The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1920

THE COMMON TOUCH

I would not be too wise—so very wise
That I must sneer at simple songs and creeds,
And let the glare of wisdom blind my eyes
To humble people and their humble needs.

I would not care to climb so high that I
Could never hear the children at their play,
Could only see the people passing by
Yet never hear the cheering words they say.

I would not know too much—too much to smile,
At trivial errors of the heart and hand,
Nor be too proud to play the friend the while,
And cease to help and know and understand.

I would not care to sit upon a throne,
Or build my house upon a mountain top,
Where I must dwell in glory all alone
And never friend come in or poor man stop.

God grant that I may live upon this earth
And face the tasks which every morning brings,
And never loose the glory and the worth
Of humble service and the simple things.

—Edgar A. Guest.

PROHIBITION

Editor Free Press: In view of the fact that we are again to be called upon to express our opinion regarding the traffic in alcoholics, it seems appropriate that an effort be made to place before your readers the facts regarding the relation of alcohol both to the individual and also to the state, with the hope that in the coming contest the vote may be intelligently given.

It was said long ago, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." There can be neither freedom nor progress aside from this principle, and it will be the purpose of the writer in this series of articles to abuse none neither to exaggerate nor misrepresent. There may be strong statements made, and certain matters may be exhibited in a somewhat lurid light, but ever within the bounds of reasonableness and truth. The writer does not promise exclusively original material, but will endeavor to give the best from the best, and be true to truth as he sees it.

Fellow citizens, I shall presume that you are loyal, that however we may differ in our opinions with regard to minor matters of management and detail, you are a unit with me in your desire to develop a healthy, sturdy, intelligent people that will reflect credit upon the privileges and potentialities that are to-day latent in that term "Canadian," and that you with me are also prepared to work, and if need be to make sacrifices towards that great end.

The possibilities of Canada's future are beyond computation; they stagger the imagination and mock any attempt at description. Boundless, incalculable, unlimited, are but empty meaningless terms in presence of the wealth of our resources, the greatest inheritance God has ever given to any people. Potentially ours, shall they be ours actually? Shall we measure up to our privileges? "If so, it must be a 'right about face" for some of us, and a cleaning up process for others, lest we be numbered with the nations that once were and to-day are not. We must make a serious attempt to eliminate those causes and national decay.

Nations have their days of reckoning as well as individuals, and nations have also extended to them days of repentence. "A nation can not be built upon Blood," nor progress be based upon measures that militate against vitality and efficiency.

Citizens, let us take no backward step. We have a prohibition law given to us at no little sacrifice. If it is not perfect, it can be improved. If it has not been enforced, it is up to us to elect officials who will be true to their oath of office. "What we have we will hold," might well be our motto during this campaign.

ERNEST A. HALL, M. D.

Victoria, Sept. 28, 1920.

AN OLD-FASHIONED HOME

There is one place I like to go, of that there place I'll write—it's got your fancy dangled homes knocked higher'n a kite. To enter there's a tonic sure for every aching bone, that place is sure a wholesome one—a real old-fashioned home.

You seem to feel the homelike stuff before you're quite inside, there's not a touch of snobbing, or jealousy or pride.

They haven't got those spindley chairs you fear to sit upon, nor the paper tinted to a shade betwixt the night and dawn. And cushions ain't piled up in hills, just to be squinted at, what's more, there is no Turkish rug or Oriental mat.

But everything seems just to say, it talks as plain as mud, "just come and rest your carcass here, your great big weary dud. It doesn't make no odds to me how hard or fast you sit, or whether your wear silk-lined gloves or just a home-made knit."

Perhaps the carpet's just as plain, 'twas rag made hit and miss, but it beams and shines and seems to say, this is a place of bliss. Folks like to joke about the words in tinitoes on the wall and about the peacock feathers stuck resplendent in the hall. And if a spot appears upon the carpet by a chance, the folks don't throw a fit right off, or pass into a trance. It ain't a very serious crime, it really ain't by heck—to spot a place upon the wall where flies have left a speck. But sweet content is campin' there—it comes in like a flood, and you couldn't chuse it out—again with a broomstick nor a club. Let's toast the good old-fashioned home, with its dear old-fashioned airs, unspoiled by touch of higher-art, nor cursed with three-legged chairs.

DON'T JUNK YOUR AUTO YET

With the price of gasoline fluctuating and oil companies advertising that a shortage of the fluid is approaching, the news that comes from the United States Geological Survey is cheering for the motorist. That Survey has no axe to grind, so far as we know, and its report may therefore be believed. A recent report from this Survey, as given out by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, advises us that there are 7,820,000,000 barrels of crude oil in the American fields and over sixty billion barrels in the world's supply. The American supply alone, statisticians say, will be sufficient to last us for twenty years and, with the addition of that resting in other fields, should turn over our motors for something like one hundred and seventy years to come, providing that we do not immediately motorize all of our industries. In addition to this it is reported that shale mountains in our Northwest, holding crude oil as a sponge holds water, contains more oil than is stored in all the fields of natural oil from which we now get our supply.—Exchange.

Well, it's taken me over two years to jun my recollections of Mill Street, and that part of Main Street from the corner at Mill, up the street and out on the second lint as far as the Brick Church. Of course there have been a good many digressions, and that visit of Mary and mine to the folks up in Bruce. But I'm back again on Main Street and will do my best to get my thinking cap on for reminiscences of that section of the street south of Mill.

When Acton was founded by the Adamses in 1828, one branch of the family owned the farm and water privilege—where the mill was built, and where Acton's mill is still located—which embraced all the property from the corner of Mill and Main down to Queen Street at Billy Cooper's corner, the whole of Mount Campbell and Cobble Hill, the present farm of Robert Campbell, the Cameron survey, where the new Beardmore houses have been built this summer, and Fairy Lake. Mr. Ezra Adams, Sr., lived in a log house on a site back of Mr. Adam Cook's residence, which the Nicklins built when they owned the property. The farm barns were located where Mr. J. A. Murray's five houses now stand.

The corner lot, where Oliver Lasby's brick residence and store stand and the implement warehouse, was for many years vacant property. Here travelling circuses, tented shows, peripatetic phonograph cars, and other transitory enterprises held forth. Good, bad and indifferent shows were held here. About forty years ago the Nicklins erected the brick store and dwelling now occupying the corner. The families of the two partners—Benjamin and Edward—had begun to grow up and the bakery business was added to the flour mill. Benjamin and his son Jim ran the mill, Edward and his son, Albert, conducted the bakery. Besides these busy enterprises, the brothers ran the farm and bought grain for James Goldie, Guelph, at the Acton station storehouse.

The scene has changed. Three generations of Nicklins have come and gone. The only Nicklin remaining in Acton is Albert Edward, and his business connection keeps him most of the year in the Northwest. Jim, who was an experienced and skilful miller, died at Lowell, Mich., last year.

Mr. Oliver Lasby and his daughter and granddaughter occupy the residence, and Billy Landsborough, the butcher, has a busy business in the shop. Between the Nicklins and the present occupants the place has had many tenants. Alfred L. Hemstreet conducted a grocery and crockery business there and Thomas C. Moore and his son Nelson F. succeeded him. The store has been used as an ice cream parlor, a barber shop, a tailor shop, a shoe shop, and then Neil Patterson got it and built up such a big business there that he found it of advantage to purchase the opposite corner, which for sixty years was occupied by tavern keepers, from Sim Anderson, John Wallace, Jimmy Campbell, down. Neil built the Patterson block which houses the Bank of Nova Scotia, the West End Meat Market, and provided two residences upstairs.

The shop where McDowell's garage now is was erected for a blacksmith shop by James McLam, who was foreman for Mike Speight when he was in business here. When the shop was about completed Mike decided he couldn't do without Jim and made matters so interesting for him that he staid on and shod horses and did general blacksmithing with his old boss, and never opened the new place. Jim later bought out the Speight business and Mike went to Markham, to the Speight Waggon works, where he commenced his career as a boy under his father's tuition. There both he and his wife, Harriet Chapman, died and were buried.

In the course of time, after a long and successful business life James McLam was also called to his fathers. The business there is conducted by Noble McLam, Jim's brother, who does just as good horse-shoeing and general work as was ever done in the shop. It was here that Dave Williamson worked so long as a blacksmith. He was here as a journeyman when he married Lizzie Wilds, in her sixteenth year. They've lively happily together for over fifty years, and some years ago, after retiring from the farm, settled down to a quiet life in their cosy residence on Guelph Street.

Next to the property on which the shop built for James McLam stood, was for many years the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Thurtell, a sister of Benjamin and Edward Nicklin. She and her three children were very worthy residents. Mary, the daughter, was the eldest. She was a studious young woman, passed successfully the examination for teachers, and was engaged as assistant to Mr. Little at the Acton school. Just about fifty years ago she was happily married to Alexander H. Brown, and their home was on the farm now occupied by Mr. Richard N. Brown. Great joy came to the home when their baby boy was born. But in this case the mother gave her life for the babe, and in less than a fortnight afterward this choice spirit was called to her reward. With tenderest solicitude Grandmother Thurtell cared for the little laddie, and under her skilful and self-sacrificing nursing and motherly attention, he grew up into sturdy boyhood, and to-day he is our esteemed and useful citizen Alexander Thurtell Brown, chemist and stationer. His appreciation of his grandmother's interest and supervision was true indeed, and in turn he ministered most affectionately to all her wants in her declining years, and did everything in his power to assure her comfort and manifest his filial love. She spent her last days in his home and slept there the sleep of the just between three and four years ago. For over seventy years she was a resident of Acton.

The two sons were William and Richard. William became a machinist and many years ago gravitated to Kankakee, Ill., and then to Chicago. He is a mechanical expert and has prospered in his chosen career. A great sorrow came to him last year when his life's partner was called from the home where they had spent many years happily together. In his boyhood days Dick first smelled drugs in Millburn's drug store in the premises now occupied by his nephew, A. D. Brown. Here, under the supervision of old man McKenzie, the foreman, they made the well-known proprietory remedies, Hagyard's Yellow Oil, Hagyard's Cherry Pectoral and other household remedies. After working there a while Richard apprenticed himself to A. H. Petrie, Guelph. After completing his apprenticeship he went into business at Teeswater and continued there many years. He worked hard all week and superintended the Presbyterian Sunday School on the Sabbath. While there A. T. served his apprenticeship with his uncle and about 18 or 19 years ago came to Acton and succeeded John V. Kannawin in the old home drug store. Mr. Kannawin went to California for his health and died there.

Behind the old Thurtell home there grew an immense wild black cherry tree. The boys in town revelled in it's yield of black cherries when they were ripe, and their elders made black cherry wine of the fruit, and spring bitters and cough remedies out of the bark. Whether it was this old tree with its supposed health ensuring virtues which influenced Dick to be a druggist, I trow not. The fact remains, that he went into drugs, is still in the drug business at Teeswater, his nephew, A. T., is a druggist here; and he has one son a druggist in the Northwest, and his other son is a doctor in the West. Smaller things than the old black cherry tree have influenced the lives and employments of families, as I have more than once noticed during my long residence in this old town and its vicinity.

In course of time the old tree died, and later the old house gave place to the fine brick residence now occupied by Mrs. Dayid Ross and her interesting family. It was in the old Thurtell home that John McKercheson lived when he was killed by the falling in of the gable end of the Patterson barn during the cyclone which came along shortly after the building was finished.

Well, I haven't got very far but I guess this will have to do for this week.

The Old Man

LOUIS'S HOT TOWEL

Many men like a hot towel on their face after a shave; but Louis, who owned a barber shop in Paris, evidently thought that all men did—and the hotter, the better. In Sunset, the Pacific monthly, Mr. Edward Bellamy Partridge tells how Louis treated him the first time that he entered his shop:

He said out several times, and from a nail in the wall a large, white kimono-like garment that he held out for me to put my arms into. I started to rise, but he pressed me gently into the chair again so that he could put the garment on the chair as well as on me; and after he had helped both of us into it he wrapped it snugly round us and buttoned it.

He beat up the lather and rubbed it thoroughly into my face, not forgetting my eyes and ears, and then he spent a good five minutes stropping a large blue-handled razor on a four-sided strop, after which he finished it on the palm of his hand, and seized me by the top of the head.

At that moment a sharp, stinging sensation swept me from ear to ear. I thought for a moment that my throat had been cut, but such was not the case. Louis was simply starting out like a man with a scythe; he wanted to get all he could out of a stroke before taking another. But after the initial thrust he was not so fierce, and I was soon dozing off the way I always seem to do when I get in a barber's chair. Suddenly I became conscious of a lull in proceedings—the ominous kind of lull that so often comes just before the storm.

I cast my eyes in the direction of my barber, but he appeared at the first glance to be engaged in a perfectly harmless fracas with the stove. He had a pair of tongs in his hands and was doing something to it. I wondered vaguely what he was going to do with anything so piping hot—until he swung it round and poised it over my new-mown face.

"Look out!" I cried in English; "you might drop it!"

I tried to jump out of the chair—but that kimono held me tight. I found that I could not go unless the chair went too—and over we went with a crash.

"Get me out of this!" I yelled as the chair struck the floor. And although those barbers professed to understand no English, they got me out of it in a hurry.

Louis was very much perturbed. The towel he had taken such pains to heat had cooled off entirely, and it would be necessary for him to heat another.

"Not for me!" I assured him. "Never again! Just wash off my face and we'll call it a day."

He pointed to the washbowl, for in France it is not customary for the barber to wash any man's face. So I stepped over and washed my own face, and in doing so I discovered that Louis had failed to shave my upper lip. I called his attention to the matter, and he enlisted the services of the lady customer to tell me that he had left it intentionally, because he thought that I would look much better with a moustache.

A GLASS OF WATER

A glass of water! Behold it and think of its purity. It is nature's drink. See it sparkle as if it were a mass of liquid gems glittering in the glass. It is a health-giving drink that was brewed by the hand of Providence for our good, not a damnable simmering still of smoking fires where poisonous gases fill the air and sickening odors, vile and rank, issue from a germ-infested, souring tank. But our God, Maker of earth and heaven, this essence of life to where trees and vines make inviting shade for the red deer to wander in by day and the birds to sing and the children to play, there God brews it. And in the valleys deep where fountains murmur and never sleep, there God brews it. And on the mountains bold whose clouds brood and thunders clash and forked-tongued lightnings dance and flash, there God brews it. And far out on the sea where the mad hurricane howls frightfully and restless waves roll a moaning chorus, heralding the march of God before us, there he brews it—this beverage so dear, life-giving water! And everywhere 'tis a thing of beauty. A diadem in the dewdrop; shining in the ice gem; singing in the summer rain and the hail till the trees are turned to a jewel veil! Spreading golden mist o'er the setting sun or white gauze o'er the moon when day is done! Sporting in the falls; in the lake sleeping; dancing in the sleet; in the fog creeping! Folding its bright curtains softly about the bleak wintry world; weaving without thread the rainbow (seraphs' zone of the skies) whose warp is the rain of earth, whose woof lies in the golden mellow sunbeam powers, all checkered o'er by celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of rarefaction.

Always an incomparable attraction is water. No poison lurks on the brink. Its foam brings us no sadness when we drink. From it no foul murders are brought to pass. No blood stains are found in its limpid glass. To widows, wives, orphans it brings no fears; into its crystal depths they drop no tears. No shrieking ghost of men who were its slave will curse it in despair from out the grave. Beautiful water! Pure, healthful, and good, nature's drink that God for all mankind hath brewed!—Herbert Ethridge.

A STRAIGHT, CLEAN MAN

If one were to accept fully the common cynical and pessimistic street-philosophy of life it would mean practical disbelief in the existence in the world of the present day of any man—or at least any man in public life—to whom the words "straight" and "clean" may be applied. Many men, simply because there have been some public men who have betrayed their trust, seem ready to generalize without any restraint and to conclude that all are of the same stripe.

Those who thus judge seem to fail to recognize that in reaching such a conclusion they are in the first instance passing judgment upon themselves. They are practically saying, "If I were in that position and had those opportunities I would be that kind of man." Their conclusion, further, is one based usually upon a comparatively small number of cases, involving very often some in which there is nothing more in the way of proof than certain suspicious looking circumstances and the testimony of partizan and prejudiced minds. It is the kind of conclusion which no one who is fundamentally disposed to be fair would think for a moment of accepting.

That the evil has gone so far that it has colored the every-day thinking of men very generally, and it is going to take years of earnest effort to regain the position in which the man who is in public life will not be under a degree of suspicion and adverse prejudice which no one thinks of applying to men in private life.

The thing we need is not blindness to the faults of public men, not an easy and foolish tolerance of public failure or public crime, but honest purpose in moving toward more wholesome conditions. We need that character and integrity shall be considered quite as much as special talents in our choice of leaders and that, having elected men in whom we have confidence, we should support them and uphold them in courses that make for righteousness and justice and peace.

To elect men to office and immediately to begin to treat them with suspicion and antagonism and vague criticism is not going to operate toward securing the best public servants. That way lies defeat and disaster. There are to-day in public life straight men and clean, and the way to multiply their number is to give credit where credit is due and ever to expect the best. That way and that way only lies hope for betterment and for ultimate progress.—Presbyterian Westminster.

RELIGION ESSENTIAL TO GOOD CITIZENSHIP

Ex-President William H. Taft, in a speech in Boston last week, said: "The study of a man's relation to his Creator and his responsibility for his life to God energizes his moral inclinations, strengthens his self-sacrifice and restraint, prompts his sense of fraternal obligation to his fellow men, and makes him the good citizen without whom popular government would be a failure. The longer and more intimate my knowledge of their political and social lives, the more deeply impressed I have become with the critical importance of the part that the Church and religion must play in making popular government what it ought to be and in vindicating it as the best kind of government that an intelligent people can establish. A people without religion are lacking in the greatest aid to the progress of society through the moral elevation of individuals and the community."

STEP BY STEP

"Supposing," said the man who wants to see everybody happy, "that we somehow arrange to give you a six-hour day. Are you sure that you will be contented?"

"For the present. Of course, I shouldn't think of asking for less than six hours work to the day. But I have an impression that in the course of time our chronological system will need revision so that we'll have 35 or 30 minutes to the hour."

CLEARING
AUCTION SALE
IN TOWNSHIP OF NASSAGAWEYA
FARM STOCK AND IMPLEMENTS

The undersigned as received instructions to sell by public auction for
W. McGLAUGHLIN
at lot 17, con. 5, Nassagaweya, on 8th line, about 2 miles east of Brookville, on
MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1920
at one o'clock sharp, the following:

HORSES—1 Clyde mare, 6 years old; 1 Clyde mare, 5 years old; 1 Clyde mare, rising 3 years; 1 Percheron gelding, rising 4 years, an extra good one.

COWS—1 red cow, 8 years old, due December 20; 1 red cow, 8 years old, due December 6; 1 red cow, 5 years old; due December 3; 1 roan cow, 6 years old, bred August 23; 1 roan cow, 5 years old, bred February 15; 1 grey cow, 10 years old, bred August 8; 1 red cow, 3 years old, bred September 14; 1 red heifer, bred February 12.

YOUNG CATTLE—5 steers rising 2 years; 3 heifers rising 2 years; 6 spring calves. These cattle are well bred Shorthorn grades.

IMPLEMENTS — 1 Massey-Harris cultivator with seeder; 1 Massey-Harris corn cultivator; 1 scuffler; 1 walking plow; 1 set harrows; 1 Massey-Harris seed drill, 12 spout; 1 Massey-Harris mower, 6 foot cut; 1 Massey-Harris hay rake, 10 foot; 4 h. p. gasoline engine, Gray, nearly new; 1 Massey-Harris hay loader, new; 1 hay fork; 1 Louden car for steel track; about 50 feet steel track; 150 feet of rope; 1 set slings; 1 hay rack, new; 1 stone boat; 1 fanning mill; 1 grind stone; 1 pulper; 2,000 scales; 1 sugar kettle; 1 truck waggon; 1 gravel box; 1 top buggy; 1 rubber tired buggy; 1 cart; 1 cutter; 1 set Manitoba bob sleighs, new; forks, hoes, chains and other articles.

HARNESS—1 set of heavy breeching harness; 1 set of plow harness; 2 sets of single harness; 1 set of double carriage harness, show harness; 1 set Scotch collars, 20 inch; 1 set Scotch collars, 22 inch; some odd collars.

POULTRY—30 hens; 15 chickens.

HAY—10 tons of timothy hay; 6 tons clover hay.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS—1 Peninsular range with warming closet; 1 box stove.

TERMS—$10.00 and under cash; over that amount 12 months' credit on approved joint notes. 5% per annum off for cash. Poultry and hay cash.

No Reserve as the Farm is Sold
ROY HINDLEY, Auctioneer.
Erin Phone.
L. B. SHOREY, Clerk.

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to put off to-day's duty until to-morrow. If your stomach is acid-disturbed take
KI-MOIDS
the new aid to digestion comfort society. A pleasant relief from the discomfort of acid-dyspepsia.
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CLEARING
AUCTION SALE
IN ERIN TOWNSHIP
FARM STOCK AND IMPLEMENTS

The undersigned has received instructions from
G. W. ROSZEL,
to sell by public auction at lot 1, con. 7, Erin, near Ballinafad, on
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1920
a one o'clock sharp, the following:

HORSES—1 general purpose team, aged; 1 carriage horse, 13 years old; 1 driving mare, 5 years old.

COWS—1 red Durham cow, 8 years, fresh, calf at side; 1 red Durham cow, 6 years, due time of sale; 1 spotted Durham cow, 4 years, forward springer; 1 red Durham cow, 3 years, bred September 19; 1 spotted Durham cow, 3 years, bred October 5; 1 red Durham cow, 3 years, bred Aug. 15; 1 brindle cow, 3 years, bred September 10; 1 spotted cow, 9 years, bred September 11.

Young Cattle—7 heifers, 2 years, Polled Angus and Durham grades; 3 steers, 2 years, Durham grades; 1 heifer, 2 years, bred August 8; 5 yearling steers and heifers, Durham grades; 4 spring calves, Durham grade.

PIGS—1 Yorkshire sow, due time of sale; 1 Yorkshire sow, due November 10. Both these sows are eligible for registration.

FOWL—13 White Leghorn hens; 3 White Leghorn Roosters; 30 spring chickens.

IMPLEMENTS—1 wagon; 1 Bain box and rack combined; 1 Frost and Wood mower, 5 foot cut; 1 Cockshutt drill, 11 hoe; 1 spring tooth cultivator; 1 disc harrow; 1 diamond harrow, 13 foot; 1 scuffler; 1 covered buggy; 1 high buggy, open; stone boat; grindstone; 2 cutters; set bob sleighs; set 2,000 lb. scales; wheelbarrow; Melotte cream separator; 1 Fleury plow; 1 Cockshutt manure spreader; root pulper; 1 set short slings, new; 1 set of long slings; hay fork and car; 156 feet of 7-8 inch rope; extension ladder, 40 foot; 2 set doubletrees; neckyoke; 3 new doubletree sticks; 4 horse blankets; rube, forks, shovels and other articles too numerous to mention; 1 set of team harness; 1 set plough harness; 3 sets single harness, one nearly now; 1 cook stove; 1 Quebec heater; 1 iron bedstead and springs; 1 mattress; 1 Daisy churn.

HAY AND GRAIN—About 6 tons mixed hay; about 100 bushels mixed grain, if not previously sold.

TERMS—$10.00 and under cash; over that amount 12 months' credit on furnishing approved joint notes. 6% off for cash. Hay, grain and fowl cash.
R. J. KERR,
Auctioneer.

Fall Millinery
NOW ON DISPLAY
We have a good assortment on hand and will have new designs to fill up as these are sold.
WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE
Store will be Open Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Evenings
Nellie M. Stockford
ACTON GUELPH ELORA

CANADIAN PERSIAN LAMB

(1.) A Karakul Flock Gathered for Inspection.

(2.) Karakul Sheep and Lambs.

The aggressive and enterprising spirit of the Canadian farmer coupled with the diversity of climates to be found throughout the Dominion result in a continual branching out into new lines of agricultural activity. A recent introduction which has apparently taken vigorous hold and will probably assume important proportions, developing into a commercial industry of magnitude, is the breeding of Karakul sheep, the animal whose young produce the fur variously known as Persian lamb, Astrakhan, and Karakul. This breed is but little known on the American continent although interesting experiments have been made with this breed at Pennino, New Brunswick, and in Prince Edward Island. The home of the Karakul sheep is on the vast sandy deserts of Bokara, which are largely inundated in the spring by the river Zerafchane swollen to overflowing by the accumulation of winter's snow in the Altai Mountains. Many deep-rooted bushes grow in this region, the tender shoots, of which form the favorite food of the sheep in the summer, whilst their berries supply winter forage. For the supply of furs, the lambs are killed within three days from birth when the wool is curly, a property it maintains afterwards in the most humid atmosphere. If the animal is permitted to live, the growth gradually becomes straight, losing every vestige of flexure at maturity.

In the year 1912 the Karakul sheep was first introduced into the United States direct from Bokara, and in the following year small herds were established in Alberta and British Columbia. Here they have thrived and propagated successfully, and give every indication of making the industry in the west permanently profitable. Recently, F. E. Dawley, an inspector of the United States Bureau of Husbandry for New York, who has been running a herd of 45 animals north of Calgary, Alberta, located land in the Kamloops district of British Columbia, on which he proposes establishing a similar ranch. He believes the district to be particularly adapted to the raising of Karakul sheep on account of its elevation, climate and winter conditions closely approximating the animals' native Bokara in Turkestan. Previous to the war attempts were made to acclimatise Karakul sheep in Belgium and Northern Germany, with some success. The climate of certain sections of Canada, however, provides more ideal conditions, and indications are that the foundation has been laid in the Dominion for a new issue in the livestock industry which should prove a very profitable line to Canadian farmers.

Before the war almost the entire Karakul fur crop from Bokara known as Persian lamb or Astrakhan, was treated and dyed at Leipsig, where two houses alone received 750,000 skins valued at about $2,700,000 (at pre-war prices). A full-blooded Karakul sheep is worth about $2,000; three-fourth blooded, $800; half-breeds, $150 to $200. Skins at the present time range from $20 to $25 each.

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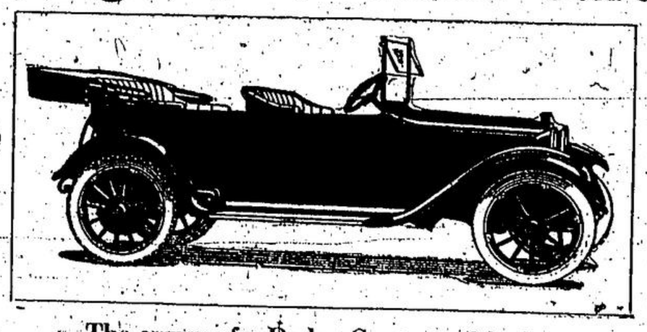
Mill Street Acton

Dodge Bros. Motor Cars

The owner of a Dodge Car can safely depend upon consistent, continuous and economical daily service, universally low gasoline consumption and high tire mileage.
J. N. O'NEILL, Georgetown, Ont.
Distributor for Acton, Georgetown and Milton
J. R. LEISHMAN, Local Representative