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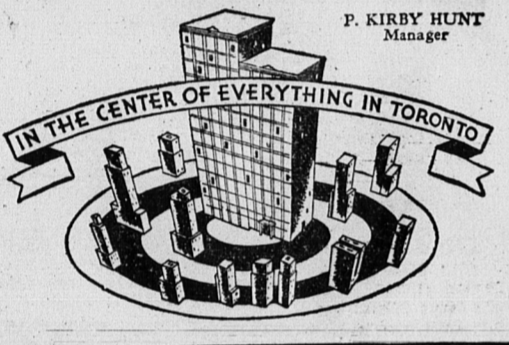
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Jack Miner

(Continued from page 12)

and young of our song, insectivorous and game birds in Ontario are devoured by these cold-blooded, nest-robbing cannibals, the crow being the worst of all. He will take young mourning doves out of the nest when they are as large as sparrows; the quail, and kilder, and dozens of other such beautiful mothers are perfectly helpless and can no more keep him off than a human mother's naked hands could keep a vicious lion from tearing her baby into fragments.

By the way, I am now perfecting a trap whereby I can catch crows by the hundreds during the winter months. These crows will be handed over to gun clubs for trap-shooting purposes. And although he is a black murderer we must treat him fair, and give him a chance for his life; therefore, my request will be to shoot them from five unknown traps at twenty-five to thirty yards rise. The shooter will not be charged for the crows he kills, but will be fined for every one he allows to escape; in addition to the above fine he will be liable to any other punishment a good, cheerful bunch of trap-shooters see fit to impose upon him, such as rail-riding him around the clubhouse for allowing one of these black murderers to get away. The shooters will be fined according to their shooting ability. These fines will be used for buying up old, faithful horses which will be humanely destroyed and used for bait to decoy more of these old, black Pharaohs to their just doom. Thus what is now the crow nuisance will be turned into a sport.

The hawks and owls are worst on the adult birds, the screech-owl is not so innocent as he looks, but there is none can compare with the great horned owl, and I just wish you knew the annoyance he has caused me by taking my choicest pets. Yes, it seems he delights in taking the nearest and dearest. But now let me give my horn a toot: Never once did a horned owl take a bird from me but what paid the penalty.

About the only argument you hear in favor of the hawks and owls is "mice." But when a bunch of successful farmers meet at my tile factory, never in my life have I heard them complain about mice, and I know mice seldom bother clean, shrewd farmers. But I have heard them complain about worms until I could almost feel myself crawling. The cut-worms were cutting their corn, or the wire-worms were destroying their oats, the army worm was working north, and so forth. Personally I have never had any experience with worms, but field mice I have often carried in my pockets, and if it wasn't for some youth practising the same sport, how I would like to tell you some of the fun I have had with them when I was a lad. For the death of each mouse by hawks and owls possibly we lose several birds which would destroy thousands and thousands of worms each year. I know there is a type of farmer who is much more easily annoyed by mice than others. You will usually find him down town, sitting on a soap box, smoking in the time, now and then getting up and moving his seat around and possibly turning it end for end to keep it from getting tired; his stock at home are of the rainbow variety, with long whiskers, and when they see him coming they don't know whether to come or go, and the one or two razor-backed, South Carolina, thistle-digger hogs don't care whether or not they get out of the steaming manure heap, to be disappointed; the remnant of scrubby apple trees in the field, which some one else planted, have been fecund-grown with cut grass ever since he got possession of the farm, that, of course, was handed down to him.

If your orchard is stubble or clover sod, go through it in the early fall. By being careful you can determine whether there are any fieldmice there by their little runways that criss-cross on the ground. If so, take about one half bushel of grain and thirty or forty bundles of corn fodder; throw a handful or two of grain on the ground and two bundles of fodder side by side over it, making a nice mouse cover. Refuse hay, or clover chaff will do, but I prefer the corn fodder. Fifteen or twenty of these little harbors are sufficient in an ordinary orchard. In ten days or two weeks all the mice in the orchard will be under these covers. Now take the six or eight-pronged pitchfork, scratch around these little harbors to destroy their road of retreat, then throw the cover off quickly; the light striking their eyes so suddenly, they are apparently blinded for a second, giving you just time enough to give them a side whack with your fork; if you study what you are doing, you will kill seventy-five per cent.

Newsy Notes

(Continued from page 12)

Lanchester School has a class in Home Nursing on Thursdays 6.30 to 8.30, during the months of January, February and March.

As Consett has ironworks on which the town depends, the Technical Institute has classes in Mechanical Engineering, Iron and Steel, Coke Ovens, and By-products, arranged into first, second, and up to sixth-year classes.

A three month's course of training for colliery boys in "Safety Principles in Mines" costs only 25c per individual; and there are some science classes for the juveniles with fees as low as 12 cents.

It is very interesting to look over the Council's programme, and to see how the utilitarian has displaced the abstract subjects of a generation ago.

Cooking is taught as a night class wherever the room and equipment is available, and many of the country schools are building on special rooms for handling this important subject. The teaching of these special classes provides a career for many of the graduates of the higher colleges.

THAT STARLING TRAP

If the starling multiples here to anything like the extent it has in central Canada, it will rouse us from our apathy as the crows and grackles have not done. I read that the Italians of Windsor, Ont., have captured 200,000 starlings this summer, for culinary purposes. Again a paragraph appears in a farm paper, telling of the destruction of another pine-grove by these ubiquitous birds. In 1914 Mr. D. P. Martin planted three acres of Scotch and white pines on his farm at St. Mary's, Ont. By 1928 the trees had attained a height of from 20 to 25 feet, and the starlings were just beginning to arrive in appreciable numbers. In the summer of 1929 these birds were roosting by the thousands, in the grove every night, but no one realized the damage they were doing. In the summer of 1930 the trees in the centre of the grove were dying. "A very strong odor came out of the trees at this time caused from the droppings." In the winter of 1931, 2,000 dead pines were cut out of the grove, and it was planted to hardwoods in the spring. In June in place of the hardwoods there was a jungle-like growth of elderberries and weeds whose seeds had been carried in by the birds. This farmer found that it was of no use disturbing the birds while roosting as they just moved to another part of the grove; he got rid of them by firing at each flock as it arrived for the night. After a few nights of this they left for other parts.

Manly F. Miner (son of Jack Miner) says the big secret in trapping starlings is to keep the trap well baited, and to always leave about 25 birds as decoys inside the trap. "Keep the grass and weeds cut inside the trap and plenty of grain on the ground. Place the trap in a quiet place where the birds are not going to see humans, which would cause them to keep jumping up and flying and frightening others away." The Miners netted approximately 300,000 birds and thought that "it made no noticeable difference in their numbers." (Some particulars of the starling trap were given in last week's Notes.)

GARDEN NOTES

I hear some complaints, this year, from our amateur gardeners: the growth except in some favored localities, has not been all that could be desired. This was due mostly to the erratic character of the rainfall. Up here, on the North Shore of them the first time round, always placing the cover back ready for next time. If you don't care for this sport, just introduce a bunch of school boys to your plan and you will soon find your annoyance turned into sport and education for the neighbor boys.

In case you haven't the above-mentioned material to make these mouse covers, old junk lumber thrown on the ground will answer the same purpose. But if you leave these mice and depend on the hawks and owls to destroy them, some of your trees will be girdled, as the mice seem to have a sort of human appetite, and appear to like the apple tree bark equally as well as the human race likes the apple-tree juice.

The mouse question always reminds me of a story told on the other fellow. It is said that he saw an advertisement: "How to kill potato bugs! Full directions sent on receipt of one dollar." This of course was a cheap opportunity, and he enclosed a dollar at once. In reply he received a small box containing a little block and mallet; the directions were: "Put him on No. 1, and hit him with No. 2."

HEALTH



THE COMMON COLD

We have come to the time of year when we hear a sneeze here and a cough there, and see people with running noses and reddened eyes. The common cold, that persistent enemy of the human family, is again with us, making many miserable and, all too often, leading to serious and fatal trouble.

The name "Cold" suggests that the temperature is responsible for this disease, but such is not the case. The common cold is most prevalent when the temperature drops; it is not the cold air which is responsible for this, but rather the things which the drop in temperature leads us to do.

Instead of living and working in the open air, or in rooms with open windows, as we do in summer, we begin, with the coming of cooler weather, to shut ourselves into overheated and badly-ventilated rooms. Fresh fruits and vegetables are not so readily obtainable, and diets are, therefore, apt to be poorly balanced. With fewer games and less physical activity, the body soon suffers from lack of proper use.

These are the conditions then which apparently favour the occurrence of the common cold. But look around you, and see as well as hear those who seem to be doing their best to scatter widely the cold which is theirs. These people seem sincere in their desire to share! They cannot get rid of their cold by passing it on to others, but to show that they are not selfish, they are willing to share it!

Even though we are not in favor of laws as the means to gain an end, it does seem to us that the example that would be made by locking up a few careless coughers and sneezers and spitters might furnish a valuable lesson. A little consideration on the part of those who have colds towards those who are not similarly afflicted would save a great deal of suffering. There is no particular reason why the common cold should destroy common sense.

Persons who have colds should be in bed. This may seem an extreme measure, but if it were practised it would save many lives which are now being lost, would shorten the duration of the attack of the cold, and would, above all, protect others. At least, coughs and sneezes can be covered with handkerchiefs—preferably paper ones—the hands can be kept clean by repeated washing, and the individual who has a cold can refrain from kissing the children of the family.

It is regrettable that no specific means for the prevention or cure of the common cold is available. We are left to fight it by maintaining the general health and by avoiding contact with cases.

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

We had 1.87 inches in May which was about the same as in 1932; but June was very wet with 4.74 inches. The nights were cool, too, and these two factors retarded the growth of the tender stock. Then July—when we should have had the moisture—was very dry (.93 inches) and this brought a plague of aphids. On account of the warm dry soil root-aphids multiplied on the beans, potatoes, and gladioli, and their presence was made known by the multitudes of red ants infesting the places where they were harboring. There were aphids on the Indian corn, and on the dahlias, and I heard that the oats down East were badly infested. In August the rainfall was moderate (2.43 inches) and in September heavy (5.21). and these alternations were hard on the ripe tomatoes, about one-third of which fell victims to "blossom-end rot." This, although it resembles a parasitic disease, is considered to be a physiological condition induced by irregularities in the water supply. The tissue which is hardened and ripened under the dry spell, is ruptured by the sudden accession of sap in the wet spell, and the area blackens and shrinks. Often pathogenic organisms find entrance and complete the disorganization.

Taking it altogether the garden was a little disappointing this year, except where water could be artificially supplied during the dry spells—and that wasn't much! The seed is not ripening well on account of the prolonged wet, and will probably be scanty and not of good quality.

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GUARDIAN OF CANADIAN HOMES

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ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION

Before the departure of Rev. I. R. A. MacDonald from St. Teresa's the following address was read to him:

August 20, 1933.
Rev. I. R. A. MacDonald,
St. Teresa's, P. E. I.

Rev. and dear Father: As a blue of thunder: crashes from a pile cloudless sky and dark, lowering clouds quickly envelope the sunlight, so the news of your departure came to us. The news startled us. We were incredulous, doubting; but the rumor soon became a certainty and we more fully realized the truth—"hope and despondency, pleasure and pain are mingled together like sunshine and rain."

Rev. Father, in the last years of the nineteenth century you became our pastor. Many of us know nothing of the privations of those days. Poor accommodations and lack of comforts were extant. These were days of sacrifice, indeed! But with little thought of the personal sacrifice at all times, have you answered the call of duty. During the thirty-five years you have been with us this beautiful church, a fitting abode of our Eucharistic Savior, has been built and dedicated to God's service. The other parochial buildings also have been built or renovated. These are but external manifestations of the progress made in this parish under your capable guidance and direction. We have come to look upon your care as paternal. Nothing but death we thought could take you

from us, but now, following the decree of His Most Rev. Excellency J. A. O'Sullivan, our beloved bishop you are about to sever your connections with us. The ties that bound us together are to be broken, and we keenly feel the loss we are about to sustain. Each and every one of the parishioners of St. Teresa's has reason to regret your removal. You have endeared yourself to all, for whose spiritual welfare you so assiduously labored. You have always been the cheerful servant of the Divine Master, and our true and faithful guide in spiritual and temporal matters.

You brought joy to the people of this parish, when you poured the saving waters of baptism over their children. Again, when you made them partakers in the sublime mystery of the Eucharist. That joy was strengthened and made firm, when they were prepared for the battle of life by the "holy chrism" of confirmation. You brought peace and consolation, when you prepared the departing soul for the journey from Time to Eternity.

Before you depart from our midst the parishioners of St. Teresa's wish to express in some tangible way their appreciation and their gratitude for your endeavors in their behalf, therefore, we humbly beg of you to accept this accompanying small token of our good feelings towards you. The sincerity and depth of our sorrow at losing you, is the measure of our good wishes for your future labors. Each of us can sincerely say:

"What might have been, I know, is not what must be, must be borne. But oh! what hath been will not be forgot, Never, oh! never in the years to follow."

We confidently hope that although left behind we will not be forgotten by you, and that you will often ask for us, the blessing of that same Divine Master, whom you will serve in that beautiful edifice St. Mary's Church. May you be granted many years health in His Divine service.

Signed on behalf of the parishioners of St. Teresa's.

The purse presented to Father MacDonald by Aubrey I. Hughes was a generous one.

Although taken by surprise he replied in his eloquent manner, thanking the parishioners for their kindness and generosity, and assuring them that he would be always with them in spirit.

(Patriot Please Copy)

for STIFFNESS

Plenty of Minsard's well rubbed in soon sees you right. Rubs the sore part with warm water before you start.

You'll soon limber up!

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT