

NERVES ALL GONE TO PIECES

"Fruit-a-tives" Conquered Nervous Prostration

R. R. No. 4, GILBERT PLAINS, MAN.

"In the year 1910, I had *Nervous Prostration* in its worst form; dropping from 170 to 115 pounds.

The doctors had no hope of my recovery, and every medicine I tried proved useless until a friend induced me to take "Fruit-a-tives".

I began to mend almost at once, and never had such good health as I have enjoyed the past eight years. I am never without "Fruit-a-tives" in the house". JAS. S. DELGATY.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

LADY FURRIER VERY SUCCESSFUL

Special to Daily Mail. Copyright 1920 by Cross Atlantic News Service

London, Dec. 24—To change \$1250 into \$150,000 in two years has been the remarkable achievement of London's only woman wholesale furrier, Miss Cecilia Prager who has just married Mr. Sidney Joyce, another furrier, and formed a business as well as a domestic partnership with him.

Two years ago Mrs. Joyce daughter of a city furrier, began business with \$1,250 she had saved. She relied solely on her expert knowledge of pelts, and today her Bond Street business has a capital of \$150,000.

"It requires expert knowledge to detect some imitation pelts," she says, "but no mock-fur, however skillfully dressed, can deceive me. I have travelled in South Africa, Russia, and practically every other fur-raising country.

BERMUDA IS DISCUSSED AS THE ISLE OF HUSBANDS

Men are More Intensely Married There Than in Any Other Part of the World—Girls Who Visit There Have Little Chance for Matrimony --- Code of Honor in Bermuda is very Strong.

Bermuda, Dec. 26—In Bermuda everyone is married. We were promised a bachelor subaltern, but his last effort before leaving, England was to take a wife. With us matrimony is not so much a sanctified estate as a whole-time vocation. Here men are more intensely married than in any other part of the world. In an island nineteen miles by two at its widest part there is no getting away from the fact. Should some pretty girl, full of frocks and frivols, come out to stay with a married sister she will meet that sister's husband, she will meet other husbands, but never one for herself.

Last season I counted seven girls all under twenty, and all attractive, sitting along one half side of a ballroom. The husbands were dancing with each other's wives; it was their duty. There is a code of honor in Bermuda stronger than any law of the Medes or Persians; we do not talk about it, but we recognize its potency. My husband asks Mrs. A. for a dance; she reports to Captain A. who immediately asks me. Major B. asks Mrs. C. Mr. C then asks Mrs. B. and so on, in and out, like the pieces of a jig saw puzzle.

I know what will happen some day—I feel it coming. My husband will desert the ballroom for a game of billiards, or a fourth at bridge, and I, having no medium of exchange must join the girls. We are all happy in Bermuda. "Every man loveth

his neighbor, and no man loveth his neighbor's wife!" The glamorous indiscretions of Army society exist only in novels. When not actively engaged in matrimony the men dig, the women keep hens. Hens permeate all conversations. A tropic night—a golden moon—a flower-curtained veranda, and from the scented twilight words tense with emotion:

"Our have stopped laying!"

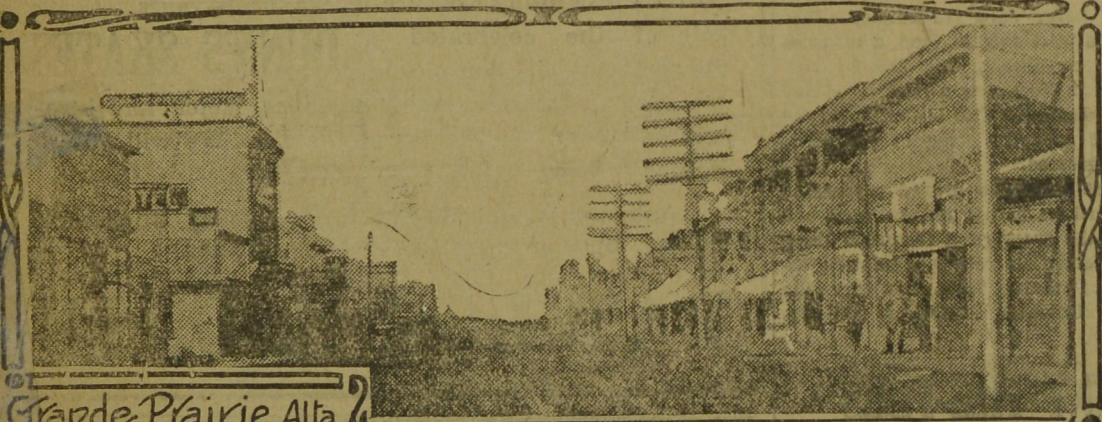
"Bed luck! Have you tried Rear-em's Chikko?"

Was it thus before the war? Has Armageddon domesticated the world? It was a gay old world; in general it didn't care much for chickens. A man was a man first and a husband afterwards. For five years in France and Salonica, "Messpot" and Palestine, the husbands were supermen. Perhaps that's why they like to be just husbands. Perhaps, too, I'm getting old—and doing it badly!

Methodist Church dedicated

The new Methodist Church at Ormococto erected to take the place of that destroyed by fire in the big Ormococto fire about two years ago, was dedicated for service on Sunday. Those taking part in the services were Rev. D. R. Chowen, president of the N. B. & P. E. I. Conference, Rev. George Steel, D. D., Supt. of Missions, and Rev. G. M. Young, of Fredericton, chairman of the Fredericton District. Rev. J. B. Young is pastor of the new church.

Pioneers in Peace River District



Grande Prairie Alta.

One August morning ten years ago, a Dominion Cabinet Minister at Ottawa interrupted for best part of a day the normal course of business to unfold to me, a sympathetic, travelling Englishman, his vision of the New North West.

He had just returned from a long tour right through the Peace River district, up the Mackenzie Basin to Fort McPherson.

"We have no wish," said he with emphasis, "to induce settlers to enter as yet the new Promised Land,"—this, remember, was in 1910—"I speak of the future only. But I am satisfied that when the present prairie lands are all disposed of, then this back country will be taken up, because it will pay people better to secure land there than to pay the price that will be asked for the other."

"Much work has to be done first, however. Rivers have to be made navigable and the land has to be surveyed. My journey was made to ascertain if these undertakings could be justified. And my verdict is yes. Though this land lies north, it is not appreciably colder than the southern portions of the province. At Edmonton the climate is as favorable as at the international boundary, owing to the lower altitude; and for the same reason, together with other contributory conditions, a couple of hundred miles further up country makes little difference."

In 1914 came the railway gang, and in 1916, when its work was done, in pressed the pioneers. This year I have followed in their tracks and, reflecting on what I have seen, I endorse this wisdom.

First, the country is of uncommon charm—great tracts of prairie, with patches of light bush, set among low purple hills, and intersected by belts of timber and by fine rivers and streams. Park-like is the descriptive term that springs to one's pen. Roses flourish everywhere by millions, and scent the air. Lilies challenge them for grace and glow. A thousand tinted grasses add soft undertones, as they ripple in the breeze. Rarely have I been so moved with visions of a country's future as when our automobile pounded along the ninety-mile trail from Peace River Crossing to Spirit Lake.

The naked prairies of the have their charm—at least summer skies; but here is a where the eye is rested and inspired, while still the

the pocket does fill, sure! In times it puzzles one a lit-

tle how. It is not to be explained on the theory of taking in each other's washing, though there is "taking in" of some sort, if the unwary stranger suffers it. But where the occupation is farming the mystery is explained. Nowhere south or east have I seen better crops, and last year this district prospered when others nearly failed. One man gleaned 120 bushels of oats to the acre, and 48 bushels of wheat. He is located about twelve miles above the Crossing and floats his grain down thereto in scows, freightage ten, cents per bushel; and with a stream running nine miles an hour he doesn't lose much time.

Just north of Dunvegan, on the 14th July, I plucked oats, four feet high and upwards by my pocket-measure. And wheat, rye, timothy and indeed all kinds of hay, were luxuriant. A man may be no agriculturist or authority on soils, but even a fool can't mistake the evidence of growing crops.

The pioneers, I said, are pressing in; and more than pioneers. Wise men, not merely from the East, but also from the South and West, are nosing around to pick up the "snaps" and secure their stake in what will surely—given the subjoined conditions—be a rich country. At one hotel in Peace River, in one day, there were visitors registered from Brandon, Moose Jaw, Victoria, Sacramento, Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York and London. At Dunvegan Crossing I met camping, with pack-horse, knife and gun, a picturesque stranger who was beguiling his long evenings with Anatole France's "Les Dieux ont Soif."

What was a man of such culture doing there? Prospecting and picking up good things, you bet your life.

And the people already settled are of the right stuff—downright, enterprising, sociable, "sports"; earnest in play as in work. Spirit River has just had a two days' sports meeting. The folk came in from as far afield as eighty miles—chiefly in autos. There wasn't a bed to be had. Men walked the street all night. Others slept in their cars or on the unhospitable floors of barns, offices and poolrooms. But nothing daunted their zeal. After a boxing contest in the late evening, a dance followed until the small hours. The sports events were numerous and dashing. Better racing was not to be seen at Edmonton. The boys' half-mile horseback spoke well for the rising generation. And ten years ago, recollect, this country



was not surveyed, and a four-year world-war has intervened; yet today several towns of one thousand residents and upwards, with large contributory populations, one of them, at least, equipped with electric light plant and public water-works, are making history.

Nevertheless, as my friend the Cabinet Minister said, there is yet much to do. Roads need to be graded, trails improved, river transport increased. Most urgent of all, an improved and progressive railway service is needed.

That, indeed, is vital; for otherwise many of the settlers will drift out again; the fight is too unfair. I hear that the Canadian Pacific Railway has at length taken over the operation of the line. This will prove the surest pledge of Peace River prosperity, for the unsullied prestige of this great transportation company, challenged as it now is by powerful rivals, will not allow of inefficiency.

But what I have seen makes me eager, and to public utility companies and intending settlers alike, I say—Make Haste!—D. C.

MEN OF GENIUS OFTEN COME FROM LARGE FAMILIES

Fifth Born Children Tend to be Highly Endowed ---High Mortality in Large Families Shows a Deterioration of the Stock --- Large Families are Not Always Healthy.

Special to aDaily Mail. Copyright 1920 by Cross Atlantic News Service.

London, Dec. 24—"A woman scientist," whose name is not disclosed, has affirmed that "there is no deterioration in a family as the number of children increases." We are also assured that fifth-born children tend to be highly endowed.

It is difficult to accept these statements in the light of the present scientific knowledge respecting the association of degeneracy with large families.

Havelock Ellis and other investigators find that abnormalities of every kind exist in the large family, and also that many men of genius tend to belong to big families. But the genius is not often the fifth, but the first child, as a reference to "A Study of British Genius" will prove. Therefore to secure the birth of gifted persons, it is not always essential to have five children.

Large families in the majority of instances are not healthy families. Insanity, idiocy, imbecility, feeble-mindedness, epilepsy, hysteria, nervous small families.

It is a lamentable fact that abnormal, generate nervously unbalanced people often imagine that they have been chosen by Nature for the perpetuation of the human species.

A wealthy Lord Mayor of London named Colet, had 22 children in thirty years. Only one reached maturity. The chief trouble in the large family is that so many of the children die either in infancy or early in the adult life of a high survival rate.

Relatively speaking, mothers who

gave birth to one child do more to keep the birth rate steady than those who bear fifteen children. Women with one healthy child will rear about 76 per cent to maturity, but women with fifteen children can save only thirty per cent as future citizens.

The sickly child is next of kin to the dead child. The great mortality of the children of big families shows a deterioration of the stock, and the chances are that the survivors will be asthenia, consumption and criminal tendencies are commoner in big than below the average standard of health, if they do not become actual invalids.

There are exceptions to this rule, but the association generally of degeneration with the large family is fully established. We find that the chances of life for the fifth and sixth child are considerably lower than for the earlier born. In Johnstown, Pennsylvania, 5617 children were born by 1491 married women. The deaths per 1000 among the first and second born were 138.3 and among the fifth and sixth born 177.0. In the ninth and later born children the mortality was 201.1.

Can it be said that there was "no deterioration" in these families as their numbers increased? Is there any social gain whatever in the wastage of infant life. We need not fear a serious decline in population. There is even a slight increase in population in France, where the general average family is a little over two.

A lot of mistakes are made in the name of psychology.

Swift men are seldom fast friends. Nature sometimes stores a lot of brains behind a pretty face.

To succeed aim high and stick to it.

Life's chief compensations do not come in pay envelopes.

Be sure you are wrong before you go back and sit down.

After dinner sit a while, after supper walk a while, and if another settles—smile.

If a man is a millionaire he can say all the fool things he wants to without impairing his reputation.

When a widow tells a man that she has never been kissed before—well, that's the limit.

Everybody criticizes the man who spends his money freely, but everybody is willing to get busy and help him spend it.

When a man's wife suddenly puts her arms around his neck just before making a touch it's a case of being close pressed for money.

Ralph Neill, C. E., of Montreal, spent Christmas with his father Mr. J. S. Neill.

Hon. P. J. Veniot, Minister of Public Works is expected in the city tonight.

STOPS BRONCHITIS QUICKLY WITHOUT ANY MEDICINE

This Problem Solved When Catarrhzone Was Discovered.

Thousands Have Been Relieved

You are nothing but a plain simple boob to suffer a day longer from Bronchitis. It's real easy to relieve, this has been proved time and again.

Relief comes at once when you breathe in the soothing vapor of Catarrhzone. Once it shealing, piney essences strike the bronchial tubes, you realize that a powerful treatment is at work.

Irritation can't live in the throat of a person inhaling Catarrhzone. It is so soothing, so warming, so full of concentrated healing power that you get results at once.

Catarrhzone strengthens the weak throat, makes even the chronic sufferer realize that at last he has discovered real relief. For coughs, colds, catarrh, and winter ills, nothing in the family could be better than the complete dollar outfit. Small size 50c; trial size 5c, all dealers or The Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Ont.