

Warning to Hunters In Rabbit Season

New Disease — Tularemia Contracted Through the Handling of Wild Game

According to recent reports received by the U.S. Public Health Service, an unusually large number of cases of tularemia are occurring this winter in a special article issued by this service. We read:

Tularemia is a disease caused by a germ which is found in nature, principally in certain infected rodents. Tularemia was discovered by Dr. Edward Francis of the Public Health Service. Wild rabbits are the main source of infection of this disease. Among wild rabbits tularemia is a very fatal disease. Men sometimes contract this disease from handling rabbits. Hunters who dress rabbits, or cook who prepare them for the table, are very frequently infected with tularemia if the rabbit has this disease. A few cases have been contracted from such unusual sources as the skinning or dressing of woodchucks, muskrats, opossums, skunks, coyotes and tree squirrels.

The three chief sources of infection with tularemia are tick bites, by bite and the dressing of wild rabbits. Cases of the disease have occurred in the United States in every month of the year. The great reservoir of infection and the greatest source of human infection is the wild rabbit—jack, cottontail, and snowshoe varieties—but, owing to the agency of blood-sucking insects common to rabbits and man, we also find cases resulting from tick bite and fly bite.

Although a new disease of man, tularemia has now been recognized in forty-three States of the United States, in the District of Columbia, Canada, Japan, Russia and Norway. November, December and January have been the months of onset for the majority of the cases occurring east of the Mississippi River, result-

ing from the dressing of wild cottontail rabbits for food. These months embrace the "open season" when, owing to the relaxation of the game laws, the hunting of cottontail rabbits is generally permitted, and, consequently, these rabbits are then offered for sale in great numbers in the markets.

As a rule, when the infection has come from a rabbit some injury has been inflicted on the hand, although a manifest injury is not necessary for infection to occur. Usually an ulcer develops at the site of infection, accompanied by enlargement of the lymph glands which drain the ulcer. Fever is always present and continues for two to three weeks. The primary lesion may be located on the eyelid or on parts of the body other than the skin of the hands, if due to tick bite or fly bite. The diagnosis is confirmed by a blood test. One attack of the disease confers immunity in man from further attacks.

There is no special treatment for this disease. Rest in bed is the most important measure. No preventive vaccine or curative serum has been perfected, nor has any special drug been found effective against tularemia.

Rabbit meat, thoroughly cooked, is harmless for food; and it has been found that a temperature of 55 degrees Centigrade, or 133 degrees Fahrenheit, kills the germ of tularemia. The ordinary disinfectants are effective. Rubber gloves should be worn by those who must dress wild rabbits. Immune persons should be employed to dress them where possible. Infected rabbits kept in cold storage at a temperature just above freezing may retain their infection for three months, but not for four months. Market inspection of rabbits is impracticable, because only about 10 per cent. of the rabbits found in the market still have the liver in place.

Finally, beware of the wild rabbit which the dog or cat has caught, or which a boy has killed with a club—it is probably a sick rabbit.

Democritus was a native of Abdera, a seaport town of ancient Thrace. He is often referred to as The Abderite, just as Aristotle is referred to as The Stagirite. He traveled extensively as a young man, journeying as far as India. He spent five years in Egypt. Travel combined with study made him a very learned man. He began his teaching and literary work after his return to Abdera. Some say he remained there and did not go to Athens at all, as others claim.

Democritus was a very upright, conscientious man, deeply interested in the welfare of the citizens, though he took no part in public affairs. He wanted all the people to be happy and contented, for he was an apostle of the sunny life. "Enjoy yourself to the utmost, worry as little as possible," was one of his maxims. Happiness, he said, should be the chief ethical aim of man, and true happiness consists in cheerfulness and peace of mind. The best way of achieving this cheerfulness and peace is through education and study and moderating the desires and grosser cravings of human nature as far as possible.

Democritus saw a great deal of folly, vanity and sin around him, and he was grieved at heart, but he did not show his grief in weeping, as did Heraclitus. On the contrary, he showed it in mocking, sarcastic laughter. He saw many anxious about trifles, chasing rainbows, pursuing chimeras, concerning themselves with enterprises of little or no account, while neglecting or ignoring the serious problems and duties of life; he saw others sacrificing their health and reputation to gain wealth which when obtained failed to satisfy; and still others plunging into sin and excesses, ruining their bodies for the transitory pleasure of a fleeting moment. All this impressed him deeply and made him sad, so he laughed the "laughter of sarcasm and scorn" in the hope that thus he would shame the foolish and the sinful, and turn them from the error of their ways. This is why he is known in history as "The Laughing Philosopher."

Democritus lived to a great age, some say over one hundred years.

As will be seen, the combined service of the three Canadians totalled over 150 years. Dr. Bell, a Scotchman by birth, maintained his interest in the telephone until his death in 1922. At the gathering at Brantford referred to above, Dr. Bell confirmed beyond possibility of contradiction the claim of the city of Brantford to be the birthplace of the telephone.

One Hundred and Fifty Years of Service



The retirement recently of Mr. K. J. Bell, K. J. Dewart, ex-Vice-President, and A. T. Smith, former Division Manager, who retired in 1929 after fifty years of service.

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Fore!

"Fore!" The cry rings down the fairway. Golfers gear in plain flannels and screaming sports sweaters and in their play to watch the ball and to beware of the course of the white ball. The ball may merely dribble a few yards from the tee or be fluffed back, but an old Scottish custom has been observed. The origin of "Fore!" is veiled in antiquity. No satisfactory explanation can be found as to the time and method of its entrance as an accepted expression in "The Royal and Ancient Game of Golf," which received its first notice as a troublemaker in the Scotland of 1457. "Fore!" is defined in Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, published in 1820, as "a cry of golfers to persons standing or moving in the way of the ball." Authorities, according to present-day orthodoxy, the word began as "before" and, with proper Scottish regard for economy, was shortened to its present form.

"Fore!" is a common golf term which has, it seems, no legitimate standing, but there are other expressions in the golfer's vocabulary which are legal but seldom heard. Among them are "scarf" (to strike the ground back of the ball before hitting it), "scruff" (to cut through the roots of the grass in playing the ball) and "ball" (to strike the ground to loft the ball unduly). "Old Cot" (one Bogey), a "cop" (the top of a bunker) and "gobbie" (the nose or toe of the club) are old names intelligible only to golfers.

"Fore!" is, as compared with the cries used in other sports, a noble, dignified expression. The person who uses it is poised, majestic, commanding in his aspect toward others and himself. He is lord of all he surveys, especially of the terrain before him, as he prepares to punish the ball on the tee. He is serving notice that persons 200 or 300 yards in front may soon see a flash of white speed pass them, and—he it is his own head if some one gets in the way! Of course, in many cases the cry is entirely unnecessary.

Less dignified and more hurried are the warning cries in other sports. A foul fly in a baseball game calls for "Heads up!" or "Over your head!" as signals for players to get ready to make the catch, and for non-players to beware of the wandering ball. The shout "Pass!" in football warns the defensive eleven to be on guard against a forward. "Cover up!" is heard on the basketball floor as the side which has just lost possession of the ball warns its players to guard each his particular opponent. In a tennis game of doubles partner calls to partner, when certain positions are to be taken, with "Back!" or "Up!" or even "Watch your alley!"

Oddly enough—and yet in keeping with the reputation humorists give to the game—golf is said to be responsible for the expression "getting into a scrape." "There is a game called golf," says a writer of a century or more ago, "almost peculiar to Scotland... played on downs (or links) near the sea, where there is an abundance of rabbits. One of the troubles of the golfer-player is the little hole which the rabbit makes in the sward in its first efforts at a burrow; this is commonly called a 'rabbit's scrape,' or simply a 'scrape.' When the ball gets into a scrape it can scarcely be played... Here, and here alone, has the phrase a direct and intelligible meaning. It seems, therefore, allowable to surmise that this phrase has originated among the golfing societies in the north and in time spread to the rest of the globe."

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Greyfriar's Bobby

More than sixty years ago a poor old shepherd died, and was buried in a graveyard at Edinburgh, Scotland, his only mourner being a little Sheltie terrier. On the two succeeding mornings the sexton found the dog lying on his master's grave, and drove him away with hard words, dogs being against the rules of the cemetery.

The third morning was cold and wet, and when the sexton found him shivering on the new-made grave, he had to drive him away, and gave him something to eat.

From that time the dog made the churchyard his home, every night for eleven years and three months. No matter how cold or wet or stormy the night, he could not be induced to stay away from the beloved spot, and if shut up, would howl dismally.

Every day, when the cattle gun was fired at ten o'clock, he went punctually to a restaurant near by, where the proprietor fed him. At one time Bobby was in great danger of being seized and done away with by the dog-catcher because his tax had not been paid. Whereupon the boys and girls of the neighborhood collected the amount and tendered it to the Lord Provost. This official was so moved by what the children had done that he promised to stand good for Bobby and so exempted him from the dog tax, and to mark his admiration of his fidelity, presented him with a handsome collar inscribed "Greyfriars' Bobby, presented by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh."

Bobby had many friends and visitors, and many, besides the men employed about the yard, tried to win his affections, but he refused to attach himself to any person. For more than eleven years he kept watch over his master's humble grave, and then died quietly, of old age, and was buried in a flower plot nearby. The master's grave is unmarked by any stone, but a marble fountain was erected to the memory of the homeless dog, and a bronze statue of Bobby stands on top of it. It was the gift of a kind and wealthy woman, Baroness Burdett Coutts, and may be seen to this day just outside where Bobby's grave was buried—the spot that was watched and guarded by the faithful little dog to his dying day. Lady Coutts said she built the monument to Greyfriars' Bobby to teach the boys and girls of Edinburgh the meaning of that single word—"Loyalty." This synopsis is taken from "Our Dumb Animals," but the book, "Greyfriars' Bobby," is a delightful addition to the book shelf.

Those Good Old Days

London Free Press (Cons.): Any one who knows anything of politics is well aware of the fact that several decades ago in every riding were to be found hundreds of men who were willing to assist in elections and political campaigns for the loyalty to their party, affection to a leader or love of the political game. They would scorn being paid. To-day such men in the average constituency can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The average political worker expects to be reimbursed. The cost of elections to-day is not corruption—the day of buying votes is largely a thing of the past—but the expense of paying the workers. The scrutineers, the canvassers, the drivers of automobiles, all have to be paid. There is nothing wrong with the leaders of to-day. The trouble is with the utter indifference of the average voter.

At Least Frank

Editor: "Do you know how to run a newspaper?"
Applicant: "No, sir."
Editor: "Well, I'll try you, I guess you've had experience."
A legal man, after having dined very well, caught the last bus home on a wet evening. "Full up inside, sir," said the conductor. The prospective passenger fixed him with a glassy but indignant eye. "Is this information," he asked, "an allegation?"

Ocean's Floor Outwings Continent's Rocky Base

Cambridge, Mass.—Rocks in the surface layer of the earth are heavier and more elastic under the sea than beneath the land, says Professor K. F. Mather, geologist of Harvard. This causes earthquake vibrations that travel through this outer shell to move at different rates. Vibrations of a California earthquake, for example, travel faster to the west through the floor of the Pacific Ocean than they do to the east through the rocks of the North American continent.

When Shakespeare Acted

It is an autumn afternoon in 1556, and groups of Londoners make their way down to the river. "Southward ho!" they cry, and little row-boats dash up and take them across the Thames to Paris Garden Stairs. The yellow flag over the Globe waves invitingly and everyone makes his way to the theatre.

Two galleries run around the inside of the building and look down upon the stage, which projects into the pit. There is no stage box, only the stage and the galleries are sheltered from the weather by a narrow roof of thatch. Wooden pillars, painted to imitate marble, and carried with masks and satyrs' heads, support the galleries. A green curtain hangs across the stage.

The pit is almost full. Everyone is talking in a loud voice. Shakespeare himself is to act this afternoon in a new comedy, the scene of which is laid in Rome. "Not Rome," says some one, authoritatively, "but London," and some one else has heard that "London" is the place. Does anyone know whose play it is? Some new person has written it? Some shrewd keeper or something, whom Shakespeare has picked up. . . .

Holders of gingerbread and pears offer their wares in loud raucous cries, tossing pieces of cake and fruit up into the galleries and catching the pennies.

A bugle blows, but no one pays any attention to it. A second blast is heard. The conversation continues loudly. A third blast is blown, and loud. The noise lessens somewhat, but a buzz continues.

A handsome actor, crowned with a wreath of bay leaves, steps in front of the curtain. He holds up a placard bearing the title of the play—"Every Man in His Humour," it says. He speaks the prologue, and everyone begins to listen. This will be a comedy of modern London, he says. No silly romance, no supernatural events, no battles. He hopes the audience will be kind. He bows and withdraws.

The audience seems disappointed. They talk loudly again. No shipwreck, no battles, no love-making? They shan't be backward about demanding their money.

Suddenly the curtain is pulled back and the play begins. The behaviour of the audience that afternoon was slightly out of the ordinary. Since the play is a comedy, they laugh. But the laughter does not come as usual, in boisterous roaring gusts. It is less raucous, but continuous. Almost every line that the actors speak contains some London expression that everyone has used since childhood. The expressions are satirical. They seem ridiculous. Everyone in the audience laughs at himself and thinks he laughs at his friends. . . .

As the curtain is drawn after each act, the applause is tremendous, and after Shakespeare has spoken the epilogue, the pit bursts into loud cheers.—Byron Steel, in "O Rare Ben Jonson."

Owl Laffs

Sometimes the father gives the bride away; in other cases the bridegroom has to find her out for himself.

The Old Un—"Pick, my boy, pick; that is the one essential to success in business."

The Young Un—"Yes, of course, I know that. The trouble is finding some one to pick."

Your Talent
We all are not blessed
With a gift to be great
In music, in science, or play;
Few are possessed
Of a talent or gift
To make them outstanding today.

But God gave us all
One talent at birth.
It's used, oh, so rarely by few;
It's a talent the poorest
Or richest can have—
Be honest, straightforward, and true.

Friend—"But you don't mean to tell me that you bought this just to satisfy a whim of your wife?"
The Other (steadily)—"Ah, you don't know her, old man. She's got a whim of iron."

Mentioning an old flame has caused more than one farrow.
Woman (in crowd)—"Stop pushing."
Hefty Man—"I wasn't pushing; I only sighed."

The young mistress of the house entered the kitchen, carrying herself with great dignity. She had come to call the cook to account.
Young Mistress—"Jane, I must insist that you have less company in the kitchen. Last night I was kept awake by the uproarious laughter of one of your young women friends."
Jane (cheerfully)—"Yes, mum, I know, but she couldn't help it, mum. I was telling her how you tried to make a cake yesterday morning."

Signs over a drug store fountain:
"Our chocolate is so good we eat it ourselves."
"We don't know where ma is but pop is on tea."
"Not eating here for seven days makes one weak."

The minister called on Mrs. MacShoddie.
Minister (after a while)—"By the way, I was sorry to see your husband leave the church last Sunday night in the middle of my sermon. I trust nothing was seriously the matter with him."
Mrs. MacShoddie—"Oh, no, sir. It was nothing very serious, but you see, the poor man does have a terrible habit of walking in his sleep."

When a fellow talks about himself vocally, we walk out on him. Then he starts writing it in a signed column and we eat it up.

When a girl tells how much she pays for her millinery—she may be high-hatting you.

Visitor (to merchant)—"How's business?"
Merchant (thoughtfully)—"Well, the last I had was pretty good."

The knocker, just like the growler, Fault finder, large and small, "What do they need for each day's deed?"
No brains, no sense—just Gall.

The Expert—"He had just stolen a kiss."
The Girl (indignantly)—"Don't you know any better than that?"
The Expert—"Sure. But they take more time."

Spring Waits
Somewhere the Spring is waiting
And while she eager stands
She fully fills her hands.
Her hands she fully fills
With song and daffodils!
With hyacinths and tulips,
—Merab Shipley Eberle.

AGONY OF INDIGESTION

Shuddered at Food—Now Eats Anything

Don't say that indigestion can't be relieved until you have read this letter. The man who wrote it had tried all kinds of remedies. All kinds except one kind. That one kind was Kruschen. Eventually he took to simply collecting and fermenting inside you, Kruschen—half-heartedly, as you will note, he admits.

"I first started taking Kruschen Salts three or four years ago. For years previously I had suffered agony with indigestion. Night after night, for weeks on end, I had very little sleep and I was becoming a wreck of my old self for want of rest. I got run down that I was advised to cut out my evening meal, and was recommended to take all kinds of remedies, but none of them did me any good. About Christmas time, three or four years ago, I saw one of your adverts 'Take Kruschen Salts and enjoy your Christmas dinner' or words to that effect. I started taking them, half-heartedly, as you will admit, but after the first few doses my attacks got less and less. I kept on, and they completely disappeared, and I have been a regular 'Kruschenite' ever since. I am now 50 years of age, and I can eat anything at any time with a special trial bottle for about one week. Open the little bottle first, put it in Manchester, England. (Established 1750).

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FEMALE HELP WANTED
LADIES WANTED TO DO PLAIN and light sewing at home; work sent you; charges paid; 5-20¢ stamps for particulars. National Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

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Wealthy Father (dracably)—"Well, young man—you wish to speak to me? Out with it—quickly! Do you want to marry my daughter or borrow money?"
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Radio Bargains

Good Used 5 Tube Radios Priced from \$5 up. Write for Bargain Price List.
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List of "Wanted Inventions" and full information sent free on request.
THE RAMSAY CO. Dept. W.
273 Bank St. Ottawa, Ont.

Cuticura Soap

The cleansing, healing service of a soap that's meant for you
Cuticura Soap
with a heritage of 50 years of highest commendation
Sold Everywhere. Sample Obtained 25c. 50c.

for SCIATICA

Wash the painful part well with warm water then rub in plenty of Minsard's and you'll feel better!

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

for SORE THROAT
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From Mother of Six

"I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is wonderful! I have had six children of which two are living and my youngest is a bonnie baby boy now eight months old who weighs 23 pounds. I have taken your medicine before each of them were born and have certainly received great benefit from it. I urge my friends to take it as I am sure they will receive the same help I did."
—Mrs. Milton McMullen, Vancouver, Ontario.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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When a fellow talks about himself vocally, we walk out on him. Then he starts writing it in a signed column and we eat it up.

AGONY OF INDIGESTION

Shuddered at Food—Now Eats Anything

Don't say that indigestion can't be relieved until you have read this letter. The man who wrote it had tried all kinds of remedies. All kinds except one kind. That one kind was Kruschen. Eventually he took to simply collecting and fermenting inside you, Kruschen—half-heartedly, as you will note, he admits.

"I first started taking Kruschen Salts three or four years ago. For years previously I had suffered agony with indigestion. Night after night, for weeks on end, I had very little sleep and I was becoming a wreck of my old self for want of rest. I got run down that I was advised to cut out my evening meal, and was recommended to take all kinds of remedies, but none of them did me any good. About Christmas time, three or four years ago, I saw one of your adverts 'Take Kruschen Salts and enjoy your Christmas dinner' or words to that effect. I started taking them, half-heartedly, as you will admit, but after the first few doses my attacks got less and less. I kept on, and they completely disappeared, and I have been a regular 'Kruschenite' ever since. I am now 50 years of age, and I can eat anything at any time with a special trial bottle for about one week. Open the little bottle first, put it in Manchester, England. (Established 1750).

FREE TRIAL OFFER OF KRUSCHEN

Try Kruschen now at our expense. We have distributed a great many special "GIANT" packages which make it easy for you to give our claims for yourself. Ask your druggist for the new "GIANT" 75c package. This consists of our regular 75c bottle together with a special trial bottle sufficient for about one week. Open the little bottle first, put it in Manchester, England. (Established 1750).

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From Mother of Six

"I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is wonderful! I have had six children of which two are living and my youngest is a bonnie baby boy now eight months old who weighs 23 pounds. I have taken your medicine before each of them were born and have certainly received great benefit from it. I urge my friends to take it as I am sure they will receive the same help I did."
—Mrs. Milton McMullen, Vancouver, Ontario.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
1000 Centre Street, Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.
414 College Street,