The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1926

THE CALL OF THE CAMPFIRE

If you'll build the fire and draw the water, John,
I'll pare the 'taters and put the kettle on.
We'll have eggs and bacon and a tasty bit of stew;
They will all be ready when the folks are due.

Won't they come a-whooping when they get a sniff
Of the 'taters and the bacon, and a whiff
Of the steaming coffee-pot. The cheery call, "Hi-loo,"
Brings them 'round the campfire to the barbecue.

You talk about your cafes and your lunch-rooms;
Your dinners, your cocktails and your silver spoons!
But the sizzling fryin-pan, the crispy bacon-bat
Are in another class—you can bet your hat!

—Bertha Price.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 16, 1906

Rev. J. C. Wilson has again been appointed convenor of the Sabbath School Committee of Guelph Presbytery for the year.

Mr. John Brown, engineer for the Acton Tanning Co., has purchased the dwelling on Willow Street belonging to the estate of the late John T. Elliot.

Mr. N. F. Moore has succeeded Mr. W. J. Humphries as local manager for R. Noble in his grain and flour business here.

Civic holiday last Wednesday was an exceedingly warm day, but several enthusiasts on the local bowling green were evidently utterly oblivious to the heat until a little lass who resides in the neighborhood, and who had been an interested spectator, innocently came out with: "Oh, I'm goin' away from this boiling green."

St. Alban's Sunday School held their annual pic-nic at Erin, in Stanley Park, on Wednesday, Civic holiday.

Between forty and fifty of the Acton young people spent Civic holiday exploring the rocks at Rockwood. They were chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McLean, Mrs. W. Sayers and Reeve and Mrs. Swackhamer.

The town fathers convened at one of their frequent special meetings on Thursday evening, with a view to gather together receipts and expenditures for the current year to fix the by-law for passing the tax rate at their meeting on Monday evening. The result on Monday evening was a 19 mill tax rate for this year.

DIED

McLAM—At Acton, on Saturday evening, August 12, 1906, James McLam, in his 64th year.

BARNES—In the General Hospital, Guelph, on Sunday, August 12, Sarah Bilton, wife of Hodgett Barnes, aged 27 years.

McLAUGHLIN—At Tacoma, Wash., on Thursday, July 26, 1906, Alby, son of Hugh S. McLaughlin, Acton, aged 17 years.

A WILLING MARTYR

School-teachers sometimes ask their pupils queer questions, if one may believe a story told by the youngest member of the Withington family.

His mother one morning discovered a shortage in her supply of pies, baked the day before, and her suspicions fell upon Johnny.

"Johnny," she said, "do you know what became of that cherry pie that was on the second shelf of the pantry?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "I ate it. But I had to."

"You had to!" exclaimed his astonished mother. "What do you mean, child?"

"The teacher asked us yesterday if any of us could tell her how many stones there are in a cherry pie, and I couldn't find out without eating the whole pie, could I? There's just one hundred and forty-two."

All mothers can put away anxiety regarding their suffering children when they have Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to give relief. Its effects are sure and lasting.

LEADERS

Quickness in repartee is credited to Paderwski. A gentleman once introduced the pianist to the champion popo-player of England, and added:

"I trust you will be good friends, for you are both leaders of your separate professions, though, of course, they are very different."

"Not so very different," quickly responded the great pianist. "My new friend is a dear soul who plays polo, whereas I am a dear Pole who plays solo."

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK ?

By Edson R. Waite, Secretary, Shawnee, Okla., Board of Commerce

William H. Hodge, President of the Public Utilities Advertising Association, and the man who named and helped to pioneer the "Customer Ownership" plan of Utility preferred Stock Distribution, says:

THAT the electric, gas, telephone and electric transportation companies are now fully alive to the value of regular newspaper advertising and are using it on an efficient and economical basis throughout the United States.

THAT newspaper advertising is the backbone and principle reliance of all well-planned advertising programmes by the utilities and that upwards of 70 per cent. of all of the advertising expenditures of these companies is for space in the newspapers, large and small.

THAT the occasional old-fashioned utility executive who imagined that the editorial opinion of the American newspapers could be purchased by advertising space or otherwise, is now as rare as the medievalist who believed that printing was one of the arts of the devil.

THAT advertising has shortened by one-half the time that would have been needed without it, to obtain the present widespread use of electricity, gas and telephones in the homes of the people.

THAT advertising has had a power in reducing the rates charged for these services, and in holding them down to pre-war levels, while the general cost of living is still up more than 65 per cent.

The greatest thing that can happen to progressive, well-managed utilities, would be universal knowledge of their business and problems. The modern utility believes in frank publicity of its affairs, and that advertising is the best medium for getting the facts impressed upon the public mind.

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The Free Press' Short Story

WASH-TUB DAY

BY C. A. STEPHENS

AT that quiet old Canadian college where the writer once spent four pleasant years, the sophomores were wont to celebrate an unhallowed festival, known as Wash-Tub day.

It usually came off on a Monday evening, during the first fortnight of the fall term. As the twilight fell, the class president's horn would sound, and would be followed by responsive toots from various quarters of the campus.

As soon as the sophomores had all gathered they were told off in pairs and given the solemn injunction, "Go forth and gather in the tubs!"

In pairs they scattered throughout the town, which was at that time little more than a large country village of four or five thousand inhabitants. The business in hand was to capture wash-tubs, which on a Monday evening would often be found set out at back doors, or in outhouses and sheds not difficult of access. Success lay in bringing in the greatest number of tubs. If the family stock of underwear was still in soak, so much the better; it was brought along.

As many as twenty-seven tubs were known to have been collected on one such raid; and as fast as they were brought in they were ranged in a row round the steps at the south end of the sophomore hall.

The object of it all—so far as it had any—was, or had been originally, to have the tubs for water to "duck" the freshmen when they ventured to hold their first class-meeting. But later on the raid was often made even when there was no use for the tubs.

Often they would be left standing there all the next day, or until the distressed householders came to reclaim them. Some of them stood there for weeks, and never saw their rightful homes again.

It is difficult at this distance to see how such a tub-lifting differed from any other petty larceny. The disappearance of the tubs was a source of embarrassment and anxiety to many a hard-worked housewife.

My own class, when we came to be sophomores, did not prove especially successful on Wash-Tub night. We were able, as I remember, to collect but seventeen or eighteen tubs, and two of those were merely "keelers." Moreover, a somewhat laughable sequel followed the sequestration of the tubs; and one of our number, "Doady" Park, received an object-lesson which did him more real good than anything else he learned during his four years at college.

Doady—his name was Theodore—was something of a dandy during his freshman year, and indeed was called "Dandy" Park for a while. He was one of two sophomores who captured a tub full of little shirts, shifts, socks and night-gowns at a tenement place down near the cotton-mill by the river. They had a hard time carrying that tub of wet clothes all the way up to the college hall; and it was not until the next morning that Doady discovered that somehow during the night he had lost his ring. It was one his mother had given him, and was greatly prized as an heirloom in the Park family.

Doady was distressed about it. Before prayers the next morning we saw him searching round the halls. Afterwards, when he told us of his loss, we all searched the grounds, but in vain.

During the morning the owners of many of the tubs had appeared on the scene, several of them in a surprisingly bad humor, and carried away their property. In the course of time it had come to be pretty well understood through the town that if a wash-tub disappeared, it had probably made a midnight excursion to the sophomore dormitory at the college.

That day passed, but during the following forenoon a ragged, terrified-looking urchin was seen sfealing across the campus. Being accosted by one of the juniors, he thrust a crumpled slip of paper into his hand, and cut away as for dear life.

The slip of paper was found to bear the following message, written in a cramped hand with purple ink; evidently a long and painful effort:

"If the fine gintleman as stole my wash and the toob along with it, is wishful for his ring back, can do so by calling on Bridget O'Hara, Mill Strete, with her compliumunts an ought to lose it and surve him good and right, but it is an oncest woman I ben an so no more of it."

By this time Doady's loss was known through the college. The grinning junior handed the paper over to him forthwith; but as might be expected, Doady was not "wishful" for a personal interview with the "onest woman" on "Mill Strete." He coaxed two of the other boys to go down and get the ring, and gave them five dollars to hand to her as a reward for her indignant honesty. Among them they fixed up a fine old story to account for the presence of the ring in the tub.

The emissaries found Bridget at home, but had no success with her. She insisted on seeing with her own eyes whether the ring would fit their fingers. It did not; Doady had small, delicate hands. Even the five dollars failed to move her.

"It'll all thaves ye are up at the college, Ol'm thinkin'," said she. "If ye'd thave a toob yo'd thave a ring; and it's myself that will foind the man whose finger it fits."

The boys came back. "You will have to face the music, Doady," they said.

Thereupon Doady sent a letter to her, a ceremonious, courteous epistle, by a messenger, asking her to call at the college, bring the ring with her, and receive the reward. Mrs. O'Hara replied that she never went out calling on "fine gintlemen."

There being clearly no help for it, Doady plucked up courage and set off in person, taking his chum, Charley Thurston, to skirmish outside the door, in case the whole clan of O'Haras should be set upon him. It was Mrs. O'Hara herself who opened the door when Doady knocked, and the only members present of her large family were three little shavers, eating bread and milk at the kitchen table.

"Thin it was you, was it" she exclaimed, when, with a great show of courtesy glossing over his shamefacedness, Doady announced his business. "Ah, no doubt of it. I can see it in the meechin' look on your face. But I must see your hand.

"Ah, yes," she continued, when Doady had extended his right hand for her inspection. "There's the small white mark round your finger, an' now let's see if it's a fit," and producing the ring from her pocket, she tried it on. "That' where it belongs, no doubt of it, and it's Bridget O'Hara who returns it to its place—wid her compliumunts! Wid her compliumunts, ye little spalpeen!"

Before Doady realized what was coming, she had grabbed him by both ears, with as much of his hair as her large, red fingers would grasp, and pushing him back, she bumped his head vigorously against the wall!

"Wid her compliumunts!" she repeated, bumping him again. "An' it's none of yer money that I want!"

Bump—Bump!

"But why did ye stale it?"

Bump—Bump!

"Wid all me childer's clothes in it?"

Bump—Bump!

"An' if ye tuk the toob and all for a joke, as ye say ye did, why did ye no bring it back home agin, I ask?"

Bump—Bump!

"Wid all the fine teachin' they give ye at the great college, could they not teach ye to be more a gintleman?"

Bump—Bump!

"An' now be off wid ye, before I forgit that your mither thinks the world an' all of your pink face! I hope she can make a man of ye!"

With a last series of bumps she turned Doady loose, and gave him a parting push out-of-doors. Charley, who had been hovering about, overheard much of what passed, and he thought it too good to keep to himself. Doady never heard the last of his "Aunt Bridget's wash-tub." To this day, even, whenever we have a class reunion, he is pretty certain to be asked concerning the old lady's health.

It is but justice to Park to add that he accepted his chastisement in a good spirit. I have often heard him say that Mrs. O'Hara beat more common sense into his head during the three minutes she had him by the ears than he had gained in any three years of his luxurious home life.

WHO'S WHO IN WHEAT

Ottawa—Based on a press report stating that J. C. Mitchell, of Dahinda, Saskatchewan, intended to try to win back the wheat crown at the International Show at Chicago, the new York Sun recently published the following editorial under the heading, "Who's Who in Wheat:"

"Montana supplied to the world its champion wheat grower last year when L. P. Yates, of Fishtail in that State captured the title at the International Grain, Hay and Stock Show in the autumn in Chicago, but Canada does not intend to let the honor stay south of the international boundary line if its farmers can drag it north. The Dominion now announces that J. C. Mitchell, Dahinda, Saskatchewan, who has already been cock of the walk three times, will be a contestant this fall. Mr. Mitchell was not in the contest in 1925, but he will be on the shore of Lake Michigan this summer.

"This international competition was inaituted fifteen years ago, and Canada has taken the blue ribbon thirteen times. Seager Wheeler, of Rosthern, Saskatchewan, succeeded in finding the top five times. Nobody else has touched Mr. Wheeler's record in this achievement.

"Canada's hope this year has a typical pioneer's history. He came to America in 1906 from Manchester, England. He did not have any capital. He took up a quarter-section of land forty miles from the railway and went to work. Now he farms 800 acres and is asking the Canadian Department of Agriculture to register a new potato he has developed which appears to be all that a spud can desire to be. To-day a railway crosses the Mitchell farm, and the homestead is a showplace.

"Mr. Mitchell has spent very little time telling other persons that there is not a chance for a man to-day. He went out and made his chance. And he did not make it by loafing during the wheat seasons either."

TOO POLITE

It is well to be thoughtful of other people's feelings, but in all things it is well to be discreet. This is the moral of an amusing tale found in Short Stories.

At a recent church dedication the preacher, who was a stranger, followed up his sermon by an earnest appeal for the balance of the money needed to pay for the building.

The collectors went round, and promises came in. As the subscriptions were one after another read, a collector announced, "The five Black children, one dollar." The courteous preacher quickly amended the statement by announcing, "Five little colored people, one dollar."

Amidst an outburst of merriment, the pastor hastily explained that the donors were white children of the name of Black.

A GRAND DAY

"Nice customs courtesy to great kings." So, also, do lesser things go down before the one great game. London Answers tells of an old Scottish gentleman and a youth who had spent the whole day on the golf links, and, as is often the case with particularly enthusiastic players, had had some remarkably close and exciting games.

As they left for home the old man remarked, "Hey, mon, but it's been a gran' day!"

"It has," the youth assented.

"Think ye ye could come again on the morrow, laddie?"

"Well," the young man answered, reflectively, "I was to be married, but I can put it off."

Miller's Worm Powders seldom fail. They immediately attack the worms and expel them from the system. They are complete in themselves, not only as a worm destroyer, but as a highly beneficial medicine for children, correcting weak digestion and restoring the debilitated system to healthfulness, without which the growth of the child will be retarded and its constitution weakened.

WELL DONE, BIDDY!

An inspector, visiting a school in the country, was asking the children general knowledge questions.

"Now, children," said he, "I wonder if any of you can tell me what an 'average' is?"

There was silence for a while; then a little chap at the back jumped up and said:

"Please, sir, it's a thing to lay eggs on."

"A thing to lay eggs on? But what makes you say that, Tommy?"

"Well, sir, mother says our old hen lays six eggs a week on an average."

For Scalds and Burns—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is a standard remedy for the prompt treatment of scalds and burns. Its healing power quickly soothes the pain and aids a speedy recovery from the injury. It is also an excellent remedy for all manner of cuts, bruises and sprains, as well as for relieving the pains arising from inflammation of various kinds. A bottle in the house and stable saves many a doctor's and veterinary's fee.

BOY'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS MOTHER

While plodding on our way, the toilsome road of life,
How few the friends that daily there we meet;
Not many will stand by in trouble and in strife,
With counsel and affection ever sweet.
But there is one whose smile ever on us seems,
Whose love is dearer far than any other,
And wherever we may turn this lesson we will learn,
A boy's best friend is his mother.

Chorus:

Then cherish her with care, and smooth her silv'ry hair,
When gone you will never get another,
And wherever we may turn this lesson we will learn,
A boy's best friend is his mother.

Though all the world may frown, and every friend depart,
She never will forsake us in our need,
Our refuge evermore is still within her heart,
For us her loving sympathy will always plead;
Her pure and gentle smile forever cheers our way,
'Tis sweeter and 'tis purer than all other;
When she goes from earth away, we'll find out when we stray,
A boy's best friend is his mother.

Her fond and gentle face not long will greet us here;
Let us cheer her with our kindness and our love;
Remember at her knee in childhood bright and dear,
We heard her voice like angel' from above;
Though after years may bring their gladness or their woe,
Her love is sweeter far than any other;
And our longing heart will learn, wherever we may turn,
A boy's best friend is his mother.

ELIEZER THORNTON'S SILK HANDKERCHIEF

I don't think I ever told you the story of Eliezer Thornton's silk handkerchief. Eliezer lived over in Erin Township. Between fifty and sixty years ago, his sister, who was married and lived in Buffalo, came over on a visit, and of course she brought some presents for the family. She gave Eliezer a silk handkerchief which he prized very highly, especially after his sister's death, and thought too good to use. His wife insisted that he carry it on several occasions, but he flatly declined and laid it away in his bureau drawer.

Above all else, his wife detested moths. Every spring she dusted snuff and cayenne pepper liberally wherever the moths were likely to appear, and in Eliezer's bureau she came across the silk handkerchief. Saying to herself, "It isn't likely he will ever use it," she unfolded it, put a quantity of the powder in it, folded it again and put it back in place.

Eliezer and his wife were charter members of the Grange, so popular among us farmers in those days, and Eliezer was very much elated when he was elected chaplain. On the night of an initiation he read his part over and over again so that he should make no mistake, and took particular pains to dress for the occasion. After dressing, he opened his drawer and put his silk handkerchief in his pocket, thinking, "Mandy will never again say that I think my silk handkerchief too nice for use."

The initiation proceeded beautifully until Eliezer thought it time to display his silk handkerchief. As the candidates were approaching his desk, he reached into his pocket, drew out his handkerchief by one corner, gave it a flirt to unfold it, then raised it to his nose.

"Worthy brothers and sisters, kerchow!" said Eliezer, "agriculture is the first and noblest—kerchow!"

"Kerchoo!" responded Henry Wiley.

"Kerchee!" echoed his wife.

"Kerchaw! Cachee!" instantly came from James and Grace.

"What in thunder is the matter with you over there, anyway?" demanded the master. "Kerchoo! Kerchoo! Kerchee!"

"I move we take a recess," said the overseer. It was seconded and carried.

Instantly Mandy rushed over to Eliezer's desk. "Eliezer Thornton, let me see your handkerchief! Yes, it is your silk one. Listen while I explain!" and she did so to the satisfaction of all present. It was some time before they finished the initiation.

Afterwards the janitor, who was not at the meeting, when sweeping the hall, wondered why he was seized with such paroxysms of sneezing.

THE OLD BOYS VISITING HOME

Last week I wrote about the visit of Austin Tubby, of Toronto, to the haunts of his boyhood, and the pleasant time he and our editor, a schoolmate, had in rambling about the old town.

During the week my old heart has been gladdened to see two others of our old boys visiting the old home and their boyhood friends and schoolmates.

I was delighted the first of the week to meet my old friend, Richard Thurtell, of Ingersoll, on the street. We were school boys together for many a day in the old stone schoolhouse here. A few days later I met Charlie Cook. Well, that's what we used to call him, when he was running about the streets here and going to school, let me she, yes, between fifty and sixty years ago. Mary says I ought to be more dignified now, inasmuch as he is really the Rev. Charles A. Cook, D. D., and has been minister in some of the big churches of the United States. But he's always been Charlie to me, and I guess he always will be.

Most of the boys referred to R. N. Thurtell, as "Dick." Mr. Little invariably called him "Richard," but to me he was always "Richie." This was his mother's pet name, and I suppose it was because of my great respect for his mother that I adopted it. I can see Mrs. Thurtell in her home there on Main Street, next door to that of her brother, Edward Nicklin, with her family of two sons and a daughter. The house stood where Mr. Nelson Lambert's fine two-story brick residence is now—built ten years ago by the late David Ross. A great wild black cherry tree towered over the house as a protecting sentinel. These three children—William, now in Chicago, Richard, of Ingersoll, and Mary, who died over fifty years ago, a year or so after she had married Alexander H. Brown, the father of A. Thurtell Brown, druggist, Sunday School Superintendent, Chairman of the Hydro Commission, who celebrated his silver wedding with Mina Walker, his wife, at Edgewood Park last week—had a great mother. And she mothered them with a great motherhood. And when Thurtell Brown's mother left him a tiny babe, so suddenly, she mothered him as well, and as long as she lived.

Well, I started out to tell you about Richie Thurtell. He was a real boy every inch of him. He entered into the boys' sports with a vim and played hard at them. He was with them in their pranks and scrapes too, and got out of some of them more slickly than others. He was smart at school, learned fast, and some of us thought he was a favorite with Mr. Little, the schoolmaster. Anyhow he got along well at school. And he wasn't afraid of work. Nights and Saturdays he used to work about Tom Milburn's drug store where they put up Hagyard's Yellow Oil and Pectoral Balsam and other proprietory remedies. Richie and Tom Kennedy washed, bottled and stirred up the Yellow Oil old Mr. McKenzie had concocted, and helped to bottle and label it. First thing we knew Dick had gone to Guelph and apprenticed himself to A. B. Petrie to learn the drug business. And he was very attentive to it. I remember the first time he came home from Guelph for a holiday. He brought with him a package of gum drops, and was very generous with them in distributing them around among the boys. The years passed by quickly, and we next heard of Richie as in business for himself in Teeswater; then he bought a larger business in Ingersoll, which he conducted successfully for a good many years. Now, he's retired, and taking the world easy as he deserves, and one of his sons is running the business. Richie always enjoys coming back home on a visit. He seemed to have a good time here last week.

And Charlie Cook, what a career he has had. He's been the wide world o'er, but always rejoices to get back home. Ever since he was a little tike, and came here with his father and mother—Rev. R. B. Cook and Mrs. Cook—from Cape Rich, up in Grey county, he's called Acton home. And this is quite natural. His father and mother lived and died here, and now sleep in Fairview Cemetery, just a few yards from their earthly home on Fairview Avenue. And his brother Ed, and family now reside in the old homestead.

I think of Charlie one summer day at School when he and Ed. Farmer were tusseling at school when they were both pupils under Mr. Little. Ed. threw Charlie down heavily, and in the fall Charlie's arm was broken. Ed. was badly scared and frightfully sorry. In six or seven weeks, however, Charlie was quite whole again and as cherk as ever.

In 1873, I think it was, Charlie went to Toronto to take a position in a wholesale house. Naturally he sought good company in the city and formed the acquaintance of a band of fine young men in Jarvis Street Baptist Church. He showed an aptitude for public speaking, and attracted the attention of leaders in the church. In a little while Charlie was a marked man. He felt a call to preach the gospel. The way was opened to him for this and his Jarvis Street friends assisted and encouraged him to take a course in theology in Spurgeon's College in London, Eng. The college course was taken, and Charlie came back to Canada. He was called to be pastor of Parliament Street Baptist Church, Toronto. His boyhood's lady love awaited him in Acton, and he was true to her. He led Emma Matthews to the altar in Acton, and then took her to Toronto to preside with her well-known grace and dignity over the Parliament Street parsonage.

During his busy time as city pastor, Charlie took time for wide and helpful reading and writing. In a contest for an essay on Stewardship for a prize offered by Senator John Macdonald, he won the prize and an honorarium of $500.00

Charlie's talents and attainments as a pastor became wide-spread, and he was called to an important church at Bloomfield, N. J., a residential city adjacent to New York for business folk of the metropolis. For seventeen years he labored there with success. When the church at large desired a superintendent for the Stewardship Department of the church throughout the United States, our Charlie, now Rev. Dr. Cook, was chosen for that important position. For five years he filled the position with great satisfaction. This, however, required travelling up and down the land, and little of home life. Feeling that he had done his whole duty in this office, he retired, and re-entered the pastorate at Butte, Montana. With a church of willing workers and a burden of church debt, he went in with enthusiasm. In four or five years the debt was annihilated and Charlie and his faithful co-worker, retired, intending to take life easy, residing at the home of their son at Seattle, Wash. But a church there needed a pastor, and Dr. Cook stepped into the breach. For several years he has labored there with gratifying success. He is now on six months' leave of absence, while his pulpit is being supplied by another Canadian, Rev. Mr. Hyat, late of the Baptist Book Room, Toronto.

Dr. Cook preached with much acceptance last Sunday in the Baptist Church, where his father was the pastor in his boyhood. On Sunday, August 22nd, I believe he is to occupy the pulpit of the United Church, Acton, for which church he always has had kindly feelings, because in it he says he was persuaded to take a public step toward his Christian life work.

I believe Charlie and Emma are having a very enjoyable visit amid the scenes of their childhood and youth.

The Old Man

Skinny Men Run Down Men Nervous Men

Don't Miss This

You're behind the times if you don't know that Cod Liver Oil Extract is one of the greatest flesh producers in the world.

Because it contains more vitalizing vitamines than any food you can get.

You'll be glad to know that McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets come in sugar coated form now, so if you really want to put 10 or 20 pounds of solid, healthy flesh on your bones and feel well and strong and have a complexion that people will admire—ask any druggist for a box of McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tabets.

Only 60 cents for 60 tablets and if you don't gain five pounds in 30 days your druggist is authorized to hand you back the money you paid for them.

It isn't anything unusual for a person to gain 10 pounds in 30 days, and for old people with feebleness overtaking them they work wonders.

ANKLES IN DANGER

The London dancing master who issued a public warning that a fortnight of dancing the Charleston would add an inch or more to the thickness of the ankles has probably rendered the young generation a very valuable service. Every now and then there arises some fad, some gauche and graceless form of physical contortion, which appeals to the hectic spirit of the day because it is peculiar and because it tends toward the sensational. And this fad is apt to be indulged in madly until it is superseded by some other. In others the tendency is obvious and undeniable. In older days, when there was more time for everything, including living, people paid some attention to deportment, to carriage, to physical appearance and control. To-day it is to be feared that, apart from the enthusiastics, such things are remarked mainly for their absence. Anything that tends to remind the public that gracefulness is not incompatible with common sense is a good thing. Girls dancing the Charleston are indulging, whether intentionally or not, in a form of gyrating motions that brings out every graceful curve, and is of terpsichorean abandonment. But suggestive of the very lowest forms the knowledge that they are also thickening their ankles is more likely to make them stop it than any other argument.

Mothers Value this Oil—Mothers who know how suddenly croup may seize their children and how necessary prompt action is in applying relief, always keep at hand a supply of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, because experience has taught them that this is an excellent preparation for the ailment. And they are wise, for its various uses render it a valuable medicine.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

Will kill many times more flies for the money than any other fly killer. Each pad will kill flies all day, every day, for three weeks. At all Grocers, Druggists and General Stores—10c and 25c per package.

Great Rejoicing by RheumaticCripples

If So Crippled You Can't Use Arms or Legs, Rheuma Will Help You or Nothing to Pay

Get a bottle of Rheuma to-day and wear a satisfied smile on your face tomorrow.

It's a remedy that is astonishing the whole country, and it's just as good for gout, sciatica and lumbago as for rheumatism.

It drives the poisonous waste from the joints and muscles—that's the secret of Rheuma's success.

But we don't ask you to take our word for it; go to E. J. Hassard or any good druggist and get a bottle of Rheuma to-day; if it doesn't do as we promise get your money back. It will be there waiting for you.

Such Delicious SALADS when you make your own Dressings

Do you serve just one kind of Dressing with all your Salads?

With Keen's Mustard as the necessary ingredient to give a finishing touch, you can make many different varieties of Mayonnaise, besides many French, Russian and Italian Dressings.

Whether you are serving chicken, lobster, fish, vegetable or fruit salad, give the dressing a touch of individuality by making it yourself. The flavour will be different and better, and the Dressing will cost far less than any you can buy.

Keen's Free Recipe Book

gives recipes for 16 kinds of Mayonnaise Dressings—for delicious Salads and Sandwiches — for French, Russian and Italian Dressings — for Mustard Pickles, Chow-chows, and other attractive relishes Write for a copy,

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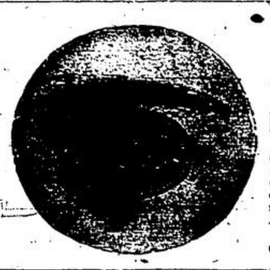

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- From all Stations Kingston to Renfrew Junction, inclusive.
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