# Olie Actun wree Prese

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1928

### TO EACH IIIS,OWN

You roll along in your limousine, I suffer 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 cushloned and careless case,

You glance through a window casualty, and note that the trees are green; the hedgerow's sheltering screen; An instant you see the squirrel's polse, on the trunk of a grand old tree; shares my nuts with me!

You Irel 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 leveliners, its marvellous breadth and height!

ofter on, from friend to friend, at the swiftly as my be; I walk, in a wonder-world-and yet, you would not change with mel

-Minnie Leona Upton

"Say Dad"



"I'm sure I don't know. Can it?" and it looked like under-done veal, or milably helping himself to a muffin. a nestful of gray snakes." "But our brains do not think, Dick."

"Now, Dad! What does think, then?" "Our minds. The real, imperialiable WE. Brains are telephone central statone-ate-for-two, (if ever hungry!), and the burner under the teakettle. the supplies I'm going to fork up! 'At morning, mother," said Aline looking up once, sirl' comes the reply, and we begin sweetly as she pushed her cup of cocoa

"So that's all the brain is, Dad?" "By no means. It's the world's largest cocoa. I thought you liked it." filing-system. Every thought that comes to us in life, so science tells us, is guess I'm kind of fussy." stored away in its proper compartment, "You said something that time. ready to be taken out and used again." temember half the things I've thought I like 'em-straight up" of. Can you?"

"Not a tenth part. But that's because said Mr. Meade, looking up from his tention to the thoughts before tucking of anything yet." them away. Nevertheless, I believe that But Mrs. Mende was already at the they're all there, and that the worst as stove breaking two eggs into the spluswell as the best of them will face me tering fat some day."

careful to sidestop the bad ones. Some period," remarked Aline, risting. of 'em come along though, Dad, without

they're bound to sneak into our minds, it, nighting imaginary glastes same as we have never heard. but remember this,--the more clean ones Lon Quixote." you file away, the less space there will house for dinner, does 11? Bad folks less tournament with imaginary foes? and bad thoughts have a way of cling-

"I see that, Dad. But tell me-what makes any ne think that we never can oulte forget anything? Seems to me using.

this brings back a long train of memo- a windmillries. A while ago, happening upon the Bhe rose dispiritedly and began clearing death notice of a dearly leved teacher ou the table. The sheaf in the gas even; of a private school I attended before I tell with a clatter. There was the gas was your age, Dick, I fell to day-dream- oven; another trial. She ought to get ing of the boys and girls I used to play a man to mend it. And the furnace their 'ac. a came back to me, and hardly the heard the vote crells made Bome any of these names. But, little by little, one was at the front door, but the bell I found to the litting at my old desk and not ring, it needed another battery. in Bracon and out of the mist, She burried to the coor, It was only of year, . p. e .: d the chabby face of my a man with a circum. The door accuped

the teacher, the rascal put his arm in the way. about her neck and kissed her on the Another rap sounded, and Airs, Meade The bread was taken from an ancient tried recipes. Delivered daily to the happened yesterday,—even to the fade- was young Mrs. Weeks and Billy. out, which was Bessle crying with em-

and a filing-cabinet, and that's all." "Not a bit of it! But you can't expect! an exhaustive dissertation upon the brahi "I am-er-that is- giad to be neighborin a five-minute talk. Besides, it's barely ly."

maxiwhatyon-allems!"

Pecvish, pale, restless, and sickly chil- Mrs. Meade, "And she with a maid!" dren owe their condition to worms. | Bhe closed the door and turned just have greatly changed. To-day it is quite order a loaf of Guelph Bakery Bread Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will in time to see Billy pounding the plane different at the plant of the Guelph to-day.

# The Bree Press Short Story

# MRS. MEADE'S WINDMILLS

BY ANNA BROWNELL DUNAWAY

front of the gas ranke and turn- that! Come, I'll give you a cooky." ed on all the burners at once. the passed her hand nervously over her forehead. Coffee for father, cocoa for Ellnor and Aline, cambric tea for the children. She reached automatical-Uncle Isane drank cocoa shells.

Mrn. Meade reached for a crock and lighted the gas under the oven. "I can make come, Bob, though it's late; I over-

"Count that day lost, mother," said Bob reproachfully, polishing his shoes with vigor, "whose low descending sun You ride, over rather a boresome road, as views from thy hand no golden muffins

> Mrs. Meade smiled; Bob was irresistable But her hands were shaking as she pushwas the table to set, and the family Mrs. Meade could not imagine Aunt would soon all be trooping in. She America putting up with windwills. stumbled over the chair that Bob had drawn out in order to polish his shoes; don't do that!" the brush and the shoe paste clattered If only the children would put things !

"Mother," said Aline, "will you tie my sash, and where are the handkerchiefe? laughed, but it was a quavery laugh that overthrown with a paper lance. She { can't find a single one."

Elinor broke in. "Only ten minutes to Billy a smart smack. "Bet there." she ly. spare, mumsey. Can't I have a marsh- admonished him and plumped him into mallow for my cocoa? And I'll take my a chair, "If you don't want to be skun windmills to fight," whispered the tremu-"I-I was going to fry them, Elinor."

barn, running into the kitchen with "You mean neighbors and their put-on the rest of her stay. They were still "Oh!" cried Mrs. Meade distractedly, need is to spunk up-"

stove and dripping on the floor. The family arew up to the table. Uncle kanc 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 "Isn't the brain just flesh? I saw a wo had a provoking habit of boiling over. "Finest cook in the world," said father

No shells for me this morning, niece, Uncle Isanc said and waved his hand autocratically. He had already given up cocon as too rich. "I think they're aftecting my heart. Just a cup of plain hot ions, with nerve-lines running to every water, niece; but builn, let it be bilin," part of our bodies. We call, 'Maxillaries Mrs. Meade rose hastily and relighted give order. 'Get busy now and masticate "If I might have a glass of milk this

> "Why, Aline I used all the milk ! "Oh, I get tired of it," said Aline.

marked Hob, grinning. "Gee, but this "I can't see that, Dad; for I can't teg's leathery, mother. You know how the deceased the most sacred and rever-Let your mother cat her breakfast.

I don't possess a perfect filing-cabinet, paper and frowning over his glasses,

"That's the old bird who was always fighting windmills," said Bob. "At that,

The phrase remained in Mrs. Meade's ! be for the solled ones! You'll often hear mind. She thought of it when they had a certain class of persons say, Well, but all gone and left her alone with her ala certain degree, we can't help meeting had she thought of that old satire bevery obnexious persons; but that doesn't fore? The subject of her graduating necessitate our becoming friendly with essay had been the Wit and Wiscom of them, and asking them around to the Don Quixote. Was life like that, an end-\_She looked-round-the disordered kitching to us unless we discourage them at en; Uncle Isanc's discarded drink would the very start of the acquaintance. Treat be fit only to throw away. What a rush them with the least bit of consideration, it had been! What a rush! Her temples that he has reached an enviable position

there must be lots of thoughts that skip. There was no need to go to the door, people of every class have found that through a chap's head, and are gone for- it was Melba Keller of course. At least twice every day Melba came over and

different from other mornings.

"Ch, go 'long, itoy. How do you get able prices. Fine & Elkin, feature of quality and material unsurpassed. We know the present.—College Humor and acreening it again. Dad?" her cars. "What do you take me for?" no matter what price material you select, and with years of shopping experience "The very idea! Then, another reason Mrs. Meade tried to collect her if on buy from them you get their we can say that every resident of Actor we believe that every thought is preserve thoughts. What had she oven thinking attactory siting that distinguishes via patronices them will be pleased with past, we call to mind some little occur- Everyone was fighting, windmills, which their clothes from those of the average the quality, the price and the service

"Then into the room came rollicking Going upstairs, she began to put things Jamle Welr, with a bouquet of flowers in order. The children's clothes hung, secured by the museum through the have become very popular with the from his father's shop, for teacher, of over chairs. The closets were full and courtesy of Prof. James H. Breasted, citizens of Acton and neighboring comcourse. Yes, and then I saw something running over. Lots of things were worth- noted Egyptologist, and head of the munities Guelph Bakery Bread is better that surely had become a dead memory, less. Old half-worn shoes -old eyo-sares. Oriental Institute at the University of for many reasons. Even their plant little Bessle Miller at the desk, instead of get them, but there they were, dusty and Chicago.

check! I saw it as plainly as though it hurried down, and opened the door. It grave, where it is believed to have been "Oh, would you mind, Mrs. Meade? the olden days that the dead need food. You see I am going downtown, and Billy 'I guess that proves your case, Dad. is such a bother. He loves to stay with Then the brain is a telephone exchange you. Don't let him be any crouble. It's covering. It was made from a coarse so aweet of you, Mrs. Meade."

"Billy's got so he thinks this is "Anyway, Dad, it's time we phoned our home," called Mrs. Week: airily. She wa. learn that the baking industry is prac- time to enjoy many things they would be "The fourth time, this week," sighed; tically as old as man's mastery of fire, forced to neglect if they spent their time

RES. MEADE paused distractedly in | for a horse. "Billy, Billy, you musn't to

day's work was before her; and now-, whirl,

chicek. in Lenora and wrote you that I'd stop Billy sharply. "Who's that?"

"Why, that's Billy-Billy Weeks.

neighbor's child." "Have you taken him to raise?" Mrs. Meade smiled wanty. Aunt Ameriook on life was rather disconcerting. "He just about lives here. O Billy.

America arose and gave the astonished once active old hands knotted convulsive-Billy sat rigid.

started. If she went another day without childish acrawl.

patch. It was from her sister Louisa, mills-"

when Mrs. Meade, turing dizzily, handed longer do things-

lett him in the care of K supercilious and the platform, surrounded by the whole mwilling maid. With tender, if throaty, family. "Aunt America's abdicated," cried Bob murmurings she sootled Mrs. Meade's feats. It was she that packed a suit-case us he lifted her from the car steps. "The

the station. "I'll look after things." "That's great," said father. "It's providential," murmured Mrs. slaught. Uncle Isauc's "Welcome home,

about their appetites. And Uncle Isage hearted flourish of his handkerchief.

"Leave him to me," Aunt America told illar street. Billy Weeks peering discon-

morning work was not even started; her marcely heard. Her mind was in a Bob must have his eggs fried hard. If Aunt America should forget Another knock. Mrs. Meade started Uncle Isaac's shells, or was it water? violently and came to a sudden decision. If only the gas oven had been mended, Hurrying to the door, she opened it ap- and the doorbell. And there were Billy prehensively. A tall gaunt lady armed and Melba. Through it all, like a solomn with suitcases and bundles confronted dirge, was the thought of her mother's "Why, Aunt America!" she exclaim. Illness. Her mother, whom she had last "Good-by, mother. Don't you worry Aunt America grimly. She pushed into about us." Pather had kirsed her, and ousness. "Do I smell muffins, O Queen the hall and pecked Mrs. Meade on either the train was moving. She looked out to see whether she could catch a glimpac of them, but her falling tears obliterated

> Her sister's son met her at the station. "There is still hope," he told her tersely. over for a day or two." She was cyling, "It was very sudden-a atroke. But they bank on her unusual vitality. She is holding her own, and perhaps that's the best

> thing of all." Por two days her mother's life hung 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 But Billy; whirling the plane stool hands folded idly? Mrs. Meade, watchlesser considerations. How small they "Don't mind me," observed Aunt seemed-the doorbell, the front door, Mel-America. "Take him into the bedroom ba. Billy, Uncle Isaac's crotchet's. The windmills had routed her, mere paper At the audacious suggestion Mrs Meade windmills that she need only to have was suspiciously close to tears. Aunt told her mother her thoughts, and the

> lous voice "Be glad that you can do things for others even if you efface your-"Now," Aunt America said to her piece | self. You take to the next world only kindly, "out with it. You're just full up." what you give to this. Dear, if I could his at the breaking point," admitted only go into my kitchen and but the

"Windmills" anorted Aunt America. The words wrang in her ears during rannic's hair ribbon, and with her sister ways. You mean bothersome things that with her when she was scated in the in hot pursuit. "Mother, can't I have could be regulated. You're following the train homeward bound. There was no mother as well as she would ever be.

> Mrs. Meade read it with unseeing eyes. | Windmills! Mrs. Meade smiled at the millionaire. "If possible come at once. Mother very word. For the first time she saw that situation too with clarity. There was no Hospital, and called on Girard for the "Humph!" said Aunt America shortly use in making yourself a slave to capric- purpose of raising money for the support when Mrs Meade, turning distly, handed lous appetites. Still, if she could no

posed of her wraps and her satchels. When the train came puffing into the Then she took Billy to his home and station Mrs. Meade discerned father on

# Neglecting Our Most Sacred Duty

portant duties. The proper burial of

and probably haven't paid sufficient at the hasn't had a chaoce to get a bic the times comes, in the overwhelming patient, considerate service—a service "Well, I've got to hurry if I'm to write dependable Puneral Service is of the by the knowledge that you have fittingly as he did all his affairs. Arriving one "Gee! Then a fellow'd better be pretty a review of Don Quixoue in the first utmost importance—we are at a less, fulfilled your sacred obligation. His morning a little earlier than usual, he

To extend a funeral service that will sympathy and understanding

tion, whose modern, up-to-date home ta located at 9 Douglas Street in Quelph. to anticipate such tragedies. And when At Mr. Mitchell's you will find u

all details seem trivial. At such a time country In your time of need you will very exacting with his hired hands, and when the selection of a competent and be relieved of all details, and made secure We have no established preference, and coulpment is of the most modern and was greatly annoyed at not finding his the performance of this consecrated duty his prices are very reasonable. Make mun at work of a fence that he was "In a world of mixed good and evil he wasn't so far off. Everybody's doing is oftentimes entrusted to a firm of which note of the telephone number.—Quelph 9.

# That Air of Distinction

and they'll be turning up to spoil many were throbbing. Still, it had not been in his profession. Such is the case with "Come in," called Mrs. Meade without in Guelph, which is one of the prominent

distinction that is natural to the well- them

posedly at the point of death have 'seen | was dreadfully annoying, Mrs Meade had best materials. The most exclusive pat- in gloves, neckwear in imported patterns | J. R. Lowell. It is expressed. Doubtless in many cases taken out. If she only dared she would their complete stock, and if you prefer style. Here you may buy comfortable their complete stock, and if you prefer style. Here you may buy comfortable their complete stock, and if you prefer style. actions that had been forgotton for a telephone every day to talk so foolishly, the most moderately-priced of the taste- underwear or sleeping garments. Here very long time. The excitement of the What a trial it wast She hated to have ful and approved designs of the season at Pine & Elkin's you will be able to moment stimulated some long-neglected the children hear the girl. Yes, it was they can be found here at very reason- purchase socks, handkerchiefs and belts

Through very commendable methods

clothes from this shop are satisfactory A visit to the store will be sure to "One reason to that many persons sup- | used the telephone to talk to Roy. It in every particular and made of the please you. Here you will see the latest their whole lives pass before them, as once threatened to have the telepoone terns and mixtures can be found in and designs, and shirts of the most recent rence forgetten for half a life-time, and they mistook for giants. It Melba wasn't priore. They give the wearer the air of that the article they purchase will give

# and study with At first only a few of smoked dreadfully. Above studies claster, 4,000-Year-old Bread their facts came back to me, and hardly and To-day's Bake

particular than, Charlie Brooks-and I as she closed it. That was another trung found in a middle kingdom cemetery of ery and ovens are used in the production

remembered the day when he had in unich ought to be repaired. She had Egypt, is now on exhibition at Field of bakery products Museum of Natural History. It was Their famous bread and baking goods

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Myade weakly. dates back to between 2,000 and 1,500

but the methods used in spelent times over a hot oven. Phone your grocer and

without the aid of master bakers and

fiavored, golden brown crust Is it a wise policy for the housewives when the Guelph Bakery bread can be purchased so ensily. "The housewives who

undenotified father. Ho It was that Mrs. had no more worlds to conquer. The phenomenal egg caters. In a report re- any other time, imply by what you said Monde, was ready to leave by the earliest Reign of Terror had nothing on Aunt ceived from the Canadian Trade Cone to the defendant or anyone else that sickness," father explained. As he kissed consumption of eggs in Canada amounts importance to you? Answer 'me-yes or her he whispered something that sounded to 337 per head of gopulation per amiun, no." suspiciously like "sweetheart;" but he had outstripping the rest of the world 'in to give away before the girls' wild on- this respect. The consumption of other Meade; "your coming is providential, piece," seemed a trifle less commanding States 180, Prance 133, Great Britain 135, Aunt America." She was thinking grate- than usual, and Mrs. Meude, looking at | Germany 117, Sweden 85, Denmark 75 fully that Aunt America was a higher him felt a sudden city. It was as if he and Norway 61. The Imperial Economic tower of strength. "Oh, I hope you won't had been a tlamson, shorn of his strength. Committee is credited with, attributing find it hard. They're all rather finicky There was comething pitiful in the half- Canada's high consumption of eggs to It was a triumphal walk up the fam- has been given by the Department of her grimly. "Wait till I get through with solately through a window, almost broke this country. It moreover emphasizes the pane in his delight. From the Keller | the practical value of the development of veranda Melba waved her hand ecatatic- the farming community in so far that "She's quit telephoning," vouchsafed able to practically everybody on the land

Pay five cents when you telephone." "The doorbell's fixed," added Fannic, "And Uncle Isaac," said Bob, grinning, They had reached the house now. The ed out. The table glittered with the best cut glass and allver. Laughing and talking, they crowded round it. Uncle Imac. 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 booke with

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 ent China and Denmurk, in order named dominate the trade and supplemented by receipts from Netherlands, Poland und Mrs. Meade smiled uncertainly.

Aunt America had entered the lists and | Belgium, contribute about eighty per cen' vanguished her windmills. Everything of the eggs imported.--Department of was shipshape, systematic and business- Agriculture. like." Still, something was lacking. Bhe, 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,

"When it comes to a beverage there ain't "Why, Uncle Isaac," demurred Mrs. Meade, and amid the general laughter she rose quietly and alloped into the "Look at mother," sang Bob. The old Syrol Tablets, which any good drug-

again full tilt, charging windmills. Shades For Mrs. Meade, laughtny softly and bit-tremendously, had, "put-the kettle almost constantly troubled by Backletius,

a hard-boiled egg? Mother please—" | the path of least resistance. What you reason to stay longer. She had left her Girard, founder of Girard College in Syrol Tablets to-day. Any good druggist A. McIsaac Philadelphia, was not an easy matter, can supply you. Some one knocked sharply. Mrs. Meade Out of her hand bag she unhearthed a It required tact and right introduction. a new battery and without the door's be- "When grandma is better," ran the It is told, by the author of "The Prench ing fixed--She opened the door to face ziging lines, "won't you come home. Blood in America," that Samuel Coats, a a messenger boy. He handed her a dis- mummie? We have guit being wind- genial Quaker, was one of the few men

"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 pooketed it without looking at the "What! You don't look to see how much I give you?" cried Girard, incredu-

"Beggars must not be choosers, Ste-"Give me back my check and I will

of A. M. Mitchell, one of the finest and repiled the Quaker. Without another most reputable undertakers in this sec- word Ofrard sat down and wrote him

sense of grief and loss of a loved one, that is not excelled in this part of the see that all was going well. He was ard approaching the house, hurriedly His is a Puheral Service dedicated to 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 sceing the man at his post, reprimended him for being late.

The most subtle flattery a woman can

Fashion seldom interfers with nature without diminishing her grace and efficiency .- Tuckerman.

## CANADIANS PHENOMENAL EGG

missioner Tiarrison Watson, stationed in the statement you said you made which Old London, it is pointed out that the Mr. Whoosis denies was a matter of no the attention and encouragement which Agriculture at Ottawa to the industry in production of poultry and eggs is availpoints out that there has been a remark. able 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. changed. Upon the other hand, consignments from Australia and South Airica have increased, while shipments from Canada have decreased. Previous per cent, of the eggs imported. At pres-

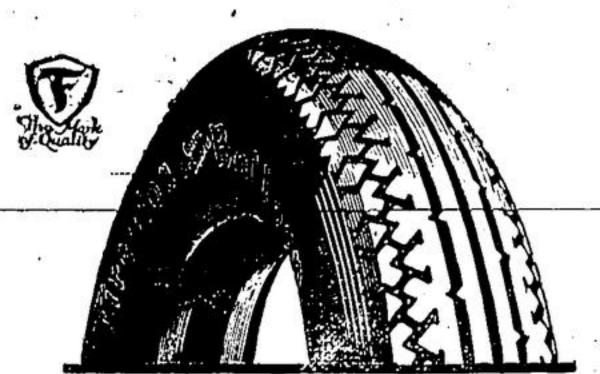
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