

### National Temperance Study Course 1947

LESSON II  
Senior

#### FACTS AND FALLACIES

By EDNA FAY GRANT

Some men drink because they're young and some because they're old; some men drink because they're hot and some because they're cold; some men drink because they're thin and some because they're fat; some men drink because they're in love and some because they're in pain.

Science has recently probed more deeply into the question of alcohol and now we can supply accurate information on which you can reach your own conclusions. The information you may have received has perhaps not been accurate; facts not altogether scientific. It is time for some straight talking.

Perhaps the most frequent statement used as an excuse for drinking alcohol is that it is a stimulant—that it picks you up! The truth of the matter is alcohol lets one down, it is an anaesthetic or a narcotic, and never a stimulant.

There are two sorts of drugs that are known as stimulants and narcotics—those that stimulate and those that depress. One accelerates, the other acts as a brake and alcohol is in the latter class. The Ministry of Information in Great Britain wrote several booklets in wartime. In one they say, "Now for a drink that is not a stimulant. Yes, I repeat, alcohol is not a stimulant. It is a depressant. It dulls the higher nerve centres of the brain. True, it may dampen your worries, but it also hampers self-control, weakens your self-control and impairs the accuracy of your skilled movements."

Again we hear that "a little won't hurt you." Dr. Kress, of the Washington Sanatorium, has said of a person, "He is one drink drunk." Dr. Jellinek, of the Yale School of Alcohol Studies, states: "Even two ounces of alcohol is enough to interfere with judgment 20 per cent." The National Safety Council declares that the small amount of alcohol in 3.2 per cent beer will make a person unsafe to drive his car on the highway. (Canadian beer has a much higher alcohol content than American beer.)

#### Named Director

At a recent meeting of the board of Directors of Fashion-Craft Mfr's Limited, Montreal, makers of Fashion-Craft clothes for men, Mr. Henschel was appointed a director. Mr. Henschel has been with Fashion-Craft Mfr's Limited since its founding and he has served the company in various capacities on the road and at the home office. He is at the present time Sales Manager of the company.

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### KING COLE TEA AND COFFEE

kids in the streets, or even have a weeny-teeny hang-over." But that's not the true picture.

#### It All Adds Up To This

Dr. Henry Tiffany, Norfolk, Virginia, states in words that are plain to every one that they sound a bit "highbrow". Chemically alcohol is a poison socially, a criminal, economically a wastrel, politically a corruptor, spiritually a destroyer, psychologically a depressant and pathologically a blighter of the finest and most intellectual capacities. It invariably makes people inferior and has no more place in the home than dynamite.

- 1. It is the best thing for health.
- 2. It is the best for mental efficiency.
- 3. It is best for physical efficiency.
- 4. It means safer living.
- 5. It makes for self-respect.
- 6. True success depends upon it.
- 7. You are the steward of your life.

Whether you're young, or whether you're old, whether you're hot, or whether you're cold, whether you're stout, or whether you're thin, whether you're out, or whether you're in, never try quaffing these drinks alcoholic. They only end in results melancholic.

QUESTIONS  
1. Some say that liquor has the value of food. Why is such a statement untrue?  
2. What did Dr. Kress mean by saying, "He is one drink drunk?"

#### MR. SMITH AND THE COMFORT STUDY II Junior

Once upon a time there was a man called Joseph Hercules Smith, but he always signed himself Joseph H., and hoped people would think the H. stood for Henry. Mr. Smith was a very kind man. He threw out crumbs for the sparrows in winter, and gave pennies to beggars, and he was so fond of children that he used to stop and pat them on the head and ask them how old they were. He kept a public house, a very pleasant-looking public house; it was called "The Comfort Inn."

One day a traveller came to the inn and asked for a cup of tea. "Tea!" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "Come now, let me draw you a glass of beer; nothing like beer to give you Comfort Inn-side, you know."

"I never found beer a comfort, myself," said the traveller. "Well, well, there's no accounting for tastes," said Mr. Smith, and brought the tea. "You're a stranger to these parts, I take it?" "That's right," said the traveller. "I've a special line in spectacles that I'm trying to get people to use."

"I noticed the eyes because they were the only part clean enough to show the colour. Know them?" "Know them!" echoed Mr. Smith. "Of course I do, he's little heart's Name of Thompson. Mother's a regular customer here, very regular!"

"There were some other children playing a little lower down the street," went on the traveller, "four of them; they looked as though they didn't know what it was to have a square meal."

"No more they do, poor little things," agreed Mr. Smith; "I know the ones you mean. Father's a day-labourer — Dickson, Bill Dickson — comes every night for his bit of Comfort Inn here — excuse my joke! Very poor wages, day-labouring, and with food so dear it's no wonder the children have to go hungry. Many's a tail end of a joint of mutton, or the left-over half of a rabbit-pie my wife's sent 'em — she's so soft-hearted as myself where children come in."

"Humph!" said the traveller for the second time. "I'm thinking I'd better leave you a pair of spectacles on the bar, paid for his tea, and went out."

Mr. Smith rubbed the spectacles on his handkerchief and put them on. Everything looked just as it always did — bright fire, gleaming brasses, everything clean and neat. "They don't seem to make much difference," he said and strolled out into the porch to see if the street, too, would look as it usually did.

Just at that moment twelve o'clock began to strike from the Market Hall, and Mrs. Thompson came out of her house higher up the street. "Albert Ebert, come out of the gutter there, you naughty boy, she cried angrily. "No one would ever

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think I'd given you a bath only last Saturday as ever was! Maud, Annie, you take them all in the house this very minute!" and she slapped the nearest child and picked up the baby and thumped it on the doorstep.

"It's a deal too soft with them, I am," she cried, as she came towards the inn. "There's not many mothers would make the sacrifices I do for the ungrateful brats."

Mr. Smith felt himself getting quite red with indignation. "I'm thinking the sacrifices are on the other leg, as one might say, Mrs. Thompson."

"Mean!" said Mr. Smith. "I mean it's the children that have made the sacrifices, not you. Look at their ragged! Look at the dirt on them! If you hadn't fuddled your brains into a rice-pudding with beer, you'd never have let the poor little things get into that state!"

Mrs. Thompson stood and stared. "Of all the impudence!" she gasped. "You can keep your old Comfort Inn, I'll never come near it again!" And away she flounced.

Mr. Smith took off the spectacles to mop his face. "Now what made me talk to her like that?" he asked himself. "It's bad for business—and yet I don't know what else I could have said, and me so fond of children."

Just at that minute there came a tug a this coat. It was little Violet Armandia Dickson, with an empty pie-dish in her hand.

"Well, my dear?" said Mr. Smith, and patted her kindly on the head. "Please, sir, mother's sent the dish back, and please, she said to thank you kindly, because there wasn't any money left to get anything else to eat, and please, me and Bobby and Sarah and Joe liked it very much, only there wasn't enough of it."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Smith, and patted her on the head again. "We'll have to take care there's more left for you next time, eh? See, here's a penny — you know where the sweeties are sold."

"Violet Armandia ran off down the street, and Mr. Smith was left with the pie-dish in one hand and the spectacles in the other. That meant he had no hand to do anything else, which was awkward, so he put the spectacles back on his nose.

No sooner were they in place than he nearly dropped the pie-dish. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "What was it the child said about there being no money left to buy anything else to eat? Why, Bill Dickson spends money here ever night, and when I've got his money I've the impudence to give the children pennies and send his wife scraps of food I don't want to eat myself, and think I'm being generous! Not another glass does Bill buy here while those children go short," exclaimed Mr. Smith. "but it will be bad for business—very bad for business," he added, ruefully. "It must be these spectacles that make me see things

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so differently?" And just then he looked up at the inn sign over the porch—he looked a second time; no, there was no doubt about it, the sign said plainly, "The Discomfort Inn."

"Well, well!" sighed Mr. Smith. "After all the other things those spectacles have made me see, I don't wonder even the sign looks different. The Discomfort Inn; yes, that's the right name for it when you see things straight; it's discomfort people buy here for themselves and the children, and it's only discomfort I'd get out of it for myself now, if I went on selling beer. I'll have to turn it into an ordinary shop and sell groceries and bread—and sweets, because I am so fond of the children. There may not be much money in the business, compared to selling beer, but I'll know that I'm doing what I can to be a Comfort Inn to the neighbourhood," he added, with his jolly laugh, "and

that will give me Comfort Inn—inside, you know!" said he

QUESTIONS  
(1) How does intemperance cause poverty? Value, 10 marks.  
(2) What have drinkers to show for money spent on alcohol? Value, 10 marks.

FOR GREASE SPOTS  
When removing grease spots from clothing, first dust freely with face powder. Let stand overnight. Brush out powder and should any trace of spot remain apply more powder. This will also remove grease spots from wall paper.

STARCHY DIET  
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