The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1930

HIS FIND

Tell me what you think I found
Lying right on the weedy ground?
Hot! It was new and red and round.
A cent! Just peeping from the dew.
Wasn't it jolly, I ask of you?
I began thinking what I'd do.
I'd buy some marbles, or else a top,
A rubber ball or some corn to pop,
Or a jumping monkey to hop, hop, hop,
Or else a trumpet to make a noise,
Or, nuts and divide them with the boys.
Oh—well, you know, there's a lot of toys.
But oh! as I stooped,—I only meant
To spin it, down in a hole it went.
That was the last of my red cent.
—By Sydney Dayre.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

Neighbors, I hope none of Premier Ferguson's remarks last week were lost on you. I mean his remarks in regard to women and hydro power. In case there were any who missed reading of this discussion let me tell you it was the occasion of the Hydro Bonus bill being brought up for Legislature and Premier Ferguson, in the course of his argument said, "The women are doing more than rocking the cradle nowadays, they pretty well run the whole show!" And I am still wondering whether he meant it as a compliment or pure and simple, sarcasm. Which ever way one looks at it, it was a decidedly ambiguous remark and leaves much to the imagination of the reader. "They pretty well run the whole show." Neighbors, I really don't think that's quite nice, do you? Just because one woman gets in the Senate and another becomes Chartered Accountant...which a few more of us air our views without reserve, is that any reason why we should be accused of running the whole show? No, no, we must really do something to correct this impression and strenuously contradict any idea like that which our men folk may happen to develop. You know and I know, that if, after all these years of good training when we have let them fondly imagine we were absolutely under their thumb, it would never do for them to really find out who is running the show—why we should never be able to do it peacefully any more! (Now for pity's sake don't let your husband, your brothers or your father read this, cut it out and burn it in case it should catch their eye.)

Of course, there were other remarks in the Premier's speech with which I had no quarrel. For instance, electric irons, electric washing machines and electric toasters were some of the things, he said, that made life endurable and attractive to the farm wife. True Mr. Ferguson, but you forgot the marcel waving from which not only help to brighten up farm life but they also help to make the farmer's wife more attractive and endurable.

This discussion about hydro power has certainly started me off thinking about washing machines. Right here at Ginger Farm there is no power of any kind, except elbow grease. Everything I wash is done on the board and up to the present I haven't worried very much about it. Not that I am so antiquated as to believe in old-fashioned ways but when an electric washer, or in fact any kind of washing machine is away out of sight it seems foolish to sit down and waste time wishing I had one. And so week after week I scrub away on the board and I go to hang washing out about the time other people are bringing their's in. Nevertheless it gets done and perhaps it is not so irksome as it might be because I really like washing with the exception of sheets and table linen. I think when the clothes come off the line and are hung up to air the lovely clean fresh smell of them compensates for all the hard work. By Tuesday night this week I had everything washed, ironed and mended so I don't think I did so bad with the means at my disposal. I did not always think of this task so lightly. Time was when it was little short of a nightmare. Before I married I don't believe I so much as washed a handkerchief. At home the laundry was always sent out and at school where I was matron we had a woman in to do it. And so in this state of blissful ignorance I came to Canada—a prairie farmer's wife! I started in to do my own washing and by some lucky chance I did seem to have enough sense not to boil woollens—apart from that I think I did everything else that I shouldn't. I was forever dropping things and putting wet colored clothes against wet white ones and in my endeavor to restore my tablecloths to their pristine whiteness I became over generous in my use of bluing with the result that my white (?) things looked rather like the water in the creek when the mud has been stirred up. I well remember one washday out in the West when Molly was just a wee toddler. I left her in the kitchen while I went to hang some clothes out. At that time I did possess an ancient washing machine which I had inherited from my predecessor when we took over the farm. On returning to the house I gave the machine a few vigorous turns to rinse the white things that were in it and when I unclamped the lid everything was green—just as green as grass! The reason was not far to seek. Young mischief had picked up her bright green rompers which had never been washed and popped them into the machine to "get clean"—thinking of course she was helping mummy. I don't think I need say any more—your imagination will do the rest.

Dear oh dear, here am I nearly too the end of my allotted space and I have used it all to write about washing, but still you know it is rather an absorbing topic isn't it? I hope everybody is getting lots of eggs—of course the price has gone down but if we happen to get twice as many eggs as we did when the price was high it amounts to the same thing and what fun it is to count the eggs day by day and find the number steadily rising. I make plenty of trips to the hen-house these days just for the pleasure of seeing how many eggs I can find. So far thirty has been my maximum number and I hope soon it will be forty. Our hens are the tamest things you ever knew, whenever I go to feed them they fly on my head and shoulders and in the feed pail and if I put them down they just fly up again. They look so bright and cheerful and stand around in the sunshine and sing as if they wanted everyone to know how happy they were. We wouldn't go very far wrong if we emulated their example do you think?

WHY HE COULD NOT TALK

A commuter hired a Swedish carpenter to repair some blinds on the outside of his house. During the day the commuter's wife looked after things, and once or twice came out to see if the man was getting along all right.

"Is there anything you need, Mr. Swenson?" she asked, on her second trip.

The carpenter gulped once or twice, but made no reply. The lady repeated the question.

Again a gulp and no answer.

"Why don't you answer me, sir?" said the lady, indignantly.

The Swede turned and looked down at her gravely.

"My mouth is full of sgrews," he said. "I cannot spesg undil I wsaller sompl!"

The Free Press Short Story

THE IMAGINARY WARDROBE

BY EUGENIA DODD

A HEAVY rain was falling against the plate glass show windows of the firm of Barnard and Pratt and running down in surly rivers as if angry at not being able to drench the draperies of the immobile wax ladies inside. It was the dreariest sort of damp, raw day.

Since customers were few at Barnard and Pratt's, Miss Breen of the silk and dress goods section had joined Miss Clancy at the ribbon counter to confide to her in emphatic whispers that Mr. Barnard was "life on a big stick!"

"And I just came back at him," Miss Breen related, wagging her heavily-curled coiffure till the comb with the brilliants in it danced. "Mr. Barnard," I said, "five years and more I've been selling silks, and before that the ready-mades, and it's the first time anybody ever spoke to me about poor sales. It looks like instead of jumpin' on the old standbys you might keep an eye out to what some of these new additions are doin'!"

Miss Clancy winked understandingly and glanced over at a slender girl behind the bolts of crepe de chine.

Miss Breen nodded and continued: "Yesterday when she was figurin' how turquoise satin would look made up with mauve duvateen—duvateen, mind you—I just broke down and said, 'Say, girlie, can the Madame Lucile stuff and try sellin' yard goods a while!'"

Martha Allen, who was winding heavy folds of shimmering cloth on a bolt, was unaware that her fellow salesladies were talking about her. But since they had talked about her on other occasions that she did know about, one more thrust couldn't have made her heart any heavier.

"It must be the weather," she thought, eyeing the dripping panes. "It's that, what a life! Selling things behind a counter day after day till eternity! I'm just a person in a black dress like every other girl on the place—not a spark of individuality! And when I try to imagine I'm anything else I get scorched all! I suppose if I stay seven or eight years, they'll make me the head of a department—like Miss Breen!" Martha shrugged her shoulders. "I want to be an artist!" she whispered longingly to the bolt of gray taffeta.

As she looked at the diphanous fabric the girl's face grew dreamy. "Let me see, where should I wear it? To a grand dinner where there were distinguished guests and flowers, and cut glass! I'd have it made in an old-fashioned style with a basque and full skirt—perhaps a lace ruche." She turned it to catch the dim light from the windows. The cloth was suffused with a rose glow. "It's changeable!" Martha's eyes sparkled. "Wouldn't it be a dream! There should be gray gloves and shoes to go with it and a cloche hat with velvet roses!" Then she sighed.—"I guess Jimmy's right! I'm a nine-a-week clerk with million dollar tastes!"

Martha drew out a notebook and began sketching the visionary dress. She sat upon a stool with the book upon her knees below the counter and worked rapidly. In the book were other costumes of her planning, pages of them. Some were colored lightly with pastel crayon. Others had tiny squares of material and trimming pasted below the figures. The collection of pictures constituted Martha's imaginary wardrobe, the one she would have possessed had her slender salary permitted.

Completely absorbed in her drawing, she failed to notice Miss Breen's return until her caustic voice exclaimed: "Another new dress! Now don't tell me you've had a bid to Mrs. Astorbilt's luncheon and mah jong or I just can't stand it!"

Martha laughed easily.

Jimmy, the errand boy, slouched up from the opposite end of the counter. "Nota'bad," was his critical comment.

"It is an idea for a dress to be made from the gray taffeta there," Martha explained. "It isn't for me particularly, but merely a sketch of the way the goods might be worked up. It might be for you, for instance—" Martha rose and held the color alongside Miss Breen's face. "It's just the thing! It brings out the gray lights in your eyes!"

Miss Breen arched an eyebrow. "Me wear gray! Humph, when I buy something I get a good dark piece that won't spot or show the dirt." All this talk about wearin' a violet gown to match your pansy eyes is love-story nonsense."

Jimmy grinned and made a low-comedy grimace. "Matchin' yer eyes! Here I made the mistake of wearin' a red necktie when green's my color!" The youngster looked again at the sketch. "Nut you're some drawer I'll say," he added.

It was usual for him to champion Martha's cause against Miss Breen. In his mind the younger girl was "purty," and moreover she treated him as an equal. He shot one eye for a final estimate of the drawing. "You're better'n my cousin who's had teachin', in makin' style pictures up to night school."

"What night school?" Martha asked.

"Say, cut out the social discourse, you two!" Miss Breen warned them. "Act like you're workin', if you ain't! Here comes the boss."

Mr. Barnard was coming toward them with the businesslike air he always wore when something important was about to happen. Martha hastily tucked her notebook under the counter. Jimmy fell ardently to work straightening shelves.

"Miss Breen, I've had a message from Madame Elson, the opera singer, that she's coming immediately to look at materials for costumes."

The eyes of the three behind the counter grew large.

"She emphasized the fact," continued the store owner, "that she is only looking and may not buy. Now it's up to you to sell her. Think what it would mean to us if we could get her patronage! We have the goods if we can put them across. Now I'm relying on you to show her the best you have. Take down everything in stock if she wants to see it—but the big thing is sell her!"

"You can count on me, Mr. Barnard," Miss Breen assured him. "I'll take care of her myself—start to finish."

She began to tidy her counter, whipping the remnants out of sight to make way for the costliest and most brilliant pieces. Martha hastened to help her.

"Madame Elson," she said when Mr. Barnard had gone; "that's Florence Bruce Elson, isn't it?"

"Yes," Miss Breen replied shortly, "and she certainly picks out a peculiar day to do her shopping. But then it's a chance to sell a lot of stuff with no other customers to take my attention. You know."—Miss Breen's look was full of meaning.—"Mr. Barnard says this department's way behind in sales."

"She's coming!" whispered Martha.

With unctuous politeness Mr. Barnard was ushering two ladies toward the silks. One was tall and dark. The other, a fair-haired little person, was lamenting in a silvery voice, "And I always before bought my gowns in the city, but this time the date of the engagement had to be moved forward, and I haven't time to make a special trip. I've wired for a modiste, but when she gets here I shan't have a thing for her to sew on!"

"Why don't you answer me, sir?" said the lady, indignantly.

"Now just what was it?" she inquired.

Mr. Barnard bowed himself away with the parting remark, "Now if you don't get the best of attention, Madame Elson, just let me know!"

Madame Elson explained again that she was leaving for a southern concert tour of four weeks and was in a great predicament because she would need night or nine new gowns immediately.

"Oh, yes, eight or nine," Miss Breen treated it as a mere trifle. "Well, now we've got every color—brown, bottle, olive—that's a good color this season. Here's a pretty piece of canary yellow satin. But there! I forgot! It's passe this season—all out, you know."

"There's a beautiful coral brocade, Florence," suggested the tall lady, whom Madam Elson called Miss Paris. Martha, who stepped quickly to lift it down, detected that miss Paris must be the singer's accompanist.

"But how could I have it made?" Madame Elson looked helpless.

"Oh, sort of simple—straight lines, don't you know," Miss Breen replied easily. "Anything elegant like that don't need much decoration. Draped maybe—or undraped. That's the thing about material like that; no matter how it's made, it looks fine."

Madame puckered her little forehead in a mammoth frown. She looked at another piece, at several others and finally at all. Miss Breen's disposition at last got to the ragged point it always reached when a customer tried her patience by asking to see everything.

"I don't know what to do," said the beautiful little woman, sighing. "I never selected dresses like this before. I don't know how much to takes or anything."

"Well, that of course depends on your pattern," explained Miss Breen condescendingly.

"Oh, yes." The customer looked reproved. "I haven't any patterns, though."

"Beg pardon, telephone order, Miss Breen," Jimmy announced at that moment.

"I'll take it," interposed Martha.

"Head of the department wanted specially," persisted the boy. "Asked for the best service possible."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Breen hastily. "Won't you excuse me just a minute? I'll come back as quick as I can," she promised sweetly and by a glance at Martha indicated that the girl was to hold the customers.

Poor, bewildered Madame Elson heaved a heavy sigh when Miss Breen had gone. "What shall I do?" she appealed to her companion.

The other made a hopeless gesture.

"Could you tell me a little about your programme?" inquired Martha eagerly. "Then perhaps we could judge better what you should wear."

"Why—why, yes. First of all there's an aria—rather spectacular—to show the audience what I can do." Madame Elson smiled humorously.

"And you must look the part in a costume as radiant as your voice."

Madame Elson and her companion glanced quickly at the girl. "Why, yes." The singer smiled.

"And after that?" Martha asked very seriously.

"Then a group of old songs—plantation melodies and that sort of thing. I usually change to another dress for that."

"Something quaint is what you want! Oh, I know!" Martha's eyes were bright. "What could be more old-fashioned than a changeable gray and rose taffeta! You have an 1887 dress of this with a bodice and panniers and a rose silk shawl and pink flowers in your hair!"

"Florence," exclaimed the accompanist, "can't you see it?"

"Almost," breathed Madame Elson.

Martha reached under the counter for her notebook. "It would be this style," she pointed out, turning to the drawing that she had made earlier, "only we'd change the skirt like this and bring the shawl round—" She sketched new lines. They were the lines of an amateur, but the watchers caught their significance.

"I'm sure I want that!" decided the singer, picking up the book. She turned the pages without comment.

"There's a darling!" Miss Paris remarked, looking over Madame Elson's shoulder at an evening dress.

"I planned it to be made of this corn-colored velvet," said Martha, displaying the bolt. "It would be beautiful for your first appearance. With your hair you'd be all gold from head to foot!"

"Well, here I am again! I thought I'd never get that woman who only wanted a coat-lining rung off!" It was Miss Breen's metallic voice. "My goodness, you're showing canary yellow? Don't you know that it's terribly passe?"

"This young lady is waiting on me!" Madame Elson's tone was imperious.

Miss Breen gave her customer a frosty stare and Martha a still colder one. "Well, pardon me!" she said under her breath and withdrew.

Imagine Mr. Barnard's surprise when half an hour later he strolled in the direction of the silk counter to see the head of the section sitting frigidly at one end while at the other end Miss Allen, the new clerk, was conferring earnestly with the important customer. Then he saw the girl measure and cut off yards of cloth.

"Madame Elson—" he began uneasily.

"Oh, Mr. Barnard!" the singer cried. "I'm so grateful to your designer,—"

"My—"

"She's given me plates from her own sketch book and figured out the amounts of material. I've bought everything—stage outfits, sports clothes, even a new tea gown!"

Martha raised her eyes to see her employer grinning like a schoolboy. "Well, well!" Then he gave her a penetrating look.

"Old man Barnard says for Miss Allen to come up to his office!" Jimmy announced half an hour later. "Says 'Tell her to bring that book she's got.'"

As there was only one book he could mean, Martha took the familiar sketch pad with many of its leaves now torn out and hastily mounted the stairs.

"Sit down, Miss Allen," said Mr. Barnard as she entered his office. "I find in looking over the bills that you sold over four hundred dollars' worth of goods this afternoon."

"Yes, sir."

"These—ah, pictures you have—" He adjusted his glasses and took her book.

"When I handle the materials I always see them made up as dresses," Martha explained doubtfully.

"Hm-m. Now I wonder if we couldn't make a specialty of that," said Mr. Barnard. "I've often noticed that people come in and don't know what they want—don't know how to make things. Women would be glad of suggestions on the simplest things—aprons and their children's clothes."

"That's true," replied Martha wonderingly.

"I hear they have a class in dress design or fashion art or whatever you call it up at night school. If you'd like to enroll, the firm will see that your tuition is taken care of."

"Oh, I'd love it!" cried Martha.

Mr. Barnard smiled. "When you have become adept at making the sketches we will advertise you as a special service. It ought to be a go-getter for business. And," he added, "we will of course give you a salary in accord with your increased usefulness."

"You really think I have talent?" inquired the happy girl.

"Talent?", He frowned. "I really don't know much about such things, but I do know you have one thing—salesmanship."

"Not bad," boasted Jimmy some time later, "the way I shoved Miss Breen off—got that coat-lining order—not bad a-tall!"

"Why, Jimmy, what do you mean?" demanded Martha.

Jimmy laughed. "The party said to send 'em a real good clerk. Well, sir, I figured it would be awful to lose a coat-lining order, so I says, 'Send you the head of the department. We got a opery singer on hand, but we turn little things like them over to th' assistant! Aw, now don't pull any gratitude stuff. That's passe—all out, you know!"

MRS PEASLEE AND THE WEEDS

Deacon Hyne, who had come to help Caleb Peaslee shingle his shed, paused in the act of laying his tools on the bench, preparatory to going to work, to gaze arrayed in the discomfort of collar and necktie, was rolling the buggy out of the carriage shed.

"Wah't it to-day," demanded the astonished deacon, "that you asked me to come and help you out shinglin'? I'd sworn I'd swear this was the day you said." He paused to think. "It was to-day!" he went on firmly. "Today's Tuesday, ain't it?"

With a look of annoyance Caleb agreed shortly that the day was Tuesday and, furthermore, that it was the day he had asked the deacon's help. "But as fur's you and I gettin' to work on the shed goes, Hyne," he said decidedly, "there ain't a single chance we'll strike a clip on it;—you might's well pack up your hatchet and sp'on and go home. Mebbe we'll try it to-morrow."

"But," inquired the deacon, "what shifted your mind about it so sudden—overnight, 's you might say?"

"I ain't shifted my mind a particle," replied Caleb a little tartly. "I might say if I wanted to," he went on more moderately, "that it's my wife that's shifted hern; but that ain't so neither. this's so far from shifted that I mistrust she's got on the same thing she was two weeks back, only I didn't have wit enough to know what she was thinkin' nor how set she was."

"Hum!" remarked the deacon.

"She hinted two weeks ago yest'day," Caleb continued, "that she'd git to air some things from the city fore the summer folks begun to come. I—was fixin' to kill p'ister bugs that day, so I s'posed she could see that wa'n't any day for me to be leavin', and I told her so. She didn't say anything more—then.

"I agree a day or so after that I had a kind of slack day when I didn't do much of any work to make a show, though I ain't a mossel of doubt I accomplished more'n she knows about! but the p'int is that day's past and gone, and she never said a word about goin' to the city the whole day long. Thursday," he went on with fine irony, "that she kep' still a-purpose to give me a chance to heed what she'd asked me to do.

"Mebbe a couple of days later she fetched the matter up again, and the time she picked out was when I was away up to my ears in work cultivatin' the weeds out of my corn; it was jest after that big rain we had last week, and the weeds was growin' so fast you could hear 'em if you listened close. I p'inted out to her that weeds wouldn't wait for any man, and she went off to the house with her temper a mite teched, seemin'ly. She said somethin' about heedinin' to feel somethin' like a weed herself. I didn't ketch jest the words, but this mornin' I wished I had.

"I s'pose Saturday was kind of a lost day with me, but I'd been busy all the week, and it looked like good fishin', as I own I took a trahip over Birch Brook way; but I had an axe along too and got some good ash for axe handles. So when she says the day was wasted no thinkin' man's goin' to agree with her.

"This last Monday mornin' that ever was I got up feelin' jest like work; there was hoein' to be done and a fence to fix and a row of bushes to be cut along the road down below the house, work 'nough for three men if I'd had 'em to work for me. And that was the mornin' she chose out to speak again about needin' to go to town! I may have answered short,—she says I did,—but it was on 'count of wantin' to git to work soon in the mornin' and not on 'count of temper at all. But you know how they are!" Caleb said appealingly, and the deacon made affirmative clucks in his throat.

"That was yest'day, a Monday," Caleb went on, "and I worked like a bond slave over them bushes; you know I did, for you come along jest as I finished 'em up and give me a chance to git you to help me shingle to-day." He sighed and flushed the buggy round by the shafts.

"Well, it come up this mornin'. I came in from the barn and found her all ready—saint's any husband'd have the right to—what she was call'atin' on doin' she up and told me. 'I'm goin' to town with you to-day,' she says as if that settled everything pleasant, 'and I've been gittin' ready so you won't have to wait a minute for me.'

"'Well, good land!' says I. 'Why didn't you pick out a day when I ain't goin' to be so busy as I am to-day? This is the first I've heard about it—'

"'No, 'tain't neither!' she snapped out tempery 'nough. 'You've heard about it three sev'ral times to my knowledge and countin', and every time you've axed me off that you was extra busy, but there's been days when you could go fishin' and days when you could loaf round the barn, doing nothin' that I could p'ceive! And once you give as a reason that weeds wouldn't wait for any man. Well, I'm some like a weed that way myself; I won't wait any longer! And now you're goin' to git ready and go!' she says.

"I hate to admit it," said Caleb, "but I feel a mite weak about that day. I went fishin' and a little weak—but not near so much—about the day I chored round the barn. And anyway," he concluded wearily, "I learnt more'n fifty years ago how little good it does to argue." He started toward the barn to fetch the horse, but turned at the door.

"About shinglin' to-morrow, Hyne," he said. "I'm goin' to find out for sure if she's hinted at anything else, and I've let it slip my mind. If she ain't, we'll fix the shed roof to-morrow; I'll let you know for sure to-night."

The Oil for the Farmer.—A bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the farm house will save many a journey for the doctor. It is not only good for the children when taken with colds and croup, and for the mature who suffer from pains and aches, but there are directions for its use on sick cattle. There should always be a bottle of it in the house.

"BID ME NOT!"

Ruth, aged four, found grandma reading and upon inquiry was told she was studying her Sunday-School lesson. "Teach me my Sunday-School lesson, grandma," she said. So grandma taught her to say, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of heaven."

A few days later Ruth's mother went up stairs to make the beds. The air was very cold from open windows, and Ruth was told to remain below. After a time Ruth called. "Mamma, I'm coming up."

Mother explained it was very cold and Ruth might become ill and she must remain below. But Ruth persisted and started to mount the first stair.

Mother heard the tiny step, came to the top of the stairs and said, "Ruth, I forbid you to come up."

At this Ruth stamped her foot, and with flashing eyes her outraged self retorted, "Bid me not! Such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

JOKES THAT ARE NOT JOKES

What is funny is notoriously a matter of taste; and the student of the periodicals, amateur and professional, that are devoted to the purveying of humor is often driven to wondering morbidly why his own taste in such matters should differ so widely from that of the makers of those journals. We must admit that it is an impossible task to supply the amount of humorous stuff that the public is supposed to crave, without a sad diminution in its quality. Mark Twain, who had some well-earned fame as a jester, was wont to say that there were only three—or was it four?—real jokes in the world, and that all the others were more or less recognizable variations on that handful of themes. Mark ought to have known something about it, and, if he was a little rigorous in his views, he was surely right in thinking that the original stock of humor had been worn dreadfully thin by relentless iteration.

There are some alleged jokes also that are not intrinsically funny; they are merely impident or suggestive or irreverent or ill-natured. Of such the alleged comics are largely composed; and it is often remarked that the college funny papers are likely to be the worst offenders.

But we happened to see the other day the instructions to contributors issued by the editors of the oldest and perhaps the most prosperous of the college comics. The list of forbidden topics is a long one, and it gives refreshing evidence that the young editors know what is stale now, if it was funny, and what is never funny under any circumstances. Here are some of the things they tell their contributors never to submit:

Complications such as "Men I would like to kill," followed by a series, numbered 1, 2, 3, etc.

Parodies of famous poems, especially "Excelsior" and "Paul Revere's Ride."

"Ha" and "Haw" jokes.

Jokes about petting.

Jokes about drinking gin.

Suggestive jokes of all kinds.

Jokes about other races or religions.

Mother-in-law jokes.

Jokes about Lydia Pinkham or the Smith Brothers.

Limericks (unless especially clever).

The following "collegiate" expressions are strictly taboo: Prof, eats, stude, co-ed, ole, goof, dorm, frosh, soph, nuckling, dame, nifty, etc. If you can't be funny without these and similar aids, you had better go out for some other paper.

On the whole this is a well-chosen black list of humor which all jokesmiths might study to advantage. We should like to mail copies to the editors of all comic journals, collegiate and other. Meanwhile, may we observe that a good way of estimating the quality of the moral and intellectual atmosphere of a college is by the perusal of the humorous paper its students publish. There are, as we have shown, college papers that have a high, clean standard of wit and humor. When you find one that is filled with coarse, impure and silly jokes you have a right to be suspicious of the kind of education your boy or girl would get there.

A FAIRY TALE

He walked into the drug store, says the Harvard Lampoon, and found a booth that wasn't in use. He found the telephone book and even found in it the number he wanted. He dropped a nickel into the slot and got the operator at once. She gave him the right number the first time. The man he wanted to speak to answered the telephone himself promptly, and told him just what he wanted to know. And when he hung up, the operator returned his nickel.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 14

at 1.30 o'clock sharp the following:

HORSES—1 Grey Mare, Percheron, in foal to a Percheron Horse; 1 Belgian Bay Horse, 8 years. This is a good team. 1 Brown Horse, 10 years; 1 Black Mare, 6 years; 1 Horse, 4 years; 1 Driving Mare, 10 years; 1 Pony, 5 years, in foal to Harvey's Horse—a prize winner. These horses are all in good condition.

COWS, SHEEP, HARNESS, ETC.—1 Cow, fresh, calf at foot; 4 Good Oxford Ewes, in lamb; 2 Set of Team Harness; 1 Set Brass Mounted Harness, new; Feed Oats; Buckwheat; 7 Tons Hay.

IMPLEMENTS—1 Lumber waggon; 1 Hay Rack; Waggon Box; Cutter; 2 Buggies; Cultivator; Disc; Seed Drill; Plow; Harrow; Scuffler; Stoneboat; Set Bob Sleighs; Doubletrees; Whiffletrees; Neckyokes; Forks, Hoes Shovels, Chains, Clevises Etc.

HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS—1 Kitchen Range; 1 Quebec Heater; Oil Stove; Coal and Wood Heater; 1 New Incubator, Buckeye; Sideboard; 1 New Gravity Washing Machine; Round Kitchen Table; Kitchen Chairs; Cream Separator; Aladdin Wall Lamp; 6 Barrels, 50 gallon capacity; Some Pictures, Etc.

Positively No Reserve as the Farm is Sold

TERMS—$10.00 and under, cash; over that amount, 10 months' credit will be given on furnishing approved joint notes. 6% off for cash. Grain and Hay, cash.

R. J. KERR, Auctioneer.
Phone 36, Acton, Ont.
O. O. PLANK, Clerk. 36-2

CUT THIS OUT

OLD ENGLISH RECIPE FOR CATARRH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND OTHER HEAD NOISES

If you know of some one who is troubled with Catarrhal Deafness, head noises or ordinary catarrh cut out this formula and hand it to them and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. In England scientists for a long time past have recognised that Catarrh is a constitutional disease and necessarily requires constitutional treatment.

Sprays, inhalers and nose douches are liable to irritate the delicate air passages and force the disease into the middle ear which frequently means total deafness, or else the disease may be driven down the air passages towards the lungs which is equally as dangerous. The following formula which is used extensively in the damp English climate is a constitutional treatment and should prove especially efficacious to sufferers here who live under more favorable climate conditions.

Secure from your druggist 1 ounce of Parmint (Double strength). Take this home and add to it ½ pint of hot water and a little granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. This will often bring quick relief from distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and hearing improve as the inflammation in the eustachian tubes is reduced. Parmint in this way acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system and has a tonic action that helps to obtain the desired results. The preparation is easy to make, costs little and is pleasant to take. Every person who has catarrh or head noises or is hard of hearing should give this treatment a trial.

Cheer Up!

GOOD GROCERIES COST LESS AT

CARROLL'S

Misfortunes aren't vital . . . they often bring out the best that is in us. They teach us to build high and dry on the solid foundation of thrift, where the waters of adversity can't reach us. And the first lesson in economy is: "Buy good groceries where prices are lowest—at Carroll's."

Special—Choice Quality
PUMPKIN 2 No. 2½ tins 21c

Special—Maconochie's Kippered
HERRING 1-lb. tin 19c

Special—Kraft Velveeta
CHEESE ½-lb. pkg. 17c

Special—Libby's Selected Queen
OLIVES 2 18-oz. Jars 49c

Special—Aylmer Fancy Golden
CORN Goff's New Variety 2 No. 2 tins 27c

Special—Extra Choice Baby Lima
BEANS 2 No. 2 tins 35c

Special—Aylmer Brand Fancy
SPINACH 2 No. 2 tins 29c

Special—Carroll's Own Creamery
BUTTER 2 pounds 79c

CHEESE Rich September per pound 28c
MAPLE SYRUP—Pure, large btl. 65c
SOCKEYE SALMON—Coronation, tin 24c, 44c
DICED BEETS—No. 1 tin 9c
TOMATOES—Aylmer, ind. tin 5c
EGG NOODLES—Catelli's, pkg. 9c
MACARONI—Best bulk 3 lbs. 27c
PANCAKE FLOUR—Aunt Jemima, pkg. 17c
MARMALADE—Upton's Pure, 40-oz. jar 29c
LOMBARD PLUMS—No. 2 Size 2 tins 23c
TUNA MEAT—Cameo Brand, White, large tin 33c
FANCY SHRIMP—Palm Brand, per tin 21c

Carroll's Own TEAS
Special Ceylon, per lb. 49c
Carroll's Special per lb. 57c
Carroll's Golden Tip, per lb. 75c

Special—FAIRY TOILET SOAP 4 cakes 21c

Carroll's Own COFFEES
Fresh from the grinder . . . sumptuous flavor. lb. 50c lb. 57c lb. 63c

Tune In!
On Station C.H.M.L., Hamilton, for Carroll's Hour at 7 p.m. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. 11 a.m. on Tuesday and Thursday.

Mill Street - Acton, Ontario

Advertising Costs Money!

Yes, Sir! Every time it's mentioned use an exclamation mark, with this old phrase of humor. The idea that advertising costs money is just as fearful a thought to entertain as that our cold Canadian winter will soon be gone.

Cost Money! So do wives, motors, furs, coal, good times, funerals and flowers. "But, this air of levity is not business like," somoone says.

"Business is a serious affair and money is the very life of its existence," to which of course any serious thinker will add "and profit"—which, by the way, is perhaps why advertising is worth money.

Advertising costs money. Of course it does, so does rent, raw material, machinery, wages, overhead, salesmen's salaries, travelling expenses, insurance and bank loans.

Why not once for all carve away this offence to sensible thinking, and admit that advertising really costs nothing when it's profitably employed. At least nothing more than a legitimate per cent. of sales commission.

Advertising Is Your Cheapest Investment

If You Expect to Sell You Must Advertise