The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1923.

IT CAN BE DONE

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub by the side of the hill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass,
And some highway some happier make;
If you can't be a muskie then just be a bass—
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

If you can't be a highway then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun, be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or you fail
Be the best of whatever you are!

—Douglas Malloch.

FATHER MADE NO WILL, IT COST MOTHER $1,200

"When my father was dying he said to me: 'Sell everything and give the money to mother.'"

Serene in the belief that all was well, he passed on, and we stayed to face a legal tangle that now, two years later, is yet to be unwound. Pleas of my mother that he make a will had fallen on deaf ears.

When we came to divide his $7,000 estate of money in the bank, live stock, and farm implements, two of the five husky farmer boys that made up our family had not been heard from in more than a dozen years. We had no idea where they were. New York law requires when no will exists and heirs are missing, that their share must be paid to the county treasurer and held by him until claimed, unless they can be proved legally dead and without heirs closer than mother and brothers. We had small chance to prove our brothers dead and without heirs. So about one fifth of the estate my father and mother had accumulated in fifty years of hard work is held by a public official. Every bit of it should have gone to mother. All she did get was her dower right of one third, $150 in cash, live stock to the value of $150, household furniture not to exceed $500, and the family Bible. Had there been real estate, goodness knows what the outcome would have been. The division of property and the loss of about $1,200 that rightfully belonged to my mother became necessary because dad wouldn't admit the inevitable and spend three to five dollars to make a will.

A will is a simple thing. It requires no more time to write than is occupied by the average conversation over the crop outlook or the political situation. As a general proposition, the simpler the will the better. Great lawyers admit this. Chief Justice White, of the United States Supreme Court, left a very simple will, which read:

"This is my last will. I give, bequeath, and devise to my wife, Leita M. White, complete and perfect ownership of all my right of every kind and nature, whether real, personal, or mixed, wherever situated, appointing her executrix without bond and giving her seizin thereof."

In addition to its brevity the White will brings out another good point—that of no bond for the executor. Usually the executor of a small estate is one of the family, perhaps the widow, who is the largest legatee, so the red tape and cost of a bond are unnecessary.

The smaller the estate the greater is the need for a will. Small estates cannot stand the drain of litigation, and the need for the money is usually more pressing. Yet a simple will can dispose of a large estate, as for instance in the case of E. H. Harriman. His will read:

"I, Edward H. Harriman, of Ardon, in the State of New York, do make, publish, and declare this my last will and testament, that is to say:

"I give, devise, and bequeath all my property, real and personal, of all kind, to my wife, Mary Harriman, to be hers absolutely and forever, and I do hereby nominate and appoint the said Mary M. Harriman to be executor of this will."

Undoubtedly the Harriman will was drafted by high calibre legal talent and may well serve as a model for us of lesser estate.

It is best to have a competent attorney draft the will. The cost is very slight. When there are absent heirs, as in our family, it is well to mention them specifically, noting why they receive nothing. Some lawyers recommend, when an estate is left to the widow, that each child be willed a small amount, say $25, to avert contest on the grounds that the children were forgotten or born after the will was executed.

Sometimes a will is taken home for further discussion before it is signed. If it is signed in the presence of two disinterested witnesses and executed by the testator declaring, "I acknowledge this to be my last will and testament," the document is legal. Witnesses should be persons whose signatures are well known, such as ministers, bankers, doctors, justices, so that if the witnesses die first their signatures may easily be proved.

Who should make a will? Everyone with a cent to his name who has dependents. Then let somebody know where you keep your will. A banker recently told me an interesting story.

"A young widow of a farmer," he said, "came to me to ask if I had her husband's will.

"'He told me he had made me giving everything to me,' she declared, 'but I've looked everywhere and can't find it.'

"I had to tell her we didn't have it, and now, unless she goes through a legal process that is highly complicated, the real estate will be tied up for nineteen years, or until the youngest child becomes twenty-one. She'll have hard sledding to educate the children on her third."—P. H. Wertz, New York.

FEELING MUSIC

"What in the world do the old folks mean when they say there is no music in my playing?" A young lady with tearful eyes once put the question to a friend, indicating that some one had told her that there was no music in her playing. The answer is this: It is possible to press down keys on any keyboard instrument and at the same time not give the slightest heed or thought to any sense of musical feeling.

The mechanical apparatus which operates a player piano has no brain or nerves and yet the keys are pressed down and the sound sent forth. When this is a reflection of some records made by real pianists, the effect is good if the pianist has been playing from a musical standpoint.

Whether your playing is musical or not depends upon whether you have a musical attitude in your mind when you play. A noted composer advised that the player should audibly hum the melodies of the piece he was playing. This is a most excellent plan, because unless you think the music and hear it internally as it were, you will find that the old folks are justified when they say there is no music in your playing.

'S A FACT!

"This fellow, Skinner, tried to tell me that he has had the same automobile for five years and has never paid a cent for repairs on it," said the fat man. "Do you believe that?"

"I do!" replied the thin man. "I did his repair work."—The Farmer.

Poetic Incidents Which Take Us Back to Early Days

In these days of oil feed furnaces, coal heaters, electric ranges and Hydro grates, the old wood box days are becoming forgotten. When some of us were boys the woodbox was one of the most important articles of the kitchen furnishings.

It was kept out in the kitchen and
was long and deep and wide.
And the poker hung above it and the shovel stood beside.
And the big, black cookstove, grinin'
through its grate from ear to ear,
Seemed to look as if it loved it like a brother pretty near,
Flowered oilcloth tacked around it kept its cracks and knotholes hid
And a pair of leather hinges fastened on the heavy lid.
And it hadn't any bottom—or at least it seemed that way,
When you hurried to fill it, so's to get outside to play.

In the chilly winter mornin's, when the bed was snug and warm,
And the frosted window tinkled 'neath the fingers of the storm,
And your breath rose off the piller in a smoky cloud of steam,
Then that wood box, grim and empty, came a-dancin' through your dream,
Came and pounded at your conscience, screamed in aggravating glee,
"Would you like to sleep this mornin'? You git up and 'tend to me!"
Land! how plain it is this minute—shed and barn and drifted snow,
And the slabs of oak awaitin', piled and ready in a row.

Never was a fishin' frolic, never was a game of ball,
But that mean, provokin' wood box had to come and spoil it all,
You might study at your lessons and 'twas full and full to stay,
But just start an Injun story and 'twas empty right away,
Seemed as if a spite was in it, and although I might forgit
All the other chores that plagued me, I can hate that wood box yit;
And when I look back at boyhood—shakin' off the cares of men—
SUH! it comes, to spoil the picture, screamin', "Fill me up again!"

I've been feeling badly of late because some of those who were boys and girls at school in Acton, when I was a big fellow there, are passing away. Two of those who m I knew well have gone to their long home this year—Eliza Cameron and Ed. McGarvin. No boy who claimed Acton as his birthplace, ever talked more, or yearned more sincerely for the old home than Ed. He lived away from Acton more than half his life time; a third of it thousands of miles away—in far-off Mexico—but he talked continually of the old home, home town, home friends, and I understand, read the home paper every week he was away. Well, Ed. passed away last week in Toronto, while on a visit from Mexico, and on Saturday afternoon was brought to the old home town and laid to rest in Fairview Cemetery. I overheard some of the folks talking on Saturday about Ed's last expressed wishes about "coming home." He said, "I'd like to live until the flowers bloom in May, and then be buried in our family plot, upon Monument Hill in the cemetery at home; but if the Lord don't see fit to let me stay that long I hope it will be a day bright and sunshiny." This latter wish was surely granted, for as we followed Ed's casket up to Fairview and to the plot on the hill, the sun never shone brighter on a winter afternoon.

Ed. McGarvin spent his life in Acton until he was between thirty and forty. He grew up here; he went to school here; he commenced his lifework here; he settled here when he was married; his children were born here; he took upon himself the duties of citizenship here in the old home; was a member of the School Board which controlled the affairs of the old school which he attended when a boy, where he studied some, and played pranks more; he was Clerk and Treasurer of the Corporation for some years; he was one of the active members of the Oddfellows Lodge in his day, and people were sorry when he decided to remove from the old home town. I am informed that Ed. was one of the first private individuals who ever asked for and purchased Acton municipal debentures, and that for years his business surplus in Mexico city was invested in Acton debentures, and his bank account was kept in the old home town. And now Ed. is gone, and we all mourn the loss of a real Acton boy.

The fourth or fifth house to be erected on the block on Church Street, between John and Elgin Streets, was the cottage at the corner of Elgin Street. Ed. Dyneg built this place about fifty years ago. He and his family lived there for many years. I think Mrs. Dyneg, who was one of the Masales girls, died there. Ed. finally sold this property and bought the vacant lot opposite the old Temperance Hall. He moved the old Mollain house there from John Street, and "kept batch" there until he left Acton and went to Toronto. Quite a number of people have lived in this cottage. About ten years ago J. R. Smith bought the property, and lived there with his wife and family. Then he removed to Toronto, and Evan Jones bought it. Mr. Jones built a fine stone stable there a year ago.

Luther Lyman bought the next vacant lot in this block and built himself a home. Mr. Lyman was quite a character in his day in Acton. He was of a religious turn of mind and was never happier than when in the midst of a protracted meeting in one of the churches. He had a particular love for the Brick Church folks, and was often there during special services. Mrs. Lyman was one of the Kerrs of Erin. Miss Mary was the only daughter. She married Mr. Walker, a railway man, and went to live in Toronto, where she still resides. This place has changed hands a number of times since it passed from the Lyman estate. A neat brick house on the east corner of this lot is now owned and occupied by Miss Minnie Mellon.

The lot in the valley between the Lyman and Dynes lots, was the last vacant lot of the block to be purchased. Robert Moore bought it as the site of a home for himself and family. A lot of folks thought he was foolish, because of the filling in necessary. But Bob built his house, levelled up the lot, and had a very comfortable place. When Mr. Moore and his family decided to remove to Galt this property was sold to Mr. and Mrs. James Price, who were retiring from their farm on the sixth line. Mr. Price lived there until his death; then Mrs. Price left it to live with her children. She died a couple of years ago at the home of her son, Mr. H. Price, Willow Street. Mr. and Mrs. Allison, who came here from Markdale, two or three years ago, now own this property and have a very cosy home there.

The lot on which the old asbury stood was utilized for a home, and a comfortable house was erected there. It has had a number of tenants and owners.

And this finishes the history of Block No. 17 in the first survey of Acton's townsite. And I think I'll stop right here, and call this a week's work. Mary says it's time to go to bed, anyway. You know, now that the coal supply is short, and good dry wood is hard to get, we've been going to bed real early to save fuel. Here's that the winter may soon be over. Good night!

The Old Man

NOT GENUINE MODESTY

Modesty does not mean underrating yourself. The young people who are constantly protesting their inability to do what is expected of them are not over-modest. The characteristic that explains their attitude should as a rule be given a harsher name.

Sometimes the trouble with these presumably modest young people is that they are cowardly. They are unwilling to assume responsibility. They do not like to feel that the success or failure of an enterprise depends on them. And so they get out of the responsibility by pleading inefficiency. It is the coward's resort.

Indifference sometimes poses as modesty. Success calls for hard work, the hardest sort of work, and it is easier to plead the inability, than to roll up our sleeves and go to work. Young people with exaggerated self-confidence will cry, "I can't," in order to get out of certain exacting responsibilities.

Do not take your modesty for granted. If it is leading you to turn a deaf ear to appeals to help, look it over carefully. You may be surprised to find that this modesty is not the genuine article, but a conglomerate with laziness and cowardice the predominating elements.

ON "GETTING EVEN"

I was greatly impressed with the sentiment in a brief line that I came across recently. Here it is: "The best way to get even is to—forget!"

It is as great an art to forget as it is to remember.

How our friends would grow with their weak points and really enter into exploring expeditions for their good qualities.

These good points can never be discovered, however, if we have in our heat the least bit of envy or revenge toward the one who would make happy and helpful to us.

It is a wonderful gift to be able to get on with all sorts of people. To a large extent this is an inborn gift—but it can be cultivated and made to grow. And one of the best ways to give life to a generous, natural nature is to overlook much in our friends that we know is probably a part of their individual way.

We never know how glad the other fellow would be—in case of an misunderstanding—if we would only forget first.

The fact that you have been wronged does not mean nearly so much to you as to the one who has wronged you. He is the soul that has been seared and burnt. Don't try to get even. Forget!—Geo. Matthews Adams.

MUST MARRY WILLY-NILLY

The "Journal des Debats," one of the most highly esteemed daily papers of France, is our authority for stating that the Turkish National Assembly is so anxious in regard to the population of the new Turkey, now in course of formation, that it is preparing a law wishes about "coming home." He said, "I'd like to live until the flowers bloom in May, and then be buried in our family plot, upon Monument Hill in the cemetery at home; but if the Lord don't see fit to let me stay that long I hope it will be a day bright and sunshiny." This latter wish was surely granted, for as we followed Ed's casket up to Fairview and to the plot on the hill, the sun never shone brighter on a winter afternoon.

If he has private means a quarter of the amount will be taken and given to the poor.

AS OTHERS SAW HIM

An old negro from the southern rural district had gone to the city seeking employment. Everywhere he went references were asked for. Finally he gave the names of former employers and in due time returned for a decision. Some of the letters were read to him, in which he was praised very highly and his work and loyalty greatly lauded. The old man's eyes opened wide with surprise and pleasure as he remarked.

"Well, I declair, if I had 'a' known I was such a good niggah as dat, I who would 'a' got mo' pay."—Everybody's Magazine.

A REAL FAVOR

"Dear Harold," with sadness she wrote to her former fiance, "as you are probably aware, I am to be married to Mr. Anthony the coming month. I shall therefore appreciate it if you will burn all the little notes I sent you, assuring you of reciprocity in regard to those you sent me."

She immediately received this reply:

"Dear Dorothy: I shall certainly comply with your request at once. And, incidentally, as your new fiance holds a few notes of mine I shall deem it a great favor if you will induce him to burn them with the rest."

BOTH NECESSARY

The teacher draw a picture on the blackboard of a boy sitting on the bank of a stream fishing.

"You see this lad, children," she said, beaming on her pupils. "He's fishing. Well, even the pleasure of fishing requires patience. He must be prepared to sit and wait."

For a little while longer she dilated on the beauties of patience. Then came the time for her to test her work.

"Now, then, can any of you boys tell me what we need most when we go fishing?" she asked.

Like one voice came a chorus from the class—"Bait!"

A TRICK TO TRY

Tell a friend you can take him upstairs and bring him down on a feather. Naturally, he will not believe you, and will ask you to try it. Take him upstairs and pull a feather from one of the pillows; then point to it down at the base of the feather and say, "See, I have brought you down on a feather!"

THE ART OF LISTENING

Have you ever thought how little the average person hears?

A busy man does not want to be distracted by outside sounds; and for that reason he unconsciously "closes" his ears when he is thinking about a special piece of work.

This is apt to become a habit, and a bad one. It tends to make a person absent-minded. Whenever one has the time to spare, it is both useful and very pleasant pastime just to listen. One can do it in a town, but better still in the country.

When tramping down a country road try the experiment of listening to the voices of the countryside. At first you may not hear much—just the confused notes of a few birds in the nearby trees and the sound of wheels in the distance. That doesn't sound very interesting, does it? But that is because your ears haven't got tuned in; they are working badly through lack of practice.

But after a little while they will become keener and more alert. In other words, your ears are taking back some of the jobs your eyes have taken over from them.

It is then that you find what a doubly attractive place the country is. In addition to seeing the restful beauty of it you hear the beauty of it as well.

There is the vague whisper of the breeze in the tree-tops—one of the most soothing sounds in the world—and the crisp rustle of dead leaves. The confused notes of the birds become clear and definite;—though, you may not know them by name, you will soon find yourself picking out the notes of the different songsters.

And you will hear, too, that different trees have different sounds. The wind in the oak has a different whisper from the wind in the air. Before long, with your eyes shut, you will be able to tell by its sound alone the sort of trees you are near.

The wind in the grass is different from the wind in the hedge, even as it is different when blowing over the brow of a hill.

And thus in a few weeks you will find yourself knowing instinctively a thousand different sounds, and the things they stand for. You have learnt the art of listening. Your ears will tell you of the landscape as clearly as your eyes do.

In addition to that, it will make your eyes keener. Each helps the other. By the simple pastime of listening you have become keen and alert. Nothing or will you have to ask a person to repeat what he has just told you because you didn't follow all he said. You will take it all in at once.

HONESTY (?)

Mark Twain was called up to speak at a club dinner and took for his theme "Honesty." He said when he was a boy at home he one day saw a cart full of melons. He was a boy—and he was tempted; besides he liked melons.

"I sneaked up to that cart," said Mark, "and I stole a melon. I went into an alley to devour it. But—I had no sooner set my teeth into it than I paused; a strange feeling came over me. I came to a quick resolution. Firmly, I walked up to that cart, placed the stolen melon where I got it from, and took a ripe one."

ONE REASON

They were having a botany lesson, and the children were asked by their teacher if they knew what made the leaves turn red in the autumn.

Up popped one hand—and only one.

"Well, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"Please, miss," replied Johnny, "they blush to think how green they have been all the summer."

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CLEARING
AUCTION SALE
IN ESQUESING TOWNSHIP

FARM STOCK, IMPLEMENTS, GRAIN, ETC.

The undersigned has received instructions from

WILLIAM ROBERTSON

to sell by Public Auction on lot 26, 1st line, Esquesing township, 1½ miles from Acton, on the stone road, on

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1923,

at one o'clock sharp, the following:

HORSES—Chestnut horse, 11 years, weighs 1,350 lbs.; black horse, 13 years, weighs 1,500 lbs.

CATTLE—Roan cow, rising 4 years, due time of sale; red cow, 8 years, due March 1; Jersey grade, fresh 4 weeks; red cow, rising 6 years, bred August 28; red cow, rising 5 years, bred August 28; 1 farrow cow, milking well.

YOUNG CATTLE—2 heifers, rising 2 years, in good order; 2 steers, 15 months, good ones; 3 steers and 1 heifer, rising 1 year; 2 calf 4 weeks old. These cattle are well bred and in good condition.

SHEEP—11 Oxford Down ewes, supposed to be with lamb to pure-bred Oxford Down ram. These sheep are a fine lot.

PIGS—1 brood sow, due March 15; 8 store pigs, 125 lbs., good ones.

IMPLEMENTS—6 foot Frost & Wood binder; Frost & Wood mower; Tiger sulky rake, 10 feet; 13 disc McCormick drill, nearly new; Mann cultivator; Hiself roller, 9 foot; International plow; Verity plow; 12-foot harrows; stoneboat, new; root pulper; scuffler; Chatham fanning mill and bagger; platform scales, 2,000 lbs. capacity; No. 12 De Laval cream separator, new; steel furnace; large kettle; hay fork and pulleys; 125 feet new rope; hay rack, wood rack; waggon box and shelvings, complete; spring seat; stock rack; McKie rubber tire buggy; set 3 bench sleighs; good cutter; forks, chains, shovels, crow bars, stone hammer.

HARNESS—Heavy team harness, nearly new; plow harness; set single harness.

FURNITURE—1 barrel churn; butter bowl; Utility range, No. 8; parlor heater, coal or wood, almost new; 1 large box stove, wood.

GRAIN—100 bushels good oats; 1 bushel clover seed.

POULTRY—23 Rock pullets; 35 Rock hens.

TERMS—$10.00 and under, cash; over that amount 9 months' credit on furnishing approved joint notes. 5% discount off notes for cash. Grain and fowl, cash.

No Reserve as the Proprietor has Sold his Farm

R. J. KERR, Auctioneer,
Phone 36, Acton.

C. O. PLANK, Clerk.

CLEARING
AUCTION SALE
IN NASSAGAWEYA

15 DAIRY COWS, FARM STOCK AND IMPLEMENTS, HAY AND ROOTS

The undersigned has received instructions from

JAMES H. CUBBERLEY

lot 30, 5th line, Nassagaweya, Rockwood road, right at Stop 92 Toronto Suburban, to sell by Public Auction on

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1923

at one o'clock sharp, the following:

HORSES—Brown mare, 13 years old.

CATTLE — Holstein cow, fresh, 7 years, with calf at foot; Holstein bow, fresh, 4 years, with calf at foot; Holstein cow, fresh, 5 years, with calf at foot; Durham cow, fresh, 5 years, with calf at foot; Durham cow, supposed to calve April 1, milking; Ayrshire cow, supposed to calve April 1, milking; Holstein cow, 4 years, supposed to calve April 25, milking well; Jersey cow, supposed to calve May 20, milking well; Holstein cow, 6 years, supposed to calve May 25, milking well; Holstein cow, 4 years, fresh three months, bred again; Durham cow, 7 years, fresh four months, bred again; Holstein cow, 6 years, fresh three months, bred again; Durham heifer, 2 years, supposed to calve in July; black cow, 6 years, supposed to calve May 1, milking; Durham cow, fresh, with calf at foot; Durham bull, 18 months old, eligible for registration; 4 yearling heifers, Durham grades; 5 heifers, 2 years old; 1 steer, weigh 1,000 lbs., fit for butcher; 1 heifer, 800 lbs., fit for butcher; good Durham steer, 2 years; 3 Durham calves, 3 months old; 4 steers rising 2 years; 3 steers rising 1 year.

HOGS—7 hogs, about 100 lbs. each; 8 hogs, about 125 lbs. each; 8 hogs, about 80 lbs. each.

FOWL—12 pure bred Brown Leghorn hens; 1 rooster; 25 Rhode Island Reds, pure bred.

10 bags potatoes.

IMPLEMENTS—Heavy plow; seed drill; Massey-Harris turnip pulper; 3 open buggies, one as good as new; 7 foot Deering binder, in good running order; scuffler; saw and engine; 1 wooden roller; fanning mill, Chatham, with bagger attachment.

TERMS—$10.00 and under, cash; over that amount 12 months' credit will be given on furnishing approved joint notes. 6% off for cash. Fowl, hay and potatoes cash.

Positively No Reserve as the Proprietor's Lease has Expired and he is going to St. Marys

R. J. KERR, Auctioneer,
Phone 36, Acton.

C. O. PLANK, Clerk.

DULY TESTED

A short time ago a miner was laying down a new stone in the kitchen hearth of his house. He had noticed with some interest on a previous occasion a bricklayer using a spirit level, and believing it to be a necessary part of the work, he borrowed one from a friend.

As his work proceeded, declining daylight compelled him to work in semi-darkness. The task completed, however, he placed the spirit level on the stone to assure himself that it was level. Not being able to see the bead in the level, he took it to the door and exclaimed:

"Yes, Sally, woman, it's just the thing to a hair's breadth."

MARK TWAIN ON BOOKS

"I suppose," a young woman once said gushingly to Mark Twain, "that you're awfully fond of books, aren't you?"

"Well, that depends," drawled the humorist. "If the book has a leather cover it has magnificent value as a razor strop. A brief, concise work such as the French write is very useful to put under the short leg of a wabbly table. Large, old-fashioned books with clasps can't be beat as missiles to hurl at dogs. A large book like a geography is nearly as good as a piece of flu to nail over a broken window-pane."

CLEARING
AUCTION SALE
IN NASSAGAWEYA TOWNSHIP

FARM STOCK, IMPLEMENTS, ETC.

The undersigned has received instructions from

WILLIAM CRICKARD

to sell by Public Auction at lot 24, concession 7, Nassagaweya, three miles south of Acton, on the Blacklock farm, on

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1923

at one o'clock sharp, the following:

HORSES—1 brown horse, six years old, good worker and first-class driver; 1 brown mare, 9 years old, in foal, has weighed 1,500 lbs.; 1 brown colt, 8 months old; 1 bay colt, 3 years old; 1 bay horse, 7 years old, weight 1,450 lbs.; 1 brown mare, 3 years old, weight around 1,500 lbs.

CATTLE—1 Durham cow, 8 years old, bred August 11; 1 Jersey cow, 6 years old, bred September 1; 1 Jersey cow, 4 years old, due to calve February 5; 1 Holstein cow, 4 years old, bred July 8; 1 Holstein cow, 3 years old, bred July 30; 1 Ayrshire cow, 3 years old, milking six weeks; 1 Durham cow, 4 years old, milking about ten weeks; 1 Durham cow, registered, 7 years old, milking six months; 1 Holstein cow, four years old, due to calve January 24; 1 Jersey cow, 5 years old, milking 5 wks.; 1 registered bull, 3 years old; 1 Holstein heifer, 17 months old; 1 roan heifer, 12 months old; 1 Durham calf, six months old, will furnish papers; 2 Durham calves, heifers, two months old; 1 Holstein heifer, about 13 months old; 1 Holstein bull calf, 9 months old, from good stock; 1 steer calf, 6 months old; 1 Durham heifer, 7 months old.

HOGS—2 Yorkshire sows, bred to have pigs about March 8; 1 Yorkshire sow, bred to come in last of March.

POULTRY—2 geese and 1 gander; 16 pullets and 15 yearling hens, Plymouth Rocks; 2 ducks and 1 drake.

1 good young hound.

IMPLEMENTS—1 McCormick mower, 6 foot cut, nearly new; 1 Massey-Harris 2-horse cultivator, nearly new; 1 three-horse cultivator, in good shape; 1 hay rake, nearly new; 1 two-furrow plow, Frost & Wood, nearly new; 1 single plow; 1 No. 2 Cockshutt low down manure spreader, just used 1 day; 1 steel land roller, in good shape; 1 set 5-section harrows, nearly new; 1 set heavy sloop sleighs; 1 set light sleighs; 1 cutter, nearly new; 1 good farm waggon; 1 rubber tired buggy, runs on ball bearings; neckyokes, doubletrees and whiffletrees; 1 scuffler; pair skidding tongs; 23 feet new steel track and pulleys; logging chains, boom chains; forks, hoes, shovels, clevices, etc.

HARNESS—1 set double heavy harness and heavy collars; 1 set single driving harness and light collars.

A quantity of potatoes.

1 Happy Thought range, good as new.

Positively No Reserve as the Proprietor is giving up Farming on Account of Barns being Destroyed by fire last Summer

TERMS—$10.00 and under, cash; over that amount 12 months' credit will be given on approved joint notes. 5% off for cash. Fowl and potatoes cash.

R. J. KERR, Auctioneer,
Phone 36, Acton.

CHESTER O. PLANK, Clerk.

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Superior to the best Japans, Gunpowder or Young Hyson. Sample Free—Salada, Toronto.

DAYLIGHT SAVING

Not many people are aware that Royal time is kept at Holkham, Lord Leicester's stately seat in Norfolk, England. "Royal time," says the "Daily Chronicle," means that the clocks are kept at half an hour ahead of London time. At Sandringham the clocks are thus set. There the plan for more daylight has been in operation for years. This is an immense advantage in country life, early hours for shooting being essential. When we hear of the King starting at 10.30 for the coverts, he really sets out at 10. Guests at houses where "Royal time" rules soon get accustomed to the half hour "advance," and they have the satisfaction of knowing that when they are breakfasting at 9 they are actually sitting down to an 8.30 meal.

CANADA'S PROBLEM

Forestry is not a question mainly for lumbermen. It is not even a question mainly for foresters. Because no one can get along without the forest, it is a question for every one of us. Our future supply for forest products is by far the greatest and most puzzling economic problem now before the people of Canada.

THE LENGTH OF LIFE

According to the President of Cornell University the average length of life in North America is 50 years. In 1870 it was 41 years, and in 1910, 53½ years. Students of this interesting subject say that the average life could be prolonged 20 years if all people could learn and profit by what health experts know. Health education has a lot to do with, in tropical India the average man is destined to die at 24. Longest lived people in the world are the progressive New Zealanders. They are said to live 60 years on the average.

PLACED AT LAST

"I can't do a thing with Jones," said the manager. "I've had him in three departments, and he dozes all day long."

"Put him at the pajama counter," suggested the proprietor, "and fasten this card on him:"

"Our night clothes are of such superior quality that even the man who sells them cannot keep awake."—Epworth Herald.

SHIRKED THE TROUBLE

A Scotchman at his death left his property in equal shares to his two sons, who continued to live most contentedly for many years. At last however, one of them said to the other:

"Sandy, we're getting to be aald men; you take a wife, an', when I die, you'll get my share o' the land."

"Na, Na, Thomas" said the other quietly; "you take a wife, and when I die you'll get my share, mon."

"That's always the way wi' you, Thomas," said the first brother, "when there's any fash or trouble, I must take it all; you'll do naething."

THE BIBLE THE MOST POPULAR BOOK

Investigation of the bookshelves in the dormitory of a typical girl's college in the East revealed the fact that on every shelf, except two, a Bible was to be found. Next in popularity came books of modern poetry; the Oxford Book of English Verse; Modern American Poetry and Shakespeare vying for second honors. The poetical volumes and the Bible showed far greater marks of wear than the novels found on the same shelves.

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