

A.D. 2003

Hustle and Pie

Away back in the nineteenth century there flourished a great nation, which became great, as it were, in a day or two.

And the watchword of that nation was "Hustle." They lived up to the watchword. They hustled when they worked, they hustled when they ate, they hustled to play and they hustled to sleep, and it is said they hustled in their dreams.

And they hustled their stomachs and hustled their nerves.

At breakfast they hustled down fried pork and cold pie.

At noon they hustled in corrugated sandwiches, black coffee and pie. For supper they hustled — and pie.

They hustled night and day until they hustled their nerves into prostration and their digestion into dyspepsia.

Fads.

And withal they were a great people.

Whatever they did they did with their whole hustle.

Whether it were eating or wearing or doing, they all did, or wore, or ate the same thing at the same time—if it were but "new."

And being inventive they had many "new things." When a new thing "caught on" it immediately became a "craze" or a "fad."

And in course of time many inventions were sought out to cure the dyspepsia and restore the shattered nerves of the pie-eaters.

And among other inventions came the "health foods." Their names were legion, and the manner of their making marvellous to think on.

They pre-digested them by machinery, they pre-cooked them by the ton, they peptonized them, vitalized them, ossified them, they flaked them and they faked them, they rolled and they ground, they roasted and boiled them—they served them cold for breakfast.

And behold these clever quack foods "caught on" with a vengeance, and the beginning of the twentieth century has come down in history as the era of the greatest of all fads—the food fad.

And if the ads of these fads had been true our forefathers should have been men of prodigious mental and physical strength, for these fad foods were guaranteed to do wondrous things.

Some were brain foods, some were nerve tonics, some were muscle makers, some built new tissue, some saved the stomach the trouble of digesting, and most of them were "ready to eat served cold."

They came to Canada, and loud was the noise of their coming.

Tillson.

Then came **Tillsons**, of Tillsonburg, Ontario, and said to the Canadians:—"Here is porridge—made of Oatmeal, and it is not a fad."

For ten centuries it has been chief of Scotia's food.

Did not Bruce and Douglas and Scott and Burns and all the mighty men of Auld Scotia eat it?

Has it not nourished some of the best brains and brawn in the world?

Now, **Tillson's Oats** are the oats of Scottish centuries without the hulls and foreign seeds of ancient oats, but with the same old nourishing, health-giving, vitalizing elements—with the Pan-dried flavor that ancient oats could not have had.

In fact, **Tillson's Oats** are Scotchmen's oats Canadianized, grown in Canadian soil, made in a Canadian mill by Canadians.

Destined from this day to be the breakfast of all Canadians who want a warm, nourishing, sensible breakfast, who want none of the "eat-it-cold" fad;

Who want a food that is all food, not a cross between a food and a quack nostrum;

For those who want a food that gives the stomach its natural and legitimate work of digestion to perform;

A food that nourishes out of existence the ills of "stomach troubles."

A bowl of **Tillson's Pan-Dried Oats** is a soothing, refreshing, substantial beginning for the day.

Nothing "faddy" or medicinal about it.

Just a good, wholesome, well-made, nutritious, pure, old-fashioned food made by Tillson's Pan-dried process.

Will you have the cold fads or the hot food—**Tillson's Oats?**

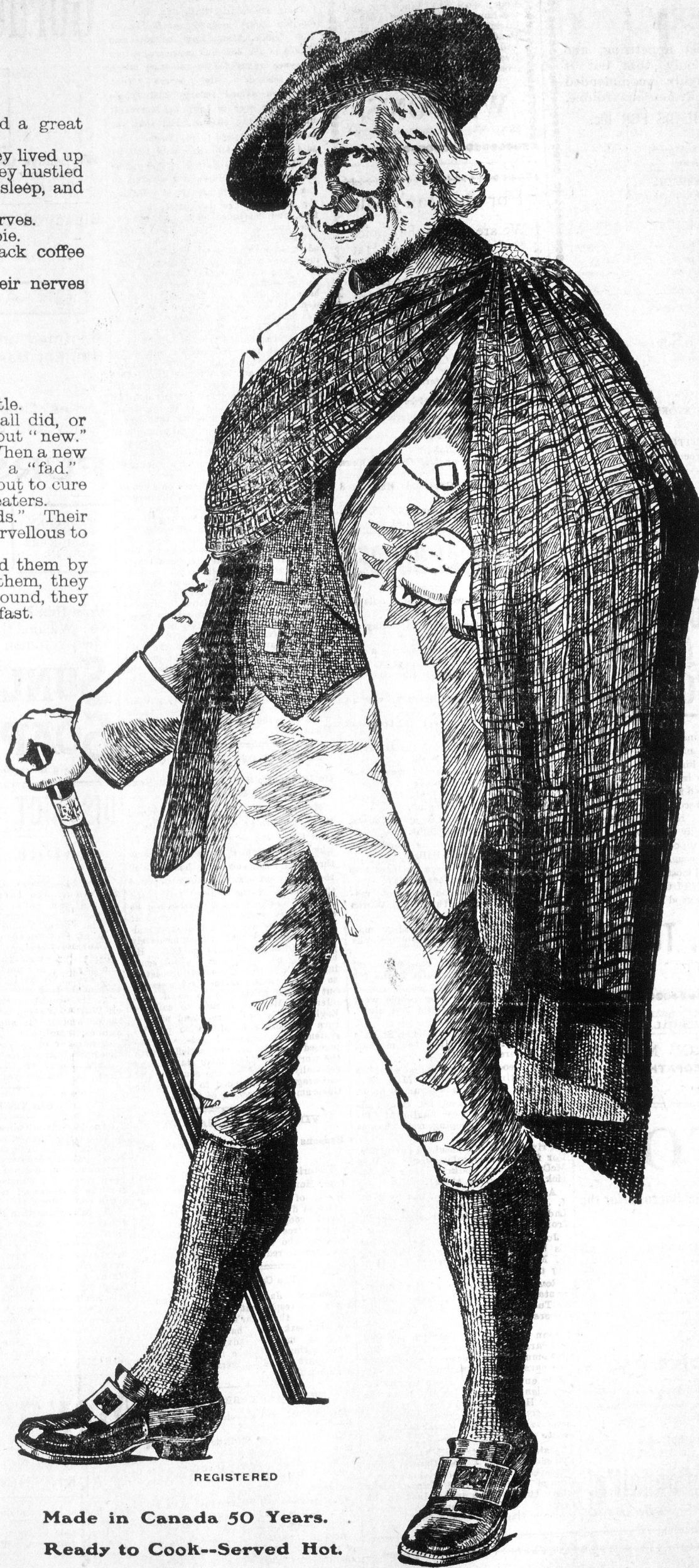
And the people with one accord answered, saying:

Our stomachs are not dyspeptic,

Our nerves are not shattered,

We want a hot breakfast, not cold fads—we will have **Tillson's Oats, Pan-Dried.**

And they did.



Made in Canada 50 Years.

Ready to Cook--Served Hot.

All Grocers.

Tillson's Oats

Packages only.

Pan-Dried. A Food, not a Fad. Ten Cent

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Guarantee my Latest
Vitalizing and Strengthening
Abolish the Bagging, or
also all drains, thereby giving
stomach lost power. In Stomach
nervousness, weakness, and
want of excellence.

You need pay nothing
been established. This is
Treatment, otherwise I
have failed to cure you, or

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HAM AND EG

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