

## BEWARE OF BRONCHITIS

Bronchitis is generally caused by neglecting a cold, or exposure to wet and inclement weather. It begins with a tightness across the chest, difficulty in breathing, and a wheezing sound comes from the lungs. There is a raising of phlegm, especially the first thing in the morning. This is at first white, but later becomes of a greenish or yellowish color and is occasionally streaked with blood.

On the first sign of bronchitis you should check it immediately by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, thereby prevent it becoming chronic, and perhaps developing into some more serious lung trouble.

Mrs. Brice Culham, Sheffield, Ont., writes: "In December, 1919, I was very sick with bronchitis, and had to stay in the house all winter. One day I saw Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup advertised, so I got a small bottle which helped me very much; I then got a 60c. size, and it completely relieved me. I cannot praise "Dr. Wood's" enough for what it did. Two of my neighbors are now using it for colds."

Don't accept a substitute for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup; the genuine is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 35c. and 60c.; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited Toronto, Ont.

## PROHIBITION IN ALBERTA

Calgary, Dec. 3.—Strong exception to the bringing into force of prohibition in the province of Alberta is voiced by Charles Bell local wholesale liquor dealer, in a letter addressed by his solicitors to the secretary of state for Canada. In his letter, Mr. Bell declared that, having regard to section 153 of the Canada Temperance act, properly interpreted and results in the Alberta referendum, prohibition could not be declared for the reason that two of the districts—East and West Edmonton—went wet. The argument in favor of this is that it is the clear intention of the act to permit each district to accept or reject for itself the prohibition contained in part two of the said act.

Free vocal music at St. Dunstan's last night.

## GERMANY'S LARGEST SHIP HOME FOR A MILLION RATS

There is gratitude if not money in it for the person who will show Thomas E. Rush surveyor of this port how to exterminate an army of rats which is now running free in the hull of the Leviathan, the one time German liner which became American property when the United States declared war on Germany.

She is the largest ship ever constructed in Germany and her vast size may have amounted to good advertising for the Hamburg-American line, which built her and used to run her as a passenger ship. But she has been a good deal of a burden in the two sets of hands which have had to do with her since the Germans were made to give her up. The army used her as a transport during the war but she was glad to relinquish her when hostilities ceased. Since then the Cunard Line operated her a little while but found her a losing proposition. Now the property of the Federal government she lies at a Hoboken pier, and nobody wants her as a gift.

The rats, however, find her an ideal hotel. There are hordes of them enjoying the freedom of her vast hull with its complicated subdivisions of decks and compartments, and the port crew which is in charge of the vessel finds itself impotent against them. All the best known rat enemies, such as terriers, cats and ferrets, have been introduced into the ship in vain. The rats continue to increase in size and number, and it has been recognized that it would amount to wanton cruelty to send any more small animals in among them. Only yesterday Mr. Rush received a letter from a humane society insisting that no more cats be sent against the rats. It is Mr. Rush's belief that the only way to get rid of the pests is by suffocating them with gas.

However this would cost money and

there is no fund account available for it. But if any one knows any form of suasion, or magic music or irresistible bait which will draw the rats from the vessel he needs only to write to Mr. Rush about it to receive the thanks of a grateful government.

## ADDING TO THE TERROR OF DEATH

(Saturday Night)

The spiritists who are so active now adays, persist in adding new terrors to death. Now, it is alleged Thomas A. Edison has invented a telephone by which he expects to communicate with the dead. We should have expected a great man whose course is almost run to have had more sympathy with the majority he must some day join, than to invent an instrument for the destruction of the peace we all hope to enjoy in the hereafter. Most busy men suffer enough annoyance from telephone calls in this world, without having to face the prospect of their continuance in the next.

Taking into consideration with another, a dead man's life is not a happy one, when the "mediums" and their supporters, the spiritists, get after him. No matter how brilliant his intellect during his earthly life, his mind seemingly suffers almost total eclipse after physical dissolution. He is placed at the back and call of some Indian chief, who does a land office business as a "control". He is made to play the guitar, shake the curtains, slap ladies' faces, push tables about, and do all sorts of childish things that he would never have thought of doing in this life. Small wonder that when he occasionally writes a letter with slate pencil he has lost most of his powers of expression. And the Indian



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Red Rose Coffee is crushed—not ground.

## CLERGYMAN TELS OF HIS MARITAL WOES

Rev. B. A. Sherwin, a Cleveland clergyman in a letter to the New York Herald gives the following interesting account of his domestic troubles:

I was the principal party in the case before Judge Frank Phillips in Cleveland, Ohio, which was referred to in your editorial article entitled "The Poorly Paid Preacher Who Works at a Trade," and in which I was found guilty of extreme cruelty for remaining in the ministry on \$93 a month, having a wife and five children to support. The court ruling has called forth much comment from all parts of the country. In view of the ruling, based upon a misapprehension of the true situation, I would like to make a statement to the public of the facts.

It is nearly four years since I left the ministry, before the high cost of living struck the country. My ministry for the most part was among the rural churches and not in the cities and \$93 a month salary for a rural pastor was considered a good salary at that time.

We had a free parsonage to live in and a large garden plot, sometimes to the extent of three acres which I made good use of. The church members, as well as outsiders, were kind toward us, bestowing gifts of meat, flour, potatoes, apples and the like. Besides many a meal, cash donations were made. Then there were the marriage and funeral fees. When the church would allow me, I sold garden and farm seed and fruit trees, which netted me a few extra hundred dollars.

We had a free parsonage to live in lacked no necessary. At times there were some inconveniences. Owing to the poor financial system in vogue among the country churches money came in irregularly, but at the end of the pastoral year the salary was all paid in. Indeed, my family fared better while I was in the ministry on \$93 a month while in the country than they have since I left it and came to Cleveland, Ohio, where I had a much lower income.

The greatest hardships we ever experienced have been right here in Cleveland, and we really haven't had any hardships here. But it has been harder to make ends meet here than it was while in the ministry.

I did not leave the ministry because of lack of support, but it was because of domestic troubles. As my children grew up to the years of 12, 13 and 14 They wanted to be out late at nights. This I objected to, while my wife approved of it, so it went on growing worse and worse, until I couldn't con-

chief compels him to constantly assert that he is happy, and that everyone is happy; which under most circumstances must be a lie. His letters are in this respect no more candid, probably than those which were sent from Mr. Squeers' famous establishment, Dotheboys Hall.

Now that he is expected to answer telephone calls from this earth his trials will be doubled; and it is to be hoped that once in a while the big injunction boss will permit him to leave the 'phone off the hook. It is also to be hoped that Edison's new invention will be a failure not merely for the sake of the dead, but of the living. If the spirits are no more successful at making themselves clear over the telephone, than they are in their letters, the listener at this end will have his troubles, too.

## FOX INDUSTRY IS NOW ON A PAYING BASIS

The history of the silver fox breeding industry and its prospects for the future was dealt with by Hon. A. E. Arsenault, ex-Premier of Prince Edward Island, at the Kiwanis Club luncheon held at Montreal, last week. Mr. Arsenault, who is president of the P. E. I. Silver Fox Fur Selling Association, an organization formed this year to establish marketing co-operation among the breeders of the Island, reviewed the course of the industry from the time of its inception in 1870. At first, he said, experiments were a failure, and it was not until some years

later that Charles Dalton and R. E. Oulton were successful in raising a litter of black foxes to maturity. Some pelts were placed on the London market, and the handsome prizes realized encouraged the two breeders to joined Dalton and Oulton and there was formed a small circle of breeders, who maintained secrecy as to method, and withheld breeding stock from the open market. The pelts alone were sold and in London such a price as \$2,600 was realized for a single skin. In 1910, however, one of the ring was induced to part with a pair of live foxes for a large sum, and with that the speculative period began.

"Promoters then began to operate," continued Mr. Arsenault. "Foxes were scarce and the whole world was scouring for anything resembling a black fox. One man even purchased a black dog. Exorbitant prices were paid; \$25,000 was not at all unusual for a pair. Companies much over-capitalized were formed."

"Like all enterprises of a speculative nature," he said, "the end was bound to come. The war broke out and the crash came. Money became scarce and it was thought that the bottom had fallen out of the industry. Prices decreased to as low as \$5,000 a pair and then to any figure that could be realized.

The speculative period was past Mr. Arsenault stated, and the industry was now on a permanent paying basis and no one need be afraid of the future.

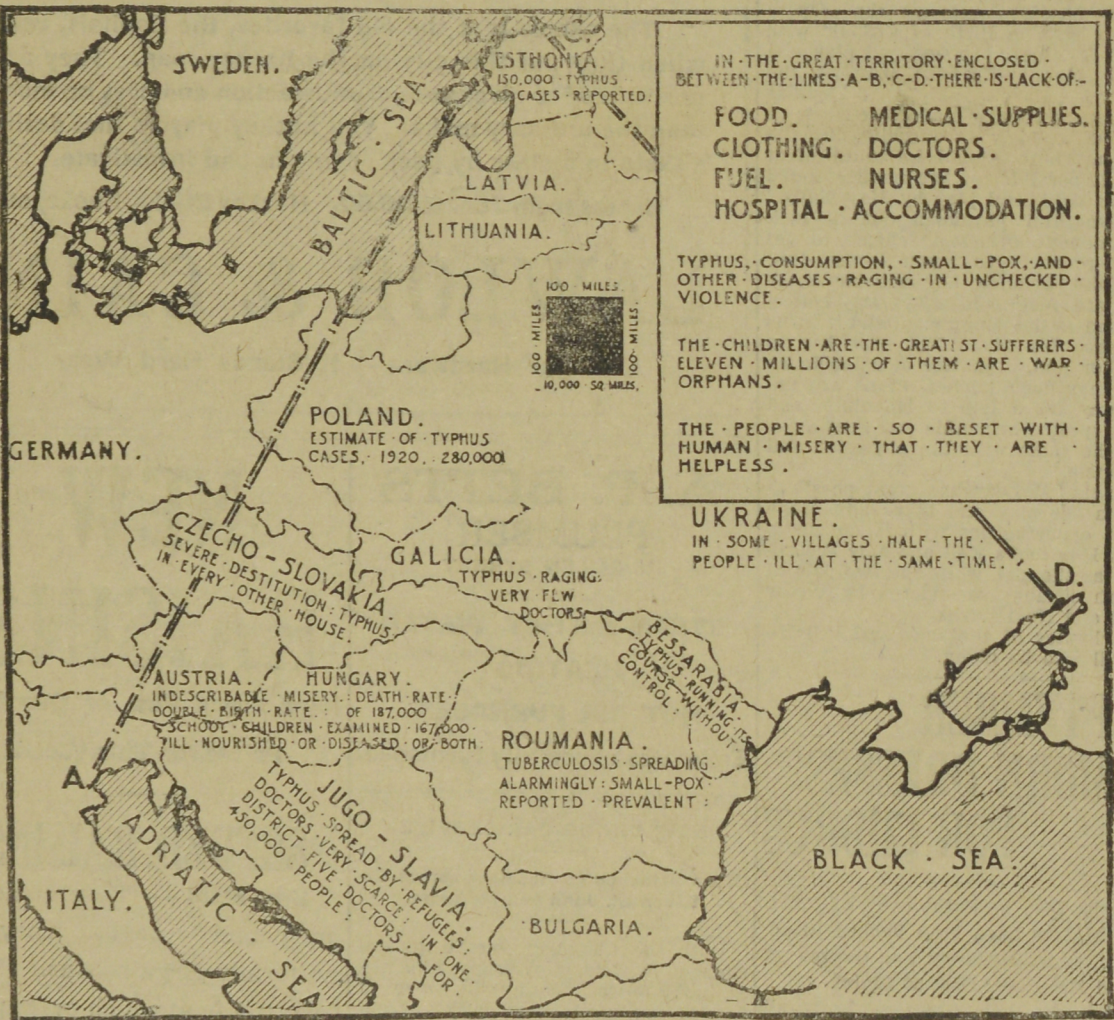
There seem to be numerous misguided humans who don't believe that an apple that is grown in their native state is fit to eat.

No man is such a spendthrift that he can get rid of his money faster than his friends could do it for him.

There are a thousand good talkers to one good thinker.

Any woman can fool a man, but it's sometimes difficult to keep him fooled.

Peace has broken out again.



## Study this Map

It tells—but only partly tells—the Story of Misery in Central Europe.

Within the great territory between the black lines millions of destitute children are doomed to grow up weak and deformed through want of fats, milk and sugar, unless immediate help comes from without.

HERBERT HOOVER, invited to speak at a Canadian Red Cross meeting, said:

"Our problem over the forthcoming winter appears to be about 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 children.

"These children are the obligation of every man, woman and child in the Western Hemisphere, for we have suffered less; but, beyond this, they are a charge on the heart of the whole world."

**The Canadian Red Cross**  
appeals on behalf of  
**The British Empire War Relief Fund**  
(To Combat Distress and Disease in Europe)

\$10.00 will save a child; \$1.00 will give it "saving" food for a month  
Help in this humane duty by sending or bringing your subscription to

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