The telegraph will reach your man quickly. If you are sure just where he is the telephone will do it quicker. But if it is good help you want and do not know just where to find it, our Want Ads. are quicker than either.

Want Ads.

STRAYED

Strayed to my premises Lot 8, Con. 3, Euphrasia, a yearling heifer. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.—W. T. Hall, Duncan. 79-81

FOR SALE

For Sale, general purpose mare, 10 years old.—J. A. Crowston.

For Sale.—Three good cows due right away. Lot 24, Con. 12, Euphrasia. John Breadner, Markdale, R. R. No. 3.

For Sale—Bell organ slightly used, good as new. If you want the like act quick as it will soon go at the price asked. Crowston's Music Store.

For Sale—200 acres, good buildings, well improved, on Toronto Line—Drawer B, Markdale. 79-81

Your Opportunity.—Some choice farms of 160 acres, two to five miles from station, on C.N.R., good wheat land, mixed farming. An exceptional value at $3500 Cash. For full particulars write Geo. A. Rorke, Freedale, Man. 75-80

100 acres, lot 56, Con. 2, Holland, 70 acres under cultivation; 25 acres good hardwood bush; well fenced; good orchard; well and windmill. Bank barn 42x54; implement house 20x40; good brick house heated by furnace; fully equipped bathroom; school adjoining the farm. Price $4,700. Apply to Ed. Beirnes, R.R. No. 1, Chatsworth. Phone 44 r4. 80tf

Farm for Sale.—Lot 40, con. 9, Artemesia, 100 acres, 80 acres under cultivation, balance hardwood bush. Well fenced. Good buildings. Bank barn and straw shed. Drive shed, work shop. Good well with windmill. Water in barn. New 10-room brick house. Woodshed, hard and soft water in house, heated by furnace; also small orchard. Apply to Garnet Magee, R. 1 Eugenia. Phone Feversham. 75-c

Farm For Sale.—Lots 108, 109, N.E. T. & S.R., ¾ mile from Markdale; also lot 117, S.E. T. & S.R., 150 acres in all. First-class outbuildings, cement floor in all, barn, pigpen, hen house, etc., well watered. Good house, good orchards, land in high state of cultivation. 10 acres fall wheat; on lot 117 is good barn, good orchard and running water, well adapted for pasture.—Apply to Andrew S. Irving, on the premises. 71tf

SPRING TERM

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MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 21st of January, 1921, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week on the route Markdale Rural Route No. 4, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the office of the Post Office Inspector, Toronto.

A. SUTHERLAND,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office,
Toronto, Dec. 6th, 1920.
80-2

"My! How I did used to dread having the Threshers come—but I don't mind now."

"WHY, a year ago I could no more think of cooking a big dinner than I could fly.

"I did not seem to have any strength then, and a little extra work or excitement would use me up for a week.

"The doctor said my nerves were weak and that I had nervous prostration. I certainly was nervous and irritable. I was always worrying about something.

"It all looks very foolish now. But that is just the difference between being weak and strong.

"Why doesn't every woman use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food when she gets run-down in health?

"But I suppose they do not all know about it or do not realize what it will do for them. Then perhaps some of them do not use it long enough to build up their exhausted nervous systems.

"One thing sure, the women of this community will know all about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for they know how miserable I was, and I will see that they know what I used to make me well.

"I certainly did get into a terribly run-down condition, but no one would believe it to see me now since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I can now take a real pleasure in life and its activities.

"And why shouldn't I? I sleep like a top, enjoy my meals and get outdoors where the fresh air and sunshine help to keep me feeling fine.

"I don't believe people appreciate good health until they have been sick for a time. I am sure that I did not. The credit for my splendid health now is undoubtedly due to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I want every woman to know it."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Look for the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., on the box you buy.

Early Proton History

(In the Farmers' Sun by Agnes Campbell MacPhail)

All my life I have enjoyed pioneer stories, and it has always been a delight to me to listen to the tales of early days in Grey County, Ont., from the lips of my two dear grandmothers. Both my grandfathers died before I was old enough to appreciate their conversations, and my remembrance of both is very hazy.

I will try to give the Sun sisters the stories as I heard them; beginning with my maternal grandmother, Mrs. Jean Campbell, because she is the elder of the two by ten years, and if she lives until Oct. 31st, 1920, she will be ninety years old.

In the year 1851 Jean and Jack Campbell and their baby son left Glasgow, Scotland, on board a sailing vessel bound for Montreal to try their fortunes in this new land. The trip took six weeks, and during that time the baby died. It was not buried at sea but at the first place the ship could land. From Montreal the journey was continued by boat to Toronto.

For a short time they worked at a brick yard, owned by Jim Read, at The Gore of Toronto, but the following Spring they went further into the bush seeking land; because their desire was to hew out a farm for themselves.

Finally they settled on what is now the third concession of Normanby township, where Grandpa bought 200 acres of land from a negro for $75.00. A very crude shanty was built and the clearing began, but the first summer of their stay they both took the ague. Grandma had it for six weeks and Grandpa for five. The shaking came every second day, and after it a burning fever that made them very thirsty. It happened that they didn't take the severe shaking on the same day, so the well one would take a pail and a stick to help them climb the sharp hill and go to the creek for water. They were so sick that at the end of three weeks Grandma gave the cow the loaf of bread that had been in the shanty, but which they had never tasted.

Some potatoes brought by a neighbor, and quantities of hemlock tea soon made them well, although Grandpa always said he got well a week sooner on account of a big drink of whiskey he took. Grandma wouldn't taste it.

The next Spring two more Campbell men, Tom and Geordie and one woman, Geordie's wife, Lizzie, came to Canada. They didn't like the land their brother had chosen, and leaving the women there the three men went through the bush with their supplies strapped to their backs, and located on what is now the 15th Concession of Proton township, where their descendants still live.

They stayed in Proton about nine months, getting a little clearing made and a shanty built. They had flour and water to eat and they had the choice of eating it raw or cooked. Their bed was brush with whatever blankets they carried.

When the log house was fit to live in the men went back to Normanby and with two yoke of oxen hitched to jumpers they began the return journey, taking all their goods with them, also eight bags of flour. They often had to cut a road for the oxen through the thick brush. The women walked and carried a baby each, and drove a cow and five pigs. One of the babies was only nine weeks old; the distance was eighteen miles. The first night they stayed at Jackson Reid's at Yeovil, and the second night at MacFadden's on the 15th Con. further west, where the land was so wet that hewed logs were laid on the floor on which one could walk with dry feet. The women were home half a day, before the oxen. They all lived in Geordie's house until one could be built on Grandpa's place.

Grandma says their new shanty was a good one and warm. The floor was made of split logs. The chimney and fire place were built of mud and sticks like thick lath. The chinks between the logs were filled in the same way. There was one window with six small panes, but the house was so dark that the sewing was done by the fire place where the light came in through the chimney.

The chimney smoked very badly and after putting up with it for a long time Grandma tore it down. She then dug a hole in the ground and with her bare feet tramped water into the clay until she had a suitable mortar, then alone she rebuilt it, and it never smoked again.

At first they used the "chists" for table and chairs, but after a time Grandma got Archie Fullerton to make her a big strong table, that she still has, for fifty pounds of flour.

Same man made a frame for another six-paned window and Grandma got the glass for it at a little store about 2½ miles west of where Priceville now is, but she could never get the men to saw out the logs and fit it in. Jack, the oldest boy, was now over three years old, and Grandma stood him on the table and after knocking out the chinks between the logs, and taking one handle of the cross cut saw, she got Jack to hold up the end of it while she went outside and drew the saw back and forth until finally she got the logs cut out and the window in.

Grandma says that she and Lizzie made their first churn by getting a "thumb" of cedar, boring a hole with a half-inch auger and punching holes over the outside with an awl. For pins they used the "jags" of the hawthorn and they made their first brooms out of birch, cut fine and tied with strips of leather wood. The method of lighting the house was grease in a dish with a piece of woolen cloth for wick; this in time gave place to home-made candles.

Grandma kept up to a cradle raking and binding, and for the first years with a baby strapped to her back, while the older children played near. When she could cover her shadow with one big step as she stood with her back to the sun, she knew it was time to go in and prepare dinner. The baking was done every night in a bake kettle and while the eight bags of Normanby flour lasted bread could be baked, but the frozen wheat of Proton would not make flour fit for bread and so scone took its place.

Grandma trained her own yoke of oxen to follow her. She went ahead and they followed with the drag. If she went around a stump they went too; and they always guided their speed by hers. One day a man named MacDonald came to buy a yoke of oxen for his wife to drive, and after explaining how the oxen were "broken", the yoke was sold to him. His wife was a "town" woman and knew little about oxen and their ways, so rather timidly she began her task. At first all went well, then she began to walk a little faster to get away from the big creatures and they changed their lazy walk to a smarter one. Mrs. MacDonald hurried still more and so did the oxen; she ran and so did they. Then the race around the clearing got faster and faster until Mr. MacDonald had to come to the rescue and his wife never "led" oxen again.

Grandpa and Great Uncle Tam, who always lived with my grandparents, broke oxen and sold them to other settlers. The story is told that as Rev. John Morrison, well known and dearly loved by Proton pioneers, was driving along the road one day and heard a man swearing at his oxen with the fluency of an expert. The Rev. Morrison stopped to remonstrate with him for his use of profane language but the accused cleared himself by explaining that he bought the yoke from Jock Campbell and he was using the only language they understood.

When they first came into the bush hunting the cows was the very worst job, Grandma says. They never knew what direction they would be unless they were near enough to hear the bell. The baby was carried but the little children had to be shut in the shanty for fear they would wander away and get lost. Neither Grandma nor her sister-in-law had any steeples to lock the door, although they had a chain and padlock. So they took a link of a chain and an old axe and by turns at the job they cut it in two and so were able to lock the door.

The men did the logging but the women did the burning, both my Grandmothers agreed that the men of pioneer days didn't know how to burn. One day the men were over at Bob Black's, Grandma's brother's place, helping to log. They had a big slash ready to burn and had been holding back the burning and Grandma considered the slash ready and the wind right, so she went and fired it. It burned fiercely and was doing great work. Towards evening she went to see how it looked at close range. She was barefooted; she got up on an uprooted tree and ran the length of it; another tree was just a few feet further on. She jumped down on what she thought was safe ground, but one foot went through the cold looking ashes into a burning ground. The pain was very intense; she ran for Lizzie's and at the door there sat a full pail of water, she put her foot in it, and as a result had a very bad foot; it broke open but balsam gum healed it up quickly.

The beaver-meadow supplied hay for the animals and blueberries for the "kitchen" to make the scone go better.

When they came from Scotland quite a supply of clothes and blankets were brought in the "chist". When the clothes were early done seven sheep were bought, but the wolves got the sheep and for two years no more sheep were purchased so every blanket that could be spared was made into clothes. They were colored by boiling quantities of Golden Rod, straining it and using the liquid as dye.

When they were new in the bush Mrs. John McEachnie visited and Grandpa put on his "jacks" and high hat to attend the funeral. All the other men were working clothes, and Grandpa was so disgusted with himself that he never wore the suit or hat again. He told Grandma to cut them up for the boys.

After a time the Millans Blacks, Milliners and Dawns all settled near; the Pows had been in before the Camp. Calls came. Community life became lighter and Grandma says they had good times. They went visiting and to church in the only clothes they had, their working clothes. Mrs. Millner was a skilled needle-woman and Grandma's talk is full of praise of her skill and kindness.

In this age of brotherhoods, organizations and societies with all their get-together talk, are just nowhere compared to the binding unity of those pioneers; they were their real friendships. bound together with the "logging" chain of common hardships shared.

When Priceville came on the map a new style began for men. A blue derry skirt with a derry smock was the very latest and every woman who had one was well dressed.

Of all the old settlers we have mentioned no men remain, and only the three women, my two grandmothers and Mrs. Duncan MacLean, who now lives in Flesherton.

The rugged honesty, devotion to duty and the real Christianity of these early settlers make us look very small. We do not realize how great is the debt of gratitude we owe them. It is a duty as well as a privilege to preserve the stories of pioneer days in Ontario that the children of to-day and morrow will realize what a struggle it was to clear the land and make it fit for cultivation, and that they may be proud to be descendants of the clearers of the forest and tillers of the soil.

GROWTH OF GRAIN ELEVATORS

The grain elevator has grown enormously in Canada and developed rapidly in the last few years. This growth and development have so far been mainly confined to the Prairie Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, but the system is attracting more and more attention in the other provinces, particularly in Ontario, where wheat growing and shipping, notably Toronto, are pressing for the erection of elevators. There is not only in numbers that the system has extended but the increase in size has been such that some of the structures, such as those at the head of the lakes. There are, according to the Hon. George Langley, Minister of Municipal Affairs for Saskatchewan, not fewer than 3,600 (thirty-six hundred) elevators in the three provinces referred to, from 40 to 60 feet high and capable of storing from 20,000 to 39,000 bushels apiece on the average, a few reaching to twice the greatest enumerated capacity. In other words upwards of 110,000,000 bushels of wheat can thus be stored at one time. These facts and figures are taken from an interesting article by Mr Langley in the September number of the Agricultural Gazette of Canada. By the terms of the Canada Grain Act, the owners of the elevators, mostly private individuals or incorporated companies, are compelled to accept all grain offered by farmers, unless wet or unstorable with safety, hence the general and common use of the system. The elevators are all licensed by, and are under the supervision of the Board of Grain Commissioners of Canada.

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MEMORIAL FOR LION'S HEAD

Mr. J. J. George, of Port Elgin, received the contract from the Eastnor Council last week for supplying and erecting a large Memorial Monument at Lion's Head. This Memorial will cost the Township $1,000. It will be erected in memory of their six warrior sons who fell in the poppied fields of Flanders, having made the supreme sacrifice in the late world war.

A VICIOUS CIRCLE

(Peterboro Examiner)

About the worst thing that could happen to Canada at the present time would be a decision on the part of everybody to refrain from buying anything but the barest necessities, waiting for prices to drop. There is a tendency, just now, to adopt that course, and the effect upon trade and industry is already felt. We heard much about the "vicious circle" when wages and prices were climbing during the war and immediately after. Another kind of "vicious circle" may prove even more distressful now. If there is a general disposition to stop buying there will soon be a general inability on the part of the manufacturers to keep their plants operating. The temporary cessation of buying on the part of the public is the reason given by the Studebaker Corporation of South Bend for the discharge of [illegible] men on each day. This institution is a duplicate of hundreds of other manufacturing plants [illegible] industrial centres throughout Canada. Facing the Winter with [illegible] on hand, it is natural for people to believe that prices are about to slump and to refrain as far as possible from making purchases at the present time; but this tendency can be overdone, and with disastrous results to the country at large. And it is an undoubted fact that the people who can the easiest afford to buy are the ones who display the most caution at a time like the present.

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