

Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

VOL. XX. No. 34.

SYDNEY, NOVEMBER 4, 1926.

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

U.S.A.

CLOSED
PERMANENTLY
STOP OUT.

SCOTCH
WHISKY.

BOO-HOO!
I WANTER
GO TO
AMERICA
BOO-
HOO!!!

SO DO
I DEARIE
BUT
THEY
WONT
HAVE
US -

BOOZE

JESSUP FOR GRIT

DROUGHTY.

WEE DRAPPIE NAE
WANTIT.

("Sun" Special.)

London, Oct. 12.

A number of Scottish distilleries are closing down owing to the excessive amount of stocks in bond and the drop in the consumption of spirits in the home and overseas markets.

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WORLD THRIFT DAY, OCTOBER 31, 1926.

From October 26 to 31, 1924, there was held in Milan, Lombardy, Italy, a conference unique in the history of Savings Banks. It was called the First International Thrift Conference, and assembled at the invitation of the President of the Lombardy Savings Bank to commemorate the centenary of the great institution over which he presides, and also to investigate the possibilities of the establishment of an international institution to study and co-ordinate the activities of Savings Banks throughout the world; to suggest also new methods of propaganda for the purpose of encouraging thrift, to consider the protection of migrants' savings during their transmission and investment, and otherwise to further the cause of thrift without regard to the boundaries of race or country.

One of the first tasks undertaken by the International Thrift Institute, formed as a result of the conference, was that of promoting the celebration in all countries of a day to be known as "World Thrift Day," and it appropriately nominated the last day of the first Congress, i.e., October 31, as the annual date for those celebrations.

Savings Banks the whole world over are therefore endeavoring to make "World Thrift Day" as widely known as possible, and in this world-wide movement the Commonwealth Bank of Australia and the Government Savings Bank of New South Wales are co-operating so far as this State is concerned.

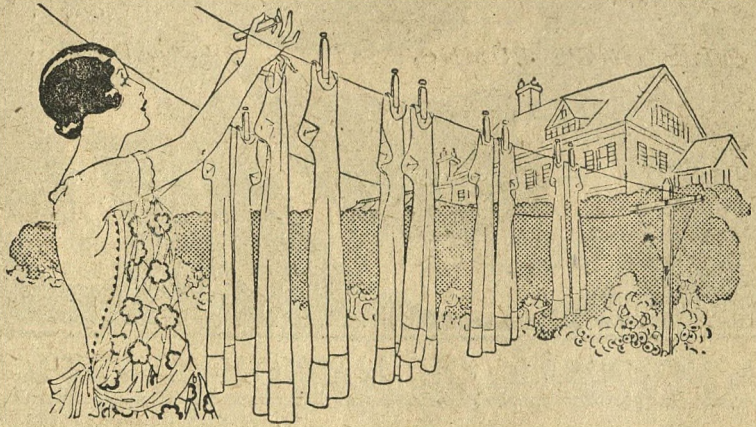
The clergy of all denominations, school teachers, leaders of the Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, and the Boys' Brigade have all been asked to deliver addresses or lectures on the meaning of thrift, its value and desirability as a factor in the formation of character.

What is Thrift? Webster says, "A thriving condition, prosperity, good husbandry, economical management, frugality." The last two ideas are usually the first thought of when the significance of thrift is considered. It should be borne in mind that thrift has a far wider meaning than merely saving money, and can be applied to time, energy and purpose.

A spirit of frugality or economy exhibited in any one of these forms will usually reflect itself more or less in the others, inasmuch as thrift is the result of a mental attitude, in which a sense of care and responsibility is exhibited, and this disposition may operate in many ways.

Thrift is not a natural human instinct, but must be acquired by resolution and cultivated by practice. It involves self-denial of present enjoyment for future good. It enjoys to-day, but has some regard for the wants of to-morrow. People who spend all they earn must always be slaves of time and circumstance. It is impossible that they can be free and independent. The well-known author, Rudyard Kipling, recently said:

"There is nothing fine or funny in throwing away cash on things you don't want merely because the cash is there. I am not a financier, but I do know that a man who has an income, however small, from money he has saved, is free of worry and anxiety for himself, his wife, and his children up to the extent of his savings. It gives him self-respect, a more even temper, and a reason for looking at the future with calm and confidence. Any fool can waste, but it takes something of a man to save, and the more he saves the more of a man does it make him. Waste and extravagance unsteady a man's mind for every crisis; thrift, which means some form of self-restraint, steadies it."



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THE BEST FOR THE NEEDIEST.

THE KING'S BUSINESS AT ST. BARNABAS.

By HELEN GRAHAM.

Instinctively one grew dim-eyed, and a strange ache clutched at the heart chords—an ache that would not die down, for at first sight the picture looked almost inharmonious in its setting, and all the poetry of life seemed to be missing. For dress suits and diamond rings are not worn by the men who foregather Wednesday night after Wednesday night in the Parish Hall of St. Barnabas' Church, Sydney.

And yet, with a closer scrutiny, there grew the conviction of a certain unity, of fitness, a sort of pathetic likeness, and of a certain peculiar significance of the solidarity of the brotherhood of man, characteristic to such a company.

Truly it was a great gathering, a wonderful gathering, full of possibilities, probabilities, problems, tragic histories—a gathering readable and unreadable—except to the Master of Assemblies who had His finger on the pulse of that meeting—utterly diverse in conceptions and creeds, yet all familiar with the trek that leads to that oasis in the desert of their wanderings—"Hammond's men's meeting," where the only password of admission is "Peccavi, peccavi!"

"THE HERE'S TOO-EES."

"Have-beens" and "Ares" were there. (Are you listening in, Messrs. Tooth and Toohey and Resch?) And face after face recited its own story of the hurt and crippling of sin. Men of all ages were there—the lad with the passions of a man, the one whose years should have been vital to the old veteran of seventy odd, who had travelled nearly to the end of the long road that has never been chained and who had found that the devil shows no quarter, even for long and faithful service.

Puzzling to the onlooker was the human enigma in concrete form. What had arteried those lines of bitter disappointment on that hopeless looking face? What had written that baffling look in those almost lustreless eyes? What had bowed the shoulders and greyed the hair of that young man, who had not left his boyhood many years behind him? How were these men caught in the trap of circumstances? Why was the spirit of lawless adventure so strong that they had dared all risks, careless of the implacable consequences? Why did they fail at the crises of life? Why were they so sore harried, so wounded, so stained—why—why—why? (Can you solve the problem, Messrs. Tooth and Toohey and Resch?)

A PLACE OF MIRACLES.

Before the meeting began, at the piano was seated a man old, overtired, well-nigh dispirited, who had gone through every door of experience, and had found himself face to face with the great tragedies of life. Yet with marvellous deftness and rare touch his fingers glided over the notes of the instrument, till the familiar echoing strains of "Auld Lang Syne" filled the room.

What strange memories must have stirred within him! What scenes of the long ago he must surely have experienced as he

thought of the "auld acquaintances" with whom he played over certain chapters of his life's history when his banking balance was £20,000. Yes, it must have been a long trunk call to connect up those memories. And now—now—it's often the Domain at nights, and his sox are not artificially flesh colored, but as near as Nature can paint them.

Oh, thank God for this sanctuary, this city of refuge, this holy of holies, the house of fervent prayer and wide charity, where no barrier is high enough to shut out the warm friendliness that enfolds, where men are made aware of something greater than themselves, and the dignity of manhood is exalted. Thank God for this miracle power house where weakness is transmuted into strength, and men learn to trust God and themselves, and heart pain is eased, and for a brief hour the fungus of evil, the bitter rue of things, the wincing loneliness are forgotten.

How humanely, comradely, almost like "mates of the old platoon" are they treated by their leader, the big-hearted rector, whose one and only business in life is to stand by the faltering wayfarers in the rough pathway, and in the teeth of failure help them fight against fearful odds. His belief in the goodness hidden in every human heart is unquenchable, and never admits of doubt or defeat. His love and royal giving of self are as constant and unwavering as his optimism, which ever sees the vision of a drink-free Commonwealth.

A BAD MAN'S PRAYER.

Surely the ear that is never heavy listened in to every note chorused by those men last Wednesday night. Surely the air waves carried the tones of the "Jubilato Deo" far and wide. For hope, and understanding, and glad assurance flashed into eyes and swept over faces as the voices, harmonious and inharmonious, swelled in "Thus saith my Lord and King—oh be ye reconciled to God," and "Oh praise His name, He lifted me!"

And how intently they listened to the story of "a bad man's prayer"! Was ever congregation so attentive? Hungrily, eagerly, they drank in the gospel record of the dying thief and his petition and answer, and the hush deepened and deepened, till the silence seemed to be tremulous with significance! For this was not shadowy, unreal, fabulous; it was vital, personal, and within the concept of their own lives. It was so easy to vision the arrest, the court house, the verdict, the expiation of the crime. So the story became living and breathed conviction, and held attention from start to finish.

Clearly, emphatically, lovingly, point after point was driven home in an unforgettable way. And it was shown that the foundation facts of prayer are admission of guilt and a "frank honesty" with God regarding the sins committed. "We have sinned . . . and we suffer the due reward . . ." confessed the thief struggling with the death throes. There was no excusing "but" thrown in as a pal-

lative, no pitiful apology as an exoneration, no blaming of environment or heredity, no using of his boon companion as a stalking horse—just an avowal of malefaction and the acknowledgment, "I have sinned, I only am to blame!"

The petition and the answer, "Lord remember me. . . . To-day shalt thou be with me—in Paradise!" Was ever plea wrung from broken, contrite heart under such conditions? The tongue parched and swollen, the ears almost bursting with the pressure, the muscles writhing in agony, the whole body at tension point, the gaping crowd, the atmosphere of hysteria, the Saviour at his weakest, humanely considered. Yet swift and direct as a pistol shot, quick as a heart beat, words were spoken by the World's Sacrifice which fell not only on those straining ears, but which have echoed down the ages and will outlive time itself.

And to that promise the dying thief held on all those pain racked hours; it was for him the only thing stable in the passing world; it was with him in spite of the humiliation and sore agony; it steeled his muscles to endure, till at length senses became drowsed, and the worn and tattered shroud of his body fell away, and his glorified and immortal soul, as the first fruits of the sacrifice offered, entered Paradise that day.

WHAT ARE THE RESULTS?

In the prayer that followed the address the men were led right into the holy of holies, even into the Presence of the Christ of Calvary. And in response to an appeal given for decision and to be prayed for pleadingly, faithfully, the outward and visible token of unconditional surrender was made by the raising of hand after hand, significant of a confession of guilt, and a determination to forsake the old life with its mortal wounds and its sorry harvest of retribution.

* * *

And so, week in week out, these wonderful meetings are held. And with a strange fascination they draw men by the hundreds, till one questions How? Why?

Not alone for the cup of tea and the scone at the close of the service. Mother Earth affords her bosom in the Domain to many as a night shelter. Not alone because of the aching home sickness common to all mankind; not alone because of a community feeling or from force of habit, but surely because of a yearning that strikes at the vitals of consciousness—a yearning for better things, for the regaining of lost manhood, for a better equipment to fight the king of the sensuous kingdom, and be accredited not as a pariah, but rather as one who loves.

And one asks: Is it worth while to hold these meetings? Does the influence last and materialise? Are the results worth the effort? Is there anything realisable, tangible to warrant such expenditure of time and thought? Or are they merely episodes in the lives of these men, and easily detachable from their experience?

(Continued on page 15.)

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WHY WE ABSTAIN BECAUSE GOD SAYS:

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink."

* * * * *

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

PROHIBITION WITHOUT COMPENSATION.

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

Campaign Notes.

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.—COUNTRY PRESS.—CONFERENCE FOLLOW UP.—IN THE FIELD.

Sunday, November 7, it is anticipated will be made a special day in all churches and Sunday Schools by an appropriate Temperance address.

World's Temperance Sunday is observed in every country where there is live Temperance sentiment and any organised efforts to destroy the drink evil. The alcohol drug has been proved to be so dangerous that social reformers and Christian leaders are more determined than ever to follow the lead of the United States in banishing it from their communities. The danger in it was strongly stated by the late Professor Sir Thomas Anderson Stuart, who said that "alcohol was the greatest soul-destroying, body-destroying, nation-destroying substance known."

The life of humanity is the world's greatest concern; alcohol is the greatest danger to human life.

"PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT."

Some members of the Country Press Association resented the criticism of the "Published by Arrangement" anti-Prohibition articles which appear in country newspapers. The President protested to the President of the Alliance.

Mr. Foreman replied to the President of the Association, pointing out that "we have never ceased to protest against the arrangement your Association entered into with the Liquor Traffic, and to the honor of many country newspapers their proprietors have refused to be a party to it, thereby endorsing our attitude in the matter. Amongst many of the others we know there is a growing repugnance to it and a desire to be rid of an arrangement that is not creditable to the standard of journalism they claim for their newspapers. . . . The fact is that these words 'Published by Arrangement,' were adopted only after vigorous protests by the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance against liquor propaganda appearing without any indication that it was other than news, though paid for at advertising rates. While the caption made the arrangement less pernicious, it was never regarded by us as a complete protection for the readers of the newspapers publishing the propaganda."

The members of the Association showed their appreciation of the protest of the Prohibition Alliance by declaring against the arrangement in a resolution given elsewhere.

The President of the Association very rightly referred to the readiness of members of the Association to publish reports of Prohibition meetings. We have frequently publicly acknowledged the fair and generous treatment our speakers have received from the country press when visiting country towns. This was stressed at our recent Conference.

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NEXT STEP OF ELECTION CAMPAIGN.

This is being planned, and in carrying it out the assistance of friends everywhere is desired. Details will be communicated later. In the meantime it is very desirable that the selection of candidates be watched. The publication of the new electorate boundaries clears the situation somewhat. It can be seen that there are many areas in which the Prohibition vote could be made a determining factor.

To miss the opportunity offered here would be disastrous. We must indicate clearly and definitely to political aspirants that the liquor traffic must be dealt with, and that the means to be provided for this purpose shall be thoroughly democratic.

"PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT."

COUNTRY PRESSMEN WILL HAVE NO MORE OF IT.

The Country Press Association carried the following resolution at their recent Conference.

"That no new advertising contracts or renewals of existing contracts of a controversial or propaganda nature be accepted unless clearly and unmistakably marked by the word 'Advertisement' or an accepted abbreviation thereof."

Thus again has truth in journalism and advertising triumphed, and the pernicious publicity of the liquor traffic received a setback.

EDUCATION—AGITATION.

The Prohibition Alliance speakers have been engaged in widely-flung educational efforts.

Rev. H. Putland visited Bathurst, Perthville, Millthorpe, Orange, Dubbo and Coonamble. Mr. Still also was in Bathurst. Mr. Saunders travelled through Wellington, Narromine, Peak Hill, Alectown and Manildra.

In the city addresses were given by Messrs. Richards and Macourt at Undercliffe and Marrickville.

During the previous week our representatives were at Parkes, Forbes, Bogan Gate, Gunningbland, Springhill and at Gunnedah, Curlew, Neutral Bay, Waverley and Castle Hill.

The activity in connection with licensing work continues. Publicans' licenses were refused at Ariah Park, Maryville (Newcastle), and at the corner of Parramatta Road and Great North Road, Five Dock. The Quarter Sessions Appeal Court granted the appeal of objectors against a new hotel license at Thirroul.

Mr. Stitt, writing from Wagga, refers in hopeful terms to his new work. He hopes to be able to take a useful part in rallying the Prohibition forces of the town for a forward campaign. He can be relied upon to do good work there.

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

ward campaign. He can be relied upon to do good work there.

Rev. A. G. Manefield, of the North-West Mission, has arranged a tour of his territory from Narrabri to the Queensland border—17 addresses in 12 days. It will be a splendid opportunity for valuable propaganda work.

CONFERENCE EXCURSION.

In spite of record heat, the Conference Excursion was a happy and successful outing. It was a rally of Prohibitionists that indicated live interest and possibilities for work.

Willing helpers made the arrangements run smoothly and pleasantly. Refreshments, ice cream and music were there and enjoyed.

At Cabarita, where the excursionists landed for an hour and a-half, brief addresses were given by Messrs. J. D. Arkins, M.L.A., Albert Lane, M.L.A., and Crawford Vaughan.

FALSE PROPHETS.

AN ECHO OF THE PAST.

The prophecy of the Licensed Victuallers in opposing Six O'clock Closing, as expressed in their manifesto published in South Australia in March, 1915, should never be forgotten. Here it is:

"We are convinced, from observation and experience, that extremists in any propaganda are dangerous leaders, and altogether unreliable; that some clergy are dividing their congregations on the liquor question by their intemperate zeal; that they are denying the power of the Gospel to save from all sin by asserting that the curtailment of hours of selling alcoholic beverages will save from one form of evil; that the adoption of such a policy is calculated to drive sober and right-thinking members of congregations out of churches, and by so doing injuring the religious life of South Australia."

And that was the Licensed Victuallers' pious sentiments. The trouble is that a few good people are saying much the same thing to-day, and they are not licensed victuallers.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION TO "GRIT" IS 11/-.

"Grit" subscriptions received to 29/10/26, and where not received the amount is 11/-: E. H. Chessell, 30/12/27; H. Pinkerton, 15/-; 30/12/27; Mrs. Carvosso, 19/3, 30/10/26; Brisbane W.C.T.U., 9/3, 30/10/26; Mrs. G. A. Barrett, 24/5/27; Mrs. Gordon Thompson, 30/12/27; Miss Armstrong, 30/12/27; Mrs. Crane, 30/12/27; Mrs. Findley, 10/-, 30/9/27; R. J. McDonald, £2 30/8/30; A. H. Mead, 30/8/27, and 9/- educat.; H. Stelling, 20/-, 30/8/27; Miss Nicholls, 30/10/27.

The following are paid to 30/12/26: J. Housden, W. J. Newman, 12/-; Mrs. Steer, £3; C. Southwell, 7/-; Rev. J. Tarn, Archd. Boyce, 21/-; J. Sharp, J. Laing, H. Westbrook, 21/-; S. A. Bush, 5/6 and 14/6 educat.; Mrs. B. H. Paine.

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Our Objective: The Abolition of the Liquor Traffic.

Our Weapons: Education and Legislative Action.

LESSONS OF THE CONFERENCE.

PROHIBITION ELECTION CAMPAIGN.

"Speak softly, but carry the 'big stick' was a picturesque phrase used by the late President Roosevelt to indicate that sweet reasonableness and force should be close associates in politics. The Prohibition Alliance may speak softly, but it is determined to carry a big stick at the next State elections. At its State Conference, held on 21st and 22nd October, it clearly intimated to political Laodiceans that it was mobilising its forces for the 1928 Campaign, and no quarter would be given to politicians who refuse to trust the people with full Local Option rights, and with the power to adopt Prohibition without Compensation.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

It was further made clear that it was unnecessary to ask aspirants for Parliament to vote for Prohibition. All they were asked to do was to confer upon the electors the untrammelled right to vote on the issue devoted from compensation. It is quite conceivable that an anti-Prohibitionist who stands for government by the people may receive support of the Prohibition forces before an alleged Prohibitionist who declines to give the electors power to determine how they will deal with the liquor traffic.

"MOBILISE THE FORCES FOR GOOD."

The chief work of the Conference lay in its declaration of principles and in its plans of mobilising. These are to be submitted to the Temperance and Social Questions Committees of the Churches at an early date. It is realised that as in America the vertebrae of the whole Prohibition Movement is to be found in the affiliated Churches and other organisations. The function of the Churches indeed is to thread the Movement through with a backbone. The Alliance declared that in establishing local committees throughout the State every member of an affiliated Church or organisation should regard himself or herself as being entitled to the privileges of the membership of such committee. For some time a card index of our supporters in the Churches has been in the course of preparation.

Within electorates the local committees are to be grouped together under an Electorate Committee, the representation as far as possible to be thoroughly representative of the Churches in each locality.

A number of Electorate Committees will then be grouped together into an Area Committee, which, as the organisation develops, it is intended should have a permanent Secretary, Office, etc.

All meetings, the distribution of literature and other educational and Campaign activities will be decentralised as far as possible, the responsibility being cast upon the Electorate and Area Committees.

HOW LIQUOR ORGANISES.

It must be remembered that we have to counter the propaganda of the well-equipped and aggressive liquor organisations. Liquor's local committees are centred in the liquor bars. The local publican is really liquor's local key agent. He carries on his

political activities as part of his business. He contributes to the fighting fund at so much per hogshead. A well-paid Head Staff keeps the wheels well oiled. Propaganda is published in the Country Press under the misleading title of "Published by Arrangement," an insidious travesty of news, against which the Conference most emphatically protested.

On the Prohibition side it is expected, and indeed asked, that the Temperance bodies shall play a greater part for this Righteous Cause than the liquor bars play on the other side. Self-interest is the plea of the brewers to the publican. The public interest and the moral welfare of the people are the Alliance pleas to the ministers and congregations.

THE WINE BARS TO BE ABOLISHED.

The Conference determined upon an immediate Campaign, having for its object the sweeping away of the Wine Saloon, with its tawdry morals and shameful history. It demanded enforcement and law observance.

KEEP CANBERRA DRY.

After Sir Elliot Johnson had given a convincing account of his fight to keep Canberra "dry" a resolution was carried asking for even greater enforcement of the Federal Ordinance.

£20,000 FIGHTING FUND.

It was decided to establish a £20,000 fighting fund to carry out these objects. Plans are now in the course of preparation to start this fund. A Prohibition stamp will shortly be issued, and country centres will probably be asked to consider the holding of Sunshine Fairs in their towns.

LIQUOR'S LAWLESS SATURNALIA.

Mr. Albert Lane made a forcible attack upon liquor lawlessness, and stated that a police inspector had reported that certain wine bars were being used in Sydney for immoral purposes, and that the law had been openly flouted in leading hotels. Mrs. Courtney Smith, whose long and splendid work for the Movement was warmly appreciated, gave her experiences of the shocking conditions under which wine was sold in Sydney. The authorities had, however, taken no action.

A ROYAL COMMISSION TO BE ASKED FOR.

The Conference resolved, on the motion of Rev. R. B. S. Hammond to ask the Government to appoint a Royal Commission to report upon the Liquor Traffic in all its ramifications. It is believed that such a Commission would reveal the lawlessness of liquor, its danger to traffic, the injury to industrial efficiency which is inseparable from liquor, its blighting influence on national life, and the corruption in politics, which is a marked feature of liquor's political power.

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EDUCATIONAL WORK.

Special efforts are to be made to extend the educational work of the Alliance, more especially in the Public Schools, Sunday Schools, Churches, in plants and factories, and in the development of the Flying Squadron.

LOCAL OPTION.

An emphatic protest was entered against the scandalous suspension of the Local Option provisions of the Liquor Act. Mr. Tebbutt pointed out that these rights of the electors had been "suspended" now for 13 years, and would probably be kept in suspense for another five years. The action of legislators was an outrage on democratic government.

TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.

Temperance Sunday, which casts its sunshine upon us on November 7 next, is to the Temperance World what Thanksgiving Day is to U.S.A., a day of prayer and thanksgiving to God. Thanksgiving Day in America was instituted by the Pilgrim Fathers in remembrance of their deliverance from the dangers of their tempestuous passage from the Old World to the New. Temperance Sunday is designed to mark the approaching deliverance of the nations from the evils and horrors of the Liquor Traffic, and the passage of mankind from the Old and Evil World of Liquordom to the New World of National Sobriety and Happiness. Although the voyage is not yet completed the men at the masthead have already sighted "land ahead."

The Liquor Interests, realising their inevitable defeat, are everywhere seeking cover. Preposterous compensation provisions are inserted in liquor legislation in order to prevent Prohibition polls being carried. Polls are deferred for years by political trickery and treachery. The Local Option provisions of our own law have now been "suspended" for 13 years. Every desperate expedient that money can buy to prevent the voice of Democracy being heard on this issue has been adopted by politicians servile to the Liquor Interests. Meanwhile, Prohibition America stands like a mighty rock, against which the surging waves of liquor propaganda have broken for six years in vain. America has written a new Declaration of Independence for mankind; she has accomplished a second emancipation; she has inaugurated the greater Thanksgiving Day—a Day of prayer and thanksgiving for the emancipation of her people from the brutal, corrupt, death-dealing tyranny of a demoralising traffic that still has Australia in its grip.

It is assumed that every Church is to the fore in this celebration on 7th inst.

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PASS "GRIT" ON

A WONDERFUL LABOR DAY.

CRADLE ROBBERS AND MILK SNATCHERS.

By JOE LONGTON, for "Grit."

Mail addressed c/o Vagabondia isn't intended for a place inside America's 12-mile limit. The Battalion of Death hasn't anything to work upon. The drunkard that had the privilege of doing what he liked with his wife and family—huh! There's no such animal. Misery no longer finds utterance in the homes of American workmen.

The voices of the soothing syrup chorus are flat from standing too long—flatter than a pugilist's nose. The cradle robbers (publicans) and milk snatchers have forgotten completely the old days with a precision that some of the American divorce habitues forget their first husband's name. "Wet" Senator "Jim" Reed, the "Senatorial squib" that led the four, the 196 votes suffocated last Congress in favor of the "Drys," has decided to leave the Senate flat on its back. Jim hasn't the privacy of a Zoo monkey. Decency haunts him. His well-stuffed sock would choke a hippopotamus. He got it off the foreign liquor interests, and now flirts with Miss Democracy for the Presidential nomination. If the wounds caused by words never heal, Reed must be one gigantic running sore. Gone for ever are the licensed poisoners that would sell a quatern of gin to a baby learning to walk, or a case of delirium tremens to a 90-year-old great-grandmother, or a bottle of fizz to an open-faced mamma with Swiss movements that did a hula hula dance before a sweaty delegation of cursing, chewing, smoking, spitting galoots that stuffed back parlors where the language and smoke could be cut with a knife and the whole place had the aromatic fragrance of a monkey cage.

Welcome are the prosperous working men and women, the two greatest assets in America to-day. Workers make the money, spend it wisely and well, enjoy it, make life worth while and make more money in the meantime.

Prohibition has proved that there is no wage too high for a working man or woman. For a loafer! Yes! He is a poor workman that cannot earn from £1 to £4 an eight-hour day in America. Without Prohibition Australia is sans the key to the game. A drunkard nation cannot eject slavery from its system. The pub lies between the workman's home life and the pay window. He's half himself and the other half belongs to some publican. He's a half-time man. His brain is functioning well if it hits on two instead of the whole four. Half his energy,

home environment, home government belongs to the Grim Reaper. The Battalion of Death that waylays him, not only between his home and his work, but on every corner, anywhere, so as the pubs wedge the merchant in tight and get first crack at the wage-earners' wages.

Mr. Merchant, how many pubs have you wedged in?

The following excerpts are from the American press on Labor Day, 1926.

The "wet" magazine, "Liberty":

"In the United States this is Labor's epoch, as well as its day. The day is dedicated to Union Labor, but Labor, organized and unorganized, has reason to celebrate, and to return thanks for the prosperity of the worker in America, a prosperity for which a sane, sound, and more tolerant attitude of Labor and Capital toward each other is largely contributory.

"Certainly American workers in some groups deserve better pay; but when the laboring man of the United States (who knows more about practical political economy than any working group in the world knows) compares himself and his condition of living with that of toilers of other countries, he cranks his flivver and feels pretty well satisfied.

"It might be better; but we have come through the greatest war the world ever knew and the most drastic reconstruction period without hunger or bankruptcy, and rallied to a sound economic condition that has placed Labor on a firmer and more promising footing than Labor in any land at any time ever has had.

"Wages in France, Italy, Belgium, and Germany, and even in Britain, show a slight improvement. In spite of this improvement, the United States leads by far. The average American family earns 1454.93 dollars a year. On the purchasing power of his earnings the American worker receives a third more than his French or Italian brother, and even more in comparison with the British laborer, who faces low wages and higher costs.

"One sees the skilled pressman, machinist, automobile worker in oily dungarees, face and arms black, and may feel like calling him a poor, downtrodden wage slave. Try it now and you may get a bust on the jaw. The worker completes his job in six or seven hours, or less, goes to the locker room, takes a shower, changes his clothes, and emerges,

wearing just as good and as well made clothing as his employer does. Usually he presents a finer figure of a man than the boss. The worker jumps into his car, steps on the gas, and honks for the boss' car to pull out and let him pass, as he is in a hurry to get to his suburban home.

"It would be fitting for the American laboring men to hold a Labor Day parade in their own cars. They are pretty well satisfied with themselves and with their lot—especially when they compare themselves with their fellows in other lands.

"Let them parade, if they're not out on the links. And let the white-collar workers, farmers, professional men, and merchants doff hats when the parade passes, for upon their brawny shoulders rests the burden of improving still further the condition of all of us in the United States."

Oakland "Tribune," September 6, 1926:

"To-day Labor does not ask for condescension. It stands four-square upon its own feet, knowing well, and knowing that all men know that the foundation of civilized institutions and the basis for human happiness and prosperity is the work which men do.

"On this Labor Day there is a better, kindlier feeling among men engaged in industry—owner, manager, worker. As James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, put it, there is recognition of the force of that apt illustration: 'Two moose, leaders of their herds, once met in deadly combat. To-day their locked antlers, mute evidence of the futility of antagonism and strife, lie bleaching on the plains. Industry realises that the thing is not to lock horns and die, but to lock arms and live in industrial peace and amity.'

"The material proof of the American workers' prosperity is shown in the gains during the past four years of two and a half billion dollars in savings accounts. More than eighteen million automobiles are owned by our people, most of whom are workers. The forty-four and a half billion dollars of life insurance which they held in 1921 has been increased to over sixty-five billion; more and better homes are being built and owned by more workers than at any time in the world's history."

"A WET ADMINISTRATION."

Representative Bertrand H. Snell, Republican, of the Thirty-first New York district, declared to-day after a week-end visit with President Coolidge:

"Prosperity is widespread the country over," Snell declared, "and is the only thing the people are really interested in. President Coolidge," he added, "is more interested in it at the present time than in any other one thing, and he wants to see an administration that will continue that prosperity."

"Wet" Arthur Brisbane in the San Francisco "Examiner" said on 9/9/26:

"Fifty years ago fewer than two million women worked for pay in the United States.

"Half of them were in domestic service. Now 9,000,000 women are engaged in gainful occupations."

Mr. Brisbane said of our Miss Beryl Mills a lot of nice "apple sauce," and suggested that she marry a Yank and have a lot of children in America.

No, dear Arthur. We have better men in Australia than you have in America, and Beryl's going to marry one of them, and the children are going to be Aussies. Australians are realising the great future there is in store for Australia, and they're not leaving a good country to look for better. You might be able to refresh your knowledge box from Homer, Chaucer, Socrates and Diogenes, but it's evident that a trip to Australia would broaden your practicability. We sent Miss Beryl Mills across as proof positive that Australians do not dress in 'possum skins, and that they "speeka da Engleesh ver' weel." I'd advise you to give her the once over. Put that in your pipe, Art, and take a long juicy suck at it.

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GOVERNMENT



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LINING UP FOR PROHIBITION.

Great Church Gatherings Enthusiastically Reaffirm Their Support of the Law and Call for Stronger Enforcement.

(By OMAR HITE, in the "Christian Herald.")

Wet propagandists are conducting a vigorous and determined offensive and doing everything in their power to make it appear that the country generally is dissatisfied with Prohibition. They have succeeded in making a tremendous amount of noise, and in the next few months they undoubtedly will make a lot more. But noise is the sum total of their achievement to date. That they have succeeded in changing the views of any considerable number of voters is unthinkable. The forces responsible for national Prohibition remain unshaken. Despite the wet talk that Prohibition was "put across by a fanatical minority," the dry forces constituted an overwhelming majority when the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted and the Volstead Act passed. They are overwhelmingly in the majority to-day.

That the Protestant Churches of the United States are not weakening in the slightest in their support of Prohibition was shown in the four great church gatherings which met in the latter half of May. Each of these assemblages expressed its unqualified and enthusiastic support. No voice was raised on behalf of the wets' plea for modification of the Volstead Act. The votes were unanimous for upholding and reinforcing the existing laws. And this is the strength which these gatherings represented:

Southern Baptist Convention, 3,600,000 members.

Southern Methodist General Conference, 2,500,000 members.

Northern Baptist Convention, 1,500,000 members.

Northern Presbyterian General Assembly, 1,800,000 members.

These four bodies alone represent more than 9,400,000 persons, by far the greater number of them voters. And it is safe to assume that the percentage of those who disagree with their leaders on this issue is negligible. In the Presidential election of 1924, the total number of votes cast was 29,091,417. These four gatherings list only those which chanced to meet within a period of two weeks, and thus afford a dramatic illustration of the way in which the churches are rallying for Prohibition.

June started off with three other notable Church assemblages going on record emphatically for Prohibition—the United Presbyterian General Assembly at Sharon, Pa., the General Synod of the Reformed Church in America at Philadelphia, and the General Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States at Holland, Mich. Every general denominational meeting brings a reaffirmation.

What the great mass of American women think about Prohibition was strikingly exemplified on June 1 at the Atlantic City Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, representing 3,000,000 women. A resolution strongly endorsing Prohibition was offered, and its reading was scarcely finished before scores of delegates cried "I second it," amid hearty cheering.

"Shall I ask for a unanimous second?" the presiding officer asked.

"Yes, yes," the women shouted, and the resolution was adopted without a dissenting voice. It reads:

"Whereas, there has been much discussion during the sixty-ninth session in both halls of Congress regarding modification of the Volstead Act, and whereas, there is pronounced political activity in the States re-

garding this important question, therefore be it resolved that the General Federation renew its unequivocal stand taken at the Chautauqua and Los Angeles biennials for local and uncompromising support of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act."

The Southern Methodist General Conference at Memphis called for greater determination by Government officials in enforcing the prohibitory laws. "We must positively insist," said the resolutions "that when men openly flaunt their determination to violate any law of our country the Government must suppress anarchy and compel obedience to law regardless of cost." The Southern Baptist Convention at Houston was equally emphatic in upholding Prohibition.

An aggressive address by Wayne B. Wheeler before the Northern Baptist Convention in Washington was followed by a unanimous endorsement of the Anti-Saloon League of America as "the interdenominational agency for fighting the liquor traffic." Mr. Wheeler gave warning that the wets would conduct a hard drive during the closing days of Congress, but declared "those wet bills have no more chance than a crippled grasshopper in a pen of turkeys."

Earlier the Convention had adopted resolutions which point out the course for the individual church member:

"Resolved, that we most earnestly appeal to our people as Christian, patriotic and law-abiding citizens to show by their attitude and conduct a real passion for law obedience and law enforcement and a determination to safeguard our great charter of freedom at all times; and be it further

"Resolved that we demand in no uncertain way that all public officials, especially our Senators and Representatives in Congress, use their powers in the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, remembering that it is a part of the fundamental law of the land and was adopted by the largest majority ever given for any amendment; and be it further

"Resolved that we will, as individuals by influence and example, uphold the laws of our land and use the privilege of the ballot to bring about this most needed reform, and that we will pray and work earnestly to the end that the liquor traffic may be entirely uprooted in our land and throughout the world."

A mass meeting at Baltimore under the auspices of the Presbyterian General Assembly was featured by a fighting address by Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, which newspaper observers immediately characterized as placing him in the forefront of possibilities for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1928. That Senator Borah, as a crusading Prohibitionist, would be a formidable contender was the view of keen politicians.

Senator Borah not only bitterly attacked the liquor traffic as a curse to the human family, but assailed the wets who are campaigning for so-called liquor referendums in various States.

"The supreme test of a free Government," he said, "is the right of the people to write and unwrite its Constitution and its laws. The supreme test of good citizenship is to obey the Constitution and the laws when written. To disregard our Constitution, to evade it, to nullify it, while still refusing to change it, is to plant the seeds of des-

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truction in the heart of the nation—is to confess before the world that we have neither the moral courage nor the intellectual sturdiness for self-government.

"If the people want to take the Eighteenth Amendment out of the Constitution in the only constitutional way it can be taken out, if they want to turn this problem back to the States, and believe that to be the wiser course, that is their unquestioned right. But so long as it stands, speaking for myself, I would kick into the waste basket any referendum which would compromise either in letter or in spirit with its execution.

"If this scheme could be put into effect, forty-eight States would construe the Federal Constitution, and the Federal authorities would have to accept the forty-eight constructions. We might have forty-eight different standards of intoxicating liquor and forty-eight different methods of determining intoxicating liquor. Each State would have the right to ship its brand of liquor into every other State.

"The Federal Government would be placed in the position of conniving at this condition and compelled to sit silent and supine while confusion reigned supreme over the prostrate and discredited form of the Federal Constitution. Although the Federal Government is the defender and the interpreter of the Federal Constitution, it is by this programme to be called upon to abdicate, to surrender and leave all to the States. This is constitutional anarchy.

"If this referendum interrogatory has any meaning at all, it is that every State shall determine for itself its own construction of, and obligation to the Constitution of the United States, and that construction is to bind the Federal Government.

"That doctrine was shot to death at the Battle of the Wilderness. A reunited and disenthralled and happy nation has put it behind us for all time. Now what these advocates of the referendum want, when they speak candidly and plainly, is the right to sell and transport intoxicating liquor. What they want is to transfer the control of this question to the States, and these things they want to do by nullifying the Constitution instead of amending it.

"The vote of the people upon the issue should not exempt candidates and leaders from declaring their positions upon this question. A candidate who has no conviction upon this question and no position to announce before the election will likely betray both sides after the election. The people are entitled to have the views and the judgment of those to whom they are asked to entrust great public responsibility. This, and all other great problems of State, demand men with convictions before as well as after the election."

(Continued on page 12).

A Personal Chat with my readers

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE TO DRINK?

The hot weather has arrived, and many times a day we feel like a drink, and more frequently than usual we say or someone says, "What will you have to drink?"

Now, drink plenty of water at all times is a good rule. In the morning a glass of water with half a lemon squeezed into it is an excellent thing.

The orange drink places that have sprung up throughout our city are worthy of patronage, for they are serving a very splendid health as well as social service. Sipping is always better than gulping, and the simpler drinks from fruit juices are most likely to be healthful and thirst quenching. Dr. W. A. Evans is the special writer on health topics in the Chicago "Tribune." On July 27 last he wrote:

"The insurance companies have learned that the drinking habit lessens the span of life. With them the question is one of dollars and cents. Emotions and prejudice play no part. Furthermore, their opinion is not based on exceptional individuals. They arrive at their conclusions by studying the life histories of many million people. When it comes to a matter of this importance no one insurance company depends on its own experience alone. All insurance companies pool their figures, and in that way not only do they rule out conclusions based on small numbers, but they get rid of variations due to sectional and racial influences.

"Plainly enough, here is a field in which no insurance company can afford to 'kid' itself. Using this 100 base line as normal, steady, free users of alcoholic beverages have a death rate which at its worst reaches 218, or nearly two and a half times the normal.

"Statistics on drinking have been objected to because there was no certain way of knowing just how much insured men drank. This chart covers the question by three curves. One is labelled 'steady free user, conservative interpretation'; another, 'steady free user, liberal interpretation,' and the third is an average or midway curve made by combining the first and second. This third curve, probably the fairest of the group, shows that after one year of insured life drinkers have a death rate that is five per cent. above the normal; at the end of two years, fifteen per cent.; three years, twenty-four per cent.; four years, thirty-two per cent.; five years, forty per cent. It remains at or above forty per cent. over normal until the insurance has been carried twelve years. At fourteen years it is twenty-four per cent. above normal. After that it continually mounts, to reach seventy per cent. above normal in the twentieth year of insurance."

This settles the question of what not to drink.

Some things the other fellow does I AM are emphatically wrong, but the way BUT! I do them makes them excusable.

In some such form we, many of us, permit quite a number of strange things. It is quite right to hug a girl in public, no matter how compromising the attitude, so long as it is set to music, but it is all wrong if the jazz has ceased.

How the music affects the morality or danger of it is hard to say, but "society" accepts it. A "lady" may stroll round in a one-piece suit, which hides nothing, so long as she is within the sound of the waves, but in the house or the inland suburb it would be too shocking for words.

A "lady" may wear a dress without sleeves and freely expose her body, but it is indecent only if she has not removed the hair from beneath her arms.

Wonderful, isn't it? We certainly do humbug ourselves, and our social customs are undoubtedly quite without sense or morality.

In his 'Life of Sir William Hartley,' Dr. A. S. Peake includes a capital story, with which Archbishop Magee once delighted the House of Lords. When he was a vicar, one Sunday morning, after service an infuriated parishioner came into the vestry and said: "I wish to inform you, sir, of an outrage which has been inflicted on me this morning. When I came into church I found a stranger sitting in my pew. I had too much regard for religion, sir, and for the House of God, to have him turned out—but I took the liberty, sir, of sitting on his hat!" Too much of a Christian to turn him out, not enough of a Christian to welcome him or extend to him religious hospitality. Too much in awe of God to say anything, and yet quite free to spoil a man's hat and feel satisfaction in doing so. It makes me wonder if any of us ever faced our besetting piece of humbug.

* * *

A stir has been caused by the MODERN publication of an outspoken DANCING letter by the Archdeacon of Adelaide (the Rev. J. S. Moyes), addressed to the mothers of the community, on what he considers to be the immoral tendencies of present-day dancing habits. The sincere and temperate protest made by Mr. Moyes has not been challenged in any way; indeed, he has been vigorously supported. The Archdeacon is by no means a kill-joy or an extremist of the Puritan type. Mr. Moyes appeals to the mothers to safeguard their daughters, because "dancing has become associated with lax behavior and the

GRIT

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NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION.

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

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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

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

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, NOV. 4, 1926.

free use of intoxicants, resulting in unresistance, immorality, and misconduct generally." He goes on to assert that at times girls are made half drunk, and are then despoiled of some at least of their all-too-scanty raiment. It is feared that Archdeacon Moyes has good evidence upon which to base his arguments, and that only recently disgraceful scenes have been witnessed at public and semi-public dances.

There is no exception to this in any part of the world. The father is as much to blame as the mother, and the girl is too often a willing victim.

It is possible that she does not understand how much she incites hot-blooded youth or the jaded roue, but the fact remains she is far more provocative than ordinary men can resist. Many a slip of a girl is responsible for a big slip of a man, and since she is largely to blame, how can she complain if she pays the bigger price?

The following resolution was carried last week at a meeting of representatives of the Catholic Secondary Schools' Association, presided over by Archbishop Kelly, at St. Mary's Cathedral Presbytery:

"That this meeting of the Catholic Secondary Schools' Association protests against the introduction of improper professional dancing at social gatherings, and stresses the necessity of watchfulness and precaution on the part of organisers of Catholic gatherings. In like manner, we protest and caution all concerned regarding the practice of supplying intoxicating drinks on such occasions."

That this should be passed by a church that has always favored and promoted dancing is most significant, and should prove an effective condemnation of this craze which designing men are exploiting with great success.

The Editor

REV. W. P. NICHOLSON AT AUBURN.

Impressions of the Mission, by Rev. F. A. Reed, Rector of St. Phillips' Church, Auburn.

After two able articles from the pens of the Revs. John Waugh, B.A., and Cleugh Black there seems little left to relate. However, I heartily endorse all that these two writers have written in praise of Mr. Nicholson and his work. My own experience, as from a Church of England Minister's standpoint, may be useful in helping to clear up some of the false impressions about the missionary and his work that were created at the outset of his advent in New South Wales by a certain section of the daily press. As a result of the press reports of the Goulburn mission I felt, like many others, no doubt, inclined to sever my connection with the local Mission Committee and have nothing further to do with Mr. Nicholson or his work. Reflecting that it was hardly "playing the game" to take such action merely on the strength of a press report I decided to go on, with a fixed determination to withdraw from the mission at the first sign of any words or actions on the part of Mr. Nicholson that would seem to be in accord with what one had heard. Mr. Nicholson's first meeting completely reassured me, and writing just after the twenty-fifth day of the mission I feel that I cannot find words that will express my appreciation of and gratitude for the missionary and his work. In the first place, one learns to love Mr. Nicholson for his absolute fearlessness in preaching the Gospel. He is an eloquent preacher and a clever expositor of the Scriptures. While he denounces in the strongest terms all manner of hypocrisy and religious humbug in the individual, no matter what particular Church label he may bear, yet to the Churches themselves he is always strictly fair and often complimentary.

In the second place, one soon learns to love the man himself. Entirely surrendered to the service of his Master, he is without the slightest trace of self-seeking. The writer has more than once met travelling evangelists who were hindered by a considerable sense of their own importance; who were unhappy if not in the limelight, puffed up, bumptious individuals. There is a complete absence of anything of this kind about Mr. Nicholson. During twenty-five days of close association with him I have never seen him other than in a happy frame of mind. His cheery laugh and kindly smile make everyone at ease in his presence. Quite apart from the high regard one has for Mr. Nicholson on account of the skill and fearlessness with which he delivers the Gospel message there is constantly deepening regard for the man himself, as a humble, sincere follower of his Master, kindly and considerate to all.

These impressions would be indeed incomplete if no mention were made of Mrs. Nicholson, who is a splendid helpmate to her husband in his work for the Lord. Every night in the inquiry tent Mrs. Nicholson has been at work amongst the women. Her services have been invaluable. No matter how late the hour Mrs. Nicholson has stayed on with the one needing help, and with her spirit-given tact and wisdom has helped many a sister into the kingdom. Mr. Nicholson has also the assistance of Miss Nicholson, his elder daughter, who officiates at the piano when the regular accompanist is absent, and also helps in the inquiry room, and of his only son "Bill," a bright born again laddie, who is always on hand eager to help in any way that offers. Allison, too, Mr. Nicholson's

youngest child, is always present—the whole family on the Lord's side. What a splendid witness this is! An indisputable testimony surely to the genuineness of Mr. Nicholson's profession. Those who see most of him and know him best are at one with him in the Lord's service.

For the first 13 days of the mission Mr. Nicholson was occupied with the Lord's own people endeavoring to lead them into the fullness of the Christian life through the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and no doubt many found a satisfaction and peace of mind to which they had hitherto been strangers. During this period no after meetings were held, nor did the missionary call for decisions. One feels that this was a wise arrangement. We must put our own house in order before we can be in a position to influence others for Christ. For the last eleven nights a definite appeal has been made each evening to unregenerate sinners, an after-meeting being held. During this time one hundred and eighty-four persons have entered the inquiry room for help, some being back-sliders who have re-consecrated their lives to Christ, but the majority there who have been born anew into the kingdom. Every Sunday night the "Canvas Cathedral" has been quite full, upwards of 1200 people being present. On week nights the attendance, which has been between 500 and 600, is steadily growing. To-night, the 25th night of the mission, the attendance was the largest we have had on a week night, and the interest is growing. Each evening will see an increasing number present. Auburn has indeed been richly blessed, and hundreds, including the writer, are profoundly thankful to our Heavenly Father for sending His servant amongst us. The Nicholson Mission will be a never-to-be-forgotten experience in the lives of those who have been brought to know the Lord Jesus and an ever-grateful memory to all the Lord's people. Yes! thank God a thousand times over for W. P. Nicholson.

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Milk Instead of Beer for Present-Day Workmen.

A resident of one of Chicago's North Shore suburbs sees in the fact that the milkman has taken over the brewery-waggon driver's business one of the clearest signs of progress in the operation of the Prohibition law. In a letter to the "Christian Science Monitor," she says: "Throughout the years preceding the legal prohibition of the use of intoxicating liquors I was, as a child, familiar daily with the sight of waggons of beer companies stopping before houses in the course of construction. The workmen on these places all purchased beer from the waggon-driver, and cases of empty beer bottles were always about the premises of new buildings. Since Prohibition I have seen a great change for the better in this respect. All the workmen—carpenters, masons, etc.,—now patronise the milkman. Instead of the repulsive red-faced driver of a beer waggon seen in my childhood days, I now see the active driver of a waggon carrying wholesome food, doing business with the workmen. Two houses are under construction across the street from me. Each morning the milkman, after leaving our house, crosses the street and calls, 'Well, boys, how many bottles to-day?' It looks to me, from my side of the street, that each man buys a quart of milk. This to me is real progress.

"Also another phase of progress is the number of good-looking automobiles belonging to the workmen. Such a sight as seven or eight machines standing throughout the day along the curbing, their owners working on the construction job close by, was never possible before Prohibition."

Drinking Water.

The greatest female player of tennis is Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, of France. The world has never produced her equal. In her admirable book, entitled "Lawn Tennis for Girls," she says: "My diet is normal. I drink no wine or alcoholic drinks of any kind, and I go to bed early."

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SERMON BY W. P. NICHOLSON.

Rom. 3:19-31, "That their mouth may be stopped." If you have a good word to say for yourself you are not ready for salvation. The first thing we have to learn is that we are guilty before God, and then shut up (as we Irish would say).

Verse 27: "No one is saved part of works and part of grace, part of works and part of faith in Christ." It is one of the biggest lies that came from the devil. God does not forgive you because you do the best you can. God forgives you because there is no hope for you in heaven, hell or earth, but He forgives because of His matchless grace.

Verse 29: Whether we are Jews or Gentiles, Church of England, or Presbyterians, or Salvation Army or Baptist, God is no respecter of persons, and there is only one way that God justifies a man or woman, and that is the way of grace, and grace alone.

I want to turn your attention to the most objectionable truth, the most insulting doctrine to the natural man (or the unsaved man).

Rom. 3:22, "There is no difference." During these nights I have been showing you from God's Word the biography of the unsaved man, condemned already, and the wrath of God abiding on him. There are some of you here to-night who will say "That might be true of some, but not of me." But just listen, just listen to God's Word, "There is no difference." There is not one person here to-night who does not want to justify themselves. We would say, "Thank God I am not as other people are; not like that publican down there." This is the attitude of the natural man, but the Word of God levels all distinctions, whether social or otherwise, all natural distinctions, all religious distinctions. There is no difference between you as a respectable church member, yet unregenerate, and the greatest drunkard; one may have been better educated than the other, one may have been born in a better family, but these are mere accidents of birth. To get right down to real facts, you came into the world just by ordinary birth, just the same as the harlot's child. There is not one way for a king's son to be born and another for the poor man's son. We are all born in the same way. There is no difference in sickness; it comes to rich and poor—no difference between the death of the poor and the rich. The Archbishop dies, old people die, young people die, Presbyterians die, Church of Christ people die, Roman Catholics die, sick people die, rich people die, poor people die, drunkards die, sober people die. Jesus died too, and rose victorious o'er the tomb. When there is an earthquake it shakes the house of the poor, just the same as the rich; the crockery will rattle just the same in both houses. And when it comes to the matter of our standing before God, there is no difference either. In Christ, all alike, can have salvation, pardon, peace and the hope of glory. Do not be offended at Christ. Why should you be offended at Christ? Just because He says "There is no difference"? No difference between the good woman and the harlot, and the king's son and the poor man's son. You may not accept this, but it is still the truth of God, the Word of God—"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." It is not only one statement in the Word of God, but it is the teaching of the whole Bible. You may argue as to whether Eve was to blame, or Adam to blame, but God said "There is no difference." You have both sinned, and He put them both out of the Garden. God

is no respecter of persons. You get up to Calvary's Hill and you see three Crosses. What do you find? There is evidently the judgment of God upon the three crosses—the whole three. There is no difference between those three crosses. The condemned people are evidently all guilty, guilty to the same extent, worthy of death. Two of them were sinners, and the other One was a Saviour. He was not a sinner, but sin was upon Him. And then, when every opportunity has gone for ever to be saved, and the final judgment comes and the ungodly will be taken, there will be no difference then, rich and poor, good and bad, queens, kings and priests, harlots and drunkards, good-moral people, but with no time for Christ—there will be no difference. You may hope there is a difference here, but you will know there is no difference there. When you get to hell you will not be able to tell a drunkard from a sober man, or a good woman from a harlot. Would not it be better to humble yourself now and come under the power of the cleansing blood and have distinction wiped out now than have the distinction wiped out in hell? We have, every one of us, been born in sin, and every one of us has a bad heart. Some people think that children come into the world with a good heart. But everything after its own kind. You are a sinner, and you cannot expect a saint to be born. Everything after your kind. You are born of corruptible seed. You sow corn, and you do not expect to see carrots grow; you expect the fruit after the seed—kind after its own kind. We are all born of corruptible seed, and so we have a heart that is deceitful and desperately wicked. It is true of all. It is not true of some, and true of others; it is true of all—all. Your heart is the same heart as anybody's. Your heart is no different to the heart of the murderer in the penitentiary. No difference between your heart and the heart of the harlot in the street, church-member, whoever you are. You say, "I have never been drunk; I have never mixed with lust." Well, thank God for that; thank God for it. But perhaps, my friend, you have never been placed in the same circumstances. How would you act if you were in the same circumstances? A murderer is not a murderer when he has committed the murder. No, he is a murderer in his heart, before he committed it. There was a man at one of the meetings I was conducting in England, and he got real mad with me for preaching along these same lines; he did not believe it, would not believe it—but when that man got home, some serious circumstances arose and he got absolutely mad at his wife and broke her skull. And he was hanged within 60 days of that meeting. You say you have a trained conscience. Yes, that is the only difference between you and the murderer. They have only got a conscience that has been seared, but the heart has not been changed. Your heart and their heart is just the same. My word, what are you not capable of?—only your conscience convicts you. So you see your heart is the same. Many a man and woman are kept right by the fear of public opinion. Thank God for a healthy public opinion. But even if you are kept right by the fear of public opinion, you still have the same kind of a heart as the other fellow. Then some people are kept right by policemen. If the police were removed and all authority taken away—oh, what would Sydney be like? What would Sydney be like? There was a time when Boston went mad; that great city went quite mad when the fear of consequences, the fear of the

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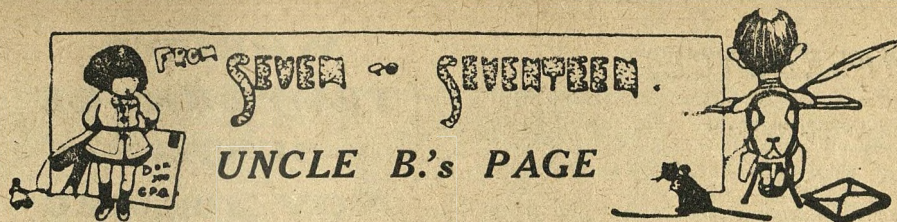
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law, the fear of punishment was removed. Boston went mad, fires were deliberately lighted, sin was committed openly and blatantly; the madness was appalling on every hand—it was a time when the fear of after-punishment was removed. Thank God for the policemen. We are every one of us born with a bad heart. We delight in sin, revel in sin and desire sin. There is no difference, because all have sinned. Some have sinned more deeply than others. Is there a man or woman here to-night who has never sinned, never sinned in thought, word, or deed? How many sins make a sinner? How many lies make a liar? One only. One man tells only one lie and another man tells 1000 lies; but they are both liars, although one is a greater liar than the other. How many sins make a sinner? One sin. God always deals with the fact of sin; you have sinned and come short of the glory of God. It does not matter what you may be, who you may be; there is no difference—we have all sinned, all sinned and come short of God's glory. We have all sinned, and come short of the glory of God. Your standard and mine is not the standard of public opinion. My measurement is not the measurement of another. Christ is God's standard. Have you come up to the standard of Christ? Is there any man who can say, who will dare to say, "I live as He lived"? Not one of us could do that. Well then, we come short. One man might come shorter than another, but they have both come short. It is like this: Suppose a man advertised for recruits who were to be 6ft. in height. I was one of those recruits, and there were a lot more fellows there who hoped to be the lucky one. I watched them go in one by one to get measured, and as they came out looking crestfallen, I said "I knew you would not be successful; you are far too short. Why look at me, I'm 'just it'!" So they went in one by one, and all came out looking downhearted, and at last my turn came. I stepped boldly up to be measured, as confident as anyone, and lo! I was told to "Get out, you're one inch too short. Get out." [So I go out looking downhearted

(Continued on page 15.)



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.

MOSQUITOES.

Most of us would not mind their bite so very much if they did not make such a song about it. Their buzz annoys us more than their sting hurts us. They are such little things, and one little smack knocks them into smithereens.

I wonder if you know that they are more dangerous than a lion? Lions have killed a few hundred people, but the "skeeter" has killed many thousands. It was the mosquito that defied the French nation and wasted millions of her money and thousands of lives of Frenchmen at the Panama Canal. It was not until a wise American conquered the mosquito that the great and wonderful Panama Canal was built.

Dr. Everitt Atkinson, M.A., M.D., D.P.H., Commissioner of Public Health in Western Australia, has written a delightful little book called "Hygienic Jingles." They are just fine. Listen to what he says about "Mr. Skeeter":

Now most of you, no doubt, regard mosquitoes as a pest
That causes inconvenience and interferes with rest;
But they're a public danger quite apart from buzz or bite,
For definite disease they carry, in the silent night.

Yellow-Jack, malaria, and dengue fever, too,
Filaria (a tiny worm), they put inside of you:
And these convey from man to man while of his blood they suck;
So when a "skeeter's" biting you, you never know your luck.

In countries where these plagues occur, both health and lives are lost;
In millions both of men and gold have nations paid the cost,
Until the light of science shed its ever-brightening ray
Upon this wily insect, and his ill-deeds did betray.

And now he is an outcast of the very deepest dye,

To whom all human sympathy and love we must deny.

We owe it to ourselves and ours, and to the public health,

To exterminate these little pests by fair means or by stealth.

So, would you be a member of the safety-first brigade,

Then into every shallow with a spray-pump you must wade,

And kill with kerosene or other oil those wriggling things,

That soon become the terror that around you nightly sings.

You must seek them in the puddles of the garden and the yard,

The horse-trough and the rain-tank that has no mosquito-guard,

In discarded tins and bottles that have caught a little rain,

In the wash-tub, in the well, and in the traps upon the drain.

In vases you've forgotten, in the hollows of a tree,

In pedestal or cistern of the household W.C.,
The tray that takes the overflow from ice-box or from tap,

In any stagnant water anywhere upon the map.

You must empty out the water that no useful purpose serves,

And frequently renew it where utility deserves,

You must fill up holes and hollows where it naturally lies,

And guard the tanks with wire-gauze of "skeeter" stopping size.

If there's no stagnant water where the pest can lay its eggs,

There won't be any wrigglers to develop wings and legs,

And there won't be any "skeeters" on the innocent to seize

And make them sorry victims of mosquito-borne disease.

OUR LETTER BAG.

GOING FOR A BURSARY.

Rita Barrett, Wallerawang, writes: I suppose I am on the scallywag list. If I am, please cross my name off. My brother Herman has been in bed sick for nine days; he has only been up three days. We have a new schoolmaster now. Our other teacher has got three months' leave, so this one will teach till Christmas holidays. The Scripture Union is held on Tuesday now. There is a Women's Guild held on Wednesday afternoons at the Rectory. Sunday school is still held in the Rectory. The Women's Guild is holding a bazaar next month. I am going for my bursary this year. There are only three children going for the bursary, and seven are going for the High School exam.

(Dear Rita,—I wonder do you know that a bursar was the treasurer of a college, and a bursary was a treasury? So a scholarship, "a little treasury for learning," came to be called a bursary. We all hope you win. Be sure to let me know.—Uncle B.)

THE HOSPITAL.

Edna Goddard, 26 Alfred-street, Mascot, writes: I have been in the hospital and have had a tumor under my right arm. I had eleven stitches in it. Our family went to Fox Ground for three days and came home on Eight-Hour night. But I never went with them; I stayed with my Grandma and went to Manly on Eight-Hour Day. While we were there a motor lorry with some campaigners came down beside the beach and played and sang. I thought they spoke very well. They were giving Testaments away to the people. I went up to Homebush to see my Grandma. During Boys' Week the Ly-

ceum had a special Sunday for the Boy Scouts, Gould League of Bird Lovers, and the Canterbury High School.

(Dear Edna,—Whatever would we do without the hospital? What do the millions of unfortunate people do who live in heathen lands and have no hospitals? A little freckle-faced girl was once collecting for the hospital on the Milson's Point wharf, and I just smiled at her box and would have passed on. I excused myself that I had many urgent cases to give to. She smiled and said, "You may need to go to a hospital yourself some day." I felt it would be dreadful if there was not one ready for me, so I "shelled out." I expect you found them both kind and clever at your hospital.—Uncle B.)

GROWING.

Albert Gerlach, c/o Nyberg's Store, Brown's Bay, Auckland, N.Z., writes: I expect I am well on the "black list" by now, but please excuse me as we have been very busy adding to our house. The last two days have been very wet here, and it is still raining heavily. Brown's Bay is situated on the Hauraki Gulf, about twelve miles north of Auckland. We have a good bus service to Devonport, two separate companies competing for the passengers. We have three general stores, a butcher's shop, and a fancy goods shop here. An up-to-date picture theatre and cabaret have recently been completed here, and pictures are shown every Saturday and dances on Wednesdays. At Christmas time programmes will be held more often. A new concrete bridge is being built across the creek on the main road in place of the old wooden one on account of the increased motor traffic. There are about 500 houses down here at present, and about 50 are residing here permanently. There were about 1500 people here last Christmas, and 2000 are expected this year.

(Dear Albert,—I am glad you have not quite forgotten me. Brown's Bay is certainly growing wonderfully. I wish I knew the secret of making things grow. For instance, how can I make "Grit" grow? It grows older; I think it grows better; it grows more expensive to produce; it grows harder to get advertisers, but how can I make it grow in circulation? Now answer that Chinese puzzle.—Uncle B.)

A CHAMPION.

Lila Arnett, Ferndale, Thora, via Bellingen, writes: It is very dry here now, and hot in the day and cool at night, and there are bush fires all around us. If it does not soon rain our school garden won't be a success for the Exhibition which is to be in November. The Exhibition is for all the schools in the Bellingen district. All kinds of school work are to be entered, and there will be a day's sports as well. I would be delighted to see you there, Uncle. Well, Uncle, the picnic which Eric told you we were going to have was a splendid one, but in the morning we had a shower of rain and we thought it would be wet, but it wasn't; it is more than three weeks ago, so you can guess it's dry now.

(Continued on next page.)

Seven to Seventeen—

I won the championship for the girls of eleven years, and I could not stop to count all the other races I went in, but I won six prizes, and I think that was my share. My father and mother had a race, but they did not come first or last. The prizes were given out after we had afternoon tea. I was one of the last to leave; I left when it was nearly dusk, and they were racing till then. So you can guess everyone had a good day. Eric received his stamps all right and was glad to get them.

(Dear Lila,—We all congratulate you on being a champion and winning six prizes. I do not think anyone in all the world has such a splendid lot of Ne's and Ni's as I have; they are always winning something. I am glad Eric liked his lot of stamps.—Uncle B.)

* * * A NEW NI.

Marian Sadler, "Glendale," South Creek, Dee Why, writes: I would like to join your family. My birthday is on August 23. I am nine years of age. We have a lot of little chickens; some of them are black, some are white, and some are brown. Sometimes we go for rides in the car. I go to Narrabeen Public School. My brother goes to Dee Why School. It is a public school too. My brother and I go for swims. We live just near the beach at Dee Why. I like living here very much. I hope I can join your family.

(Dear Marian,—I am pleased to have you join my big family, and when I next visit Dee Why I hope to see you. Perhaps the chickens will be laying by then. You will have a lovely time all through the summer being so near the beach.—Uncle B.)

* * * PRIZES FOR THE FAMILY.

Hilda Robinson, 18 Parkview-street, Waratah, writes: I know I am a dreadful scallywag, but I have been having a holiday—in the hospital with scarlet fever. Not a very pleasant holiday, was it, Uncle? I was away five weeks and was very glad to get home. We are having warm weather now and will soon be going into the baths and the surf. We have just had the Waratah Steel Products picnic. We went to Speer's Point and had a very enjoyable time. We went for trips on the launch up through the lakes to Toronto, and the scenery was very nice. Our wireless is going well now, and we listen in to some very nice concerts. We have had very changeable weather these last few weeks, and it has not been very pleasant to listen to, but it is a lot better now. We have had our Sunday school anniversary, and we had Mr. Rogers from Sydney preaching. I received a book called "For the Good of the School." It is a very nice book. Both my brothers also got one each. Eric got "The Lost River," and Alan's book is called "Fighting the Whale." We are very fond of reading.

(Dear Hilda,—I am proud of you all. It is just splendid to hear that you each won a prize. I am glad you are out of hospital, and hope the old fever did not leave any bad effects behind it.—Uncle B.)

Lining up for Prohibition—

(Continued from page 7.)

Specific recommendations for dealing with the Prohibition situation were submitted to the Assembly, as follows:

"Make punishment swift, sure and adequate.

"Pour out anew a flood of fact and truth in our schools, churches, places of business and society in general.

"Make the purchaser, user and apologist as guilty and disreputable as the maker, the peddler, the seller and the political protector.

"Hold the officer whose duty it is to enforce the law as guilty, when he fails to do so, as the man who violates the law.

"Be as prompt and sure to praise and support one who does his duty as to condemn one who fails to do so."

While the churches and the club women by the millions have thus reiterated their unswerving loyalty to the cause of Prohibition, they must now see to it that that loyalty finds effective expression. The wets are centering their fight in seven States where wet sentiment is strongest—New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Massachusetts, Illinois and Missouri. They do not have any hope that this fall they can elect a wet Congress—at least, the well-informed ones do not cherish such a hope—but they do hope to make a showing of strength which will shake the confidence of the country at large and put them in a position to conduct the fight on a much wider scale in the 1928 campaign. They tacitly concede that forty-one States are in favor of Prohibition, and leave them alone to select battle-grounds where they feel they have the dries at a disadvantage.

In Pennsylvania, where the dry strength was divided between Senator Pepper and Governor Pinchot, in the Republican Senatorial race they succeeded in nominating an avowed wet, Representative William S. Vare. but Vare's vote fell 200,000 short of the total piled up by his opponents, and a dry won the Republican nomination for Governor. Their claims of victory, therefore, are subject to severe qualification. And there is a strong sentiment of revolt against the Vare nomination. Already the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, to name only two organisations, have announced their endorsement of William B. Wilson, former Secretary of Labor, the Democratic nominee for Senator, and are urging the voters to disregard partisan lines in the interests of the public welfare.

It is in New York State that the wets are most confident, for the so-called referendum on Prohibition is cunningly devised in their behalf. They are beginning early to figure how big a majority they can pile up. In other States which the wet count as distinctly their own, projects for similar referendums are being pushed. Despite their loud claims that a national referendum is their great desire, "modification" leaders were glad that Congress would not authorise such a project, for they realised it would show them to be in the minority.

In several States this year good citizenship has a chance to make its influence decisively manifest on the Prohibition issue. Defeats for the wets this year on the battle-fields of their own selection will crush their noisy agitation and keep Prohibition from being the big issue in the 1928 campaign. If good citizenship stands aloof this year a harder battle must needs be waged later.

The ultimate triumph of Prohibition is certain, but the sooner the decision comes the better it will be for the United States and for the world.

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A CLAIRVOYANT.

Judge (to convicted burglar): "Have you anything to say before sentence is passed?"

Burglar: "The only thing I'm kicking about is bein' identified by a man that kept his head under the bedclothes the whole time!"

THANK YOU FOR NOTHING.

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire to thank the Groville Fire Department and all kind friends who assisted in saving our home and contents, which were destroyed by fire Saturday morning while we were in San Francisco.—Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Dahlmeier.

THEN UP THEY CAME.

Lulu, who had brought some silkworm cocoons home from school and put them in a box to watch the results, was horrified when she heard her younger brother call from another room:

"Gee, sis, these peanuts is soggy!"

ONLY TEMPORARY.

Judge: "So you tried to drive by the officer after he blew his whistle?"

Motorist: "Your honor, I'm deaf."

Judge: "That may be, but you'll get your hearing in the morning. Next case."

THE TRUTHFUL ANSWER.

A policeman on his beat saw a festive gentleman staggering on the way home at 3 o'clock in the morning.

"Where are you going at this time of night?" asked the officer, gruffly.

"To a lecture," was the truthful reply.

NOT A PARROT.

Orville Wright, at a dinner in Dayton, U.S.A., was reproached for not taking up the challenge of the Smithsonian Institute that it was Langley, not the Wrights, who was the first to fly.

"The trouble with you, Orville," said a banker, "is that you are too taciturn, you don't assert yourself enough. You should press-agentise more."

"My dear friend," Orville Wright answered, "the best talker and the worst flyer among the birds is the parrot."

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**PEARSON'S
 SAND SOAP**

DAILY INSPIRATION.

(By FAIRELIE THORNTON.)

SUNDAY.

"For it became Him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings."—1 Heb., 2, 10.

Suffering is, and always has been, a mystery. This verse is perhaps one of the hardest to be understood. The commentators slur it over. Preachers do not expound it. Some believe that Christ was not completely equal with God, that He was imperfect as man. If Christ was as He declared, one with God, co-equal with Him, how could He need to be made perfect through sufferings? The previous verse speaks of Jesus as being "made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor." This being made like unto His brethren in all things, even in suffering, became necessary in order that He might complete or perfect His work. "It became Him" thus to suffer, and brought glory and honor to Him. He stooped to conquer. In a sense, He was already perfect, by Him all things were made. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," was His reply to Philip when asked to be shown the Father. "I and My Father are one." Therefore He could not possess man's imperfections and limitations, but in another sense He was made liable to all man's sufferings, all that bearing man's curse entailed. In this way only could His work be perfect. Had Jesus not suffered, how could we feel that He shared our sufferings, that He was touched with the feeling of our infirmities? In this sense He became perfect through sufferings, a perfect companion in all our woe, a perfect friend in all our weakness. Weymouth translates this passage: "For it was fitting that He, for whom and through whom all things exist, after He had brought many sons to glory, should perfect by suffering the Prince Leader who had saved them. For both He who sanctifies and those whom He is sanctifying have all one Father; and for this reason He is not ashamed to speak of them as His brothers." Angels do not die, therefore He was made lower in stooping to die as man for man."

MONDAY.

"Beloved, think it not strange concerning that fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened to you, but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when His glory is revealed ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."—Pet. 4, 12, 13.

Oh, rejoice then, Christian
Christ doth count thee meet
Thus with Him to suffer;
Pain with Him is sweet.
Soon this earth life over,
Thou His joy shalt share;
Every pain and trial
Doth for bliss prepare.

And amid the shadows
Of the gathering gloom.
Sounds a gentle whisper—
"Earth is not thy home.
Art thou weary, Christian?
I have been the same."
All must share Christ's sorrows
Who would bear His name.

TUESDAY.

"Be not slothful, but followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

Yes, the "great cloud of witnesses" urge us on to fresh endeavor when tempted to

slacken our speed in the heavenly race. To all this exhortation comes. Sorrow sometimes enervates and deadens all power for exertion, for effort of any kind. To such the call from the loved ones gone before comes, "We conquered, thou canst conquer too." Be followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises. Faith and patience! Have you been losing these? Have your sorrows and trials and losses been as a cloud between you and God, and threatened to extinguish your faith? Look up, and see the Son of Man who trod your thorny path, who suffered as never man suffered, and "be not slothful in trust." "Patience have her perfect work." Rouse up once more to fresh effort in the Christian life. All is not over with days gone by; there are some things which never can die. Have your lost ones gone before? Let this stir you up to follow them. Has affliction or bodily suffering laid its heavy hand on you? It is but the furnace through which you must pass in order that you may be more meet for the Master's service here or hereafter. Are you a worker for God and tempted to sloth and ease? Let this word stir you to fresh effort and come as the Master's voice to you, "Be not slothful, but followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

WEDNESDAY.

"Time and chance happeneth to all."—Eccles., 9, 7.

Submit to all that comes—'tis all the same
If thou shouldst fret and fume or others blame.
Bear thou thy lot and calmly smile at all
That happens to thee, let what will befall.
Our purest pleasures purchased are by pain;
We learn by labor what we long retain.
Turn thou thy face toward the sun, and thou
Shalt find the clouds disperse which threaten now.

Others have felt the same, then why shouldst thou
Complain or moan?—all is not here and now.
The great Hereafter cometh swiftly on;
Soon will the morning dawn, the night be gone.

We live not for the present, nor to taste
Life's selfish pleasures—onward we must haste—
Onward and upward; were man's life all bliss,
He then no God would want, no God would miss.

Scorn to be beaten by a passing blow.
Let not a transient storm-burst lay thee low.
Submit to all that comes, but keep thine eyes

Toward the future, where the true life lies.
—From "Southern Cross or World Unseen."

THURSDAY.

"What is man that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that Thou visitest him? Thou madest him a little lower than the angels, Thou crownest him with glory and honor, and didst set him over the works of Thy hands."—Heb., 2, 6, 7.

God has created man with wondrous power, power to subdue and turn the forces of nature to serve his own ends. God created all things, made this small world to revolve around other worlds, and then placed man in it, enduing him with mind and will, with skill and force, to govern this world and make it what he would. When will man learn that this world is in his own hands, that God does not interfere with man's will?

He is a free agent, and though God's in His heaven, "all is not right with the world until man makes it right." "The Son of man is as a man taking a far journey and committing His goods to His servants." If those servants use those goods to destroy one another, they cannot blame their Master. Their Master will return in due time to demand account of their stewardship; in the meantime they have the power in their own hands to do what they will. It is a lie to say "Whatever is, is best," unless one is doing one's best to make it so. "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to His purpose." Are you working out His purpose in your life and in the world? If so, then all things are working out for your good, not otherwise. It is useless taking the first part of this text without its finish. If you are not serving God's purpose, you are serving the forces of evil, and all things will work for ill, not good.

FRIDAY.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

Thy will be done, O Father, none can crave
A greater boon than this.

Thy will is that Thy children ask and have
What makes for lasting bliss.

All things serve Thee which have been or can be,

Thy will being done, all things shall work for me.

O wondrous Being! yet poor feeble man
Can hinder Thy design;

Only canst Thou complete Thy wondrous plan

When His will works with Thine.
Only dost Thou Thy purposes fulfil
In man, when he doth say, "Do thou Thy will."

In Thine own image man was made to choose
Between the good and ill.

He would at once his God-like being lose,

Were he to lose his will.

Once given over to the source of ill,

He chooses doom by choice of his own will.

—From "The Southern Cross, or World Unseen."

SATURDAY.

"Thou madest Him to have dominion over the work of thine own hands, thou hast put all things under His feet."—Ps., 8, 5.

Thou hast put all things here beneath man's feet,

And purposely left here Thy work all incomplete.

Thou hast, that he may share in Thy great plan,

Entrusted this world's governance to man:
Enduing him with mind, with will, with skill

That he Thy purposes may here fulfil.
He blames Thee for the fruit of his mistakes,

Hurls back at Thee the blunders that he makes.

Yea, man may devastate this earth, and lay
Its beauty low, his arm Thou wilt not stay.

And so this world revolves by man controlled,

Whilst Thou dost worlds on worlds uphold;
Yet takest cognisance of man's concerns.

While with great love and pity Thy heart years

To see him turn to Thee with his own will,
Thy purposes through him to thus fulfil.

To bring him back his long lost happiness
With Thine own love and peace the world to bless.

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Address by Rev. Nicholson— (Continued from page 10.)

too. You see, we were all too short; we all fell short, although some fell shorter than others. It is alright when you are with the crowd, but when you have to face up it will not do to say "I was only a half-inch short." You might say, "I would not do what that woman does, and she says she is saved," but nevertheless you are both the same before God. While this doctrine is the most hated, yet it is the most necessary. God will save a Church of England as well as a Presbyterian, a Church of Christ as well as a Salvation Army. There is no difference. It does not matter whether you are good or bad; it makes no difference whether you are pure or impure. It makes no difference. Thank God for such a Gospel. "Whosoever will" may come, and "him that cometh God will in nowise cast out." The Lord will not respect anybody. You might think you are better than the people who live in that horrible neighborhood, but you cannot catch God's eye like that. You cannot tell Him of your respectability and try to get to heaven that way. You must take your place with the others. It is the best way by far; it includes everybody and excludes nobody. What is fairer than that? Napoleon did not believe in substitution; if a man offered for the army he must go, no one else could take his place—that man must go. But the Emperor of Heaven believes in substitution. He allowed His Son to go to die for us, and He bore our sins in His own body on the Tree, and died on Calvary in your room and stead, as your Substitute. He died, was buried, and He rose again in order that God might be just and yet the Justifier of those who believe. There is no difference. Thank God for the blood. The blood is free for you to-night, although it cost God a lot, although it cost Christ a tremendous lot. When the Lord came to die for you and me, He did not do it like a sneak. He could have died at night, but He died in the daylight, and on a hill, not in a valley. He died in public; He was put to shame that you might never be put to shame publicly. Fancy dying for filthy sinners like you and me! "For a good man some would even dare to die, but God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." He was a spectacle before angels, Heaven, men and devils. He was made a living spectacle. Would you, dear friend, be ashamed to acknowledge Him? He was not ashamed of you. I, you, His creatures, ashamed of him! Love so amazing, so divine, should have your life, your soul, your all. Who will stand for Christ to-night? Choose Christ, choose life, eternal life, eternal happiness. No sneaking about it—choose straightout for Christ to-night while He may be found, and while there is yet time. Who will?

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The Best for the Neediest— (Continued from page 3.)

Ask the erstwhile law-breaker who has "done time" and who eight years ago, in such a meeting, met the Sin Pardoner face to face, and who, like the dying thief, has held on to this promise of forgiveness, till to-day he is an honored office-bearer of St. Barnabas' Church.

Ask the man who, fifteen years ago, so lusted for sinful pleasure that the quest took complete control till in such a meeting, under such conditions, he met the One who cast out the demons at Gadara, and he was released from his bondage. And for all those years his gratitude has found expression in a consecration of time, talents, substance to the service of the King.

Ask the man down and out, blighted and sore, who passed and repassed that open door, week after week, month after month, for over a year longing with a hopeless kind of longing to enter, yet afraid to venture, till with a courage born of desperation one night he ventured in. And once again it was found that there is no place where human frailty is so wonderfully treated as at the Mercy Seat. And the poison in his blood was cured by God's own antidote.

Ask the Rector and his splendid loyal band of workers, who know human nature so well, but who also know how the great Miracle-worker deals with the seemingly impossible, and out of broken earthenware makes vessels fit for service.

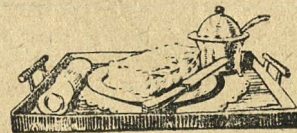
These all with one voice exclaim, "Yea, verily!"

Surely if the Stranger on Galilee's shore came to Sydney He would visit this Parish Hall, even as He did the Capernaum Synagogue and the pool at Bethesda. Surely His hand would touch the leprous soul, and weakened will, and revitalisation would come with the touch. And surely He would speak the words of forgiveness and pardon and help. Yet as surely His Presence is in the midst of that company, as surely His words are resonant with hope, as surely He puts the seal of sonship on every longing heart.

One wonders just what it would mean to Sydney if there were thirty, twenty, or ten such centres of radiating light and hope and courage within the city's purlieus. Surely the town would be safer, sweeter, purer, and the bloom of innocence would flower longer, and life would be more royal. Picture after picture flashes before one—pictures neither impossible, improbable, nor unreasonable.

If our legislators would but catch such a vision, if they would but lift law making on to a higher plane, and legislate for the "little ones" and the weak ones of the world, as well as for the strong; if they would but realise that manhood, not material wealth or Empire expansion, is a nation's greatest asset; if they would but believe the law as handed down to Moses on Sinai is for all time, then such visions, such dreams, such pictures would assuredly materialise.

And with the Rector of St. Barnabas and his consecrated, earnest company of workers, they too would realise that by God's grace they had "lifted men from shades of night to plains of night," and they also are not only legislators for this segment of eternity, but "ambassadors-to-be of realms beyond the sea," and are here "on business for the King."



Instead of bread

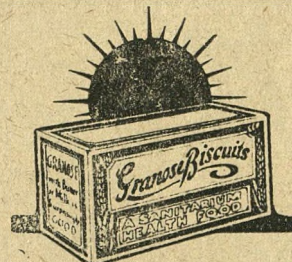
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