in a sober community.

To Mrs. Brooks the "Legion of Honor" says, "Thanks."

THE LEGION OF HONOR.

THE N.S.W. ALLIANCE OF CHURCHES AND TEMPERANCE ORGANISATIONS.

Quite recently James Paddon sculled along the Richmond River, and with his characteristically long powerful sweeps drove his outrigger to victory, thus retaining the title of world's sculling champion. If we multiply the official time, 19min. 9sec., by the 28 strokes per minute, we find that Paddon used, roughly, 536 strokes to gain his objective.

What we also realise is this fact: that we will have to use a much larger number of

R. B. S. HAMMOND

FOR
WILLOUGHBY

ON

MONDAY, AUGUST 6th, 8 P.M.

AT

METHODIST SCHOOL HALL
WILLOUGHBY.

"The Mender of Broken Men,"

R. B. S. HAMMOND

will tell his remarkable story,

"Adventures in Prohibition."

Admission Free. Collection.

AT

GRANVILLE TOWN HALL

ON

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 8 p.m.

If you arrive early you will obtain
a seat.

individual strokes before we can hope to scull along to victory in the Referendum outrigger, and we lay claim to the fact that you are directly concerned in this, and whilst it might be alright to line the banks of the Richmond River to watch the ordinary sculling match, it is absolutely essential that you shall get down to business and handle one of the sculls yourself in the Prohibition boat along the River of National Progress. Are you prepared to become one of the Prohibition crew, and to put your back into the task of driving the Prohibition boat, "The Referendum," through the side winds and currents of the political whirlpool, or do you intend to stand on the "neutral" bank of moral cowardice to watch and see just how many times the charter of social and individual liberty might swing around in a dizzy whirl before it is finally swallowed up in

the swirling eddies of self-satisfied political ambiguity and self-interest? The personal efforts of every lover of liberty were never more urgently needed than at the present time. Write to Field Secretary for a copy of the Charter of Liberty, the modern "Magna Charta"—the charter of Seven Points—and immediately sit down and write a letter to your member of Parliament telling him in unmistakable language that you expect, nay, you demand as a lover of liberty, nothing short of the proposals contained therein. **The effort is small, but the effect is great, and the time for action is now.**

FIELD SECRETARY.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN OUGHT TO KNOW.

The premiere was over. It had been a successful evening, the play had been not too bad, and the production and lighting excellent. However, the greatest success of all had been that of a young and hitherto unknown actress who had given a brilliant interpretation of her first big role.

Among the many critics who were discussing her over the supper tables were two girls of her own age. Said one: "I'm glad she's made such a big hit. I always knew she had it in her."

To which the other replied: "Oh, yes . . . I knew she had it in her to act. But I never realised she was such a beauty!"

"She did look lovely," agreed her friend. "I suppose she always had good features, but with that dull, sallow skin she looks insignificant, even plain off the stage. But—made-up—she is ravishing!"

"She'll have to paint off the stage as well," laughed the other. "A famous actress must keep up her reputation for beauty in private life as well."

"I can't think why she hasn't discovered mercolized wax. Nearly every pretty actress I know uses it. Marie Hemingway . . . Gerlie Millar . . . oh . . . and heaps of others. Someone ought to tell her of it."

"Isn't it marvellous stuff?" exclaimed the first girl. "I couldn't live without it. Directly my skin shows the least sign of getting sallow or blotchy, I use mercolized wax for a night or two and gently get rid of that soiled outer skin. Really, I must tell X—about it. The wax would absorb that ugly outer skin of hers and give the nice clear complexion underneath a chance to show itself. She wouldn't need any paint off the stage then; it would be 'painting the lily.' Why, every woman has a lovely skin underneath if she only gives mercolized wax the chance of revealing it!"

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 26/7/23, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10s.:—W. McMurtrie, 30/7/24; W. Cripps, 30/6/24; E. C. Watts, 6s., 30/7/23; Miss Summerbell, 30/7/24; W. Vaut, 7/7/24; Mrs. W. Watts, 11s. 6d., 13/7/24.

The following are paid to 30/12/23:—W. Cox, Ben Anderson, Mrs. Thomas (8s. 4d.), Fred. L. Bailey (5s.), Miss A. M. McDonald (5s.), R. C. White, F. G. Marshall (11s. 6d.), H. Grimson, W. Glasson (11), D. S. Hotchkis, Cramp and Ford, R. G. Wood, E. J. Ware, W. C. Dixon (11s. 6d.).

MONEY-SAVING COUGH AND COLD REMEDY.

The cost of cough mixture has amounted to a considerable sum with many folk each winter; but since the discovery of HEENZO the expense has been reduced to a minimum in thousands of Australian homes. A bottle of HEENZO added to water and sweetened according to easy directions printed on the label produces a family supply of splendid mixture for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, and Sore Throats. HEENZO costs only 2/3, and is obtainable from Chemists and Stores everywhere.



The Church of Christ Hall, Hurstville, was prettily decorated on Tuesday, 24th July, when the ladies of the W.C.T.U. held an enjoyable gift afternoon for the purpose of furnishing their stall for the coming Victory Fete.

Mrs. Kennard, J.P., presided.

Between thirty and forty ladies responded nobly, the gifts being both useful and valuable.

Our country friends continue to remember our city fetes. We have to hand a large box filled with home-made jam—marmalade, plum, etc.—straight from the orchard to the Victory Fete. The donor is Mrs. Barrie, Nambucca, whom we thank for the charming gift, and we do hope that others will take note and do likewise. From Miss E. Sinfield we have received a very acceptable parcel of warm clothing for children, all handmade. These articles, much in demand this cold weather, will prove a boon to some mother.

A lady who desires to be known only as "a

friend" has left a parcel containing an egg beater, pepper castor, and a large photo frame. A friend indeed!

We thank our friends, and assure them that we appreciate fully their kind efforts on our behalf.

FETE FIXTURES.

Hurstville District Fete.—Hurstville Masonic Hall, August 10 and 11. Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. Saunders, 99 Woniara-road, Hurstville.

Hornsby District Fete.—Hornsby School of Arts, August 24 and 25. Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. R. Crittenden, Albert-street, Hornsby.

North Shore Fete.—St. Leonards to Wahroonga, Chatswood Town Hall, September 7 and 8. Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. Anderson, "Bayswater," Mackenzie-street, Lindfield.

Dulwich Hill, Hurlstone Park and Lewisham Fete.—Next meeting: Dulwich Hill Methodist Church Hall, Tuesday, July 31, 8 p.m.

Bankstown District Fete, to be held in Majestic Hall, Bankstown, on October 25 and 26. Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. Martin, Monastreet, Bankstown.

CEYLON.

BRAVE HEARTS IN A BIG BATTLE.

(By H. ALLEN JOB.)

It was a steaming hot afternoon on May 12 when we landed at Colombo. Crowds of scantily-dressed, dark-skinned, perspiring natives flocked around us at the jetty jabbering in pidgin English as they endeavored to sell their wares or bustle us into conveyances for a tour of the city. We soon contracted for the three typically Eastern rickshaws and were off along well-paved streets dodging bullock carts, motor cars and electric trams. The "master" went first, drawn by a big black coolie with a shiny skin. Then came Mrs. Job, with Hope and Monica following in the rear. We had an afternoon packed with experiences both interesting and instructive, which time and space forbid me to enumerate. The sights of this strange city, a visit to several Christian institutions, and an hour in the beautiful home of Mrs. F. R. Senanayake kept us busy. Mr. Senanayake is a Senhalese gentleman, a high-caste Buddhist, and a recognised leader of the Prohibition forces in Ceylon. Unfortunately, he was absent, but we were warmly received by his beautiful and most cultured wife, together with his brother and several members of the executive of the local No-License League. All were natives, but spoke English, and supplied me with much information concerning their big fight.

A proclamation had that morning been issued giving the conditions under which a No-License poll was to be taken. Our friends were justly indignant at the heavy handicaps imposed, and had met to enter an emphatic protest and arrange for a public indignation meeting the following day. The following details will give the reader overseas an indication of the position.

In response to petitions signed by 25 per cent. of the electors polls were fixed for five areas (four wards) in Colombo and suburbs to take place on the 21st, 23rd, 25th, 28th, and 31st of the month. The total population of the areas is 300,000, and the numbers of electors is estimated at about 50,000, the franchise being confined to ratepayers. Even though it may have a radius of several miles, only one polling booth is allowed for each area, and all votes must be sent between 7 a.m. and 7 p.m. This means that 10,000 electors might have to vote in one booth before one returning officer on one day. Thirteen would have to be dealt with every minute during the whole 12 hours available.

Every elector who absents himself from the poll, or who is unable to record his vote, is counted against No-License. It is necessary to secure for the reform not 60 per cent. of the votes cast, but 60 per cent. of all on the

roll. Opponents need not vote, and their representatives have an easy task.

An additional and almost insufferable difficulty is encountered in the fact that about 30 of the voters are illiterate. Time is a tremendous factor, and votes must be recorded with all possible speed. But when an illiterate man enters it is necessary for the returning officer to leave the public table and retire with him to a private room, and time is lost which might be utilised in recording five or six other votes.

Again, a big percentage of the electors are employees working from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. These have to sacrifice wages, and get leave which is often impossible with unsympathetic employers. The only other option is to vote during the hour for polling which remains after they leave work in the evening, and this brief period is quite inadequate for such large numbers.

These and other obstacles are sufficient to dismay the stoutest hearts, but our friends in Ceylon are not without hope. They will, if possible, secure better conditions, but if they cannot, they will do their best with what they have already. They have tasted the fruits of victory and hunger for more. The sentiment throughout the island seems to be overwhelmingly in favor of Prohibition. All that is necessary is to get a fair run and the traffic must be abolished. Ceylon, with a population considerably over 4,000,000, is divided into over 800 areas, a majority of which is already dry. The country districts have led the way, while the larger centres of population, as in so many other countries, cling to the trade.

The Buddhists in Ceylon are the foremost in the fight. They are mostly Senhalese, descendants of the first colonists who came from the Ganges in 543. By religion they are Prohibitionists, but recently many of their poorer and lower caste brethren have become victims to drink. This has greatly stimulated the rank and file, and especially the upper classes, who have sworn, for the sake of weaker brethren, to rid their land of the curse.

The Mohammedans are also pledged Prohibitionists, but they lack the zeal for reform which is shown by the Buddhists. Their members have, on the whole in Ceylon, remained true to the Prophet's command, as they do not feel the need of reform, nor have they the powerful incentive which prompts the Buddhists.

Many native Christians are also active workers for No-License, but unfortunately a considerable number follow the example set by officials and white men who are called Christians, but who are strangers to the spirit of Christ. It is distressing to hear that natives sometimes adopt a profession of Christianity in order to have the liberty to imbibe the intoxicants forbidden by their old religions.

Needless to say, our missionaries are deeply concerned, and fervently pray for the day when all so-called Christian countries will have abolished the curse from their borders.

CHESTERTON WRITES A BOOK.

W. S. (PUSSYFOOT) JOHNSON.

Every once in a while, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, of Brobdignagian shape and hirsute glory, has broken out in the "Illustrated London News" with a page of hysterics about Prohibition. Always, he treats it not as a matter of fact, but as a nightmare—a horrid thing concerning which he has no information and desires none.

Recently he came to America and delivered some lectures to curious ones who delighted in his ponderous shape, his uncut hair, and his penetrating sayings about things concerning which he had or had not obtained some information. Then he returned home and wrote a book, "What I Saw in America." For the most part, his observations are keen and readable. He speaks rationally until he strikes the subject of Prohibition. Whenever he approaches that subject, he gets red in the face, "throws a fit" and begins to hoot.

Opening up his observation on Prohibition, he begins by declaring, "The first thing to be said about it is that it does not exist." Then after declaring that there is no such thing as Prohibition, he writes a whole chapter of 19 pages about it. And he does not stop there; in ten or a dozen other pages he breaks out in wild ejaculations, incoherently denouncing something that he claims to be non-existent.

He discovers that some States have laws against kissing, smoking cigarettes in the open air, and a "large religious body that has felt its right to separate itself from Christendon because it cannot believe in the morality of wearing buttons!" He discovers that Miss Clara Smith, of Oklahoma, was acquitted of the charge of murdering a United States Senator who wronged her!

To Mr. Chesterton Prohibition is a law against drinking, when any fourth grade schoolboy knows there are no such laws in America.

To Mr. Chesterton Prohibition has always failed in Moslem countries. Anybody with the smallest amount of information on the

subject knows that no Moslem country in the world has any Prohibition of liquor selling.

He discovers that "the real power behind Prohibition is simply the plutocratic power of the pushing employers who wish to get the last inch of work out of their workmen." He does not know that everybody in America knows that it was the votes of the workmen themselves that made Prohibition possible and that the majority of the rich were against the proposal.

He despises the "political knavery that deliberately passes drink regulations as war measures and then preserves them as peace measures." He did not learn the fact that before the war 65 per cent. of Americans lived under Prohibition, and that before America entered the war Congress and 45 State Legislatures were elected under mandate of the people to put national Prohibition across.

American women opposed to beer walked "clothed in light," like the "holy aureole which the East sees shining around an idiot"! The long list of epithets which Mr. Chesterton applies to American men who oppose liquor selling does not matter much. They comprise most of the bad adjectives in the dictionary.

To Mr. Chesterton this "alien morality" was imposed on "the wine-growing civilisation of California." He does not know that on two different occasions before national Prohibition that the dregs carried every wine-growing county in the State, that California ratified the Eighteenth Amendment, and that at the last election a beer and wine proposal was defeated at the polls by 40,000 votes.

The distinguished British man of letters simply talks "through his hat," and begins to snort whenever he approaches this particular subject. He does not know what he is talking about, and does not wish to know. While rational on most things, he suddenly becomes a "nut" whenever he approaches this particular matter.

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Any person who holds, say, a £100 Bond in the Seventh War Loan, which was issued at five per cent., may convert same into the present five-year loan at the same rate of interest, with a cash bonus of £2 per £100 thrown in. Unless a Bondholder is really in need of the money on September 15, it would pay him or her handsomely to take advantage of the Government's offer. People who cash their Bonds on September 15 will find it a hard job to secure a better outlet for their money than the proposition now offered them, for there is no investment in the land which has such a sound security behind it as a Commonwealth Government Bond; and the issue is free of State Income Tax.

An offer is also made to holders of 4½ per cent. Bonds which fall due for payment in December, 1925. These Bondholders, provided they put up an equal quantity of new money for the Loan, may convert their old 4½ per cent. Bonds into 5 per cent. Bonds. It is somewhat remarkable to think that these investors in this way can get an even better rate from the Government to-day than they received during the War, when everything was uncertain, and when money generally was much dearer than it is to-day.

It is also open to any other citizens to subscribe to the present appeal, irrespective of whether they hold any old Bonds or not.

THE DRUG MENACE.

The "wet" newspapers are chortling over a report which has been published in London concerning the use of drugs in the United States, and, of course, Prohibition is blamed. Prohibition seems to be responsible for everything—from earthquake to tornado! The fact that the Chairman of the Commission—the Hon. Stephen G. Porter—explicitly states that Prohibition has nothing to do with the trouble is conveniently overlooked. Here are his exact words: "There had been unbroken testimony, so far as the witnesses before the Committee were concerned, that habit-forming drugs were not used as a substitute for alcohol. Prohibition had not been a factor in the increased use of dope." It was shown in evidence that whereas the "drinkers" had been men and women of middle age, the drug addicts were much younger.

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HOW OUR PET DRUG WORKS.

A CHALLENGE.

(W. D. B. CREAGH.)

I know something about drugs. The underworld and the Central Police Court have been my battle ground. I have had experience myself, and my education during the last fifteen years has qualified me in giving a statement regarding the things that make for failure in life. I have seen the evidence in various ways and in many places.

As a drinker I rubbed shoulders with champion drinkers. I can say that just before my conversion every one of my pals were drunkards. They drank every kind of drink. They drank so hard that houses, including the furniture in them, businesses, wives, families, good clothes, even their jobs, all disappeared, swallowed in drink. I have myself walked the streets in rags—alcohol—when I should have been in a motor. My last companion before conversion, a drunkard, was a barrister—alcohol. I have had to fight this alcohol curse, and if I had not had God on my side I could not have won, so great was the hold of this cursed drug (alcohol) on me.

I do not take pride in admitting a failure in my life, but I do take pride in pointing out a success brought about by faithful Christian enterprise, and sustained by loving friendship. Christ loved the unlovable, and this was shown in Sydney in 1904 when He showed His love for me, for if there was anything unlovable in 1904 it was my poor human frame and crinkled soul, made so by alcohol.

I NEVER LEFT MY DRUNKARD PALS.

When I found my feet, through finding my soul, I did not desert my pals who were up against it, chiefly because the parson who saved me wanted to save them. I looked on from afar at first. I did not like the smell of the drunks, but I gradually worked up

near to the Boss, and I am glad I did, for my eyes were opened to a great need. I knew alcohol from within. Fifteen years' study of its working from without amongst the people gives me the right to throw out this challenge, especially to doctors:

"No one can find a drug fiend—opium, cocaine, etc.—that I cannot beat with an alcohol fiend."

PROHIBITION OF DRUGS.—ALCOHOL OMITTED.

Why was alcohol omitted? Is alcohol, as a beverage, any less harmful than, say, opium?

I know many opium smokers in Sydney. I saw many in the prisons of America and England, and I remember in Sydney when you could get a pipe of the drug (opium) for 6d.

Now, while some does get in and is sold, the price has gone up 3/- to 5/-. We do not see articles in the press asking for the prohibition to be removed. What is the difference between opium and alcohol? Here it is in a nutshell:

You smoke opium and the after-effects make you see spiders in pink pyjamas; you drink alcohol and see snakes—madness very often follows.

Opium and alcohol work for the breakup of humanity. The hard smokers of one and the heavy drinker of the other both go to the wall. They fail in health, in industry, and business. Their home life is damaged, their offspring are weakened. The only difference between these two drugs in their general working in the community is that one is more popular than the other, with the result that where there is one victim of opium there are a thousand victims of alcohol.

DOPE—AND THE STITCH IN TIME.

The above was the heading of a leading article published in the "Sun," July 24, 1923. In this article the writer points out how the drug is increasing in England, France, and New York. My investigations in England and America convince me that he is right in regard to England, but regarding America he is wrong—it is decreasing there.

The article starts thus:—

"It is possible that Sir George Fuller did not find time during his tour abroad to inquire into the drug traffic."

The article finishes thus:—

"It has been argued that a drug taken injures only himself, or herself, but it is not a question of the individual alone. Drug taking has a pernicious influence on the race, and in the long run leads to a decrease in national efficiency and well-being. It is for that reason that Australia protects herself against it, while there is yet time."

I sincerely hope that Sir George Fuller did inquire into the dope business, especially the alcohol variety. If he did he will find that the same thing holds good in other lands as in Australia. Alcohol, a drug, is the greatest curse.

Alcohol is responsible here for most crime, most poverty, most lost character, most crimes of violence, including murder, most motor car accidents, more divorces, and more insanity. This can be borne out by authorities.

MR. OAKES, ACTING PREMIER,

says: "The abuse of narcotics shows itself in the physical, mental, and moral degradation of the victim, which not only brings about harmful results to the devotees, but sheds its blight upon their progeny and associates." The above statement of Mr. Oakes appeared in the press. It refers to drugs other than alcohol. I include alcohol in that statement. The challenge is open to Mr. Oakes, and those in other Government departments.

Again, let me repeat the challenge:

Alcohol-takers can be found in this State of N.S.W. to beat any other kind of drug-taker.

It is high time those who hold the reins of government, also the public press, put alcohol where it should be—alongside or, rather, in the lead of all drug curses in our midst.

It is about time that the authorities and press woke up to the fact that there are other places that need widening besides Martin Place and Park-street. Their own minds on our alcohol drug trouble, for instance.

At first people buy it to try it
And finding it true to its name,
Still favor the stores which supply it,
Thus spreading still further its fame.
In every known bronchial affliction
Its action is soothingly sure—
The first bottle carries conviction
When it's Wood's Great Peppermint Cure.

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A Personal Chat with my readers

HISTORY WARNS. We are all reluctant to learn from the experience of others, but there is no clearer evidence of our sanity than when we accept the verdict of history and shape our life accordingly.

Lord Robert Cecil, addressing a group of churchmen in New York, said: "It seems to me that the whole of the history which we read has been written in vain unless we are taught this great truth—that a nation which despises and rejects the law of God will inevitably be punished for it by destruction from the face of the earth."

This is as true for individuals as for a nation. Have you ever faced the fact and accepted the verdict?

A KINDLY REMEMBRANCE. An old friend writes to me thus: "Enclosed £1 to help with your needy folk.

It is my 67th birthday. All our available sons and daughters are coming to dinner. It won't cost £1, but I do not like to think persons are hungry. 'I was hungry and ye fed Me not.' Perhaps if this were put in 'Grit' it might induce others to follow my example."

This is a noble, Christ-like way of commemorating an occasion for which we have reason to recognise the mercy of God.

A ROYAL TRIUMPH. Society has ever grouped itself into exclusive sections. The Church has excluded its heretics, the Unions exclude their "black-legs," and society has vigorously debarred those whom it disapproved of.

Now it is quite all right for the club to "blackball" the intended member, or the Union to exclude the "traitor," but it is quite all wrong for the Church to pride itself in exclusiveness.

The spirit of Christianity is love, as embracing as the sunlight, as irresistible as the fragrance of spring time.

I do not know of anything more appealing and exalted or more often ignored than the Anglican invitation to the Lord's Supper. "Ye that do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins and are in love and charity with your neighbor, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments, and walking from henceforth in his holy ways: Draw near and take this holy sacrament to your comfort and make your humble confession to Almighty God, meekly kneeling upon your knees."

We used to sing "The old-time religion makes us love one another," and we might

well pray for more of the old-time religion, that Christ said was recognised by the fact that "we loved one another."

Do you know these charming lines:
"He drew a circle that shut me out,
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout;
But love and I had the wit to win—
We drew a circle that took him in."

AS OTHERS SEE US. The Rt. Hon. Major Charles Peter Allen, P.C., a member of the British House of Commons for 18 years, and holding the high office of Privy Councillor, said to a "Sydney Morning Herald" reporter:

"I have now been some time in Australia. I have mixed with men of all classes. I have formed a few conclusions, which may or may not be sound. I can offer certain criticisms, which may or may not be valid.

"First of all, however, let me say this. The criticisms I make are made in no carping or unfriendly spirit. In the year 1916 I was a member of an Australian mess in Salisbury Plain for three months, and I learned to know and like Australians.

"You certainly have not solved what we call 'the drink question.' Your restrictions are, I think, somewhat in advance of ours now since the war, but I have the evidence of my own eyes to tell me that you have not made your people sober. And this is the more surprising as your drink interest, according to my information, is not a solid, powerful electoral force, as it is with us at home. Is it that your laws are not enforced? I do not know."

We are thankful for a candid and kindly criticism. Let us profit by it.

THE FLAG. Last October in a small town in Iowa I was called upon to present an American flag to a class of high school boys. I made a few impromptu remarks. At the time I was asked to write them down, but I had made no notes, and let the matter pass. A few weeks ago I received a letter from this place, enclosing a fee to pay a stenographer to take my remarks down. To the best of my remembrance here they are:

Cotton or silk—red or blue—it stands for the ideals of the nation. Woven into its folds are all that is best in the history of the past.

It protects us, inspires us, calls to us. We reverence it because on it rests the honor of the nation. The flag has slowly emerged from the loom of time, and woven into the warp and woof of its texture is the common honesty, the stern sense of duty, the multitude of unrewarded kindnesses rendered by the nameless common folk.

It inspires us because it is ever crowned with the invisible halo of the sacrifices of

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION

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Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.
Assistant Editor—R. J. C. BUTLER.
Address: Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.
Office: N.S.W. Alliance, Macdonell House,
321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

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

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1923.

those who gave their lives for their ideals and their country. It is their enduring monument.

It calls to us, since it needs to be kept from smudge or stain, and demands of us a worthy service in return for an ample protection.

It calls to us because it is not yet complete and requires our response to social service, spiritual ideals, civic duty, national patriotism, and heroic sacrifice, that it may be handed to those who come after us—their joy, their pride, their protection, the symbol of all that is best, good and beautiful in the history of the people.

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THE MIRACLE OF PROHIBITION.

(By JESSE R. KELLEMS, B.D., D.D.)

Dr. J. R. Kellems, popularly known as the "Sunshine Evangelist," is visiting Australia to conduct a series of evangelistic missions for the Churches of Christ. He is at present in Victoria, but when passing through Sydney from U.S.A. he gave the following statement to our representative. During the last ten years he has conducted many successful missions throughout Canada and the States, and later in the year he will visit Sydney.



J. R. KELLEMS, B.D., D.D.

Prohibition is the miracle of the age. There can be but one answer to the question which is being asked everywhere to-day. "What about American Prohibition?" And that answer, "It is an amazing success; and it is a miracle." Could it be called anything else when we think that it has come out of the hearts and lives of the people of the great republic? County by county first of all, then State by State, until at last it became a great national issue, and the victory was gloriously won. This is the story of the coming of Prohibition and a refutation of the ridiculous and utterly laughable story that it was forced upon the people of the United States. Prohibition is no longer an issue in America. The matter is settled, and the 18th amendment is now a part of the fundamental law of the nation.

Can one buy liquor in America? Certainly, for there are those who are breaking the law. But because a law is broken, would any sane man advocate that it should be revoked? There has been a law in America against murder for more than a hundred years, and every year it is broken by hundreds, and even thousands. Should we do away with the law because there are murders? It is said that there is more booze sold in America now than was sold under Prohibition. Why, then, the long wail? What are our "booze" friends yelling about? They are the ones who want it, and if it can be so easily secured surely they ought to be satisfied. One hears now and then from certain men in Pullman cars and hotels that Prohibition has failed, but these men are but the froth of the American people. Those who believe their story fail to see the millions who sit by their firesides; who work in mill or factory or upon the farms; those who attend the churches and live the quiet peaceful lives; in short, the real Americans. These are they who went to the polls, and, with their votes, said, "Booze is an outlaw, and must go forever!" These are the same people who go now to the polls and register in ever-increasing numbers their determination that America shall become dryer and dryer until

it shall be utterly impossible to secure even one drop.

This statement is but a word, a word from one who has all his life lived in the America of America—the west coast where 97 per cent. of the people are of old American stock—in a State which has been dry for many years. I have travelled America from one end to another for the last ten years. In 1915, in the city of San Francisco, in a journey of a mile, after the New Year's debauch, I counted 97 drunken men and women lying on the streets, hugging telegraph poles and in all manner of vulgar positions. In the last three years I have travelled thousands of miles in the United States and I have seen three men intoxicated.

Following are some of the results of Prohibition which can be established by an amazing number of facts:

1. Decreased 65 per cent. the arrests for drunkenness in former wet territory.
2. Lessened tremendously the number of criminal convictions relating to the liquor traffic.
3. Absolutely closed many workhouses and jails.
4. Alcoholism greatly reduced and State hospitals for inebriates closed.
5. Bank and saving deposits have increased marvellously.
6. The money which formerly was worse than wasted in booze has now gone into the channels of legitimate business.
7. It has wondrously bettered the condition of children and there are much fewer cases of cruelty. The children are better clothed and fed.
8. The condition of the poor has been greatly improved.
9. The conditions of health are vastly better.
10. The former annual increase in insanity which before Prohibition was growing in an alarming manner has been checked, and the scale definitely turned downward.
11. Drug addicts have not been increased by Prohibition.
12. Governors, social-service workers, and human uplift leaders all endorse Prohibition.

The United States is developing a race which will be free from the taint of alcoholism, with all that this will mean. It has been demonstrated scientifically that alcohol is one of the greatest sources of race degeneracy, reflected in lunacy, epilepsy, idiocy, and feeble-mindedness. It will take a generation for these awful results of alcoholic poisoning to be done away, but the time is coming soon when a race will grow up with all the vigor and power which comes from clean life, and this race will be the greatest power, financially, politically, and morally, in the world. The two billions of dollars (four hundred million pounds) each year which before Prohibition were spent for booze are now going for auto-

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mobiles, beautiful homes, and all the comforts of life. There are now 12,000,000 automobiles in America. The workingman has his car where before he had a red nose and headache. Facts speak for themselves, and facts are telling us that American Prohibition is the miracle of our age. I cannot refrain from closing this article with the words of Senator Wesley Jones, of Washington, in the United States Senate on November 15, 1921: "Prohibition will demonstrate that a righteous policy of Government exalts a nation. A self-governing people, courageous enough and moral enough to ignore the misrepresentation and abuse which follow every advancement for moral progress will develop a moral fibre that will not only be a source of strength at home but will inspire the world to follow our example. The prohibition of the liquor traffic will make the United States the greatest financial, political, and moral power in the world."

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PASS "GRIT" ON

Report of the Church of England Committee of Inquiry as to the Working of Prohibition in the United States and Canada.

PRESENTED TO THE BRISBANE SYNOD, JUNE 5, 1923.

At the first meeting of the Committee it was suggested that four groups of questions, dealing with the economic, hygienic, social, and religious aspects of the question respectively, be sent to those persons in the United States and Canada most competent to answer them. The Committee, however, considered itself bound by the terms of the reference from Synod to obtain the desired information from members of our own Church only; and eventually the following questionnaire was sent to the Bishop of Missouri, as presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, and to the Archbishop of Rupertsland, as Senior Archbishop of the Canadian Church, with the suggestion that they might be able to obtain the information and forward it to the Committee:

Has Prohibition been, in your opinion, a benefit to the community or otherwise?

Reply (Bishop of Missouri): "Yes, in three ways: (1) In banishing evils of saloons; (2) in banishing drunken men from the street; (3) in alleviating stress of poverty in homes. There is more money for the women and children than there was."

Reply (Archbishop of Rupertsland): "Taking it on the whole, the Temperance Act has been a benefit to the community, particularly through the abolition of the bar and the treating system. Notwithstanding all the abuses which are freely admitted, conditions generally are distinctly better, especially among the wage-earning and laboring classes. Business men testify that debts are better paid. Clergy and social workers tell you that domestic conditions are better, that children are better clad and fed, etc."

"I have to admit, however, that though I have voted more than once for our Temperance Act so as to abolish the bar and lessen the excesses of the liquor traffic, the abuses in connection with the enforcement of the Act have been such, and the lessening of respect for the other laws by the open and flagrant breach of this law has been such that I shall be puzzled to know how to vote if a referendum is submitted to the electors in the near future, as has been promised by our Government."

The Committee regrets that their inquiries have failed to get the volume of information required. Whilst the Committee hoped to obtain more information, it also agreed that any information obtained by any member of the Committee should be considered. In accordance with this decision, Rev. G. L. Hunt wrote to some forty clergymen and laymen in America.

Replies have been received from the Dean of Nova Scotia, the Bishop of Honolulu, and from eight clergymen and five laymen of the United States.

These letters are unanimous in proclaiming the general benefit of Prohibition. They are also agreed that there have been no grave economic difficulties, and that effective production has benefited, that the effect on health has been good, and that there has been a decrease in vice and crime.

Two correspondents think Prohibition has led to a considerable increase in the consumption of other drugs, but eight think not.

Very little, if any, difference is noticeable in religious practices.

Most are emphatic that the provision of wine for the celebration of the Holy Communion has not been interfered with in any way—but one complains of "red tape" and another of "cranks."

Four state that there are no difficulties in the enforcement, three say that there are serious difficulties. Four state that there are difficulties in some places, but all agree that such difficulties are not likely to prove insuperable.

May 30, 1923.

H. F. LE FANU.

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OUR FAMILY

All children aged 7 to 17 can join the family of Uncle A. There is no fee to pay. Write on one side of the paper in ink. Send your age and date of birthday. All who do not write for 3 months are "scallywags." After 17 you become an "Hon." Ne or Ni, and write either at Christmas or your birthday.

Each week we give pride of place to one letter. It may be the shortest, longest, best written, funniest, most interesting, or most newsy. Write what you wish in your best way. Try for this honor.

Address letters to Uncle A, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

YOU CAN HELP.

Dear Ni's and Ne's,

Do you know that Queensland has a great opportunity on October 6? That day a vote will be taken for Prohibition, and the workers are hopeful of a great victory. We may not all be able to go to Queensland to help, but we can still aid that State. Here are some ways of helping:

1. Pray for victory. You can all do this. Don't neglect it.
2. Write to any Queensland friends asking them to be sure to work and vote for Prohibition.
3. Tell your friends here about it, and get them to pray and write also.
4. Brisbane Ni's and Ne's can take their friends to the headquarters at 310 Edward-street, where help can always be given in addressing wrappers, parcelling up literature, etc. Try a Working Bee.

At a lantern lecture in the prickly pear country, a gentleman who had been hostile to Prohibition, sat with his little girl on his knee. He seemed utterly unimpressed until the map of Queensland with the kiddies sitting in it was shown on the screen. Then the little child, with a laugh, looked up in to his face, saying:

"Daddy, that is my picture! And there's brother, too! Is the man talking about us?"

Tactfully, Mr. Mitchell, the speaker, showed that the picture applied to all little boys and girls, and that Queensland ought to be made safe for the feet of the little ones. From that time the man took a keener interest, and at the close of the meeting added his contribution for the help of the cause. "And a little child shall lead them."

Now, let's all help in all the ways we can. Cherrio.

UNCLE A.

OUR LETTER BAG.

HONOR LETTER FROM OUR YOUNGEST NE.

Willie Johnston, Rose Valley, writes: I would like to be one of your Ne's. I am seven to-day. My birthday is on

the 10th of June. I got a box of paints, lead pencil, marbles, and some lollies. We have a Persian cat, and she is fond of mice. I will write to you again some day.

(Dear Willie,—Welcome! You have started early. Can you tell me of any cat which is not fond of mice? I know of some.—Uncle A.)

WHAT A SCALLYWAG!

Enid Foster, Rous Mill, writes: It is over three months since I wrote last. Please cross my name off the scallywag list. Yesterday we thought we were going to have some rain, but it cleared off. I saw in the paper that we were going to have a flood. We will not get it because we are on a big hill. Father went to Sydney. I think it was on June 16 he arrived home. He said he enjoyed himself. He only went for two weeks. We are having a concert when our holidays are ended. I am taking part in nearly everything. We always get a crowd of people. Esmee Attewell and Betty Filmer came up for a while. We went to the big figtree. They went back this morning. Betty Filmer gave me some marbles and a soap lemon, and lots of things for my doll. My two brothers play football. One of them got a kick in the back. He was in hospital two days.

(Dear Enid,—I'm glad I can now cross your name off that list. Write oftener. How is your brother getting on now?—Uncle A.)

PUSS AND THE PIGGIES.

Onis Edwards, "Cedar Vale," Dorrigo, writes: Please accept me as one of your Ne's. Dorrigo is about 300 miles from Sydney and is 2500 feet above sea level. The weather is very cold at present, as we are having many heavy frosts. We have the hydro-electric scheme, which is driven by water. The butter and bacon factories are very nice; the two factories are driven by the hydro power. My father has a farm. We have cows, horses, two dogs and two cats and some pigs. There is a black cat which lives with the pigs; it has lived with the pigs ever since it was born; it drinks the milk with the pigs, and as soon as it is finished it goes and licks every pig's nose.

(Dear Onis,—Welcome! I should like to see that funny puss of yours. Write soon.—Uncle A.)

LATE NIGHTS.

Lily Jenner, Comboyne, writes: I hope to become one of your Ni's. On June 25 we had a great concert to get money for the nurse. At first we had the song "Dreamy Alabama," then we had a dialogue entitled "The Rebuff," and a few other things. Before it was dark Daddy took the buggy home, and we all went home in a motor car. The hall was crowded with people. It was nearly

12 o'clock when we got home. I am 7 years old and am in 3rd class.

(Dear Lily,—Welcome! Send date of your birthday next time you write. My word, you must have been tired after the concert! Did you go to sleep in "Dreamy Alabama"?—Uncle A.)

A FRIEND OF NE'S AND NI'S.

Mrs. C. E. Ferris, Elsternwick, V., writes: I fear I can't claim the honor of being even an Hon. Ni, so I am not waiting till Xmas or my birthday to write these few lines, telling how interesting I have found the letters on pages 11 and 12 for a long time past. Some time ago there appeared one from a little girl living at Mullumbimby, and in it she told of how the Band of Hope there was still flourishing, and that she enjoyed its meetings. I was particularly interested to read of this, as years ago I had the pleasure of organising a good many B. of H. meetings, with the able assistance of Miss Boyd, daughter of Rev. J. Boyd, then Methodist minister there. Since then I have often wondered how the Band was progressing, and was very pleased to see this letter in "Grit" from the little Mullumbimby girl, who did not live there so long as ten years ago. Many of the boys and girls who were there in my day will be grown up now, some of them with a vote against the drink traffic. I have noticed some other letters from Wagga. That would be a splendid place to start a Band of Hope in. In 1912 such a lot of little boys signed a pledge vowing they would never drink nor smoke cigarettes. I hope they have kept it. What about some of the Ne's and Ni's taking up anti-cigarette work among their acquaintances? It would be so splendidly useful.

(Dear Friend,—We're all pleased to read your letter. Now I wonder how many from Wagga will read this who signed that pledge! That anti-cigarette plan is excellent. Who will write to our Victorian friend?—Uncle A.)

NOT QUITE A SCALLYWAG.

Freda (?), 4 James-street, Leichhardt, writes: I hope I am not on the scallywag list. Perhaps I might have written to you this afternoon if I was not going out. A friend came down from Glen Innes, and I haven't seen her since last Christmas. Don't forget to tell me whether I am on the scallywag list or not. I will have to close now if I want to go out.

(Dear Freda,—I'm so glad you wrote, as I do not like to see many on the scallywag list. Always put your surname on your letters.—Uncle A.)

THREE GREEN BONNETS.

Lillian Evans, Liverpool-road, Enfield, writes: This is the first time I have written to you and I would like to become one of your Ni's. I will be 11 on November 2. I go to S. Strathfield day school and am in 5B class. My teacher at Sunday school is Miss Bennett. We had a concert a little while ago and I was Dorothy May in "Three Green Bonnets." My brother Harold was a seed, and Sister Jean a poppy. I also have a baby sister; her name is Minnie.

(Dear Lillian,—Welcome! Tell your
(Continued on next page.)

brother and sister to write also. Do you ever have Temperance teaching in your day school?—Uncle A.)

REALLY RURAL.

Eunice Mortimer, "Somerset," Mullumbimby, writes: I hope I am not on the scallywag list. At our school we had a picnic on Empire Day. A few days before it we had to write notes home to our parents asking for a donation for prizes and a cake big enough for me and my mate, so you can guess we expected to have a good time. There were racing, skipping, a spelling bee, and jumping. The visitors were greatly interested in the gardens, which are beautifully kept. The school has lately been made a rural school, and we have an agricultural teacher. We also have scarf and flag drill. Last Saturday we had an exhibition of the drill, and scholars from the surrounding schools came along and took part. We had a very pleasant and interesting time. To-morrow the inspector and the chief inspector are coming to the school, and I hope we shall excel in our work.

(Dear Eunice,—What a good time you have at school! Which lessons did you like best of all?—Uncle A.)

KEEPING FAT.

Norman Hawke, "Lynton," Gunningbland, writes: The drought has broken; we had over an inch of rain, which was badly needed. We have a little pony (Dolly); she had plenty of hay through the drought, and thus she kept fat. The fields are all beginning to look nice and green again. We have all Silver Wyandotte fowls, and they are laying very well; we get thirteen and fourteen eggs a day. Have you ever been to the Jenolan Caves? You see some very interesting things there. I saw the Right Imperial and Lucas caves.

(Dear Norman,—How glad we all are that such splendid rain has come. I have not yet been to Jenolan. This is a treat in store for me.—Uncle A.)

JUST IN TIME.

Nancy Dunlay, George's River Road, Croydon Park, writes: I don't think I am a scallywag yet, but I suppose I soon will be. It is a terrible job for me to write, because as soon as I sit down to write everything goes out of my head. We received a paper to-day headed "The Church Herald," which is going to be issued monthly. The juvenile choir are going to give a cantata called "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Everybody is looking forward to it. We have a Vigoro team for our Junior Fellowship, and play on Saturdays. On Friday a girl friend of mine and myself went into town to buy it. On June 4 our Fellowship Association went to the conference. We had sport in the morning and in the afternoon and night the conference was held.

(Dear Thelma,—I was wondering whether you would write in time to keep off that list. Your letter is quite newsy, so you evidently did not forget everything.—Uncle A.)

A SKIPPING CONTEST.

Winnifred Gresham, Glenavon, Stratford.

writes: I think I must be a scallywag by now. I am sorry, but will try to do better in future. Last Friday we gave the music teacher of Stratford a send-off and we presented him with a gold medal. I was at the Methodist Church to-day and heard a good service. We had a picnic up here on King's Birthday. I never went in any races, as I scalded my leg a week before, and it was too sore to race. One of the girls went in the skipping contest and skipped for a quarter of an hour, and she got two shillings.

(Dear Winnie,—I have now crossed you off the scallywag list, so do not get on again. What a pity you could not race! I hope your leg is well again.—Uncle A.)

? WHOSE BIRTHDAY THIS MONTH

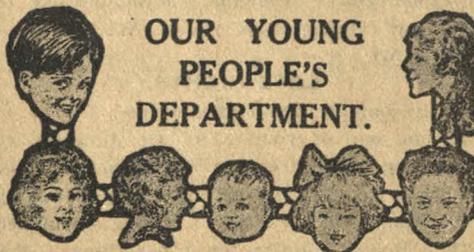
OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

To all our August birthday Ne's and Ni's we send our best wishes for "Many Happy Returns of the Day." We are getting near to the time of springtime and sunshine. Make your life full of sunshine and brightness by happy thoughts and bright deeds, so you will have "a happy birthday."—Uncle A.

AUGUST.

1st, Lloyd George Hocking, Ilma Noble, Clarence Todd; 2nd, Frank Brown, Enis Edwards; 3rd, Marion Cook, Maisie Dougan, Nellie E. Watt; 4th, William Hunt, Guy Walker, Lester Tourner, Gladys Crawford; 5th, Dorothy Jones, Selwyn King; 6th, Grace Tasker, Ida McCardy, Olive Chapperlow, Betty Atkinson, Grace Pankhurst; 7th, Eva MacNell, Edna Roach, Max Brown, Nellie Bywater, Hazel Dobson; 8th, Robert Adams, Dorothy Mitchell, Oliver Hudson, Horace Riley, Mary Grant; 9th, Reg. Laury, Keith Robb; 10th, Arthur Poore, Rolf Foster, Agnes Ruttier, Jean Vale, Dorothy Smeer, Kathleen Smart, Isabella C. Taughton, Edna Lowrey; 11th, Jean Birnie, Bessie Dunlop; 12th, Max Bergin, Alice Housden, Morris Elwyn, Austin Arnett, Bernice Grant; 13th, Vera Kelly, Frida Ellery, Muriel McWhirter; 14th, Grace Lyscombe, Leslie Basder, Cedric Hardy; 15th, Amy McGoun, Ivy Smith, Winsome Wearne, Keith Parkhurst, Ernest Bond; 16th, Ivy Blaxland, Everard Ford, Allen Arnett; 17th, Elsie Rankin; 18th, Nix Sadlier; 19th, Mary McDonald; 20th, Vera Adams, David Jones, Guy Menzies; 21st, Norman Bell, Ray Cardwell; 22nd, Daphne Franklin; 23rd, Walter Mottram, Dulcie Pollock, Edna Abberton; 25th, May Godfrey, Jean Winifred Harris; 26th, Jean A; 27th, Heather Loveday; 28th, Athelstane Ford, Eric Johnston, Mayorie Lee; 29th, Ina M. Cook, Geoffrey Moore; 30th, Madge Phillimore, Isabella Stone, Diana Breckenbridge, Mary Parh, Dorothy Schofield, Laurel Stancliffe; 31st, Foss Van Breda, C. Howe, Myrtle Laughton, Isabel Park.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.



Address all correspondence re Bands of Hope, Y.P. Societies, and the "New Day Crusade" to "The Y.P. Dept., N.S.W. Alliance, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney." (Phone, City 8944).

Society Competitions.—An excellent event

took place in Enmore when the Enmore Y.P. Temperance League organised a competition, which took place on two nights. Musical, instrumental, elocutionary, and literary items of a high standard were given, and the contest was keen. Space only permits publication of first prize names, although excellent items were rendered by all competitors. In the junior section, under 12, first prizes were gained as follows: Recitation, Hazel Pritchard; piano, May Thurston; solo, Hazel Pritchard. Senior section, 12-18 years: Recitation, Thelma Robins; piano, Edna Steer; solo, Eva Whiting; essay, Thelma Robins; dialogue (winning team), Rita Bidolph, Nina Wine, Gladys Green, Will Deering. At a subsequent meeting the prizes were awarded, and winners gave their items.

Fairies at Work.—A social was recently tendered to all Endeavorers who assisted in the suburban displays given some weeks ago. Musical items, recitations, games, and contests made the evening pass most pleasantly. A beautiful silver vase was presented to the Queen of the Fairies (Miss Allen) by the children. Mr. F. J. Cramp, as organiser of the displays, and Mr. Macbeth, who assisted in other ways, and who photographed the group at the social, also deserve special mention, although all of the young people loyally rendered their parts. Under the direction of Mr. E. Gilbert the evening soon passed and terminated with light refreshments. Thus the Queen of Fairies and her court have gone, but the work they did will leave its impress upon all who witnessed the splendid displays.

Queensland, October 6.—This is the date of the referendum in the Northern State. Mr. A. J. Fisher is going to Brisbane to assist in suburban and Young People's work, and will be absent till that time. Meanwhile Mr. E. S. Gilbert, Secretary to the Y.P. Prohibition Council, will attend to all matters connected with this department.

Christian Endeavor in Action.—The Endeavorers in Queensland are loyally helping the referendum campaign. At a recent rally in Brisbane a special feature was a Prohibition exercise when the juniors presented telling facts, and then sang—

We will work for Prohibition,
We will free our land from booze;
We will win, and in addition,
We will send abroad this news.

(Chorus):

Prohibition is a blessing,
Prohibition is a joy,
Prohibition soon is coming,
Sing aloud, every girl and boy!

It is fitting that at the forthcoming N.S.W. Convention a special night is set apart for Christian Citizenship, at which Rev. R. B. S. Hammond will be one of the chief speakers. This will be on Friday, October 5, in the City Temple, Campbell-street, Sydney. Mr. A. Lane, M.L.A., will also speak, his subject being "Civic Righteousness."

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.



A HOUSE DIVIDED.

Some years ago there were in Paris two papers, the "Razor" and the "Scorpion," which were always attacking each other.

Every week people bought the "Razor" to read how it cut at the "Scorpion," and then purchased the "Scorpion" to learn how it stung the "Razor."

A certain philanthropist, feeling pained to see such animosity displayed, invited the two editors to dine, in the hope that over good fare he could make peace between them. At the appointed time one lean, melancholy man presented himself and was ushered in. After an interval, as no other guest appeared, the host demanded:

"May I ask, are you the editor of the "Razor" or the "Scorpion"?"

"Both," said the sad-eyed man.

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WHEN THE LIGHTING FLASHED.

"Ever get shocked talking over the telephone wire during a storm?"

"Yes, once. I called up my wife while she was house-cleaning to say that I'd bring a friend home to dinner."

*** * * * ***
SIMPLE DIVISION.

Husband (going through housekeeping accounts): "But what is the earthly use of running accounts with four grocers?"

Wife: "Well, you see, dear, it makes the bills so much smaller!"

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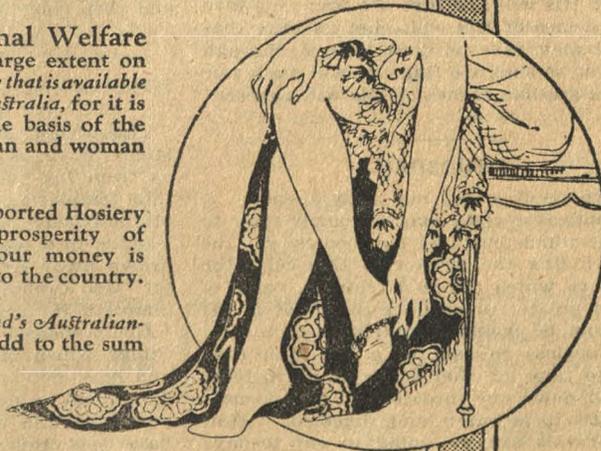
When You put on Silk Stockings, do you ever think of this?

YOUR Personal Welfare depends to a large extent on the amount of money that is available for circulation in Australia, for it is this sum that is the basis of the income of every man and woman in Australia.

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON, author of "Soul Rest," "The Other Side," Etc.

SUNDAY.

"Our Father which art in Heaven."—
Luke 11, 2.

Jesus had been praying in a certain place. His disciples were with Him, and as they listened to the One who spake as never man spake, pouring out His soul in prayer to His Father, they felt this was something they were powerless to do of themselves. When He ceased one of them said unto Him, "Lord, teach us to pray." His answer was the prayer which is so familiar to us all.

"Lord, teach us to pray," should ever be the first petition in coming to the throne of grace. It is useless to attempt prayer otherwise. In this, as in all else, we shall soon realise the truth of His statement—"Without Me ye can do NOTHING."

Have we ever come into His presence desiring to meet with Him and made an attempt at prayer; but all seemed dead and formal, prayer has seemed almost impossible, and we have perhaps gone away feeling prayer was no good. We forgot to offer this petition—"Lord, teach me to pray." "For we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities." Only prayers inspired by the Spirit are of any avail.

MONDAY.

"Hallowed be Thy Name."

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and is safe." What a refuge those two words—"Our Father"—have been to thousands in times of distress! We hallow a sainted father's name when he has passed from sight, but what sacred memories hover around these words in reference to our Father in Heaven. Think of the long line of witnesses who could testify to the comfort found in that text: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." Is that not enough to still all anxious fears? "Hallowed be Thy Name." Yes, it is hallowed by many sacred associations, by many an answered prayer. But what about the "name which is above every name," which is included in this petition, since Jesus says: "I and My Father are One." That name by which God has revealed Himself in all His love to man—OUR SAVIOUR JESUS. "Our Father" alone seems inadequate for the needs of the human heart. We want the mother heart of Christ—the Man Divine—"The name to sinners dear, the name to sinners given." "In HIS NAME we have redemption, even the forgiveness of our sins." "What is there in a name?" "Salvation in His name there is, salvation from sin, death and hell." "Thou shalt call His name Jesus for He shall save His people from their sins." "By this name shall He be called. The Lord our righteousness. Hallowed be Thy name."

TUESDAY.

"Thy Kingdom Come."

In praying this prayer what are we doing to bring it about? "The kingdom of God is within you," said Jesus. It must first come there. Are we opening our hearts to receive Christ as the supreme ruler of our hearts? He must first set up His reign there, and He will then, through us, extend His kingdom upon earth. We pray this prayer with a vague idea of some kingdom He is to set up here, when all will live in universal peace; forgetting He has said: "My kingdom is not of this world, for if My kingdom were of this world, then would My servants fight,"

Yet so blinded were the Jews, and so blinded are many to-day that they will persist in believing that Christ's will be an earthly reign. "Even to this day the veil is upon their hearts, but when it (the heart) shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away." Many even imagine that He is coming again to Jerusalem. "Oh, fools and blind." "With Him there is neither Jew nor Greek." "They are the Israel who are so of grace." "Before Abraham was, I am." The Israelites were only typical of all those who choose Him for their King to reign within their hearts. Has He set up His reign within your heart? If not, it is but a mockery to pray "Thy Kingdom come."

WEDNESDAY.

"Thy will be done."

It is comparatively easy to say this in a passive sense, but when it comes to the actual doing of God's will that is another matter. Some people will sing—

"Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,"
but when the cross is offered them they refuse to take it. We should be careful only to pray and sing what we really mean, otherwise it is hypocrisy.

In heaven, angels wait on God's bidding, ready to obey. There is no unwillingness there. If we do God's will as it is: done in Heaven, we shall be His messengers, ever ready to obey. Some will sing, "Take my silver and my gold, not a mite would I withhold," but they are the first to complain when it is taken, and keep fast hold of it when the collection comes round, or they are asked for a donation to any good cause.

Many think only of sorrow and bereavement when they pray "Thy will be done." As though God's will and suffering were all one. There never was a greater mistake. His will is all to bless us. In asking for His will to be done we are asking for all the best gifts, for His will and love are one. His love is the essence of His will. Let us pray that His will may ever be done in, and through and by us, so shall we find our will made one with His are but echoes of His will concerning us.

THURSDAY.

"Give us this day our daily bread."

Although this verse may primarily refer to the food which sustains our bodies, yet the less, including the greater in this case, the sustenance which the soul requires, being of so much greater importance than that of the body must be included in this petition.

It is useless to ask for a gift, and then refuse to take it. God is not going to force this food down our throats, and food is useless until it is eaten and digested. How much of this are we going to eat to-day? Jesus says, "I am the bread of life." We must cultivate a spiritual appetite. If we feed on ashes, or fill ourselves with the sweets of fiction and trashy literature, we lose all taste for solid food. We cannot grow in grace or have our souls nourished and in good health unless we continue to feed them with food that satisfies. "Eat ye that which is good, and let your souls delight themselves in fatness." If, like David, we esteem the words of God's mouth more than our necessary food, they will be our meditation day and night. We shall be able to say, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee." By these words we are made partakers of the divine nature. "Desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby." "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye

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shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." It is by Christ's words abiding in us that we abide in Him, and bring forth fruit. No one can feed on the Scriptures without growing thereby. "Give us this day our daily bread." "Take eat."

FRIDAY.

"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

Many people say, "Oh, yes, I forgive, but I can't forget," and at the back of their minds is always the consciousness of some wrong done them. What if God takes them at their word, and forgives them AS they forgive? This would be forgiveness hardly worth having. He says, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more for ever." A truly magnanimous soul not only forgives, but forgets. When we remember our own shortcomings and need for forgiveness we cannot afford to bear a grudge against anyone. Whatever they may have done to offend us, surely we have committed far worse offences against God, and if He can forgive, we must do the same. "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive you your trespasses." This was the only comment Jesus made on the prayer He had just given His disciples. This seems to be the marrow of the whole. "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you." "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

SATURDAY.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

These words would have been better translated, "Save us from sore trial, and deliver us from the evil one." God never leads us into temptation, nor leaves us in the hour of temptation. The evil one is the one to lead us into temptation, and "every man is drawn away by his own lust and enticed," for "God cannot be tempted of evil, neither tempteth He any man."

God is made by the translators to do many things which He only permits to be done, and does not prevent. It is said that "God did tempt Abraham," merely because He permitted him to be tested, and this should have been thus translated. He allowed his faith to be tested. So we read He hardened Pharaoh's heart. It was the natural consequence of his repeated acts of rebellion which always results in hardness of heart, not God's action at all. God afflicted Job only in the sense that He permitted Satan to try him to his utmost in order to prove his faith. The greatest saints can stand the test, therefore "count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations."

If we pray "Lead us not into temptation," we must take care to keep from walking that way where temptation lies. If we go where the plague is raging we need not expect a miracle to be worked to prevent us catching it. Let us then avoid all that would allure us from Him, and so shall we find that "He knoweth how to deliver the godly from temptation."

DR. R. ARTHUR, M.L.A.

TAKES A HAND IN A CONTROVERSY IN MOSMAN PAPER.

He writes:
 Sir,—There is one aspect of this subject which needs to be emphasised, and that is that the conscientious members of a community are required to exercise some self-denial and make certain sacrifices of their pleasures or comforts if this is demanded for the general good. Many persons take up what seems quite a reasonable attitude on the drink question. In effect they say, "A moderate amount of alcoholic liquor does me good, cheers me up, makes life more pleasant and sociable. I never have gone and never will go to excess, and no one suffers from my indulgence in this. Why then should I be deprived of this innocent gratification, and why should my liberty to do what seems best to me be interfered with?" To these one may reply: "I sympathise with your viewpoint. It seems hard that you should be compelled against your will to a compulsory abstinence, and it is natural that you should feel indignant against those who would seek to force this upon you. But answer me this. During the war what attitude did you take up towards the young men who seemed reluctant to volunteer for active service? Did you say that, after all, it was their own business, and concerned no one else, and that no one had any right by either word or act to try and influence them? If you did, then it must be admitted that no one has the right to dictate to you on the Prohibition question. But, on the other hand, did you take up the opposite attitude, and strive by every means in your power to induce them to adopt what appeared to you the only manly course? Some of you even went on public platforms and advised audiences of men to enlist at once for the sake of the Empire, and the women and children of Australia. For their sake you urged them to give up their good positions in civil life, their comforts and enjoyments, their possible future with wives and children, and go out to face discomfort, suffering agony of body and spirit, and it might be death itself, and, further, if they would not yield to these arguments, you were prepared to take, and did take, the next step of voting to compel them willy-nilly to go."
 Now, one would just ask those on whom this cap fits to compare the demand they made upon these young men with the demand the advocates of Prohibition make on them. The cause is the same—the welfare of women and children, and the future of Australia—but how immeasurably different the sacrifice demanded! In one case it was everything that made life seem worth living, in the other it is only the abandonment of a habit which, though pleasurable, is soon shaken off with no loss and often a gain to health and general well-being. There is afforded also to the person who has made this sacrifice the satisfaction of knowing that the coming of a time has been hastened when fewer women will weep and little children moan.

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Duty.

War problems did not end with the War. The 243,181 citizens who subscribed to the Seventh War Loan, which is the issue falling due for payment on September 15th next, invested their money in that Loan largely as a matter of patriotism. The time has now come for the redemption of that great Loan, and obligation still rests upon citizens to support war finance. Of the £44,720,640 subscribed to the Seventh War Loan, a portion has not yet been provided for. The purpose of the present Loan is to adjust the Commonwealth's commitments on September 15th next.

The Commonwealth Government has made the citizen's obligation still to support war finance an easy one by offering a good interest return in the new Loan. Any citizen may subscribe to the new Loan, no matter whether he or she was a subscriber to the Seventh War Loan or not, and all holders of Seventh War Loan Bonds are urged by the Government to convert their holdings into the new issue.

Where to Apply.

Applications may be made at any Bank or Savings Bank, or Money Order Post Office, or with any member of a recognised Stock Exchange.

Commonwealth Treasury,
Melbourne.

EARLE PAGE,
Treasurer.

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NOTE.—The readers of "Grit" are asked to support its supporters.

Letters to the Editor—

(Continued from page 3.)

the police station where I have seen business being done for 17 hours a day—and Sunday's trade is very brisk, though not so open. So disgusted was I with the drunkenness there that I lit a fire in the bush and camped beside it rather than stay at this licensed victualler's house. In this case I ventured to protest to the sergeant of police against lax administration of the law. He replied that he had tried to get a conviction against this house, but his subordinate officer always gave the show away! This subordinate officer was—is—a notorious drunkard, and can be seen any day "breasting the bar" of the hotels. In uniform? Certainly.

The condition of affairs is quite shocking where a town is policed by men like this. I do not say that such cases are the rule, or even very frequent. But I have known towns where the police were entirely under the control of the liquor trade. It is not long since an inspector of police—an old friend of mine—told me that the town in which I met him was the worst town he knew, adding, "And the worst men in it are the police. I do nothing from Sunday morning till Saturday night but chase round the pubs, hunting the police out. There is an arrangement between the publicans and the police that they can get as much drink as they call for for nothing, as long as they leave the publicans alone." By a coincidence, the police magistrate shortly afterwards told me the same thing in the same words; and a little later still the clerk of petty sessions repeated it!

The truth is, sir, the narcotic drug which chemists label "Poison," commonly called alcohol, is such an agent in deterioration that it would corrupt an angel. It has got such a grip of our society that it cannot be controlled. Let every reader of your valuable little paper open wide both eyes and keenly watch the effect of the trade done in the licensed houses in his and her vicinity. And seeing the loathsome thing as it really is, go for the enemy bald-headed. The referendum is drawing near. The date will soon be fixed. The time is short, and the electors are blinded by "published by arrangement" misrepresentations, which need to be counteracted. Abolition of the liquor trade is the only remedy. It can't be mended, so must be ended. Let us end it as soon as may be.

Yours, etc.,

ANOTHER MAN OF THE ROAD.

July 19, 1923.

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