THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Eighth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, February 6th, 1935. | $1.50 per Annum in Advance; $2.00 to U.S.A.

The Georgetown Herald
J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

C.N.R. Time Table
(Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger and Mail	10.50 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.27 p.m.
Passenger, for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	6.45 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	2.08 p.m.
Passenger and mail	6.45 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.00 p.m.

Going North
Mail and Passenger 8.45 a.m.
Going South
Mail and Passenger 6.45 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
New Schedule
LEAVE GEORGETOWN

West	East
9.25 a.m.	7.15 a.m.
x11.35 a.m.	9.35 a.m.
1.25 p.m.	1.50 p.m.
*2.25 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
4.25 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
6.25 p.m.	8.15 p.m.
10.45 p.m.	
11.50 a.m.	

x Daily Except Saturday.
* Saturday Only.
† Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME
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INTERESTING ITEMS

Poultry and dairy products from Canada, under the terms of the Ottawa agreements, are given unrestricted free entry into the United Kingdom until November 1935, after which the British Government in consultation with the Dominion Governments concerned has the right to bring these products within a system for regulating supplies from all sources.

* * *

After March 1935, cattle and meat imports into the British Isles will be regulated under terms to be arranged with the principal supplying countries, both Empire and foreign. Canadian bacon, however, is accorded an annual quota of 280,000,000 pounds until 1937. Less than one-half of the quota was filled in 1934.

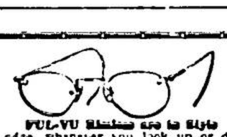
* * *

The 1934 yield of maple syrup and maple sugar as expressed in pounds of sugar was 23,370,400 pounds. The 1933 production was 18,608,500 pounds, and the ten-year average 26,816,000 pounds.

* * *

The barely acreage and production in Canada at present are at a relatively low level. In 1934 the area sown to barley amounted to 3,815,700 acres against an average of 4,778,000 acres for the year 1928-32.

News!
'SALADA' TEA
announces a
new delicious blend
Yellow Label
28c - ½ lb
Outstanding Quality · Low Price
49



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Pitted Dates Choice Quality 2 lbs. 23c
White Beans Hand-Picked 3 lbs. 13c
Stewing Figs Fine Smyrnas 3 lbs. 25c
"A" Bland Coffee Fresh-Ground lb. 33c
Golden Tip Tea Our Famous Blend lb. 65c
Dried Peaches - Fancy lb. 19c
Old Cheese Our Own lb. 21c
Rowntree's Cocoa ½-lb. tin 19c
PURE CLOVER HONEY 2-lb. tin 29c
Corn Aylmer Choice Golden Bantam 2 No. 2 tins 19c
Peas Frankford Sieve 4 2 No. 2 tins 19c
Beans Clark's With Pork 2 No. 2½ tins 21c
Pears Lynn Valley Dessert 2 No. 2 squat tins 19c
Plums Choice Lombard 3 No. 2 tins 25c
Jam RASPBERRY Clinton's, Pectin Added 12-oz. jar 29c
Rice Finest Japan 3 pounds 14c
GERBER'S BABY FOODS Including Cereal 2 tins 19c
OVALTINE tin 38c, 58c, 98c
SHORTENING Easifirst 1-LB. PKG. 13c
VI-TONE The Health Drink 12-oz. tin 44c
CANADIAN SALT FREE RUNNING 2 cans 13c
MAGIC BAKING POWDER 16-OZ. TIN 34c
RUM-N-BUTTER Tolly lb. 25c
MIXED NUTS In Shell 2 lbs. 25c
JELLY Malkin's 5 pkgs. 25c
OLIVES Malkin's 16-OZ. JAR 28c
SHRIMP Fancy tin 19c
SOAP Golden Unwrapped 10 Bars 23c
OXYDOL More Suds Less Work lge. pkg. 19c
KETCHUP Heinz Tomato 2 14-oz. bots. 35c
CHEESE Chateau or Velveeta ½-lb. pkg. 13c
TOMATOES Robin Choice No. 2½ tin 8c
CLEANSER Carroll's Own 5 tins 23c
McCormick's Butter Bar BISCUITS 2 lbs. 25c
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Lemons 21c doz. | Grapefruit 6 for 25c
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WINTER

'Tis winter now; the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn;
His life within the keen air breathes.
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

O God! who giv'st the winter's cold,
As well as summer's joyous ray,
Us warmly in Thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days

—Samuel Longfellow.

Young man—She certainly is polished, doncha think so?
Girl Friend—Yeah. Everything she says casts a reflection on someone.

FOR LOVE OF A HORSE

A True Story

Fred L. Hanson, of Gorham, Maine, has passed the allotted three-score-years-and-ten milestone, still carrying on cheerily, ready to do a good turn to anybody he meets. In this respect he stands above the crowd as does his six feet four inches of height unbent by the years. In early manhood, to avert threatened disease, he took the open road. His chief occupation is that of transporting household effects and such across the street or across the continent—north, south, east and west. He tells of many interesting episodes encountered in his long trips. The following, told to the writer, will especially interest lovers of horses.

On a farm in the outskirts of Gorham dwelt for many years a dear old couple who managed and tilled the farm, and made a comfortable living. They were happy until recently, with old age creeping on them, they consented to go to spend the remainder of their days with a daughter in the nothern part of the state. The old gentleman was a familiar figure in the village streets with his old, feeble white horse hitched to a rattling antique buggy, going from house to house to sell his produce.

On the day before that set for the moving the farmer drove into the village to engage Mr. Hanson for the moving. His purpose, he said, was to have another go down by train and he would drive old Dobbin down alone. He would take some hay along for the horse and a few sandwiches for himself and the dog. "Or," said Hanson, "you can't do that." You are not able yourself to make that more than a hundred-mile journey, the horse couldn't do it in a month, and the old buggy with every tire loose would fall to pieces before you got half way. Now, let me make a suggestion. Go home and get one of your good neighbors to take Dobbin into the woods and shoot and bury him. You and your wife shall ride with me in the cab where she will be more comfortable than she would be on the train, considering the changes necessary, and it will not cost you a cent extra. No. It is too risky. You mustn't think of driving down, not even of driving the twenty miles to the train."

After much hesitation the old gentleman, finding it difficult to believe that he couldn't drive the old horse as he always had done, agreed to this plan.

Bright and early the next morning the van was backed up to the farmhouse door. Neighbors from miles around had gathered to bid their old friends "Godspeed." Neighbor George was there with his gun prepared to take Dobbin on his last trip and put him mercifully to sleep. Then, as Dobbin came to the gate and whimpered his usual "good morning," his master put hi sarm around his neck and led him to George. As George took the halter the old man broke down completely. "George," he said, "I can't let you do it. I can not let you do it. This old horse has been my brat friend for more than twenty years. He loves me and he knows that I love him. I would rather let you take me to the woods and shoot me No, I can not bear it."

This was Henson's cue. He said, "George, while I am loading up with everything in the house you make a crate for Dobbin. There's plenty of lumber lying around loose here. Make it good and strong and to fit so that he will not be jolted too much where the going is rough. There is a crate here for the hens and you can make a small one for the dog. I will make room for them all in the van." The joy of the dear old man at this solution of his problem can well be imagined.

The crate was placed in the van. Dobbin marched up the plank and into the crate just as if he understood the situation, the hens were tucked in on one side and the dog on the other, the big doors clamped and off they started.

Before sundown they arrived safe and well, everything was distributed in the new home, and Dobbin was pastured near by where he could spend his last days and come to the gate every morning for his lump of sugar and his friend's caress.

Of the re-united group no one was happier than Mr. Hanson.—Thos. H. Sherman in "Our Dumb Animals."

EARLIER PENSIONS WOULD RELIEVE UNEMPLOYMENT

The younger generation stand to suffer most from the depressed conditions of the last four years. Is a young man fortunate enough to retain his job in the reduced ranks of the factory? If so, he has little chance for promotion, the better jobs being held by men who are hanging on to their places. Or is the young man unemployed? In that case he is on relief and experiencing the degrading situation of living idly on money he has not earned. In either case he is in an unhappy position. It would be better surely to invest the public funds in pensioning off the old men and giving jobs, rather than relief, to young workers. A man of sixty who has worked faithfully for many years could profit by a pension whereas a stripling may be ruined in character by being taught to depend upon handouts. The introduction of earlier old age penalons would cut out much relief, and leave jobs open for young unemployed who are today learning habits of idleness.

WISDOM FOR WIVES

A country vicar was noted for his excellent fatherly advice to young couples he wedded. He had printed cards of advice, which he used to distribute, besides giving guidance verbally. One of the cards was for the man and the other for the woman. That to the woman ran as follows.

When you marry him, love him.
After you marry him, study him.
If he is honest, honor him.
If he is generous appreciate him.
When he is sad, cheer him.
When he is cross, amuse him.
When he is talkative, listen to him.
When he is quarrelsome, ignore him
If he is slothful, spurn him.
If he is noble, praise him.
If he is confidential, encourage him.
If he is secretive, trust him.
If he is jealous, cure him.
If he cares naught for pleasure, coax him.
If he favors society, accompany him.
If he does you a favor, kiss him.
When he deserves it, kiss him.
Let him think how well you understand him, but never let him know that you manage him.

It is doing the little "extras," the things we're not asked to do—
The favors that help one's brother to trust in God and you;
It is doing, I say, the "extras," the things not looked for, you know
That will bring us our King's kind notice—a "well done," as on we go.

Fat and Forty

By ELIZABETH ALDEN

DONNIE hadn't been himself for days. He'd sit back of the stove and whittle and let the boys wisecrack all around him without ever rising to the bait.

Donnie's an especial favorite of mine—he's so darned good looking—and the first time he came in when I was alone I asked him right out what the matter was

"How would you feel, Mis' Harris, if the girl you was practically engaged to got crazy about a married man?"

"I s'pose you mean Idella," I said.

"But who's the man?"

"Joe Lawrence."

Heavenly day! Is that old bumblebee still buzzin' around? Why he was one of life's dangers when I was eighteen. He must be—"

"Sure, he's old enough to be Idella's father. But he's lived in Boston all these years and he's smooth. He's got all the girls running around in circles, but Della's the one he's after. Just happens to be driving by and brings her home, and then they talk and talk. And they dance together a lot—"

"Well, you aren't going to sit still and let him get away with it, are you?"

"But, Mis' Harris, what can I do?"

I considered while I put up Old Man Wilson's order. "If you could make him look ridiculous—"

"Fat chance with that big sports model and all those snappy clothes!"

"Or you could go to his wife, but that's kind of mean. Let me see. You tried paying attention to some other girl?"

"I don't want any other girl."

"Try it anyway," I advised him. "You'd be surprised how often the old gag works."

A few days later Donnie came in and hung around till we was alone.

"How're things coming?" I asked, seeing he wanted an opening.

"Not so hot. She's meeting him up by the Point. I happened to be coming home through the woods the other night—Elines stood out along his jaw—and I saw him kiss her."

"Well, one kiss from a married man won't ruin her life, but many of those meetings will go a good ways towards ruinin' her reputation."

"I'd like to choke him!"

"Yes. And spank her."

Amos Benson come in just then for some nails, and I didn't get a chance to ask Donnie if he'd dated up any other girl. But I could see this latest development had him set so high he wasn't capable of much finessing. So I decided to take a hand myself in this little game.

I got out the good old law of averages and figured that since Idella waited in the store for the night mail five days out of six, and Joe almost always went by from the mill while she was there, it was fairly apt to so happen on any given date.

Then I wrote a letter to Milly Barlow, an old crony of mine who lives in Wauhonit. Milly's still slim and wears smart clothes, and the fact that she's a Vance Falls girl who's made good as a radio singer puts her ace-high with the young crowd.

Wednesday afternoon Idella and Annie White sat on cracker boxes, giggling as usual, when Milly's car drove up. She come along in and we stood gossiping till the whistle blew and the weavers began struggling by.

Milly leaned to get a better view of one figure. "My heavens, is that Joe Lawrence? Why, Maud, he's got a paunch!"

"'Fat and forty,'" I quoted, "only he's a good ripe forty, wouldn't you say?"

"Oh, he was years older than we were! Well, well," Milly couldn't seem to get over it, "Joe Lawrence fat. Perhaps that's recompense for all the girls he made fools of. Wouldn't Hattie Allen love to see him now?"

"Poor Hattie—he did that just to break up her affair with Chet, didn't he? And she never did get another beau. But Joe couldn't resist turning the head of any silly girl he ran across, with that charm that didn't mean a thing."

Milly laughed. "The world's boy friend. But I should say there wasn't much chance of his charming a nigger doll now."

Idella had taken it all in, though she pretended to be deep in gabble with Annie. Her face was plenty red, and the different emotions on it would have given Hepburn lessons.

And then fate co-operated and I witnessed a little scene I hadn't expected. I was on my way home when I spied a couple on the fence under the courtin' willows. A couple that I should have taken for one person if it hadn't been for the voices.

"—flattered me," protested one voice, "I didn't really care anything about him. Why, Donnie, he's middle-aged and fat!"

"Okay," replied the other voice, "we'll let it pass. But from now on—"

I didn't see Donnie for several days, then one night he was back in his old place, swapping wisecracks with Bill and Charlie.

"Women," I heard him declare, "are a lot like bees. Apt to swarm and sting and make it hot for a fellow; but, boy, will they produce honey if you know how to handle 'em!"

Operation of 2,000 Years Ago

A skull on exhibition in the London museum contains evidence of an operation performed 2,000 years ago. In the center of the skull appears a neat round hole, drilled, according to the experts, to let out the evil one inside the patient, who was probably suffering from epilepsy.

THE COLORS OF A MAN

He's blue when loyal.
He's purple when angry.
He's yellow when cowardly.
He's red when embarrassed.
He's white when he's straight.
He's green when he's ignorant.
He's colorless when he's uninteresting.

Wife (reading)—It says here a well-dressed man should have at least 18 suits.
Hubby—Huh! Then I must be a sick-unto-death dressed man with only one lone threadbare suit.

PALE, PEPLESS GIRL BECAME PRETTY —AND WASN'T SHE PLEASED!

It all happened in 30 days! In November the girl was pale, run-down and lacked vitality. Weight subnormal; only 91¼ lbs. Her blood, when tested, was found to be low in red corpuscles and lower still in haemoglobin, the red substance in the red corpuscles. She was given a 30 day treatment. And what a happy change took place!

She gained nine pounds and her complexion glowed with rosy health. Her face rounded out and she became positively pretty. The treatment—as shown by a second blood test—had greatly increased the red corpuscles and haemoglobin in her blood, consequently she felt and looked radiantly well. The preparation that worked these wonders was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

This famous old remedy restores health in a most constructive way. We know that the blood carries nourishment and vitality to every part of the body. But unless the blood has a sufficient number of red corpuscles and red colouring substance called haemoglobin, it cannot carry on its vital work. It is here that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills produce constructive benefits. This remedy increases, in most cases, both the red corpuscles and the haemoglobin. Blood tests prove it!

Good looks and good health are too precious to neglect or experiment with. If your feelings and your mirror tell you that you are under weight, nervous, sallow, easily tired out—take this tested remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for 30 days, as the girl mentioned above did. Then check up on beauty and health you have gained. Full size box is priced 50c.

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THANKFUL FOR SMALL FAVORS

One good result of bad times is that we do not have to come into a fortune in order to be appreciative. Instead we very soon learn to be thankful for small blessings. A man who had lost a position paying a high salary was two years without work. When finally he secured a job, the salary was small; but when he brought home his first pay envelope, he handed it to his wife with the words, "Five years ago I would not have been so thankful for a million as I am for these few dollars."

Tens of thousands of people can understand that attitude. Five years ago who felt thankful for a job? Work was regarded rather as a necessary evil than a blessing. We have now learned better. Practically every Canadian with a paying position thinks himself lucky. His job is something for which to be thankful. Five years ago who thought of a comfortable home or a bountiful table as grounds for thankfulness? People took such comforts as a matter of course. He must be a very thoughtful individual, however, who now sits down to a "square meal" without thinking of the many who are less fortunate.

It seems a pity that we should learn appreciation of our blessings either by losing them or by fearing their loss. In good times as well as bad, we should keep before us the realization that a stupendous stroke of luck is not necessary to make us fortunate; that the "small favors" are a reason for thankfulness.

TRAIN WRECK MAY COST MILLION

While the loss of life in the disastrous C.N.R. head-end collision at Dundas on Christmas night is by far the most serious consideration, it is estimated that the cost of the mishap to the Canadian National Railway will be from $500,000 to $1,000,000.

There was little track damage but the rolling stock damaged in the accident represents a loss of about $300,000, it is said. There were three cars, two parlor cars and a day coach, splintered, completly demolished or wrecked beyond repair. These are valued at $50,000 to $70,000 each. The engine on the Detroit to Toronto flyer was also badly damaged but can be repaired in the C.N.R. workshops.

What the claims against the railway for lives lost will be, of course a matter for the claims department, and is purely a matter of conjecure. However, it is believed by many that the claims for the fifteen dead may total $400,000 to $500,000.

Claims for the injured cannot be determined at this early date either, as the amount of claims naturally depends upon the seriousness of the injury and whether or not there is any permanent disability. However, with forty persons injured it is believed that the claims for injuries might easily total $350,000.

Claims for luggage lost in the wreck and clothes ruined may also be a costly item, although not nearly so heavy as the others.

GOOD ENOUGH TO BE AT THAT

Some Scotch people who had left their native land and settled down in Canada were living on a farm at some distance from the Presbyterian Church which they attended. On a certain Sunday the mother of the family had not been at church, and on the return of the other members, also of Sandy, the hired man, she asked them to tell of the christening of two little twin boys which had taken place on that Sunday, and she especially wished to know what their names were. Sandy had been telling of the incident, but when asked as to the names of the baby boys, said he could not remember.

At that minute a son of the family, who also had been at church, came in, and in response to the mother's question, said the twins were called Bruce and Wallace.

This led Sandy to remark: "Aye, aye, that is richt! I had forgotten the names; only I kent that they were Bible names onyway."

Hubby—Well, dear, how are you getting on with your golf lessons?
Wifey—Pretty well, but when the professional told me to address the ball I just couldn't think of a word to say.

Mrs. Smathers—When you have a quarrel with your husband do you threaten to go home to your mother?
Mrs. Kramer—No, indeed, I threaten to have mother come here.

IN THE CITY

I wandered in a city great and old,
At morn, at noon, and when the evening fell
And round my spirit gathered like a spell
Its splendor and its tumult and its gold,
The mysteries and memories of its years,
Its victors and fair women, all the life
The joy, the power, the passion and the strife
Its sights of hand-locked lovers and its tears.
And whereso in that mighty city, free
And with clear eyes and heart I trod,
My thoughts became a passion high and strong,
And all the spirit of humanity
Soft as a child and potent as a god
Drew near to me and wrapt me like a song.

MR. KING STILL LONGEST TALKER

Liberal leader Mackenzie King outspoke Premier Bennett and the C.C.F. leader, J. S. Woodsworth in the address debate. He spoke three and one quarter hours, compared with two hours for the prime minister and a mere 40 minutes for Mr. Woodsworth. Under the rules of the House the prime minister and opposition leader have no time limit on their speeches, but all others, including the C.C.F. leader, are limited to 40 minutes.

FAMILIAR SAYINGS BASED ON BIBICAL EXPRESSIONS

So he that runs may read.
Prisoners of hope
Unstable as water
Labor of love.
At their wit's end.
All things to all men.
Put not your trust in princes.
Filthy lucre.
Apple of my eye.
My name is Legion.
X still small voice.
In the twinkling of an eye.
A man after his own heart.
Rule with a rod of iron.
Great men are not always wise.
No respecter of persons.
To the pure all things are pure.
A good old age.
The wings of the morning.
At the parting of the ways.
Nothing new under the sun.
Under his vine and fig tree.
A stranger in a strange land.
There is no discharge in the war.
Whited sepulchres.
Clothed and in his right mind.
Signs of the times.
The sleep of the laboring man is sweet.
Beat their swords into ploughshares.
Charity covers a multitude of sins.
Make light of it.
A good man and a just one.
Darkness that can be felt.
There is no truth in him.
The salt of the earth.
Of the making of many books there is no end.
Can a leopard change his spots?
A living dog is better than a dead lion.
I escaped with the skin of my teeth.
Eat, drink and be merry.

KINDNESS AND CRUELTY

Kindness and cruelty appear to be relative terms, and wholly dependent on habit. One hears no complaint on the part of Chinese wives, because their husbands never kiss them. Doubtless they would complain if their husbands did. Sir Richard Burton, the famous English linguist and traveller, relates that he once met a husky maiden, in one of his expeditions, who bwailed with bitter sobs the loss of her husband's love. He wished to know why she thought it was lost. Well, it had been a long time since her husband had given her a beating.

Gain Weight!
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