The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1929

A FELLOW'S MOTHER

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise,
With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes,
Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
By a thump or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
Rags and buttons, and lots of things;
No matter how busy she is she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care, not much I mean,
If a fellow's face is not always clean.
And if your trousers are torn at the knee
She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad,
But only sorry if you are bad:
And I tell you this, if you're only true,
She'll always forgive what'er you do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise,
With a manly look in his laughing eyes,
"I'll mind my mother, quick, every day;
A fellow's a baby that don't obey."

—M. E. Dangster.

REGISTERED COCKERELS—AN ASSET IN BREEDING FOR HIGHER EGG YIELDS

Success in breeding for increased egg production depends, to a very large extent, on the selection of the proper male. Breed character, constitutional vigor, male characteristics and proper development are all very necessary when making this selection, but the most important factor of all is the breeding of the bird himself. He must be bred from a high producing dam and also from a sire which has blood lines tracing direct to high production parents on both sides. These are important factors to be found in registered cockerels.

What then is a registered cockerel? What guarantee has the breeder as to the bird's breeding?

A registered cockerel is the son and grandson of registered females, both of which have laid 200 eggs or over in one of the Canadian National Egg Laying Contests. As no female is eligible for registration unless her eggs average 24 ounces to the dozen during the contest year, and as registered cockerels can be bred only from daughters of registered hens which have themselves qualified, these male birds have at least two successive generations of 24 ounce eggs or better, as well as 200 eggs or better for annual production. These are two very desirable characters.

On the sire side the greatest care is exercized in selection. The male used to head a pen of registered females is usually a tried, and proven cock bird, who has not only produced daughters the previous year which have laid well over 200 eggs in their pullet year, and have consistently produced large eggs. It can be seen, therefore, that these registered cockerels possess breeding of very choicest quality.

The guarantee of breeding that goes with each registered cockerel is the Registration Certificate which is the seal of quality given birds by any Government. The medium of qualification for registration of poultry is the Canadian National Egg Laying Contest. The work of inspection of registered matings, the banding of chicks the product of such matings, and the recording, approving and marking of each registered cockerel after he is six months old is carried on by the Department of Agriculture officials who assist in making this guarantee authentic.

No other system of recording production and following up the work of scientific breeding of poultry is so carefully guarded as that known as Canada's National Poultry Registration Policy.—Experimental Farm Note.

WET CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST

Soon after the Eighteenth Amendment of the U. S. became the law of the land, prohibiting intoxicating liquor, and the Volstead law was adopted, defining an intoxicant as any liquor containing more than one-half of one per cent alcohol, the wets began a vigorous protest, insisting that the per cent should be higher. Of course they wanted a drink that had a "kick" in it, even if it would send a man to kick his wife and children all over the place.

Well, the liquor business is always encouraging "kickers." The liquor interests, as a class, have defiled and broken practically all the laws ever enacted to curtail or regulate the sale of liquor. It was the same in the days of the licenced saloon, whether the regulation was by low license, high license, or local option. It probably always will be the same.

Let us examine the kicking against the pricks of the Volstead law, defining an intoxicant as any liquor containing more than one-half of one per cent. of alcohol. Where did the idea come from, anyway? It came from the wets themselves! Away back in the eighteen-eighties the distillers and the brewers of the United States made a vigorous protest to the Government, claiming that the soft drink dealers were selling certain drinks, free from all taxes, that contained quite a large per cent of alcohol, and that this was cutting into the sales of liquor manufactured by the distillers and the brewers for the saloon trade.

Complying with their insistent request, the Revenue Department of the Government made a ruling that all liquor containing more than one-half of one per cent of alcohol should be taxed. From that time to the present this has been the standard of intoxicating liquor recognized by the United States Revenue Department, as well as by the liquor dealers themselves, who demanded protection from the soft drink business, prior to the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The wets of the old saloon days demanded this standard when it worked to their advantage, but they now protest against it and insist that the alcoholic content of drinks shall be raised. The wet chickens have simply drunk on bootleg liquor, and have come staggering home to roost. Their friends now insist that they be reorganized as perfectly sober chickens, by changing the law in a way that will make legal the sale of intoxicating liquor.—W. H. Brown.

WHAT IS EDUCATION

Education can only develop and unfold; it cannot create anything new. Education gives men nothing which could not have developed from within himself. Therefore, education may be defined as the harmonious development of our faculties.

It begins in the nursery and continues through life. It means something more than information, something more than small intelligence. Man needs education, not merely as a means of livelihood, but as a means of life.

"Every person," says Gibbons, "has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one more important, which he gives himself."

All that any school or college can do for a student is to help him lay the foundation upon which he can build throughout life. The school can lay the foundation only; self-education must erect the structure.

Education emancipates; it frees the soul of sensuous environment and carries it into the realm of true knowledge. A teacher who sees only the business value of education has a very low idea of the aims and ends of life.—Contact.

STOP!

The accused—I was not going thirty miles an hour—not twenty, not even ten; in fact, when the officer came up, I was almost at a standstill.

The Magistrate—I must stop this or you'll be backing into something. Forty shillings!—London Tatler (via Judge).

The Free Press' Short Story

MAISIE AND MEG

THREE flights of stairs to climb after a long walk home in the biting cold! Maisie was tired. She had been sitting at a typewriter all day in a dingy office, writing letters about stocks and bonds and railroad investments in which she had no sort of interest.

In her state it seemed as if the click, clack of her machine had got into her head, for it repeated itself over and over long after her fingers had left the keys. Not even the March wind could take the monotonous sound out of her brain, though it whistled shrilly and blew away the cobwebs from her ears.

"Well, after all," thought Maisie, "the click, clack means a cosy room, a warm, open fire a nice supper, and, better than all these, dear Meg waiting for me, with her study-books open and her tongue ready to chatter."

So Maisie cheerfully climbed the long flights of stairs and stood at her own door. Blank disappointment confronted her, for no tidy, warm room, no tempting supper awaited her. In the midst of the chilly desolation sat Meg, her hat and coat on, and a pair of skates slung over her arm. She looked up with dancing eyes from a letter she was reading.

Maisie sank in a disconsolate little heap on the faded old lounge, and was straightway embraced by Meg.

"You dear, darling old thing! Don't scold! It was such lovely skating—so I've just got home myself. I haven't had time to make the fire and get supper."

Maisie slid down from the lounge without a word, and went about building the fire in the grate, while Meg rattled on:

"O Maisie, I've got the most beautiful news to tell you. I have a letter from Carlina, and she wants us—Oh, you will be as excited as I when I tell you!"

Maisie and Meg were orphan sisters whose father and mother, dying three years before, had left them to the care of an uncle who had seven girls of his own. He was kind, but there seemed to be really no room for Maisie and Meg in his crowded little house.

To remain a burden on their already overburdened uncle was, as Maisie looked at it, the saddest, most impossible thing. Those eyes of Maisie's, though soft and gray-like as dove's wing, did not lack decision and firmness.

One day she left the sleepy country town, and came to the city and to that machine of hers which clicked out daily bread for her and Meg. She took lodging on a quiet street, and placed Meg at school.

They cooked their simple meals over the small grate, and ate them from a rickety table near by. But what of that? The plain dishes were seasoned with girlish fun and sweetened with affection. Maisie and Meg, untouched by the great city's strife, lived happy and innocent lives.

Maisie was nearly twenty years old now, and sixteen-year-old Meg was the idol of her life. By the side of pretty Meg, Maisie was a plain little person, but she had soft eyes and a sweet mouth. She was smaller than Meg, and looked thin and overworked.

"Well, Meg, out with your news!" said Maisie.

"I'll read you what Carlina says!" Meg exclaimed, and read thus from a letter:

"Dearest Meg—I am going to have a birthday next week Thursday, — my seventeenth, you know,—and mamma says I may have a little party of my friends to celebrate it. There will be just a few of the boys and girls in our set at school. Mamma will play for us to dance. So I want you and Maisie to be sure to come. I can't take 'No' for an answer, and shall send the carriage for you at half-past seven sharp. Your loving friend, Carlina Klaus."

"Meg, dear, a party! Just think of it!" cried Maisie so breathless with pleasure that she almost sat down in the coal-hod. She hadn't been to a party since she was Meg's age, when her father and mother were living—such a long time ago it seemed to Maisie.

"O Meg, how perfectly delight—" Then her face fell suddenly. "But we can't go! We've nothing to wear in the evening."

The tears came into Meg's dark eyes as she threw her skates in one direction and her hat in another.

"Maisie, please can't we have some new gowns just this once? Please, Maisie! I want to go so much!"

Maisie never could bear to deny her young sister anything attainable. She laid down the loaf of bread, went over to the bureau, took out her worn leather wallet that had been their father's and counted out eighteen dollars—all her savings for months.

"Dearie, that's all the money we have—every bit. We must have some more coal soon. And we might one of us fall ill, you know, pet."

But Meg went on sobbing. Maisie looked thoughtfully at her small hoard while she spoke.

"Don't cry any more, Meg. I think there's enough for one gown, and that shall be for you— a scarlet crepe, darling, just what we have always wanted for you. Don't cry, dear. You are going to look so nice in it! There's just time to get it made, if I work hard on it evenings."

She touched Meg's curly head softly and went back to her work. Meg wiped her drowned eyes slowly.

"No, Maisie," she said, "you are the older; you ought to have the new gown and go to the party. I will stay at home. That will be better than having us both disappointed."

Maisie set the teapot down on the hob rather emphatically.

"You are Carlina's friend, dear," she said. "Her invitation is for you. I am only asked to go with you. It wouldn't be doing right by Carlina if I went and you did not. You must let me decide these matters, Meg. You are not old enough yet," Maisie finished, with her most elder-sisterly air.

"I won't go without you, Maisie," Meg said, stoutly. "Do you suppose I could enjoy myself a bit at that party when you were poked up here in this dull little room all by yourself? I suppose we must give it all up. Oh dear, I'm so disappointed!"

Meg hung up her wraps stormily, and then fell to crying again.

"I will go with you then, on condition that you have the new gown. Carlina will want you to look nice when you meet her friends. You owe it to her to look nice. It doesn't matter much about me. I'm old—old. I'll wear my white muslin. It happens, by good luck, to be fresh and clean now."

So they compromised, and Meg's dark eyes grew bright again. They discussed the party joyously over their cold ham and tea. It was a great event even in their quiet lives.

Carlina Klaus belonged to a wealthy family who lived in one of the handsome suburbs of the city. She was a schoolmate of Meg's, and the two girls had formed a close intimacy.

The next day the material for the new gown was bought, and every evening Maisie sat at work, overwhelmed in billows of scarlet crepe. Meg was unable to give her much assistance. Her examinations were coming on, and she must study.

Meantime Maisie would not own, even to herself, that she was tired; but the click, clack of the type-writer seemed worse than ever in her head, and the buzz of the sewing-machine at night did not make it any better.

When at last, however, the long-talked of evening arrived, and she arrayed Meg in the scarlet crepe, she felt repaid for all her labor. To her adoring eyes Meg was the loveliest of visions.

Her own antiquated white muslin did rather try Maisie's beauty-loving soul. It was painfully old-fashioned, and too short besides, and the blue sash was a trifle faded. But she would not think of it any longer. It was good enough!

But Meg eyed the stiffly starched skirt a little timidly.

"Why, Maisie, any one would think you were the little sister—your gown is so short! I look like the young lady of the family."

"See that you fill the place with dignity then," laughed Maisie.

It was a charming party—Carlina, with Meg by her side, received her friends very prettily. Every one admired Meg. The young people clustered around her radiant little face, made doubly winsome by happiness. The girls all pronounced her "too sweet for anything."

No one noticed Maisie much. Carlina's brother paid her a little attention, and then she was left alone. Carlina was too busy to notice the lonely little figure in the corner.

At first, Maisie forgot her own insignificance in her pride for Meg. But after all, Maisie was human. It was hard to look like a shabby little girl when she was almost twenty—hard to sit neglected in a corner when all the rest were having such a jolly time.

Maisie could not tell what was the matter with her head—it felt so stupid and heavy—and dizzy, too. She did not wonder that her partners had been glad to escape from her dullness. The music of the piano failed to drive the click, clack of the type-writer out of her head.

She shook herself a little. She was not enjoying the party—though she and Meg had looked forward to it so eagerly. The tears were not far from her tired eyes.

She turned her head that no one might see. She looked across the ballroom door—across the hall, and saw some tall white lilies on a stand there by the window. She went to look at the flowers, and thus regain control of herself.

It was a pretty little sitting-room full of books, pictures and delicate bric-a-brac. There, face to face, Maisie met the most wonderful-looking lady she had ever seen. This lady, who sat in an easy-chair in the sitting-room, had hair which was of a snowy white, and lay in soft waves on either side of her face. But her eyes were so dark and so young—such tender, restful eyes—that it did one good just to look in them.

The old lady wore a pale gray gown, touched daintily with pink here and there. She made Maisie think of a soft rose sunset just melting into gray twilight.

She, on her side, noted Maisie's sweet, tremulous lip and the shabby, unbecoming dress. Her quick mind put two and two together. Maisie was about to withdraw, but the lady's smile restrained her.

"I am Carlina's Aunt Hester, my dear," the lady said. "Won't you sit down and talk with an old lady a while?"

Maisie did sit down, and somehow before she quite knew what she was doing, she had told this wonderful old-young aunt of Carlina's all about the little room at the top of three flights, the small suppers laid for two, the click, clack of the typewriter that earned daily bread for Meg and her, but wouldn't come out of her head when office hours were over, and all about Meg's beauty and red crepe gown.

The lady had drawn it all from her, in spite of herself. And all the time those beautiful, strange, old eyes gazed down, down into the troubled depths of Maisie's soft, sad gray ones; and all the while Maisie felt as if the lady had just spoken when she was only listening, but doing that perfectly.

When at last she did answer Maisie's involuntary confidences, her speech was a strange one:

"Do you want to know, my dear, what I think of you? I am an old woman; so you will pardon my frankness. I think, my child, that your living a very selfish life!"

"Am I?" gasped Maisie, a painful flush spreading over her pale face.

"Yes," went on Carlina's Aunt Hester; "you want to go to heaven where your dear father and mother are waiting for you. But you absolutely refuse day by day to give your sister Meg a chance to win her way there, too. You are trying to get to heaven without her; for you are making her selfish and vain, in order that you may gratify your own desire to be unselfish. Do you not see, child, that there is selfishness on your part in this snatching of every opportunity to be unselfish? Do you ever let you sister give up to you, or deny herself for love's sake, or try to make her spirit sweet and pure as you try to make yours?

"You are a brave little woman; be braver still, and even though it hurts you to see her suffer, teach your younger sister to walk with you the thorny path to Paradise. The path of roses does not lead there, my dear, no matter who walks it."

Maisie opened her lips to speak, but the words would not come. The room, too, kept going round and round before her dim eyes. The next moment she had fainted in the arms of Carlina's aunt.

"Poor little dove!" murmured the lady, remorsefully. "I was too harsh with her. How pale and thin she is!"

When Maisie came out of the faint, she was delirious; and the doctor pronounced her illness brain fever. She could not be moved, and Carlina's aunt shared with Meg the labors of nursing.

For days, Maisie lay between life and death. Meg hung over her in agony, but Maisie did not know her; for over and over she would call piteously:

"Meg, darling, come to heaven with me! Oh, my dear, I didn't mean to go without you, indeed I didn't! Come, Meg! Come to heaven with me! They are all in white there—not scarlet. No, Meg, dear, don't cry, don't cry—not scarlet but white!" Thus she would talk on unceasingly for hours, until poor Meg was almost broken-hearted.

But Maisie did not die. One day Carlina's aunt sat watching by Maisie's bedside, when the gray eyes opened with their old clear, sweet expression.

"Dear heart, you are better; now go to sleep again," the lady said.

Maisie reached out one weak little hand.

ABOUT FIRE BRICKS

Le Chatelier and Bogitch have been engaged for some time in researches upon fire brick and the best make-up to be employed. Such fire brick is composed of granulated silica with various oxides in powder used as a binding material. It is found that the best binding substance is extremely fine quartz powder, which is produced in special crushing mills. The use of this powder considerably increases the strength of the bricks at a high temperature of 1,500 degrees Centigrade, which is one of the most important qualities of fire brick.

A SQUINT INSTEAD OF LOVE

It would be well if more youths whose romantic imaginativeness and conceit had led them into such a delusion as that to which Mr. J. P. Fuller's friend fell a victim could be shown that the grounds for their confidence were as slight as those in the following story:

It happened in Southampton, where, Mr. Fuller says in Omnilana, my chum had been, before my advent, spending the greater part of his allowance on the theatre—which, of course, I soon began to frequent in his company. He confided to me the secret that he was deeply in love with Miss H—, the leading young lady. They had never met. He was sure she fully reciprocated his feelings; but there was a difficulty about the meeting, as her father was a member of the company—the leading old man—and she lived with him.

I saw the pair for the first time in Hamlet, in which they played Polonius and Ophelia. I sat by my chum, who always occupied the same seat, the end one, nearest the stage at the left-hand side of the dress circle,—where evening dress, fortunately for us, was not insisted on,—and was instructed to notice how the fair one's gaze was always directed toward him. There was no doubt about that; and subsequent observation from the same position seemed fully to warrant my friend's interference. But it occurred to me one evening to suggest to him that we should try the opposite side of the dress circle.

"If her gaze follows you," I said, "it will be pretty strong evidence in your favor."

"Oh, of course it will," he said confidently.

But it didn't! Ophelia's look was still to the left, except when she faced the audience—which was seldom, and then with drooping lids. He went away with me, despondent but not hopeless.

"Suppose we try the front row of the pit to-morrow night," I suggested.

We did so; still the gaze of the beloved one was to the left. But I made an important discovery, which I had to break to him after the performance.

"It isn't love, my dear boy," I said; "it's a squint! Miss H—, a cast in her right eye—that's why!"

Subsequent closer observation confirmed the statement, and he was cured.

TAKEN IN

When D. L. Moody went to Bethany, during his travels in the East, he was very soft-hearted over all the multitudes of beggars there, not only because the place is so unusual, but because he was moved by its beautiful traditions. He gave quantities of "bakshish," and then asked if any of the children had the names of Mary and Martha. Yes, indeed—they had, and that opened his pockets again.

The news of his generosity spread through the village and new claimants came, until his visit seemed likely to result in a fight for existence. The case was getting desperate, and he told the dragoman to call for silence while he made an address. Then he said:

"I have come six thousand miles to see this little village of Bethany. It was a place my Master loved to visit, and I have come to see it because He loved it. I am very glad to meet you all, but now I want to be alone. I have no more bakshish, and I bid you all good-by."

A fine-looking boy of sixteen replied to the address. He spoke fluently and with the grace of an orator. Mr. Moody was delighted with the beginning of his oration, but not with his conclusion:

"We are glad to see the gentleman and his friends who have come so far. But the gentleman must not think that his actions are equal to the importance of his visit. Six thousand miles is a long way to come, and the gentleman must have sacrificed much to make the visit. In consequence, it is natural for us to expect that he would be munificent in bakshish. This he has not been, and we now expect that he will give us a great deal more.

Mr. Moody was so disgusted that he abandoned the situation entirely, and hurried away with his friends.

"I did think," said he, "that boy had a soul above bakshish."

"And did you think, too, that some of the children were named Martha and Mary?" he was asked.

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Nothing; only they were all boys."

It Tonifies for Itself.—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil needs no testimonial of its power other than itself. Whoever tries it for coughs or colds, for cuts or contusions, for sprains or burns, for pains in the limbs or body, well know that the medicine proves itself and needs no guarantee. This shows why this Oil is in general use.

ASK YOURSELF QUESTIONS

A January Item by Richard S. Bond

The man who innocently believes everything he reads is as gullible as the sunfish that attempts to digest anything offered him from a piece of red flannel to a juicy worm without the slightest care for a possible hidden hook.

Knowledge may be acquired through reading more rapidly than in any other manner. There is no doubt of this. Still, the wise reader stops a moment when some unusual statement appears, to ask himself whether or not he is grasping for brain food or whether there may not be a hidden hook in the statement.

Recently we have been reading advertisements advocating the use of cigarettes in the place of sweets. Some of us pooh-hooted the idea and forgot it. Others may have actually followed the suggestion. Par be it from me to decide such a case for you who also read, but I give it as one of thousands of cases where a little self-questioning seems fitting.

Here are a few questions which I suggest for the man or woman really interested in the desirability or undesirability of such a substitution. Ask them to yourselves and to your friends honestly before you swallow the statement:

Did your first cigarette agree with you as well as your first nibble of candy? A piece of candy may weigh several times as much as a cigarette, but could you today smoke a cigarette for each piece of candy eaten by your candy-eating friend nearby? Do marathon runners snatch a cigarette or a bar of candy when the race is half over? Did Commander Byrd take a half ton of candy with him on his last trip because it was injurious? Would Gertrude Ederle have gotten across the English Channel more rapidly if she had smoked a cigarette or two en route rather than sustaining her strength by eating sugar lumps? Would you suggest a carton of cigarettes upon each stenographer's desk, rather than the present box of bonbons? If candy is fattening, why isn't it possible for a few million of our living skeletons to become more prepossessing—rather easily? If cigarettes are so desirable, why not start the baby in on them rather than waiting until he has gotten beyond our control?

Ask yourselves questions. You'll be surprised at the answers that your intelligent little brain will give. Anyone can be a sunfish, but they build statues to thinkers.

Mothers Value this Oil.—Mothers who know how suddenly croup may seize their children and how necessary prompt action is in applying relief, always keep at hand a supply of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, because experience has taught them that this is an excellent preparation for the treatment of this ailment. And they are wise for its various uses render it a valuable medicine.

CONTRAST

Two families lived in Hancock County, Tennessee, named Tolliver. Ward Tolliver was a steady, hard-working miller on Clinch River; he raised eight boys. Tolliver told his sons that "fighting was hard on old clothes," at its best; at its worst it meant murder, widows, orphans, and endless tragedy. Tolliver saw, and his boys saw with him, that most of the troubles in the Bloody Seventh, as the section of the country in which they lived was called, were due to whiskey; so the boys grew up as temperate men.

One of them, Jake Tolliver, is now a leading wholesale grocer in Hancock County, and an honored and respected citizen. Three of the boys own good farms and are comfortable, happy, and prosperous. One of them, Charles, went to the University of Chicago, took his Doctor of Philosophy degree, and is now head of the mathematics department in a southern university. The rest of the sons are living and doing well in other occupations.

"Bullback" Tolliver was Ward's half-brother, and he had five sons. "Bullback" Tolliver never went out without a big pistol belted round him or concealed in his pocket. He taught guns and killing to his boys from the time they were big enough to understand anything, until they were grown young men. Meanwhile "Bullback" had all sorts of trouble with his neighbors. He was twice shot at from ambush; he tried three times, although unsuccessfully, to kill men against whom he bore grudges.

In this atmosphere it was only natural that the boys of his second family should eagerly get into the whiskey business, which in many parts of the mountain section has always been, and in some cases remains until this day, the backbone of local enterprise. Slade and Steve Tolliver ran a moonshine still, eventually were caught by raiders sent to jail, heavily fined, and their still destroyed. Jeems killed a man and was sent to the penitentiary for life. Baylus Tolliver murdered a man, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. He appealed the case, getting out on bond, and while awaiting action of the state supreme court, engaged in a drunken brawl one night at the crossroads store, and was stabbed to death. The last of the brothers was found dead in the road one night after a terrific storm, with his skull crushed by a limb lying beside him. Though accounted an accident, there were many to whisper that it was anything but an accident.

These two families show a dramatic contrast. There was just one basic difference between Ward Tolliver and "Bullback" Tolliver. That was whiskey. One believed in temperance and so taught his boys, with the result that they became useful citizens. The other kept a jug of whiskey where anyone might drink who would—three were became criminals and two died violent deaths.

The moral in the story speaks for itself.—(H. H. Kroll.)

Asthma Doesn't Wear off Alone.—Do not make the mistake of waiting for asthma to wear away by itself. While you are waiting the disease is surely gathering a stronger foothold and you live in danger of stronger and yet stronger attacks. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy taken early, will prevent incipient condition from becoming chronic and save hours of awful suffering.

HOW TO MUFFLE A MULE

If we are to credit the declaration of experts in the matter, the resounding "heehaw" of the American mule can be prevented in a very simple way. It appears that a little bag of sand attached at night to the tail of a mule will prevent his braying.

The man who devised this means states that it dates back to the early days of Oregon, when mule-team drivers thought of a similar plan to keep their slumbers from being disturbed. In order to bray successfully, a mule finds it necessary to stretch his neck and elevate his tail to the horizontal. Denied that privilege by weight of a small rock or a sack of sand fastened to his tail, the beast, however eager he may be to impart his emotions to the moon, is denied the utterance.

IT USUALLY WORKS

"Do you know how to make a peach cordial?"

"Sure, send her some candy."

Bladder Weakness Troublesome Nights Swiftly Relieved

If you are troubled with a burning sensation, bladder weakness, frequent daily annoyance, getting-up-nights, dull pains in back, lower abdomen and down through groins—you should try the amazing value of Dr. Southworth's Uratabs and see what a wonderful difference they make! If this grand old formula of a well known physician brings you the swift and satisfying comfort it has brought to dozens of others, you surely will be thankful have very well pleased. If it does not satisfy, the druggist that supplied you is authorized to return your money on the first box purchased. This gives you a ten day test of Uratabs without risk of cost unless pleased with results. If you would know the joys of peaceful, restful sleep and a normal, healthy bladder, start the test to-day. Any good druggist can supply you.

UNRESERVED

AUCTION SALE

TOWNSHIP OF ERAMOSA

CHOICE JERSEY AND HOLSTEIN COWS, CLYDE HORSES, YORKSHIRE HOGS AND REGISTERED OXFORD DOWN SHEEP

The undersigned has received instructions from

HUGH BLACK

to sell by Public Auction, at his farm, Lot 7, on Town Line of Erin and Eramosa, 4 miles west of Acton, 2 miles off No. 7 Highway, 3 miles north-east of Rockwood, on

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1929

at one o'clock sharp, the following:

HORSES—Registered Clyde Mare, 8 years, No. 4746s, supposed to be in foal to Pyvis Peer; Bay Filly, 4 years, supposed to be in foal; Bay Horse, 3 years. This Team is well broken, weight about 2,000 lbs. Sorrel Gelding, 9 years, general purpose; Driving Mare, rising 5 years, sired by Quinot, a real driver.

17 COWS AND HEIFERS—2 Jersey Cows, milking well and bred again; 2 Jersey Cows, fresh, with heifer calves at foot; 4 Jersey Heifers, fresh, with calves at foot; Jersey Cow, due April 1; Holstein Cow, 6 years, due March 20; Holstein Heifer, due March 15; Holstein Cow, 7 years, due April 5; Holstein Heifer, fresh, with calf at foot; Holstein Heifer, bred December 10; Black Cow, 7 years, fresh, calf at foot; Black Polled Angus Cow, due February 20; Red Shorthorn Cow, due March 26; Red Cow, with fat calf at foot; White Cow, Hereford, calf at foot, bred November 1; Grey Cow, fat calf at foot, bred October 2; 2 Good Short-keep Steers; 3 Heifers, 3 Jersey Heifers, rising 1 year; 10 Calves.

HOGS—YORKS—6 Young Sows, bred November 1; 1 Sow, second litter, bred November 16; Sow, with pigs at foot; Sow, due March 7.

OXFORD DOWN SHEEP—33 Pure Bred Breeding Ewes, all supposed to be in lamb; 5 Ewe Lambs, all eligible for registration. Property of J. P. Benham & Son, and will positively be sold without reserve.

TERMS—$20.00 and under, cash; over that amount 10 months' credit will be given on furnishing approved joint notes, acceptable to the Bank of Montreal. 5% off for cash.

M. J. MYER, Auctioneer, Phone 36, Acton.

C. O PLANK, Clerk.

And your own sense of taste will convince you.

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

And All Our Goods Are Guaranteed!

On account of our merchandise being priced almost unbelievably low, it is quite natural for a customer occasionally to ask, "Is it the same as I have seen getting elsewhere at a much higher price?" Our reply: You take no chance in buying a single article at Carroll's. We guarantee the quality. It must satisfy you perfectly, or you return it and your money is refunded without question.

Scribblers FREE! With each Tin of Day & Martin's Shoe Polish, 13c tin, 2 tins 25c—a big 5c Scribbler Free!

Low Prices on Household Sundries

H.O. Ammonia, 2 pkgs. 13c
Washing Soda 2 pkgs. 13c
Gold Dust 2 pkgs. 13c
Pearline 2 pkgs. 13c
Carroll's Cleaner 2 pkgs. 15c
Rinso, 8-oz. 2 pkgs. 19c
Poliflor, tin 19c, 49c
Extra Good Brooms, Each 39c, 45c, 75c

FAIRY Toilet SOAP 4 Cakes 23c

Candies —Special—
Leader Chocolates Per pound 17c
Licorice Allsorts Per pound 19c
Gum Drops 2 pounds 29c
Turkish Delight Per pound 25c

Shaef Pastry Flour
Guaranteed to give superb results. 24-lb. bag 90c
Silver Star Pastry 24-lb. bag 85c
Old Homestead Flour Blended, 24 lbs. 80c
Self-Rising Flour, Jenny Wren, pkg. 19c, 35c

Cereals
Rolled Oats, Sweet quality 5 lbs. 23c
Cream of the wheat 2 lbs. 23c
Corn Meal, best grade golden 5 lbs. 25c
Shredded Wheat 2 pkgs. 23c
Malkis, pkg. 12c
Corn Flakes, Carroll's Own 3 pkgs. 25c

Syrups
Honey, Pure Clover No. 5 pail 81c
Corn Syrup, Beehive, 2-lb. tin 14c
Golden Syrup, Lyle's, 2-lb. tin 21c
Maple Syrup, Pure, per bottle 32c, 63c

Dessert Fruits
Peaches, Rose-dale, Sliced, No. 2 tin 21c
Apricots, Del Monte No. 1 tin 21c
Grapefruit, Kiss-Sweet, No. 1 tin 15c
Fruit Salad per tin 29c, 35c

Special—Aylmer No. 3 Sieve PEAS 2 tins 27c
Butter Carroll's Creamery lb. 45c — Eggs, Graded Firsts, doz. 36c

Special—Aylmer Bd. Choice PUMPKIN No. 2 Tin 9c
Brussels Sprouts, tin 17c — Tiny Carrots, Imported, tin 16c

Special—QUAKER OATS Quick or Regular Lge. Pkg. 23c
Iceberg Lettuce 3 heads 25c — Chicken Haddie 2 lb. 25c

Special—Aylmer Pure Strawberry JAM 40-oz. Jar 37c
Seedless Grapefruit 4 for 25c — Bread, Carroll's Wrapped, 9c

Special—Korff's Finest Dutch COCOA ½-lb. Tin 19c

SMYRNA FIGS Fancy, 2-lbs. 19c — CHOICE DATES Bulk, 3 lbs. 29c — MINCEMEAT Old English, lb. 15c

"Coast Scenes from Lands Sunlight Cross"

Carroll's

Did You Ever Stop To Think

By EDSON R. WAITE, Shawnee Oklahoma

That the town that fails to encourage the business concerns it now has will fall way behind in the March of Progress.

That when business concerns fail to use every effort to increase their business in the home town and its trade territory, they are holding back its progress.

That merchants should show the people of their community, by NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING that they can supply their every want.

That people appreciate the true merit of the home town as a trading centre when the local concerns take interest enough to tell them what they have througgh the recognized shoppers' guide--THE NEWSPAPERS.

That newspaper ads draw shoppers from other localities. Shoppers do not come to a town to buy just one article, they usually buy many articles.

That out-of-town shoppers, as well as the local shopper, should receive prompt and strict attention.

Advertising, Service, Quality and Price are the Big Attractions that Bring Them to Trade