1928	FEBRUARY					1928
Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1928

MIDDLE-AGED

I'm not getting any richer in the sense
of minted gold,
But the days are getting richer with the
pleasures that they hold
For the joy of living deepens with the
passing of the years
And man seems to get his bearing as
his middle-age appears.
Oh, I've had my share of trouble, I have
sipped life's bitter cup,
But the home is filled with laughter now
the kids are growing up!

I have done with youthful pleasures, but
I've turned to other things,
And there's not a day God gives me but
some interest it brings.
There is something to be watched for,
there is something just ahead—
Some stricken soul to comfort, some
hungry to be fed.
A friend who may be coming, or a task
I want to do—
That I find a thrill in living in a world
that's ever new.

So I give no sigh for pleasures that have
lost their lure for me.
Does it matter I'm no longer young as
once I used to be?
That my football days are over is a fact
I long have known,
But this life in place of football gives
me other joys to own.
And I come to every morning with some
new delight in store,
And I'll swear I'm just as happy as I
ever was before.

—Edgar A. Guest.

"Say Dad"

DO THEY LIKE TO BE SICK?

"Say, Dad, why do persons like to be sick?"

"They don't, Dick."

"Oh, yes, they do, Dad! You can't have noticed. Lots of them brag about it every chance they get. It's a regular game with some of mother's friends. Three or four of them draw their chairs up together, and one starts telling how sick she was last Thursday. Another interrupts her to say that that was nothing to the 'spell' she had two weeks ago Sunday. Then—"

"I know. Then it's a free-for-all, and everybody talks at once, and each one remains convinced that she was the nearest death's door, and wonders how the rest can make such a time over their silly little ailments."

"Then you have noticed it, Dad? Yet you said that they don't like to be sick!"

"They don't—but they love to talk about it. The best of them are after sympathy and admiration. They hope to hear someone say, 'Poor dear Mrs. McStarter certainly went through a frightful ordeal—but how brave she was!' The worst of them are after the thrill that comes to the morbid, when discussing fever and pain and disease and operations. Such persons are abnormal, so they seek the abnormal in conversation. Some queer quirk in their brains makes them that way. They're a pest to every healthy-minded person who cannot avoid their gruesome revelations."

"Is it always the women, Dad?"

"Not always; but men as a class like to be thought strong and healthy. After a serious illness, a man may tell everyone he meets that he came near passing out; but, unless he's unmanly, he won't boast of it.

"The miserable portion of humanity that worries and frets continually over its lack of health—often without the slightest reason—we call hypochondriacs. Really they're slightly demented, and we must pity them, but those they afflict with their long faces and doleful forebodings deserve more than pity,—they ought to be allowed to sue for damages."

"They hurt themselves, Dad, but they don't hurt us."

"Don't they, though. If I'm swinging down the street some fine crisp morning, happy just to be alive, and one of those hark-from-the-tomb individuals stops me, and pours into my ears the history of his latest six weeks at the hospital, closing his cheerful remarks with, 'and the day before I was taken there, remember, I felt as well as you do this very minute'—does life look as rosy? No, sir, not until I've walked far enough to drive the gloomy thoughts from my mind by crowding in a lot of happy ones. The old pessimist has robbed me of half-an-hour's joy, and ought to be obliged to return it with interest."

"Mrs. Benthed was telling mother, the other day, what a lot of sickness there'd been in her family. I heard her say, just as if it was something to be proud of, 'There isn't a house for three blocks, on either side of the way, that's held as much sickness as ours! My husband came down with pneumonia, and as soon as he was well Sylvia contracted typhoid. Then Bobby had a terrible attack of scarlet fever, and before he was out of bed I gave out, and came within an ace of dying from nervous prostration. I guess you never went through such a siege as that!' 'No,' said mother, we find it pleasanter to keep in such physical condition that diseases get little hold upon us."

"Your mother spoke in that way, Dick, because she knew that the Bentheds eat any old kind of food and too much of it, consider exercise a bore, and disregard the necessity for plenty of sleep. Anyone may be taken sick, for we're menaced every minute of the day and night by millions of disease devils; but remember this—disease is abnormal. It always starts with someone's wrong living, if not yours. And the best insurance against its attack is a clean body, inside and out—a sensible amount of real nourishment—exercise sufficient to keep you limber, every inch of you—warm sunshine, pure air, and a cheerful heart."

"Well, I can't see why a chap'd want to brag about his body's being out of order. He isn't proud of his car's forever breaking down. What's the idea?"

"It comes from the unhealthy desire to be thought a martyr, as I say. Ask Uncle Eph how he was, and he always made the same reply: 'Pa'nky, suh, Ah's been enjoyin' po' health fo' many yeahs, suh, many yeahs!'"

The Free Press' Short Story

TOMMY THE TRAILER

By OGAR URBAN ROBISON

WHEN, on a Saturday afternoon at the end of July, Cashier Henderson, of the Harmer Packing Company had emerged from his sanctum and with rapid strides had made his way up and down the aisles between the forty-flat-topped desks, tossing a semi-monthly pay envelope to each worker in turn, he came to an abrupt halt before the last young man, seated in the far corner of the bright, airy, western office.

"You half month's pay, Richard — forty dollars," he said, in a voice a trifle sterner than usual. "But it is my duty to inform you that your services will not be required after to-night." And he turned away his head and walked briskly back to his office.

Had the man tossed a loaded bomb instead of an envelope on the desk before him, Tom Richards could not have been struck more suddenly dumb with astonishment than he was. For at least five minutes he sat almost as rigid as so much marble, staring out of large blue-gray eyes straight at the opposite wall. Finally the "snap" came. His muscles relaxed. He felt limp all over, and he realized that there were many pairs of eyes fastened upon him.

"Fired!" he hoarsely whispered to himself in despair. "Fired and disgraced!"

Then, eighteen years of age though he was, hot tears gushed forth, ran down his flushed cheeks and dropped upon the recapitulation sheet on which he had been working the whole day.

With some people to be "fired" is of such common occurrence that they rather pride themselves on it. We have seen young men—and young ladies, too—who gloried in their "temper," and would "take no word from anybody, not even the boss," and who "wouldn't have stayed another minute, anyhow."

But Tom Richards, as we have already seen, was not a fellow of that stamp. Disappointment, humiliation, chagrin were written all over him as he, for the remaining two hours of that afternoon, leaned over his desk and accomplished—absolutely nothing.

Yet during that interval, his usually sluggish brain was working faster than it had worked for many a day. Though heretofore the young man had dealt only with what his eyes fell upon—results, effects — he was now, perforce, sadly meditating upon a probable cause.

"Why is it?' he soliloquized from time to time. "Why am I not wanted? During the three months I've been here I've always come on time and I've never left till five. I've worked without shirking. I've done everything I was told to do, and I thought I was getting on all right."

Finally he reached a conclusion.

"There has been some spite work!" he muttered, as he left his desk and reached for his hat hanging on a nearby hook. "And I'm going to find out about it."

Three minutes later he was sitting in Manager Stewart's office, waiting for an opportunity to speak with the big, dark man, who at that time was deeply engrossed in his records.

Meanwhile, he was allowing his mind to run headlong in the "spite" channel. Dick Summers, one of his former classmates, was, Tom felt sure, at the back of it all. Since Dick had got his position with the Harmer Packing Company at twenty-eight a week he had "felt his oats" in a remarkable degree and had looked with contempt upon any and every one receiving smaller pay than his own, and especially upon Tom, whom he had always been successful in keeping under his thumb. The truth was, Tom believed Dick jealous because he had managed to secure a situation with the same firm, even at a smaller wage, and that Dick, with a naturally mean disposition, had been doing some underhand work to oust him from his place.

As a result of these cogitations his face was gradually taking on a more sombre hue; moreover, it was visibly lengthening, and by the time the manager had finished his work for the day and was apparently ready to listen, it assumed almost salt barrel dimensions.

"Why are you dismissed?" repeated Stewart, somewhat leisurely for him as he turned in his chair and leaned his elbow on the desk. "Have you yourself the slightest suspicion as to the cause?"

"No, sir," answered Tom, cringing slightly under the man's steady gaze, "unless it's because—"

"Because what?"

"Because of spite work," returned the young man so quickly that it surprised even himself.

Stewart let loose a big, hearse laugh.

"No, Richards," he said, and his heavy soled oxfords clicked together as he spoke. "You are mistaken, my boy. There is no spite work. Spite work does not go with this firm. No, the cause lies wholly in yourself."

"In myself?"

"Yes, in yourself. We've watched you very carefully from the first hour you began work here, and we've come to the conclusion that you're a trailer."

"A trailer?" inquired Tom in amazement. "What do you mean?"

"I mean a T-R-A-I-L-E-R, trailer. Perhaps as you go along home you'll understand me better."

"And can't I come back on Monday?"

"No!" returned Stewart, decisively. "Don't you know when you are discharged?"

Tom's cheeks, in very spite of himself, were now flushing with anger. He had hardly believed himself capable of displaying "spunk."

"Yes, I know when I'm discharged," he said, with considerable firmness, "but you have almost intimated that you would give me time to think over what you meant by a 'trailer.' It's not fair, Mr. Stewart, to discharge me without a clearer explanation than you have given me; and, besides, I need work. I've a mother and younger brother to help support."

"I know you have," said the manager, now rising from his chair and approaching Tom, whom he patted a couple of times on the shoulder. "You've a sister, too, I happen to know; and if you had one-half of the stuff in you that that little girl has you would be staying right on here."

"Haven't I done everything you told me to do?" retorted Tom, now thoroughly aroused.

Once more the big man laughed and he really seemed to enjoy himself in the performance.

"Yes, you have, after a fashion, but no more. That's just the trouble with you, Richards; you've been a trailer. But say, you've got some spunk I see. I'm really surprised. Perhaps there is something in you after all. Go home and think hard between now and Monday. If you don't know what a trailer is by that time come in here and I'll tell you. If you satisfy me that you mean business and would like to make yourself valuable to this firm we'll perhaps give you another chance. But I tell you frankly, up to this minute I believed there was no use. Good night."

Tom was not cognizant of the fact that while he had been discharged because he was a "trailer," he had in that interview displayed two qualities that had never before been brought out in him, namely, persistence and a real desire to work. And the truth was that he stood higher in the estimation of Stewart when he left the office than when he entered it.

It might be said that Tom belonged to a certain class of humanity which, as Agnes Deans Cameron says, is "like matches; no virtue comes out of them until they have rubbed up against a hard place."

Yet, withal, he was a "trailer," whatever that was, and "trailers" were certainly not in demand by the Harmer Packing Company. Trailer, trailer, the appellation was still a puzzle to him.

He was glum enough as he slowly shuffled along down Fourth Avenue in the direction of home. In fact, so glum was he and so absorbed in his melancholy thoughts that he did not see his sister, Mamie, approaching on the opposite side of the street.

She was a dainty-looking young miss of sixteen, of thereabouts and her bright, winsome, young face was aglow with health and action. Evidently she had left the confectionery, where she was working, and had come to meet her brother.

"Hello, Tommy! Come over!" she called out, in clear tones.

He recognized the voice and without looking up, started on a lope across the thoroughfare.

"Look out, Tom!" screamed the girl, just in time to avert what undoubtedly would have been another fatal accident, for the young man, startled by her shrill shriek, stopped dead still, just as a small but powerful motor car, towing a second, a huge one, in its wake, dashed past, not two feet in front of him.

"Oh, Tommy, what a sleepy boy!" exclaimed Mamie, all of a tremble. "You might have been hurled to your death but for—"

"Yes, but for you," interjected her brother, as he stepped alongside and took her arm within his own; whereupon the two set off leisurely toward their cottage home but a few blocks away.

When they had gone only a short distance, however, Tom came up with a jerk, and said he:

"Mamie, it's always you who gets me out of trouble, and I want to tell you it's some trouble with me to-night." And the arm that was in use dropped to his side.

"What is it, Tommy boy?" she asked, playfully. "Have you been fired?"

"Yes, Mamie, fired," and his jaws came together with a click. "But how did you know it?"

"I was only fooling, brother. I really never thought of such a thing," she answered, clinging tightly to the limp arm and at the same time bending forward to gaze up into his face. "Surely you haven't been dismissed?"

The girl's round, blue eyes were already welling up with tears of sympathy.

"Why, Tom?"

"Because I'm a 'trailer.'"

"A trailer! Who said so?"

"Yes, a trailer, and that's all I know about it. The boss said so."

"And what's a trailer?" inquired his sister, disgustedly.

"Well, came to think of it, that big car that was being towed along behind that small one just a few minutes ago would be called a 'trailer,' I suppose. A disabled street car drawn by another is a 'trailer.' But what has that to do with me? I can't see that I'm like a disabled car."

Mamie, young as she was, knew well her brother's weakness. Moreover, she was quick to perceive the similarity, figuratively speaking, between him and the trailers he had mentioned, and in a moment it flashed upon her that the Harmer Packing Company had dismissed him just because he was like the powerless cars. Nevertheless, she did not want to "add insult to injury," as he would term it, and for a time she was silent, but finally she spoke up in sympathetic tones:

"Tom, I think I understand just what kind of men that company wants."

"Do you?" asked her brother, earnestly. "Well, tell me."

"Well, since this has come up, I remember reading just a few days ago an article by Orison Swett Marden upon that very thing; and no doubt Mr. Stewart has been reading it, too. That's why he used the name. You know, a 'trailer' has, as he says, no motor, no power generator; or if it has, it does not use them. It depends for its progress altogether upon other cars that have power, that have the 'go' in them."

But here Tom gave vent to something akin to a groan.

"Stop, Mamie! I understand!" he exclaimed. "I've tumbled at last. It pretty nearly took a house to fall on me before I got wise. But thank God, I understand. It was a good thing for me, after all, those cars came along when they did. They got close enough to Tom Richards to drive all his scattered brains into one corner. I see now what I lack to make me valuable. I've always done what I was told to do; I've put in full time and I've kept busy. But I've been working simply for my twenty dollars a week, and I suppose I haven't been earning one cent more for the firm than I was paid. And yet, I ought to, for why should a company hire a lot of men if they cannot make anything on their labor? I've often wondered why some of the men are getting twenty-eight or thirty dollars a week. I see now. They are earning more than that. They are interested in the welfare of the business. They are always on the look-out for something new, something valuable.

"They've got the 'go,' the power generator in them, while I'm only a 'trailer.' I go where I'm pulled, and no farther. I'm a dead-head, leaner."

"Oh, not so bad as all that, Tommy," affectionately put in the girl at his side just as they had reached their home.

"Yes, as bad as all that," he went on. "But thank God, I've found it out. I believe it's not too late. I can hold that job yet. I was pretty mad at Stewart when I left that office, but I see now he's all right, and it was pretty kind of him, after all, to leave a hole for me to crawl back into. I'll go out there on Monday—no, I'll go to his home to-night and I'll tell him I've found out the meaning of a 'trailer.' If he takes me back, I'll bet you my hat he doesn't get another chance to fire me on that ground."

Mamie squeezed his arm unmercifully and said in a rippling voice:

"Tommy, you're the dearest, bravest brother that ever lived. 'Play the game,' as Bannfield Carew says, and you'll win out. You're going to be re-instated, and I know it."

Tom found the manager at home when he called at eight o'clock. Moreover, he appreciated the fact that he was being treated with more than usual civility as he was shown into the library and asked to seat himself in a comfortable chair.

"Mr. Stewart," he began, "sooner than I had hoped, I have found out what a 'trailer' is, and I've come to tell you."

"Yes?" returned the big man, with a slight smile. "I'm glad you're interested."

"Interested?" responded Tom. "Well, I ought to be interested, for I was almost knocked down by a car towing one of those 'trailers' as I went home to-night, and that incident, together with a bright little sister's suggestion, has helped me solve this thing. She told me about Marden's article in the "Business World," and I took the trouble to read it. I understand it, and it's the truth. I've been a 'trailer,' all right. But I believe, from henceforth, if you give me the chance, I can make good with you."

Stewart was now looking straight down into the earnest young face, and he said, in emphatic accents:

"Young men with initiative, with 'go' in them, young men who are willing to earn twice what they're getting, young men who can be made superintendents and managers of our hundred or more branches. In other words, 'leaders,' not 'trailers;' that's the kind of men we want. Of course, there will always be 'trailers,' and they may catch on the tail end of some concerns, but the Harmer Packing Company does not want them.

"But I'm glad you came in, young man. This evening when you came to my office I was surprised at your persistence and sincerity, and I somehow was forced to believe that perhaps you needed most of all, a good waking up. I guess you've had it. Come back on Monday, and I believe you'll become more valuable to us. And let me tell you, when you do you'll receive a fatter pay envelope."

Richards was now all a quiver with emotion.

"Thank you, Mr. Stewart," he said, with great ardency. "I will try to be, if not a leader, at least one of your pullers. This much I promise you, you shall not have occasion to again class me among the 'trailers.'"

"Good night," returned the manager, in really genial tones, and Tom Richards walked away with a lighter heart, a firmer purpose and a broader, more alert mind.

The days and weeks sped away. I have said "sped," not "dragged," for the young man, from the time of his re-instatement, became not only diligent, but intensely interested in the business. His allotted tasks he did in the very best and quickest manner possible. But he did much more than that, for it was soon observed that he was questioning those about him, he was making it his business to become competent to fill the shoes of the man above him; he was using the brain power that the Creator had given him; to express it tersely, he was giving strong evidence of becoming a leader instead of a "trailer."

THE ART OF MAKING TEA

What to Do and What Not to Do to Get the Best Results

Mr. Spalding Black, on the staff of the Salada Tea Company, recently prepared an interesting leaflet entitled "The Art of Correct Tea Making." Approximately 26,000,000 cups of tea are consumed every day in Canada, and yet it is doubtful if one-tenth of this number is prepared with the necessary care to bring out the full flavor of the tea leaf so that this stimulating and refreshing drink may be thoroughly enjoyed. The following is from "The Art of Correct Tea Making":

"Tea is one of the kindliest blessings of Nature. In its comforting indulgence one can lose the worries of the day and forget the fatigue of effort.

"The full joy of a cup of this gracious beverage can only be reached when fine quality tea is used and ceremonial care exercised in its preparation to draw from each tiny leaf the essence of flavor and refreshment with which it has been endowed by Nature.

"In the countries of the East, where the drinking of tea has been enjoyed for a thousand years or more, the subject of preparing the leaf for consumption has become a fine art and a ceremony, but the full, delicious refreshment and healthful stimulation may be extracted from the fragrant tea-leaves if the following rules are followed exactly.

"Rule No 1. The best quality of tea must be used. The tea also must be fresh, to yield the full goodness.

"Rule No. 2. The quality of the water used will affect the flavor of the beverage in the cup. Draw fresh cold water and bring it to a hard 'bubbly' boil. Never use water that has been boiled before. Sometimes chlorine put in water to purify it will completely change the flavor of the tea. The water is to blame, however, and not the tea.

"Rule No 3. It is proper that only a crockery or china teapot be used, never one of metal or any other substance, of the pure and delicious flavor of the tea is to be drawn forth. Tea likewise should never be enclosed in a metal tea-ball.

"Rule No 4. The teapot must be scalded out with boiling water and while it is warm place in it one level teaspoonful of tea for each cup required.

"Rule No. 5. Now pour the boiling water on the leaves. Allow to steep in a warm place for five minutes. Stir just sufficiently to diffuse the full strength of the tea. Then pour the liquid off the leaves into another heated vessel, unless served immediately. If poured off in this way, the tea will not take on a bitter taste, which even the finest tea will do unless prevented from over-steeping. Tea made according to these rules will be fragrant, delicious and completely satisfying."

PRINCE OF WALES' GIFT

So numerous were the letters received acknowledging the penny plants which the Princes of Wales had distributed throughout Canada last fall as a memento of his visit that His Royal Highness has requested that his formal acknowledgment to the Bank of Montreal, through whom the letters were forwarded to him, be taken as constituting a collective reply.

It will be remembered that His Royal Highness asked the Bank to undertake for him the distribution of Canadian-grown penny plants to His Excellency the Governor-General, the Prime Minister and members of his cabinet, the Lieutenant-Governors and Premiers of the Provinces, also to all cities, towns and incorporated villages throughout Canada. The distribution was made through the branches of the Bank with the co-operation and assistance of His Majesty's Mails, and the hundreds of letters received from mayors and other public officials showed how greatly the royal gift was appreciated. These letters, conveying the thanks of the various communities and expressing loyalty and devotion, were bound in a handsome portfolio and transmitted by the Bank of Montreal to Vice-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Comptroller of the Prince of Wales' household. The following letter from Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., to the Comptroller, dated from the Head Office, Bank of Montreal, January 21st, accompanied the portfolio:

"Sir, I have the honor to forward to you under separate cover for the information of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, a portfolio containing copies of letters of appreciation and grateful thanks for the gift of penny plants that His Royal Highness so graciously sent to the cities, towns and villages, through the medium of the branches of the Bank of Montreal throughout Canada as a memento of his visit to the Dominion during its Diamond Jubilee Year. Through the courtesy and co-operation of the Honorable the Minister of Finance and the Honorable the Postmaster General, the services of His Majesty's Mail were promptly placed at our disposal and this greatly facilitated the distribution.

With every sentiment of loyalty and devotion to His Royal Highness, I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

(signed) VINCENT MEREDITH,
Chairman of the Board."

NOT SURE YET

A New York riveter has won fame by the announcement that in his 50 years of work he has driven home some 15,000,000 rivets. Did he count them over one by one as he sent them home? It recalls the case of the man who was tapping the wheels of the railroad train with a heavy hammer. A watcher asked him why he did it. "To see if any of them are cracked," he answered. The watcher pursued his inquiries: "What do you do if you find one that is cracked?" The man with the hammer never hesitated. "I don't know," he said, "I've never found one."

Health Service of the Canadian Medical Association

FRESH AIR IN WINTER

Fresh air is a necessity the year round. In the warm weather we live outside by preference and, because we are more comfortable that way, we keep the bedroom windows open. As a result, we secure an abundance of fresh air. During the cold weather, most of our time is spent indoors and we forget that in order to maintain our health, it is necessary that we have plenty of fresh air.

One reason for the increase in the number of cases of communicable diseases, particularly of pneumonia, during the winter months, is because the body is starved of fresh air. Fresh air is air that is cool, in motion and not too dry or too moist.

The best air is the air outside. Night air is just as good as day air. In the daytime, the advantage in being outdoors is because of the sunshine that is there. Indoors, we obtain the best air by opening the windows. This allows the cooler air in and causes it to circulate.

In really cold weather, during the daytime, there is usually sufficient opening of doors, and movement in the house, to keep the air cool and in motion. This is not so at night. Then the house is still and the air becomes overheated and stagnant. Bedroom windows should always be opened sufficiently to keep the air of the room cool and in circulation. How far the window needs to be opened to accomplish this depends upon how cold it is, and upon the direction of the wind. Fresh air costs nothing; there is no reason why all should not have their share of it.

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.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, an excellent remedy.

HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE FUN THEY ARE HAVING IN THE HIGHLANDS?

Winter is lending charm to the Highlands of Ontario. Vacationists up there are writing about the thrilling sports and healthy fun they are having. In clubs and hamds "Winter sports in the Highlands" is a favorite topic.

More than ever, large groups of sport loving people are wintering in the cosy, comfortable lodges of the "Highlands." Every day in the crisp, invigorating air they take their choice of skiing, skijoring, snowshoe tramps, tobogganing, and skating.

A descriptive folder and complete information about the lodges and reservations may be obtained from any Canadian National Railway Agent. 34-2

Miller's Worm Powders will purge the stomach and intestines of worms so effectively and so easily and painlessly that the most delicate stomach will not feel any inconvenience from their action. They recommend themselves to mothers as a preparation that will restore strength and vigor to their children and protect them from the debilitating effects which result from the depredations of worms.

A THRIFTY SMOKER

An Aberdonian entered a railway carriage, stared at the other occupant, and then claimed acquaintance. The other had forgotten him.

"Ah, I mind ye, fine!" exclaimed the Aberdonian. "D'ye no' remember that last Christmas ye gied me a fine cigar? Mon, it was a grand yin. Why, even noo Ah tak' a draw o' it on the Sawbath."

Good-bye Asthma. Persons suffering from that extremely trying trouble known as asthma know what it is to long with all their hearts for escape as from a tyrant. Never do they know when an attack may come and they know that to struggle unaided is vain. With Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy at hand, however, they can say good-bye to their enemy and enjoy life again. It helps at once.

WITHOUT NAMES

A married couple had engaged a cook. She was pretty, but her cooking was terrible, and one morning the bacon was burned to such a crisp as to be wholly inedible.

"Dear," said the wife to her husband, "I'm afraid the cook has burned the bacon. You'll have to be satisfied with a kiss for breakfast this morning."

"All right," responded the husband. "Call her in."

Stop the Cough. Coughing is caused by irritation in the respiratory passages and is the effort to dislodge obstructions that come from inflammation of the mucious membrane. Treatment with Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil will allay the inflammation and in consequence the cough will usually stop. Try it and you will be satisfied.

UNRESERVED

AUCTION SALE

IN ERAMOSA TOWNSHIP

LIVE STOCK

The undersigned has received instructions from

J. J. TONE

to sell by Public Auction at his farm Lot 6, Concession 7, Eramosa, situated on the 7th line, 2 miles south of Everton, and 2 miles northeast of Rockwood, on

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1928

at 2 o'clock sharp, the following:

HORSES: Team of Bay Geldings, rising 9 and 10 years, general purpose. 1 Brown Percheron 10 years old. Registered Percheron Mare, "Lydia" 12498 7 years old and supposed to be in foal to "Nogent" 11757. This registered mare's colts have been money winners at Toronto and Guelph.

COWS: Roan Cow due in March, aged 5 years. Roan Cow due in April, aged 7 years. White Cow, due at time of sale, aged 4 years. Red Cow due at time of sale, aged 3 years. Red and White Cow due at time of sale, aged 3 years. Red Cow with Calf at Foot, fresh 7 years. Grey Cow, due April 22, aged 6 years. Red Cow, due March 8, aged 7 years. Black Cow, due March 4, aged 6 years. Jersey Cow, bred December 1, milking well, aged 9 years. Brindle Cow, fresh in December, milking well, aged. 1 Pure-bred Roan Shorthorn Bull, rising 1 year.

FAT CATTLE: 4 Fat Cows, 6 Butcher Steers. These Fat Cattle are well bred Shorthorns, and ready for the block, ranging in weight from 700 lbs to 1,000 lbs.

YOUNG CATTLE: 6 Grade Shorthorn Stocker Steers, 1 Yearling Steer, 3 Spring Calves.

OXFORD SHEEP: 3 Registered Oxford Ewes, 5 Ewes, eligible for registration. All supposed to be in lamb.

SOWS: Pure-bred York Sow, due March 2; York Sow, due March 6; York Sow, due March 10; 5 Young York Sows, due in March; 2 York Sows, due in April; 7 Yorkshire Chunks; 5 Yorkshire Sows, weighing 125 lbs.

MISCELLANEOUS: 20 Barred Rock Pullets, 50 Cedar Fence Posts, 1 new Molasses Barrel, 1 Coal Heater, self feeder, with oven.

TERMS: 12 months' credit given on furnishing approved joint notes, acceptable at the Royal Bank, Rockwood, 6% off for cash. Fat Cattle and sums of $15.00 and under cash.

ROY HINDLEY, Auctioneer.
Phone 15-6, Erin. R. R. No. 3, Acton.

I AM THE MASTER SALESMAN!

Lo, the people of the earth do me homage.

I am the herald of success for men, merchants, manufacturers, municipalities and nations.

I go forth to tell the world the message of service and sound merchandise. And the world listens when I speak.

There was a day long ago, when by sheer weight of superior merit, a business could rise above the common level without me, but that day has passed into oblivion.

For those who have used me as their servant I have gathered untold millions into their coffers.

I Sell More Merchandise

-----per dollar of salary paid me than any other salesman on the face of the earth. The fabled lamp of Aladdin never called to the service of its master genii half so rich and powerful as I am, to the man who keeps me constantly on his payroll.

I Hold the Business----

of the seasons in the hollow of my hand. I command the legions of fashion, mold the styles and lead the world withersoever I go. I drive unprincipled business to cover, and sound the death-knell of inferior merchandise. Frauds are afraid of me because I march in the broad light of day.

Whoever Makes Me Their Servant----

for life takes no chances on drawing down dividends from my untold treasures bestowed with a lavish hand.

I have awakened and inspired nations, sent millions of men to fight the battles of freedom beyond the seas, and raised billions of dollars to foot the bills. Nations and kings pay me homage and the business world bows at my feet.

I sow broad fields for you to reap a golden harvest.

I am the Master Salesman at your Service

I Am Advertising!

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