The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1928

CHOOSING A TRADE

When I'm a man I mean to keep
A little candy store;
And I'll give the sweets in handfuls
To the children at the door.

I'll never, never frown at them
When they only have a penny,
Nor toss it roughly in a drawer
And give them scarcely any.

I'll bow to them politely
And inquire, "Well, how is Jane?"
And I'll ask them in to help themselves,
And say, 'Please call again.'
—Caroline Hoffman, in St Nicholas.

—Caroline Hoffman.

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Household Ideas and Suggestions

By Betty Barclay

SIRLOIN AND BACON SURPRISE

1 cup bread crumbs
¾ cup evaporated milk diluted with ¼ cup water
1 egg
1 lb. chopped sirloin steak
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
1-3 cup grated cheese
1 tablespoon chopped pimento
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
6 green olives
Bacon slices

Soak bread in diluted milk five minutes. Add slightly beaten egg, then mix all together. Form into balls. Roll each in a slice of bacon and bake in a moderate oven half an hour. Yield: 6 servings.

GEORGIA SWEET TATERS

6 medium sized sweet potatoes
¾ cup nectars raisins
3 tablespoons butter
Salt and pepper
Cream

Plump and drain raisins. Select smooth potatoes of uniform size, preferably ones that are not too elongated. Wash, using a vegetable brush, and place in a baking pan. Bake in a hot oven 25 to 30 minutes or until soft. Remove potatoes from oven, cut in halves lengthwise, and scoop out the inside. Mash, add butter, salt and pepper to taste and a little cream to moisten. Add raisins, refill shells, and bake 5 minutes in a hot oven.

CREOLE CAKE

1½ cups of sponged cake flour sifted
[illegible] teaspoons of baking powder
¼ teaspoon of salt
½ teaspoon of cinnamon
2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup of sugar
3 tablespoons of shortening, melted
2 ounces of chocolate, melted
¾ cup of milk

Gradually beat the sugar into the eggs; add the melted shortening and chocolate and alternately the milk and flour sifted, measured, and sifted again with the baking powder, salt and cinnamon. Bake in a pan 7x11 inches, about 45 or 50 minutes, in an oven at 350 degrees Fahrenheit.

When the cake is cool cover it with this frosing:

1¼ cups of confectioner's sugar which has been sifted
3 tablespoons of cocoa
¼ cup of milk
A scant half teaspoon of vanilla

Mix the sugar and cocoa together, then stir in the two liquids, mixing it all thoroughly.

VEAL BIRDS

2 lbs. veal steak (sliced about ½ inch thick)

Cut steak into six to eight squares, depending on the size of bird desired. Marinate with salt and pepper. Place a heaping tablespoonful of Piquant stuffing on each veal square and skewer securely, using at least four skewers for each bird. Brown in deep fat first and then place in roasting pan in which frying fat has been poured. Add 1 cup water, cover roaster and let bake in slow oven for an hour. (Enough for six or eight veal birds).

PIQUANT STUFFING

1 cupful mashed potato
2 tablespoonsful finely diced celery
1 tablespoonful chili sauce
1 egg beaten lightly
1 cupful bread crumbs
1 tablespoonful butter
1 tablespoonful honey
1 tablespoonful grated onion

Mix thoroughly and stuff veal birds. This stuffing has a piquancy which lends itself unusually well to geese.

MARSHMALLOW SURPRISE

1 package chocolate junket
1 pint milk
¼ lb. marshmallows
1 cup confectioners' sugar
¼ cup boiling water

Prepare chocolate junket according to directions on package. Cut marshmallows in pieces and melt in double boiler. Dissolve sugar in boiling water, add to marshmallows, and stir until thoroughly blended. Turn into a bowl and cool before serving on top ice cold chocolate junket.

EVERY HOUR FILLED FOR "ROYAL" VISITORS

Five Hundred Farm Boys Will Have No Idle Moments During Toronto Trip

If any of the five hundred Ontario farm boys who are to visit the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto this month have any time on their hands on which to be home-sick, it will not be the fault of those who have arranged the programme for their visit. Starting off with a bang-up dinner at Hart House, the famous social centre of the University of Toronto, on the night of their arrival, the boys will have three days crowded with interest, entertainment and instruction. Hon. John S. Martin, Minister of Agriculture, will be the chairman at the banquet, and the boys will hear addresses by Premier Howard Ferguson and Dr. H. J. Cody, the Chairman of the Board of Governors of the University.

On Wednesday, November 21, the boys will be taken for a tour of the Union Stock Yards and the packing plants, where they will see the whole process of marketing livestock and the ultimate manufacturing of the animals into meat products. In the afternoon of the same day they will be taken through the huge manufacturing plant, of the Massey-Harris Company Limited, and will see the different factory processes in the production of farm implements. They will be guests of the Council of Canadian Meat Packers at luncheon and Massey-Harris Company at supper. In the evening they will attend the Royal Winter Fair Horse Show as guests of the Fair.

On Thursday they will visit large Toronto stores, but the greater part of the day will be spent in inspection of exhibits and studying the judging of livestock at the Royal Winter Fair. In the evening they will be guests of the T. Eaton Co. Limited at a banquet.

On Friday, the last day, the boys will be taken through the Ontario Parliament Buildings, and will be given a motor drive around the Capital City as guests of the City of Toronto. More time will be spent in inspecting exhibits at the Fair, and in the evening those boys that have survived three days of high living, and are now overcome by the pangs of indigestion, will be treated to another banquet by the Robert Simpson Company Limited.

They will leave for home the following morning.

TO A GRANDMOTHER

At six o'clock in the evening,
The time for lullabies,
My son lay on my mother's lap
With sleepy, sleepy eyes!
O drowsy, little manny boy,
With sleepy, sleepy eyes!

I heard her sing and rock him,
And the creak of the swaying chair,
And the old dear cadence of the words
Came softly down the stair.

And all the years had vanished,
All folly, greed and stain—
The old, old song, the creaking chair,
The dearest arms again!
O lucky little manny boy
To feel those arms again!

—Christopher Morley.

TOM JONES' TEMPTATION

Away back in the sixties of last century, shortly after the civil war of the United States, Tom Jones and his wife and family of little folks, left New York States and came to Canada, having conceived the belief that the El Dorado where kindly nature returned a maximum of reward for a minimum of toil was over here. He bought a poor farm of fifty acres a few miles from Acton, "on time." The succeeding season was a poor one, and Tom's minimum of labor brought him to little of reward that he was unable to make the necessary payments on the farm, and in due time he lost it.

The family presently found shelter in a rented house in the outskirts of the village. Now Tom discovered that he was an indifferent farmer, a trader of horses, did some trout-fishing, a little trapping—but was generally regarded as rather a worthless cumberer of the ground.

Unless there was a horse-trade or some thing which seemed to him of equal importance on hand, Tom Jones was pretty sure to be found at the post office at mail time; not because he expected a letter, but because the post office was then in a grocery store plentifully supplied with comfortable box, barrel and counter seats. It offered abundant opportunities for sly nibblings of crackers and an occasional nip of cheese, and was the clearing-house for the gossip of the village.

When, one day, the postmaster really did hand Tom a letter, he was much surprised, and examined it doubtfully. The envelop was addressed plain enough, and bore the Buffalo postmark. Who in the world could be writing him from Buffalo?

Tom went to one side and opened the letter with mingled eagerness and doubt. Perhaps somebody had died and left him a fortune!—stranger things had been heard of. When he had gained a partial understanding of the contents, he hurriedly left the post office, his whole lazy body quivering with excitement.

Around the corner he paused, undecided where to go to examine his prize in secret. Then he slouched with unaccustomed energy up Main Street and into the edge of the cranberry swamp on James Cameron's farm, and kept on till he felt sure that he was in no danger of being seen.

He wormed his way into the midst of a thicket of cedars, and re-examined his prize. The contents of the envelope consisted of a neat circular, printed in imitation of the work of a type-writer, a strip purporting to be a clipping from a newspaper, and a small slip bearing a name and address.

Tom read the circular carefully. It was couched in a strain well calculated to flatter the vanity and whet the greed of the reader. After stating that the writer was desirous of obtaining a shrewd man to handle his goods, which were nowhere mentioned as counterfeit money, but always as "goods," the circular continued:

"You can make money faster and easier by dealing in my goods than you ever dreamed of before in your life. It was never intended that one man should have millions and another nothing. The wealth and good things of this world are too unevenly distributed.

"Unless you have money enough to live on comfortably for the rest of your life, this is just the business you should take hold of, as my goods can be handled with perfect safety and immense profits, and enable you to provide yourself with a competency for your old age and pass your remaining years in ease and comfort.

"There is no wrong about it—Uncle Same has millions of our money locked up in the Treasury, uselessly and unjustly so."

So on went the letter to a considerable length, in a way shrewdly calculated to find the weak point of such a man as Tom Jones. When he had finished reading the circular, he was gasping at the magnitude of the possibilities which seemed suddenly to have opened before him. His hand trembled as he turned hungrily to the printed slip that accompanied the circular.

It purported to be a newspaper clipping, setting forth that, in spite of the utmost vigilance of the officials, certain engraved plates had been stolen from the United States Treasury, from which notes—exactly the same as the genuine except that they did not have the sanction of the government — were being printed by the thousands of dollars' worth. The following extract is a fair sample of the sophistry of the article:

As the case stands these people in Buffalo have everything their own way, for their shrewd work seems to be carried on in perfect safety, and there is not the slightest chance of detecting them or the people with whom they do business. It seems to be a positive fact that they are in possession of duplicate Treasury plates exactly the same as those used by the government, and the paper is similar to that upon which the genuine notes are printed. It is a profound mystery how and from when they obtain it. The greenbacks which the Buffalo scoundrels are dealing in are so fine and perfect that there is not one chance in ten thousand of detecting them, and all the detectives have failed to unearth the slightest clue to makers or users."

Tom Jones had never been desperate or depraved. His sins had been chiefly of omission rather than of commission. He had never stolen aught except precious time, and the happiness and comfort of his wife and children.

He had always been one of those sanguine souls who are content to wait patiently for something to turn up, instead of rolling high their sleeves and turning up something for themselves.

The "green goods" circular came to him like a revelation. In those days it was quite the common thing for people to get circulars telling how to get counterfeit American money, and how it never could be detected from genuine money. It aroused his avarice and his long dormant ambition. He had never had his chance before, he told himself, but now his chance had come. The artful arguments seemed prepared especially to fit his case. They stilled his sluggish conscience and blinded his dull eyes.

"The wealth and good things of this world are too unevenly distributed. It was never intended that one man should have millions and another nothing."

The words met with Tom's unqualified endorsement. The appeal to his desire for comfort in his old age seemed like the pitying words of a kind friend. True, it was counterfeit merely. Ha! Was it?

Did not the newspaper clipping distinctly state that the notes were printed from genuine plates made by the government? What mattered it to him if these plates had been stolen? It was no affair of his. Was not the money the same, whether printed with Uncle Sam's sanction or without it?

The government had millions, billions for aught he knew, locked up in the Treasury vaults, of no use to anybody. Why should not he profit by Uncle Sam's carelessness? The tempter won.

The coming of dusk admonished him of the flight of time. He placed the precious documents carefully in his pocket. When he reached home the scanty supper was waiting for him.

"Poppy's tum! Poppy tum!" whooped the little white head two sizes larger than the baby that wore it.

There was always a baby in the Jones' household. These children loved the shiftless, worthless father who was always good-natured, who whittled little toys for them, and was ever ready with a story.

He had no relish for the simple supper that night. The food half choked him. He noticed, he knew not why, that his wife's cough seemed worse than common, though in truth it had been growing worse for weeks unperceived by him. But the poor woman looked more cheerful to-night than was her wont.

She was not patching or mending this evening, but was nursing the feeble baby in idleness. Her thin cheeks were faintly flushed. The little white heads were happy and excited over something unusual.

"Dess what, poppy?" piped the head that was two sizes larger than the baby.

"I'm to git all the harvest mitts I can make on the sewing machine from Mr. Storey's new glove factory. I can make a dollar a day out of it," said Mrs. Jones, "Miss Celia Stafford told me."

Poor soul! Happy at the prospect of added toil!

"An' me an' John are to begin pickin' grapes at the nursery day after to-morrow," said Jim, ten years old. "We'll git half a cent a pound."

"I made six cents herdin' Mis' Brown's ducks this afternoon, chimed in Lyddy, the eight-year-old girl.

[illegible] worked, saved, and denied themselves that they might return to the old home state. The hunger for home had been gnawing at Mrs. Jones' heart for many a long, long day. She had uttered little complaint, but had toiled on, wearing her life out over the washtub in the hope of one day returning to the dear old home community. Sometimes she said hopefully:

"Maybe my health will be better when we get back home."

The younger children knew only by hearsay about the old home, but they were all strong in the belief that it was the happiest place on earth.

They were all of one accord, hungry to go. No self-denial tending to bring the happy time nearer was too great for them to make. Every dollar, nickel, penny that could possibly be spared was sacredly hoarded to that end.

The sum required to take them all was a very great one in their eyes. Mrs. Jones, with pathetic pride, felt that they must not go looking like beggars. New clothes must be provided for all, and no matter how cheap, new clothes for the entire flock would cost what was to them another large sum.

In the battered old pewter sugar-bowl in the little cupboard beside the chimney was one hundred and forty-two dollars and seventy-nine cents, the savings of many long days of toil and privation. Out of the hoard the husband and father, too, must be well clothed and provided with a railway ticket. He had added but little to the fund, possibly five dollars in all—but then he was the husband and father. Mrs. Jones kept the slowly growing hoard in the old pewter sugar-bowl.

"It won't be so very long, now," the poor woman said, hopefully, and then a paroxysm of coughing shook her. "My dollar a day will count up pretty fast, and Johnny and Jimmy will make a good deal, while grapes last."

Tom Jones lay awake all night long, torn by doubts and indecision. He believed he loved his little flock. He would have done right by them long ago, he told himself, if only something had turned up to give him a chance to do so. The something for which he had so patiently waited had been a long time in turning up. But now, he thought, the opportunity had come; he had his chance at last.

Just as the first faint gray was creeping up in the east, Tom Jones rose from beside his sleeping wife and stole the battered old pewter sugar-bowl and its contents, every penny of which represented so much of patient self-denial, of toil and privation.

As he slunk through the room, Mrs. Jones, disturbed by some slight noise that he made, stirred uneasily and coughed in her sleep, and the wretched man paused suddenly, as if a reproachful voice had called to him. But the poor woman did not waken, and he crept out of the house with the precious hoard in his clutch.

He started to slink rapidly away, and then stopped, he knew not why.

The gray of the early morning hung over the sleeping earth, and dimmed the stars, fading slowly before the coming day. Soft sounds of the passing night were borne to his ears with seemingly unaccustomed clearness.

It would be train time in a few minutes. Tom took two or three slouching steps toward the gate, and then stopped again. The patient wife and mother, the little flock of white heads—how terribly they would be cast down when they discovered the loss! Their grief—

But was he not acting for the best, doing the best for them? he asked himself. It would not be for long, and then he would come back with a much greater sum of money than he had taken away. He would make it all up to them then, and they would all go back to the old home state.

Still he did not go on. He turned and crept cautiously to the window, left open for the admission of the breeze. The room was wrapped in darkness.

He could hear the regular breathing of its sleeping inmates. Mrs. Jones coughed again feebly in her sleep. Disturbed by the sound, one of the little white heads in the trundle-bed almost beneath the window stirred uneasily and murmured, "Poppy!"

Tom Jones clutched the window-sill, and then there came the long-drawn far-off wailing of the east-bound train for Toronto and then Buffalo, admonishing him that he had just time to reach the station. He turned and slouched quickly to the rickety-half-hingeless gate, then paused with his hand on its top. The little white head's murmured "Poppy!" seemed still sounding in his ears.

He stood there for a little while, then his hand dropped from the top of the gate and he looked up at the far, far-off, fading stars in the graying sky—looked up helplessly, dumbly for a little time, and in that time he knew himself for what he was.

He saw his utter worthlessness. The cruel, criminal neglect of years was made as clear to him as if a great voice had shouted the truth in his ears. Tom Jones gasped, bared his head and stood up straight beneath the stars.

The rumble of the approaching train grew louder and louder, but the man turned and tiptoed into the house, and replaced the money in the battered old pewter sugar-bowl in the little cupboard beside the chimney.

When the rest of the family awoke with the coming of the sun, the husband and father was sleeping as soundly as any of the white heads had slept. The frugal breakfast was kept waiting for him as he slept on, and the clamor of the white heads was hushed—Poppy was sleeping. A goodly part of the forenoon had slipped away before he awoke.

"I dunno but you ought to have waked me sooner," he said to his wife, in a half-shamefaced way. "I'm goin' to work to-day. I've been thinkin' about—wal, if we're going South we've got to work. I—er—you don't need to take that glove makin' from Mr. Storey, Marthy. You'd better rest—I'm goin' to work."

And he worked that day and for many days thereafter— worked with a zeal and faithfulness all the more marked because of his idleness of many a day before.

If there was any touch of heroism in this, I think it was augmented by the fact that Tom Jones never knew what he had escaped by keeping out of the clutches of the "green goods" men. In due time sufficient money had been saved to comfortably clothe the family and then, for his wife's sake, they moved back to the old home in New York State. That was over fifty years ago, and letters, which occasionally come to the few real friends they made in Acton, told how well the family was doing, and eventually they prospered and became worthy citizens of the old home.

The Old Man

OPTOMETRY

It's Value to the Public

BY

A. D. SAVAGE

Guelph, Ontario

DID YOU NOTICE THE LADY?

She took off one pair of glasses and put another on when she wanted to read. No objection to that, except the bother. She might, if she wished, have ONE pair for TWO uses. For those who wear their corrections constantly, this "two-in-one" plan is ideal. Far and near seeing with one pair of lenses. If interested in this convenience, let us now.

To Be Continued Next Week

WHY HONEY IS GRADED

Honey is one of the few uncooked, pure natural foods in its class that remains. But because it is too frequently allowed to go to the market in an unclassified or ungraded manner, it is often overlooked by the purchaser.

Since there are so many different kinds of honeys, and so many individual tastes, it is important that, when buying honey, the purchaser should know what he or she is getting.

For example, buckwheat as a table honey, is disliked by many people, while on the other hand, many people prefer it to any other. It is perfectly good honey, but it does not suit the palate in some cases. The only way to make sure that the purchaser is getting what is liked best, is to have the quality or grade marked on the container.

Because in these days so much of the food-stuff consumed is graded and labelled, any commodity, such as honey, that is not graded, is frequently overlooked by the housewife when purchasing her provisions. When purchasing a can of peaches, one can see the quality marked on the label, or when buying jams one can see the kind clearly marked on the label, leaving no doubt in one's mind concerning the quality of such purchases. When it comes to buying honey, unless it be graded—and much of it is not—one must make a stab in the dark, hoping that it will prove to be good white clover honey (should that happen to be the kind preferred). Now if honey were not graded, the purchaser would be assisted in making his choice of kinds. Furthermore, he soon gets to know what kind he prefers, and will return for more.—Experimental Farm Note.

Hate no one; hate their vices, not themselves.—J. G. C. Brainard.

Every issue of the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal is worth the year's subscription price to the farmers of Canada, and farmers' families rejoice in getting the addition of a superb magazine.

Dr THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

A SURE, SAFE AND SIMPLE REMEDY FOR ALL THE COMMON AILMENTS OF MAN AND BEAST. SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT ON HAND, AS A MORE SEASONABLE PRECAUTION FOR SUDDEN USE CANNOT BE FOUND. ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE. TO-DAY AND HAVE IT READY AND THE WORLD WILL NEVER TO WILL NEED IT.

ALWAYS ROOM

At a public dinner a certain Bishop was genially patronized by a millionaire.

"I never go to church," the millionaire said. "Perhaps you've noticed that, Bishop?"

"Yes, I have noticed it," said the Bishop gravely.

"No doubt you wonder why I never go to church, don't you?" the millionaire pursued. "Well, I'll tell you why, Bishop. There are so many hypocrites there."

"Oh, don't let that keep you away!" cried the Bishop, smiling. "There is always room for one more, you know."

Stomach Troubles That Are Dangerous

(CUT THIS OUT)

Some forms of stomach trouble, if neglected, often lead to dangerous conditions—ulcers or cancers—then, a surgical operation is about the only hope.

For this reason, even the most simple stomach ailments should be given prompt and careful attention. So, don't neglect acid stomach, sourness, gas or bloating! And don't waste time with unknown or unreliable treatments. At the very first signs of distress, go to any good drug store and obtain a few cents' worth of pure Bisurated Magnesia. This special Magnesia Compound is safe and pleasant to take—quickly, almost instantly, effective and does not act as a laxative. Be sure and ask for BISURATED Magnesia for stomach troubles only.

Remember Your Friends on Christmas Day With An Attractive Card

We have high-grade Christmas cards that bear beautiful sentiments for your relatives and friends.

These attractive cards are for sale at very reasonable prices that include the cost of printing your name and address on the card. They are infinite in variety—many of them altogether unusual.

Send a card—even if you are also sending a gift.

The sentiments expressed on these cards will strike a responsive chord in the hearts of their recipients.

They are now on display at THE FREE PRESS. We advise ordering early as they supply cannot be duplicated at the prices quoted when depleted. FREE PRESS quality is portrayed in every design shown.

The Acton Free Press

He works with MAGIC

THIS MAN is putting up telephone poles. Early in the morning he is out making a way for the wire that is to come. At night when the gang gets back to camp he is tired.

But he likes it. There is zest in the work he is doing, for he is in new country. There have never been telephones here before.

He is blazing the trial. After him will come families and homes and stores and factories to make another city. Over the wires on the poles he plants there will be voices and laughter, business will hum, all the world will draw closer.

He works with magic. The wire transforms time and distance. Today you can lift the telephone at your elbow and within seven minutes hear the voice of your friend in England say: "Are you there?"

THIS MAGIC in the telephone has not come in a day. It has come with year after year of experiment and improvement. The telephone of today is no more like the first telephone than a machine gun is like a bow-and-arrow.

And the telephone of tomorrow will surpass the telephone of today. Tomorrow perhaps, this telephone at your elbow will bring you the face of the person you talk with, will hold new magic we now do not dream of.

THIS IS the urge to improve—to seek and to find something always better—which has been the definite policy of the telephone business since the first crude instrument reproduced the voice of its inventor fifty-odd years ago.

By no other policy could the telephone have kept pace with this country or contributed to its progress as it has done in reducing Canada's wide distances and differences of geography.

And by no other policy can the telephone now meet the responsibility of serving Canada's future.

CANADA'S FUTURE is at least twenty years of unprecedented growth and prosperity. All the signs and barometers of business point to it. All the shrewdest prophets of business predict it.

The signs and the prophets are so sure, and the future is so unmistakable, that within the next five years more money will be needed for extension of the telephone system in Ontario and Quebec than was spent by the business in all its first forty years.

THE MAN pushing poles and wire into new country and the foresight which now is planning over one hundred million dollars of new plant to meet the needs of the next five years come from the same policy and the same purpose—to give Canadians facilities of communication worthy of their country and its future.

Published by The Bell Telephone Company of Canada to tell you something about the telephone business and the people in it.

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Did You Ever Stop To Think

By EDSON R. WAITE, Shawnee Oklahoma

That the holiday spirit is in the air these days, and it looks as if Christmas is going to be brighter and merrier than ever this year. Like the smallest village or town in the country, even blase New York is a-flutter.

I strolled down Fifth Avenue the other day and was much impressed by the handsome displays of holiday cards arranged by several of America's leading jewellery stores. The book and stationery marts, the many quaint little card shops, and the greeting card departments of the mammoth stores in the shopping section, are all displaying new designs and people are making their selections early in order to get just what they want and have their names put on in plenty of time to avoid the holiday rush. More so than with most things, I understand you have to choose Christmas cards early to get the best selections.

The 1928 cards seem bigger and brighter than in the past, and there are more of them. Many of them reveal the modern art influence which has struck furniture and jewellery, and has turned kitchens and bathrooms into riots of color.

On the greeting cards it has not gone so far as to represent Christmas by two green triangles and three red circles, leaving the rest to the imagination. It appears, rather, in brighter colorings and bolder lines on the favorite old designs. The stage coaches dash more vigorously down snowy streets; the skies are black and have red sunsets to contrast the country scenes; purple ships bounce over green oceans; Christmas trees blaze with big gold candles. They are all so cheerful and modern and full of vigor.

The slogan, "Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards," which is seen so frequent in the newspapers, magazines and shop windows, is a constant suggestion to people to remember their friend. More people seem to be doing it more often.

Select Your Personal Greeting Cards from the Reasonable, Seasonable line Displayed by

THE ACTON FREE PRESS

If You Expect to Sell, You Must Advertise