The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1921.

LABOR DAY

Every day is a labor day,
Whether the skies are blue or gray;
Always something at hand to do,
A few odd jobs, a patch or two
To put on hard-worn clothes or fences—
Who can tell when work commences
Or where it ends?
It all depends
On the resolute heart and the cheer it lends.

Then what is the meaning of Labor Day?
What does the holiday have to say?
Not that the time for fun is o'er,
Or that we cannot rejoice before
The next long, summer-sweet Vacation,
When toil gives place to recreation;
But that the call
Has come for all
To rally for duty, great or small.

Ready for what each hour may bring
Of joy or sorrow, for everything
We are given to do, of play or work;
Never to whimper, and never to shirk;
This our Father bids us remember,
As He sends a golden, new September,
In work or play,
"Rejoice always!"
This is the message of Labor Day.

—Willis Boyd Allen.

THE WORLD NEEDS YOU

Each spring the school adds a large number of young people to the world's working force. A great deal of fresh material comes in to make up for the inevitable waste. The strength and suppleness of youth are needed. It is wonderful what feats the young are capable of. The baseball manager is always looking for young blood, for the career of a ball player is generally brief. All his training cannot make up for what his departing youth takes from him. The physical strength of three thousands of recruits, turned out by the schools and colleges, is an important contribution to world efficiency.

Even more important is the intellectual contribution. There are thousands of strong, vigorous, sorely-needed workers who have had few school advantages. But it is from the graduates from schools and colleges that we must get the greater part of the intellectual strength that is so essential. For as our civilization becomes complex, the number of intellectual workers increases, and we need more and more thinkers. And while a few workers are able to develop themselves intellectually, without the help of schools, and while some graduates have their intellectual side very slightly developed, thanks to defects in our educational system or to their own laziness—as a rule we must depend on the output of the schools for workers to fill the vacancies where trained brains are essential.

But there is still another contribution made by the new recruits which is perhaps the most important of all, and that is their youthful idealism. Youth refuses to accept past failures as final. Youth is sure to finding the key to every locked door, the solution to every vexing problem. It is optimistic, hopeful, and this optimism is of priceless value. The youth who graduates from college without illusions, will not do much for his generation. Whatever his powers of mind or body, the supreme gift is withheld.

Sometimes as you young people turn your back on school life, a sudden fear comes over you that you are not needed. You have an uncomfortable conviction that every place is full, that you are the fifth wheel to the coach. Never had apprehension less of a foundation. The world needs your youthful enthusiasm, and most of all your youthful idealism.

OLD "DOC" HENDERSON'S HAPPY EVENING

Old Dr. Henderson, retired, was naturally suspicious. One day when he ordered a ton of coal from Lowry's coal yard he determined to watch and see that he was not cheated. The coal arrived, but it appeared to be a very small ton. He said nothing to the driver, who, he considered, was not to blame; but he decided to get definite proof of the shortage. And the best way to do that was to weigh the coal.

After supper he went down into the cellar. The only scales that he had were a set of old-fashioned steelyards; and with those he weighed a bucketful at a time and set down the weight on a sheet of paper. Until long after midnight he sweated and toiled. When he had finished he was angry and dirty. But he had caught old Lowry in the act; there were only fifteen hundred pounds of coal. The next day he would settle with him.

Early the following morning Henderson telephoned to Lowry. His voice fairly shook with anger. "Say, Joe Lowry," he shouted wrathfully, "do you know that load of coal you sent me yesterday was five hundred pounds short?"

"Yes, I know it," came the calm reply; "I told the driver to tell you, but we got a new car of coal this morning, and the wagon is just starting out with the rest of your order."

A GOOD DOCTRINE

Recently there died in Pittsburg the senior member of one of the largest retail clothing stores in the country. He began as many another merchant prince, with a peddler's pack. He came to America with nothing but health, a boundless ambition, and a determination to build his fortune on truth. But this was much. He said: "An most that grew as we went on was this place of advice from father: 'Sell to others as you would buy for yourself.' Good merchants make small profits and many sales. Deal fairly; be patient, and in time your dishonest competitors will crowd your stores with customers." This is good business philosophy for a Gentile as well as for a Jew.—United Presbyterian.

WORK NOT DRUDGERY

Refuse to make your work drudgery. No matter how hard it may be, or how taxing and monotonous, it is possible to put into it a spirit which will redeem it from drudgery. A mother's work would be very largely drudgery if her spirit was indifferent or bitter, but her love redeems it, and lends a glory to the most prosaic task.

To be a drudge means that your ambition is gone, that your spirit is broken, that you toil on as mechanically as a machine. While hope and courage and aspiration remain undiminished, no worker becomes a drudge nor is his work drudgery.

VARIETIES

The man whose religion costs him nothing pays for all he gets.

Every man in a brass band thinks his horn makes the best music.

The man who talks much about himself will always have a tired audience.

Labor troubles are often caused by men who are trying to make a living without work.

If there is any of the hog in a man the bristles will soon begin to show when he travels.

I have been recalling again my reveries that bright afternoon when I stood with the other friends and neighbors at the home of Mr. William Mullin when the memorial service was being held over the earthly remains of the first-born son of the home, before proceeding to Fairview for burial. I told you a couple of weeks ago of my thoughts as I looked over the Elliott and the Lamb farms. But, as I turned to the south and to the west I remembered that my old friend Handy Waldie had lived for sixty years on the farm below, and that Thomas Gibbons, the grandfather of the present generation of Gibbons', was his neighbor to the south. Then to the west there were the farms of the Daltons, and the McCanns, the Mulhollands, the Donaghues, and the Munhalls; and then in fancy I could see the old Dublin Church, just about on the line between the McCanns and the Mulhollands' farms.

It may be news to the young folks that before the Dublin Church was built services were held and masses said in the kitchen of Patrick McCann's farm house. One day, when all the faithful of the neighborhood of the Dublin community were attending service there, the combined weight of these hardy pioneers and their families was too much for the kitchen joice and the flooring and the congregation were precipitated into the cellar. The faithful parish priest then got his flock together and the building of a church was decided upon. By generous subscriptions and faithful work with their own hands the people soon had a neat church standing on the rise at the line of the McCann and Mulholland farms. Here for many years Roman Catholic services were held and the rites of the church were faithfully ministered. Many will remember especially the long period of service given to this church and the people who worshipped there by Rev. Father Dumortier, who was revered and respected by Catholic and Protestant alike. Services were held there regularly until about twenty-five years ago, when the congregation secured the church on Church Street, Acton, which was built by the Congregationalists in 1876. The Congregational people became few in numbers by removals, and were finally obliged to surrender the building, owing to the liabilities incurred being greater than they could finance. In the interval before St. Joseph's secured the property it had been used by the Lord's Army and the Salvation Army for short periods.

Well, when the Catholic people transferred their services to Acton the Dublin Church gradually fell into decay, and it was finally removed. Surrounding the church was the cemetery, and this is still the burial place for the descendants of the pioneers and others of their faith who pass away in this section. When I contemplate this old Dublin Cemetery it seems to me that in this country graveyard could Thomas Gray's elegy be most appropriately applied. I have just turned to my well-worn copy of "Gleanings from the Poets," which Mary presented to me over forty years ago, and have re-read this wonderful poetic conception of a country churchyard, in which the poet feelingly declaims:

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twittering from the low-built shed,
The cock's still clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to the sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

For from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Well, the old pioneers are gone, but there lives live after them, and there is not one among them but we can recount of their good deeds and kind actions over and over again.

Well, as I said, there was Thomas Gibbons, Sr. His family and his children's families have lived here throughout the years. Their names have been honored in the community through all these many years, and the grandchildren and great-grandchildren will be heard from in positions of usefulness and honor.

Then there was another family interested in the old Dublin Church, that of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lee, of the second line, just above Jimmy Gibbons'. Peter was a character, a real Irishman from Cork. He was a pioneer and his pioneer work on the farm was done and well done with a yoke of oxen, and he was with them, week in and week out. I don't believe I can recall a single instance that I ever saw Peter in Acton without his yoke of oxen and his two-wheeled cart. They brought to town his grist; they brought him when he came for groceries; they brought him when there were plows and harrows to be repaired; they brought him if he had no errand at all, but just wished to meet his cronies at Bob Agnew's, or Bob Dickey's, or Bob Storey's, or at Jimmie Campbell's. It was always the same. Peter and the oxen were always together. Peter and his wife had a fine family and a good old-fashioned one for size. I don't think I can remember them all now, for every one of them is gone from here; yes, gone years ago. But there were Matthew, and Pat, and Tom, for boys, and Julia, and Margaret, and Mary, and I think Jane, for the girls. I know Tom the best for I went to school with him. Tom wasn't satisfied with Dublin school and put in several terms in Acton under Mr. Little. He was bound to get an education. While Tom was a tall hunky fellow he was of a nervous temperment and was prone fainting in hot weather or under great excitement. More than once I can remember he was carried out of school into the open air to be revived. Julia was very popular with the girls. She lived in Acton for years, but finally went to live with friends on the other side; at Buffalo, or Rochester, I think.

Before I leave the old Dublin Church and its earlier members let me say that Dublin Church was the only church ever situated on the first line in Esquesing. There have been members of churches on the second line; and the third line, on the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth and eleventh lines, but the old Dublin Church was alone on the first.

Well, with all my wandering talk about the Dublin Church folk I just about forgot my esteemed old friend, Alexander Waldie, who has lived in the Dublin community for about sixty years. He is not only the oldest resident in this part of the township, but he is one of the most active. Handy Waldie never attended Dublin Church as a member, but there never was a funeral of a neighbor at the cemetery there but he was present, and one of the most reverent and sympathetic of all. Mr. Waldie is an honored elder of Knox Church, Acton. He lives up to the principles of his church, and his sterling character and unwavering adherence to what he believed to be right and true have had an influence in moulding the character of the community. Mr. Waldie has always been a great admirer of pure-bred cattle and sheep, and for many years his stable and fields have contained animals of the choicest breeds. He and his son Duncan, who is now in partnership, have at present a herd of pure-breds which is admired by all who see them. Mr. Waldie has a provincial reputation as an expert judge on sheep and he has travelled to many fairs to act in this capacity. Handy is proud to admit that he is creeping up toward eighty-five, but is still active on the farm and among his beloved sheep and lambs, and pure-breds. His brothers John and William resided here for years, too, but the family left here years ago, and for a long generation they and their families have been in Manitoba. Handy has three sons farming here, and one in the Northwest.

Good-bye, dear old Dublin, for the present.

The Old Man

SURE THINGS

There came unto me a man who inquired of me, saying, Hast thou a little money to invest? For I should like to let thee in on the ground floor. I have inside information upon a sure thing.

And he told me of a corporation whose stock was selling very low, because the management were bearing the market that they might themselves buy a controlling interest in it; and how they intended to bull the stock a little later, and make it very valuable, so that he who bought now would make a nice little roll.

And I said, If that be the little game of the management, I will let them play it. I have long since ceased trying to beat men at their own game. For I have stood and watched the nimble pex as it made its unobtrusive way from one shell to another, and I have considered how many times I should have guessed wrong if I had guessed at all.

And he said, Nay, this is no shell-game, but a sure thing.

And I said, There are several men playing croquet at the poor house, and others who have graduated from business and now are pitching horse shoes at the county farm, who owe their present relief from the presence of the maddening crowd to the generosity of friends who let them in on the ground floor of some sure thing.

And I said, Listen to me, and understand my position whether thou doest likewise or no. I do not gamble. I do not speculate. I deal with a very few sure things, and these are among them:

A dollar containeth one hundred cents, and no more. It is easier to borrow an hundred dollars, than it is to pay back an hundred and six. The best way to get money is to earn it, and the best way to increase money is to spend less than one earneth.

And he said, These are old fogy rules, and they will never get thee far up the ladder of finance.

And I said, These rules and a few other sure things have kept me thus far with a safe distance between my door and the wolf, and I have carfare and a meal ticket for some days in advance.

And that will still be true of me when those who trust in the inside information concerning sure things are playing checkers somewhere in an Old Man's Home for those who have seen better days.—The Century.

A STRANGE BIT OF NATURAL HISTORY

From a Nile station in the Sudan a British officer reports a remarkable bit of superstition or natural history, he does not pretend to say which. Being out on a hunting expedition with a party of Sudanese, he came upon the body of a giraffe that had been killed some thirty-six or forty-eight hours before, and, as the wounds showed, by a lion. Upon asking his servants why, if a lion had killed it, he had not eaten it, they smiled as if to say that he was evidently new to the Sudan and pointed out that the giraffe had fallen and still lay on its left side. They then explained that if, when a lion strikes his game, it falls on its right side he eats it, but if on its left side he leaves it untouched. Other Sudanese with whom he discussed the matter told him the same thing. The Englishman admits that the natives may have been "spoofing" him and the belief may be only a superstition; but he is inclined to think otherwise and to believe that the natives have hit upon a fact of natural history that white men had not discovered.

THE UNITED STATES' POSITION IN "THE STATE OF PEACE"

Our four years' war has ended. For two years and a half it has been perhaps the most bloodless war in history. Thousands of miles have separated the belligerents, and not an ounce of powder has been burned by either country in attacking the other.

It sounds like a joke, but it is a sorry joke. It means that when the fighting ended the problem of making peace was too much for us. Germany never declared war on the United States, and therefore could take no step to restore the state of peace. We would not join our associates in approving the treaty that satisfied them; and as we were the last great power to take part in the great struggle we were the last to quit it. "To lay down our arms" would be the proper phrase if the story of the last two years did not make it absurd.

Now that a state of peace has been declared we are no further advanced in our relations with Germany than we have been. The declaration does bring about some needed changes in our domestic conditions and in the war legislation. But it is an accepted rule of nations that war abrogates all treaties. So Germany and the United States are, as it were at present unacquainted strangers, who do not meet, who have nothing to do with each other, who are at peace only because they are not at war. They have yet to do that which is an indispensable part of making peace, and which the Entente allies have already done; that is, conclude a treaty that shall fix the conditions under which they will hereafter tolerate each other, associate with each other, deal with each other.

There have been two opposing theories of the best way completely to restore peace. It is universally admitted that both a declaration of peace and the negotiation of a treaty are necessary for bringing that about. The dispute has been whether the two parts of the process should be combined in the treaty or taken separately. Unfortunately, the dispute has taken on a partisan form. The party in power chose to separate them in order to secure at once such benefits as result from the technical ending of the war, and thus avoid the long and tedious and often unsatisfactory wrangles and delays in drafting a treaty. The opposition urged—quite truly—that the other way is in accordance with universal custom; and they further contended, though it has yet to be proved, that the United States surrenders much of the strength of its position as a conqueror by the course adopted, that it can now impose on Germany only such conditions as that government is willing to accept. For, to attempt to enforce what Germany might refuse, they assert, would be an act of war that would belie the resolution of peace.

That such a dispute should have arisen shows how difficult it is to make a separate peace with Germany and Austria-Hungary after we have withdrawn from association with the Entente powers. Now that the decision as to the order of procedure has been made we must all hope that the remaining step will be taken surely and successfully. A treaty has to be made. Undoubtedly the administration has its plans for it. Whatever they may be, it is the duty of all good Americans to stand by it in maintaining the rights the country has acquired as one of the victors in the war.—Youth's Companion.

"FEELING RICH"

"Feeling rich" is, as one of our newspaper humorists puts it, "a grand and glorious feeling." But feeling rich is not the same thing as being rich. It is a great deal better. There are some comparatively wealthy people who always feel poor. They are haunted by the fear of dying in the poorhouse. With abundant means for affording every luxury, they feel themselves paupers.

A prominent American has described the first home of his parents as a small log hut. As the snow lay deep on the ground at the time it was built, it was not possible to collect any stones, and the young wife's kettle would sink down into the soft ground which formed the hearth. When the snow had melted, and she was able to go out and collect stones, on which to set her kettles in the fireplace, she told her children years afterward she "felt rich."

Lincoln has told of his feelings over the first dollar he earned. He had rowed some passengers out to the river steamer they wished to take, and when they climbed aboard, each tossed him half a dollar. To the boy it seemed wealth. It encouraged him to believe that there was an escape from the grinding poverty of his early years. Probably never again did he come nearer feeling rich than he did at that moment.

Practice feeling rich. Make much of little pleasures, much of small victories. Draw the line between aspiration and discontent, and while pressing on to more and better things, never discount the joy of to-day in favor of any satisfaction on ahead. Indeed whatever generosity of fortune may be in store for you, your chance to appreciate it is small indeed unless you have learned in the lean years, to feel rich on small blessings.

NEW BUILDING MATERIAL

An all-mineral substitute for wood which is composed of Portland cement, sand, and asbestos fiber, has been found to serve excellently as a base for walls, floors, etc., as being colour in structure, it takes nails easily and holds them firmly. The new material has the advantages over wood of being fire-proof and warp-proof. This latter quality makes it especially suitable for use as a sub-flooring when composition floors are used, as cracking of the latter is said to be eliminated. As it has the property of holding nails well, interior wood trimming and shingles may be nailed directly to the new base material. It is also said to possess good insulating qualities.

TOMMY'S HOWLER

In a small village school a teacher asked the scholars in her class to write a sentence finishing with the two words, "bitter end."

One boy wrote, "The enemy fought to the bitter end."

Another said, "The afternoon's holiday came too soon to a bitter end."

But the sentence that capped them all was written by a bright boy of ten, whose name was Tommy. It ran thus:

"Our bull-pup ran after Murphy's cat yesterday, and as she was running through the wooden fence he bitter end."

WANT OF ACCURACY

A prominent business man has stated his belief that lack of punctuality is often associated with a lack of truthfulness. Not all falsehood is intentional. Many people are quite unreliable who would scorn telling a lie, but the habit of inaccuracy is so ingrained that coloring up a statement to make it picturesque, suppressing an inconvenient truth and twisting facts to fit their requirements, does not seem to them a serious matter. Habitual unpunctuality, too, is closely associated with want of accuracy, so that it is easy to see that where we find one quality, we have reason to look for the other.

WHY SUFFER PAIN?

YOU can't do justice to yourself in business, social or home life if you suffer from headache, backache, neuralgia, monthly pains, or any of the thousand and one pains with which all of us are afflicted at one time or another.

These pains indicate a very real physical danger. But there are very few pains of any nature that are not promptly relieved by Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills.

Get them in handy boxes at our drug store. A box is insurance against headache, carsickness neuralgia and pain of almost any nature.

DR. MILES' ANTI Pain Pills. HEADACHES AND RHUEMATIC

There are no disagreeable after effects. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

STOP THE PAIN

without upset digestion, drowsiness, buzzing in the head, or danger of forming a drug habit. Guaranteed Safe and Sure.

SOLD IN ACTON BY E. J. HASSARD

MOVED TO

New Quarters!

I am now comfortably settled in the new quarters in the Hitchman Block and am better able to look after the needs of everything pertaining to footwear.

I will have an assistant with me directly and this will greatly facilitate the prompt repairing of all work left with me. Repairing prices have been reduced.

All grades of Shoes in Men's and Boys' Lines in stock.

T. E. Gibbons - Mill St., Acton

The Mission of the Advertising Pages

(By Wm. S. Power, President of the Power, Alexander & Jenkins Co., Detroit)

"The man who says he never reads advertisements either is a proper candidate for the Ananias Club, or is lacking in common business sense."

That is the way a big business man, the head of a successful corporation, put it in talking to his selling force a few days ago.

The advertising columns of the newspapers are a barometer of success.

They are consulted by practical men and women just as the financial and social pages of the newspapers are consulted for the information they contain.

Time was, not so very long ago, when the advertising columns were merely a direction of things for sale.

To-day they rank side by side with the news pages in the vital interest of the messages that they carry.

Advertisements as a class have ceased to be unreliable.

Superlative and exaggerated claims have lost favor with advertisers.

Advertisers has discovered that frankness, conversation and truth are the strongest allies that they can have in their efforts to win public confidence.

And so it is that to-day, as never before, men and women scan the advertising pages as carefully and with as deep an interest as they give to any part of the newspaper.

The advertising pages reach out to you in a spirit of friendship and co-operation.

That is their mission—to make a friend of you and to win your good-will.

To be sure they have something to sell you—but that is rather a secondary consideration, a by-product of advertising, if you please.

The big elemental aim is to win your good will—when that is accomplished, the selling will follow as a natural result.

Look through the advertising columns of this paper—note the carefulness with which the messages have been prepared—feast your eyes on the art that has been used in illustrating some of them—sense the friendly hand-clasp that they seem to extend toward you.

Then analyze them for yourself.

You will find that the products that are most persistently and effectively advertised are almost universally, the best and most dependable products.

That is a perfectly natural illustration of the law of cause and effect.

An advertisement is a pledge. The man who issues it puts himself on record. The public expects more of him—and almost invariably he measures up to expectaitons.

The development of advertising has put business on a higher plane. It has created a finer code of business ethics. It has made possible better products and lower prices. It has immeasurably increased the comforts of life by bringing within the reach of all the conveniences and luxuries that would otherwise be enjoyed only by the few.

1921 TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 20th AND 21st 1921

Acton Fall Fair

OPEN TO THE WORLD

Many Special Attractions

New, Revised and Enlarged Prize List

Splendid Fair Night Concert on Second Night

Trials of Speed on an Excellent Half-Mile Track

Acton Citizens' Band in Attendance

The Prize List

Judging of Live Stock will Commence Promptly at 1.30 p.m.

HEAVY HORSES

CLASS 1—HEAVY DRAFT

SEC.				
1	Brood Mare	$5 00	$3 00	$2 00
2	Spring Colt	3 00	2 00	1 00
3	One-year-old Gelding or Filly	3 00	2 00	1 00
4	Two-year-old Gelding or Filly	3 00	2 00	1 00
5	Three-year-old Gelding or Filly	3 00	2 00	1 00

CLASS 2—AGRICULTURAL

1	Brood Mare	$5 00	$3 00	$2 00
2	Spring Colt	3 00	2 00	1 00
3	One-year-old Gelding or Filly	3 00	2 00	1 00
4	Two-year-old Gelding or Filly	3 00	2 00	1 00
5	Three-year-old Gelding or Filly	3 00	2 00	1 00

CLASS 3—GENERAL PURPOSE

1	Brood Mare	$5 00	$3 00	$2 00
2	Spring Colt	3 00	2 00	1 00
3	One-year-old Gelding or Filly	3 00	2 00	1 00
4	Two-year-old Gelding or Filly	3 00	2 00	1 00
5	Three-year-old Gelding or Filly	3 00	2 00	1 00

CLASS 4—HEAVY HORSES IN HARNESS

1	Span of Heavy Draught mare or geldings	$9 00	$7 00	$5 00
2	Span of Agricultural mares or geldings	9 00	7 00	5 00
3	Span of General Purpose mares or geldings	9 00	7 00	5 00

LIGHT HORSES

CLASS 5—CARRIAGE

1	Brood Mare	$5 00	$3 00	$2 00
2	Spring Colt	3 00	2 00	1 00
3	One-year-old Gelding or Filly	3 00	2 00	1 00
4	Two-year-old Gelding or Filly	3 00	2 00	1 00

CLASS 6—ROADSTER

1	Brood Mare	$5 00	$3 00	$3 00
2	Spring Colt	3 00	2 00	1 00
3	One-year-old Gelding or Filly	3 00	2 00	1 00
4	Two-year-old Gelding or Filly	3 00	2 00	1 00

CLASS 7—LIGHT HORSES IN HARNESS

1	Single Carriage, 3-year-old gelding or filly	$6 00	$5 00	$4 00
2	Single Carriage, mare or gelding	6 00	5 00	4 00
3	Span Carriage, mare or geldings	9 00	7 00	5 00
4	Three-year-old Roadster, gelding or filly	6 00	5 00	4 00
5	Single Roadster, mare or gelding	6 00	5 00	4 00
6	Span Roadsters, mares or geldings	9 00	7 00	5 00
7	Single Roadster, mare or gelding, pacer	6 00	5 00	4 00
8	Saddle Horse, mare or gelding	5 00	4 00	3 00

NOTE—All Road Horses shown in this Class must be driven once around the track.

HORSE SPECIALS

NOTE—No Horse will be allowed to compete in more than one Special Race.

NO.		
1	Best High Stepping Horse, 1st by Duncan Campbell, cash, $5.00; 2nd by C. Brewer, baker, cash, $3.00	$ 8 00
2	Best Lady Driver, single rig, 1st by Wm. Johnstone & Co., cash, $5.00; 2nd by Harold Wiles, cash, $3.00	8 00
3	Best Heavy Express Horse in harness, 1st by Acton Farmers' Club, cash, $5.00; 2nd by L. R. Tobey, Hamilton, 1 Gent's Hat, value $5.00	10 00
4	Best Single Turn Out, by Jas. Symon, 1st, cash, $3.00; 2nd, cash, $2.00	5 00
5	Novelty Race, harness and hitch to rig, go as you please once around track, 1st by W. F. Mooney, cash	5 00
6	Best Light Delivery Outfit, 1st by W. Evans, butcher, cash	5 00
7	Best Saddle Horse, by Scales & Roberts, Manufacturers, (1 Box) 50 Cigars, value	5 00
8	Best Groomed Horse on Ground, by George Edwards, 1 Whip, value	3 00
9	Best Single Carriage Mare or Gelding in harness, 1st by Acton Farmers' Club, cash $5.00; 2nd by Chas. E. Parker, 2 gallons Veedol Motor Oil, value $4.20	9.20
10	Best and Fastest Road Horse, style, speed and soundness considered, best two out of three exhibitions of speed, ½ mile heats; driven to four-wheeled rig, no hobble allowed, horses in races not allowed to enter, 1st by Bank of Nova Scotia, $10.00; 2nd by T. H. Moorehead, $5.00; 3rd by A. H. McLean, $3.00	18 00

CATTLE

All Bulls 12 months old and over must have rings in nose, be haltered, and under control of owner or attendant before entering the fair grounds.

CLASS 8—SHORT HORN

SEC.				
1	Best Cow, any age	$4 00	$3.00	$3 00
2	Best Cow, showing dairy proponsities	4 00	3 00	3 00
3	Two-year-old Heifer	4 00	3 00	3 00
4	One-year-old Heifer	3 00	3 00	1 50
5	Calf Heifer, Senior	3 00	3 00	1 50
6	Calf Heifer, Junior	3 00	3 00	1 50
7	Bull, 3 years or over	4 00	3 00	3 00
8	Bull, 1 year and under two	4 00	3 00	3 00
9	Bull Calf, Senior	3 00	3 00	1 50
10	Bull Calf, Junior	3 00	3 00	1 50
11	Herd, to consist of 1 bull and 4 females	6 00	3 00	.....
12	Pen of Calves, 3 in number	4 00	3 00	.....

CLASS 9—POLLED ANGUS

1	Best Cow, any age	$3 00	$2 00	$1 00
2	" Two-year-old Heifer	3 00	3 00	1 00
3	" One-year-old Heifer	3 00	2 00	1 00
4	" Heifer Calf	2 00	1 50	1 00
5	" Bull, 2 years and over	3 00	3 00	1 00
6	" Bull, 1 year, under 2	3 00	2 00	1 00
7	" Bull Calf	2 00	1 50	1 00
8	" Herd, to consist of one bull and four females	5 00	3 00	.....

CLASS 10—GRADES—BEEF TYPE

1	Best Cow, 3 years and over	$3 00	$2 00	$1 00
2	" Two-year-old Heifer	2 00	1 00	.....
3	" One-year-old Heifer	2 00	1 00	.....
4	" Heifer Calf	2 00	1 00	.....
5	" Fat Beast, steer or heifer, pure-bred or grade	3 00	2 00	.....

CLASS 11—PURE BRED DAIRY

1	Best Cow, any age	$3 00	$3 00	$1 00
2	" Cow, 3 years	3 00	2 00	1 00
3	" Two-year-old Heifer	3 00	2 00	1 00
4	" One-year-old Heifer	3 00	2 00	1 00
5	" Bull Calf	2 00	1 00	.....
6	" Heifer Calf	3 00	1 00	.....
7	" Bull, 2 years and over	3 00	2 00	1 00
8	" Bull, 1 year, and under 2	3 00	2 00	1 00
9	" Herd, 1 bull registered and 4 females, pure bred or grade	5 00	3 00	.....

CLASS 12—GRADES—DAIRY TYPE

1	Best Cow, 3 years and over	$3.00	$2 00	$1 00
2	" Two-year-old Heifer	2 00	1 00	.....
3	" One-year-old Heifer	2 00	1.00	.....
4	" Heifer Calf	2 00	1 00	.....

First Prize for Pure Bred Dairy Herd paid by Acton Creamery Co.

CATTLE SPECIALS

NO.		
11	Best Two Shorthorns, the progeny of one cow, by C. H. Hwackhamer, 1st $3.00; 2nd $2.00	5 00
12	Best Baby Beef grade not over 1 year by R. N. Brown, 1st cash	5 00

(Continued Next Week)