

Calendar table for February 1928 showing days of the week and dates.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

When things are far from cheerful and you're feeling rather blue. Remember there are other folks who've got that feeling too.

FORGIVENESS

A street boy was run over several weeks ago by a motor truck in Toronto. He was in the ward, in the act of being discharged and did not see the approaching truck.

He soon came again with an apple, to be used for the same purpose. After that he was expected to be discharged, bringing some small gift.

"I don't get them anyway," the stranger said. "I merely bite them, and then I spit them out. I'm only after the flavor. I bite only natural fruit, mostly apples growing wild by the roadside, or in pastures. Grapes I don't care for. Natural fruit has the fine flavor."

"I like it, because much of it is wild country. I like virgin forests, and lakes and rivers in the wilderness. Once, about eleven years ago, I climbed that rocky grim mountain the Indians call Katahwa. I've been in Maine three times before this. Yes, four times. I freer-quently tramp about."

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The Free Press Short Story

The Guest Who Had Been in Jail

BY C. A. STEPHENS

"NO he was, the old squire never knew with certainty; but this is the story as I used to hear it. It was late in September, on one of the first cold nights of fall, when the squire sat in his study, looking down from the trees and the ripe apples are dropping in the orchards. After clearing the supper table, Grandmother Ruth kindled a fire in the sitting-room fireplace, and she sat by it, knitting, while the old squire read the Independent aloud to her. Except for a hired man and a woman helper they were alone at the old farm, for there was Civil War times, some years before we young folk went home to live there. Two of their grandsons had already fallen in battle, and the other two were with the army at the front.

About eight o'clock they heard a knock at the side door. On opening it, the old squire dimly perceived a stranger—a medium-sized man, wearing a cap and jacket, and carrying a stout stick in his hand.

"Good evening, sir," the old squire said, peering out at him. "What's wanted?"

"The stranger asked whether they could entertain him for the night. 'I'm taking long walks,'" he added, "and I can find no taverns."

"I guess we will try to put you up," the old squire replied. "Are you alone?"

"Alone and afoot," the stranger replied. "Before I came to this I've been in jail once."

"That's all right," the old squire said. "Well, step inside here and let me have a look at you."

The stranger entered and stood just within the doorway, perfectly still, with a curious smile on his face, but without speaking, as the old squire brought a lamp.

"You don't look like a very bad man, and rogues are not likely to tell of their being in jail," the old squire remarked, with a smile. "Excuse me for asking, but what's your business in these parts?"

"Say Dad"

A QUEER KIND OF FEAR



"Say, Dad, what's the worst coward in the world?"

"Well, I suppose so far I mean a different kind of coward. I'll bet you never heard of a being afraid of a cat—just a plain pussy-cat."

"No, I never have. Do you know one, Dad?"

"I've today teachers and Old Tommy jumped up on the arm of his chair to-day, and he nearly died. Really, Dad, by the time the jacket had slipped Tommy only my Peck was too clumsy to go with the recitalist."

"And you boys very unjustly concluded that Mr. Peck is cowardly?"

"Well, who but a cowardly afraid of a cat?"

"Napoleon Bonaparte, as I was telling you the other night, I am on record that just after the battle of Waterloo, the Emperor, having retired to a certain castle, called for help. His attendants found him nervously avoiding a tabby, that couldn't get it through her feline skin. The Emperor, who was not a friendly man, persons of undoubted courage are terrified by the presence of a cat."

REGULATING THE EGG TRADE

A very marked improvement in the egg trade of Canada has been made during the last seven years.

The annual production of eggs in Canada in 1927 was 124 million dozen. According to a statement that appears in the report of the Honorable Mr. Mulholland, Minister of Agriculture for the past fiscal year, Canada is now producing annually more than 200 million dozens.

The Canadian egg regulations require approval of inspection on interprovincial shipments in order to meet the requirements of the various provinces.

During the fiscal year reported by the Minister more than a half million dozen cases were through the hands of the inspectors, an increase of about 60,000 cases over the previous year.

The regulations require that all eggs sold in a domestic way be graded according to the Canadian legal standard.

The egg inspection staff are constantly checking up on the grading of eggs in the provinces and in the retail trade.

While for the most part the business was found to be conducted in harmony with the regulations, it was necessary during the year to conduct 64 prosecutions for irregular practices.

Of these all, which were distributed on technicalities, were submitted, issued by the Director of Poultry, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

When "Astoria" comes up in conversation, it is not the city of Oregon that is meant, but the city of "Dad". Some can never conquer their dread of the water, others their fear of the height of a building, and some their fear of a cat.

Large advertisement for 'I AM THE MASTER SALESMAN!' featuring a cartoon character and text about selling merchandise and business success.