The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1930

AMOS 'N' ANDY

"Check and double check. Sho' sho,'"
Everywhere I change to go
From every blasted radio
Far away or hand.

"Propolition, Madame Queen,"
Though the two I've never seen,
Still their voices rend my spleen,
Amos Jones and Andy.

"Fresh-Air Taxi, Ruby Taylor"
Drive me mad, each night I'm paler.
Soon I'll have a private jailer.
Radios should be busted!

"Income tax" . . . the drawling wretches
Have for fifteen minute stretches.
Oh! The misery it fetches.
Truly, "I'se regusted!"

IN BETWEEN TIMES

Barbara B. Brooks

"What do you give your family for dessert?" was a question asked of a busy housewife. She replied, "Oh, I go the rounds of rice pudding, custard, gelatine, and junket and in between times serve canned peaches."

There are lots of "in between times" in every home and the canned peach suggestion is a good one because there are so many ways of using this delicious fruit. The most obvious is to chill the can thoroughly and open it just before serving. Lukewarm fruit is not appetising but too many people forget this and take the can direct from the shelf to a warm kitchen.

At a national girls' camp this spring a dessert was brought in one day which caused an "Oooh!" from each of the one hundred adult campers. It was served on orange enamel plates and looked very pretty and what a simple dessert it was! Large halves of canned peaches had been put on thin lemon cookies and garnished with whipped cream.

Another easy dessert is made by putting slices of stale sponge cake in the bottom of a dish; and pouring blood canned peaches over them, then adding a cold thin boiled custard flavored with almond or vanilla. An imitation peach dumpling is prepared by putting half canned peaches in the bottoms of large buttered muffin pans. Fill three-quarters full of rich muffin batter and bake in a moderate oven. Remove from the pans with the peach side up and serve with cream or hard sauce or a sauce made by thickening the peach syrup, using one tablespoon of butter and one of flour to each cup of syrup.

A quite different use for canned peaches is in omelet. This appeals to me more for luncheon than for breakfast, although it may be served either time. Melt one tablespoon of butter and add to it two tablespoons of flour and one-half teaspoon of salt. When perfectly blended add one cup of pulp from canned peaches and cook, stirring until the mixture boils. Cool and add to the well-beaten yolks of five eggs. Fold in the beaten whites of eggs.

In an omelet pan melt one tablespoon of butter. Pour in the omelet and cook over a very low fire until it becomes firm around the edge. Put the pan into a slow oven (325 degrees F.) and bake until firm (about 25 minutes.) Fold, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve garnished with sliced peaches.

If canned fruit is used in a salad it must be cold. Large canned peaches may be stuffed with cream cheese which has been softened with French dressing and mixed with chopped dates and nuts. Serve on lettuce with whipped cream dressing.

The following recipe for peach bran muffins is one which you will like.

PEACH BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup bran
1 cup sour milk
2 tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons sugar
1 egg
1¼ cups flour
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
Sliced canned peaches
Cinnamon
Sugar

Soak bran in sour milk. Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg and beat well. Add soaked bran, and flour mixed and sifted with soda, baking powder and salt. Pour into greased muffin pans. Put three slices of peach on the top of each muffin and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven (400 degrees F.) for twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Persian Balm promotes daintiness, charm and beauty. Magical in its effect on the skin. There is nothing like it for creating and preserving a lovely complexion. Cooling, caressing, it soothes and relieves all roughness caused by weather conditions. Delicately fragrant, it enhances the most finished appearance. Makes the skin rose-leaf in texture. Truly a peerless toilet requisite for every discerning woman.

ENVY AND GRATITUDE

A well known business man parked his new Packard car at the curb of one of the principal streets in a large city, when a troop of urchins passed by.

"Mister," they shouted in a spirit of banter, "give us your car."

The man smiled indulgently.

"I'll give you my car," he said, "if you'd take all my troubles and worries with it."

"Oh, keep your old car," they deprecated, and moved on.

They, probably did not realise the significance of their reply, but we who are older understand.

We often envy a man his good fortune, but if we knew of all his burdens we would not exchange places with him. We pine for the luxuries the rich enjoy and grumble at our own lot, forgetting that many a millionaire sighs for the simple pleasures of the days when he was in moderate circumstances.

We wish we could attend the banquets to which our more fortunate neighbors are invited, and we do not stop to realise how often they worry their poor brains to invent ostensible reasons for being excused.

You probably would not exchange with anybody if you knew all his problem troubles.

Do not envy. Rather fall thank the Lord for what you have, and be contented.—Arthur E. Bishop.

The Free Press Short Story

THE SURFACE DIVE

LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

HELEN KINNEAR rested at the edge of the swimming pool in the Alcott Junior High School. She was taking the Red Cross life-saving test required of all swimming instructors in the schools. The hand that clasped the rail trembled a little with excitement. She could tell by the satisfied nods of the three examiners and by the swift smile of commendation that Mr. Garrett, the principal, had given her that she had passed thus far!

Mr. Erbaugh of the Boys' Club was one of the examiners; he was an old friend of the Kinnears and had told Helen about the vacancy. The former swimming teacher had left on short notice to go to California, and with the opening of school just a week off they were giving Helen a special test. She had spent two diligent years in teaching a country school, and Mr. Erbaugh, who knew of her swimming ability, had recommended her highly.

Oh, it meant so much to Helen to pass the test, to get that school. It would mean that she and her younger brother, Hugh, could leave their aunt's crowded home and live in a little apartment together. Hugh needed her. The past summer had convinced Helen of that. She had dreaded leaving him when she went back to her country school.

Aunt Emma, who had her own family and interests, had no sympathy with Hugh. "Always puttering around with engine contraptions, just killing time," she had said. But Helen, going out one day to remind Hugh that Aunt Emma had called him twice to lunch, had seen the glowing rapt ness in his eyes as he bent over one of his own contrived motors, and she had realized that his puttering was his only way of expressing his craving for all things mechanical. Dear Hugh, who hid his hunger for sympathy under a forced brusqueness! If she got a school in the city, he could take a course in motor mechanics during the winter. Moreover, they would have a home such as they had not known since their mother died. The coziness of it flashed over her, thrilling her.

Yes, she had passed thus far. She had demonstrated that she could break any holds that a frenzied drowning person might take on her. She had demonstrated the "carries," using the principal's fourteen-year-old daughter, Margaret. She had climbed out, lifting her from the pool without help, and had satisfactorily gone through the means of resuscitation.

"Now the dives." It was the lithe, brown Ted Jerico, swimming instructor of the Alcott boys, that spoke. "Do a straight dive, a swan and a jackknife. Do a dive for distance last and bring Margaret back with the tired swimmer's stroke."

Helen poised on the edge of the pool.

"I'll help you with your jackknife when you're here teaching," Ted volunteered. "After your bend you must straighten out quick."

Again Helen felt that glad thrill. As she made her distance dive she was thinking of what a pleasure it would be to teach others to love the water as she had always loved it, to teach these children who came from poor and ill-kept homes the uplifting wholesomeness of swimming.

Margaret Garrett was waiting at the end of the pool, talking to her girl friend, Eva, who was the only onlooker. "You certainly know how to dive!" she said as Helen swung her into the floating position and, with the girl's hands resting on her own shoulders, pushed through the water with the scissors kick. "I'm just crazy to dive off the spring-board. You know—to get a good high spring. But father doesn't want me to. Do you think I could?"

"Remember to keep your hands in front of your head when you do. Better practice from the side of the pool first," Helen advised her.

"Oh, I have," Margaret assured her.

Again Helen rested one hand on the rail. The examiner from the "Y" turned to the last page of his printed instructions. Ted Jerico walked out on the springboard and dropped his referee's whistle in the deepest part of the pool. "This is the last test, the surface dive," he said. "Swim out and then go down and bring up the whistle."

"You mean dive for it?"

"No," he explained. "Swim out and dive from a swimming position. Haven't you ever done it?"

"No, not exactly—that," Helen admitted. "But I'll try."

When she reached the place where the whistle had struck she looked down and saw it glistening and blurred on the white tiling at the bottom. She drew herself down, but the water lifted her back. She used the breast stroke, surging the water about her till she lost sight of the whistle; then as she relaxed for a moment the unseen hands of the water brought her up.

Ted Jerico, standing at the edge of the pool in a dry bathing suit, explained carefully: "Throw yourself down hard, then use the breast stroke till you reach the bottom. Try that."

Helen confidently tried and tried, but always midway in the water, floundering head downward, feeling the adamant force of it and realizing that she was making no headway, she was filled with a strange overpowering fear. There seemed something sinister about the depth of the water that beat her back.

She came up hurriedly. "I—I can't seem to get to the bottom," she faltered. "I—can't."

Ted Jerico hesitated. Time was getting short, and if he went in it would mean he should have to drive out to Berkeley Park Beach, where he was the guardian for the summer, in a wet suit. But he saw the piteous appeal in Helen's eyes. Failure in the surface dive would mean total failure.

"Look, I'll show you," he said. "You are allowed three trials. Now watch."

He cut through the water with the ease and surety of a fish. At the point over the whistle he swung his body down; one, two, three co-ordinated strokes of legs and arms and he reached the whistle and picked it up.

"Now try it." Again the whistle sagged through the water.

Helen was suddenly conscious of being tired, cold and weak. Once more she struck down. She couldn't seem to get the stroke. She tried and tried, but she could go only so far. With greater force the same sickening panic mastered her, the same uncontrollable desire for air. She floundered hopelessly and then came up.

Mr. Garrett looked sharply at the white cheeks that had been so flushed a few minutes before. Mr. Erbaugh's face was sober. Ted Jerico was rubbing a towel over his wet head. The "Y" man rustled the examination papers. It was easy for Helen to read the thoughts of all four. She climbed laboriously out, so laboriously that Mr. Erbaugh reached forth a hand to steady her.

"It's too bad," he said, "but the surface dive is the most important—"

"I know," said Helen. "I know."

She turned quickly toward the shower room; her teeth were chattering, and tears were lurking closely behind eyes already smarting from the water.

Mr. Garrett nodded to his daughter and her girl friend. "Get dressed now, Margaret," he said. "We'll be in the office fixing these papers."

Helen stood under the needle points of the cold shower, but felt no exhilaration; it only made her shiver. She had failed. She should have to go back to the narrow routine of her country school. With the memory of her lost chance to nag her it would be even more lonely, more unbearable. She had failed in the examination, but, worse than that, she had been beaten by that pressing-down, that weight, by fear—that was it, fear of the water!

As she dried her face and arms she heard Margaret's gay laugh. "I'm going to try to dive off the springboard, Eva. Just one before I get dressed. Watch me now!"

A siren shrieked outside; it was Hugh's little red speedster that he had rigged up from automobile cast-offs. Hugh, who had been so confident of her passing, who had joined in her plans for the winter with such a boyish wistfulness in his eyes! Helen smiled wanly as she slipped on her stockings and shoes and buttoned her coat over her suit. There was no need to keep him waiting. She could dress at home.

As the door closed behind her she heard a splash in the pool; Margaret had evidently tried her longed-for dive. Helen stood a few seconds with her hand on the knob of the door. Could she ask them for another chance? But again that sickening fear answered her. Even as she stood there Ted Jerico hurried to his car at the curb and drove off.

As she turned away she heard muffled but frenzied shrieks from the pool. It was Eva. Helen remembered Margaret's words, remembered that sounding splash. She seized the knob of the door. It had locked from the inside. The screaming was more shrilly insistent. Ted Jerico was gone. The others were in the principal's office in the front wing. Helen ran to one of the low windows. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" Just that on the inside.

She kicked out the glass and, leaving her coat and shoes, squeezed through and dropped down.

"Oh! Oh!" Eva pointed to the deepest part of the pool. "She dived—she dived—and—"

Helen leaped in, swam to where Eva was pointing and thrust herself down. There on the bottom lay the huddled figure in the bright-red bathing suit, face downward, one arm doubled under her. Her cap floated on the water, mute evidence of the striking impact that had thrust it off.

Again Helen lunged downward. The water waved the short skirt of the suit up—up. If only—if only— She reached out, but there was more than a foot of space between her fingers and that beckoning bit of jersey. She couldn't get nearer. Then all unaware that terror seized her, that strange, suffocating fear. She must reach her; she must go down; but unconsciously her body relaxed to come up for air—air. That overpowering desire!

Helen clenched her teeth. It was no blurry whistle there, but a life—laughing little Margaret! She struck down desperately with feet and arms. It came then, the co-ordination that Ted Jerico had tried to show her. She felt the swinging jersey between her fingers and tightened her grip. Now—now to come up. She relaxed, but the buoyant water refused to lift her and that dead weight. The water washed over her, choking her; it was like tight hands on her chest. She felt trapped. To let go, to come up for air—air.

"No!" It was almost a sob within her. She tightened her hold, pushed against the bottom with all her strength and felt herself rising—with Margaret.

Eva leaned over to help her when she reached the edge.

"No," Helen panted, "I can. Go out—that boy at the curb. Tell him—Dr. Rover—he knows—quick!"

Her old confidence was back now. First lifting the unconscious Margaret from the waist to expel any water, she laid her face downward on her arm. Then she placed her own fingers tight on Margaret's back over the lungs and right below the ribs. She pressed down. "Out goes the water." She released her grip. "In comes the air." She recited it by rote, taking care not to go faster than the natural respiration.

Dear heaven, what a lifeless body! Not a twitch, not a movement! She dared not stop to listen to her heart. "In comes the air," over and over she repeated.

First her fingers grew tired, then her arms. She pressed her numbed fingers firmer. A sharp pain shot through her left arm; it was like the pain of a burn or a cut.

Regularity, that was it! Her lips mumbled the words now. Her head grew dizzy. Her fingers bent weakly if she didn't watch them. There was a stinging pain in her arm. There was blood running down, trickling from her fingers. She smiled jerkily to herself. Strange, Margaret's suit red—red like her own arm.

She was conscious suddenly of Mr. Erbaugh and Mr. Garrett hurrying in. She saw Mr. Erbaugh's face, gray as his necktie, saw Mr. Garrett drop on his knees, saw his shaking lips. "How did it—" But Helen only recited on, centred all her attention on her fingers.

"She dived," sobbed Eva. "She dived in the deep water, and she didn't come up. She didn't come up."

"Out goes the water," Helen whispered the words now. Was there a little reaction, a little movement under the red jersey?

With quick fingers Dr. Rover parted the two and snapped open his grip. There was a dull thump of his stethoscope. There was the stringent odor of spirits of ammonia.

"Good!" said the doctor. "Good! Here!" His strong fingers supplanted Helen's.

She slid back crumpled against the tiled wall. Waves of fatigue swept over her. Hugh, who had brought the doctor, put his arm round her shoulders.

Finally the doctor raised the now slightly moaning Margaret to a semi-up-right position and rested her in her father's waiting arms. He touched a place at the edge of her forehead that was swollen and red and dull blue. "H'm," he murmured; "she was like lead to get out, wasn't she?" He poured a few drops of liquid into a tiny phial. The eyelids flickered hopefully.

The doctor was unrolling a gauze bandage. "Now"—he turned to Helen, who was trying to sit without Hugh's support—"I'll tend to you." He examined her arm. "That's an ugly-looking gash, but we'll fix it up. No, sit still. You've had enough exercise for one day. How did all this happen anyway?"

It was Eva that told them. "She crashed through the window and jumped it. She swam out to there, and then she went down, and when she came up she had her. And she worked over her; she never stopped once."

"We know that." The doctors voice was crisp. "Margaret wouldn't be opening her eyes now if she had stopped." He issued his order: "I want you both to stay in bed for a couple of days."

Helen heard it through a daze. She had never been so utterly tired, yet so utterly contented. Hugh helped her to her feet. "Are you sure you're all right?" His voice was husky.

"Yes," Helen said and smiled. "I do feel all right. O Hugh, I didn't pass, but I feel—all right about it now."

Mr. Garrett extracted one hand from his precious burden and grasped Helen's. There was no need for him to urge a wan smile to his lips, for a great warmth of thanksgiving showed in his eyes. "We shall be proud to have you for this pool," he said. "You have shown that you—"

"But I failed," said Helen. "The surface dive, you know. I didn't get the whistle."

Mr. Garrett looked down at the relaxed figure in his arms, at the lump on the forehead that was purpling more and more, at the lips, where a faint rose was crowding through. "You did a surface dive," he said, "and you brought up—more than a whistle."

Ready-made Medicine.—You need no physician for ordinary ills when you have at hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchial troubles, it is invaluable; for scalds, burns, bruises, sprains it is unsurpassed; while for cuts, sores and the like it is an unquestionable healer. It needs no testimonial other than the use, and that will satisfy anyone as to its effectiveness.

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, DISCOVERED LIBERTY BELL

It is recalled with interest that the recovery of the famous Liberty Bell of the United States, from the dust and rubbish of an attic, was due to a remark made by the Prince of Wales, late King Edward VII., father of our present King George V.

When the prince—so the story runs—was in Philadelphia in 1860 he took great interest in the relics of the Revolutionary period, although his visit to Independence Hall was projected purely in a spirit of mischief by his entertainers.

In rummaging in the garret the party discovered the old cracked bell which had been somewhat contemptuously hidden away, and this more than any other relic seemed to fascinate the prince, whose words have been thus reported:

"This old bell is the greatest relic this republic has to-day. Instead of being here, covered with this accumulated dirt, it should occupy the chief place in this Hall of Independence. It is to you what the Magna Charta is to England. It is cracked, but it is an inspiration. Believe me my friends, it affects me more than anything I have been shown."

The good sense of this suggestion appealed immediately to the pride and sensibility of the custodians of the relics, and from that moment the Liberty Bell took its "chief place in the Hall of Independence," which it has never left only for a few months' public exhibition at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. It is strange indeed that a rebuke for the neglect by Americans of a symbol of their liberty should have come from an English prince, and the direct descendant of the monarch who ruled over America at the time of the Revolution, in 1776.

APPOINTMENT NECESSARY

The effect of listening to ultra fashionable parents is shown in the following conversation:

Father—"Doris, your mother has told me you have been misbehaving. I shall have to punish you to-night."

Doris (age nine)—"Not to-night, father. I shall be too busy with my dancing lessons; but speak to me again to-morrow regarding an appointment."

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by
GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

This has been a glorious week—glorious because I have got so much done in the way of odd jobs and you all know the feeling of satisfaction that gives one. What a funny thing it is, there are some days when we work like a nigger and then at the end of the day we are tired and seem to have accomplished so little that really counts. I suppose it is because the work we don't do tires us more than the work we have done. That is to say we start the day by making up our mind to do certain things but perhaps during the day we get a number of unexpected calls upon our time and night finds us with only half our promised work done and so, if we are that way disposed, we work ourselves up to a mild form of nervous prostration and feel far more tired than some days when we have done twice as much work. Oh yes, I know, because I have done it, but every time I realize it to be a confession of weakness. In my young and youthful days my family used to say I did not know what nerves were and I used to get most terribly impatient with "nervy" people. Now I have learnt to be more tolerant but I still think the state of our nerves depends not so much on circumstances as upon our ability to meet them or overcome them. It isn't easy but it helps a lot to draw upon our sense of humor. Really things are often not half so important as they seem and to prevent an attack of "nerves" we have only to take ourselves in hand and readjust our sense of values.

Sometimes when I find myself getting a bit excited I sit myself down and give myself a little straight talking to. "Now look here," I say, "you are getting all fussed up and what is it all about? You have this to do and that to do and a good many other things which all seem to want doing at once. If you have two jobs equally important do that one first which takes the least time. After that if there is any job which you don't like doing, get after it and get it done. In this way you will soon find you feel far less harassed and the work will then go easy." Yes, that is the way I sometimes talk to myself and it generally works. But this week I have done no such thing because as I said before it has been one glorious week.

The rain, of course, made us feel particularly jubilant and we scuffled and hoed and hoed and scuffled in our endeavor to aid and abet the weather-man in his worthy cause. The garden is looking fine except for a few empty spaces where things should be growing but are not. The cabbage and cauliflower decided they were not getting a square deal and so they will be sufficiently prolific to run a restaurant. We scuffled out a couple of tomato plants, which caused them to hang their heads in a sulky mood for a day or two, but I notice this morning their disposition has somewhat improved. The turnips and corn have taken a jump since the rain and when we feel like taking a little exercise we get it by chasing the hens and chickens away from the said corn and turnips. The laying hens we had to shut up, but the hens with chickens are out on probation. Romulus and Remus, alas, have had their day, as far as we are concerned. The fate now lies in the hands of the butcher. May he be merciful to them, for they were noble birds, and Romulus, to the last, maintained his supremacy.

The flower garden is coming along, slow but sure. This week I have had such a nice lot of flowers given me—just a nice size for setting out, so they have kept me pretty busy. Then I completed a job which I started about two weeks ago—that is a rockery garden. Partner says it won't last a week, and if it does the spring floods will wash it away next year. Very possibly he is right but I am just going ahead as though it were the most permanent affair that ever existed. It is too late now for setting out rock plants so I have compromised by seeding it liberally with climbing nasturtiums, which I expect not to climb but to trail all over the place and cover the rockery. I do hope my garden will be a success because one needs something bright and cheerful to look at these days, especially after looking through the paper and reading of very little else but accidents and the new U. S. Tariff Bill. Here we are with two nice little veal calves to sell and the bottom has dropped right out of the calf market. I really didn't think Uncle Sam had it in him to be so ungracious.

Well, I suppose I must go and do some baking. Last week a neighbor gave me a recipe for a delicious date loaf, baked in baking powder cans, which she said would keep for two or three weeks, but I guess there must be a mistake somewhere, as mine only lasted two days! Partner has a new slogan—he says "A cake a day keeps the doctor away."

Just a little while and the holidays will be here. No more lunches, no more homework—oh joy, it will be a holiday for me as well as the children! Last Tuesday I went down to hear the little concert Molly's room were giving. There were several children giving solos or recitations and I suppose there were about thirty in the class, and yet there were only four mothers, including myself, who took the trouble to go and hear them. Why, oh why, this lack of interest? Of course it was an awkward time—eleven o'clock in the morning, and might upset dinner arrangements a bit, but what matter? Dinner we have every day, but the kiddies give a concert only once in a while, and surely it must encourage them to know that "mother" takes enough interest in their work to set aside her own duties for an hour or two for the purpose of hearing them.

Worms feed upon the vitality of children and endanger their lives. A simple and effective remedy is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Let him that would move the world, first move himself.—Socrates.

SLATS' DIARY

BY ROSS FARQUHAR

Friday—well I was agetting reddy for a nother party witch was give at Elys house tonite and after I had used sum of pa's Bay rum my hat stuck to my hed and I found out it was sum of ma's Musiledge I had used. I gess mebby that was the reason my hat stuck to my hed.

Saterday—I was wirking at Mr. Pellys store today just so I cud make sum munny and he ketched me a sleep a long the Middle of the p. m. and I sed it was becus the baby nex door kep me awake las nite and Mr. Pelly sujested that mebby I better bring the kid along to wirk with me after this. But I gess he diddent mean it he was just a little sourcasticle.

Sunday—Ant Emmy was kinda imbarrassed today becus me and pa was a kidding her. this is the way it was. She was all put out becus she tryed to get a Mannicure down at the Hand Lawndry and faled.

Munday—well ma had it all piannsed for she and pa to take a ride including me but I wassent home and by the time pa had manged to collect me why it was to late to go for a ride in the ford. so we mist a nice ride all on acct. of my base Ball team a practtising.

Tesuday—well my Coushinse kinda bothers me tonite. I seen Slim and Mousey haveing a fite this p. m. and ma sed I shud ought to of ackted as the peace Maker. well I wood of onley I cuddent find no good club at the time.

Wensday—Ant Emmy says she wood like to take a trip to New York and go down to the curb Market and see whut kind of Veggitabuls they have to sell there.

Thirsday—Jaks cum up to the house this a. m. and he cuddent bare to set down and when I ast him why he cuddent set down he sed he cuddent set down on acct. of smokeing a cigarett. I thot he was crazy but he exclaimed to ma that his pa ketched him a smokeing it and that was the reason he dident care to set down.

A POETIC TAX RETURN

Making out an income tax return is a task more provocative of vigorous than of poetic language. Half a century and more ago, a merry Englishman in the merrier England of his day sent in the following response to a dunning reminder from the "Commissioner for the Income Tax, sitting in London":

I, A. B., declare
I have little to spare.
I have:
1 little house
1 " maid
2 " boys
2 " trade
2 " land
2 " money to command
Rather 2 little is my little all
2 supply with comfort 3 squallers that squall
And 2 little, I trust, to pay taxes at all
Since by this you may see
I have children 3
Depending on me—

A. B.

It is to be feared that this poetic idea did not procure exemption for the author unless it were accompanied by a few figures entirely prosaic and definite.

Northern Quebec MINK

A few Pairs of choice pen raised Breeding Stock for sale.
For Information and Prices Write
Cedar Lake Fur Farms, Limited
394 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario

J. Cadesky
OF TORONTO
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
WILL BE AT A. T. BROWN'S DRUG STORE, ACTON
Monday, July 7th.
Owing to a previous appointment, J. Cadesky, Eyesight Specialist, of Toronto, finds it impossible to be in Acton until June 9, and not on June 2, as stated previously.
CONSULTATION FREE
Office Hours: 9 a. m. till 6 p. m.

EAT RIGHT *and* KEEP COOL

Excess baggage is hard to handle any time, but more burdensome in Summer when vitality is low. Keep up your pep and bodily poise by eating Shredded Wheat with milk. Just enough carbohydrates to build the flesh you need—just enough proteins to insure muscular strength. A well-balanced food, nourishing and easily digested. Delicious for any meal with fresh fruits.

SHREDDED WHEAT

WITH ALL THE BRAN OF THE WHOLE WHEAT
THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD.