1928			FEBRUARY			1928
Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
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26	27	28	29			

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1928

KEEP THE BRIGHT SIDE OUT

When you feel life but a burden,
When your way is overcast,
When the day is full of trials,
With new dangers thickening fast;
Think then of the lark a-singing
As she gaily soars about;
Time enough she has her troubles,
Yet she keeps the bright side out.

All the world if full of sorrow,
Full of heartaches and of fears,
Full of lonesomeness and sadness,
Full of partings and of tears;
So it needs a something different,
That will put despair to rout;
That is why it hails the brother
Who will keep the bright side out.

Never mind the little setbacks,
Never mind the crushing blow,
Never mind about to-morrow—
Keep a-singing as you go.
Though your heart may have misgivings,
Bravely hide away your doubt,
For you surely cheer some other
When you keep the bright side out.

—George W. Davis.

Neighborhood News

GEORGETOWN

Council met last night and after passing a number of accounts adjourned to meet on Saturday night.

Mr. John S. Williams, of Buffalo, spent the week-end with relatives in town.

Mr. Joseph Beaumont left last week for California, where he will spend a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rogerson, of Streetsville, were visitors in town on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ismond, of Balcarres, Sask., are visiting at the home of their sister, Mrs. E. Colman, and other friends.—Herald.

ERIN

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Scott, of Toronto, spent Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Scott.

Mrs. Davg McMillan left on Tuesday for Toronto, where she will visit with friends for a couple of weeks.

A number from Cataract held a skating party on Thursday evening at the local rink and enjoyed a pleasant evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hillx, of Ballinafad, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kentner, of Acton, visited with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Bingham on Sunday.

Mrs. S. McLean left last week for her home in Saskatchewan, after spending a couple of months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Austin.

Mrs. Robert Tyson celebrated her ninety-first birthday quietly, at her home, on Friday, February 3. Mrs. Tyson is a remarkable woman for her years, enjoys good health and attends to her household duties. Mr. Tyson, who will be 89 in March, is about daily, although crippled considerably from the effects of rheumatism.—Advocate.

BURLINGTON

Dr. C. J. Freeman, an old Burlington boy, was elected Chairman of the Beamsville Board of Education at the inaugural meeting held last week.

The many friends of Roy Smale, who underwent an operation for appendicitis last week, will be pleased to learn that he is progressing favorably.

Rev. Moorehead Legate spent the past week in New York City, returning on Saturday to occupy his pulpit on Sunday, as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Davis have returned home from California and visiting friends at Winnipeg.

Mrs. (Dr.) Gain, of New York, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. P. Coleman, Ontario Street.

Mrs. Paul A. Fisher and family are spending a month's vacation with her parents at Arnprior, Quebec.

Mr. Harry Allen, of Winnipeg, Man., is spending a few days here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Allen. His mother's health has been rather poorly of late, and he came home to see her.—Gazette.

MILTON

Mrs. J. H. Peacock has gone to Toronto and will spend the next three months in the city.

Mrs. W. B. Clements has been visiting in New York City, the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. E. Black. Mrs. Clements returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Parlow's friends will sympathize with them in the loss of their little son, whose death occurred on Friday last, the funeral taking place on Sunday, with interment in Evergreen Cemetery. Rev. Canon Naftel conducted the service at the house and grave.—Reformer.

Miss L. G. Shorey spent the week-end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Shorey, Woodward Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Paul and family, of Toronto, were recent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Shorey.

J. M. Mackenzie, druggist, who is confined to his bed by illness, is doing as well as can be expected. His many friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. Fred Little, of the Public School staff, is on duty again after being confined to the house for the past week with a severe cold. During his absence his place was supplied by Mrs. John McCallum.—Champion.

OAKVILLE

Friends of Charles Talby, Centre Avenue, will be pleased to hear that he is now improving, after being confined to the house for the past five weeks.

Word was received on Wednesday morning that Mrs. Shildrick, of Hagersville, mother of Ernest Shildrick, choir leader of St. John's United Church, had passed away. Funeral on Friday afternoon.

During the latter part of last week two town ladies met with painful accidents. All walks and all outside was icy. Mrs. R. C. Palmer fell and broke her right arm and Mrs. Delamere did likewise and broke her left arm. Both were painful breaks.—Record.

An infant, pre-school child and child welfare conference will be held each Thursday afternoon from two to five, in the health clinic.

Walter Harland Smith is in the South, where he will spend some weeks. Mr. Smith has leased his fine two-hundred-acre farm.

The second crib at the harbor is about ready to sink. This one is seventy feet in length. The weather has been wonderful for pier work.

George Hilliner, M. P. P., and Mrs. Hilliner, attended the opening of the Ontario Legislature in Toronto yesterday afternoon.—Star.

The Man with Asthma almost longs for death to end his suffering. He sees ahead only years of endless torment with intervals of rest which are themselves fraught with never-ceasing fear of renewed attacks. Let him turn to Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy and know what complete relief it can give. Let him but use it faithfully and he will find his asthma a thing of the past.

The Free Press' Short Story

MARTIN HENRY'S MULE

By PRISCILLA LEONARD

AT SEVEN O'CLOCK Henry Martin and the mule came to interview Mr. Gilbert, and waited patiently until half past eight, when the head of the family had finished his breakfast. Meanwhile the cook, and Bob and Nancy, the two Gilbert children, had thoroughly investigated the past, present and future of both mule and owner, and declared in their favor with one voice.

"Martin Henry can plow and hoe and raise the best sort of corn and tomatoes and peas, and he's only seventeen, but he looks as grown up as anybody," Bob asserted, at breakfast.

"And Zeke is blind in one eye, but he's a splendid mule to work, and he just shines, the way Martin Henry rubs him down," said Nancy. "We can ride on him, Martin Henry says."

"But we didn't advertise for a mule," said their father, discouragingly. "We need a man for the garden—that's all. The stable has all been made over into a chicken-house. We have no place for a mule, and we don't want one."

"Martin Henry can't come without Zeke," said Bob. "His father's dead and the truck-farm sold, and Zeke's all he's got in the world, and he loves Zeke, 'cause he's a splendid mule! And there's a shed in the stable-yard where Zeke could live. He never had a stable. He's always just been in a shed, Martin Henry says. Martin Henry knows all about chickens, father. He says that's why he wanted to come; he knew you had the finest chickens in the county."

Now Mr. Gilbert's chickens were the pride of his heart, and this remark prejudiced him immediately in favor of the applicants. Also, when he went out after breakfast and saw Martin Henry, he was as much pleased with him as the children had been.

Martin Henry was a big, wholesome, honest lad, with a good knowledge of how to raise fruits and vegetables, and an enthusiasm about chickens that satisfied Mr. Gilbert at once. But, of course Zeke—a cute-eyed, old mule, no matter how well-groomed—was not admitted on the Gilbert place.

"Sell your mule, Martin, and I'll be glad to hire you," said Mr. Gilbert. "There is no place for either a horse or a mule here."

"I'd rather not sell Zeke just now, sir," said Martin Henry. "I could sell him twice over, but not to them that would be kind to him. Zeke's got a lot of work left in him yet, and he can plow as well as ever did. If you'd just let me keep him under that shed for a while, you'd find he was no trouble, and perhaps I could find some one who'd be good to him, and then I wouldn't mind selling him. I'll pay for his feed, and glad to do it, and he'll come in handy to plow up your corn patch."

There was no doubt that the corn patch needed the plow at once, if any crop was to be had that year, and Martin Henry was so promising, after the succession of unsatisfactory garden men that the Gilberts had had, that Mr. Gilbert decided to engage him, mule and all.

So Zeke was led across the grass and tied under the shed in the farther corner of the stable-yard, by the old cistern-house. Barney, the pedigreed bulldog, kept to guard the chickens from thieves, started to investigate Zeke; but Martin Henry called him off, with Bob's assistance.

"Zeke, he can kick to beat the band!" explained Zeke's owner, with a certain pride. "He might h'ist that dog higher'n the roof if he fooled round him 'fore Zeke knew him." So the dog and the mule were formally introduced, and made friends in short order.

"Zeke won't hurt a fly, once he knows who folks are," said Martin Henry. "But he has no use for strangers—kind of suspicious, Zeke is, till he knows who's who."

The mule once tied up, Martin Henry went to work with a will.

"He's perfectly wonderful!" declared Mrs. Gilbert to her husband, at dinner. "He's been pruning and digging and working in the chicken-house and doing odd jobs for the cook, and the children just following him round all day, they've taken such a fancy to him. If he's going to be such a treasure as he seems, it would be worth while to let him keep six mules in the stable-yard all summer!"

But Mr. Gilbert, who liked to have things systematic and shipshape, did not think so. He valued Martin Henry, but he insisted that Zeke should be disposed of. In vain Nancy, the tender-hearted, who saved lumps of sugar for the old mule and rode on his back, pleaded for him.

"If Zeke was a pony, and you children could drive him on the streets, it would be different," said her father. "But you can't drive a one-eyed old mule. He's no use; he doesn't fit in anywhere. I'll keep him one month longer, till Martin Henry can get him a good home—but that's all."

So Zeke remained on sufferance for thirty days, and was meanwhile given the freedom of the stable-yard, since he was in nobody's way there.

Twenty days of the allotted thirty went by, and only one offer came for Zeke, from the driver of a dirt-cart. Martin Henry's heart was heavy, but he went about his work with his usual willing energy. The chicken-house shone with cleanliness and whitewash; and Mr. Gilbert bought some new Buff Cochins, of prize pedigree, to add to his already fine stock.

"They're worth their weight in silver," he said, at the dinner-table, "but no chicken-thief can get past Barney."

"Martin Henry says he's going to run a wire from the chicken-house to his room some day for a burglar-alarm," said Bob.

"That will never be necessary while Barney is there," said Mr Gilbert, with a laugh. "Barney is a live burglar-alarm that will alarm the burglar as well as the neighborhood."

But that is where Mr Gilbert was mistaken. That night a man crept stealthily into the stable-yard, armed with a piece of meat well dosed with a powerful opiate. Barney, scenting the meat, sniffed around, found it, and, with one gulp, disposed of it, and woke, his mouth watering, to scent a lump of meat, somewhere near by—his dream come true. He was too intent on gorging it to see, or scent a dark figure by the cistern-house.

The meat was delicious; it melted in Barney's eager jaws; but something else, too, melted with it in his mouth, and before he could fairly swallow the half-chewed piece he sank down, drugged into a heavy stupor, as harmless to any intruder as a log or a stone.

The watching thief chuckled and stepped out from the shadow of the cistern-house; but the instant he came out into the open something entirely unexpected upset all his careful calculations.

A blow like a battering-ram sent him flying back against the fence, and a large dark shape backed toward him, kicking vengefully. Crouching and terrified, the man made on all fours for the cistern-house, and got inside, lame, bruised, and almost helpless.

One last thundering kick, delivered with both hind hoofs by Zeke, brought the ramshackle top boards fairly down on him, and forced him, scared and bent low, into the cistern itself, with some three feet of water in it.

Even on a May night the air can be chilly, and to be half in cold air and the other half in cold water is an unpleasant experience, which Jim Landers, chicken-thief of long standing and proved ability, found humiliating in the extreme.

"Who ever heard of keepin' a mule in a chicken-yard!" he murmured, wretchedly, the rheumatism twinging in his back. He raised one of the planks cautiously, so as to reconnoitre.

Crash! came a warning kick from the watchful Zeke; and Jim ducked down again, shivering and helpless. If he hoped that Zeke would move away before morning and let him escape, his hope was in vain. With his ears drooping and his blind eye turned to the outer fence, Zeke stood, the apparent image of indifference and spiritlessness, hour after hour. But each attempt of Landers to move or look out brought a prompt (sullade; and when Martin Henry entered the yard in the early morning, the spring sun lighted up an interested scene. Barney lay unconscious by the fence, Zeke was on guard by the cistern, and a lamentable voice issued from the wreck of the cistern-house:

"Bay, young feller, call off your mule and let me get out of this and go to jail, where it's comfortable."

But Martin Henry, proud of Zeke with an exceeding pride, refused to spoil the tableau.

"You wait till Mr. Gilbert comes," he said.

The whole Gilbert family came out to see the sight before breakfast. So did two policemen and many neighbors. Barney at last returned to consciousness, opening his eyes sleepily to find himself disgraced forever, pedigree and all.

"We'll sell Barney and keep the mule on a pension!" declared Mr. Gilbert, as the soaked and crestfallen Landers was helped out.

Martin Henry grinned, joyful. Zeke ate a lump of sugar out of Nancy's hand as gently as if he did not know how to kick. Whether he understood the congratulations showered upon him or not, his fortune was made from that hour; and to-day there is no sleeker, happier mule in America than he, while as for Landers, Mr. Gilbert's fancy fowls have never again been able to tempt another thief within range of his hoofs.

"Zeke never was much for looks," remarks Martin Henry, at intervals, "but he holds the record on chicken-thieves."

A Remedy for Earache.—To have the earache is to endure torture. The ear is a delicate organ and few care to deal with it, considering it work for a doctor. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil offers a simple remedy. A few drops upon a piece of lint or medicated cotton and placed in the ear will do much in relieving pain.

HAD A FIXED INCOME

A lawyer who formerly practised his profession in Georgia tells of an amusing case he once tried in that state. He was then a student in the office of his uncle, Colonel Culver, who figured in local politics. A "trifling" negro, Ben Sutton, had been arrested at the instance of his wife, who was tired of supporting him, and insisted that the court make him work.

I defended Ben at the instance of my uncle, who was, I am sorry to say, inclined to curry favor with the colored voter. Ben was on the stand and I was examining him.

"Now, Ben," I said, "Amanda declares in her complaint that you don't give her any money, and—"

"Dat 'oman's al'ays complainin'," interrupted my client.

"Yes, I know, but what I want to ask you it, are you able to support her? Have you any income, that is, any fixed income?"

Ben looked puzzled. I tried to explain, and told him that a fixed income was an income on which a person could rely absolutely, not one contingent on odd jobs. In other words, a certainty. My uncle was sitting at my elbow coaching me, and I thought I was doing right well. "Now, tell the court," I concluded, "have you a fixed income?"

"Yessar," answered the black scamp. The answer almost took my breath away, for I had not counted on it.

"What!" I thundered. "You mean to say that you, Ben Sutton, have a steady, reliable and fixed income on which you can absolutely depend?"

"Yessar."

"What is it?" I gasped in desperation.

"Well, sar, you see," returned Ben, "Colonel Culver, thar, he al'ays guys me fo' bits an' a suck uv dhur on ever' 'lection day."

Miller's Worm Powders will eradicate the worm evil that bears so heavily on children and is believed to cause many fatalities. They are an acceptable medicine to children and can be fully relied upon to clear the food channels thoroughly of these destructive parasites and restore the inflamed and painful surfaces to healthfulness. They are an excellent remedy for these evils.

UNDER ADVISEMENT

A newly elected squire in Wisconsin was much elated by his honors, but was not sure that he could carry them gracefully, says a writer in the New York Sun. So he haunted the court-house to gather stray crumbs of wisdom from higher courts which sat there.

One day he sat in judgment on his first case, and when the testimony was all in and the arguments made, he said: "The court takes this case under advisement until next Wednesday morning, when it will render a verdict in favor of the defendant."

Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is a standard remedy, and years of use have enhanced its reputation.

MODERN DISCIPLINE

In the Delancey School advanced ideas are put into practice. No pupil is ever punished in any way, for the individuality of every child is considered too sacred for repression.

One day, soon after her enrolment at the Delancey, little Molly arrived home from school, her face streaked with tears and her mouth covered with blood.

"My precious, what happened?" cried her mother.

The little girl was soon pouring out her story in her mother's arms. Johnnie Farnham, it appeared, had struck her and knocked out two teeth.

When Molly had been kissed, comforted and washed, her father wanted to know how the teacher had dealt with Johnnie.

"She didn't do anything," said Molly. "Well, what did she say?"

"She called Johnnie up to the desk and said, 'Johnnie, don't you know that was very anti-social?'"

JUST ABOUT

Mother, busy in the kitchen, called to her son, whom she heard entering the parlor, "Willie, is the cat around the canary?"

"Yes, Mother," said Willie, "all except a few tail feathers."

THE OLD-TIME SPELLIN' BEE

You may talk of modern methods of improvin' children's minds,
You may lengthen out your treatise on "What Pedagogery Finds";
Though you say the present system is as plain as A-B-C—
You have failed in one partic'lar, as is evident to me;

Though you may be loud in prahses of "the Phonics," and all this,
And you advocate the system of the "Word Analysis"—
I will tell you with all plainness what a shame it is to be
A-deprivin' of the young folks of the old-time Spellin' Bee.

Yes, I know you think I'm crazy, and I 'pear to hear you say
"How old-fashioned in his notions and how set in every way";
But to be real plain and honest, let me tell you that I see
Your curriculum lacks one thing, 'tis the old-time Spellin' Bee.

I am well aware the idea is prevailin' through the land
That the present mode of teachin' is just fillin' the demand—
But, my friends, I'll do my duty, and tell all I disagree
With your methods fine and fancy, when You drop the Spellin' Bee.

—L. B. Babcock.

APPRECIATION

Say, do you know, I have lots of evidence that the average reader likes to read of the events of the early days. They like these recollections, whether they have ever heard of the persons and places mentioned in these columns, or not.

I confess I was rather surprised myself to overhear so many people speak of the interest they found in the story of the old Camp Meetings at Norval which appeared in this column recently. As stated, the most of the data there given was supplied by Rev. D. Dogers, of St. Thomas. This venerable old divine evidently enjoyed seeing the story in print himself. The following letter came to me from him, through the editor of The Free Press the other day:

My Dear Old Man:

Thanks! I am pleased that you found space for my Camp Meeting notes in your column. I gather from your writings that you are a Presbyterian, and I think it wonderful that you can relate so correctly history respecting all denominations. In my article I did not give the given names of the ministers at the Camp Meeting of 1871, though I could easily have done so, for I knew them all as well as I do my own. But you supplied them with only two or three errors.

I was most surprised that you could give the name of Thomas Ferguson, who was at Berlin and my pastor at the time.

How long are you going to be able to gather up facts of long ago and present them in such a readable form?

D. ROGERS,
St. Thomas, Ont.

"PIONEER DAYS IN NICHOL."

I made quite an interesting find the other evening while perusing the pages of the above volume, published three or four years ago by Mr. A. W. Wright, editor of the Mount Forest Confederate, who was, I believe, himself a native of Nichol Township. I had, since I came into possession of this volume, spent many an hour conning over its pages, but I never seemed to come to this item until this week.

A series of letters, written to friends in Scotland by Sandy Munro, who came to Canada and settled in Nichol Township, near Fergus, in 1832, are published in its pages.

In one of these the following information is given in Sandy's characteristic dialect:

"In these early days here there are nae ministers to marry folk, nae kirk tae cry them in, and nae holiness. A nottis had tae be pit up on the maist public tree o' the deestrick, and the magistrates did the marryin'.

"I mind fine seein' ane of the nottis's," wrote Mr Munro, "and it was tae this effect. 'Mary McTavish and Oliver Lasby will be married on Mic a day, at sic a place; onyane that has ony objections maun apply tae Squire Reynolds or Squire Smith.'

"It was tackit on a tree by the side o' the road. This is the first weddin' that I min' hearin' o' in the neighborhood. I think the parties lived in Pilkington, just over the town line."

The parties in this wedding were none other than Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Lasby, who moved to Acton in 1845, with their young family. They settled on the farm now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Denny, just out of town up Main Street. Mr. and Mrs. Lasby were among our most highly esteemed residents. Their children and children's children have resided here ever since and are now here to the fifth generation. Mr. Lasby was one of the founders of the Methodist Church in Acton, over eighty years ago. As long as he lived he was an office bearer in the church, and gave it generous support. Mr. Lasby's neighbors in Nichol and Pilkington, came with him to Acton, and they were neighbors here and warm personal friends until they went to their reward. These were Mr. and Mrs. Abram Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Nicklin, Sr., and their families.

Sandy continues his rehearsal of conditions back an hundred years ago, as follows:

"The first weddin' I was at, I think it was (the first o' Lower Nichol folk, wis the marriage o' a man of sixty wi' a lass o' twenty. Mait than a dizzen young foux were there. Jikes had wi' a lassie on his airm an' a flask o' whiskey in his pouch, walkit tae Guelph wi' the bride and groom, and there they were yokit by the Presbyterian meenister, the Ralvrend Mr Smith. After gleein' the meenister a guide trafe o' the contents o' our pocket peerials, we startled back tae Nichol again in verra good speerits. I mind, though, that the bride-maid an' the best man had a quarrel, and we left the groom on the road. Hoo wis that? ye say. Man, he got that drunk he couldna walkit. Bae we just gaed on without him. When we got tae the house we startled the dancin' and we danced maist a' nicht. After a while the groom made his appearance, got o'er his spree enough to wend his way hame. When we were tired oot we went into the barn, where each took an armfu' o' clean straw and lay doon an' slept off the effeck o' the day and nicht."

The editor of the volume adds: "Those were rollicking days. Whiskey was cheap, though money was scarce; total abstinence was a principle as yet hardly dreamed of, and nearly everybody drank more or less. Away from the restraints of home, many a promising young man went hopelessly to the bad."

I sincerely hope such days will never return to this beloved Canada of ours. I confess sometimes, however, my old heart has its misgivings, when we hear of the busy distilleries and breweries, since the Government Control Law came into effect; when we see with what ease any one and everyone desiring it can purchase liquor legally, I have grave fears for the future. I'm no pessimist, but my old-fashioned opinion is that many homes and lives and characters are bound to be lost before the people of Canada will again wake up to the sure and certain conclusion that King Alcohol is again busy throttling our people as effectively as he did fifty years ago.

The Old Man.

Health Service of the Canadian Medical Association

NO CHILD NEED DIE OF DIPHTHERIA

In Canada, during the year 1926, there occurred 922 deaths from diphtheria. This represents a tremendous amount of suffering, both bodily and mental, the loss of precious lives, and the physical damaging of many that recovered. In addition, the resultant expense might be mentioned.

This is a deplorable condition when it is realized that we know as much, if not more about diphtheria than we do of any other disease. The germ that causes it is known, its method of spread is understood, there is a specific cure for it and, best of all, there is a satisfactory and effective means of prevention.

The question that naturally arises is: that if such be the case, why do so many cases and deaths continue to occur? The answer to this question is that whilst we have a cure and a preventive, they are not being used by everyone, and until they are, cases and deaths will continue to occur.

Diphtheria antitoxin is a specific cure if given, in sufficient amount, on the first day of the disease. Deaths occur when this is not done. Cure depends upon securing prompt treatment. The usual reason for delay is that parents wait until to-morrow to see if the child is better before calling the doctor.

Injections of diphtheria toxoid (Anatoxine-Ramon) or of toxin-antitoxin will develop in the individual injected a resistance to diphtheria (immunity), similar to the resistance developed amongst those who recover from an attack of the disease. As diphtheria deaths occur chiefly amongst children of pre-school age, these children should be immunized or protected against diphtheria. Diphtheria can be stamped out by immunization. No cases or deaths will occur amongst those immunized.

THE OPEN-FACED SNEEZER

We read almost daily in the press the sad results of carelessness of pedestrians and motorists, but we seldom, if ever, read of the sad results of the carelessness of "open-faced" sneezers.

Nevertheless, the "open-faced" sneezer is more dangerous than the careless motorist. A person is guilty of criminal negligence who is careless and lacks consideration for others, who, without any thought, sneezes, showering particles of material from his nose and throat all around him.

A man who strikes another is guilty of assault. Public opinion, as expressed in the law, does not allow of such assaults, and requires that the person who commits one be punished. A far more dangerous assault is committed by the careless sneezer. Public opinion should recognize this and stop it.

Disease germs pass out in the secretions of the nose and mouth. A sneeze casts a germ-laden spray for ten feet. If the sneezer cover his nose and mouth with a handkerchief, the danger is practically ended. If the desire to sneeze is too sudden to allow of using the handkerchief, the head can at least be lowered and the spray directed to the floor, not into other people's faces.

In addition to those actually ill, many persons carry germs in their nose and throat. People with colds continue to go about their business. For these reasons, the sneeze may be the means of spreading disease, and, for these reasons also, an end should be put to the "open-faced" sneezer.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

If one be troubled with corns, he will find in Holloway's Corn Remover an application that will entirely relieve suffering.

THE PERFECT HOST

The Duke of Connaught once paid a visit to the late Sir Edwin Arnold at Tokyo, and just before he was leaving according to Black and White his royal highness told the poet that he had been a most untiring host.

"But," he added, laughingly, "there is one thing you have not shown me which this country is noted for."

"What is that?" inquired Sir Edwin.

"An earthquake." The duke replied.

At that moment there was a violent shock which shook the building, and brought some of it tumbling down. The duchess came running in, greatly frightened.

"Oh, what is it?" she gasped. "An earthquake?"

"Only a little magic," said the duke, soothingly. He turned to Sir Edwin with twinkling eyes. "I thought I was not asking too much of you," he said.

SHOULD KEEP UP-TO-DATE

Daughter—"Dad, I want some money for my trousseau."

Father—"But, my dear child, I didn't even know you were engaged."

Daughter—"Good heavens, Father! Don't you ever read the papers?"

REALLY NOT NECESSARY

Crimson rat basketball games. Why do they cheer so when any of the boys are hurt?

Gray—So the girls can't hear what he is saying.

for a Cough

Chronic coughs are ordinary coughs that have been allowed to settle in the throat, bronchial tubes, or lungs. To check a cough before it develops into something worse, follow the course that doctors recommend and apply a home made mustard plaster to your throat or chest. It is seldom, indeed, that a cough will not yield to this tried and proven remedy.

To make a plaster

mix two tablespoonfuls of Keen's Mustard with six of Linseed meal or flour into a paste with cold water. Spread between leaves of brown paper and cover with muslin.

422 a Mustard plaster

Lots of Eggs

Don't be too easy on your hens. Make them produce more eggs. They will if you give them a daily dose of Pratts Poultry Regulator in their feed. Used as directed—GUARANTEED—if you use proved egg-maker. Your money back if not satisfied.

Pratts Poultry Regulator

Write for PRATTS POULTRY BOOK FREE! The PRATT FOOD CO. of CANADA Limited 228 Carlaw Ave. Toronto 21

Sold By
W. D. TALBOT—ACTON, ONT.

Soft Corns

Money Back Says E. J. Hassard if Moone's Emerald Oil Doesn't Do Away with All Soreness and Pain in 24 Hours

Get a bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil with the understanding that if it does not put an end to the pain and soreness in one week your money is returned.

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CLEARING
AUCTION SALE
IN ERIN TOWNSHIP

FARM, FARM STOCK, IMPLEMENTS, HAY, GRAIN AND ROOTS

The undersigned has been instructed by the Executors of the
HENRY McDOUGALL ESTATE
to sell by Public Auction on the premises, Lot 20, Concession 2, Erin Township, on
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1928
at 12.00 o'clock sharp, the following:

HORSES—Clyde Mare, 6 years old; Clyde Mare, 11 years old. These are a well matched team. Gray Percheron, 7 years old; Brown Percheron, 6 years old; Chestnut Driving Mare, 7 years old, will trot or pace; Bay Horse, aged; Gelding, rising 2 years, sired by Ravenscraig, a good one.

11 COWS—Roan Cow, 5 years old, due in March; Roan Cow, 6 years old, due in March; Roan Heifer, 3 years old, due in April; Roan Cow, 6 years old, due May 20. Roan Heifer, 3 years old, due June 15; Roan Cow, 4 years old, due June 28; Gray Cow, 5 years old, fresh 3 months; bred December 1; Roan Heifer, 3 years old, fresh one month; Pure Bred Ayrshire Cow, 6 years old, with calf at foot. This cow is not registered but is eligible; Red Cow, 8 years old, bred December 16.

CALVES—4 Steer Calves and 3 Heifer Calves, about 7 months old; 2 Young Calves.

FAT CATTLE—6 Steers averaging around 1,050 lbs.; 2 Heifers, about 700 lbs.; 1 Fat Cow.

SHEEP—17 Pure Bred Oxford Down Ewes, eight of these ewes are registered; 8 Ewe Lambs, eligible for registration; 1 Registered Oxford Ram. These Ewes are all bred to a pure bred Oxford Ram.

PIGS—Yorkshire Sow, with 9 pigs; Yorkshire Sow, with 6 pigs; Yorkshire Sow, due April 12; 9 Young Yorkshire Sows, due first week in April; 1 Young Sow, due April 25. 11 Pigs, 3 months old.

POULTRY—About 25 Plymouth Rock Hens, 25 Rock Pullets; 1 Goose; 1 Gander.

HAY AND GRAIN—About 300 Bushels Early Yielder Seed Oats, choice seed; 250 Bushels Barley, fit for seed; 100 Bushels Mixed Grain; 10 Bushels Timothy and Alfalfa Seed, mixed; 6 Bushels Sweet Clover Seed; about 20 Tons mixed Hay; a Quantity Turnips.

HARNESS—Set Brass mounted Breeching Harness, nearly new; 2 Sets Work Harness; Set of Single Harness.

IMPLEMENTS—Massey-Harris binder, 7 foot cut; Massey-Harris Mower, 5½ foot cut, nearly new; Massey-Harris Hay Loader; International Side Delivery Rake; International Dump Rake; International Seed Drill, 13 disc; Peter Hamilton Cultivator, 17 tooth, nearly new; Disc Harrow, 14 disc; 0-Section Harrow; Massey-Harris Manure Spreader; John Deere 12-inch 2-furrow Riding Plow; Disk 2-furrow Walking Plow; 2 No. 21 Pleury Plows; Turnip Sower; Gibson Scuffler and Moulders to fit; 2 Set of Sleighs; 2 Cutters; 1 Steel-tired Top Buggy; Tudhope-Anderson Wagon with box, shelvings and spring seat, all complete, nearly new; Truck Wagon, 7 h. p. Kerosene Engine, in good running order; Vessot 8-inch Chopper; Pleury 14-inch Roller; Harrison Panning Mill; Wilson Seales, 2,000 lbs.; Hay Rack; Stock Rack; Hay Fork; Wheelbarrow; Pulper; Horse Clippers, Stewart ball bearing machine; Melotte Cream Separator, 2 Molasses Barrels, 1 40-Gallon Steel Tank, 1 Vinegar Barrel.

FURNITURE—Gurney Heater, for coal or wood; Happy Thought Steel Range; Sideboard; Linoleum, 3½ yards square; Rayo Hanging Lamp; Rayo Table Lamp, 3 Table, Fruit Jars, etc.

THE FARM—Consisting of 200 acres, Lot 20, Concession 2, Erin Township, situated on a county road, 5½ miles south of Hillsburg, 3 miles west of Guelph and Erin gravel road. There are 170 acres under cultivation, 15 acres good hardwood bush, balance swamp and pasture land. The farm is watered by a never-failing spring creek, with well at house and one in shed. On the farm is an 8-roomed Brick House, with Woodshed and Summer Kitchen adjoining; Bank Barn, 52x60 feet; Straw Shed, 40x60 feet, Implement Shed; Garage and Hen House. The farm is well fenced and in a good state of cultivation. Would make an excellent stock farm. Terms on farm made known day of sale. Subject to a reserve bid. The farm will be offered promptly at one o'clock.

TERMS OF SALE—$10.00 and under, cash; over that amount ten months' credit on approved joint notes. 5% off for cash. Grain, Hay, Roots, Furniture, Poultry, Grass Seed, Fat Cattle, cash.

No Reserve as Everything Possible Must Positively Be Sold to Wind Up the Estate

MRS. H. McDOUGALL, Executrix.
D. A. McDOUGALL, Executor.
R. J. KERR, Auctioneer.
NORMAN DEERING and D. A. ROBERTSON, Clerks.
Phone 36, Acton

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