1928			MAY			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	30	31		

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1928.

TO EACH HIS OWN

You roll along in your limousine, I suffer
the dust you fling,
As over the footpath I blithely fare, where
the glad-heart vespers ring;
Riding is good, and I like not dust, but
this I tell you true:
For all your cushioned and careless ease,
I would not change with you!

You glance through a window casually,
and note that the trees are green;
Questing, I joy in the wee nest hid midst
the hedgerow's sheltering screen;
An instant you see the squirrel's poise,
on the trunk of a grand old tree;
I stop for a friendly argument, and he
shares my nuts with me!

You fret at the tricksy, sun-shot shower
that dims your crystal pane;
I stand bliss-bound in the fragrance loosed
by the fingers of the rain!
You catch a glimpse, as you whirl along,
of the wide sky's blue and white;
I thrill to the sweep of its loveliness, its
marvellous breadth and height!

To some engagement you hurry past,
with small thought of the way;
I loiter on, from friend to friend, at the
close of a toil-filled day;
You ride, over rather a boresome road, as
swiftly as my be;
I walk, in a wonder-world—and yet, you
would not change with me!

—Minnie Leona Upton.

"Say Dad"

STORING UP MEMORIES

"Say, Dad, how can a piece of meat think?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Can it?"

"Isn't the brain just flesh? I saw a colored model of what's inside our skulls, and it looked like under-done veal, or a nestful of gray snakes."

"But our brains do not think, Dick."

"Now, Dad! What does think, then?"

"Our minds. The real, imperishable Wit. Brains are telephone central stations, with nerve-lines running to every part of our bodies. We call, 'Maxillaries one-ate-for-two,' (if ever hungry!), and give order, 'Get busy now and masticate the supplies I'm going to fork up!' 'At once, sir!' comes the reply, and we begin to eat."

"So that's all the brain is, Dad?"

"By no means. It's the world's largest filing-system. Every thought that comes to us in life, so science tells us, is stored away in its proper compartment, ready to be taken out and used again."

"I can't see that, Dad; for I can't remember half the things I've thought of. Can you?"

"Not a tenth part. But that's because I don't possess a perfect filing-cabinet, and probably haven't paid sufficient attention to the thoughts before tucking them away. Nevertheless, I believe that they're all there, and that the worst as well as the best of them will face me some day."

"Gee! Then a fellow'd better be pretty careful to sidestep the bad ones. Some of 'em come along though, Dad, without any invitation from me."

"In a world of mixed good and evil they're bound to sneak into our minds, but remember this,—the more clean ones you file away, the less space there will be for the soiled ones! You'll often hear a certain class of persons say, 'Well, but I can't help what I think, you know.' To a certain degree, we can't help meeting very obnoxious persons; but that doesn't necessitate our becoming friendly with them, and asking them around to the house for dinner, does it? Bad folks and bad thoughts have a way of clinging to us unless we discourage them at the very start of the acquaintance. Treat them with the least bit of consideration, and they'll be turning up to spoil many an otherwise unsullied day."

"I see that, Dad. But tell me—what makes anyone think that we never can quite forget anything? Seems to me there must be lots of thoughts that skip through a chap's head, and are gone forever."

"One reason is, that many persons supposedly at the point of death have 'seen their whole lives pass before them,' as it is expressed. Doubtless in many cases they have remembered both words and actions that had been forgotten for a very long time. The excitement of the moment stimulated some long-neglected brain-cells, and the old scenes flashed back upon the brain."

"Like taking an old film out of storage, and screening it again, Dad?"

"The very idea! Then, another reason we believe that every thought is preserved,—sometimes, when groping into the past, we call to mind some little occurrence forgotten for half a life-time, and this brings back a long train of memories. A while ago, happening upon the death notice of a dearly loved teacher of a private school I attended before I was your age, Dick, I fell to day-dreaming of the boys and girls I used to play and study with. At first only a few of their faces came back to me, and hardly any of their names. But, little by little, I found myself sitting at my old desk in Branch School, and out of the mist of years appeared the chubby face of my particular chum, Charlie Brooks—and I remembered the day when he had injured his knee at leapfrog.

"Then into the room came rollicking Jamie Weir, with a bouquet of flowers from his father's shop, for teacher, of course. Yes, and then I saw something that surely had become a dead memory, did memories ever die,—finding pretty little Rosie Miller at the desk, instead of the teacher, the rascal put his arm about her neck and kissed her on the cheek! I saw it as plainly as though it happened yesterday,—even to the fade-out, which was Rosie crying with embarrassment!"

"I guess that proves your case, Dad. Then the brain is a telephone exchange and a filing-cabinet, and that's all."

"Not a bit of it! But you can't expect an exhaustive dissertation upon the brain in a five-minute talk. Besides, it's barely possible that I couldn't give one."

"Anyway, Dad, it's time we phoned our maxillatyoucallmeat!"

Peevish, pale, restless, and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

The Free Press' Short Story

MRS. MEADE'S WINDMILLS

BY ANNA BROWNELL DUNAWAY

MRS. MEADE paused distractedly in front of the gas range and turned on all the burners at once. She passed her hand nervously over her forehead. Coffee for father, cocoa for Elinor and Aline, cambric tea for the children. She reached automatically for a can and measured out a spoonful. Uncle Isaac drank cocoa shells. That was all she had to prepare—coffee, cocoa, cocoa shells and cambric tea.

She turned the flame low and began hurriedly cutting bread for toast. There would have to be milk toast for Uncle Isaac, and Bob would be lost without muffins. If she only had more time!

"Morning, mother," cried Bob, tearing into the kitchen with his usual bolsterousness. "Do I smell muffins, O Queen of the Kitchen?"

Mrs. Meade reached for a crock and lighted the gas under the oven. "I can make some, Bob, though it's late; I overslept."

"Count that day lost, mother," said Bob reproachfully, polishing his shoes with vigor, "whose low descending sun views from thy hand no golden muffins done."

Mrs. Meade smiled; Bob was irresistable. But her hands were shaking as she pushed the muffin rings into the oven. There was the table to set, and the family would soon all be trooping in. She stumbled over the chair that Bob had drawn out in order to polish his shoes; the brush and the shoe paste clattered to the floor. She picked them up and restored them to their place on the shelf. If only the children would put things away!

Aline and Elinor came bustling in. "Mother," said Aline, "will you tie my sash, and where are the handkerchiefs? I can't find a single one."

"Oh, don't bother mother, Aline," Elinor broke in. "Only ten minutes to spare, mumsey. Can't I have a marshmallow for my cocoa? And I'll take my egg soft boiled—"

"I—I was going to fry them, Elinor."

"Not for me, mother," Aline said decidedly. "They're too greasy. Poach mine, please."

"I want mine hard boiled," cried Barbara, running into the kitchen, with Jannie's hair ribbon, and with her sister in hot pursuit. "Mother, can't I have a hard-boiled egg? Mother please—"

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Meade distractedly. "Oh, sit down, do!"

She reached for the cocoa and pulled it off the flame, but it was too late; a brown stream was running over the stove and dripping on the floor.

The family grew up to the table. Uncle Isaac scraped his throat peremptorily before he said grace. Mrs. Meade sank back in her chair, but kept a weather eye on the pot containing the cocoa shells. It too had a provoking habit of boiling over.

"Finest cook in the world," said father affably helping himself to a muffin.

"No shells for me this morning, niece," Uncle Isaac said and waved his hand autocratically. He had already given up cocoa as too rich. "I think they're affecting my heart. Just a cup of plain hot water, niece; but hilin,' let it be hilin,"

Mrs. Meade rose hastily and relighted the burner under the teakettle.

"If I might have a glass of milk this morning, mother," said Aline looking up sweetly as she pushed her cup of cocoa away.

"Why, Aline I used all the milk for the cocoa. I thought you liked it."

"Oh, I get tired of it," said Aline. "I guess I'm kind of fussy."

"You said something that time," remarked Bob, grinning. "Gee, but this egg's leathery, mother. You know how I like 'em—straight up."

"Let your mother eat her breakfast," said Mr. Meade, looking up from his paper and frowning over his glasses. "She hasn't had a chance to get a bite of anything yet."

But Mrs. Meade was already at the stove breaking two eggs into the spluttering fat.

"Well, I've got to hurry if I'm to write a review of Don Quixote in the first period," remarked Aline, rising.

"That's the old bird who was always fighting windmills," said Bob. "At that, he wasn't so far off. Everybody's doing it, fighting imaginary giants same as Don Quixote."

The phrase remained in Mrs. Meade's mind. She thought of it when they had all gone and left her alone with her almost cold coffee. Don Quixote! When had she thought of that old satire before? The subject of her graduating essay had been the Wit and Wisdom of Don Quixote. Was life like that, an endless tournament with imaginary foes?

She looked round the disordered kitchen; Uncle Isaac's discarded drink would be fit only to throw away. What a rush it had been! What a rush! Her temples were throbbing. Still, it had not been different from other mornings.

There came a loud knock.

"Come in," called Mrs. Meade without rising.

There was no need to go to the door, it was Melba Keller of course. At least twice every day Melba came over and used the telephone to talk to Roy. It was dreadfully annoying, Mrs Meade had once threatened to have the telephone taken out. If she only dared she would tell Melba that she could not use the telephone every day to talk so foolishly. What a trial it was! She hated to have the children hear the girl. Yes, it was certainly a nuisance.

"Oh, go 'long, Roy. How do you get that way?" Melba's shrill tones rang in her ears. "What do you take me for?"

Mrs. Meade tried to collect her thoughts. What had she been thinking of before Melba came? Oh, windmills! Everyone was fighting windmills, which they mistook for giants. If Melba wasn't a windmill—

She rose dispiritedly and began clearing off the table. The shelf in the gas oven fell with a clatter. There was the gas oven; another trial. She ought to get a man to mend it. And the furnace smoked dreadfully. Above Melba's chatter she heard the nine strikes faintly. Some one was at the front door, but the bell did not ring; it needed another battery.

She hurried to the door. It was only a man with a circular. The door scraped as she closed it. That was another thing which ought to be repaired. She has stood it all winter.

Going upstairs, she began to put things in order. The children's clothes hung over chairs. The closets were full and running over. Lots of things were worthless. Old half-worn shoes—old eye-sores. Plenty of poor people would be glad to get them, but there they were, dusty and in the way.

Another rap sounded, and Mrs. Meade hurried down and opened the door. It was young Mrs. Weeks and Billy.

"Oh, would you mind, Mrs. Meade? You see I am going downtown, and Billy is such a bother. He loves to stay with you. Don't let him be any trouble. It's so sweet of you, Mrs. Meade."

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Meade weakly. "I am—er—that is—glad to be neighborly."

"Billy's got so he thinks this is home," called Mrs. Weeks airily. She was halfway down the walk.

"The fourth time this week," sighed Mrs. Meade. "And she with a maid!"

She closed the door and turned just in time to see Billy pounding the piano keys with an iron bar he had been riding for a horse. "Billy, Billy, you mustn't do that! Come, I'll give you a cooky."

"Two of 'em?" Billy demanded shrewdly.

"Yes, two." Having given them to him, she sank dejectedly into a chair. The morning work was not even started; her day's work was before her; and now—this!

Another knock. Mrs. Meade started violently and came to a sudden decision. Hurrying to the door, she opened it apprehensively. A tall gaunt lady armed with suitcases and bundles confronted her. "Why, Aunt America!" she exclaimed.

"Didn't you get my card?" demanded Aunt America grimly. She pushed into the hall and pecked Mrs. Meade on either cheek.

"Why, no. I had no idea—"

"Well, well, no harm done," said Aunt America. "I'm on my way to visit John in Lenora and wrote you that I'd stop over for a day or two." She was eying Billy sharply. "Who's that?"

"Why, that's Billy—Billy Weeks. A neighbor's child."

"Have you taken him to raise?" demanded Aunt America.

Mrs. Meade smiled wanly. Aunt America was pure gold, but her Spartan outlook on life was rather disconcerting. Mrs. Meade could not imagine Aunt America putting up with windmills.

"He just about lives here. O Billy, don't do that!"

But Billy, whirling the piano stool round to the music of a delightful squeak, was loath to desist.

"Don't mind me," observed Aunt America. "Take him into the bedroom and spank him."

At the audacious suggestion Mrs Meade laughed, but it was a quavery laugh that was suspiciously close to tears. Aunt America arose and gave the astonished Billy a smart smack. "Set there," she admonished him and plumped him into a chair, "if you don't want to be skun alive."

Billy sat rigid.

"Now," Aunt America said to her niece kindly, "out with it. You're just full up."

"I'm at the breaking point," admitted Mrs. Meade. "It's—it's windmills."

"Windmills" snorted Aunt America. "You mean neighbors and their put-on ways. You mean bothersome things that could be regulated. You're following the path of least resistance. What you need is to spunk up—"

Some one knocked sharply. Mrs. Meade started. If she went another day without a new battery and without the door's being fixed—She opened the door to face a messenger boy. He handed her a dispatch. It was from her sister Louisa. Mrs. Meade read it with unseeing eyes; "If possible come at once. Mother very ill."

"Humph!" said Aunt America shortly when Mrs. Meade, turning dizzily, handed when Mrs. Meade, turing dizzily, handed posed of her wraps and her satchels. Then she took Billy to his home and left him in the care of a supercilious and unwilling maid. With tender, if throaty, murmurings she soothed Mrs. Meade's fears. It was she that packed a suit-case and notified father. So it was that Mrs. Meade was ready to leave by the earliest train.

"I'll stay," Aunt America assured her as they stood waiting on the platform of the station. "I'll look after things."

"That's great," said father.

"It's providential," murmured Mrs. Meade; "your coming is providential, Aunt America." She was thinking gratefully that Aunt America was a higher tower of strength. "Oh, I hope you won't find it hard. They're all rather finicky about their appetites. And Uncle Isaac is so changeable."

"Leave him to me," Aunt America told her grimly. "Wait till I get through with him. He'll be as fixed as the rock of Gibraltar."

Mrs. Meade, mounting the steps scarcely heard. Her mind was in a whirl. Bob must have his eggs fried hard. If Aunt America should forget Uncle Isaac's shells, or was it water? If only the gas oven had been mended, and the doorbell. And there were Billy and Melba. Through it all, like a solemn dirge, was the thought of her mother's illness. Her mother, whom she had last seen in the best of health, now stricken—

"Good-by, mother. Don't you worry about us." Father had kissed her, and the train was moving. She looked out to see whether she could catch a glimpse of them, but her falling tears obliterated their figures.

Her sister's son met her at the station. "There is still hope," he told her tersely. "It was very sudden—a stroke. But they bank on her unusual vitality. She is holding her own, and perhaps that's the best thing of all."

For two days her mother's life hung in the balance. During that time Mrs. Meade thought of nothing except the pale figure in the silent chamber. It was as if she had been transplanted to another age and time. Then came the crisis, and her mother returned slowly to life. Yet was it life to be ever after chained to a wheel chair helpless, with her busy hands folded idly? Mrs. Meade, watching her, felt somehow far removed from lesser considerations. How small they seemed—the doorbell, the front door, Melba, Billy, Uncle Isaac's crotchets. The windmills had routed her, mere paper windmills that she need only to have overthrown with a paper lance. She told her mother her thoughts, and the once active old hands knotted convulsively.

"Oh, be glad, glad that you have windmills to fight," whispered the tremulous voice. "Be glad that you can do things for others even if you efface yourself. You take to the next world only what you give to this. Dear, if I could only go into my kitchen and put the kettle on—"

The words wrung in her ears during the rest of her stay. They were still with her when she was seated in the train homeward bound. There was no reason to stay longer. She had left her mother as well as she would ever be. Out of her hand bag she unheathed a childish scrawl.

"When grandma is better," ran the zigzag lines, "won't you come home, mummie? We have quit being windmills—"

Windmills! Mrs. Meade smiled at the word. For the first time she saw that situation too with clarity. There was no use in making yourself a slave to capricious appetites. Still, if she could no longer do things—

When the train came puffing into the station Mrs. Meade discerned father on the platform, surrounded by the whole family.

"Aunt America's abdicated," cried Bob as he lifted her from the car steps. "She had no more worlds to conquer. The Reign of Terror had nothing on Aunt America!"

"She was called home on account of sickness," father explained. As he kissed her he whispered something that sounded suspiciously like "sweetheart," but he had to give away before the girls' wild onslaught. Uncle Isaac's "Welcome home, niece," seemed a trifle less commanding than usual, and Mrs. Meade, looking at him felt a sudden pity. It was as if he had been a Samson, shorn of his strength. There was something pitiful in the half-hearted flourish of his handkerchief.

It was a triumphal walk up the familiar street. Billy Weeks peering disconsolately through a window, almost broke the pane in his delight. From the Keller veranda Melba waved her hand ecstatically.

"She's quit telephoning," vouchsafed Barbara. "Aunt America put a sign up, 'Pay five cents when you telephone.'"

"The doorbell's fixed," added Jannie. "And the front door too."

"And Uncle Isaac," said Bob, grinning.

They had reached the house now. The light from the living room streamed out. The table glittered with the best cut glass and silver. Laughing and talking, they crowded round it. Uncle Isaac, scraping his throat apologetically, said grace. With a questioning glance Mrs. Meade raised the squat brown teapot.

"Didn't you make any coffee, Elinor? your father—"

"Now, mother," Aline spoke with a trace of Uncle Isaac's old peremptoriness, "this is no longer a short-order restaurant. Aunt America has reduced it to an equation. Everyone takes either tea or cold water."

Mrs. Meade smiled uncertainly. So Aunt America had entered the lists and vanquished her windmills. Everything was shipshape, systematic and businesslike. Still, something was lacking. She missed the old spontaneity. Her speculative gaze travelled from one to another and rested on Uncle Isaac. His old hand shook as he lifted his glass of water.

She roused herself suddenly.

"Why, Aline, isn't there any hot water for Uncle Isaac?"

"I take cold water, niece, Adam's ale," interposed Uncle Isaac with a pitiful assumption of his old pompous manner. "When it comes to a beverage there ain't much choice, I find."

"Why, Uncle Isaac," demurred Mrs. Meade, and amid the general laughter she rose quietly and slipped into the kitchen.

"Look at mother," sang Bob. The old buoyant note was in his voice. "At it again full tilt, charging windmills. Shades of Don Quixote!"

For Mrs. Meade, laughing softly and a bit tremendously, had, "put the kettle on."

Neglecting Our Most Sacred Duty

One of the outstanding failures of our modern civilization is to be found in our steadfast determination to practically neglect some of our most vital and important duties. The proper burial of the deceased—the most sacred and reverent duty of all is one.

It is easy to understand our reluctance to anticipate such tragedies. And when the times comes, in the overwhelming sense of grief and loss of a loved one, all details seem trivial. At such a time—when the selection of a competent and dependable Funeral Service is of the utmost importance—we are at a loss. We have no established preference, and the performance of this consecrated duty is oftentimes entrusted to a firm of which we have never heard.

To extend a funeral service that will satisfy every desire and anticipation, neglecting no detail, however insignificant it may seem, is the unvarying policy of A M Mitchell, one of the finest and most reputable undertakers in this section, whose modern, up-to-date home is located at 9 Douglas Street in Guelph.

At Mr. Mitchell's you will find a patient, considerate service—a service that is not excelled in this part of the country. In your time of need you will be relieved of all details, and made secure by the knowledge that you have fittingly fulfilled your sacred obligation. His equipment is of the most modern and his prices are very reasonable. Make note of the telephone number—Guelph 9. His is a Funeral Service dedicated to sympathy and understanding.

That Air of Distinction

When a clothier is able to satisfy the most exacting demands of all classes of people, then it must be acknowledged that he has reached an enviable position in his profession. Such is the case with Pine & Elkin, at 34 Macdonnell Street, in Guelph, which is one of the prominent clothing stores of this section. We know people of every class have found that clothes from this shop are satisfactory in every particular and made of the best materials. The most exclusive patterns and mixtures can be found in their complete stock, and if you prefer the most moderately-priced of the tasteful and approved designs of the season they can be found here at very reasonable prices. Pine & Elkin feature standard brands of men's clothing, and no matter what price material you select, if you buy from them you get their satisfactory fitting that distinguishes their clothes from those of the average store. They give the wearer the air of distinction that is natural to the well-dressed man, but which is so hard to attain.

Through very commendable methods they have marked their business career, and have thus built up a reputation that extends throughout the district, and which adds to the volume of their business each season.

A visit to the store will be sure to please you. Here you will see the latest in gloves, neckwear in imported patterns and designs, and shirts of the most recent style. Here you may buy comfortable underwear or sleeping garments. Here at Pine & Elkin's you will be able to purchase socks, handkerchiefs and belts of quality and material unsurpassed. We know the service this man's store renders and with years of shopping experience we can say that every resident of Acton who patronizes them will be pleased with the quality, the price and the service that the article they purchase will give them.

4,000-Year-old Bread and To-day's Bake

A loaf of bread nearly 4,000 years old, found in a middle kingdom cemetery of Egypt, is now on exhibition at Field Museum of Natural History. It was secured by the museum through the courtesy of Prof. James H. Breasted, noted Egyptologist, and head of the Oriental Institute at the University of Chicago.

The bread was taken from an ancient grave, where it is believed to have been placed in conformity with the belief of the olden days that the dead need food. The bread is wrapped in a mummy covering. It was made from a coarse grain. Prof. Breasted estimates that it dates back to between 2,000 and 1,500 B. C.

Thus from a study of antiquity we learn that the baking industry is practically as old as man's mastery of fire, but the methods used in ancient times have greatly changed. To-day it is quite different at the plant of the Guelph Bakery. Here the latest styles of machinery and ovens are used in the production of bakery products.

Their famous bread and baking goods have become very popular with the citizens of Acton and neighboring communities. Guelph Bakery bread is better for many reasons. Even their plant could not produce such fine products without the aid of master bakers and tried recipes. Delivered daily to the Acton Co-Operative Store, it comes to your table fresh and firm, with a nutty flavored, golden brown crust.

Is it a wise policy for the housewives of our district to adopt the methods of ancient Egypt and do their own baking, when the Guelph Bakery bread can be purchased so easily.—The housewives who patronize the Guelph Bakery have found time to enjoy many things they would be forced to neglect if they spent their time over a hot oven. Phone your grocer and order a loaf of Guelph Bakery Bread to-day.

A MAN OF MANY MOODS

To get a subscription from Stephen Girard, founder of Girard College in Philadelphia, was not an easy matter. It required tact and right introduction, and many failed while few succeeded. It is told, by the author of "The French Blood in America," that Samuel Coats, a genial Quaker, was one of the few men who knew how to approach the eccentric millionaire.

He was a manager of the Pennsylvania Hospital, and called on Girard for the purpose of raising money for the support of the institution.

"Well, how much do you want, Coats?" asked Girard, in his usual brusque tones.

"Just what thee pleases to give, Stephen," replied the Quaker. Girard wrote out a check for two thousand dollars, and handing it to Mr. Coats, was surprised to see that the gentleman pocketed it without looking at the amount.

"What! You don't look to see how much I give you?" cried Girard, incredulously.

"Beggars must not be choosers, Stephen," replied the Quaker.

"Give me back my check and I will change it," said Girard, after a moment's pause.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, thee knows, Stephen," mildly replied the Quaker. Without another word Girard sat down and wrote him out a second check for five thousand dollars.

His farm on the outskirts of Philadelphia was one of the best in the country, and while living in town he often drove out before breakfast to see that all was going well. He was very exacting with his hired hands, and never trusted the management of his farm to anyone else, but ran it himself, as he did all his affairs. Arriving one morning a little earlier than usual, he was greatly annoyed at not finding his man at work on a fence that he was building. The man's wife, noticing Girard approaching the house, hurriedly awoke her husband and sent him to his duties by way of the back door. After visiting the house Girard returned to the fence, and seeing the man at his post, reprimanded him for being late.

"I'd been here, sir, but went back for a spade," said the workman.

"No, you hadn't. I went and put my hand in your bed and found it warm," replied Girard, and he discharged the man on the spot.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

The most subtle flattery a woman can receive is that conveyed by actions, not by words.—Mad. Necker.

Fashion seldom interferes with nature without diminishing her grace and efficiency.—Tuckerman.

Wealth may be an excellent thing, for it means power, leisure, and liberty. J. R. Lowell.

JUST ONE, THANK YOU

Rustic. I'd like to see one of your new cars.

Salesman: Six or eight?

Rustic. Oh, one will do very nicely, for the present.—College Humor.

CANADIANS PHENOMENAL EGG EATERS

Canadians appear to be regarded as phenomenal egg eaters. In a report received from the Canadian Trade Commissioner Harrison Watson, stationed in Old London, it is pointed out that the consumption of eggs in Canada amounts to 337 per head of population per annum, outstripping the rest of the world in this respect. The consumption of other countries is given as Belgium 213, United States 180, France 133, Great Britain 125, Germany 117, Sweden 85, Denmark 75 and Norway 61. The Imperial Economic Committee is credited with attributing Canada's high consumption of eggs to the attention and encouragement which has been given by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa to the industry in this country. It moreover emphasizes the practical value of the development of the farming community in so far that production of poultry and eggs is available to practically everybody on the land prepared to exercise ordinary care and intelligence. The Commissioner further points out that there has been a remarkable increase in poultry farming in the United Kingdom since the war. This is credited to the interest that ex-soldiers have been led to take in poultry raising. This home increase has brought the importations of the United Kingdom to a lower figure than before the war. Importations from Empire sources, excluding Irish Free State, are practically unchanged. Upon the other hand, consignments from Australia and South Africa have increased, while shipments from Canada have decreased. Previous to the war, it is pointed out, Russia supplied fifty per cent. and Denmark twenty per cent. of the eggs imported. At present China and Denmark, in order named, dominate the trade and supplemented by receipts from Netherlands, Poland and Belgium, contribute about eighty per cent of the eggs imported.—Department of Agriculture.

Sleepless Nights, Bladder Weakness Relieved in 24 Hours

If your sleep is disturbed by Bladder Weakness, Irritation, Burning Sensation, Backache, Nervousness and Bad Dreams—due to clogged Kidneys, Prostatic Troubles, or inflammation of the Bladder Urinary Tract, you should try the amazing value of Syrol Tablets at once!

Syrol Tablets, which any good druggist can now furnish in sealed packages containing 2 weeks' supply, are especially designed by a world famous chemist to bring quick relief and comfort to those folks near or past middle life who are almost constantly troubled by Backaches, Bladder Weakness, Irritation and restless troublesome nights.

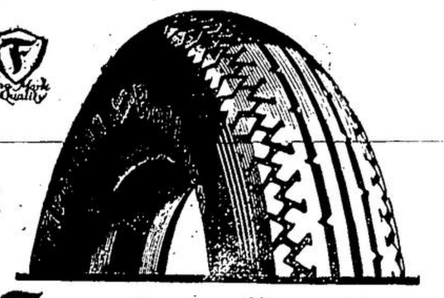
On a strict guarantee of money back on first box purchased, if satisfactory results are not obtained you are invited to try and enjoy the wonderful value of Syrol Tablets to-day. Any good druggist can supply you.

YES OR NO WHAT

Lawyer: "Now tell me, did you or did you not on the evening of June 9, or at any other time, imply by what you said to the defendant or anyone else that the statement you said you made which Mr. Whoozis denies was a matter of no importance to you? Answer me—yes or no."

Witness: "Yes or no what?"

Red Rose Tea is guaranteed in every way. Order a package to-day. Use any portion of it, and if you are not entirely pleased you may return the balance to your grocer and your money will be refunded. 0-K



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Firestone distributes tires only through regular service-giving dealers direct from Factory Branches and authorized distributors—never through mail order houses or so-called special jobbers. You are assured fresh, clean tires along with the expert service and advice of Firestone Dealers—who have been trained at Firestone Dealer Educational Meetings.

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. . . you will say, "Here is a car that gives me quicker acceleration, more power, more speed and easier sustained driving than I ever thought could be had in any car at its price."

You will notice the quick, soft action of the Bendix 4-wheel brakes, the safety features of the full vision windshield and the little effort required to handle the Durant "65" in traffic.

Your passengers will be equally enthusiastic regarding the comfort of rear-seat riding and the quality of the two-tone upholstery and interior appointments.

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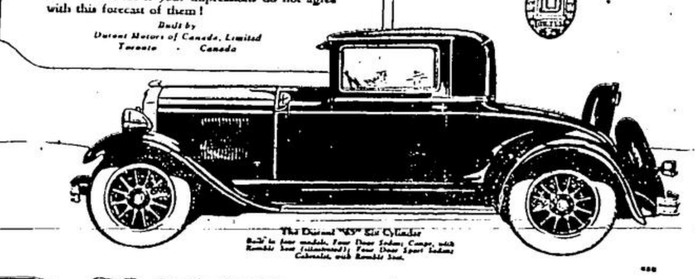
Passenger Cars Power and Sizes from $725 to $2195 f.o.b. Leaside, Ont. Taxes Extra



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