

### Bloodhounds Not Bloody;

#### Are Not Attacking Dogs

Bloodhounds aren't bloody or attacking dogs. They do not, contrary to common belief, leap upon their prey and savagely tear it to pieces. They hold their quarry, particularly a man, by barking furiously. They seldom bite or attack him.

They originated, so far as is known, in the Ardennes of France, and tradition has it that St. Hubert brought the breed from the south of Gaul to his "Abbey of St. Hubert" in the Ardennes. There they were known as the St. Hubert hounds and were used for hunting deer and fox. A use common for the breed until recent times, writes George Berner in the Washington Post.

The St. Hubert in later years became the Flemish hound, and in recent years the bloodhound, so-called because it was the first hound bred to be bred pure and kept of pure blood, thanks to the excellent work of the monks of St. Hubert abbey.

The Normans introduced the breed into England after the Conquest of 1066, where they were known as the Talbot hound and one of the ranking blood favorites during the Twelfth to Sixteenth centuries.

Indolent, lazy to the nth degree when he has nothing to do, he can be action personified when on a trail or in play. Not easily provoked to bite and tolerant to the extreme of children, he is a fine companion, pet, hound and watchdog.

### Cleveland Pioneers Had

#### No Trouble With Indians

Cleveland was never bothered by hostile Indians. On the contrary, the early settlers' Indian neighbors were for the most part very friendly, trading freely, bringing game to sell at the doors of the pioneers' cabins. A typical Indian neighbor was the famous chief, Seneca, whose people had an encampment on the east side of the Cuyahoga, a little north of Superior avenue. For a number of years Seneca was frequently in or about the young town, and always at peace and on good terms with the whites, who remembered him as "a noble specimen of Indian character."

The only time that Cleveland had anything to fear from Indians was during the War of 1812, when the British had enlisted some of them against the Americans, notes a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. But the scene of action was always east or west or north of Cleveland. A small military force was stationed here and built Fort Huntington, a log redoubt, on the lake front near W. Third street. There were, an early historian writes, alarms and excursions, comings and goings, anxiety and confusion, but the fort was never put to the test of attack or siege.

### Emeralds Long Favored

For centuries emeralds have been the favorite gems of beautiful women. Cleopatra was among the first to show her preference. She owned large emerald mines and gave large emeralds engraved with her portrait to her friends. Later on, history reveals that Napoleon's only gifts of jewels to the Empress Josephine were rare emeralds and pearls. Catherine the Great of Russia owned a large collection of emerald jewelry.

### BUTTER DEALER HEAVILY FINED

A manufacturer and dealer in creamery butter in one of Canada's larger cities was recently fined \$50 and costs for representing and selling second grade butter as being of first grade quality. It was branded with the words "First Grade."

Section 28 of the regulations under Part II of the Dairy Industry Act states in effect that any package containing creamery butter must be marked so as to give a true and accurate description of the quality of the butter contained therein.

Any Province in Canada can give this section of the Dairy Industry Act and Regulations the force of law by enacting the necessary legislation. This has been done by every province except Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

It is the intent of this law that consumers of butter will have some guarantee as to the quality of their purchases. The terms used to describe the quality of butter are "First Grade," "Second Grade," "Third Grade," and "Below Third Grade." These terms are conspicuously placed on the main panel of the package and should serve as a guide to purchasers. The marking of creamery butter with the grade as described has proven to be an incentive to the production of a higher quality product which should stimulate consumption of butter and thus prove to be a decided benefit to the dairy industry generally.

### DIED

Firstbrook—At the home, Acton, on Sunday, Aug. 7, 1938, Dr. Arthur R. Firstbrook, 71 years old, son of James and Annie Firstbrook. Interment was made in Fairview Cemetery, Acton, on Tuesday afternoon.

The Department of Game and Fisheries has placed 1,200 German brown trout in the Big Head River at Meaford.

Simcoe County Council is making a grant of \$1,500 towards the International Ploving Match to be held on the Mincing flats next fall.

A magnificent gift of \$1000 was given to the Town of Newmarket for use of the fire grounds, by Fred Orpen, Toronto, in fulfillment of a promise made by his father, Abe Orpen.

The way it is told by the cards: When you are in love, it is hearts; when you are married, it is clubs; when you die, it is spades; when you are divorced, it's the deuce; when the guy falls for the old lady that two can live as cheaply as one, it's the joker.

How long the Quinte can compete with Niagara Falls as Ontario's chief tourist attraction we refuse to guess. It is doubtful, however, whether the new and enlarged home now planned for the Ollander young ladies will necessarily result in a larger influx of visitors.

Complaints have been made to this office about men, women, girls and boys, parading the streets in scant attire, and some people want to know what we can do about it. Well, all we can do is leave them alone. There does not seem to be a town-by-law against this practice. Anyway this is a free country and the best way to do is to let people dress as they like.

### Reindeer Is Essential

#### to Existence of Lapps

The reindeer is absolutely essential to the existence of the nomad Lapp. His herd supplies him with food, clothing, and shelter, according to an authority in the Chicago Tribune.

The people eat reindeer meat all the year round—the fresh meat in autumn and the smoked and salted in spring and summer. Their winter garments, their blankets and bedding are reindeer skins and furs. The tents or tepees are hung with reindeer skins for warmth. Most of the Lapps' simple and limited household gear is made from reindeer hide, horn, and bone. Coarse thread, string, and heavy cord are manipulated out of the sinews.

The babies' cradles and the pulkas are made with reindeer hides. The pulkas are the odd-looking little sleds or sleighs without runners that rest flat on the snow. They are shaped like the front end of a small canoe cut in half, pointed in the bow, and cut square across the rear end. These are drawn by reindeer, and the driving harness is made from reindeer sinews.

The Lapp cannot live without the reindeer; the reindeer cannot live without the Lapp.

The Lapp is not adaptable to any other mode of living. City or industrial life in the factory or office is impossible to him. These vast northern territories are uninhabitable for any human beings except these people. They live and thrive in hardships that white men will not endure. The Lapp is hardy despite his small stature and light weight.

### Bel's Phone Preceded

#### by Many Other Attempts

The Columbia Encyclopedia says that like other notable inventions Bell's invention of the telephone was preceded by many attempts to produce it, and its true principles and effective instruments were finally found by different men at so nearly the same time that there are disputes over priority.

The Popular History of American Inventions says that no other patent has ever been more bitterly contested and no claim to a great invention more clearly proved than that of Bell. Elisha Gray, whose claims are preferred by some authorities, filed caveat for his invention just a few hours after Bell. These claims were threshed out in prolonged litigation which resulted in Bell's patent being upheld and his title of inventor of the telephone officially established.

Other early inventors of the telephone whose claims to priority have been advanced include Antonio Meucci, an Italian immigrant to this country; Dr. George B. Richmond, of Lansing, Mich., whose original instrument is in the state museum at Lansing; William Humans, of Cambridge, Mass., who received a magnetic sounder patent in 1874; Philip Reis, of Germany; Prof. A. Dolbear and Daniel Drawbaugh of this country.

### Kansas and Arkansas

Iowa is pronounced eye-oh-wah, with accent on first syllable. Arkansas, used as the name of the state, river and city in Arkansas, is pronounced ar-kan-saw, with chief accent on first syllable. The name of Arkansas City, Kan., is pronounced ar-kan-zas, with accent on second syllable. Au Sable is pronounced o-say-bl, with accent on "say." G. E. Shankle's book on state names says that the similarity of the sound of the word "Kansas" with the syllable "arc" pressed upon the word "Arkansas," is probably accidental, and the theories about the latter names being derived from the former are further weakened by reading the accounts of early chroniclers and finding there the various forms of "Arkansas" as listed previously. That there were two groups of Indians, the Kansas and the Arkansas, with similar sounding names, is affirmed by Marquette's mention of this in 1673. According to various authorities, the name Arkansas is a Gallicized form of the Indian name Quappaw, and appears in over 70 variations.

### Grass Skirts in Hawaii

Grass skirts, ukuleles, pineapples—ask any American what they suggest, and he will certainly tell you "Hawaii." Ask him whether a native of Honolulu is an American citizen by birth and he may not be so sure of his answer. Yet grass skirts and ukuleles are acquisitions of Hawaii not much older than Hawaii itself as an acquisition of the United States of America; and even the pineapple seems to have been unknown on the islands until white men brought it there in the eighteenth century.

### "Salutation to the Dawn"

The "Salutation to the Dawn," anonymously written and ascribed to the Sanskrit, is as follows: "Look to this day, for it is life, the very life of life. In its brief course lie all the verities and realities of your existence: the bliss of growth, the glory of action, the splendor of beauty. For yesterday is but a dream, and tomorrow only a vision; but today, well-lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness, and every tomorrow a vision of hope. Look well, therefore, to this day."

He who compels himself to think kindly toward man and beast, will soon, without knowing, act kindly.

We need a calm perspective in a long view of things—that will preserve us from the fears of the moment.

A beauty contest is being held at Wasaga Beach this afternoon. The winner of the contest will be decided by popular vote and will be honored with the title of "Miss Wasaga."

Someone with a very mean and contemptible mind smashed some rotten eggs up against the lock and around the knob of the door at the Harriston Lawn Bowling Club's club house.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Tyrrell, of Oakville, announce the engagement of their daughter, Merian Edith, to Morley Keegan, of Oakville, formerly of Stirling, Ontario, the marriage to take place on Sept. 3rd in St. Jude's Church.

### The Welcoming

#### Light

By KARRI ASBRAND  
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WNU Service.

TILDA MAY flipped the dishcloth on to its place on the towel rack and turned to survey the tawdry little figure on the chair near the door.

She managed to veil the hostility in her eyes, and she bit her tongue to keep it from saying, "So you're in again." Instead she said, "I s'pose you're hungry."

Beverly nodded. "I haven't eaten anything since early this morning," she admitted. Tilda May silently put the coffee pot on the stove, sliced cold lamb and deftly set bread and butter, marmalade and a dish of preserved peaches in a tempting array on the table, wondering all the while what this daughter of Tom's had on her mind now.

When she married Tom Taylor she had said to this daughter of his, "Remember, Beverly, there will always be a welcoming light in the window for you." Beverly, it seemed, had always remembered when she had needed something.

She had been at a stage school then, a pretty, flighty, thought-shewn-it-all slip of a girl of sixteen. That was eight years ago. Time and again she had come to her stepmother for money. Large sums of it. Again and again Tilda May had painstakingly saved money out of her budget for a vacation, for a new automobile, for a dress, only to have it wormed away from her by an appeal from Beverly.

A year later Beverly had returned, a deserted wife, and laid an infant daughter in Tilda May's horrified

### SHORT SHORT

#### STORY

Complete in This Issue

arms at just about the time they were ready to buy another bungalow.

And here she was again. Tilda May watched her out of the corner of a wary eye. She ate like a hungry little animal. She looked ill, in spite of the superfluous coat of rouge on her face, and in spite of herself, her stepmother's heart warmed towards her. After all, she was Tom's, and the welcoming light was still shining in the window for her.

"You quite well, Beverly?" she asked, as she sat down opposite the girl.

Beverly shook her head. "That's what I came about, Tilda," she said. "I got a bum lung. The doctor says I got to go away. He gives me less'n six months unless I go to Denver."

Tilda May's heart sank. Denver! All the money she and Tom had raked together for a much-needed trip to California would have to go to Beverly now, for doctors, and a trip to Denver. "She shan't have it!" her heart rebelled. "You deserve a vacation. You worked hard for that money. What good is she? What's she done for you? For her father? For her baby?"

"Tilda," the girl's tired voice smote her. "I'm scared to die. You ain't going to die, Beverly," the older woman soothed her. "I'll see that you have the money in the morning."

Beverly hung her head.

"That's my baby?" she asked. Tilda May led the way to the bedroom where the mite lay asleep in her crib, a charming, rosy bit of humanity, one chubby hand tucked under her cheek, the other clutching a shabby rag doll.

"She's lovely!" breathed Beverly. Then, suddenly, she turned, and threw herself into Tilda May's arms. "Don't let her be like me," she sobbed. "I'm bad. Make her—like you. Oh, if I'd only listened to things you've said to me."

Tilda May drew the girl close. "There, there," she soothed.

"You go to Denver, and get well. Then you'd best come and live here with your father and me." Tom had grudgingly given up his trip.

"You've had nothin' since we was married," he complained, "nothin' but Beverly and her troubles." "I haven't got a bum lung," she interposed, valiantly.

And when the telegram came three months later, she was glad she had been good to Beverly. Beverly had lost her fight. She had died in Denver.

"Poor little Beverly," said Tilda May, wiping away a tear. "She was a drag on you," put in Tom Taylor, averting his eyes. "And her kid'll be another drag."

"No, she won't," she defended her staunchly. "She'll have her chance. I didn't have Beverly long enough. No mother for years! What chance had Beverly? Children need homes and parents. Mothers that love them, and understand. Fathers that work to keep the home intact. If God will only let me live, this child shall have Beverly's chance, Tom."

"Guess you're right, Tilda," said Tom.

And the welcoming light set in the window for Beverly whose bravely to tell Beverly that all was well.

### Jade Precious to Chinese

Jade to the Chinese is what diamonds are to many Westerners. It is in them the most precious of precious stones. Centuries ago this green, carved in the form of beads and storks, was worn to insure long life. It varies in color from deepest kingfisher blue to white. In China they gauge the value of jade not by its color but by its texture—the experts call it "feel" it.

### Famous Chimes at Malines

Antwerp is the principal port of Belgium and the town next in importance to Brussels. Two tunnels which connect the banks of the River Scheldt are marvels of engineering. The chimes of Malines, on the cathedral of St. Rombold, are the heaviest and most celebrated in the world.

### Farm Boys and Girls

#### Await Ontario Fall Fairs

Rural boys and girls, to the number of 2000, will participate in special competitions at Class "A" fall fairs to be held within the next few weeks, Ontario Department of Agriculture officials have announced. These competitions cover special activities associated with boys' and girls' club work and Junior Farmer and Junior Institute projects. These activities were considerably curtailed last year owing to the epidemic of infantile parvovirus but reports recently received point to the most successful competitions in the history of club work.

A live-stock judging competition for boys will be held at Peterborough on August 15th, with home making club exhibits and judging competitions for girls who will also stage inter-county team demonstration. On Thursday, Aug. 18th the boys will hold club and showmanship competitions. Hon. P. M. Dewar, Ontario Minister of Agriculture, will address the boys and girls at a banquet on Wednesday evening, Aug. 17th. Mr. Dewar will also address the Junior Club banquet at the Central Canada Exhibition, Ottawa.

Similar competitions will also be held at the Ottawa, Toronto and London Class "B" fairs: Barrie, Belleville, Brampton, Galt, Kingston, Leamington, Lindsay, Port Arthur, Renfrew, Richmond Hill, Simcoe, Woodstock and Stratford.

Excellent prizes are offered at all the above fairs with special entertainment being provided for the boys and girls by the fair managements.

### Ontario Peach Crop

#### Ten Days Earlier

A peach crop survey conducted by the Ontario department of agriculture last week shows that canning peaches of the famous "V" type, Vildette, Valiant and Veteran, will reach Ontario markets the week of August 15th. These varieties, originated at the Horticultural experiment station, Vineland, have largely replaced the Crawford in the affection of Ontario housewives. They will be followed by the Elberta two weeks later.

The entire crop will be ten days earlier than last year, growers agree. They put out the Rochester, a good canning peach, but not quite so fired at the pit as the "V" peaches, was first picked last year August 19th, and was ready by the 10th this year. In discussing crop prospects, growers stated that owing to increased production as a result of more trees coming into bearing for the first time this year "V" peaches will show an increase of 15 per cent over 1937. Elbertas are down 10 to 15 per cent, which make the canning crop just about equal the total for 1937 with quality better than last year. Prices will be just as reasonable growers predict.

This means that housewives will be able to have all their peaches canned before the Canadian National Exhibition opens August 26th.

### Building a Home—and Marriage

The house-building problem in Canada today is in some respects similar to that of the United States. It is well known that young people in general have difficulty in amassing sufficient funds for marriage. It is also well known that many people cannot afford to build houses.

Although Finance Minister A. C. Dunning's elimination of the sales tax on forty building trade items should aid the construction industry as a whole and contribute to better employment conditions, it is well not to be too sanguine of its effects upon the housing program launched by the Federal Government, or upon house building under any other arrangement throughout the Dominion.

Houses will not be built here in large numbers until one of two things happens. Either rents must go up or taxes must come down, as rents cannot be effectively increased until tenants are able to pay at a higher rate, and there seems small hope of that at present. The only feasible means of developing a house-building program is to reduce taxes.

Municipal taxes creep up, with few exceptions, year by year. In each city and town the current incumbent of the council's chairs are able to present arguments to show that they are not responsible for the increasingly severe taxation. They point to mistakes of their predecessors in other conditions over which they have no control. Some of these arguments are sound, but this does not alter the fact that the municipal taxation for more than any other one factor, which is strangling house building.

The 1938 Dunning budget should effect a reduction of some five per cent in the current account building. This is important, but it does not deal with the fundamental trouble. That trouble is not capital cost so much as the year by year municipal taxation.

### This Summer is Record for Heat

This sultry summer seems likely to set a record in broom-mopping, according to the figures which the weather man has issued.

"Yes," he admitted in a resigned tone, "it's been a consistently hot summer. May was three degrees above normal at its mean of 55; June had a mean of 65 and was also three above normal; July's mean was 72 and that's four above. Take August so far. It's running nine degrees above the line. We have not had a single day below normal since July 21. Quite a stretch of hot stuff."

In May there were 23 days above normal, in June 23, in July 25, and every day this month so far. But nevertheless, it is unlikely that the summer will be a record for heat.

"The hottest summer (June, July and August) in history was that of 1915," said the statistician at the bureau. Then he glanced over his records and announced that this summer stands well up as an also-ran. For July and August up to date the average is up to 70. "Last summer was a hot one, too," he said. "It averaged 70 for the three months."

A hobby is something one goes goofy about in order to keep from going nuts.

Eric M. Wilson, for some years proprietor of the Stayner Sun, has accepted a position in the advertising department of the Montreal Daily Star.

Tottenham voted on the beer parlor question and has decided to remain dry by a vote of 178 for and 170 against. A three-fifths majority was required.

### PCOBAC

#### PIPE TOBACCO

FOR A MILD, COOL SMOKE

### Pansies for

#### Thoughts

By MARY C. POWER  
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WNU Service.

JOHN LINDEN signed the little green slip with a flourishing hand. Then, chucking, he held the bit of paper aloft and waved it gently to and fro, a smile of satisfaction on his whimsical face. When John Linden chuckled you could be sure that there was something in the wind, for he was not given to promiscuous chuckling.

There was no question but that John Linden was a very successful business man. Financially he was rated high among the big fellows in "bankers' row."

John looked annoyed as Miss Ginn, his secretary, entered and took her accustomed place at her desk. "Kindly see that this check is mailed by noon to Mrs. John Linden," he said curtly. "South Park avenue, Larchmont district. And by the way, Miss Ginn," severely, "you haven't been very punctual at the office lately."

Miss Ginn flushed and started to speak, but thought better of it. Picking up the check, she took it, along with notebook and pencil, into her own little cubbyhole, where she hastily fished an envelope from a pile and stuck it in her typewriter.

Mrs. John Linden... Well, what of it? It wasn't her affair. But she had thought... He had been so kind... Tears welled into her eyes. And John Linden, coming suddenly in from his private quarters just then, saw a tear splash upon the keyboard of the typewriter.

Now, Miss Ginn was a nice little thing, smart and capable. Maybe he had been too harsh.

"I—er—" stammered helplessly, "where are you going tomorrow?" She looked at him coldly, mistress of herself at once.

"Home!" with emphasis. "Home, sweet home," he amended. "To spend the day with mother. Nice little girl," he beamed. Then he noticed a large tissue-wrapped parcel on the desk. "Ah, flowers," he benignly. "Pinks?"

"No? Roses? Or orchids?" banteringly. She held his eyes a moment bravely. "It's a piny-palmy show. What would you give to see it?"

He laughed at that, quaintly reminiscent of kid days. "Well, pins are out of date. But," brightly, "I might rustle up a few marbles, aggie perhaps." Frisking in his trousers pocket he gleefully brought forth two gaily colored glass marbles. "Found 'em this blessed morning. Now, if that isn't luck!" gleamingly.

She unwrapped the parcel, exposing to view half a hundred smiling flower faces that nodded to him in the most friendly way, then set the basket on the sill of an open window nearby.

"Pansies are for thoughts," said John Linden slowly. "And you're bringing them home to your mother. I see."

She seemed surprised. "My mother died when I was born. They're for somebody else's mother. For a dear little old lady whom I've adopted. A lovely lady who is as kin-hungry as I've been at times. She has the pansy-est eyes. And she has a son," eyeing him steadily, "who lives at his club in town here. He never goes to see her out there in the suburbs, though he sends generous checks regularly. Once she called upon him at his place of business—and he was annoyed. It hurt—dreadfully."

"Ah," The word was very expressive. "She keeps his baby picture in a little pansy-embroidered frame on her bureau. It means a lot to her. Especially since she became ill." She faced him squarely. "That is why I have been late mornings, Mr. Linden. She was drooping—they do when they're old—and they have nobody who cares..."

His face suddenly whitened. "What is her name?" he asked tensely.

"Mrs. John Linden. You see, I didn't know myself until last week, when she was taken ill. These big checks," holding the addressed envelope aloft, "they pay her bills, of course, but otherwise they don't mean a thing to her. She is heart-hungry for a sight of her grown-up baby."

John Linden tore the envelope in two and thrust it into the waste basket. "Get your wraps, and we'll take the pansies to her—together."

Miss Ginn jumped up, her face radiant. "I knew it. I told her so this very morning. That you weren't as callous as you pretended. That if you knew the ache in her dear mother's heart—" she hesitated, embarrassed.

A bee buzzed in through the window and hovered above the pansies. "Look," she said, suddenly, to hide her confusion, "a bee singing his honey song to our own little democratic flowers. Now watch the bold pifferer dip into their sweetness."

His whimsical eyes followed hers to the blooms nodding socially in the rustling breeze. "They are as sweet as ever grew in the field of old romance," he said tenderly.

Land Measured by Hills of Corn In Hyde county, North Carolina, farmers do not record their land in acres, but by a unit derived from the spacing of corn hills. A man says he has "5,000 in cotton," meaning he has planted cotton on land sufficient to accommodate 5,000 hills of corn. (2,500 hills of corn equal one acre.)

Whistling, "Devil's Music" In numerous parts of the world, whistling is viewed with much superstition. Moslems call it "devil's music" and Icelanders believe it violates a divine law, says Collier's Weekly. Whistling in mines and theatrical dressing rooms is said to court disaster. Many languages have proverbs on its consequences, such as the French maxim: "A hen that crows and a girl who whistles bring the house bad luck."

Walking with the traffic on the Highway THIS MUST STOP!

If there is no sidewalk or path and you must walk on the Highway, walk toward the traffic, not with it! When you walk toward oncoming traffic, you can watch every car as it approaches, and the driver can see you. Don't risk your life needlessly, especially at night. Walk on the left side, and keep close to the edge of the road.

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Land Measured by Hills of Corn

Whistling, "Devil's Music"

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