

### Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ounce and use as directed. Fine particles of aged skin peel off until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft and velvety, four years looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. To remove wrinkles use one ounce powdered Benzolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

#### Tablet for the Tardy

A novel first aid to social citizens is reported from the city of Hanover, Germany, where a tablet has been set up at the junction of eight streets at Rathenau place. The tablet is divided into squares, for writing. If one of two parties to an appointment is late the first comer writes in one of the squares directions for finding him or an explanation of his departure. The innovation is said to have caught on to such an extent that the tablet is assured of a full quota of messages every day.



### CHILD need REGULATING?

CASTORIA WILL DO IT!

When your child needs regulating, remember this: the organs of babies and children are delicate. Little bowels must be gently urged—never forced. That's why Castoria is used by so many doctors and mothers. It is specially made for children's ailments; contains no harsh, harmful drugs, no narcotics. You can safely give it to young infants for colic pains. Yet it is an equally effective regulator for older children. The next time your child has a little cold or fever, or a digestive upset, give him the help of Castoria, the children's own remedy. Genuine Castoria always has the name:

Wm. D. Feltcher

### CASTORIA CHILDREN CRY FOR IT

#### Good Demand for Honey

The bee business isn't much affected by depression, the Department of Agriculture reports. Last year's honey crop was worth about \$10,000,000, and beeswax about \$1,000,000. New methods of preparing and wrapping honey have stimulated the market, the department states. Likewise nickel candy bars containing honey and almonds have had a huge sale and consequently increased the use for honey.

### KILLS ANTS

Peterman's Ant Food is sure death to ants. Sprinkle it about the floor, window sills, shelves, etc. Effective 24 hours a day. Cheap. Safe. Guaranteed. More than 1,000,000 cans sold last year. At your druggist's.

### PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

#### Stalling Each Other

Fiance—I haven't the courage to tell your father of my debts.  
Fiancee—What cowards you men are! Father hasn't the courage to tell you of his.—Nagel Lustige Welt.

### Dizzy/DR

Start through bowel action when you feel dizzy, headache, bilious. Take NATURE'S REMEDY—DR Tablets. It's mild, safe, purely vegetable, and far better than ordinary laxatives. Keeps you feeling right. 25c.

**TO-NIGHT TO-MORROW ALRIGHT**

The All-Vegetable Laxative

#### TUMS

for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. The candy-like antacid. 10c.

#### When the Row Starts

"Does your wife get angry if you don't talk to her."  
"No, only if I don't listen to her."

#### Supply at Hand

"Much game around here, sonny?"  
"Yes, shop at the end of the road."  
—Montique, Charleroi.

### Relieve a Cough In One Day—

Any cough may cause serious trouble if permitted to go unchecked. Prompt use of

### B. & M. THE PENETRATING GERMICIDE

Usually gives relief immediately

Ask your druggist for the \$1.25 size or order direct, giving his name.

F. E. ROLLINS CO. 53 Beverly St., Boston, Mass.

Gloucester City Ptg. Co., No. 21—1932.

### Out Our Way

WELL, IT COULDN'T BE HELPED, I GUESS. IT'S A CINCINCH YOU DIDN'T DO IT ON PURPOSE. WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES. THROW IT OUT AN' PUT IN ANOTHER. I THINK TH' WELDERS CAN SAVE IT.

THEY'LL WAIN YOUR IDEALISTS KIN NEVER HAVE A PERFICK WORLD—BECAUZ HUMANZ AINT PERFICK. THAT BIRD WOULD LIKE TO BE DANCIN' WITH JOY BECAUZ TH' BULL AINT FIRIN' 'IM FER SPOILIN' THAT JOB—AN' LOOK AT TH' MUG ON HIM.

NO, TH' WORLD NEVER WILL BE PERFICK. IF IT WAS, THAT GUY COULD BE SHRIEKIN' WITH JOY AN' TH' BULL O' TH' WOODS WOULDNT FIRE HIM—BUT, IF TH' GUY DID AS HE SHOULD, TH' WOULDNT DO AS HE IS.

THE HAPPY ENDING.

### By Williams

### Tales of Real Dogs—By Albert Payson Terhune



He Dropped It Down the Shaft

A few months ago I told you the story of a coon hound that fell into a quarry pit, and at last drew human rescuers to the spot. Here is almost the same kind of story, verified by many witnesses. But the scene of this tale is not America, but Australia.

At Hall's Gap, near Stawell, Australia, lived James Scott, a rancher. Less than a mile away from him lived his nearest neighbor, Jacob Pawsey. Both men had fine Airedale dogs, which were not only admirable guards, but hunters as well. Pawsey's Airedale was named Brant, Scott's was named Wrangler.

Early in January, 1931, in the middle of the Australian summer (the seasons are opposite from one another in Australia and in the United States, the Australian summer being our winter), Wrangler disappeared.

Scott valued the dog highly. He hunted everywhere for him, and spent much money in advertisements. But Wrangler was gone.

Pawsey's dog, Brant, had been a lifelong chum of Wrangler's. The two dogs had hunted and loafed together every day since puppyhood. Brant showed his worry over his chum's absence by teasing Scott and Pawsey to follow him out into the woods, and then by absenting himself from home for hours at a time.

The two men paid no heed at first to Brant's teasing, thinking he wanted them to go look afresh for Wrangler. As the days went on Brant ceased his useless effort to lure the men to the woods with him. But he spent more and more time away from home.

Also he grew thin, though his food dish was well filled every day and nothing was found in it when it was taken to be refilled. His owner thought the Airedale's

loss of flesh was due to his pining for his lost pal. Then someone noticed that his regular absences from home always occurred just after his mealtimes.

One morning, Pawsey and lug Brant pick up a huge bone and saw it off into the forest. Stirred by curiosity, the man followed, though at first he thought the dog was taking the bone to the woods to bury it in some safe place.

But Brant did not bury the bone. Running as fast through the wood permit, he kept straight ahead. Pawsey followed as fast as he could, ever more and more curious.

Through the undergrowth and then up a hillside Brant sped. He came to a halt at the top of an open mine-shaft. Pawsey came in sight just in time to see Brant drop the bone carefully down over the edge of the shaft.

Now this is not the normal dog's fashion of disposing of bones. Pawsey knew that. He hurried forward. Brant turned, at sound of the crashing underbrush, and caught sight of his master.

The Airedale dashed over to meet Pawsey. Whimpering and shivering with excitement he led the way to the mouth of the abandoned mine-shaft. Pawsey followed and leaned far over the edge.

From the depths below came the sound of a dog's bark. The mystery of Wrangler's disappearance was solved. Yes, and the sight of Brant dropping the bone down into the shaft solved the mystery of how Wrangler had kept alive all that time.

Pawsey ran to Scott's home with the news. Together the men hurried back to the shaft, carrying a stout knotted rope. This rope was fastened to a stump near the opening; and Pawsey descended the steep

plucking or trampling seems to discourage it. Year after year its happy blossoms reappear to herald the returning season and gladden the eye. They reflect the deepest tints of April's sky and match the backs of the birds of happiness, who make their nests as the violets spring from the ever-yielding earth.

Overhead, redoubt blossoms burst from sedge trunks and branches. They add a touch of color to the somber hills, just now beginning to don a gauzy mantle of green. Too early for the dogwoods, but another month will see that white-

hole. He carried a flashlight in his pocket.

When he got to the bottom, there was Wrangler, none the worse for his long imprisonment and wild with delight at prospect of a rescue. There, too, on the ground, were dozens of meat bones and crusts and the like—the food Brant had cast down for his chum to eat.

Water in holes at the pit bottom had provided drink for the captive, and Brant's daily gifts of bread and meat and bones had kept him plump and healthy. But Brant himself was skeleton-thin, from having given all his meals to the prisoner.

Wrangler was taken home, in triumph. That night, for the first time in a long while, Brant ate a tremendous dinner. Now that his friend was safe, he could afford to use his own food for his own benefit.

It was surmised that the two Airdales had been hunting together along the hillside when Wrangler had blundered into the shaft hole and had tumbled unhurt to the bottom. Brant had tried to lead his master to the spot. Failing, he had fed the unfortunate dog every day since then.

Thus far the story has a happy ending, and I wish I might stop it here, or say that the reunited dogs spent many a happy day together thereafter. But the happiness was pitifully short.

In less than a week after his rescue from the shaft, Wrangler was trotting across a road, in front of Scott's farmhouse, when a speeding motor car struck and killed him.

This was a situation too terrible for even Brant's cleverness to lighten. He was heartsick over Wrangler's death, and he moped miserably about his chum's grave, refusing comfort or food or shelter. His own lifespings were snapped by grief.

A reporter from the "Melbourne Herald" was sent upcountry to get the story. He wrote of Brant:

"He refused to be comforted, neglected his food and runs whining about the familiar haunts where he and his pal spent so many happy days hunting rabbits together."

It is a strange coincidence that this Airedale in Australia and a coon hound in America should have had almost the same experience, during the same month, in feeding and finally leading rescuers to a chum which had fallen into a hole too deep and too steep to climb out of. But both stories are 100 per cent true.

It seems, also, an unnecessary touch of fate that Wrangler should have been kept alive for days by a loyal fellow-dog only to be killed soon afterward by the carelessness of a speed-mad human.

Every year, many thousands of pathetic little furry bodies lie dead in highway and ditch, as sacrifices to the heedless or heartless folk who revel in motoring at top speed and to whom the death of a "mere dog seems to mean nothing.

These people destroy what they cannot restore. I have heard more than one of them say:

"What does the life of a cur amount to?"

That is a question which only the "cur's" Creator can answer. But maybe, sooner or later, there is an answer, and a bill to pay that cannot be paid in cash.

I like to think so. Perhaps I am mistaken, or perhaps not.

#### FAMILY AFFAIRS

Knoxville, Tenn.—Several minutes after Glenn V. Pate left General hospital after recovering from an appendicitis operation, his wife, Mrs. Trula Pate, moved in—for an appendicectomy.

blossomed trees in all their glory. In the shady woods, adder's tongue—the dog-tooth violet—begin to unfold its delicate, lily blossoms of gold or lavender-gran. The anemone, shyly peep from the brown earth. Hepatica's tender blue blossoms is a spring poem. It is still a bit early for the others, but the first comers in the woods and fields are harbingers of a season of promise.

Despite drought or untimely freezes, the wild flowers always bloom somewhere in spring. They never fail eventually to reappear, but one must search to find them.

## When You CAN'T QUIT

Fatigue is the signal to rest. Obey it if you can. When you can't, keep cool and carry-on in comfort.

Bayer Aspirin was meant for just such times, for it insures your comfort. Freedom from those pains that nag at nerves and wear you down. One tablet will block that threatening headache while it is still just a threat. Take two or three tablets when you've caught a cold, and that's usually the end of it.

Carry Bayer Aspirin when you travel. Have some at home and keep some at the office. Like an efficient secretary, it will often "save the day" and spare you many uncomfortable, unproductive hours. Perfectly harmless, so keep it handy, keep it in mind, and use it. No man of affairs can afford to ignore the score and more of uses explained in the proven directions. From a grumbling tooth to those rheumatic pains which seem to close to bend the bones, Bayer Aspirin is ready with its quick relief—and always works. Neuralgia. Neuritis. Any nagging, needless pain.



Get the genuine tablets, stamped with the Bayer cross. They are of perfect purity, absolute uniformity, and have the same action every time. Why experiment with imitations costing a few cents less? The saving is too little. There is too much at stake. But there is economy in the purchase of genuine Bayer Aspirin tablets in the large bottles.



NO TABLETS ARE GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN WITHOUT THIS CROSS

### HUSTLE NO VIRTUE IN CHINESE EYES

If I were to try to sum up in a phrase the main difference between the Chinese and ourselves, I should say that they, in the main, aim at enjoyment, while we, in the main, aim at power. We like power over our fellowmen, and we like power over nature. For the sake of the former we have built up strong states, and for the sake of the latter we have built up science.

The Chinese are too lazy and too good-natured for such pursuits. To say that they are lazy is, however, only true in a certain sense. They are not lazy in the way of tropical peoples; that is to say, the Chinese will work hard for their living. Employers of labor find them extraordinarily industrious. But they will not work, as Americans and western Europeans do, simply because they would be bored if they did not continue doing their daily work.

Nor do they love hustle for its own sake. When they have enough to live on, they live on it, instead of trying to augment it by hard work. They have an infinite capacity for leisurely amusement—going to the theater, talking while they drink tea, admiring the Chinese art of earlier times, waiving in beautiful scenery, or playing games.

Living in the East has, perhaps, a corrupting influence upon a white man, but I must confess, that, since I was in China, I have regarded laziness as one of the best qualities of which men in the mass are capable. —Bertrand Russell in the Modern Thinker.

#### "Ad" Got Results

A Newport (England) miner found life dreary after he had been legally separated from his wife. He inserted this advertisement in a paper: "Young man wishes to meet widow, no objections to a child." He got only one reply. He wrote several letters to his mysterious correspondent, finally arranging to meet her. When he arrived, the widow from whom he was separated was awaiting him, with an order to appear in court to answer maintenance charges.

Loneliness is to endure the presence of one who does not understand.

#### Horses Carried to Fires

Motorization of fire equipment has done away with the fire horse, but in Los Angeles they have gone a step farther. Horses now ride to fires there. A motor truck with a special body is used to transport horses whenever there is a forest fire in the mountains. The horses are used for scout duty in regions where motorized apparatus cannot penetrate.

### How One Woman Lost 10 Lbs. in a Week

Mrs. Betty Luedcke of Dayton writes: "I am using Kruschen to reduce weight—I lost 10 pounds in one week and cannot say too much to recommend it."

To take off fat easily, SAFELY and HARMLESSLY—take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water in the morning before breakfast—it is the safe way to lose unsightly fat and one bottle lasts 4 weeks costs but a trifle. Get it at any drugstore in America. If this first bottle fails to convince you this is the safest way to lose fat—money back.

But be sure and get Kruschen Salts—imitations are numerous and you must safeguard your health.

#### Swimming Pool Handy

Firemen pumped water from the swimming pool in the basement of the Y. M. C. A. building in Berwick, Pa., to fight a fire on the third floor. Water lines feeding the pool were turned on simultaneously. Firemen estimated the pool would supply water for three hours of fire fighting.

#### Ancient Swedish Bible

A Swedish Bible, printed in Europe 310 years ago, was handed down from generation to generation in one family and is now owned by Peter Pearson, Ashland, Wis. It is printed in old Scandinavian script. —Indianapolis News.

#### How Not to Sell

Customer—I want a dress to put on around the house.  
Polite Clerk—How large is your house, madam?—Detroit News.

#### A Word for Himself

Betty—Jack don't take "No" for an answer. What shall I do?  
Dick—Say "Yes" to some other fellow.

### A Nurse's Secret

Nurses say that many people would never see the inside of a hospital, if they took care of their "nerves."

When they feel vitality lacking, nurses take Fellows' Syrup because they have seen doctors all over the world prescribe this wonderful tonic for "rundown" patients. They have seen the definite results in increased pep, improved vitality and "interest in life."

Try it yourself. Ask your druggist for genuine Fellows' Syrup today.

### FELLOWS' SYRUP

## NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

The advertisements you find in your newspaper bring you important news. News in regard to quality and prices. Just as the "ads" bring you news on how to buy advantageously... so do the "ads" offer the merchant the opportunity of increasing his sales at small expense.