

National Temperance Study Course For Sunday Schools 1936

JUNIOR STUDY I. OCTOBER 4th
LET'S GO FISHING
By MARY EADIE

"Let's go fishing!" Ted said to his best chum, Jim, one afternoon late in summer. "My father is going, and I'm sure he'll take us if we promise to be quiet. Let's ask him."
The boys, who were spending their holidays up north at Moose Lake, soon found Ted's father, and much to their delight he gave his consent. "I need two strong oarsmen," he said, with a smile, looking out toward the lake.
The fishing rods were gathered together. The bait was put in the pail. The oldest row-boat was

launched and soon Ted and Jim had hopped in and were in their places at the oars. Ted's father was a passenger seated in the stern.
"Heave ho! Heave ho!" said the boys merrily as they pulled hard on the oars, and just as merrily the boat made its way out into the middle of the lake. The lake was rough, but the harder the boys worked, the faster the waves swished past them.
When they reached a certain place near the opposite shore, the big stone with the rope tied around it which lay in the bottom of the boat, and which was their anchor, was dropped into the water and the fishermen were ready for action.
They worked hard. Bites were scarce. They tried all the tricks they knew, and they moved several times to a new fishing ground, but never a fish did they catch.
"Apparently this is a poor day for fishing, boys," Ted's father said at last. "We might as well make for home."

The boys were disappointed, but Jim said, "Oh well, it was good sport, anyway."
That night after supper Ted's whole family sat around the big log fire in their cabin by the lake. Outside a storm raged. The wind howled through the trees. The rain beat against the window panes, and the waves upon the shore. It was a good night to be indoors. Ted was reading. His face was buried in his book. He was reading about fishing schooners that belonged to the North Sea fleet, and about the brave seamen who faced dangers and adventures to earn sufficient money for food and clothing for themselves and for their families.

He was specially interested in the story about one strange ship. On its side up near the bow, were words carved in bold letters. The words were, "Heal the sick," and "Preach the word." It was the ship belonging to the Mission to Deep-sea Fishermen.
On board the ship there was a young doctor. He was eager for adventure. He had given up a life of ease and luxury in England to serve the twenty thousand fishermen in the North Sea fleet. He was the only doctor, and no matter what the weather was like he was on board to care for men who took ill or who met with an accident. The mission ship sailed with the fleet, and when a distress signal was received, it ran alongside the ship that signalled in order to take aboard the sick and injured.
Ted could almost see the whole fleet battling the waves, and hauling in the fish in the great North Sea. He pictured the young doctor sharing the hardships. "I'd like a job like that," he said to himself.

This adventurous young man was called Grenfell. Dr. Grenfell not only healed the sick, Ted discovered as he read on, but he preached the gospel by word and deed. He not only cared for sick and injured bodies, but he talked with the men. He cheered them at their tasks and he organized sports and amusement for them when they were idle. He was liked by every one.
There were other ships that followed the fleet, for which Doctor Grenfell had no use. These ships were called "grog ships," and the men in charge of them tempted the seamen to spend their hard-earned money on drinks called rum, or whiskey, or beer, or sprits—drinks which contained a poison called alcohol.
Doctor Grenfell, because he was a doctor, knew the harm that these drinks caused in the bodies of the brave fishermen. He knew that such drinks destroyed their nerve and spoiled their vision. He was certain that alcohol did not serve as food to build up their bodies and the seamen required strength and good health for their difficult work. Alcohol did not help them to work, nor did it help them to keep warm. It made them foolish and robbed them of money which their wives and children needed for food. Doctor Grenfell knew that it could not help anyone to be a better fisherman, or doctor, or workman of any kind. It spoiled their chances of success. He did not use it in any form, not even as a medicine.
So he began to fight hard for the fishermen. "We need to get rid of the grog ships," he said. "We need more mission ships." When he returned to England for a brief visit, he told his friends of the need, and even Queen Victoria became interested. Money was collected and as a result a number of mission ships were purchased. Later a law was passed forbidding the grog ships to sail with the fleet, and the lives of the seamen became happier and easier.
Just then a loud crack startled Ted and his family in the cabin by the lake. It sounded like a gun, but it was only a log in the fire. They

MYSTERY HOUSE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

The next day he took her to lunch in an obscure Italian restaurant in Columbus avenue. They sat in a small alcove completely shut away from the eyes of the world.
Oddly enough she found herself liking Barnes Bishop. She forgot the ridiculous air of mystery and importance that had first impressed her; he was a gentleman in some subtle unmistakable way that Rand never would be a gentleman—but then, of course, there were varying degrees of fineness in men, she told herself loyally.
Barnes Bishop, small and slight and fair-headed and spectacled, beamed at her through strong glasses, and showed her that he liked her.
"You're bound," she said smiling, to make this up into a great big murder case before you get through!"
"Well it may be much more serious than you think it is. There is no question," the man said earnestly, "that something queer is going on down there!"
"I assure you there's no air of mystery or crime down there," Page told him amusedly. "They're all perfectly normal, really, just a little odd. Well, Flora," she added, reconsidering, "she's queer. And Lynn—but of course he was terribly ill."

"That's two," Barnes said triumphantly. "Then there's you and the dope doctor from China, and an old lady who keeps building onto her house and communes with spirits."
all looked relieved when the cause was discovered. "You have been very quiet, Ted," his mother said. "What have you been reading?"
Of course Ted told the story. "Why, that was Doctor Grenfell of Labrador," his father said enthusiastically. "That is the way he commenced his work for the deep-sea fishermen."
"Well, I'm glad they got rid of the grog ships," said Ted's oldest brother.
"Yes!" agreed Ted's father. "Doctor Grenfell knew the harm alcohol would do the seamen."
Ted did not say a word. He was thinking, "I should like to help others to be great like Grenfell."
That night as he lay in his bed, which was like a berth in a ship, built into the wall, and heard the swaying of the trees and the waves beating noisily on the shore, he thought again and again of the North Sea fleet. "No wonder everyone loved Dr. Grenfell," he thought sleepily. And in his dreams Ted was out on the mighty deep and he seemed to see the straight figure of the doctor and to hear him say: "My boy, in order to help others to be great, you must start with yourself."
Ted nodded emphatically. Neither grog ships nor alcohol were ever going to get him.

A Good Book to Read
"The Story of Grenfell of the Labrador," "A Boy's Life of Grenfell," by Dillon Wallace. Ask for it at your library.
Questions
1. Give four ways in which grog ships hurt fishermen. (Value 10.)
2. Why did Ted say that neither grog ships nor alcohol would get him? (Value 10.)
INTERMEDIATE SENIOR
Study I. October 4th
A RULE OF LIFE
By GEORGE A. LITTLE
Christ, said that he delighted to do the will of God. This was the rule of his life. In a great moment of self-surrender he said, "Not my will, but thine be done." Whenever his disciples were in doubt about what to do he tried to help them to know and to do the will of God. This is the highest rule that we may take for our lives.
How may we know the will of God? We discover it by experience and experiment. For instance, the crew on sailing ships using salt meat for months used to get scurvy. It was found that when they balanced their diet with fruits and vegetables they did not get this disease. Believing that health is the will of God for man, we try to obey the laws of health as to diet. Or if we stay indoors and take no exercise we get flabby and pale, but if we take exercise in the open air we become hardy and energetic; hence we conclude that exercise and fresh air are in harmony with the will of God for our muscles and lungs. Or if we lose sleep for several nights in succession we feel draggy and dull, but when we catch up with the required amount of sleep we feel happy and well. Again we conclude by these results that sufficient sleep is the will of God for our minds and nerves.

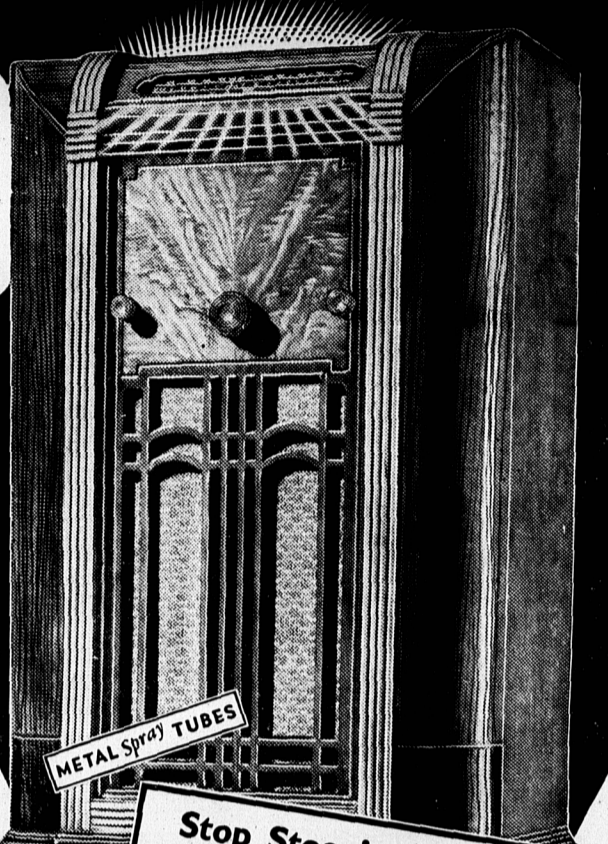
Continued on Page 1.

"It sounds awful, Page admitted laughing." But it isn't."
"Do you know this, Miss Hazeltine? Do you know if old Mrs. Prendergrast and her housekeeper, Trudy Mockbee, had a quarrel just before the housekeeper died?"
"I'm sure they didn't. She was devoted to Trudy."
"Ha!" Barnes said, apparently baffled, and returning to his breast pocket a little book from which he had read the names.
"Find the body," Page said, busy with zabaglione.
"We're very near to finding the body," he said seriously. Page's eyes came up with a flash. "Listen to this," he added, leaning across the table, "and don't of course, breathe a word of it to anyone. For three or four years Mrs. Prendergrast has had a Belmont doctor, an old fellow named John Ullmeyer. Well, he says that their was something queer about Mrs. Mockbee's death."
"Queer?" Page repeated, turning pale.
"Here's the way it was," Barnes said, very earnestly and excited. "Doctor Ullmeyer had been going over there every day for weeks, but he was away on a fishing trip up on the Klamath when this housekeeper, Trudy Mockbee, died, and his substitute, a young Doctor Moor from Stockton, had the case. Ullmeyer says that up to within three days of her death there was nothing the matter with Mrs. Mockbee, and that Doctor Moor confessed that he himself didn't understand the symptoms of whatever she finally had."
"Moore put acute gastritis on the certificate. Ullmeyer sent in a bill, and the old lady paid it, and sent him a furious letter dismissing him, telling him that he hadn't been around when she needed him, and she was done! He got thinking about it, and he went up to Stockton to see Moore, and the upshot of it is that the Hibbes think that their aunt may have murdered Trudy—the housekeeper."
Page, serious at last, was a little pale as she stared at him. "But what for?" she asked. "She adored Trudy. Why on earth should she murder her?"
"Fury. Just one of her flights." "But surely her own niece isn't going to accuse her of murder?"
"It isn't her own niece. It's Doctor Ullmeyer. His pride's been hurt. Now, that puts you in a priceless position! You're there you're on the spot. This is all going to be kept absolutely a secret of course they are going to exhume this Trudy Mockbee's body and see what they find."
Page sat back. "You're right," she said dazedly, in a weak little voice. "I'm in a priceless position. I'm on the spot. Exhume?" she repeated his word after a pause. "You mean they are going to dig up Trudy Mockbee's body?"
"Without informing the family that they mean to do it," the man answered. "Isn't she buried over there on Halfmoon Bay?"
"Yes, I believe so. I know so. Rand thought she was buried on the place. But Lynn told me Halfmoon Bay. But what—what would they expect to find?"
"Poison," Barnes answered briefly.
"Poison! They can't think that Mrs. Prendergrast would poison her oldest friend, her only friend! Why should she?"
Page studied her companion seriously. "This Belmont doctor doesn't really think she did?"
"He thinks there was something queer. This Doctor Harwood you describe, could he have had any interest in getting the old girl out of the way?"
"He wasn't there. He didn't show up at all until after Trudy Mockbee died."
"This other man—the idiot—what about him? Could he be an arsenic—a strychnine poisoner?"
"Lynn? He's no idiot!" she said. "He's good-looking-clean-looking—and he's a gentleman—that is, if manners and voice and being considerate—yes, he's much more of a gentleman, really, than old Mrs. Prendergrast is a lady, if you know what I mean? She's just a sort of—a sort of coarse, good-natured woman who's become immensely rich without ever being really cultured or fine, and Flora—poor Flora's not a lady; you couldn't call her a lady."
"But Lynn has something—something fine. Only he's like a person asleep all the time. He'll read poetry and Shakespeare; he takes long tramps along the shore and he goes out to the island rock, and all the while you feel that he's really asleep, that he doesn't know quite what's going on. As for the

diamond, Lynn has it, and keeps it hidden from Mrs. Prendergrast. But he couldn't poison anyone. You'd only have to see him to know that."
"I didn't like the poison suspicion," Barnes said, scowling thoughtfully. Now you tell me this diamond complication! There's some way of trying Trudy Mockbee and this idiot and the diamond together—you mark my words!"
Page said comfortably.
"Safe! You mean that this half asleep irresponsible boy is wandering about with the Prendergrast diamond. I can tell you that Fred Hibbes and his wife wouldn't consider it safe! After all, they're the old girl's only heirs. How did this Lynn get it?"
"They don't know. They think that perhaps Trudy Mockbee got possession of it in some way, and gave it to him when she was dying."
"He might be the Mockbee woman's son?"
"That would make him Flora Mockbee's brother, or half-brother. Surely Flora'd admit it. As it is, she seems half afraid of him."
"Ha!" Barnes Bishop said, musing. "If Mrs. Hibbes went down there to see her aunt, d'you think the old lady would see her?"
"I think," Page said, after consideration, "I might talk her into it. I put it to her that she was going away to Connecticut, and mightn't have another chance to see her niece."
"She wants to go to Connecticut, does she?" And the Hibbes are further away from getting into touch with her than ever!"
(To be Continued)

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DOMINION OF CANADA
Province of
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
IN THE PROBATE COURT
The 18th day of September A.D. 1936

In Re Estate of Waldron B. Leard late of Souris in Kings County in the said Province, Tailor deceased testate.
By the Honourable HAROLD LEONARD PALMER, Surrogate, Judge of Probate, &c., &c.
To the Sheriff of the County of Kings County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

GREETING:
WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Emily Leard and John Russell Leard the executors of the above named deceased praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in the Province of Prince Edward Island, on Tuesday, the twentieth day of October next coming, at the hour of Eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the said Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Arthur F. McQuaid Esquire, K. C., Proctor for said Petitioner.

And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown in the Province of Prince Edward Island, on Tuesday, the twentieth day of October next coming, at the hour of Eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the said Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Arthur F. McQuaid Esquire, K. C., Proctor for said Petitioner.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the said Court (L. S.) this 18th day of September A. D. 1936 and in the First year of His Majesty's reign. (Sgd.)
H. L. PALMER,
Judge of Probate.

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To the Sheriff of the County of Kings County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

Make An Extra Effort
The Prince Edward Island Hospital is again putting on its Annual collection. On the first, second and third of October the ladies collecting for the Hospital will call at your home. Will you have a contribution ready for them? The money you give will be a great help to the Hospital in its care of those who through present misfortune are unable to pay for hospitalization. The Hospital would not need to make an Annual Collection if it were not for the great amount of free work done. The brunt of this burden has to be assumed by the Hospital, and is gladly done too, but some help has to be solicited from the public. If everyone who could, would put even a dollar in the Hospital envelope, they would hardly miss it themselves but it is hard to calculate the boost the total would give the Hospital's work.
L7040-10-3-11.

CITY TAX APPEALS
Notice is hereby given that the Board of Appeal has this day fixed Wednesday, October 14th, 1936, at 9.30 A. M. in the City Court Room in the City Building in Charlottetown, as the time and place for hearing appeals from Civic rates and assessments and valuations, Charlottetown, September 29th, 1936.
GEO. F. NICHOLSON,
City Clerk.

BEAUTY
Every trait of beauty may be traced to some virtue, as to innocence, candor, generosity, modesty, and heroism.—St. Pierre

Mortgage Sale
There will be sold by public auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown in the Province of Prince Edward Island on Tuesday, the sixth day of October A. D. 1936, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, ALL that parcel of land situated lying and being on Lot or Township Number thirty-six in the County of Kings in the Province of Prince Edward Island, bearing date the fourth day of May, A. D. 1928, and made between Francis L. McDougall of Port Hill in Prince County, Farmer, and Josephine McDougall, wife of the said Francis L. McDougall, of the first part, and the undersigned, of the second part, default having been made in the payment of principal and interest secured by the said mortgage.
For further particulars apply to the office of Johnston and Johnston, Solicitors, Stumper Block, Charlottetown.
Dated this 11th day of September, A. D. 1936.
Trustees Estate of Owen Connolly, MORTGAGEE.
L-6420-9-12-10-26-10-5

Mortgage Sale
There will be sold by public auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown in the Province of Prince Edward Island on Tuesday, the sixth day of October A. D. 1936, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, ALL that parcel of land situated lying and being on Lot or Township Number thirty-six in the County of Kings in the Province of Prince Edward Island, bearing date the fourth day of May, A. D. 1928, and made between Francis L. McDougall of Port Hill in Prince County, Farmer, and Josephine McDougall, wife of the said Francis L. McDougall, of the first part, and the undersigned, of the second part, default having been made in the payment of principal and interest secured by the said mortgage.
For further particulars apply to the office of Johnston and Johnston, Solicitors, Stumper Block, Charlottetown.
Dated this 11th day of September, A. D. 1936.
Trustees Estate of Owen Connolly, MORTGAGEE.
L-6420-9-12-10-26-10-5

AUCTION SALE
I am instructed by the Executor of the late Elizabeth Burnett to offer for sale by public auction on her late premises on Wednesday, October 7th, 1936 at 2 P. M. the Real Estate consisting of a Lot of land with residence, store and out-buildings at Fort Augustus Corner and all the household furniture, utensils and effects of the deceased.
Terms made known at sale.
J. P. BRADLEY,
Auctioneer.