FOR SALE

I have just returned from Ontario with

Three Carload

of

Choice Horses

Also have a number of real good

Island Horses

at

Wellington McNeill

STABLES

Buntain Bell's Wharf

MORTGAGE SALE

To be sold by public auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown on Monday the ninth day of April A. D. 1934, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, ALL that parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot or Township Number Twenty-one in Queen's County, commencing on the South Side of the Millvale Road and at the Northwest angle of a farm plot Number Twenty (20) conveyed by the Commissioner of Public Lands to Edward B Cosgrove, thence running South by the Magnet of the year 1764 for the distance of fifty chains, thence West ten chains to the East boundary of farm plot Number Twenty-four (24) in possession of Hector Kier, thence North along the East side line of Hector Kiers lands forty-five chains, thence at right angles East two chains, thence at right angles North to the Millvale Road aforesaid five chains, thence Eastwardly along the Millvale Road eight chains to the place of commencement containing forty-nine acres of land, a little more or less comprising the farm of fifty acres described in a Deed from the Commissioner of Public Lands to ecfor McKenzie dated the 2nd of July A. D. 1897 and conveyed to the Mortgagor by Melville M Morrison by Deed dated the 12th June, A. D. 1926, excepting thereout one acre of land in the Northwest corner of said fifty acres sold and conveyed by the Mortgagor to Harry Smith.

The above sale is made under power of sale contained in an indenture of mortgage dated the 9th day of May 1927, made between Samuel Smith of Millvale Road, farmer, and Phoebe Smith his wife, of the one part, and Helen Clements of Charlottetown of the other part, default having been made in the payment of the principal and interest thereby secured.

For further particulars apply to McLeod and Bentley, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

Dated this 1st day of March A. D. 1934.

HELEN CLEMENTS
Mortgagee.
L879.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE

Homestead farm of the late Donald McKinnon, Highfield, 76 acres of choice land 1½ miles from Winsloe Station and five miles from Charlottetown. If not sold privately before Thursday, April 5th next, it will be offered by Public Auction on the premises on that date, at 3 p.m. Apply to McLean & McKinnon, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

L-1377

Notice of Application For Divorce

Notice is hereby given that William Falconer Jardine of Head of Hillsborough in Queens County in the Province of Prince Edward Island, Farmer and retired real estate dealer, will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce from his wife Cora May Jardine of Head of Hillsborough in Queens County in Prince Edward Island, and lately of Charlottetown in Queens County in said Island, and whose present address is, Care of Mrs. Lindberg, 260 Summit Avenue, Brookline, Massachussetts, on the ground of adultery.

Dated at Charlottetown, Province of Prince Edward Island, 8th day of March, 1934.

WILLIAM FALCONER JARDINE,
Petitioner.

L-10034.

CHANCERY SALE

OF LAND AT HOPE RIVER, LOT 22

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to Order of the Honourable, the Vice-Chancellor of the Court of Chancery of this Province, made in the matter of J. Austin Hogan and another, Executors of Marion Fleming, against Arthur Fleming and others, infant defendants, No. D 261, on the 2nd day of February, A. D. 1934, I will set up and sell by public auction on the premises, on Thursday the 12th day of April, A. D. 1934, at the hour of one o'clock afternoon, All that tract or parcel of land situate on Township 22 in Queen's County, whereof Marion Fleming wife of Arthur Fleming, died seized, bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a square post fixed in the east shore of Hope River, on the north side of the road being the northern boundary of a tract of land formerly in possession of William Pendergast, thence running east 96 chains or until it meets the division line between Lots 22 and 23, thence running on said division line north 10 chains and 50 links, thence west to the said shore and thence following the various courses of the said shore to the place of commencement, containing 100 acres of land a little more or less.

Such sale to be subject to the approval of the said Court of Chancery and free from all encumbrances.

Condition at sale.

For further particulars apply to H. F. MacPhee, Esquire, Complainants' Solicitor, or to the undersigned.

D. EDGAR SHAW,
Master in Chancery.

L-1457

Simple Rules for LOSING FAT

Common sense will do far more for you than any so-called panacea for taking off unhealthy extra fat. Just live sensibly. You don't need to starve yourself. Eat enough to satisfy the demands of your body, but just be careful not to eat so many sweet, starchy foods, such as potatoes, sweet desserts, fat meats, etc. And, above all, be sure of *complete* elimination of body wastes.

Don't just take it for granted that there's nothing wrong with your eliminative system because your habits are regular. Regularity deceives thousands who, if they only realized it, could enjoy perfect health and proper weight all the time.

Once or twice each week enjoy a bracing, sparkling glass of Andrews Liver Salt. Andrews will help Nature to effect complete elimination, and so will help your body to throw off unwanted and unhealthful weight.

The occasional sparkling glass of Andrews Liver Salt will purify and invigorate your whole system and ward off the "little ills". It will prevent those days of heavy body weariness and periodic attacks of headaches and indigestion. And it will help Nature bring you down to your proper weight.

Try this common-sense way to get rid of surplus, body-wearying fat. Eat moderately and take Andrews occasionally. Ask your druggist for Andrews Liver Salt. In tins, 35c and 60c. New, large bottle, 75c. Sole Agents: John A. Huston Co., Ltd., Toronto. 6

Temperance Notes

(A column of undoubted fact and worthy opinion re the Temperance Situation.

Under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance.)

DRINK MORE DESTRUCTIVE THAN WAR

Harry S. Larner, in his recent book "Prohibition an adventure in Freedom," gives the following appraisal of drink: "A generation or two ago, when the problem was less involved, Gladstone called drink more destructive, throughout the history of civilization than war, pestilence and famine combined. Since Gladstone's day a modern scientific war has added a new record of frightfulness. Famine and pestilence have been outstripped in infamy. Drink and war compete alone as hideous rivals among the world's greatest causes of misery. Whatever may be the outcome of the attempt to solve this age-old burden on human life, the seriousness of the disease itself is beyond question. On this, scientific men and everday experience agree. As a source of misery, it is recognized in all lands and by men of all shades of opinion. It's blight through the centuries can be measured only by comparison with war. The world war deprived the race of millions of young men, the best qualified physically and mentally to become the fathers of future generations. Alcoholic indulgence lowers the quality of the race, leaving an ever increasing blight of mental and physical scars on the children of all classes, select or otherwise, who drink. War works its damage by intense periods; drink knows no let-up, no recovery period. It never gives a community a chance to start again while the drink remains."

THAT "LIKE THE DICKENS" FEELING IS LIVER

Wake Up Your Liver Bile. Feel Fit. You Needn't use Calomel To Do It.

It's your liver, failing to pour out the vital two pounds of bile, daily, into your bowels, that makes you feel so off-colour.

Lack of bile means poor digestion. Food stays too long in your bowels and decays. Your system is poisoned. You go through the misery of gas, bloating, pain, heartburn. You have a dark brown abominable taste in your mouth and bad breath. Your skin's unhealthy and often your head aches. Your whole system seems out of kilter.

How can you reasonably expect to clear up a condition like this by merely taking salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum, or roughage? These only move the bowels, and that's not enough. You must wake up your liver bile.

Avoid calomel (mercury). Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They're purely vegetable, gentle, sure and safe. They'll make you feel a hundred per cent better in a very short time.

Don't waste your money on substitutes. Be definite. Ask for Carter's by name—and get them! Look for the name, Carter's, on the red label. 25c. at all druggists. 60

TENDERS

Marked Sealed Tenders will be received by the Orwell Dairying Co., for buttermaker, up till April 4th. Tenders must state price per lb. for manufacturing.

Manager to find all supplies including coal.

Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

REGINALD MacLEAN,
Secretary,
Orwell Cove.

L-768.

TENDERS

Sealed Tenders will be received by the Stanley Bridge Dairying Co., for Butter and Cheese Maker, up till April 7th. Tenders to state price per lb. for Butter. Manager to find all supplies including fuel. Tenders for cheese to state price per 100 lbs. cheese finding help. The lowest of any tender not necessarily accepted. Tenders to be in the hands of Secretary not later than noon April 7th.

H. S. MacEWEN,
Secretary.

L-1467.

TENDERS

Tenders addressed to the undersigned at Mount Stewart, for the rebuilding of the R. C. Parochial House at St. Andrews, according to plans being shown by Mr. John McAskill, Mt. Stewart, and at the office of S. M. Poole & Co., Charlottetown, will be received up to the evening of April 11th, 1934.

Lowest or any not necessarily accepted.

(Sgd.) A. P. McLELLAN, P. P.

L-1480.

What Every Widow Knows

By LUCILLE VAN SLYKE

CHAPTER 35
TEMPER AND TEMPERATURE

Jamison Gordon lived at a small and exclusive bachelor's club in Ninth Street. And Jamieson and his fellows did very well by themselves in the matter of service. They had an irreproachable chef, a butler who was a real treasure, an ex-hospital orderly who did their beds and bathrooms but the most important person in their retinue was a lanky lad they called Mikey who had no official position but who was invaluable to the men he privately called "them fussy forties."

He wasn't exactly their valet — though like a real valet none of them seemed a hero to Mickey—but he could shave those who wanted to be shaved, and he toted their clothes to the corner tailor and counted their laundry and saw that their socks were mended by his own crippled mother (at a very good price per pair!) shined their boots and pocketed their tips and being Celtic, enjoyed his job immensely. He would have cheerfully knocked down anybody who said anything derogatory to his "gintlemin" but he would sit by the hour complaining about them to his mother.

"Hardboiled, every mother's darling of them,—I was taking a census the other day and all but Mr. Hurley is only children, ma,—and that fussy about what they eat and the pillows they sleep on and what time I takes their papers to them—Lord help whoever has to wait on them says I—meaning me mostly."

"Mister Gordon now, is a nice amiable man—" his mother reminded him.

"Him?" gasped Mickey. "Maybe he used to be that but these last few weeks he's the worst grouch of the bunch! Nothing can please him. I dunno is spring getting rheumatism into him or what but it's crazy he is driving me."

"Maybe he's in love—" his mother was incurably sentimental.

"Him?" Mickey rammed tobacco into a pipe. "I don't guess so. He don't sent out no letters nor telephone calls much and he don't get no letters only—funny thing, he got a queer one yesterday—was I telling you about that?"

"Go on wid it—" his mother said indignantly. "You know you was not—"

"Well, night before last he come in very late, dead sober but mad as a hornet with a scratch across his face like a wild cat had tore it—and his coat jagged out by the shoulder. I says to him has he been in an accident and he says to me, snappy-like, 'Call me at seven thirty in the morning—' and he leaves that new car of his standing by the curb outside the club.

"But before it's seven-thirty the next morning, a messenger boy comes along with a big red box of cigarettes and a note on top, the boy saying to me to get them right upstairs as the party that sends them wants them there before eight. So I opens the note to be sure it's no bomb that might blow him up when he opens it, and it certainly looks like whoever wrote it was cuckoo. It starts out saying 'I'm sorry that I hurt your cheek and I send you these smokes to say how sorry I am. Please come to see me sometime when I'm used to city folks and city ways but don't come today because I'm not at home' and it wasn't signed, but had a big dirty spot on it like the dog had walked on it—"

"What did he say when you took it up?" Mickey's mother asked.

"Nothing much. Grinned kinda sickly like and then he saw himself in the mirror and he groaned at the looks of him—for it's black and blue and purple and swelled up his face is with that big scratch across it. He asks me do I think I can shave him and without hurting him, and I says neither I nor anybody can do that for him for a day or two like, so he says will I take his car over to the garage and send him some coffee and then he pulls out a dollar and says will I go to a butcher and get a large bone and put his card with it—"

"Is he gone batty?" demanded Mickey's mother, "or was he liquored up?"

"Sober as a judge, he was, wrote down an address for me and it was to be sent to a tea-room uptown—"

"I guess you don't know when a man is drunk—" she informed him.

"Well, I know when one ain't. But it got me guessing at that, so I thinks as long as it's his car and it's his bone, it might be a good thing did I be sure it was delivered, so I goes up with it myself. In a basement of a big house it was, swell looking, and outside a big iron gate I sees a big fellow ringing a bell so I waits and a cook comes to the door and with her biggest dog ever I see and he almost tears down the gate trying to get at the man. I don't rightly know what he says to the cook but she says to him that Mrs. Benedict is gone marketing and left word that on no account was she to let anybody take the dog and I coughs and says maybe it was for him that this bone was and she opens the gate a couple of inches and the dog grabs the bone and the big man laughs when I was passing the card through and says he guesses Mr. Gordon was a regular fellow after all—"

Mickey gathered up the socks, stowed them in a dilapidated brief case which he fondly hoped made him look like a young lawyer and departed leaving his mother romancing wildly. She slid her hand into the sleeve of the coat she was repairing, the self-same coat having been presented to Mickey by the grouchy Mr. Gordon. Halfway through the act of turning it inside out, she paused and grinned. For a long, wavy brown hair was dangling to the cuff button of that coat.

"Not used to city ways indeed!" she chortled.

And sat consumed with impatience until Mickey came back for his supper.

"And did you hear any more about Mr. Gordon's scratch?" she inquired.

Mickey didn't laugh.

"I'll say I did," he responded moodily. "Nothing else but. Its that sore he's nearly crazy with it, and this afternoon we sent out for a young doctor to come into dress it for him, for it was getting funny-like and awfully swollen. And the doctor took his temperature and looked awful solemn and he says to me that the wound ought to have been washed out more careful-like, and that he didn't like the looks of it. He says to him, "When did that happen?" and when Mr. Gordon tells him he looks still more solemn and says, "We can tell better at the end of the third day," and that the temperature is too high to suit him. Temperature! Gosh, its his temper that's too high to suit me! He takes on something awful—and just over a little scratch!"

Mickey's mother lowered her voice.

"I'm thinking that it's not the scratch on his face that's worrying him," she said. "There's the matter of a hair that is no dog's hair on that coat he was giving you—"

(To Be Continued.)

Jack Miner And The Birds

By Jack Miner Himself—A History of this notable Bird Lover's Life

Every gun should be licensed high enough to pay all expenditures, but no State or Province in America should be allowed over one month's open season on migratory birds until they are more plentiful. No person or persons should be allowed to feed artificial grain to birds for the sole purpose of slaughtering them. This would encourage the replanting of more natural duck and goose foods, and make our marshes more productive.

The bag limit should be kept down. Not that this bag limit law is easily enforced, but for the steady education that it is wrong and unsportsmanlike to slaughter. Any man that wants to shoot more than five ducks in one day, or twenty-five in a season is not considerate of the other fellow's North American rights and privileges.

But the whole proposition is hinged on better education, and when the people of this continent wake up and find out that good, sensible game protection pays two hundred per cent. annual dividends, then we won't lie back and yawn and say it is no use trying.

As proof that I know what I am writing about, I call your attention to my own success, that you are compelled to believe. Now if one man, with limited means and no natural advantages, but backed up by good neighbors, can do what has been done here, what can the wealth and effort of one hundred and twenty-five millions of people do with our natural advantages?

Yes, I have demonstrated that the sanctuary plan is sure preventive of extremination. With plenty of such places where neither rich nor poor dare molest them, bird lovers can have first choice and the shooters the overflow. We can have more tagging stations to enable us to trace the birds of different localities, as I have done here. We can organize an international bird lovers' association. In fact we can have anything that will lead to deeper interest and more education as to the value and enjoyment of our birds. Personally I have more confidence in a thimbleful of education than I have in a barrelful of bayonet-point compulsion.

Two years ago a gentleman in Peterborough, Ontario, engaged me to come for two days: I went to each school and talked as best I could. The following spring this dear man gave bird-house prizes to the same children. The accompanying photograph shows the results.

Now to those who think it not worth while: You are depriving yourself of a pleasure that is knocking at every man's door. God left the wild life in our care, and it is not a question of what we can have but the question is, Will we have?

Just close your eyes and ears and abandon all nature's sights and sounds; what extra attractions would spring have for you? On the other hand, just multiply the other attractions tenfold. Can it be done? Yes; "come over into Macedonia and help us," is my message to you.

CHAPTER XXXI.
CREATING A BIRD SANCTUARY

A bird sanctuary is a suitable area of ground set aside for the birds to congregate in for shelter, food and protection, where their natural enemies are destroyed and where neither rich nor poor dare molest them, "nor thieves break through and steal."

Here the birds will congregate in countless numbers, especially during their migration, and hold their great annual picnic and vocal contest, which enables each to select the best sweetheart. As soon as she consents to fly in a double harness with him and he says "I will, so help me Sun, Moon and Stars," they are off together, some for life, others for one season only. Now as soon as God's wireless says to them "The weather is O. K. at your nesting grounds," they join in a sort of a God-be-with-you-till-we meet again chorus and rise high on the evening air, and before the stars close their eyes again, these winged creatures are one thousand miles farther on, and the rising sun finds them singing on the same old perch of last year, right near their nesting place .I said evening air, because most birds migrate during the night.

The non-migratory birds will winter in this same sanctuary. Last winter, the eighth winter my sanctuary was set out, I fed over one-half bushel of wheat daily to the Bob White quail that wintered in there. As soon as spring came, these quail all left, and are now scattered over at least a two mile area of the very best farming country, breeding on nearly every farm. And best of all, I have wheat ready to feed a bigger flock next winter.

The sanctuary plan is the only way I know of to control the two-legged cannibal, he who apparently will not allow his heart nor brain to act at all, but simply lets his murderous trigger-finger control his whole carcass. It may sound strange to the reader that I speak so harshly of this class of being, but it is personal knowledge that causes it. Being in the woods so much through life, depending as a hunter does, largely on my hearing, my ear drums have been kept exceptionally active, and up until the last few years I could almost hear a gnatfly sneeze; the result is I have heard a whole lot of things that would have sounded better had I been totally deaf.

One day a man came here with two or three younger fellows, including one of his own boys. After showing them around, I came to the park and called the pheasants, and three beautiful Golden Pheasants came out and just spread their gorgeous plumage. As they strutted across the green lawn, all fairly held their breath at such an eye-feast. I turned to go to the house, made a few steps and changed my mind. The boy said, "Oh father, just wouldn't they look nice in our woods?" The father switched his cud over and said, "I'd like to see them in the woods when I had my old No. 10 shotgun."

Years ago I stocked this township with Ringnecked pheasants, and all the power I had was "Please don't shoot the pheasants." A hunter got on the street car three miles north of my house, and as he quieted down he slapped his hand on his gamesack and remarked, "I've got five of them in here the red-headed blank-blank will never see again!" Now this man is hardly acquainted with me and I know he has nothing particular against me; only he just wanted to curse the man that had given him such a good day's sport.

There is another man in this township that apparently sent word to me in a roundabout way that he had three duck tags, and if I would give him a dollar each for them, as I did the Esquimaux, I could have the tags. Now these tags were put on young ducks that I raised here, and owing to the water drying up in the north pond that summer, they left early in September and went to this nearby water. But if this man lives until I give him a dollar each for the three tags off these hand-raised pets, he will sure hold the world's record for longevity.

One of the common questions asked around my home is: "How do you understand the birds so well?" Really, the birds are an open book. The question is how to understand humanity. Seventy-five per cent. of the hunters that shoot the overflow of birds from my bird sanctuary can easily be called my enemies, while the fact remains they would never see a goose, let alone shoot one, if I did not feed, pet and harbor them here. But I have this consolation: If I met with their approval—Well, 'nuff said!

This makes me think of Ikie and Jakie. Jakie had apparently been imposed upon. Ikie, trying to console him, said, "Jakie, don't worry. Our Saviour had enemies." "Yes," replied Jakie, "but my Got, look vat they done to him!"

A sanctuary where one expects to entertain water fowl should, of course, be quite a large area of land and water; the reader can plainly see this point; and a natural marsh is, of course, the proper place. But a sanctuary for the non-water birds can be made anywhere in the country or suburbs of a town possibly a ravine with a small stream running through it would be preferable.

(To Be Continued)

Address And Presentation

On Thursday, March 22nd, a very enjoyable evening was spent at the home of Mr. Nelson Williams, East Wiltshire, when the box-holders on North River, R. R. 1, assembled to do honor to their genial mail courier, who has served them so long and faithfully. Mr. J. W. Bell was appointed chairman and after a few introductory remarks he called on Mr. D. W. White, who read an address to Mr. Williams while Mr. John Jewell and Mr. Victor Collins presented him with a complete wet weather outfit for himself and his horse. Mr. Williams in reply thanked the donors for their seasonable gifts and for the kindness they have always shown him.

After a delicious lunch had been served by Mrs. Williams, assisted by some of the lady guests the remainder of the evening was spent in games, and dancing to violin music furnished by Mr. Lyman Dunsford.

Following is the address which accompanied the presentation.

To Mr. N. Williams, East Wiltshire, P. E. I.

This large gathering is an expression of appreciation of your public services as mail carrier, not only during the year recently closed, but through fourteen years in the past. The daily mail is the great avenue which connects us with the outside world and keeps us abreast of the times. Without it and with no officers like you, Sir, we should fall sadly behind in the race today. We do not realize what we owe to the morning mail until by stress of storm no delivery is possible. Such days have been few with you, however. You have been unfailing in attendance to duty in sunshine and in rain and through blizzards of zero and snow. When a horse could not get through the drifts we believe you have on occasion tramped the trail with the mail on your back.

Your kindness of heart, too, has opened the way for us to ask other favors of you, for all of which we desire most sincerely to thank you and assure you of our grateful appreciation.

We desire to extend to Mrs. Williams and yourself our heartiest greetings and to ask you to accept these gifts, designed the better to equip you for carrying further the good work.

W. C. T. U. Notes

AN EASTER CAROL

By Phillip Brooks

Tomb, thou shalt not hold Him longer;
Death is strong, but life is stronger;
Stronger than the dark, the light;
Stronger than the wrong, the right.
Faith and Hope triumphant say,
Christ will rise on Easter Day.

While the patient earth lies waking,
Till the morning shall be breaking,
Shuddering 'neath the burden dread
Of her Maser, cold and dead.
Hark! she hears the angels say,
Christ will rise on Easter Day.

And when sunrise smites the mountains,
Pouring light from heavenly fountains,
Then the earth blooms out to greet
Once again the blessed feet;
And her dountless voices say,
Christ has risen on Easter Day.

Up and down our lives obedient
Walk, dear Christ, with footsteps radiant,
Till those garden lives shall be
Fair with duties done for Thee;
And our thankful spirits say,
Christ arose on Easter Day.

THE EASTERTIDE GLORY

The chiefest event in all eras of time, the Eastertide, stands out from a background of the three darkest days in human history.

A Pilate-scourged, Herod-mocked, Barrabas-preferring crowd jeered the thorn-crowned, reed-sceptered, nailed-hand-and-foot-on-a-cross Jesus, to whom the Roman soldiers had mockingly bowed the knee and scoffed: "Hail, King of the Jews," and brought Him to the "place of a skull," in line with criminal gibbets and had Him numbered with transgressors, and where, finally, was extorted the despairing Son of God cry: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

But the darkest hours were those three day when the body of Jesus Christ lay in the tomb, and seemingly with it was buried the hope of a life beyond the grave.

But the chronicler, Time, wet his finger and turned the page of pages and for over nineteen centiries the Christian world has had the comfort coming from a saving faith of an Eastertide foretold in the old book of Genesis as an all-powerful but bruised heel finally crushing the head of evil.

The Old Testament, although it was, and may still be largely uncomprehended, gave constant prophesying testimony of the life, death, resurrection and ascension of a coming Redeemer, in wonderful detail. It was Hosea who said, "I called my son out of Egypt"; and Jeremiah, seeing the Herod slaughter of the innocents, exclaimed: "Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not"; and Isaiah of the Forerunner, John, "The voice of one crying in the wilderness"; and David chanted, "They gave me also gall for my meat; and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink," "They parted my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture."

But the stone of the sepulchre was rolled back for a risen Christ: "Vain the stone, the watch, the seal: Alleluia."

HECTIC LUNACY MARKS THE AGE

Sir Henry Gray, President of the Royal Empire Society, speaking some weeks ago in Montreal to members of this organization, quoted figures showing that admissions to Quebec's provincial mental hospitals, in the nine years from 1922 to 1931, increased 100 per cent.

This speaker related as a possible cause "present-day hectic existence." Back of this conclusion is the query, Why a hectic existence? Has not the general use of narcotics in the form of tobacco and alcohol proved to be "hectifying"?

Sir Henry Gray's scientific pronouncement was worded:

"The innate capacity of the modern brain is even more out of control at present than are the immense forces let loose by its want of foresight, and which has brought the present world-wide state of lamentable economic distress."

A statistical report tabled in the Ottawa House of Commons showed that the consumption of cigarettes for the calendar year 1932 was practically touching the four billion mark.

The public is now informed that the tobacco industry is one of the "largest and firmly established" of big businesses in Western Ontario. In February it was announced that the largest shipment of Canadian-grown tobacco to pass through the Halifax port in years, some five hundred tons, recently went on its way to the United Kingdom. But there is plenty home consumed to create hectic conditions by its narcotic result.

Statistics reveal the increase in the consumption of this weed in cigarette form. Canadians were smoking 120,000,00 at the beginning of the century per year. At the close of the war 1,600,000,00 were being consumed, and now official figures state the consumption going up in cigarette smoke approaches the four billion mark. Enough to render conditions hectic.

The years quoted by Sir Henry Gray are the years of the adoption of Government Sale of Liquor in Canada, with an increasing liquor billover the days of the old bar sale that seems to fill the promoters of the present government sale with unmitigated horror.

And what must be the natural consequence of the vast amount of alcohol imbibed by Canadians?

One of the greatest modern authorities on alcohol, Dr. D. Carter, former president of the American Medical Society, has made the pronouncement, "Alcohol is protoplasmic poison."

After many tests and tests of tests, Dr. Walter R. Miles, professor at Yale University, at hearings before the Ways and Means Committee, was forced to the conclusion "There is no longer room for doubt in reference to the toxic action of alcoholic beverages as weak as 2.75 per cent. by weight."

Speaking recently at the Men's Forum, Ont., Judge Wearing emphatically stated, "Christians are too complacent over present conditions."

"Present-day hectic existence," says Sir Henry Gray.

You get More out of

GOOD TEA

Everyone can afford to buy a GOOD brand of packaged tea, by long odds the most economical because it always gives more and so costs less in the long run.

Leading packers employ tea experts to assure correct blending and the consistent high quality that makes GOOD tea an unfailing source of complete enjoyment and real economy. Always buy GOOD tea.

Empire grown for the Empire's homes, GOOD tea is a blessing shared alike by rich and poor; enjoyed alike by men and women, old or young.

THE CEYLON TEA BUREAU

... nothing so refreshing as a cup of GOOD Tea

HEALTH by

A HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA

MILK

The normal healthy child or adult likes to eat. The dislikes for certain foods, which are comparatively common, show an unpleasant association with the food in question. Such dislikes usually go back to early childhood, and they began because a new food was not given to the child in such a way as to build up in his mind pleasant associations with this new food.

Milk is a food which should be used throughout life. It is essential that growing children should have plenty of milk, because milk contains a richer supply of the minerals that are needed to make strong teeth and bones than any other food. In addition, milk is the nearest to a complete food we have as it provides protein to build and repair tissue, carbohydrates and fats for energy and heat, vitamins for growth and development, as well as fluid.

The attitude of the child towards milk will be greatly influenced by the attitudes of the grown-ups. If the adults do not use milk, then the child is apt to refuse it because he wants to be like the older members of the family. It is quite logical that the young child who wants to be like his father should eat as his father does. Children like variety in their meals just as much as adults do. There is no reason why milk should always be served in the same way. Milk can be used on cereals and fruits, and in the preparation of cream soups, junket, custard and puddings. The child does not have to drink a pint of milk each day in order to take in the pint which he needs. Let him have it in a variety of forms and he will not tire of it.

Many a child has been turned against milk because he has been forced to finish a drink which he did not want. "Drink that, or I'll—" is not a pleasant tune to accompany the drinking of milk. Food should not be wasted, but the child cannot be expected to eat the same amount every day. His appetite varies, and when he has had enough he should not be urged to eat more at the same time, however, he should not be given anything to eat until the next meal.

There are several causes for poor appetite. The child who will not eat may be developing an illness. The child who is tired or excited is not interested in food. The shut-in child and the child who is given sweets between meals do not look forward to the sound of the dinner-bell. The healthy child, who plays out of doors and who has plenty of rest with regular meals and nothing to eat between meals, eats at meal-time and eats well because he enjoys his food.

Questions concerning health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

BUCHAREST, Rumania, March 29 —The Secretary of the interior Ministry declared last night that a search of Professor Gomoju's residence" produced "documentary evidence insulting King Carol.

The Minister made the statement in reply to an interpellation regarding the arrest last week of the professor, one of the leading Rumanian physicians, and a close friend of former Queen Helen, on charges that he planned to assassinate Premier Tatarescu and other Government officials.

Gomoju will be turned over to a military court Tuesday, the Minister said.

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