The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1927

WILD GEESE

Although I am a city child,
I heard a noise that sounded wild.
"What's that?" I said. And daddy,
smiled:
"Wild geese, a-honking."

'Twas just before I went to bed;
The lights below looked dim and red,
The stars looked white high overhead—
Wild geese, a-honking.

Sometimes my mother calls me that,
She calls me "Goose." So, fit for fat,
I dreamed I was a goose, a fat
Wild goose, a-honking.

I jumped from off the window ledge,
I sailed beyond the city's edge,
To join the V-shaped flying wedge—
Wild geese, a-honking.

We flew where winding rivers runs;
We passed great cities, one by one;
We were the first to see the sun—
Wild geese, a-honking.

The children saw us sailing high,
They pointed to us in the sky,
They tried to honk as we went by—
Wild geese, a-honking.

Our wise old gander knew the way,
He sought a warm and shining bay,
He led us southward day by day,
Wild geese, a-honking.

We felt the scented breezes blow,
We circled to the bay below,
Far from the land of ice and snow—
Wild geese, a-honking.

There lilies bloomed and wild rice
grew,
The seas and skies were balmy blue;
And there we stayed the winter
through,
Wild geese, a-honking.

It was a very pleasant dream,
When mother calls me "Goose" I seem
To see them as they homeward stream,
Wild geese, a-honking.

Neighborhood News

OAKVILLE

Miss Dorothy Millar has returned to Oakville from Bobcaygeon.

Major and Mrs. C. E. Dowding and family have returned from their summer residence at Bobcaygeon.

Mr. Walter Telford, of Cobourg, is renewing old acquaintances in town this week.

Mr. George Mason, publisher of the Prescott Journal, and Mrs. Mason, were in town last week and called on Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gates.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ezard have gone on a trip to Tennessee, U. S. A., and purpose exploring the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky while away.

The C. N. R. station has been undergoing some repairs lately by way of being re-shingled.

The second instalment of town taxes are due just three weeks from to-day.

The Daughters of Rebekah held a social evening on Wednesday, a corn roast and cards constituting the evening's proceedings.

The Toronto-Hamilton Highway Commission has made a vast improvement to the sharp turn east of Oakville by widening the roadway and raising the outer edge.—Record.

ERIN

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hull and two children visited with Milverton friends last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Frankum and little daughter, of Harriston, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. W. Hull.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Walker, of Haggerville, were Sunday visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Overland.

Mr. and Mrs. James Justice and Mr. Clayton spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. H. Frankum at Harriston.

Mr. Frank Mack, second line, Erin Township, has been adding many laurels to his fame as a successful breeder of Leicester sheep, having carried off most of the honors at the local fairs and winning over prize winners at the C. N. E.

Mr. G. A. Anthony, of Calgray, Alberta, spent a few days last week with relatives here. George came east to take in the Dempsey-Tunney fight and incidentally visited with relatives. He expects to have a number of high jumping horses at the Royal Show at Toronto in November, and if records and photos mean anything he will make them step for the honors.—Advocate.

GEORGETOWN

Miss Ida Beswick, of Acton, spent Sunday with Miss Mary Vannatter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kennedy, of Cleveland, were guests of the Misses Kennedy during the last week.

Mr. A. L. Squires, of the Canadian National, is taking his holidays. He and Mrs. Squires leave on Friday on a visit to friends at Kingsville and other western towns.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer C. Thompson are leaving to-morrow evening for Halifax, where Mr. Thompson will attend the Canadian Pacific Railway Ticket Agents' Association Convention.

Mr. J. C. Cook presented us last week with a receipt given by The Herald, dated December 31, 1877, when Black & Dilts were proprietors of this paper. We appreciate it as a souvenir and kindly thank the donor.

Mr. A. C. Robinson met with a painful accident last Saturday when breaking a board at his home here. A nail in the board penetrating his knee and he has been confined to his room under the doctor's care ever since.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Kaiser have returned from their wedding trip to New York and Philadelphia and have taken up their residence in town. They have the best wishes of their numerous friends for a happy and prosperous future.—Herald.

BURLINGTON

Mr. and Mrs. Lyon Findlater, of Ayr, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. M. McKerlie.

Mr. and Mrs. John Blair arrived home on Monday evening from their wedding trip to the coast.

Rev. G. W. Tebbs acted as judge at the Fall Fair at Rodney on Tuesday and at Leamington on Wednesday.

Gordon Blair left on Sunday evening for Sudbury, where he has accepted a position as reporter on the Sudbury Star.

A dog was run over by an automobile and killed on Brant Street on Monday morning, which caused some excitement for a few minutes.

The Grant Construction Company are rushing along the paving in town. They are now working on James Street, and expect to move over to Hager Avenue the early part of next week.

At four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon the fire alarm sounded for a fire at the G. W. V. A. hall on Elizabeth Street. During the summer months the sweepings had been swept into the register, and when the caretaker started the furnace they took fire, and the place was soon filled with smoke. The rubbish was extinguished with a pail of water, and no damage was done. The firemen were on the job, but their services were not required.—Gazette.

No need to suffer with corns, or to run the risk of paring them. Remove them surely and painlessly with Holloway's Corn Remover.

The Free Press' Short Story

HER WISE OLD RELATIVE

FRANK H. WILLIAMS

OF all the sweet and pretty girls in the little town of Brampton, Madge Hoffmah was the sweetest and the prettiest. And because she was all this and also had been to college and was the only child of a rich, retired farmer, she had more beaux than all the other girls in the city put together almost.

But in spite of the way that life seemed to smile at her, Madge wasn't happy. Most of the time she was listless and wistful. Most of the time there was a far-away look in her eyes. And though she danced and played from day to day, it was plain to be seen that her heart and her thoughts were generally elsewhere.

The trouble was this: The one man Madge wanted to see among her beaux wasn't there. This man was Harry Jennings. They had met and fallen in love when attending the same co-educational college. During their last year in college together they had made wonderful plans for their future. Figuring prominently in these plans was a little bungalow for two and a vine-covered porch and a rose garden. Then, quite suddenly, the dream had gone to smash.

One day Harry had come to Madge with a despairing look on his face.

"Madge," he said, "they tell me your father is wealthy and you're an only child and—and—"

Deep trouble was mirrored on Harry's handsome, honest face as he gazed at Madge.

"Yes," was the reply that Madge had made.

The look of despair on Harry's face had deepened greatly.

"Don't you see what this means?" Harry had asked. "I'm working my way through college. I simply won't marry a girl for her money. And you can see what that means. It means I'll have to work awfully hard to get as much money as you've got. There isn't much chance that I'll be successful in doing so right away. So we better part! I—I'll come to you just as soon as I've made enough!"

Of course there had been tears and pleading on Madge's part, but Harry had been obstinate. He had left college at once. Since that time Madge hadn't seen him and his letters had been very infrequent.

This was the situation just a year after Harry's departure. And it was when Madge was feeling particularly blue about the matter that the following letter came to her from Harry:

"Dear Madge—It is evidently going to be a long and hard struggle for me to get together as much money as I should have. So I am going to pass out of your life. You shouldn't be asked to wait for me, and, of course, I couldn't stand it to have you support me. I've got a job in South America. I'm going down there. I'll be gone a long, long time. While I'm gone I hope for your own sake that you will be happily married. But before going I simply must see you again. So I'll come to your town within a few days. I'll call you up when I come."

This letter thrilled Madge and yet dismayed her. She was immensely pleased at the thought of seeing Harry again and yet dismayed at the tone of his letter. She didn't want him to go away. She didn't want him to give her up. She didn't want to marry some one else. She wanted Harry, and only Harry.

Consequently it was only natural that after the first ecstasy of their greeting some days later at Madge's home during the afternoon when her family were all gone that Madge began pleading with Harry to change his plans.

"It's so foolish, Harry," Madge cried, "when we both care for each other for you to let your pride stand in the way of our happiness. What if you haven't much money? My father could give you a fine job and—"

Harry made a gesture of anger at this.

"That's just the point," he cried. "I won't be a pensioner of anyone, let alone your dad. I've got to come to you on an equal footing or not at all!"

"Harry, you've got the wrong slant on all this," declared Madge, with determination. "Since getting your letter I've thought it all over, and talked it over with an old relative of mine who is pretty wise. And he says that the thing you should do is would be to come here and go to work for my father. And—"

"No! No!" cried Harry.

"Oh," cried Madge, despairingly, "I can't explain it to you as this relative of mine can. You come with me and talk to him. Please."

For a moment Harry hesitated.

"All right," he said sulkily at last, "but don't let your father know anything about me. He'd just naturally kick me out of the house if he thought that there was anything doing between us. Of course, he wouldn't want a poverty-stricken son-in-law, and of course he wouldn't give me a job. I've never seen your dad, but I know just how he'd act and I couldn't blame him."

Madge said nothing, but hurried Harry out of the house and down the pleasant little street to an ancient frame building.

"The office is up on the second floor," explained Madge.

The stairway was dark. Harry's arm slipped around Madge's waist as they went upstairs, and at the top, in the semi-darkness, their lips met in a kiss.

The office into which Madge directed Harry was old, but clean. It was comfortably filled with bookcases and filing cases and chairs and a roll-top desk. At the latter sat a stalwart, keen-looking, pleasant-faced old man with snow-white hair but sharp gray eyes.

"This is Harry Harry Jennings," said Madge. "He—he's the man I told you about."

The old man at the desk rose and shook hands with Harry while gazing at him sharply. A smile came to the old man's face.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Harry," said the old man. "sit down here."

The old man indicated a seat near his desk and drew up another for Madge close by. Harry sat down rather gingerly.

"Madge has told me all about you," said the old man. "I know just how you feel. I felt much the same way years ago when I married my wife. I didn't have much of a start in those days, and her folks were wealthy. When I married her I went to work for her dad, and believe me, I worked. I probably worked a lot harder because I had married a rich man's daughter than I would have done otherwise. And I made good a lot sooner on that account than I would have done otherwise. Did you ever stop to think that you might also work harder and make good sooner because of marrying a rich man's daughter than you would otherwise?"

"No, I hadn't thought of that," said Harry, thoughtfully.

"I guess you're a lot like me," went on the old man. "I thought only of myself in the matter—of the humiliation of folks saying I was a fortune hunter and all that, I didn't think at first about the pain and sorrow I'd cause my sweetheart by my false pride in not marrying her in spite of her money. Have you thought about the pain and sorrow you'd cause Madge by going away—by letting your pride get the better of you?"

A look of surprise and anxiety came into Harry's face.

"Would it really hurt you more to have me go away than to stay and seem to marry you for your money?" demanded Harry, gazing at Madge.

"Yes," said Madge softly.

"Then, if you're the sort of a man you look to be," said the old man, "you'll stuff your false pride in your pocket, marry Madge, go to work for her dad and prove that you've got the right stuff in you by working like sin and making good just as quick as you can."

Madge, with her heart in her eyes, gazed at Harry.

"This—this relative of mine is old and wise, Harry," she pleaded. "Don't—don't spoil both our lives."

For an instant Harry returned her gaze, a great light in his eyes. Then he leaned to her and folded her in his arms. For an instant they embraced. Then Harry looked up at the old man with renewed anxiety.

"This is all very fine," said Harry suddenly, "but what will Madge's father say? I wouldn't blame him a bit for throwing me out of the house."

For this the old man rose and patted Harry kindly on the shoulder.

"That's all right, son," said the old man with real affection in his voice. "I'm Madge's dad!"

And, smiling kindly at them, Madge's dad turned and hurried from the room.

THE ANNUAL FISH STORY CROP PROMISES WELL

Just as each season brings to light a new crop of fisherman, so also each season brings to light an entirely new crop of fish stories—and of course, all fish stories are true ones, only some are more truthful than others. But the following ones, sorted out from the miscellaneous fishing stories which have been brought in by fishing parties who have visited famous lake and river spots along the lines of the Canadian National Railways during the present season, can all be vouched for.

The first of them comes from down in the Maritime Provinces where the big silver salmon are found. On St. Mary's River, in Guysboro County of Nova Scotia there are many famous salmon pools, where this year splendid catches of salmon were being made. One day when the following incidents occurred, the salmon were biting well in certain pools which are known as the Stillwater section, and among the anglers who were busily engaged in casting flies on these pools was a Post Office inspector from Halifax—out on his first salmon fishing trip. Beginner's luck proverbial among fishermen, was with him, and while the other members of the party were casting injured glances in his direction, this gentleman hooked a fine salmon. His casting was being done from one of the flat-bottomed boats which are used on the St. Mary's River, with a guide doing the poling for him. When the angler struck and hooked a twenty-pound salmon, the guide began to pole his boat toward an easy landing place and in doing so had to cross a rapid at the foot of the pool. He was poling across at the same time instructing the novice fisherman how to bring in his prize, when there was a sudden tightening of the stern of the boat, but valiantly hanging on to the rod, in excitement of the landing his fish, the angler slipped on the stones of the river bed and in doing so succeeded in tangling the line around his wrist. The guide hurried to his rescue and succeeded in landing the fish to the bank to where it was gaffed. The net result for the angler was a thorough soaking, the excitment of landing a twenty-pound salmon on his first fishing trip and a lot of experience of what not to do in playing a fish.

Another story, supported by plenty of evidence, comes from the Lake Claire section, near Lake St. John in Northern Quebec, where V. B. Gray, a noted Cleveland angler, was accompanied by two Montrealers on a trout fishing expedition. In the course of their journey into this territory, which is traversed by practically virgin trout streams and lakes, Gray and his companions discovered Indian River, a small stream connecting two lakes and commenced fly fishing for trout. The trout were coming fast and the sport was good. It is not unusual to hear of a fly fisherman landing a trout at a single fly when he is using a "dropper" on his line, and this the members of the party were doing quite frequently.

Then Gray sprung a new one. He was using a single fly on his leader and hooked a fair sized trout at once. As he reeled in, a second and larger trout made a mad rush for the small trout which was hooked and succeeded in about half swallowing him. Then a third and still larger one made a rush after the two which were on Gray's fly. Gray's guide, Louis Perron stood beside him in the riffles with a landing net. The third trout followed right up on Gray's feet, the guide reached down with the landing net and bagged him while Gray landed the other two which were already on the hook. Which is not so bad fishing, as most anglers will agree.

Another and somewhat similar story, though it concerns larger fish, is brought back by a party of Montrealers who just returned from a fishing trip in the Pickerel River—Georgian Bay section of Ontario. There they had enjoyed some splendid bass fishing, landing small-mouthed black bass up to 4½ pounds and on one occasion, a lady member of the party was bait casting and hooked a fair sized walleye or pike perch. As she drew him toward the boat, the guide noticed the huge muskellunge following the hooked fish. While the lady reeled in her walleye the musky followed to within a few feet of the boat when the guide turned back, the musky had seen the boat and dived to the bottom, but in his place was a ten pound Northern Pike, rushing for the hooked fish as fast as he could. The guide waited until the pike came within reach of the gaff, then with a weft lunge, landed him in the boat. Again that was not bad fishing and again the story is fully vouched for. Perhaps the surprise catch of the season, however, was made by two Montreal fishermen, who were throwing a line into the waters of the St. Lawrence River, within half a mile of the harbor sheds. Suddenly they saw a strange form in the rapids and rowing over to investigate they found it to be a seal which had strayed in from the Gulf. Securing a rope they lassoed it and after a hard fight succeeded in landing it, over a mile away from where they had made their catch. With the aid of a truck driver, their prize, which weighed over three hundred pounds, was carried home in triumph.

THE OLD PASTOR'S DISMISSAL

"We need a younger man to stir the people,
And lead them to the fold,"
The deacons said. "We ask your resignation,
Because you're growing old."

The pastor bowed his deacons out in silence,
And tenderly the gloom
Of twilight hid him and his bitter anguish
Within the lonely room.

Above the violet hills the sunlight's glory
Hung like a crown of gold,
And from the great church spire the bell's sweet anthem
Adown the stillness rolled.

Assembled were the people of God's worship,
But in his study chair
The pastor sat unheeding, while the south wind
Caressed his snow-white hair.

A smile lay on his lips. His was the secret
Of sorrow's glad surcease,
Upon his forehead shone the benediction
Of everlasting peace.

"The ways of Providence are most mysterious,"
The deacons gravely said,
As wondering, eyed, and scared, the whole crowded
About their pastor—dead.

"We loved him," wrote the people on the coffin,
In words of shining gold,
And "love's broken heart they set
a statue
Of marble, white and cold.

—Elizabeth Cummings

THE OLD STANDBYS

It was good to see my old friend and neighbor, Sandy Waldie, at the October Communion Service in Knox Church, and in his place among the Members of the Session. Fully many a year has Mr Waldie magnified this important office, and set an example to the younger men among the elders by his regularity in attendance and the promptitude of his presence at all the meetings of the session. Now as he approaches the good old age of ninety he is still found in his place and as much interested in the impressive services as he ever was in his prime.

Mr Waldie has sat under the ministry of nearly every minister of Knox Church. He came here from Scotland when the late Rev Lachlan Cameron was the minister, and it was Mr Cameron who succeeded Rev John MacLachlan, the first minister called to the newly organized church away back in August, 1851. He has therefore tasted the sermons of Lachlan Cameron, D H Cameron, James W. Rae, Hugh S. Macpherson, James C. Wilson, D. Findlay and the present minister, Rev A C Stewart. And Mr Waldie found good in every one of them, and many an encouraging word did he speak to each in turn during their respective ministrations. He has always been a friend of the pastor, and in this has set a fine example to us all. May he be spared for years to attend the quarterly communion services in the church which he has always held so dear.

By the way, no man has ever been more proud of having a grandson in the ministry than is Mr. Waldie. His grandson "Jack" is as the apple of his eye to him, and if good wishes will insure him success in his ministry, the Rev John Waldie is sure to have a successful career before him and have souls to his ministry, for Grandfather Waldie is bestowing them in large measure.

I think Alexander Waldie is the oldest active official member among all the hoary heads in the churches in town. There was a time when all the churches had aged members who took a leading part in the activities of the respective churches but that time seems to have passed. I think David Williamson is now the oldest official member who is still regularly attending the services of the United Church. Mrs Thomas Somerville is the oldest member of the church, but she is debarred from attending, owing to the infirmities of her ninety years. Her membership has been continuous from her childhood. Her father, the late Alexander Brown Sr. was one of the founders of the church. He was the first superintendent of the Sunday School, and his grandson, Alexander Thurtell Brown, is the present superintendent.

In the Baptist Church the old people have also gradually gone to their reward. I think perhaps Edward K Cook, son of the late Rev. R. B. Cook, and James McIntosh are the oldest members. Both of them are quite a piece along between seventy and eighty.

St Alban's Church is now largely a congregation of young people. The elderly members, who bore the burdens of the earlier years, have gradually passed over the river. To-day there are few indeed of that commanding of the real old gray-haired group which a few years ago we were accustomed to see.

It is parding strange, but the same thing is manifest in St Joseph's Church, so far as the male members are concerned. The fine old heads of families have gradually gone over to the great majority. But a number of mothers in Israel remain and they are faithful in their devotions, rain or shine. It is a fine object lesson to see such elect ladies as Mrs Gibbons and Mrs. Mulholland, and perhaps others of their class, wending their way to early mass when lots of young people in town are still in slumber. Verily, the Lord will richly bless those who so devotedly honor him.

Say, we young folk owe much to older people who continue loyal to their church views. Their example is always salutary and effective. Their virtues and their good deeds must be held in grateful memory by thoughtful, conscientious folks who have had the benefit of observation or association with them. The virtues of these older people have always been helpful.

"How shall we honor them—our deathless dead?—
With straw of laurel and the stately head?
With blaze of banners heightening overhead?
Nay, not alone these cheaper praises bring:
They will not have this easy honoring.

How shall we honor them, our deathless dead?
How keep their mighty memories alive?
In him who feels their passion, they survive!
Flatter their souls with deed, and all in said!
In the heroic soul their souls create
Is raised remembrance past the reach of fate.
The will to serve and bear,
The will to love and dare,
And take, for God, unprofitable risk
These things, these things will utter praise and paean
Louder than little thunders Etschylean,
These things will build our dead unwasting shellsk."

The Old Man

STORING DESSERT APPLES

Such choice varieties of apples as the MacIntosh can be retained in their freshness and full flavor for many weeks when maintained in a proper storage temperature. The report of the Sumerland, British Columbia, Experimental Station for 1926 states that when kept at a temperature of 32 degrees F. it required five months for the apples to develop softness represented by nine pounds as against fourteen pounds when the fruit was picked. Similar fruit placed in common storage where the temperature during the Autumn months ranged between 40 and 50 degrees F. reached a softness of 9 pounds in two months. By the time the apples had reached a softness of 8¼ pounds their market value had become seriously impaired by shrivelling and by discoloration of the flesh and the development of undesirable flavor. These results suggest, according to the Superintendent of the Station, that it is not advisable to hold the MacIntosh apple in storage after the ripening process has reached a stage such that the apple has a hardness of about ten pounds measured by the pressure tester. The rapidity with which the fruit softens after removal from storage depends largely, it is pointed out in the report, on the temperature to which it is subjected, but unless temperatures of well over 40 degrees F. are encountered and more than a month is taken to get the apples into consumption, this procedure may be expected to ensure delivery of the fruit to the consumer in good condition. "Referring further to this experiment this Report, which is obtained from the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa makes the useful observation that apples retain crispness and flavor to best advantage either in the store or in the home when kept under conditions of comparatively low temperature and high humidity. A week or two in a warm furnace room or under the kitchen table, it is pointed out, will seriously impair the appearance and quality of the best apples.

A VICARIOUS PORTRAIT

The "Irish bull" is very often merely a good specimen of Irish wit and humor, for the Irishman's fondness for a joke is so great that he is often willing to make himself the butt of it. The following letter, written by a young Irishman in this country to his sweetheart in Ireland, who had asked him for his photograph, is no doubt made up more of whimsicality than of simplicity:

Toronto, September 23.

Me Dear Nora, Ye are askin' me for me photograph, for to show to the paper at Ballinasloe, and I take pleasure in sendin' it to you with this letter. But it's not for the likes of me to desave ye. Nora, honey, it's the likeness of Billy McCarty, me mate on the dump, that goes with the letter.

Which I send it to ye for two reasons, one of them same bein' that I've no photograph of meself at all, and the other bein' that I should wish the good paper at Ballinasloe, includin' yer sweet self, to have the impression that I'd growin' the fine-lookin' boy in America wid the climate and the opportunities. Billy McCarty, by the same token bein' a far handsomer man than meself.

For the likes of that, me dear Nora, it's far pleasanter for yerself to be havin' a handsome photograph of meself in yer albin than a homely one such as the thrue mug of me wud make.

Hopin' when ye have porthrait of me ye can be well pleased in, I remane, till the sea runs dry.

You affectionate, Patsey

PERTINENT—NOT IMPERTINENT

Have something definite to shoot at.

Business needs more hard-work men and fewer super-salesmen.

Fumbling a sale book spoils many a good canvass.

The more tell 'emst, the more sell 'ems.

Don't try to substitute inspiration for perspiration. Mix them in proper quantities.

A little preparation means a little less pressure in getting results.

Alpha "are the eggs hatched" by chicken-hearted salespeople.

The world is either better or worse each day as a result of your work and influence.

People like to be appreciated, they like to be singled out for courteous, friendly attention.

Many mothers can testify to the virtue of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because they know from experience how useful it is.

WHY HE SALUTED

A bright-eyed little English lad saluted the occupants of a passing motor car so politely that they stopped and gave him a sixpence.

"Do you salute all the strangers that pass?" the lady with the party inquired.

"No, ma'm, only motorists" the boy stammered fingering his sixpence nervously. "Father says I must be polite to them 'cause motor cars bring him trade."

The lady seemed disappointed.

"What is your father's trade, my little man? Does he repair motor cars?"

"No, ma'am," was the reply, "father's an undertaker."

FOR GAS, ACID STOMACH, INDIGESTION

Bisurated Magnesia Is Safe and Reliable

If you are a victim of Stomach Trouble—Gas, Sourness, Acidity, Pain or Bloating after eating, Bisurated Magnesia is made for you.

At the nearest drug store, get a bottle—powder or tablets—take a little and get instant relief.

Keep your stomach sweet and strong digestion perfect. It works like a charm.

WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT

"Zeke Fawkey and his wife are quarrelling like cats and dogs," stated Jim Piddlin, of Clapboard Springs, upon returning from the crossroads store.

"What about, for goodness sake?" asked his wife.

"Well, they've quarrelled so long that they've plumb forgot the original subject, and are now quarrelling about what they were quarrelling about, and probly when they settle that they'll quarrel about who started it."

DR J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY
A SAFE AND EFFICIENT RELIEF FOR ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER. IT IS COMPOSED OF HERBS WHICH, WHEN BURNED AND THE FUMES INHALED ACT PROMPTLY, ALLAYING ALL IRRITATION. A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE.

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Keep Your Eye Peeled for OLD and ODD COINS of all countries. There are many coins in circulation, and laying around in drawers that have great value. For example—the copper penny, dated 1839, with the Bank of Montreal on its face is to-day worth $45.00. It is not so much the age that counts it is the scarcity of particular coins of certain dates.

THE RARE COIN CATALOGUE tells you about the rare coins of different countries, including Canada and the British Colonies, and gives you the prices I guarantee to pay for same.

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Banish the Hand Pump

PUMPING and carrying water is not just hard work—it's drudgery—slavery!

Who could be happy and healthy, pumping and carrying tons of water each year?

Why tolerate such drudgery when a Duro Water System will deliver fresh running water under pressure to your kitchen, bathroom and grounds for 10 cents per 1000 gallons?

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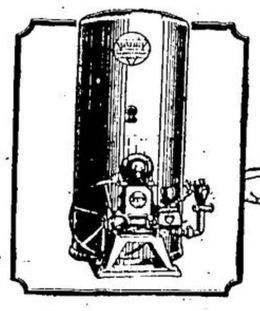

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