

National Temperance Study Course For Sunday Schools

Study I, October 2, 1938 (Intermediate Senior)

ALCOHOL TALKS TO YOUTH

By Howard E. Hamlin

Youth meets Mr. Alcohol in a physiological laboratory and starts a conversation.

Mr. Alcohol: I am an intelligent Canadian youth. I have a sound body and a good mind, and I hope always to keep them so. I am anxious to succeed in school. I want to take part in athletics and I like to become an honourable, dependable and capable citizen when I am through school.

Mr. Alcohol: Why tell me all this? Do you think I can help you? Youth: I honestly doubt it. Yet I meet you in art, in industry, in the laboratory, and often when I am out socially with my friends.

Mr. Alcohol: You are a gangster, express it, you have put me on the spot. In a physiological laboratory like this I have to tell the truth. Of late, outside the laboratory, I have heard so many flattering and misleading remarks about myself that I have begun to doubt my own identity. But here in the laboratory I am never deceived about myself, and I can tell you truly what you want to know.

Youth: That is exactly what I want. I want facts. I have heard and read all sorts of stories about you. They just couldn't all be true. And I am not asking for information out of idle curiosity. I really want reliable information about you that I can use myself and pass on to my friends.

Mr. Alcohol: That's fair enough. I am not likely to harm young folks who know the truth about me. Take a chair, because it will take time to tell you all you ought to know about me. But first tell me briefly about yourself in order that I may make my own story more helpful.

Youth: Thanks. I'll be glad to sit and frank and tell you what I can tell you about myself that isn't rather generally known, but I'll try to explain a little more clearly just why I am interested in you.

In school I have learned about my own body, about the importance of diet, exercise, sleep and relaxation for my growth, happiness and health. My children, my parents and my teachers have been giving me the facts of anatomy, physiology, hygiene, and chemistry. I have learned something of food and nutrition, my glands, and my nervous system. I seem to have a sound body now and a reasonably good mind, and I want to keep them that way because I shall soon be making my own way.

I'll confess, as I have said, that I am a little confused about you. I know that in the commercial world you have been of great value. Beverages containing you are invitingly praised in many magazines and daily papers. I have heard people speak of you highly as food and medicine. I know that you are frequently used in all sorts of homes. But for some reason I have a feeling that I can get along better without you than with you. I believe that about you from your own lips will enable my reason and judgment to support the antagonistic feeling I already have toward you. That is why I tried to question you here in the laboratory, and I'll appreciate having the exact truth from you.

Mr. Alcohol: You are certainly honest and frank and I shall be likewise. I haven't much time, so I'll ask you to listen and not ask any more questions. I can tell my story best in my own way, and I'll try to tell you what you ought to know about me. And I'll confine this story to facts.

Alcohol Tells Youth Who He Is

Youth: I am a clear, colorless liquid, with a characteristic odour by which I am recognized by those who know me. I am an important solvent and have a strong affinity for water. My full name is Ethyl Alcohol.

I am composed of three of the most abundant elements found in Nature. They are carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, combined in a special way to form a chemical substance with the formula C₂H₅OH, of which the (OH) is the characteristic group.

I am a narcotic poison, which means that I numb your feelings when you are under my influence. I make you appear to be what you are not. You think you are clever and witty, when in reality you are only less self-critical. You have less fear of talking too much or too foolishly. You feel less worried, and therefore think you are more happy. You think you are rested when in reality you are more tired. This numbing action of mine has been known to last for three hours and longer, which, of course, depends upon how much you have taken of me. It is this narcotic property which led King Solomon to say: "Wine is a mocker, and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

I am the most abundant and

the most important of a set of quaternities known as the Alcohol Family. Our names are Methyl, Ethyl, Propyl, Butyl and Amyl. We are all poisons, ranging in degree in the order named, with Amyl about four times as poisonous as Methyl. Many tests have been made, and I am more poisonous than Methyl, wood alcohol. While we both belong to the Alcohol Family, we are not quite as much alike as we look. Many tests have been made, and I am more poisonous than Methyl, wood alcohol. While we both belong to the Alcohol Family, we are not quite as much alike as we look. Many tests have been made, and I am more poisonous than Methyl, wood alcohol. While we both belong to the Alcohol Family, we are not quite as much alike as we look.

My greatest faults are: I am easy to make, easy to take and I deceive all of you that drink me. I do you the greatest harm when you take me in high concentration, in the form of strong drink or what is better known as "hard" liquor.

Although I am classed as a poison, it seems to carry with it little meaning for too many people have taken me, or have seen others take me, who did not die as a result of my presence in their bodies. They do not seem to regard my method of deception as serious. The fact that I can kill at once seems to remove the fear that I am really dangerous. You will meet me in various drinks which occur under different names and in which I am present in varying concentrations. My content is measured either in terms of volume or weight. The volume percentage of me at present in Canada is as follows in the following alcoholic beverages:

Beer	5-10%
Ale	7-10%
Wines	9-12%
Gin	40-52%
Brandy	54%
Whiskey	40-50%
Rum	70%

- Questions
1. What is the difference between Methyl and Ethyl alcohol? Value 10 marks.
 2. If alcohol is a poison why is it ever used as a beverage? Value 10 marks.

THE BOY IN THE DESERT

(Junior) (Genesis 21: 1-21) By Christine I. Tingle

The boy Ishmael was fond of teasing and that habit got him into trouble. This is how it happened.

When he was about fourteen a baby brother came into the home and was named Isaac. Probably Ishmael was not particularly pleased to see the new baby. Every one paid so much attention to him, and when he was about two years old a great deal of love was poured out on him. Ishmael rather resented this, for he had been the only child for so many years. He had gone about with his father Abraham, and no doubt enjoyed visiting the flocks and learned many things about the cattle business. Abraham was very rich and every one looked upon Ishmael as his heir.

When the new baby came, however, Ishmael learned that he must now take the second place. Naturally, this seemed hard. Though the boys had different mothers, so they were half-brothers. The name of Isaac's mother was Sarah. Ishmael's was named Hagar. Hagar was only a slave, so her son had to give up the heirship to the son of the free wife, Sarah.

About the time of the great feast in honour of Isaac, Ishmael was one day teasing him, as boys often love to do. He probably meant no harm, though he may have been a bit jealous and have thought the little toddler a very small person to make so much fuss about. Sarah happened to see him and she was very angry. She said to Abraham that he must at once get rid of both boys and his mother, for she would not have them in the house. This made Abraham very unhappy, but he felt obliged to do as his wife asked. God comforted him about it and promised that all should turn out for the best. Isaac was in truth to be the heir, but Ishmael also would be great. God promised to bless the boy and to make him the head of a nation.

So, early in the morning, Abraham rose and sent Hagar and Ishmael away. It grieved him sadly to say good-bye to the son he loved so much. He took a loaf of bread and filled it with water and gave them to Hagar for the journey. It was not the kind of bottle that we are accustomed to using, but was most likely made of skin. The desert tribes still use these skin bottles. When they kill an animal they cut off its head and feet and then take it out of the skin without opening it further, and thus there is formed an odd-shaped bottle in which they keep their water or milk or oil. Sometimes the neck of the animal serves to form the neck of the bottle, and the thighs do for the handles. Then a strap is fastened on, and thus the bottle is slung over the shoulder. These skin bottles are more serviceable for travelling than earthenware ones, which would break. Hagar's was probably made from a skin of a kid.

Thus, supplied with food and



drink. Hagar and Ishmael started out, and for a time all went well. The early part of the day was cool and pleasant, but as the hours passed by the sun grew hotter and hotter and they became very weary. They walked in the direction of Egypt, for Hagar had come from that country and now that she was in trouble it seemed the best place to go to.

The way lay across the desert. That is a wild and lonely tract; the soil is dry and stony and very few things grow there, for water is scarce. Everything that lives in the desert is adapted to life in a dry and stony place. There are several kinds of wild creatures roam over the waste, such as pelicans, ostriches and jackals. The ostriches are immense birds, taller than a very tall man. Instead of flying they run, and they can easily beat a horse. They make a strange noise, something like the roar of a lion. They lay their eggs in a hole in the sand and cover them over, and the sun keeps them warm in the daytime, and at night they sit on them and warm them themselves. The wild desert is their home, but God, who made them, supplies their needs as He does ours. It is written: "The beast of the field shall honour me, the dragons and the ostriches, because I give waters in the wilderness."

Animals have a wonderful power of smell and they can scent water a long way off. So in this respect they have an advantage over human beings. Hagar and Ishmael doubtedly tried to be careful and sparing with the water in their skin bot-

tle, but as the sun poured down more and more fiercely they were obliged to make their thirst and at last the water was all gone and they were nowhere near their journey's end.

Ishmael began to feel sick and feverish and soon he could not go any further, so his mother made him lie down under one of the scrubby bushes that grew along the way. She was sure that, as the water was gone, and there was no more to be found, her boy must die of thirst and fever. People can live sometimes a long while without food, but no one can live without water. She could not bear to see Ishmael suffer. It was terrible enough to have to bear the thirst herself, but she minded it worse for the boy, so she went a little distance from him and gave way to her grief, shedding bitter tears.

Though Ishmael was only a young boy he did a wiser thing than his mother. Instead of crying in this desperate situation he prayed to God. And God, who is ever ready to listen to us, heard the boy under the bush and answered him. The angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven and said unto her, "What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not, for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is." Then God showed her a well of water, and she quickly dried her eyes and went and filled the skin and gave Ishmael a drink. This soon revived him; the fever passed away and he was able to continue the journey. Besides thus saving his life God renewed His faith in Hagar, and she and her son remained in the wilderness and he grew up and became a strong man and a famous archer. I am sure he never forgot how he nearly died that time for want of water, and how wonderfully God heard his prayer.

Water is one of the very few things we cannot do without. What a good thing it is that in our country there is plenty of it and it is free to all, so that no one need suffer from thirst. How strange that any one should be harmful drinks, such as beer, wine and whiskey, which cost a great deal of money, when they can get pure water for nothing. Alcoholic drinks never quench thirst; they only make a person more thirsty than he was before. Water is the great thirst quencher and we may drink as much as ever we wish of it. It will do us good every time and help to keep our bodies in health.

We may read in the Bible many times about the desert. When the Israelites took their journey from Egypt into the Promised Land they wandered about in the desert for forty years. They were often in need of water and God made it

gush forth from the solid rock for them. The psalmist says, "He turned the rock into a standing water. At last He led them into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills," where they had plenty of this best kind of drink for themselves and their children and their cattle.

Water is useful not only for drinking, but in many other ways besides. We need it in order to be clean and so we use it outside as well as in. If there were not plenty of water for washing clothes and scrubbing the house and plenty in the kitchen for cooking, we should, indeed, be in serious difficulty. In fact, there would not be anything to grow if water did not make things grow for the use of men and beasts. I wonder how many of us have ever thought of thanking God for this precious gift, so plentiful and so free.

I am sure you are fond of a good drink of cool water. In the hot summer weather do you remember the dumb animals and see that they have enough to drink, since they cannot ask for it? Do you think of the old people and the sick who may be in your home, and offer to get them a refreshing drink? Boys and girls cannot of ten do big things, but there are many little ways in which they may be helpful. The Lord Jesus said, "Whoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

- Questions
1. What drink did God provide for the Israelites in the desert in the land of Canaan? (Value 10 marks)
 2. Repeat what Jesus said about a drink of water. (Value 10 marks)

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The P.E.I. School of Beauty Culture is now open for fall classes. All branches of beauty culture taught by registered cosmeticians. The only professional school of its kind in P. E. I. For further particulars call or write to: SCHOOL OF BEAUTY CULTURE, 99 1/2 Grafton Street, Charlottetown.

Through The Looking Glass (By E. O. LAIRD) CRAZY QUILTS There are people who contend that the making of quilts, regardless of pattern, is of a craziness, more or less. "For," argue they, "Why cut up perfectly good material into bits, only to sew them together again?" There may be something to the argument (usually a man's), nevertheless, I believe that as long as there are women in the world, they will snip and cut, and sew and seam quilts. Whether the quilts be of crazy patches, of neat, little circles, hexagons and triangles, or of white cotton squares with next to every body's name gaily outlined thereon in Turkey red cotton, is a matter that can be left to the taste of the quilt makers.

The quilt-covered population, I gather, is not fussy; for whoever, yet heard one of them complain of the multiplicity of circles and triangles (sometimes a thousand or so of them) hitting him, as it were, in the psychological eye, or object to having his dearest enemy trail across his bosom and a Justice of the Peace stare at him in Turkey red cotton from the foot of the bed? No, a quilt is only a quilt, a protection from the cold and the vapours, until that exquisite moment arrives when one finds himself covered with a family saga of romance—a historical scrap of cloth, in short, a crazy patchwork quilt. The sight of so much family history laid out neatly in colored patches "feather stitched" and "herring-boned" together, produces such a mixture of emotions, laughter and tears, curiosity and satisfied interest that sleep, for the nonce, forgotten. I have heard several people declare that to enjoy rightly the diversified entertainment set forth in such a quilt requires a pleasant convalescence in bed from some minor ailment.

Three of these crazy patchwork quilts have greatly interested me; one of satin and silk, one of velvet, and one of cloth. I cannot remember when I was not thrilled with the beauty of their workmanship and the history of their segments which encompassed at least two generations. Indeed in the cloth quilt there were several scraps of soft, gray woolen material that were said to have come over in the pioneer sailing vessels. Recording as they did the high and stately occasions of life, the velvet and satin quilts were lovely to behold, but because everyone from small babies to grand-fathers had con-

tributed in scraps to its prettiness and to its coziness, it was the common, everyday one of cloth that caught and retained my imaginative interest. This quilt as a whole was subdued in color, although enlivened to some extent by the yellow stitchery with which embryonic artists had marked off the various patches, outlined here and there a daisy or a rose, and traced the month and year of important family events. Several weddings and births were thus prettily noted. Scraps of dark, somewhat coarse woolen goods indicated school dresses of a by-gone day, made, it said, Mother Hubbard style with light narrow bands around the neck for collars. The neckband on one of these dresses was almost the death of its small wearer. Reaching up and over a picket fence to pick cherries, she missed her footing on a low seat and became suspended by the neckband on one of the pickets. Happily she was released in time.

A piece of green lustre linked with romance. For the young miss who wore the dress of this material the evening in which she received her first proposal was so overcome with hysterical laughter at the important moment that the bewildered suitor took to his heels and never came back. Several patches of demure nun's veiling however, that a subsequent proposal had been received in no such spirit of levity.

MICHAEL'S Grocery SPECIALS

Sept. 29-- Oct. 3rd

Pineapple, 3 tins	29c	Cooking Apples, pk.	23c
Pears, 3 tins	29c	Choice Corned Beef lb	14c
Aylmer Tomato Juice 3 tins	28c	Lamb Chops, lb.	25c
Aylmer Fancy Quality Peaches, 2 for	29c	Spare Ribs 4 lbs.	25c
Catsup, lg. bot.	19c	Onions, 10 lbs.	19c
		Bulk Tea, lb.	43c
		P. & G. Soap, 10 for	39c

EXTRA SPECIAL
Creamery Butter, 2 lbs. 51c — Sugar, 10 lbs. 55c

WE DELIVER
Cor. Euston and Longworth Ave. Cor. Weymouth & Dorchester
Streets—PHONE 1107

Great-aunt Hetty's red flannel dress gown seemed to jump in a bellicose manner out of the quilt, all of a piece from its several places. I attribute this to the fact that Great-Aunt Hetty, herself, always bore down on one like a cruiser going into action. Two or three patches of brown and blue plaid were remnants of a gay waist-coat worn by a gay old fellow in his sporting days. Even yet there was a bold and cavalierish air about them in sharp contrast to the plain black and blue serge with which they were surrounded. So history moved up and down the quilt in many patches, distilling for me out of faraway times the homely little incidents of every day, the characteristics and idiosyncrasies of the people who lived them, their laughter and their tears, their heartbreak and their joys. For they were all there, symbolized in the crazy patchwork quilt.

Corns Cut With Razor Caused Lock-Jaw Infection, followed often by death, may result from paring corns with an infected razor. Quick relief comes from using Putnam's Corn Extractor—it's sure to shrivel up the corns so they drop right off. No pain, no soreness, but quick relief comes to all who use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. For sale

OUT OUR WAY



THE DANGER LINE

By J. R. WILLIAMS

I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO LOOK TO KNOW WHY YOU SNEAKED BEHIND TH' TREE -- MOONFIXER IS PASSIN'... TH' STUFF HE HOOKED TO YOU WAS STOLE -- AN' NOW TH' BOLD, CONFIDENT BUSINESS MAN BECOMES FURTIVE, SNEAKY, RAT-LIKE! YOU'D BETTER GET THIS THING SETTLED, BECAUSE IT'S GOT YOU ON TH' ROAD TO BEIN' A SHYSTER!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE WITH MAJOR HOOPLE



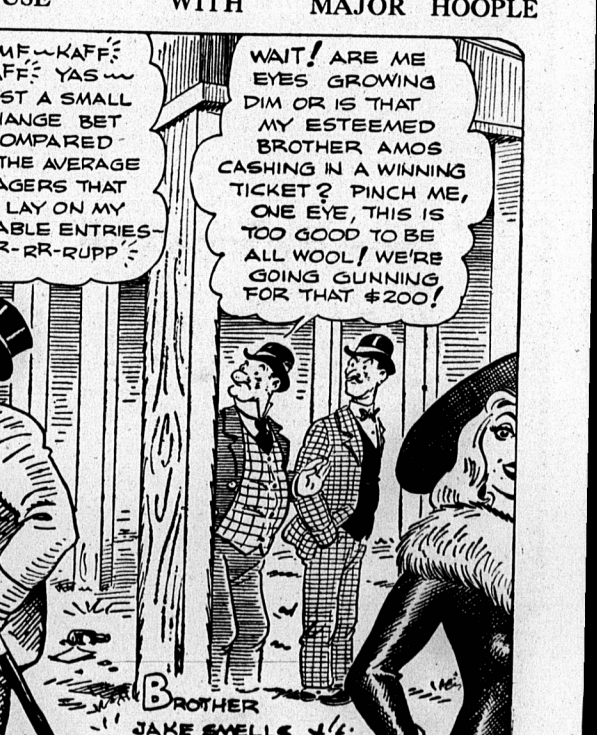
By EDWINA

A WINNING \$4 TICKET ON "APPLAUSE" THAT PAYS 50 TO 1 -- ONE, TWO HUNDRED!

By EDWINA

HMF--KAFK-- KAFK-- YAS-- JUST A SMALL CHANGE BET COMPARED TO THE AVERAGE WAGERS THAT I LAY ON MY STABLE ENTRIES-- BUR--RR--RUPP!

By EDWINA



By EDWINA

WAIT! ARE ME EYES GROWING DIM OR IS THAT MY ESTEEMED BROTHER AMOS CASHING IN A WINNING TICKET? PINCH ME, ONE EYE, THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE ALL WOOL! WE'RE GOING GUNNING FOR THAT \$200!

"CAP" STUBBS AND TIPPIE



By EDWINA

CAP'S OUT PLAYING FOOTBALL AGAIN -- OH, WELL, I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT --

By EDWINA



By EDWINA

WELL, THAT'S A MATTER OF OPINION, SARAH! BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET FREDDY SMITH, WHO BROKE HIS COLLAR BONE -- AND WILLIE SMETTS, WHO HAD TO GO AROUND IN A PLASTER CAST FOR MONTHS --

By EDWINA



By EDWINA

CAP STUBBS -- COME HERE!!

By EDWINA



By EDWINA

HAVEN'T WE GOT 'NUFF TO WORRY 'BOUT WITHOUT YOU TRYIN' TO BREAK YOUR NECK PLAYIN' FOOTBALL! NOW YOU GET IN HERE!!

By EDWINA



By EDWINA

REMARKABLE WORLD WE LIVE IN -- YOU TALKIN' TO MAGGIE AT YER HOUSE -- AN' SHE'S SITTIN' IN THE AUTO DOWNSTAIRS --

Kidney Troubles Indicated by the symptoms

Scanty, highly coloured urine, headache, backache and constipation are among the early symptoms of kidney disease. The appetite is fickle, the tongue is furred and in time there is pallor and loss of weight.

The functions of the kidneys in filtering the urea acid poisons from the blood are halted and these poisons set up pains and aches, rheumatism, gout and lumbago.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are recommended as an effective and prompt means of relief because they quickly arouse the activity of the liver and bowels as well as the kidneys, and thoroughly cleanse the system of the acid poisons. Relieved of undue strain, the kidneys resume again their natural functions and the painful symptoms disappear.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have stood the test of time and will not fail you. At all drug stores or The Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Limited, Oakville, Ontario, Canada.

BRINGING UP FATHER



By EDWINA

YOUR WIFE'S BROTHER -- HE ONE THEY CALL "FOG" -- HE KNOWS YOU ARE IN --

By EDWINA



By EDWINA

THAT'S ABOUT ALL HE DOES KNOW -- AN' TH' FIRST TIME HE'S EVER BEEN RIGHT -- I'LL BE -- I SUPPOSE I WILL HAVE TO SEE HIM -- SHOW HIM IN --

By EDWINA



By EDWINA

I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOME SCHEME TO GET RID OF HIM -- I HAVE IT -- I'LL PRETEND I AM PHONING MAGGIE --

By EDWINA



By EDWINA

YES -- MAGGIE -- I'M VERY BUSY -- I'LL BE HOME LATER -- I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE STORE -- AND THEN CALL ON 'EM -- OUT-OF-TOWN BUYERS -- YES -- I'M RUSHED TO DEATH --

By EDWINA

