The Action Free Press [6].

THURUDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1929

WE THANK THEE, LORD We thank Thee, Lard. Por all Thy Golden Blences.
Bliences of moorlands rolling to the skies.

Heath-purpled, bracken-clad, affirme with Bilenco of deep woods' mystic cloistered calm: fillence of wide seas banking in the sun fillence of thite peaks soaring to the

Yet ever chanting their Creator's skill; Deep unto deep, within us sound sweet and never tried to explain it.

Of praise beyond the reach of human In our soul's stience, feeling only Thee-We thank Thee, thank Thre-Thank Thee, Lord!

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Frem by JUDY O'GRADY

Come along to the barnyard with and I will show you what we have got. leave the depot. Come quietly, or you may disturb the It was his interest in this Sunday "Old Lady." There, do you see them, school, together with the constant aplittle baby pigs. Are not they the dear- times sent messages over the wire when flagged freight." est wee things and the hair on their business was slack, that gave him his tiny backs is like the finest spun silk nickname. how active they are and only forty- from choice. When he had moved there man at Mud Plat, got a message from helped more; but I kept a shut mouth. Glover and Sam Nowell and I are comsight hours old. Here comes the "Old with his young wife and baby girl five the superintendent, rather an unusual I wish now I hadn't! Lady"-she has just finished her feed years before, they supposed it would one from such an officer. It read: and now if you watch her you will find not be for more than a year at the "Praying Dick-Shake, and accept a real study in motherhood. Such a worst. huge creature the is, also must weigh huge creature she is, she must weigh Just why he had not been promoted to check you out. You are to take five hundred pounds if she weight an was rather a puzzle. Some of the train- charge to-morrow as agent at Wellingand how gently she noses her bables. Now she is ready to lie down but she be a 'sport' to stand in with the doesn't do so at once. Pirst she calls "brass collars." they declared. Others around her feet, then she slowly lets it was because Dick did his work well herself down and finally turns on her aids with the babies safely in front of every other agent did who was sent to her, clambering and fighting in their Mud Plat, instinctive need for sustaining nourishment while their mother, happily con- But there was something more than tent, grunts her satisfaction. She comes cither of these reasons, something of very near to being a record breaker as which Dick-Cameron was quite well this is her third litter and she produced aware; and that was his lack of any a family of nineteen but fortunately marked ability. He was a fair, pains-Nature stepped in and deprived her of taking operator, a faithful, accurate eight, which died, either through weak-ness or misadventure. However, we shall qualifications that would push him fornot call the "Old Lady" to account if ward and mark him for promotion. she raises eleven, although the does seem He had never expected to be a great to go down one in number each time, as railroad man; but he had hoped and last year she raised twelve and the time longed for a good station in a good before thirteen, so on the whole she town, where they had good church and in another interview, telling of his I put over to his place after my culti- though," he added easually. "Pigs is Pigs" and sometimes pigs is raiary. He longed for a change more making to Ireland, whereupon The Sun money and sometimes they isn't—but than ever now that the little girl was observes: "But Ireland, unless we are still we have to take the good with the old enough to enter school.

next corner-we might strike oil, a gold welcome. mine or it's equivalent, one never can The despatchers sat at their keys in home with women who wanted better tell- and then instead of a scraping of the railroad building at Mayfield, head- home condition." He continues: butter we could apread it on thick and quarters for the Missouri division. It Por myself, if booze ever comes back have jam on our bread as well! Nothing was a pleasant May night, and a vagrant to the United States, I am through with back and he chimed in. 'Yes,' says he, in here this afternoon?" he asked. have jam on our bread as well! Nothing was a pleasant atay night, and a vagrant law in manufacturing. I would not be bother- and being I had about the best and "No, I haven't," answered Giles, There we accustom ourselves to her frowns she window and stirred the sheets on the ed with the problem of handling over most forrard piece in town, we wanted was an appreciable pause before he clearsuddenly turns round and smiles upon despatchers' tables. One of the desus, but if we become particularly san- patchers relaxed for a moment, and to pay them wages which the saloons guine of being permanently established yawned. Everything was running would take away from them. I wouldn't in her good graces, she treats us to such smoothly. The Limited was on time, and be interested in putting automobiles into for a contrast, you knew!" a rebuff we find it hard to recover. - there was no congestion anywhere along the hands of a generation soggy with

ne that as it may, it is good to be the line. them? Of course, straitened circumstances are, at times, inconvenient. For instance, we have always those "Jonesce" o'clock,—and turned to speak to Griffith, to consider. Really, I wouldn't like to be responsible for all the things the and stood leaning on the railing behind be responsible for all the things the him.

Inve-day week which socked that train out of Marian, looked introduced.

"Gasoline and booke don't mix; that's gouldn't like to the night chief, who had just come up all. Booke doesn't go with industry. No one is as good with a brain half fogged. I would not be able to build a liming the heard what he said to me this afternoon.

The would run two hundred thou
The would run two hundred thou
The course of the strain out of Marian, looked that train out of Marian, looked introduced.

"Gasoline and booke don't mix; that's gould risk that the owner had to go after himself, and that the owner had to go after himself, and that the owner's p'taters heard what he said to me this afternoon.

The would run two hundred thou-"Joheses" have done or caused to be him.

done. Just think of the subterfuge, the petty jealousies that are perpetrated caught the key. Quickly and sharply it wouldn't have accurate workmen, and that the owner's plant what he asked a question of the night man at the subterfuge of the subterfuge, the saked a question of the night man at the subterfuge of the subterfuge, the saked a question of the night man at the subterfuge of the subterfuge, the saked a question of the night man at the subterfuge of the subter sponsible for two-thirds of the skeletons. Wellington and grew deathly pale as the locked up in our cupboards! And after answer came back haltingly. With nerlocked up in our cupboards! And after answer came back haltingly. With nereven with machinery, because more report, and I won't say a word. But,' I that I don't see how I could have had all, who are the Joneses? Are they in your haste he ordered Wellington off people are making the machinery to says, 'If you try to set up that rig and a much harder test than those names take a picture of my p'taters in the state that you happened to mention just now. curselves? Strange how often we realize The question fairly cracked along the the futility of doing this thing and wires. that and yet how seldom we have the courage of our own convictions but if we can break away from a too rigid er turned a ghantly face to the night observance of formalities it is possible chief, "there's going to be a wreck. to get a lot more fun out of life; also a That fool at Wellington forgot orders. little spontaneous kindness is often more Limited and fast freight headed straight welcomes and effectual than that which for each other. Get the train master waits on correct eliquette. We should quick. Get out the wrecking crew, and hear little about the Good Samaritan take every doctor in town." had he waited for an introduction to

the man by the roadside. Perhaps these thoughts have come sac as the result of a recent perusal of some Prairie farm papers. The Prairie. one year we were there, a bachelor homesteaded next to us and we discovered he was living on nothing else but bread and potatoes. The tradespeople would not give him credit, so all the summer he had procertes charged to our account as we were known and he was not. We made the discovery by direct perately to find some way to stop one enquiry as to his supplies, after happening in one day and seeing such meagre fare upon his table. In ordinary times we would have hesitated before inquiring into the state of a neighbor's finances and he would have had too much pride

to volunteer the information. This is going to be a hard winter for Western farmers and a nerve-wrecking. anxious time for Prairie mothers. Probably we in the East have our quota of chard times ahead of us but we have advantages which Westerners lack, and I would auggest, to any readers who have friends in the Prairie, that a paid-up wise. subscription to one or two good Canadian magazines would be as welcome as anything one could send and be of infinite benefit to the heart-sick recipient. Some Mud Plat, on that crooked stretch of importance. The tang of the Autumn may need material assistance but all of road. Nothing on earth can save them."

No one spoke, but each man watched of-doors. One deep breath of it before mental balance and good clean literature the second-hand of his watch as it a fragrant camp breakfast and you feel There is also another thirty, which is like a letter from home, and that is, wrecking-train blew again and again, local paper from the "old home town."

THE BEST FIGHTERS

The best fighters, and the only warriors in the highest sense of the word, silence no longer. He caught the key, will take you to the heart of the Pall have always been those who have cham- and began to curse the operator at featival in a short time. Any agent will ploned a righteous cause. And the hero Wellington. "You crap-shooting han; give you full particulars. of the future will be the man who chain- you have murdered a hundred people-" plone the worthy cause with the worthy and on and on in swift, lurid cathe he weapon-not the weapons of barbarism, abused the guilty man. which we have to use because the bar- Then some one down the line broke

The Free Press' Short Story

Praying Dick and His Bible Message

"The Lord is merciful and gracious,"

"As a father pitieth his children-

Several of the men turned away

"That is Praying Dick."

ically, 'CO, CO, CO."

'Freight now on skiling."

the despatcher.

time of night?"

"Don't know."

"What waked you?"

gave, or ever would give.

Laney, Superintendent."

FORD AND BOOZE WON'T MIX

wet papers go for Henry Pord then he

But, first come the knockers. Por

of speak-easies to-day as New York."

regime of Prohibition which "began at

sue, the winning issue of economic":

phia Evening Public Ledger, which thinks

AUTUMN TANG AWAITS YOU

once more?

Why not get back in tund with Nature

Just now lowland and stream, highland

journey where she takes her magic brush

What better than to forsake the city

for a hunting trip to the spots where

Get away into the northern woods in

and paints the world in new hues.

Bilence of gloamlings and the setting sun;
Bilence of moonlit nights and patterned glades;
Ulence of start manual. wickedest, always insisted it was the message came slowly and evenly. a providence. As for Praying Dick, he "slow to anger and plenteous in mercy: would only say, "That's the way it was," he hath not dealt with us after our

> Dick Cameron, known to the other railroad men on the Missouri division of the A. T.-& B. P. Railroad as Praying Dick, was a day operator at Mud Plat. In fact. Til was the only operator at -John Oxenham. Mud Plat, said also agent. He went on duty at six o'clock in the morning, and worked until half past seven in the evening, selling tickets, handling freight, bourge, and express, and doing all the

> > Mud Plat was a very sorry sort of place: a little rain-splashed, sunburned wooden town of fewer than two hundred people. It was situated near the bank of a torpid, dirty little river, and most of its inhabitants belonged to that class contemptuously referred to as "river rats." There was not a church in town. and only one Bunday school, which met Sunday afternoon, as that was the only time Cameron, the superintendent, could

cause he was too plous; a fellow had to to them that love God." the little pige until she has them all said and no doubt more correctly—that

had the same as with everything else. At the height of his ambition he had Buffalo Courier-Express thus consolidates Just see our field of wheat, for in- sometimes dreamed of being an agent the chief substance of many editorial stance. What Partner paid out for seed, at Wellington, the next station above, knocks: gas and a man and tractor for ploughing lifteen miles up the road. Wellington "It will be time enough to consider amounts to about a hundred dollars, not was a fine town of five thousand in- Mr. Ford's interview when liquor goes, got the hoss hooked in when I heard "George Glover is about as strong a counting the time and work Partner habitants, good schools and churches, and to creates the possibility of its himself put in to it and now look at it- nice, clean streets, and buildings that return, and when Pord cars get out of did you ever see such a sorry looking were attractive, just the sort of town Europe because they refuse to run for spectacle? No worse and no better, in which they would best enjoy them- anyone who is not a Prohibitionist." perhaps, than any other field in this selves, and in which to raise and educate The criticized interview appears in The district, but that doesn't seem much the little girl. The salary, too, was Pictorial Review for September, under consolation, when one can see the butter good, a hundred and twenty dollars a the title "Let Prohibition Begin at on one's bread being scraped on thinner month, more than twice what he received Home," and Mr. Pord appeals at length and thinner. But still, thank goodness, at Mud Plat. But of late he had not to the "remaining one per cent." min-We can never be quite sure what we are hoped for any promotion; even a change ority of women to stand by their sister going to find when we get around the at the same salary would have been Americans and complete the beneficent

alive and why should we worry about His companion, the despatcher hand- count on only two or three effective days' up a fence stake and took my stand "There, your boots are done, Oiles," the vagaries of Portune providing we ling the east end, and on whose line work a week in the factory—and that right in front of the stranger. 'I ain't said Andrew. "It will be a dollar have health and strength to combat was now the fast California Limited, would destroy the short day and the goin to try to hender you writin that must get to work on Uncle Moses' job." them? Of course, strattened circum- checked that train out of Marian, looked introduced was now the rast Candornia Limited, five-day week which sober industry has report, says I, but when you write it Olles's face brightened. "Now, there's

sponsible for two-thirds of the skeletons. Wellington and grew deathly pale as the

"Yes," came an answer. "Goodness! Griffith."-- the despatch-

The terrible news ran through

ratiroad building like a shudder; and the first thought in every man's mind was of the suffering and death in store for the passengers sleeping securely, and Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. Prom where hi times of stress the barrier of of their fellow trainsmen hurrying on Mr. Pord's experience as manufacturer formality is down entirely. I remember those two monsters to their own death. Every man about the building who and employer in pre-Prohibition days and now, the Utica Press is convinced could leave his post ran up to the despatchers' rooms. Among them was the superintendent, who had just come in he will be accepted as a better authority than his editorial critics. Imagination is necessary to understand on a train, and stopped at his office to Mr. Pord's view, suggests the Philadel-

leave some orders. The despatcher was still trying deshe "isn't far from the simple truth when he implies that we must choose between of the trains. The superintendent and our modern muchines and strong liquor." the others, most of whom were old operators themselves, stood by with drawn faces, silently reading off the wire the messages that went and came.

"For heaven's sake, man," the despatcher was saying to the operator at Marion, "can't you reach Mud Plat" someway? Can't you do something?" "Nothing," came the reply. "Station there closes seven-thirty; no night tele- Mother Earth is presenting one of her prettiest shows for those who care to The despatcher leaned back, and breathed heavily. He took out his watch, and most of the men did like-

"They will meet-" he stopped as if choking for an instant—"in six or seven with the seasons? The thrill of the minutes. It will be about a mile beyond chase may be primary or accordary in crept around and around. Outside down like a new man. calling the crew to duty; the train- joy the work of a Master Artist. The Remember, neighbors, this is not just ing doctors; along the platform and in you never saw on any canvas painted. You will rediscover the appetite you master was busy at the telephone call- reds and browns and russets and yellows

thought was gone. You will find a new llut inside the men stood silent, paralyzed by the horror of it, watching the look up your out-door clothes. The Canseconds tick away. hadian National Rallways will do the One minute, two, three, four-The despatcher could stand the make stops at the hunting lodges. They

Prevish, pale, restless and sickly chilthe in. The despatcher ceased his blas- dren owe their condition to worms. weapon of science, legislation and re- pheny, and stared at the key as if he Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will land a ghost. And every man of the relieve them and reside health

CALEB SAGS ON THE HALTER

"I always callate to be accom-dathi," remarked Caleb Pennice, "and I reckon walked," remarked Cities Bigelow as he ings of all kinds and descriptions a I'm as patient as the average. A married man, you know, Lysander-but then that shop, ain't neither here or there." intended to be a smile. "What're you but he did stare in astonishment when are newspaper reporters. Every one has bein' so cautious bout Kellup?" he ask- old Moses Rice, whose meckness was experienced the exasperation of attended. "Your wife ain't anywhere round, is proverbial, rebuked the speaker.

ful most times, there's a p'int where I they be." callute to sag back on the halter consid'able stubborn, and that's when a well as you do!" muttered Gilea. man imposes on me as a neighbor and

: I never bringin' back, same's I have; the critter has plaqued me about crazy, He grabbed the key, and called fran-"CO," desperately repeated the daspart of it if he wa'n't so satisfied with patcher, and then Cameron answered his simself, 'alf he was a little more fore- mouth."

with our own farmin' tools, tool "All O. K.," came the slow, even reply. "When I got ready to furrow out my door had closed behind Uncle Moses, to read the reports of those who canland for p'taters' this spring I had to Then he began with some heat: wait all one day and part of the next "How long you been there?" he asked after it, but that put me back a day and perfectly willing to have him hear." a half; and then fore I could get the

all on 'count of his borrering! the face to tell me that I'd let the seed Look here, Andrew, you heard Glies say That was all the explanation he ever get too dry 'fore I planted it! I come that he never says anything about a plaguy nigh tellin 'him, if I'd had a lock man that he wouldn't be willing to have Cameron was not agent at Mud Plat | The next day Dick Cameron, the day on my tool-house door, it would have him hear. Now Josh Flood and George

d'know where I'd have let him have my growd into this little cubby-hole that cribed a saint as "a person who lets the cultivator when he come after it or not, you've got curtained off here, and be light come through." but it chanced I was to Bangor with a there when Olles comes for his boots. It was a child's definition, to be sure load of earden-truck that day; so he told You give him a chance to air his honest but could we older folk improve upon H ounce, and yet see how careful she is men said, with an oath, that it was be- ton. 'All things work together for good my wife he was going to borrer it,-he opinion of us four. Just mention our never asked her whether he could or names, incidentally, and he'll do the not,-and hauled it over to his place rest. Then when he has finished we'l and cultivated and hilled up his p'taters. step forth and have our innings." I saw 'em when I come home that "Won't it be taking an unfair ad afternoon, and they was a han'some vantage of Giles?" asked the shoemaker sight, bad as I hate to say a good word a little doubtfully.

for his farming. it looked like a dry spell, so I didn't about hear him?" go right over and bring the cultivator "All right." said Andrew. "Only you nays: "If booze ever comes back to the United States, I am through with manuhome and use it same's I ought to've mustn't get mad at what Oiles says. done; I sort of hung back to see if he Listeners seldom hear good of themfacturing," and "gasoline and booze won't wouldn't have the decency to bring it selves, you know." mix; that's all." Let no reader assume home himself. And while I was waitin' Webster Haines had no difficulty in that Mr. Pord fails to rally defenders. example, "Apple-sauce, Henry!" exclaims the Montgomery Advertiser: Mr. Pord in that piece growed a foot, and there evening. "talks nonsense, Detroit is almost as full

p'tater for the weeds! according to the Brooklyn Times. The Baltimore Evening Sun finds Mr. Pord. off 'nough to let me work the ground Josh Plood was here a few minutes ago mistaken, has never gone dry." The I hove round the corner of the barn- wouldn't harm a mosquiter." stranger; so I never said a word, but none being forthcoming, he said, "George just loaded on the cultivator and drove Glover is generally round where Josh luggin' a black box on three legs. I should take a notion to." held back the hoss and waited.

> puffin' and blowin' so hard he couldn't said, at length. speak a word, but the other man took farm and was taking pictures of the and with that he stopped. "By that time Webb had got his breath anything of Web Haines since he was

drink. With booze in control, we can I blazed up all in a minute. I grabbed to have him." "Mr. Pord has shot the bull's-eye,"

declares the Council Bluffs Nonparell. The deacon looked up inquiringly. for, "granting the force of the moral is-"He could quit. But what of the workers and the eight-hour day and

Mr. Pord's outlook toward the five-day week for workers? Who is most of all interested in the suppression of the liquor and many medicines have alcohol as a traffic, legal or illegal, Mr. Pord or those prominent ingredient. A judicious mingwho gain a good living and leisure un- ling of six essential oils compose Dr. known before Prohibition "came in'?" Thomas Eclectric Oil, and there is no after all," said the shocmaker dryly. "With a few more witnesses of this alcohol in it, so that its effects are sort, even the militant wets will begin lasting. to think that perhaps Prohibition is here because the people want it," remarks the

Fashions for the Smart Woman

BANDS AND BOWS

Chanel is noted for her ability to give a distinctive appearance to the frock merely by the deft way in which she applies narrow bands and little bows. The effectiveness of such treatment is illustrated in the model shown here. A further charming , feature is the deep cape collar, which crosses over at the front and is allied with the bow on the upper band, making the design one which is cleverly related. The skirt is flared. The frock is developed in printed flat crepe, in a scattered floral motif, and trimmed with plain crèpe in eggshell

CURING A BACKBITER

Deacon Hyne made a grimace that he curious enough to look up from his work; is just as much concerned with this as

"Olles," the old gentlemen began, "I speakers could not be heard except by "I didn't know for sartain," replied don't suppose you've got a thing against those close to them, and sometimes even Caleb. "But to get back to what I Deacon Turbox. It's just your way of not by them. We have known of cases was sayin', while I'm as patient as need- flinging out about folks, no matter who where voting has taken place when the "I mess I know Deacon Tarbox as ing on

"You know somethin' about what a means. You are like a mischlevous boy those present to hear them. We once critter Jake Webb is to brag, Hyne, but, hiding behind a fence with a dirty snow- heard it said that it is a good plan for not livin' side up to him, you ain't been hall in his hand: first man that goes a speaker to feel that the people farthest peatered with his everlasting borrering by is bound to have it thrown after him, away from him can bear what he anya; and it's a wonder I get half a crop off'n a voice tremulous with carnesiness. "If him then That does not mean that he my farm; I wouldn't if I didn't work you must talk about folks, why can't you should shout or strain his voice, but ht, der'n a man of my age ought to! try to think of something to say in their speak slowly and distinctly. One approp-"But I could have stood the horrering favor? It would be just as easy; and it ing thing eften done is for a person who layin' and look-ahead than us older

net. From all we heat othere faults are "I'm not a backbiter. A backbiter says not those of men only. for my plow jest for the reason that things behind your back that he wouldn't Webb had been over and got it 'thout dare to say to 'your face. I speak my the key. The night chief stepped in, and leave nor license and hadn't fetched it mind as I see fit, but I never say a back. I took a stone drag and went word about a man that I wouldn't be Offes took his departure, much ofseed into the ground there come on a fended, and Webster Haines was left file "How did you happen to be up at this rain and not me back near a week more, an the only remaining visitor at the shop. "Well," said Webster, as he slid into "I guess I wouldn't have thought of a still easier position in his chair, "Uncle it much longer'n a day or so only one Moses spoke quite a piece, for him. "Don't know. Just waked up, and day down at the post office he took but it didn't make a particle of impresover in that corner? Yes, that wriggling pearance near his telegraph-keys of a came over to the depot, Heard depatche casion to brag about how forrard his sion. I'd like to see some one give bunch of silky pinkness is really eleven well worn Bible, from which he some- er talking to Marion. Got out and platers was lookin', and then he had Giles a lesson that he would remember.

ing here to-night to play checkers.

"My piece was a week behind his, but ing to have anyone that he was talking

that storm blew up and rained four interesting his friends, and the four were days; you know how it was a week or hidden behind the dingy curtain in the ten days ago: the pigweed and nettles shop when Giles Bigelow came in that was some rows where you couldn't see a "Almost finished, Giles," said the shoe-

vator, and I'm goin' to own up to you, "Josh Flood," said Giles, as he sank Hyne, I was fairly bilin'. I cal'lated to into a chair, "Is a clever, well-meaning give him a piece of my mind, but when chap, when all is said and done. He yard I found him there talkin' with a Andrew waited for further comment;

somebody shoutin', and when I looked man in his arms as I know of," said up Webb was comin' on the run, and Gilea. "I don't see why he couldn't the strange man was close behind him, do considerable of a days' work if he

Again Andrew walted. "I was sort of "When they got up to me Webb was expecting Sam Nowell in to-night," he "Sam Nodwell is as good a judge of it onto himself to tell me what they a hoss as there is in town, according wanted. Seems he was from the state to my way of thinking," remarked Oiles. best lookin' fields of crops with the By this time the shoemaker was havidea of writin' a report of 'em to come ing some difficulty in controlling his cut in the yearly report, so he told me. countenance, but he persevered. "Seen

wanted to get a picture of a weedy. Haines's wife is as smart as they make neglected crop to go alongside of it- em. How he ever brought it about, I don't know, but it speaks well for Web "Hyne, I shamed to tell you how mad that he had gimp enough to get her

they're in, I'll smash that box with this Except, of course, Moses Rice; he's the salt of the earth. I snum, when you spoke of Weeb Haines, I thought for a "He didn't try it," Mr. Peaslee con- minute I was stumped! But I did it, and it all goes to show what a man can accomplish when he sets out. A dollar, did you say? I was in hopes you'd make it ninety cents."

When Giles had gone, the listeners emerged from their cramped quarters. "Giles didn't need your treatment. "Uncle Moses did all that was neces-"Well, I don't know," replied Webster Haines, with a wry smile "It kinder

LIE ON YOUR FACE TO PREVENT DEAFNESS

than half cured."

Many cases of deafness might be prevented if everybody were trained in infancy to sleep on their stomachs instead of their backs or their sides, says Dr. Ocorre B. McAuliffe, of Cornell University Medical College. We read in Dr. E. E Pree's Week's ficience (New York) "Deafness often results, Dr McAuliffe explainse from germ infections of the middle part of the car, where are the three small bones which carry sounds to the nervous hearing organ of the inner car. Germs seldom get into the middle ar from the outside, for the eaf-drum stops them. Their favorite route is from the throat and Eusthchian tube, the tube through which air can enter or leave the middle car when one awallows, to make the pressure the same on both sides of the car-drum When a person stands up. Dr McAuliffe explains, the end of this tube in the car is about an inch higher than the end in the throat. Any dust, or liquid containing germs tends to move from the car toward the throat instead of in the reverse direction. The same is true of a person lying on his face. But to turn over on one's back reverses this safe position, so that the throat end of the communicating tube is higher than the ear end. Dangerous germs from a cold in the throat or nose are then apt to drain into the ear and start disease; especially in bubies, whose throats are smaller, so that the tubes between throat and car ate shorter."

Persian Balm preserves and enhances women's natural heritage of beauty. For sheer feminine leveliness it is unrivalled. Tones and rejuvenates the skin; and makes it exquisite in texture. Delightful to use, Smooth and velvety, It imparts a youthful charm to every complexion. Indispensable to all dainty women. Especially recommended make hands noft and white. Delicately Interest the Mill Street make hands soft and white. Delicately lovellest complexions.

INDISTINCT SPEAKING

glanced out of the window of the little which people will speak, and the time, therefore, has arrived to say something Andrew Pike, the shoemaker, was not about indistinct speaking. The public his meetings at which most of the voters did not know what they were vot-

If people accept positions which call "Well, then you know as likely a man upon them to speak, they should first then comes round to twit me of it fore as we've got among us; upright in of all ask themselves if they can speak his dealings and liberal according to his distinctly enough to be heard by all "You are getting to be a regular back- that it, let him address the last row; biter. Offes," Uncle Moses went on, in the rest of the audience is sure to hear would leave a better taste in your has to read a report to do so in t weak voice with his head down, and no Oiles Bigelow had been so complete- one hear. him. It is a good plan for folks that's farmed all our lives, and ly taken by surficise that he was not so letter to have a secretary or some ready with his defense until after the other official who can aptak distinctly

> BRAIN WORK The mil foreman came upon two

darkies walking slowly up the road, single "Say, yo, why aln't you worthless niggers working?" "We'se working, bos, sho' nuff. We's, carrying this plank up to the mill." "What plank? I don't see any plank. "Well, fb' de lawd's sake, Abel Ef we ain't gone an' forgot de plank!"-Mazonic Craftsman.

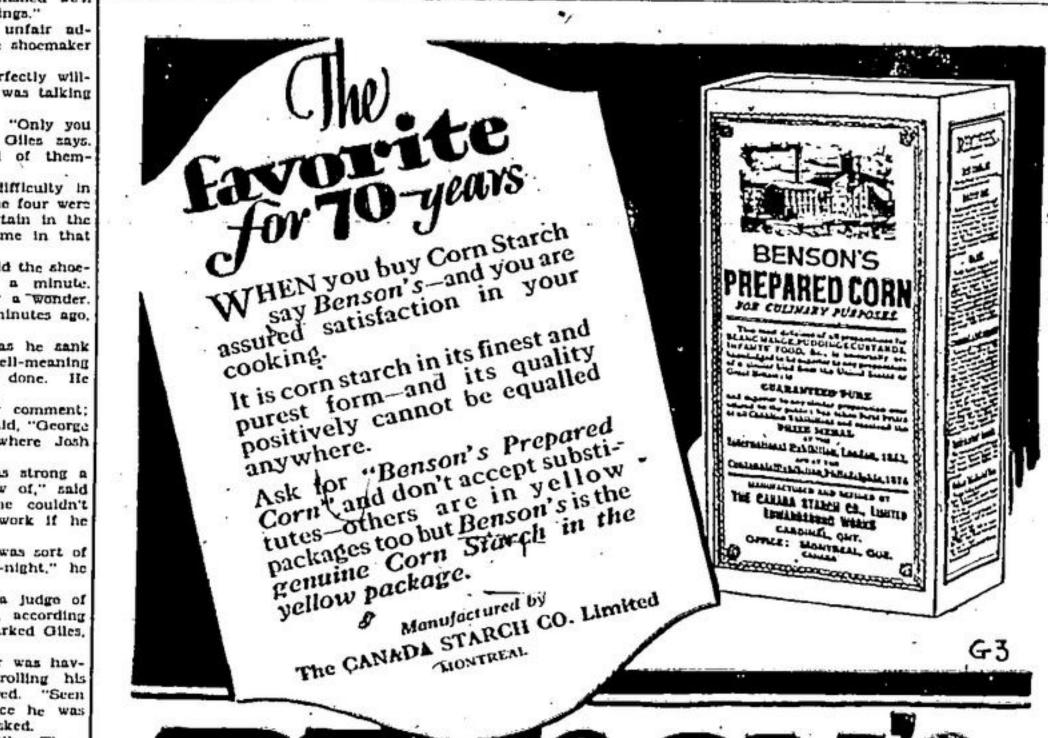
derful cathedral windows of old England "Peclin' as I did to'rds the critter, I "I'll get them to come early, and we'll with their saints in glorious color, des-

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