The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1921

"JUST SWEARING"

Throughout this life we live on earth,
That place 'twixt hell and heaven,
We must encounter many sins,
The chief of which are seven.

To lie, to steal, to lust, to kill,
Have long stirred old Humanity;
To hate, to cheat, are that as bad,
But the worst of all—Profanity.

The oath is just a habit vile;
It only breeds distrust;
It narrows the user from the true
Of life and courts disgust.

It is the Kinsman of the low,
The habit of the vile;
It holds no sign of manliness
Or greatness afterwhile.

It has no strength; it has no power;
It never is heard;
To stamp oneself as ignorant,
One only has to swear.

It simply means you're decent if
You swearing you refrain;
And with dirty, filthy, useless oaths,
Your lips you never stain.

Then quit it, men, and quit, boys;
To do it brings no pride.
It shames the name of mother dear;
Let cleaner things abide.

—W. E. Hartley.

Premier Drury's Mail Bag

His 500 Letters per Day Have a Heterogeneous List of Topics

When a man becomes a prime minister, several hundreds of people at once place him on their mailing list. The vast amount of information and influence he is supposed to possess, and the far greater quantity of advice he is assumed to be in need of are best revealed by a glance through his morning mail.

Every day Premier Drury receives an average of 500 letters at the parliament buildings. Most of these communications have to do with routine business, and are passed on to various departments to be dealt with. Others of a similar nature that call for the Premier's personal attention are retained until he has seen them, generally within a short period after receipt.

Mr. Drury cleans up his mail very quickly, dictating important replies only, and leaving the remainder to his secretary to answer from brief pencilled shorthand notes in a top corner. Not infrequently the Premier will go to the trouble of personally writing a careful reply to a correspondent who has sent in a long, rambling communication. If the latter indicates a genuine desire for enlightenment, it is answered, and the sender is put right on some matter of policy.

A great many letters find their way into Premier Drury's mailbag, however, which neither he nor his deputy nor his secretary can answer. Some of them are almost illegible. There is a weekly postcard, for example, that never fails to put in an appearance, covered with such minute calligraphy that a magnifying glass is necessary in order to read it. It is some time now since anyone attempted to find out what this particular correspondent is striving to get off his chest.

Another regular arrival is a six or eight page letter which turns up once a week, and sometimes oftener, giving solid chunks of scripture for the edification of Ontario's first citizen.

A third weekly bulletin comes from a man, who has been demanding settlement of an imaginary claim against the government for over twenty years. His case has been carefully investigated and dismissed as groundless several times, but hope springs eternal in his breast. Not satisfied with writing, he haunts the lobbies, and his last communication enclosed a statement showing the original claim of $200 increased by compound interest to $5,500.

Lawsuits, which the litigants wish the Premier to push along, form the burden of many letters. One man, whose case hangs fire, is very persistent in requesting Mr. Drury's assistance in getting a move on. As an inducement he has several times slipped a postal order for $25 into the envelope. Needless to say, this mute but powerful persuader has always been returned.

If a line appears in the newspapers that Mr. Drury is suffering from a slight cold or that his throat has become affected, dozens of kind old women of both sexes all over the province immediately proceed to stuff his mailbags with proven receipts for fighting anything from a chill to the la grippe. Recommendations of patent medicine and other physics by grateful users are received in shoals. One man wrote at length describing his exclusive and infallible treatment for blood-poisoning and "white swellings of the foot." He ended his last epistle with the sublime boast: "I can cure any case of blood-poisoning or white swelling on a bet."

Possibly the most extraordinary request sent to the Ontario Premier was from a woman. In a long, type-written letter, giving a great deal of family history in detail, she frankly confessed that she had been in the Don jail for three weeks, and that she had just escaped from an asylum. In her hasty flight she had been compelled to leave her clothes behind, and would Mr. Drury kindly see that these garments were forwarded to her?

Many inventors consider the Premier a short cut to fame. Ideas for submarines and wireless telegraphy are submitted for his approval. One very persistent correspondent, a lady, has invented a patent ballot box, which she is extremely anxious Mr. Drury should endorse. Premiers, however, investigate ballot boxes only when they must, and this one has little chance of getting past the turnstile at the parliament buildings.

Mr. Drury's farmer friends have not forgotten him. Quite recently a live rooster was consigned to him by mail at Queen's Park. Baskets of big mealy potatoes are frequent arrivals, while samples of grain and clover seed are legion.

Thousands of cards are showered upon Mr. Drury at Christmas, and a surprising number of people remember his birthday in similar, as well as more substantial ways. Editors of farm papers, in the United States and England, as well as in Canada, solicit articles for their columns. Requests of every description for subscriptions to charities come in a steady shower. So far this summer Mr. Drury has received invitations to five hundred picnics, and last winter he had to turn down nearly four hundred banquets, being able to accept about fifty only of the invitations tendered.

HE GOT ONE

Uncle—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tommy. See what a lot of prizes your sister has got, and you haven't even earned a certificate."

"Oh, but I got a certificate once, uncle," said Tommy.

"Indeed! What for, I should like to know?"

"For being born."

CONCLUSIVE PROOF

A quack doctor was advertising some medicine on the street corner.

Doctor: "I have sold these pills for twenty-five years and never heard a complaint. What does that prove?"

Voice from the crowd: "That dead men tell no tales."—Exchange.

Bay, I missed it by being away last week. I understand that Dr. Farmer, our most successful local fisherman, remembered me with a fine specimen of splendid bass he caught in Long Lake, when he returned home from his excursion. Naturally the fish was sent to the editor to be forwarded to me, the Dr. being like everybody else, dubious about identifying me. Well, as I said, I was away in Toronto, and the editor's family knowing it would not keep until my return, cooked it for dinner that day. I understand the household at Moorecroft pronounced it a fine bass and enjoyed it very much. Of course they did the right thing under the circumstances, and I appreciate Dr. Farmer's generous remembrance very much. All the same, I hope I'll be at home if the Dr. ever favors me on any future occasion for I enjoy bass very much, and my Mary can cook fish to my liking and equal to any chef I have ever come across.

Well, I had my week in Toronto, and it was a big week I can tell you. Of course the big Toronto Fair took up most of my time, and do you know, I wandered about alone most of the time. Mary and I see eye to eye in a good many things, but when it comes to attending a big fair like Toronto Exhibition I prefer to go off by my lonesome to see things. Mary just naturally wants to see all the new women's things, the dresses, and the carpets and the electric washing machines, and the pianos, and the other glim cracks which are brought there to attract the women folks, so I left her with the Toronto relatives, and they gave her a real bang up time, I can tell you. She's talking about it yet, anyway.

Well, I think I had the time of my life. I spent a good lot of time listening to that Huntsville Band of Mr. Shaw's, and I tell you between Herbert Clarke and Shaw, the tanner, and their sixty-two players, they put up a mighty fine lot of music. There were a good many other folks who enjoyed the music as I did, too, for there were thousands of people there listening every time they played. I put in quite a few hours, too, at the building where all those new motor cars were on exhibition. Bay, it was fine. I know, I never could drive one of those new-fangled buggies, if I could afford to throw away $1,000 or $2,000 to buy one; but I did enjoy seeing all the new things. I guess a good many of those slick salesmen thought they had me when I asked so many questions about them, but I only wanted to know, not to buy. When I stood there looking at all those dandy cars, I couldn't help thinking what Peter Lee would think if he was driving up the second line or down, or back home after he'd been here for a while, with his yoke of oxen and twowheeled cart. If he was to meet one of those new six or eight cylinder limousines running along the road, as quiet as a pony, without any visible means of driving power. I think Peter would have taken a fit. And so would any of our old folks of his day.

I spent a lot of time in the building with the flowers and vegetables. It was fine indeed. Bay, they had flowers of every kind under the sun in there, But for that matter there were flowers outside all over the grounds and they were fine too. You know I like flowers very much, even on the farm. Why, Mary always had her Sweet William, and ribbon grass, and hollyhocks, and bachelor buttons, and Sweet Mary and pansies. Well, there were some of those at the big fair, but I took special stock of the gladiolis, and I couldn't find any a bit better than those of my neighbor, Mack McDonald, of which he is so proud, and they deserve it. And I didn't see any asters which quite came up to that fine showing over at Flocker Lindsay's farm, which Mrs. Lindsay is always so generous with to the town folks and her neighbors. And there were some dandy cannas, but to save me I couldn't find any that were the equal of those fine dark ones with the big spreading foliage at Moorecroft. Mrs. Moore surely knows flowers, and I think if she took a notion she could bring home some of the red tickets from Toronto, and so could Mrs. Lindsay and Mack McDonald. Well, anyway, the flowers were attractive at the big fair and I enjoyed looking over them. The show of fruit, especially of apples from our own county, attracted me greatly.

I gave about half a day to the Government Building and I found that worth while. There were all sorts of things in there which to me were worth seeing. It rather staggered me, though, to come across several cops of skunks. They appeared to be quite at home and I never heard of anybody being molested by them. It wasn't like our hired men's experience in the old days on the farm. He came across a nest of them once in the woods behind the back pasture, or at least they came across him. Bay, by jimminy, but he got a dose. Why, when he came to dinner, Mary shoed him out of the house. We had to bury all the clothes he wore; of course that was only a shirt and pair of overalls; but it took half the water in the rain barrel to wash him sweet again. I rather wonder the exhibition people allowed the Government to put the varmints in there on exhibition. Anyhow, when I got out my specs so as to read the ticket on the cage I made tracks away from there pretty quick. I wasn't taking any risks, I can tell you, and me with my Sunday store clothes on. Well, they had snakes in that building too, big black snakes, rattlers, and garter snakes. I didn't stay there long either. The snakes were in glass cases, but I never could resist heaving a stone at a snake when I came across one. I'm glad there are very few of the pesky reptiles in these parts. I guess it's because we have so many good High people here. An exhibit I liked very much was the live fish from our own lakes, rivers, and streams. They had eels and bass and trout, real speckled beauties, just as fine as those Dr. Farmer catches before breakfast some mornings in the spring, and which he takes such pride in exhibiting. But the eels, I draw the line at them. Too much of the snake family for me.

In another corner in this building they had an exhibit which attracted me. It was an Indian camp. The Indians were there with their wives and daughters, and they were making birch bark canoes, and baskets. It made me think of the tribe of Indians who came to David Ryder's bush, down near our waterworks' spring, where the ash trees were very plentiful. They made all kinds of baskets and supplied the community. It was the pride of us boys in those days to get the Indians to make us an arrow occasionally for our bows. They were the best arrows we every came across, and would shoot straight as a die. Bay, the Indians are getting moderargeil. Every squaw and Indian girl in this exhibit was chewing gum to beat the band; just like our own girls I meet on the street every day. And the Indian men were chewing tobacco.

Well, I can see very plainly that I can't get over the big exhibition in one week. I got running off to the past so often that I forget myself and the fair too. I guess this'll do for today. I thought I could tell you what I saw in that fine exhibition of farm machinery and the new live stock arena, in course of construction, and something about the midway. Yes, I was there, but I didn't take Mary, with me there, either. I doesn't try it. She'd balk at the first tent with that bowler, and the bare-legged girls. But their dresses were only an inch or so shorter than our own girls wear.

The Old Man

JUST AS IT HAPPENED

Walking through the hall of a western college I came on a young man from my town, sitting alone on a bench. He was gazing across the campus a little wearily.

"Well, Edward, how are you making it?" I greeted him.

He rose with a smile, the same smile I remembered as being so winning in his high school days. "Pretty well, I guess—haven't flunked once this year."

"What are you going to do when you graduate?"

"Haven't made up my mind, yet."

"Surely you have some idea of what business or profession you intend to follow?"

"No—I am going to finish and then see what turns up."

That was three years ago. Edward finished school. He came home, much to the delight of his parents who attended commencement and saw their son receive his diploma. He was popular with the town young folks who looked up to him as a college graduate. But he had no plan for life. He tried several things. Once he went on the road for a mill, trying to sell flour, but that lasted only a month. He was not a good salesman. Then he clerked in a store for a fortnight. The next I heard of him he was trying to sell stock in a company, but this soon ended. For weeks he stayed around home and did little jobs here and there. That has been his life and only yesterday I watched him across the street. He was visiting with some tough boys of the town. Of what they were talking I do not know—but I know that his parents must have some sorrow at the failure their son is making in his life, for his father went by just then and the look in his eyes told the story.—Charles Moreau Harger.

ANOTHER TASK FOR THE TYPEWRITER KEYS

Someone discovered a few years ago that type could be set by using a typewriter keyboard; then we got the famous linotype and monotype machines that set the type for our larger printing houses in far less time than ten workers can do the same work. Now the same idea is used again to help the overworked postal clerk. The first machine made is to sort letters into the right mail bag that will then go sealed to the proper cities in all corners of our country. It enables a worker to sit at a table before a keyboard, and to sort all the letters of a postal station merely by pressing the proper keys as the letters in the long trough before him feed down to him. The inventor says that 256 different mail sacks can be fed swiftly by a single operator sitting at his desk without touching a single letter with his hands. As he presses a key, off goes the letter flying through its chute into the right bag.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF BOOKS

It is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portieres of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but one brief question. Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms? —No. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you.—John Ruskin.

A COUNTRY WITHOUT A STAMP

Palestine is the only country which now has no postage stamp of its own. But representatives of the Zionist government have informed London philatelists that this anomoly promises soon to be rectified, for, with the establishment of Palestine as the national home of the Jewish nation, it is believed little time will be lost in emulating the examples of other small nations called into being by mandates of the Peace Conference by the issuance of distinctive stamps. Stamps sold by British army post offices in adjacent former enemy territory are being utilized for over-printing with the word "Palestine."—East and West.

LESSON IN NATURE STUDY

School Inspector: "Do you teach observation?"

Teacher: "Yes."

Inspector: "Then I will test the class. Now children, shut your eyes and sit still." Following this the Inspector made a slow whistling noise, and then asked: "Now, children, what did I do?"

For some time there was no answer, but ultimately one little boy piped out, "Kissed teacher!"—Moncton Transcript.

WHAT HE PREFERRED

He was one of the few remaining old-time darkies. He had finished the odd jobs for which he had been employed, and, hat in hand, appeared at the back door.

"How much is it, uncle?" he was asked.

"Yo' say how much? Jest whatever yo' all say, missus."

"Oh, but I'd rather you would say how much," he lady of the house replied.

"Yas, ma'am! But ma'am, Ah'd rather hab de seventy-five cents yo'all would gimme dan de fifty cents Ah'd charge yo'all."—Toronto Mail and Empire.

LABOR

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity.—Ruskin.

STOP THE PAIN

Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatic, Backache, Sciatic and Ovarian Pains. One or two DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS, and the pain is gone. Guaranteed Safe and Sure. Price 30c.

SOLD IN ACTON BY E. J. BARBARID

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY AND ITS YOUNG PRESIDENT

E. W. BEATTY, K. C.
President C. P. R.

A noteworthy tribute to the Canadian Pacific Railway and its president is paid in an article which appeared recently in the London Times. A review of the Canadian railway situation leads to the conclusion that at least the figures emphasize the position of the C. P. R. among American railways and the responsibilities of the office to which Mr. Beatty has succeeded.—The Times article follows:

"Although a railway is not to be considered as typical of a soulless corporation, most people in Canada are secretly, if not openly, proud of the steady solvency and efficiency of the Canadian Pacific.

"This pride has not been diminished since the appointment as president some three years ago of Mr. Edward Wentworth Beatty, K. C., previously vice-president and general counsel of the company.

"Fifth in the line, which includes the names of Lords Mount-Stephen and Strathcona, Sir William Van Horne, and Lord Shaughnessy, Mr. Beatty is the first native Canadian to be president of the Canadian Pacific. He was born in 1877 in Ontario and educated at Upper Canada College, and the University of Toronto and called to the bar of Ontario upon the completion of his legal training. His father controlled a fleet of steamships on the Canadian lakes, and thus, perhaps, the son had a natural interest in problems of transportation. Joining the legal department of the company he rose quickly to the position of chief counsel, and at 41 years of age, by unanimous decision of its directors, he became president. Nor did the choice of Mr. Beatty for such a great an office create any surprise in the country. Apparently he was recognized within the councils of the company as the natural successor of Lord Shaughnessy, and outside the offices the judgment of the directors was not challenged.

"No president of the Canadian Pacific has had a more difficult task than that which Mr. Beatty has been required to undertake. Through the rush optimism of governments and people the country has built three trans-continental railways where two would be quite enough.

"Even before construction was completed depression fell upon the country. In the crisis of the depression the war came to aggravate and complicate the situation. Millions were advanced to the companies, but the relief afforded was inadequate, and the country became exasperated, over the certain prospect of many more millions to follow. It is believed, that the Canadian Pacific could have been induced to purchase and operate the Canadian Northern system, and assume the federal and provincial guarantees, but the government hesitated to accept a proposal which would so augment the power and prestige of the pioneer transcontinental system, and so challenge a formidable body of opinion in the country which became steadily more clamorous for public ownership and operation of the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific and nationalization of the Grand Trunk system in the older provinces.

"To this demand the government yielded, perhaps as a choice between two evils and when the Grand Trunk is finally acquired, the government will control 22,000 miles of railway as against 18,000 miles operated by the Canadian Pacific. The task, therefore, to which Mr. Beatty has set himself is to operate a great private railway system in competition with a great public system, to deal with the political problems which are inherent in such a situation, to maintain a relation with the national railways which will not produce hostile feeling among the people, and to prevent any ill-considered movement towards nationalization of the great property which still remains under private control. Thus far few will deny that Mr. Beatty has displayed the power, genius and resource which the situation demands. He enjoys the confidence of the government and the goodwill of the people. Never was the Canadian Pacific operated with greater efficiency, never was a staff, distinguished for loyalty, more devoted to the interest of the company, and never were there better relations between a public carrier and the shippers and travellers who provide its revenues.

"In 1919 there was a deficit on the national railways of $50,000,000; (£12,500,000), and for 1920 $70,000,000 (£17,500,000). It is manifest that freight and passenger charges which would give a living revenue to the national railways would greatly increase the surpluses of the Canadian Pacific. It is just as clear that proposals to reduce the capitalization of the National Railways, which have considerable support, could be so applied as to impair the revenues of the private company. But Mr. Beatty refuses to be anxious or excited, conducts no underground intrigue, indulges in no angry criticism of "public ownership." He believes that the railway policy of the government can be tested by results, and that, during the time of testing the Canadian Pacific can strengthen its own position only by giving service and abstaining from unwise political activity. It requires strength and restraint to hold to the course which Mr. Beatty is taking. But these qualities he has in a remarkable degree. He will stand with any of the statesmen who have controlled the destinies of the pioneer transcontinental railway of Canada, which for a generation has been the bulwark of Canadian credit and one of the chief sources of Canadian optimism and confidence."

A VERITABLE VULCAN

Miss Brown was giving an elaborate description of a blacksmith preparatory to teaching Longfellow's poem to her pupils: "Now, children, we are going to learn a poem to-day about some one who works very hard. He is very large and has great arms that can lift such heavy things! His face is blackened with soot that comes from his great blazing fires! And he wears a dirty black apron, and he has a fire that glows, oh, so red, and whenever he makes anything he puts it into his fire and then pounds it with the loudest clanging noise and makes the sparks fly about in every direction. Now, who can tell me what I have been describing?"

A little maid who had listened to these vivid details with eyes twice their natural size, sprang to her feet and said in an awed whisper: "The devil!"

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

Form a Good Connection

A savings account in The Bank of Nova Scotia gives the depositor a business connection with one of Canada's leading financial institutions.

Such a connection in years to come may be of great value and assistance in business.

Why not form the connection today by opening your savings account?

—THE
Bank of Nova Scotia

Paid-up Capital $ 9,700,000
Reserve " " 18,000,000
Resources " " 230,000,000

W. K. GRAHAM
Manager, Acton

TAX NOTICE---1921

MUNICIPALITY OF ACTON

The Tax Notices for 1921 are now being sent out. For the convenience of all concerned payments have been arranged to be made in two instalments, at the Merchants Bank.

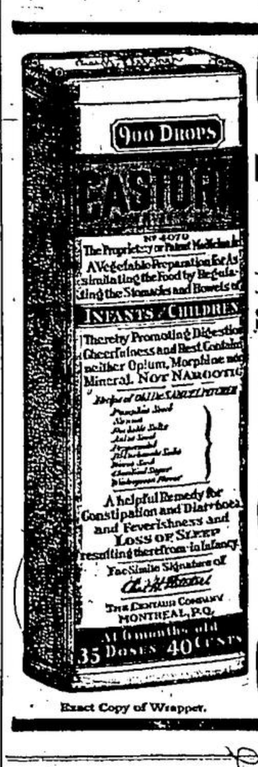
FIRST INSTALMENT — SEPTEMBER 26
SECOND INSTALMENT — NOVEMBER 28

Any ratepayer may pay the whole of his taxes on or before September 26, but one-half the amount must be paid on or before that date. Failure to comply with this arrangement entails extra expense and trouble.

An addition of five per cent. will be made to every tax rate or assessment remaining unpaid fourteen days after the said 26th day of September, for the first instalment, and the 28th day of November for the second instalment; and it will be the duty of the Collector immediately after the said several days appointed for payment, to collect at once, by distress or otherwise, under the provisions of the Statute in that behalf, all such taxes, or instalment of taxes.

PLEASE TAKE YOUR TAX NOTICE WITH YOU TO THE BANK WHEN MAKING PAYMENT

W. J. REID, Collector



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For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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Full Market Price Paid for Butter Fat

Any Small Amount of Cream will Receive Our Best Attention

We Will also Pay Spot Cash for Eggs

Open Friday and Saturday Evenings

BEST CREAMERY BUTTER, NEW LAID EGGS AND FRESH BUTTERMILK WILL NOW BE SUPPLIED AT THE CREAMERY EVERY DAY.

Acton Creamery Co.
WILES & O'NEIL, Proprietors

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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

DOMESTIC SCIENCE, BAKING, ETC.
CLASS 24

No Articles shown in this Class will be allowed to compete for Specials

REC.			
1	Loaf Homemade Bread	$0 60	$0 40
2	Loaf Milk Bread	60	40
3	Half dozen Plain Buns	60	40
4	Half dozen Fancy Buns	60	40
5	Half dozen Tea Biscuits	60	40
6	Half dozen Graham Biscuits	60	40
7	One Light Layer Cake	60	40
8	One Dark Layer Cake	60	40
9	One Sponge Cake	60	40
10	One Square Ginger Bread	60	40
11	Tarts, half dozen each, Fruit and Lemon	60	40
12	Cookies, half dozen each, Ginger, Sugar, Oatmeal	60	40
13	One Apple Pie	60	40
14	One Custard Pie	60	40
15	One Lemon Pie	60	40
16	One Pumpkin Pie	60	40
17	Best Display Fancy Baking, 10 varieties	1 00	1 00
18	Best Display Plain Baking, 10 varieties	1 00	1 00
19	Current Jelly	60	40
20	Apple Jelly	60	40
21	One quart Canned Fruit, light	60	40
22	One quart Canned Fruit, dark	60	40
23	Best Collection Canned Fruit, 2 light, 2 dark	1 00	1 00
24	One Sealer Canned Tomatoes	60	40
25	One Sealer Canned Corn, yellow	60	40
26	One Sealer Canned Peas	60	40
27	One Sealer Canned String Beans	60	40
28	One pint Homemade Marmalade	60	40
29	One Bottle Sweet Pickles	60	40
30	One Bottle Sour Pickles	60	40
31	One quart Pickled Fruit	60	40
32	Best Collection Pickles, 2 sweet, 2 sour, 2 pickled fruit	1 00	1 00
33	One bottle Catsup	60	40
34	One bottle Vegetable Salad	60	40
35	One bottle Chili Sauce	60	40
36	Two varieties Homemade Candy	60	40
37	One bottle Grape Wine	60	40
38	One bottle Wine, any other variety	60	40
39	One quart Strained Honey	60	40

PLANTS AND FLOWERS
CLASS 25

1	One Begonia, Rex	$0 75	$0 50	$0 35
2	One Begonia, any other variety	75	50	35
3	One Fuschia, single in bloom	75	50	35
4	One Fuschia, double in bloom	75	50	35
5	One Petunia, single in bloom	75	50	35
6	One Petunia, double in bloom	75	50	35
7	One Coleus	75	50	35
8	One Fern, Asparagus	75	50	35
9	One Fern, Boston	75	50	35
10	One Geranium, single in bloom	75	50	35
11	One Geranium, double in bloom	75	50	35
12	Best House Plant in bloom	75	50	35
13	One Tropical Plant	75	50	35
14	Best display of plants, 6 varieties	75	50	35

CUT FLOWERS
CLASS 26

1	Asters, best 12 blooms one variety	$0 75	$0 50	$0 35
2	Asters, best display assorted	75	50	35
3	Gladioli, best display, colors shown separately	75	50	35
4	Gladioli, best 6 spikes	75	50	35
5	Dahlias, best display	75	50	35
6	Sweet Peas, best display, 5 or more colors	75	50	35
7	Sweet Peas, best 25 sprigs, one variety	75	50	35
8	Pinks, half dozen blooms	75	50	35
9	Stocks, best display	75	50	35
10	Cosmos, best display	75	50	35
11	Nasturtiums, best display	75	50	35
12	Antirrhinums, 12 spikes	75	50	35
13	Perennial Phlox, 6 spikes	75	50	35
14	Phlox Drumondi, best display	75	50	35
15	Pansies, best display	75	50	35
16	Display Annuals, 6 or more varieties	75	50	35
17	Table Basket	75	50	35
18	Vase Bouquet, not pyramid	75	50	35
19	Verbena, best display	75	50	35

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES
CLASS 27—HARNESS

1	Best Exhibit of Harness	$3 00	$1 00

NOTE—Space on the grounds will be allotted to manufacturers and agents for the purpose of exhibiting Buggies, Wagons, Cutters, Farm implements, etc., but no prize will be awarded for any article of this kind.

LADIES' WORK—USEFUL
CLASS 28

1	Quilt, cotton, pieced	$0 75	$0 50
2	Quilt, cotton, quilting considered	75	50
3	Quilt, fancy	75	50
4	Comforter, cotton	75	50
5	Hand Knit Socks, fine	75	50
6	Hand Knit Mitts, wool	75	50
7	Machine Knit (not factory) Socks	60	40
8	Rag Floor Rugs	75	50
9	Wool Hearth Rug	75	50
10	Gentleman's Pyjama Suit	75	50
11	Ladies' House Dress, machine (not factory) made	75	50
12	Child's Dress (other than cloth) made from old garment	75	50
13	Work Apron and Cap	60	40
14	Pair Pillow Slips, hand sewing	60	40
15	Knitted Shoulder Shawl	75	50
16	Three pieces home dyeing, different colors	75	50

LADIES' FANCY WORK
CLASS 29

1	Pair Bedroom Slippers, crochet or knit	$0 75	$0 50
2	Pair Bedroom Slippers, other style	75	50
3	Tea Cosy, wool	75	50
4	Hot Table Mats, asbestos lined	75	50
5	Pair Bedroom Towels, tatted trimming	60	40
6	Pair Bedroom Towels, embroidered	60	40
7	Pair Guest Towels, crochet insertion	60	40
8	Pair Guest Towels, hemstitched and initialed	60	40
9	Pair Towels, Swedish darning	60	40
10	Pair Day Pillow Slips, hemstitched and initialed	60	40
11	Pair Day Pillow Slips, crochet insertion	60	40
12	Pair Pillow Cases fancy	60	40
13	Sheet, crochet insertion	75	50
14	Dresser runner and pin cushion, embroidered	75	50
15	Dresser runner and pin cushion, crochet trimmed	75	50
16	Pair Tray Cloths, French embroidery	75	50
17	Centre Piece, silk embroidery	75	50
18	Luncheon Set, Centre, 6 doilies, 3 larviettes and tray oval, Madeira embroidery	1 00	75
19	Tea Cloth, drawn thread work	75	50
20	Tea Cloth, embroidery and crochet filet work	75	50
21	Servietts, 6 initialed	60	40
22	Buffet runner, embroidered	60	40
23	Buffet runner other style	60	40
24	Tea Cosy, embroidered, made up	60	40
25	Tea Cosy, other style not listed	60	40
26	Three handkerchiefs, hand trimmed, different styles	75	50
27	Library Table runner, embroidered	75	50
28	Library Table runner, other style	60	40
29	Ladies' 3 piece Lingerie Set, embroidered	75	50
30	Ladies' 3 piece Lingerie Set, crochet trimmed	75	50
31	Ladies' Beaded Blouse	75	50
32	Ladies' Fancy Tea Bag, other than crochet	60	40
33	Ladies' Mandarin Suit	75	50
34	Ladies' Convalescent Jacket	60	40
35	Sofa Pillow, silk embroidered	75	50
36	Sofa Pillow, crochet top	60	40
37	Sofa Pillow, other style	60	40
38	Tatting, colors	75	50
39	Service Tray, filet crochet	60	40
40	Piece Fancy Knitting	60	40
41	Piece Fancy Crochet, other than Rated	60	40
42	Embroidery, Bluburst	75	50

(Concluded on Page Five.)