The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1923

ONE FIRM FAITH

I've lost a lot of my childish faiths
A lot of my creeds I've shed;
I don't believe in spooks or wraiths
Or messages from the dead.

I don't believe newspaper tales
Or the things they advertise;
And the terms of their wonderful bargain sales
As often as not are lies!

I don't believe the fish Joe caught
Are as big as he says they are;
I don't believe the stock I bought
Will ever go up to par!

I don't believe my friend's sincere
When he says nice things to me;
I don't believe the half I hear,
Nor the quarter of what I see!

But I have one faith, sublime and true,
That nothing can shake or slay;
Each spring I firmly believe anew
All the seed catalogues say!

—Carolyn Wells.

HOT BEDS—THEIR CONSTRUCTION AND MANAGEMENT

A well managed hot bed is an asset to every home garden. It not only ensures a crop of early tender vegetables, but also makes possible the beautifying of the home surroundings with annual flowers.

Hot beds may be classed as underground or surface types. For general use in the Maritime Provinces, the surface type is preferable. The hot bed site is an important feature in hot bed construction. It should be well-drained, on a southerly slope, protected by buildings, evergreen hedges or a board fence from cold north or west winds, and where all the possible sunshine will be obtained.

The frame—Collapsible frames are recommended. They are easy to assemble and store, and with proper care will last indefinitely. planed 2-inch spruce plank is generally used in their manufacture. The three-sash size is advocated. The sides for this size should be cut 9 feet 6 inches long. This allows for a cleat 2 inches wide being fastened on the sides at each end to prevent the planks from splitting, and also for the end pieces to rest against for support. The back or north side should be 16 inches wide, while 10 inches is a good width for the front or south side. This gives a slope to the south which permits the water to run off and favors the passage of the sun's rays through the glass. The ends are 6 feet in length and taper from 16 to 10 inches in width to fit the side boards. Strips of 1-inch board, 6 feet long and 3 inches wide, are fastened 2 inches above the outside edge of these ends to prevent drafts of air going under the sashes. The ends are set in place against the cleats on the sides and fastened with 3½-inch screws. As supports for the sashes and to hold the sides in place, cross strips of board 3 inches wide are sunk into the sides 3 feet from each end and another strip of ¾-inch board 2 inches wide fastened on edge in the centre of the 3-inch supports. These strips prevent the loss of heat and drafts between the sashes. This frame is completed with three 3 feet by 6 feet hot bed sashes, which should be thoroughly painted before use.

The heating material—Horse manure makes the best heating material. It should be quite fresh, not fire fanged or rotten or already heated. A few days before starting the hot bed it should be hauled near to the site already chosen and forked loosely into a pile. Within a few days it should be hot enough to use. It should be then built evenly into a rectangular pile 11 feet by 15 feet, ranging when thoroughly tramped from 24 inches to 13 inches in height, according to whether it is started late in March or later in April. The frame is placed on top of this, levelled up and banked on the outside with manure and a thin layer tramped on the inside after the frame is in place. The sashes should be put on and the bed left until the temperature becomes constant at between 80 and 90 degrees Fahrenheit, before planting.

The soil—This should be prepared the previous autumn, and left in a pile over winter. It should be rich and of a character that will not bake. Good thick pasture sods, composted the previous summer with one third their bulk of rotten manure, thoroughly mixed and riddled in the spring, make an excellent soil for hot bed purposes. There are two methods of managing the soil in the hot bed. It may be put directly in the frame to a depth of 6 inches and the seed sown therein, or it may be put in flats or boxes 12 inches by 18 inches by 4 inches, the seed sown in these, and the flats placed in the hot bed on the surface of the manure. If flats are used, the bottoms should permit of drainage. Small holes bored in the bottoms of the flats answer this purpose. In filling the flats with soil the coarses should be placed in the bottom, care being taken to press it gently into the corner and along the sides. The finer earth is placed on top and the seed sown therein. To the gardener who starts a number of vegetables and flowers in his hot bed, the latter method is advocated, owing to the plants being easier handled at pricking off time. The flats also permit of an easy rearrangement of the plants in the hot bed at any time.

Management—After the seed is sown, the soil should be watered. When the young plants come up, the hot bed should be aired sufficiently on bright days to prevent the plants from getting spindly or weakly. This is accomplished by raising the back of the sash or by sliding it down, care being taken to prevent the plants being chilled. Later, when the days grow warmer, the sashes may be removed throughout the day. Water must be applied when necessary, preferably during the mornings of bright days. Too much water is injurious, causing "damping off" fungus to destroy the plants. After the young plants show their second leaves and have a good root development they should be transplanted into other flats where they remain until set out in the field or beds. Flowers, celery, lettuce, early cabbage, cauliflowers and onions should be started by April 1, while tomatoes should be started about April 10.—H. D. L. Bligh, Assistant, Experimental Farm, Nappan, N. S.

CANADA A PARADISE

The Right Hon. S. V. Srinivasa Sastri, who recently returned to India after visiting the various Dominions in connection with the question of Indian immigration, paid a special tribute to Canada in an interview.

"Canada," he said, "is a beautiful country—a paradise. I travelled through it, and everywhere I went I was delighted with all I saw. Moreover, I was surprised at the high rate of wages paid, even for unskilled labor, and I am indeed astonished that the people of Britain do not go there in far larger numbers, instead of remaining in their own country, where life is so great a struggle for many of them. It seems to me that there is no comparison between living in England and in that paradise, where there is also so much more work to be done than in the Old Country. The climate, the goodness of the food, the exciting and bracing qualities of the air, and the absence of overcrowding, all suggest that Canada will build up magnificent citizens."

The Free Press' Short Story

NEIGHBORS

HARRIET CROCKER LEROY

EVERYTHING had gone wrong in the little bungalow kitchen morning. To begin with, it was "Blue Monday": a big basket of soiled clothes seemed to look accusingly at Jessie Stapleton every time she stepped into the small screened porch. The griddlecakes had first stuck and then had burned; the coffee had boiled over. Her three little girls were rushing round, tying one another's hair ribbons and buttoning one another's dresses up the back. One of them had stepped on the cat's tail, and an agonized yowl resulted. It seeped to Jessie that she had never felt so discouraged in her life.

Horace, her husband, came in, and his big, broad-shouldered figure seemed to crowd the small room. He sat down at the table in silence and, leaning his head on his hand, looked moodily at his plate. His shock of reddish-brown hair was rough and unbrushed, and his wife regarded him with a feeling of impatience that almost approached dislike.

But now, as she had done uncounted times before, she put her troubles behind her and faced the disagreeable little things that seemed to be coming more and more often. She laid a smoking-hot griddlecake on his plate and beckoned the little girls to their seats. "I guess I won't wash to-day," she said. "This wind seems to get worse instead of better. It would slap the clothes all to pieces if I put them out.—My, how it did blow all night!"

Horace buttered his cake and lifted the syrup jug. "I don't know but the garage will go over it, it gets any worse. It's a flimsy built affair. I guess I'll run the car out and stand it on the sheltered side of the house. Better be safe than sorry."

Jessie forced a smile. "Well, don't let's worry," she said. "There's one thing that can't blow over, and that's the new henhouse. Mercy knows, it ought to stand most any strain; it cost enough!"

Horace stirred his coffee and looked at his three little girls; then a slow smile started in his eyes and spread over his large kindly face. "Guess you'll get to school in plenty of time," he said. "This wind will be at your backs, and it'll just blow you along. Daddy's right proud of his girls—going a mile to school in all kinds of weather and bringing home such fine report cards."

He helped them to hot cakes and bacon and eggs. "Eat a lot," he said. "It's a mighty cold morning for southern California. I saw lots of snow on the mountains when I drove down to the post office last night."

Jessie looked across at him gratefully, though many times before she had thought that living with an optimist was somewhat trying; her husband was so much inclined to look on the bright side of things. She had been wont to say that she did all the family worrying, that Horace was easy-going and slow, the type of man, she had sometimes said with a laugh, who readily falls a victim to book agents and promoters! Yet she knew that he could feel discouraged; she remembered him as he had sat only a few minutes before, looking at his plate.

After the little girls had gone and the kitchen was quiet Horace pushed back his plate. The small bungalow shook and trembled and seemed to sway at times as an especially hard gust of wind struck it. He got up presently, and they went out to the garage together.

"You back out the car, Jessie," he said, "while I hold the doors open, if I can." He braced himself as a sudden fierce onslaught of wind almost tore the door from his grasp.

In a few minutes the cheap little automobile stood safe in the shelter of the house, and Horace closed the doors and braced them shut. Then he went round where his wife was still sitting in the car. "Jess," he began, "I've about made up my mind to quit! I wish I had my city job back and was rid of this chicken business. I don't understand it, and I can't make money at it. You understand it far better than I do, Jess, but I won't have you working so hard. There's plenty for you to do in the house and looking after the children and tending to your garden. The other day when my rheumatic hand gave out and I couldn't hold the plow handle you had to do it while I drove. Don't you think I felt ashamed? What will the neighbors think if I let you do things like that?"

His wife's face darkened. "Neighbors!" she echoed. "A nice lot of neighbors we've got! Not one caller have I had in all the seven weeks we've been here except that old lady who lives down the road and who came to complain of Elinor's picking some of her flowers! And that little woman up the road! She was nice, I suppose, but I haven't returned her call. I guess they don't want to neighbor, but I can stand it if they can! And we're going to stick Horace! We can make a success of this chicken business, and we will!"

Her grey eyes were almost hard in their gleam as she looked at his downcast face. "As far as my working is concerned, whose business is it but ours, I'd like to know? We'll show ourselves and the neighbors, too, that you didn't give up your city job for nothing! If hard work can bring success, we'll have success. If all the other around here can make chickens pay, we can! We've just got to hang on and work. And we're going to do it!" She climbed out of the automobile and started for the kitchen door; her thoughts already were busy with the morning's work. Suddenly Horace clutched her shoulder. "Look! Look!" he cried. "The henhouse! It's going over!"

They stood and, clinging together, braced themselves against the increasing wind. Yes, there was no doubt of it. The new henhouse, a hundred feet long and well built and braced, was losing its roof and one end! The tarred paper that covered the long roof flapped wildly and, tearing loose, was borne away by the gale; then with a rending, tearing sound the boards beneath it followed.

Jessie covered her face with her hands. "Oh!" she cried. "I can't look! All that money we put into it! All the White Leghorns just beginning to lay! They'll be killed if it goes down!"

Her husband started suddenly across the space to the tumbling building.

"Horace, come back!" his wife screamed after him. "You'll be struck!"

But he ran on and opened first one door and then another; he hoped without much faith that the frightened fowls would come out and thus escape the framework should it come crashing to the ground. A few came out timidly of their own accord, and then with no thought of danger to himself Horace went in and drove forth most of the others.

As he came out after them a new gust of wind struck the long building, and it groaned and crashed to the ground. There was a wild flutter of wings, there was a chorus of excited squawks as the fallen framework caught and held the few remaining fowls.

He turned a tragic face toward his wife, who had come running toward him. "If I can just get these timbers moved about a little I may be able to get the chickens out. I could use a man or two right now. If some of the neighbors—"

Jessie interrupted him. "Neighbors!" she repeated bitterly and ran on ahead to run in among the fallen crisscross timbers and begin lifting and pulling. "What's done we'll have to do ourselves!"

They tugged and laboured together and finally managed to liberate a few unhurt chickens; no more than a dozen had been killed.

A big hearty voice rose suddenly above the wind: "Hard luck, neighbor! Here, Mrs. Stapleton, you let that alone! Mr. Stapleton and I can do what can be done." The newcomer strode forward and surveyed the devastated building. "Well," he said, "I guess I'm too late. You've got 'em out. There's nothing else we can do while this gale's blowing. Don't know when I've seen it blow so hard up here on this hill. Over at Bishop's place the corning house went down, but it was an old one, and he's been planning to tear it down and build a new one anyway. So that ain't much loss." But this—well, neighbor, it's a pity! Guess I'll go on over to Ernsting's and see what damage the wind did to his orchard. I heard most of his grapefruit blew off. Well, I'll be going along." He looked into their faces with friendliness in his eyes. "If there's anything I can do," he added, "don't be afraid to call on me!"

Then he walked away across the field to a well-known orchardist's place to see if the tale of disaster he had heard was true. Little he dreamed of the bitterness he had left behind in the heart of the small woman who had come into the community so short a time before, but as he walked his big heart and brain were busy formulating plans, vague and indefinite at first, but gradually taking shape.

The rest of that day was a time of sadness and depression both to Horace and to his wife. Where was the money to come from with which to rebuild the ruined henhouse? When they discussed ways and means they felt only a sense of deepening trouble closing them in. Toward night the wind ceased to blow, and the hours of darkness were soft and peaceful; the stars shone as serenely as if only they and their shining were real and earth and earthly troubles were nothing but a dream.

Long after the big, tired man had closed his eyes and the three children were softly breathing in the untroubled sleep of childhood, Jessie lay awake, planning. What to do to raise money enough to rebuild the demolished henhouse? She felt that it was impossible to ask for another loan at the bank, but money would be necessary to pay the carpenters. Moreover, much of the lumber might be ruined past usefulness and new roofing paper and nails and wire and glass would have to be bought.

At last she fell asleep, but the morning found her unrefreshed. She prepared breakfast as best she could and then called the family. At the end of the meal she happened to glance through the window; voices and steps were drawing near, and she could see a straggling file of men, eight or nine of them, coming across the field toward the house.

She ran to the window. "Horace!" she exclaimed. "Look! What are all those men coming here for?"

Her husband joined her at the window; then he flung open the front door. In his heart he knew what they were coming for.

George Hubbard, the big man whose bluff, hearty voice had offered sympathy the day before, acted as spokesman. "Howdy, neighbor!" he said. "surprise party on you this mornin'! We've come to help you put up that henhouse. Brought along saws and hammers and nails—everything. Like to get right to work. Do the job up good and brown in one day if we all pitch in, and I reckon we will. That's what we came for."

Horace went down the steps and stood looking from one friendly face to another. He began to say something, but made sorry work of it; in his boyhood he had stammered badly, and in moments of deep feeling the distressing habit came back to him. Even Jessie, who seldom was at loss for speech, could not say what she felt, but she did not need to speak; her face was eloquent.

The men were taking off their coats. "Like to know what neighbors are for," said one of them. "If it isn't to help one another out in times like this!"

At that moment a motor truck carrying a small load of lumber and rolls of roofing paper drove into the yard. The driver, the lumber dealer himself, of whom Horace had bought his previous supply of material, motioned him aside. "I thought I'd bring up some lumber, Mr. Stapleton," he said. "George Hubbard sized up the situation when he was here yesterday and told me about what he thought might be needed, and I thought 'twould save time just to bring it along without consulting you. If there's any you don't use, I'll take it back. And, Mr. Stapleton, I don't want you to worry about the pay. Take all the time you need, and it'll be all right with me. That wind played you a mean trick, but it might have been a deal worse. It's just one of the unexpected things that's bound to happen to anybody once in a while. Nothing to feel blue about!" Smiling, he backed his truck and turned round preparatory to unloading. "Wish I could stay and help out, but I can't," he said. "I've got a full day ahead of me. Yours wasn't the only building that went down, and I've got considerable delivering to do. Guess I won't be missed, though, seeing the way the neighbors have turned out. Right kind of neighbors, I'll say."

At half past eleven o'clock Jessie called to her husband, and he came across the yard to her. "Horace," she said, "I wish we could give those men a splendid dinner! I suppose they're intending to go home for their lunch, but some of them live quite a distance away. But what can I give them? I've only a loaf of bread and a pan of doughnuts in the house. Of course I could make coffee—" She interrupted herself suddenly and looked across the field. "See there!" she cried. "Horace, did you ever!"

For another procession was winding across the field, this one composed of women carrying each a bundle or a basket. There were much talk and laughter as they neared the bungalow.

One of them, the "nice" little woman who called, took upon herself the task of introduction. "We neighbors could not miss the chance to have a picnic, Mrs. Stapleton. We've brought everything but the coffee, but we're going to let you make that! And if any cups and saucers are needed, some of us can run home and get them. It's such a nice sunny day out of the wind that we're going to have dinner right outdoors. We can put those baked beans and brown bread into ovens to keep warm till the men are ready."

The visitors overflowed into the little bungalow and began to carry chairs and tables out into the big front yard. Two of the men brought long pine boards and, laying them from one table to the other, rigged up other boards for additional seats.

Like the girl she still was at heart Jessie found herself entering into the fun of the occasion. She looked round at them—the good, kind woman faces, the pretty possible apron dresses, the capable hands and efficient movements; she listened to the little neighborhood jokes and joined in the laughter. And in her heart was a song of one word, just one sweet word that seemed to sing itself over and over in different cadences but always as a song that she had never known before in all the fullness of meaning—neighbors!

At five o'clock the volunteer carpenters picked up their tools and went away. The women had gone before to look after various children home from school and to start the evening meal.

The rebuilt henhouse stood almost as finished looking as it had been before the blow, and it was much more strongly braced. In the little kitchen the three Stapleton children were sampling various cakes and sandwiches and tasting salad. The women had left all that had not been eaten.

It had been a wonderful dinner, that meal at which sixteen men and women had sat down together. Horace and Jessie felt better acquainted with their neighbors than they would have believed possible. One gentle-voiced woman had spoken the general apology for what had seemed to be an intentional lack of courtesy: "You know, my dear, we're all such terribly busy women we don't do much real calling, but it's not that we haven't felt interested in you and glad you moved here. When a thing like this happens it gives us a splendid excuse to get together and have a good time. There will be picnics all through the summer, one every week or two, and everybody goes. There's always room for everybody to ride; we've packed nine people in our old five-passenger. It's lots of fun. Remember now, this is a call from each of us, and you must come and see us."

Then they had gone their pleasant homeward way, those kind-faced women, and left her standing in a little rosy glow of happiness.

Horace was busy with the White Leghorns at the rebuilt chicken house, and she could hear him whistling cheerfully as he moved about, doing the chores for the night. The children were laughing and talking in the kitchen.

She looked off toward the city twelve miles away and at the silver line of ocean that lay beyond. Later she would be able to see a thousand electric lights twinkling and shining above the city that she had lived in for years. But if there had been a trace of homesickness in her heart before, a longing that the lines might have fallen in pleasanter places, a wish for the common conveniences of modern living, some of which she was learning to do without—if she had felt bitter and discouraged and rebellious at what the new venture was offering—her head now was swept clean. For to-night as she stood watching the sunset and listening to her husband's contented whistle she found herself repeating over and over the word that she had learned in all its blessed fullness of meaning that day—neighbors!

MENTAL INEFFICIENCY

Inefficiency in the working of the mind is usually a disease and, like most diseases, can be cured. Some of the symptoms are:

Procrastination—putting off until tomorrow what should be done to-day. Distasteful jobs wait and thus accumulate. They wait for consideration and the "too busy" periods become chronic.

Loss of interest in the daily job—as a rule, where the man is boss the job will interest, but when the job becomes boss, interest wanes.

Want of application—the desire to change one's work. It is only by concentrating on the work we are doing that we outgrow it and acquire vision for the larger responsibilities that larger work entails. "Distant fields look green," but

"Into all lives some rain must fall,
Some days be dark and dreary."

Remedies—A little holiday (if possible), relegating some of the details to juniors, handling his work in blocks, concentration, and a determined holding in mind as a vision and inspiration the bright spots, of which there are some in all worth-while jobs.—Adapted from "Canada Pulp and Paper Magazine."

WHICH NOBODY CAN DENY

The teacher's last question was meant to be a scientific poser.

"What is that which pervades all space," she said, "which no wall or door or other substance can shut out?"

No one had an answer ready but Freddy Sharpe.

"The smell of onions, miss," he said promptly.

Select Your Own Audience

If you could gather into one hall the people you would like to do business with, and could tell them your story through a microphone so they could hear every word distinctly, is there any doubt in your mind that you would reap a rich reward of orders?

How much would it cost you for such a hall, and for such a gathering together of all potential customers?

Long Distance enables you to pick your audience, at very much less cost, and your prospects will hear your sales talk as distinctly as if you spoke through a microphone.

The voice-reach of Long Distance includes everyone you could do business with. Speak! They will surely listen!

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station

HORSE POWER ERROR

"H. P." stands for horse power, and if an engine is described as 10 h. p. what is meant is that the engine has a power equivalent to that of four and a half horses. But actually it is not so. The h. p. unit of power is a fraud, and the late James Watt, of engine fame, is responsible. He was a very careful engineer in theory and practice, and discovered, by many experiments, that the raising of 22,000 lb. one foot per minute was a good average horse power.

But horse power to-day is reckoned at 33,000 lb. per foot per minute—11,000 lb. in excess.

That is due to the fact that Watt, in his anxiety to encourage business, offered to sell engines which would develop 33,000 lb. per foot as a horse power—a third more than the actual. It would seem that he meant ultimately to be honest, but he died before that happened, and so bequeathed to the world, which has accepted it, a false unit measure of horse power.

Engineers, of course, know of the error, and make the due allowance for it, but the average individual does not. The 10 h. p. car is, therefore, only a six and two-thirds horse power, and its power is equal to raising only 232,000 lb. a foot in a minute, and not 330,000 lb.

TOO LITERAL

John—I hear Hill was kicked off the squad.

Jack—How so?

John—He was told to tackle the dummy and he tackled the coach.—Virginia Reel.

JUST SO

Old Man (browsing in book store): "'Last Days of Pompeii'—what did he died of?"

Bookseller: "Oh, I dunno—some sort of eruption."—London Opinion.

SURPRISE
A PURE HARD SOAP
SURPRISE SOAP

Examine the Seams

After cleansing any garment or material with SURPRISE examine the Seams. You will find that SURPRISE has done its work thoroughly; and the article is truly clean. 162

NEU-TONE

The Flat Oil Paint For Interior Decoration

For the walls and ceilings of any room in your house, most delicate and harmonious effects can be secured by the use of NEU-TONE. It is cheaper and more sanitary than wall paper and will last much longer because it can be washed without injury. It positively will not rub off.

NEU-TONE is made in eighteen shades, and by the use of various tints most pleasing combinations may be secured.

MARTIN-SENOUR PAINTS AND VARNISHES

NEU-TONE is easy to apply. It covers well and leaves no brush marks, producing a dull, soft, velvety finish which will lend charm to any room in the house.

Any surface may be successfully treated with NEU-TONE—Plaster, wood, burlap or metal.

Call and let us explain the merits of this and other MARTIN-SENOUR finishes. For every purpose—For every surface. Our stock is complete and we can give you full information.

W. D. Talbot
Acton - Ont.

"100% Pure" Paint
For buildings, outside and in.

SENOUR'S FLOOR PAINT
It wears and wears and wears.

"Varnoleum" beautifies and preserves Oil Cloth and Linoleum.

"Marble-ite" Floor Finish
The one perfect floor finish.

"Wood-Lac" Stain
Improves the new—renews the old.

Ad Rhymes

This is the SPACE
That carried the AD.
That gained the "REP."
That made the SALES
That yielded the PROFITS
That built the BUSINESS
That "Jack" built.

Addressed to the wife with mind distrait—
Its news dispels her troubled state;
It shows the prices that she can pay
And where to go on shopping day.
So now, of course, she'll patronize
Those firms who wisely ADVERTISE.

Shop Where you are Invited to Shop

Issued by Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association, Head Offices, Toronto, Canada.

Fresh and Cured Meats

Drop in and look over our stock of Fresh and Cured Meats. We handle many varieties. You will be assured choice quality meats and at right prices.

John J. Smith
Phone 45 — Acton, Ont.

This Store's Policy

To represent goods exactly as to their quality; to sell to those who know, and to those who don't know at a uniform fair price; to fulfill all guarantees and cheerfully correct all mistakes, to deserve your confidence, by always giving you satisfaction.

Savage & Co.
Jewellers
GUELPH — ONTARIO

The Better to Serve You

More Room for your convenience and comfort—
New Equipment in our Examination Room and Lens Grinding Departments—
Greater Determination to give Patrons of this Establishment the Best in Optical Service.
We operate the only Lens Surface Grinding Machinery in this district.

A. D. SAVAGE
Optometrist & Mfg. Optician
Savage Optical Building, "Right at the Post Office," Guelph

Nursery Stock

Fruit Trees, Berry Bushes, Grape Vines, Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Hardy Perennial Plants, etc. All the leading and best varieties to chose from, at reasonable prices. We have a representative in your locality, who would be pleased to call on you, and if you are interested, send for our descriptive catalogues, which will be sent free of charge.

E. D. Smith & Sons, Limited
WINONA - ONTARIO
Nurserymen Since 1882

Alex. L. Noble
NEAR G. T. R. STATION

Following grades on hand:
Manitoba Flour
Pastry Flour, Norval
Bran
Shorts
Mixed Chop
Hay
Clover Seed
Timothy Seed

HENRY AWREY
MANAGER

EXECUTORS'

Notice to Creditors

AND OTHERS

In the Estate of John C. Watson, Deceased

Notice is hereby given that the creditors of John C. Watson, late of the Village of Acton, in the County of Halton, Retired Farmer, who died on or about the 23rd day of February, 1923, and all other having claims against or entitled to share in his estate, are hereby notified, pursuant to the Statutes in that behalf made and provided, to send by post, prepaid, or otherwise deliver to the undersigned, the Executors of the estate, on or before the 30th day of April, 1923, their Christian and Surnames, addresses and descriptions, and full particulars duly verified, of their claims, accounts, or interests, and the nature of the security, if any, held by them. Immediately after the said 30th day of April, 1923, the assets of the said estate will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims or interest of which the Executors shall then have notice; and all others will be excluded from the said distribution.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION,
82 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.,
Executors

H. N. Farmer, Acton, Ont., solicitor

Dated at Acton, Ont., this 29th day of March, A. D. 1923. 39-3