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## National Temperance Study Course For Sunday Schools, 1941

Chapter I, October 5th (Junior)

THE HOUSE THAT GEOFF BUILT

By MARY I. RITCHIE

To anyone passing the square white house on Gray Street, the sight of four instead of five little figures on the side lawn would have been strange. To see all four watching the road, no one saying a word, was stranger still.

"Here he comes now," shouted Phil May at last, "and your mother is with him, Joan."

"And Geoff?" Joan jumped up and down in her excitement. "Is Geoff there?"

"I can't see."

"I can see a hand waving," exclaimed Bill May, the other English "war guest" who was staying with grandparents in the apartment house at the corner. "It must be Geoff, or the doctor and your mother wouldn't be in the ambulance, would they?"

"Then the ambulance turned in at the driveway and all four clustered round as the doctor and the ambulance driver brought out the stretcher and they could see the pale face of the boy who lay on it."

"Does it hurt much, Geoff?" whispered Joan, brushing away something that sparkled in the sunshine like a tear.

"We have Grandmother May's crutches ready for you when you can get up," said Phil. "And I brought Maud, my turtle, over for you to see," added Bill.

Little Alice Anne Hannaford from next door was much too excited for plain words, so danced about, getting in everybody's way, until the stretcher disappeared through the open doorway, followed by Geoff's mother.

"Wait until we get him stowed away in bed then you can all come up," promised Dr. Black. "I'll call you."

So it was almost half an hour later when the four tip-toed upstairs and stood around the rented hospital bed where Geoff, with a weight in his right leg, lay smiling up at them.

"Don't look so scared, Alice Anne. It's just my leg that's broken."

"But it might have been all of you, Geoff. You mightn't have been here at all. What will they do to that old truck driver?"

"He's not old, and he's hurt much worse than I am," was the answer. "Maybe he won't ever be better."

"Serves him right," Joan began then stopped, at the look on Geoff's face.

"Joan!"

"I mean he should have been more careful, Geoff."

"A chap like that isn't fit to drive a truck or anything," added Bill.

"That's just it," said Dr. Black slowly. "He wasn't fit, and now he knows it."

"Even a half blind man should have seen a milk cart right in the street and a boy crossing," declared Phil indignantly. "The red light was against him, too."

"He was half blind, Phil - You are, Phil, aren't you? I can never tell you May twins apart. The driver was more than half blind with the beer he had been drinking that morning, so green and red lights looked much the same to him. The half that could see - perhaps I had better say the part of his brain that controlled his senses -"

"He had no sense at all," interrupted Bill.

"I mean the five senses we all have, Bill, the sense of hearing, seeing, tasting, smelling and feeling. Alcohol -"

"Do you mean beer, Dr. Black?"

"The alcohol in the beer, Alice Anne. The alcohol deadens all these senses when it gets in the blood, makes them dull and stupid so that they are only as useful as they should be. So not being able to see things quite straight, he did not realize that the milk cart was quite so close or that Geoff wouldn't be able to get across before the truck reached him. He just thought things were different from what they were, and those crooked thoughts cost him his job, perhaps may cost him his life, and have laid Geoff up for a few weeks with a broken leg."

"How do you know all that, Dr. Black?" Alice Anne's eyes opened wide. "And when will Geoff be better?"

"He may have to be there for four or five weeks, but weeks will soon pass with such good company as he will have." He looked at his watch. "I must be off, so I'll leave with you. Not too much talk, though he's tired. But I'll expect you all to help him build up again."

"Build what?" asked Alice May.

"A new leg and - whatever he has hurt inside?"

"Not exactly. But he's going to be made well all over. You'll see. Like building a new house. We'll have to begin from the ground up and -"

"Won't it be fun?" Alice May clasped her hands. "What'll it be built of, Dr. Black?"

"How about all this thinking of that?" Dr. Black seemed to have forgotten that he was in a hurry. "The first thing any house needs is -"

"I know," interrupted Phil. "A foundation. It has to be a good one if the house is to last. You should see some of the foundations of the houses in England. When the bombs fell and smashed buildings, you could see the firm old foundations as good as ever they were. Some people used them for air raid shelters."

"And some of the houses had been standing for hundreds of years," added Bill proudly. "Dug deep and made of stone."

"Well, we can't make Geoff's foundation of stone," reminded Alice Anne. "Or brick, either. What shall it be, Doctor?"

"Perhaps it has been partly laid already," smiled the doctor mysteriously. "Good parents, who have lived carefully and well themselves and know how to feed and dress and care for their children have been laying a foundation on which Geoff may build a fine, strong body. But the day will come - it is here now - when Geoff is old enough to choose for himself what will go into the building, so he must be very careful."

"I sure will be," said Geoff, "but it's sort of a cracked foundation now."

"Broken bones will heal, if they are given a chance, Geoff, but there are worse things than that."

"What, Doctor?" asked Bill. "A leg, like a foundation, is something you have to stand on, and if it is cracked it might mend again, but it would be less use as a prop."

Dr. Black laughed. "Quite an argument, Bill, but I think Geoff's legs will be strong enough still to hold up his house. It's special job will be to see that the right things go into the building - what shall we say -"

"The mortar," suggested Joan.

"Yes, let's say the mortar, to keep all the bricks firmly in place. Good food will be the first thing."

"Isn't all food good?" asked Phil.

"Not all, Phil, though most of our food is good if we don't take too much and do ourselves harm that way. Then there are the things to keep away from."

"Foods?" asked Geoff.

"Foods - and drinks, especially the drinks."

"Can't he take lemonade at parties?" asked Alice Anne agitated.

"Of course he can. But when he grows older there will be parties where other drinks besides lemonade are served, things that will do harm."

"Oh, I know, cocktails, like Martha, our cook, says they serve at the house where her friends work."

"You mean cocktails, Alice Anne," corrected Joan.

"Well whatever they are, they make the guests all so jolly. One guest fell and broke his collarbone he was so - so jolly," she ended.

"Doesn't sound very jolly to me," said Geoff. "No matter how nice it was it wouldn't be worth having to lie here for five weeks. What was it made of?"

"Might be made of several things," said Dr. Black seriously, "but alcohol, or something containing alcohol, would be the foundation of it."

"A foundation like Geoff's house is to be built on?" asked Alice Anne.

"A foundation such as we hope Geoff's house will never be built on, Alice Anne."

"Why?"

"Because it is so easy to get in and so hard to get out of the blood stream, and once in, it does all sorts of harm to all parts of the body. It is just because Geoff has never taken anything like alcohol into his body that his blood is clean and his muscles firm so that it will be only five weeks instead of many more, that he will have to lie here. So the foundation - the good foundation - is showing itself to be worth while a ready."

"I'll say it is, if it means less time in this bed," said Geoff.

"Then we'll leave the rest of the building until some day next week," smiled Dr. Black. "A week should make some difference, particularly to a house with such a firm and clean foundation."

(To Be Continued)

### QUESTIONS

How had Geoff been hurt and what were the causes of the accident? (Value 10 marks)

2. How can boys and girls build a good health foundation for their lives? (Value 10 marks)

Study I, October 5th Intermediate Senior

### ALCOHOL AND THE BRAIN

By RICHARD H. CHAMPION

What do you know about the human body? The circulation of life-giving blood throughout the body is far more intricate and perfect than the most wonderful railway system in the world. No motor - electric, steam, or gasoline - has ever been invented that will run continuously for as long a time as a human heart. No camera or telescope lens has ever been made that will do the things that you can do with your eye. No telephone or radio receiver is as perfectly made as your ear. The most amazing part of the whole human body is the brain. It is the control centre of everything we think and do. Every thought we have and every act we perform is the result of a message from our brain. Just as a telescope exchange connects the houses of a community by wires over which messages are sent and received, so the brain connects all the various parts of the body by means of little nerve channels. Over these nerve channels messages are sent to and from the brain.

Certain centres of the brain take up definite tasks, though they are not entirely separate. If one part of the brain is harmed, sometimes another part is able to take on its work. We shall consider the development of the brain in five stages.

1. The centres which control the beating of the heart. Without this control from the brain the heart would not beat.

2. The centres which control the breathing of the lungs. Without these centres the lungs would not expand and contract.

These two functions are in working order in infancy.

3. Motor control, the control over the muscles of the arms, legs and eyes. These centres develop from infancy on through life. If you look

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at a tiny baby you will see its arms and legs moving at random. The baby is unable to control them. This is not due to the lack of development of its limbs. In fact, the baby's hands and feet are as perfectly formed as yours. It is due to the fact that certain centres in the brain require growth. Day by day these centres develop and as they do the baby acquires the ability to walk, run, climb and do a number of other things that boys and girls like to do. If you like to shake you have no doubt found that you can do so much better this year than you could last. The reason is that, as you make an effort to improve, these motor control centres in your brain bring about a gain in greater control over your muscles.

4. While every animal has a brain, it is not as complex as that of a human being. The human brain has a higher stage in the development of the ability to acquire and retain knowledge, the power of reasoning, the capacity to deduce. Without this ability to reason, a man would be little better than an animal. There are some people born with these faculties of this development. They are unfit to live a normal life and are kept in mental hospitals. They have to be fed, clothed and looked after by someone else. If these brain centres are accidentally or wilfully damaged, the ability to reason may be lost. Where men have completely lost their memory, this has often been the case.

5. Another higher stage of development is found in the inhibitory centres. To inhibit means to restrain or prevent. These centres give us a sense of values, judgment, self-criticism, self-control, a conscience, the ability to distinguish between right and wrong. You have this power and you take it for granted. You realize that a certain thing is right and that something else is wrong. You know that to take something that is not yours is wrong and it is so obvious to you that you think that everyone else is just as able to see it in that light. This is not the case, however. If you did not have those inhibitory centres in your brain you would not realize that it is wrong to take someone else's property. There are some people who are like this. They are classed as criminals and they usually are sent to jail. They are punished for their actions. It is frequently the case, however, that these people should be pitied and helped rather than despised and punished.

These inhibitory centres of the brain are not definitely separated from one another but are interdependent and one part may assist in the task of another.

### Alcohol a Narcotic

Alcohol is classed as a narcotic. A narcotic is a drug that numbs or stupefies. Other narcotics are heroin, opium, cocaine. In quantity these narcotics are poisons.

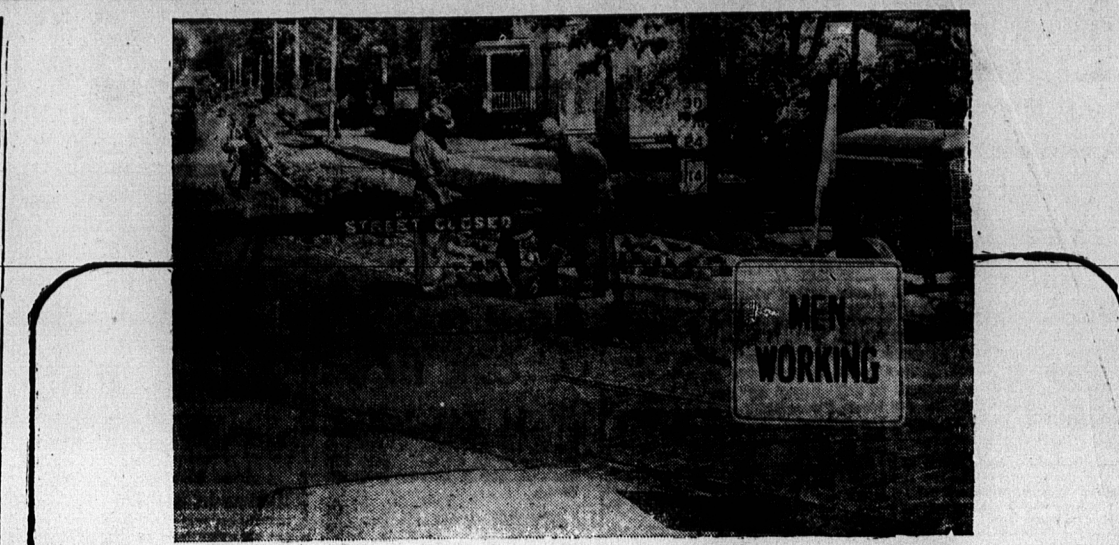
Several drugs have an affinity for some particular part of the body, that is, they concentrate their poisonous effects at that place. Strychnine has an affinity for the heart. Peppermint has an affinity for the stomach. Lead has an affinity for the wrists. ALCOHOL HAS AN AFFINITY FOR THE BRAIN. In other words, the ill effects of alcohol on the human body are chiefly due to its action on the brain. When food is eaten it passes into the stomach. Here it is digested or prepared by a chemical process for absorption and use in various parts of the body.

This absorption takes place after the food leaves the stomach and enters the intestines. The blood picks up the prepared substances and carries them to their proper places. Alcohol, however, is not digested. It is picked up by the blood, by absorption from the stomach, without being prepared for use in the body. There are about five quarts of blood in the body and about 85 per cent of the blood goes in to the brain. The effect upon the brain is to paralyze the nerve centres. The higher development of the brain, inhibition and reason, are attacked first and most severely. The lower stages of development, heart, lungs and motor control are attacked later.

In practice this is how it works. A man may be walking along the street, feeling a stone, the thought comes to him that he has a stone in his hand. He reaches for it, but he finds that he is unable to do this because he realizes that he might hit and hurt someone. His power of inhibition helps him to make this decision. Let us suppose that this man has come recently from a beverage room where he has been drinking beer. The inhibitory centres of his brain have been paralyzed by alcohol. The thought comes into his head to take a stone and he does, regardless of consequences. Drinkers commit all sorts of follies while under the influence of liquor. During the time they are under this influence they are in a sense, criminals and commit criminal acts.

Let us suppose that the drinker takes another drink or two of liquor. His ability to reason clearly becomes affected. His memory is confused. Meeting someone on the street, when he has never seen before, he greets him as an old friend or perhaps as an enemy and begins to fight. He forgets his own name. He does not know where he lives. For the time being he has lowered himself in the intelligence scale to the level of an imbecile. He is in effect an animal and has to be cared for by others lest he harm himself or someone else.

We continue to drink and his



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motor control is affected. He staggers and is unable to stand up steadily. He is unable to control the movements of his arms and legs. He becomes as helpless as an infant.

Of course, a day or two later when the effects of the alcohol have worn off, the man is normal again. There is one effect, however, that does not wear off completely. The inhibitory centres, having been paralyzed are left slightly weakened. Every time the man gets drunk he weakens them further. Our power of inhibition strengthens the will and therefore our resistance to the temptations of drink, but every drink that is taken weakens this resistance. This is one of the reasons why an habitual drinker becomes so spineless and lacking in will-power. In many cases he professes a desire to quit the drinking habit and yet lacks the will-power to refuse the first drink that is offered to him.

If the drinker takes enough at one time it is possible for the effect to go right on to the nerve centres which control the beating of the heart and the breathing of the lungs. There have been cases where drinkers have been dared to drink a large bottle of whiskey at one sitting. The dare was taken and within a few hours the drinker was dead. Such a large amount of alcohol at one time had paralyzed the nerve centres controlling heart and lungs and the drinker strangled to death.

The use of alcohol as a beverage injures an essential part of the body, the brain.

QUESTIONS

1. Explain why the drinking habit is hard to break. (10 marks)

2. (a) Trace the effects of alcohol on five important nerve centres of the brain. (5 marks)  
(b) Why is alcohol called a narcotic drug? (2 marks). Name three other narcotics. (3 marks)

## Plane Jane

By ROBERTA COURTLAND  
(Continued from page 2)

Aleck followed her. "See here, Miss Andrews, I've made rather an effort to get in touch with you. And now you run out on me."

"I was here at the field yesterday, waiting for you," she pointed out. "Only you seemed more interested in Doris Stewart."

"There was such a crowd - so much confusion -" Aleck apologized, and gave her his very best smile. "Could we go somewhere and have a little talk?"

Jane studied him silently. Her hero-worship of his exploits, the years in which she had read a faithfully everything she could find in print about him, finally conquered her feeling of hurt and humiliation.

"Well, I suppose so," she agreed. "Suppose we have dinner together tonight?" he suggested. "At the hotel?"

"I think that would be nice," Jane told him sedately, though her eyes were beginning to dance a little with a return of the old excitement at the thought of meeting the man she had admired for so long. "I'll drive you back to town now if you like."

Aleck concealed a little wince of distaste as he looked at her. "That's very kind of you," he said politely, and got into the car beside her.

Driving back to town, she told him with eager questions about himself, having with bated breath on

his answers. By the time they reached the hotel, she was glowing with excitement and promised to meet him there at seven for dinner.

"But I'll come for you, of course," she protested.

"She shook her head. "Why should you? I've got my car, and you'd have to take a taxi. That would be foolish," she assured him, as reasonably as though she had been a boy. "Besides, Aunt Emily might make a row. I'm afraid she doesn't like you very much."

"That's a thought that makes me very unhappy," said Aleck wryly. "Oh, but it's only because she doesn't know you," apologized Jane. "As soon as she gets a chance to know you better -"

"If the thing I have in mind pans out, that's not very likely," Aleck stilled.

Jane looked at him, puzzled. "I don't understand -"

"Of course you don't, but you will tonight," he said, relaxing and turning on the charm that had so often stood him in good stead. "You run along now - and I'll see you here at seven."

She beamed at him and drove away, rehearsing as she went the things she was going to say to Aunt Emily to convince that raw-bird lady of the importance of this dinner engagement.

When she reached home, Aunt Emily called from the kitchen. "The you, Jane? You run and get your bath - I'm pressing your dress for you."

Jane stood stock-still in the front hall.

"Pressing my dress?" she repeated in astonishment.

Aunt Emily appeared in the kitchen doorway. "Well, I had an idea that good-for-nothing would want to talk to you somehow where I wouldn't be around - and that meant he'd ask you to dinner. You got your dress pretty mussed at the field yesterday, so I'm pressing it for you." Then she added briskly, "And now for heaven's sake, run and get your bath. I'll take you an hour to get rid of that."

and grease. Why any niece of mine should want to soak herself in that awful muck -"

Her voice dwindled away as she went back to the kitchen.

Jane, going upstairs, grinned to herself. "She might have known that Aunt Emily would come through in a pinch. Though she and Aunt Emily fought, particularly about her flying ambitions, she knew that her aunt was really devoted to her, in a brusque, unobtrusive way."

As she turned on the water for her bath, she glowed with a warm little feeling of affection for Aunt Emily.

(To Be Continued)



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