The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1925

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When roads you're trudging seems all up hill;
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but your have to sigh,
When cares are pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about,
When he might have won had he stuck it out;
Don't give up, though the pace seems slow,
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man.
Often the struggler has given up,
When he might have captured the victor's cup;
And he learned too late, when the night slipped down,
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out—
The silver tint of the clouds, no doubt.
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

—Portland Herald.

SECRETS OR HOSPITALITY

True hospitality does not lie in great display or in lavish expense. There are magnificent houses thrown wide at stated times to a great array of guests; but the guests arrive uneasily, and depart as soon as courtesy permits. There are rival banquets, where every delicacy is lavished, but there is no cordiality in either giver or receiver, and the banqueters are seated before they sit down. And the owners of those houses, and the framers of those feasts wonder why men and women go with such eagerness to quiet homes and simple tables, where there is no luxury whatever.

One secret lies in entertaining your friends as nearly as possible after the fashion in which you live yourself. People worth inviting come, not to see your house, but to see you. For set occasions some little preparation may be necessary, but even that little is often too much. What every visitor appreciates most is seeing the family as nearly as possible as it lives, and being made a part of it. The houses that open in that way, as it were by the touch of a spring, are the houses that are loved and frequented. The guest who is most enjoyed and who most enjoys himself is the guest who comes unexpectedly; and the great hosts of the world are never found unready for one more. There was always an extra place in Lady Holland's full dining room, and you could not disturb the hostess's contentment, although you might that of her guests. "Luttrell, make room," she said on one occasion. "It must be made," Luttrell murmured, "for it does not exist." And Robert Toombs, when his table was overcrowded, remarked, "I do not object to having more friends than room. It is usually the other way in this world."

But another secret lies even deeper. It consists in always wanting to see your friends. Most of us have our hours for being social, but when we are busy, or weary, or dull, we ask to be let alone. And no disguise of courtesy, however creditable, will altogether conceal our reluctance. Your truly hospitable heart desires always to see those it loves, is ready even to go out in kindness and sympathy to those it does not love. You may say that that is a gift inborn; but, like many other apparently inborn gifts, some degree of it can be obtained.

There was a lady once who said, "I believe I should like to talk to everyone in the world." And the same lady said again, "I do not think I ever saw anyone coming into my house whom I was not glad to see." No doubt this lady exaggerated; but, none the less, she presented the hospitable spirit in its most genuine form.

ANNUALS IN A TULIP BED

By Miss Anna Moyle for the Ontario Horticultural Society

When the ground has frozen up for the winter I have four inches partly rotted manure put on the tulip bed for mulch.

In the sping a little of this is removed, the tulips grow up through the rest.

When the bloom is past, a layer of fresh earth about three inches is put over the mulch, and seeds of phlox drummondi scattered broadcast, covered with a light layer of earth, firmed well and watered.

When the leaves of the tulips turn yellow and dry up they can be cut off, the flower stocks will pull out. Care must be exercised not to do this too soon, or the bulbs will not ripen for next year's bloom.

As soon as the plants are two inches high a little nitrate of soda is sprinkled in between, care being taken not to allow any on the leaves or near the stems. This is well forked in, and as soon as the buds appear an application of fine bone meal is given, and cultivation kept up.

In June they begin to bloom, the bed being a place of beauty and of joy to the gardener till frost comes when the plants are taken out curd put on the compost heap, and the usual mulch applied.

The second year I planted pansies, third year seedling asters, fourth year stocks, and back to Phlox Drummondi. Did the tulips suffer? Not in the least, they were admired by all who passed by, as well as by the gardener who has solved the problem of the tulip bed at least to her own satisfaction.

A USEFUL INVENTION

At the sportsman's show in New York one of the novelties shown was a portable wireless telegraph apparatus which could be carried in a hunter's pack, says the New York Mail, it attracted much attention from the visitors.

"That thar is sharely a great thing," said one of the Maine guides. "Suppose there's a dude hunter got lost. What does he do? He climbs a tall tree, fixes the majigger, and lets go.

"Click, clackety clack, click—I'm lost in the woods.'

"Clack, clashety dash, dot, click—W'ere be ye?'

"Clackety, clash, dash, click—I dunno. If I did I wouldn't be lost.'

"Then all they got to do is to send out a search-party and find him. It shore be a great invention."

A WIDE ACQUAINTANCE

The Washington Post tells this story of a dowager whose wealth and education were of exceedingly recent acquisition. According to her accounts, the trip round the world that she had completed have been socially most successful.

Some of her friends were questioning her about the places of interest that she had visited.

"Did you see the Dardanelles?" asked one.

"And the Himalayas?" inquired another.

"Why, certainly," replied the dowager, "I dined with them both in Paris."

The Free Press' Short Story

The Old Squire's Silver Mine

BY C. A. STEPHENS

"THUNDER!" was what the almanac predicted for that day—thunder with a big exclamation point. In disdain of the almanac, however, Addison and I set off fairly early in the morning, with auger and axe, in quest of "Maine rosewood."

In strict point of fact, no rosewood grows in Maine, or ever did. What was then sold for Maine rosewood was, in reality, the heartwood of the black-cherry tree, which is a fine-grained wood of a delicate rose color. In Maine black-cherry trees rarely grow more than a foot in diameter; and the heartwood, of course, is considerably less than that. As a result, the trees do not yield much lumber that is wide enough for commercial use.

But in one of the old squire's lots—Lot 37—we had come upon some fairly large black-cherry trees, and Addison and I went up there that day to determine how much clear heartwood they would yield.

The place was on a little flat of alluvial soil, along the east bank of Otter Brook, where it bends southward round a hill. Two years before, a forest fire had burned the spruce and pine growth off the hill, and had left only a few lofty tree stubs standing stark and black against the sky line. The fire had not reached the moist flat by the brook, and there the belt of several hundred cherry trees grew.

We reached the place, which was four or five miles from the house, about noon, and at once set to work. Addison tapped the cherry trunks with the auger, and I kept account of what each tree would probably yield in lumber.

We were working busily when suddenly, about two o'clock, the almanac vindicated itself. A thunderstorm bore down the valley of the brook. Right in the midst of the first downpour—as we were trying to find shelter under a thick spruce—came a flash of lightning, and at almost the same instant a crashing clap of thunder. The lightning struck one of the pine stubs on the hillside and set it on fire.

In spite of the rain, the stub continued to blaze fitfully for a while. After the storm had passed, we went up to look at the tree. The lightning had torn up the ground and the blueberry bushes for twenty feet round its base; several broken quartz crystals were scattered about it. The earth had been torn from a ledge of gray rock, which now sparkled at several points.

Addison, who was interested in minerals, examined the ledge curiously.

"That looks like silver," he said; and with the pole of the axe he broke off a piece of the rock to take home.

The rock lay round the house for several weeks. Addison was convinced that it contained silver, and the old squire, too, thought there might be silver in it. On one of his trips to Portland, he took it to Professor Henry Bartlett, who then made assays of ore. After making some tests, the professor told the old squire that the specimen did, indeed, contain silver.

"If you have much rock like that," he said, "you can open up a mine and get rich."

This, it should be remembered, was in the '70's. Since then silver-mining in Maine has had a "history," with many dubious episodes in it, as countless investors have found to their cost. But our discovery, which probably was one of the first of its kind in the state, had all the freshness of novelty.

The old squire came home in a very hopeful mood, and the next day he and Addison went up to Lot 37, and with pick and shovel, uncovered some more of the ledges. There appeared to be plenty of that leaden-gray ore.

Visions of wealth began to loom on the family horizon. But although we kept very quiet about our discovery, news of it got abroad—how, I do not know. Perhaps Professor Bartlett had spoken of the matter to his acquaintances in Portland. Within a week everyone in town knew of our find, and an account of it appeared in the newspapers.

A few days later, Willis Mürch, who had been fishing along Otter Brook, came running over to the old squire's, while we were at dinner, to tell us that men were camping on Lot 37, and were blasting our rock there.

Outsiders in possession of our silver mine! In less than half an hour Addison and I were on our way to the place. Surely enough, we found three men hard at work, drilling and blasting the ledge. A tent stood near by, and a camp kit and tools lay about on the ground; on pegs in the old stub that the lightning had struck, hung three revolvers.

Addison and I watched the men for awhile from cover of the cherry trees; then we went up to them.

"Hello!" Addison said. "What are you doing here on our lot?"

The men looked us over. "Mining, if you want to know, young fellows," one of them said. "We've located a claim here."

"But this isn't your land!" Addison exclaimed. "This is private property."

"It's unimproved land," the fellow replied. "We have located a mine here under the United States mining law. See our stakes there?"

"But I tell you this is private property," Addison insisted. "This isn't a wild land."

"Reckon you don't know the mining law very well. We're Colorado miners and we know what we're about!"

"Well, you'll have to get off this land," Addison said, firmly.

The men laughed, and went on drilling; one of them remarked that we had better not bother them.

We went home and reported to the old squire. Considerably disturbed, he drove to the village the next morning to consult his lawyer. Mr. Holt was puzzled.

"Maine isn't a mining state," he said. "I don't believe there are any precedents to guide us. I couldn't say how such a case would be decided. You can warn them to get off, and then begin action for trespass."

Accordingly the old squire and Addison went up the next day to warn the intruders off formally. The men took it pleasantly enough, but stood on their rights under mining law. They had found no claim stakes there, they said, and therefore had a perfect right to mine the land for gold and silver.

However, we began suit against them for trepassing, and the case was entered for the September county court. Meanwhile the men went on with their blasting. We heard rumors that they had sent some samples of the ore to Professor Bartlett for assay, and that he had returned a good report.

One evening about the tenth of September, the three miners made us a call. They did not seem at all rough; in fact, they impressed us as rather courteous, pleasant-spoken fellows. They gave their names as Sangster, Rand and Cothers.

"We heard that you are bringing suit against us for trespassing," Rand began. "That's all right. We don't blame you. But we know that our claim is legal, and that it will hold under mining law."

The old squire remarked that the court would have to decide that.

"Sure," Rand replied good-naturedly "That's what courts are for. We bear no malice about it. You thing you're right, and we think we're right."

"We rather think you Maine folks ought to thank us for coming here and opening the mining," Crothers said. "There's some rich ore up there, and this will soon be a big mining country. We're just sending off eight barrels more of ore samples for assay."

"That ledge isn't the only one up there," remarked Rand casually. "We've found just as good ore on the other side of that hill. We've staked claims over there, too."

The old squire made no comment except to say that the other side of the hill was not his land.

"We don't want any law trouble," Sangster said. "There is plenty of ore up there for us all. If you'll give us enough to pay us for our trouble so far, we'll pull out of that first 'lead' on your land and go to work on our other claims. We don't want to crowd anyone," he added. "We want to start square."

That sounded so fair that the old squire asked them how much they wished.

"Well sir, to pay for the work we've put into the place and for our expenses this summer, we ought to get four thousand dollars."

"But we wouldn't take a dollar of your money," Rand interposed, "until these last samples from the deep rock go to the state assayer, and you see his report. Business is business. We don't ask you to take any risks on the ore."

The old squire told them that he would consider the matter, and they bade us good evening. As they went out, Crothers asked whether they could hire one of our teams to draw the barrels of samples to the railway station.

The old squire felt reluctant to connect himself with the men in any way; but he could not without seeming churlish refuse their request. The next day, therefore, Addison drove up to the new mine by a trail that had recently been opened, and drew the eight barrels down to the railway station.

The assay report came back in a few days. It was so good—five hundred dollars in silver to the ton of ore—that a wave of mining excitement swept through the county. The old squire began seriously to think that perhaps he would be wise to buy out the three miners.

"Court isn't that week, but on appeal of the three miners, who asked for time to employ counsel and to collect precedents, our case was put over. Since that meant delay and tedious waiting, Mr. Holt advised the old squire to buy the fellows out, and thus to secure full and undisputed title to the property. But in the meantime a chance word had set Addison thinking. The railway station agent was a young man named Curtis Knapp, whom we knew very well. On the day that Addison had drawn the eight barrels to the station Knapp had remarked, as he was weighing the shipment, "Those same eight barrels came here last week for these same parties. "What's in them?"

"Silver ore, for assay from the new mine," Addison replied.

"That so?" said Knapp, turning back to last week's bills in his entry book. "Yes, eight barrels. They had kegs of blasting powder in them then, so they said—packed in sawdust, all the way from Denver.

"Hello!" he added. "This is odd. They weighed the same then as they do now—twenty-five hundred and sixty pounds. That's three hundred and twenty pounds each. Those chaps must be doing a lot of blasting to use that much powder.'

"Well, I guess they are, by the noise," Addison said.

That afternoon he took the shipping receipts up to the miner's camp. He felt curious enough about what Knapp had said to ask them whether they got their powder from Colorado. They said that they did, because the powder out there was so much better for mining purposes; Sangster showed him a keg of powder. Addison remembered afterwards that the keg was marked, "25 Pounds. Stratton Mills, New Jersey."

For a week or more the old squire pondered over the question of buying out the miners. Four thousand dollars was a large sum of money to pay; but large value seemed at stake. He went up to the lot and had another talk with the miners. They finally offered to take $3,500. After some further discussion, he struck some bargain with them, and agreed to meet them at Mr. Holt's office in the village at ten o'clock the following morning to draw up the papers and to pay the money.

The next morning we had breakfast at six o'clock. The whole family felt a little anxious about the approaching business transaction. The three miners walked down to our place from their camp and the old squire offered to give them a lift to the village.

Addison and I watched them drive down the lane, and then turned to our morning chores. Addison seemed preoccupied; as I was leading our two Percheron work horses out to the water tub I heard him muttering to himself:

"That's queer."

"What's queer? What do you mean?"

"How many kegs of powder do you suppose would go into a barrel? And would a barrel of powder kegs weigh over three hundred pounds?"

"I don't know," said I. "Why?"

"I don't believe that more than five of those kegs, packed in sawdust, would go into a barrel," he went on musingly, "and the whole thing, barrel and all, would not weigh over a hundred and fifty pounds. But when those barrels came from Colorado to those fellows they weighed three hundred and twenty pounds apiece, just as much as when they were packed full of ore! How could that be?"

I could not account for it.

"And that powder was made in New Jersey, too!" Addison continued. "I tell you," he cried, suddenly, "those fellows are playing some kind of a game on us!"

Whether or not it was the force of Addison's conviction that persuaded me, I do not know; but instantly I, too, felt that the miners were cheating us. "What can we do?" I said.

"Go after them, and stop their game somehow till we know more about this. We must hurry too, or they'll get that money!"

We bridled the two Percherons, jumped on their bare backs, and rode like mad for the village. They were large, broad-backed animals, and our legs stuck out from their sides. My horse nearly bumped the breath out of me.

Mr. Holt's office was up one flight of stairs, over a dry-good store. Without stopping to hitch the horses, we slide off their backs and rushed upstairs. The old squire had just come from the bank with the money and sat on one side of the office table with a package of bills under his hand. Mr. Holt had finished drawing up the agreement and was reading it aloud; the three miners sat on the other side of the table.

Addison was ahead of me. Dashing into the room, he clutched the old squire's arm. "Don't pay over that money, sir!" he cried. "Wait, there's something wrong about this!"

Holt stopped short and stared at us in amazement. But the miners saved us the trouble of explaining our interruption. For at the word "wrong," Sangster made a grab across the table for the money. As the old squire pulled the package of bills away from him, Crothers jumped to his feet, knocking over his chair, and made a motion as if to draw a gun. Rand seized his partners by the shoulders and said, "No! no!" in a low voice.

Everyone in the room had jumped to his feet. Tightly gripping at the package of money, the old squire looked hard at Sangster and Crothers.

"Well, young man, what is it you think is wrong?" Rand asked, glaring at Addison.

"Those ore samples—that powder—the whole thing!" replied Addison, still panting from our hard ride. "Five powder kegs in a barrel don't weigh three hundred and twenty pounds!"

Rand glanced at his two partners and muttered something about the deal being off; and then, after an angry silence, the three men left the office together.

Addison now attempted to explain our suspicions; but the old squire had already seen enough to convince him that he had been dealing with rogues, and that he had been almost swindled.

The three sharpers did not return to the mine, even for their kit and tools, but left town during the day. As nearly as we could find out, they happened to be in Portland when the news of our "find" first got abroad. On the chance of finding a profitable mine, they had gone up to the place and staked a claim. They had quickly found, however, that the rock was not rich enough in silver to pay for working the mine.

A scheme to swindle us had then occurred to them. A confederate in the West shipped them those eight barrels of ore, but instead of containing blast powder, the barrels contained rich ore from a Western silver mine. The three rogues had sent that ore to the state assayer, and so had got the very alluring report that had so nearly begulled the old squire into buying a worthless mine on his own land.

THE PERSONAL STANDARD

In using yourself as a standard for judging other people, bear in mind the charcoal burners' children.

A lady and her husband, while sailing their boat on one of the small lakes that the Gulf of Mexico furnishes to the southern coast of Mississippi, were driven by a sudden rainstorm to seek shelter on one of the many diminutive islands that seem to float on the surface of the water. The island offered a dilapidated hut to their view.

Gladly they ran out of the pelting rain through the open door into the dark interior, where to their surprise they found a number of children also seeking refuge from the rain. They were the children of a neighboring settlement of charcoal burners. The faces bore the livery of their parents' calling; they were black with the dust of charred wood, their clothes were ragged, their feet were bare, and they were as shy as the squirrels they had chased in the forest while their fathers hugned charcoal.

The lady, a lover of children, began at once to make friends with them, and with a charm that children could never resist soon had them clustered round her, listening to her stories and even plying her with questions, growing more and more familiar with her, thrusting their little blackened faces close to her face, and fingering her dress and ornaments with their begrimed little fingers.

All went well and pleasantly, and the cordiality was at its height, when the lady laughingly said, "Now you must tell me all about the charcoal burning, for I don't know a single thing about it."

Instantly they drew off from her in disgust, and looked at her with the greatest contempt.

"You don't know nothing about charcoal burning!" they exclaimed in disgust. Never, apparently, in their lives had they met with such dense ignorance. She tried to explain, to gain their confidence again. In vain. They would have nothing to do with anyone so ignorant as not to know about charcoal burning. All her stories passed from their minds, they looked at her almost with hatred; and, the lady confessed afterwards, never had she felt so much like a parfah as when the charcoal burners' children turned their backs upon her and only spoke to jib: "You don't know anything about charcoal burning!"

When the sun came out and she and her husband went back to their boat, the children followed them, and cried after them, "Hey, you don't know anything about charcoal burning!" And the last she saw of them, they were standing on the shore, pointing in derision, "Hey! You don't know anything about charcoal burning!"

HOW STRANGE

A youthful barrister looked rather contemptuously at a simple-looking agricultural laborer in the witness-box, evidently regarding the rustic as too "small fry" for his cross-examining skill. However, he began.

"Have you ever been married?"

The witness, who stammered, said that he had once.

"And whom did you marry?"

"A w—w—woman, sir."

The barrister turned to one of his confrers and murmured, "Village idiot." "Come, come, my good man," he said to the witness, "of course it was a woman! Did you ever hear of anyone marrying a man?"

"Yes, sir; p—please, my sister did!" was the reply, and the village idiot was troubled no further.

A CHANCE TO RETALIATE

The minister was young and easily embarrassed. The first time he performed the marriage ceremony it was for a couple who were both younger and still more easily embarrassed than he.

When he had finished the service and murmured a few kindly meant but halting words to the young couple whom he had just united, the bride looked at him, blushing but confident.

"Thank you," she said, clearly. "It's real kind of you to congratulate us, and as long as you haven't ever been married yet, maybe we'll have a chance some day to retaliate."

ASTHMA
POTTER'S ASTHMA RELIEF the well-known remedy of the English Chemists, Messrs. POTTER & CLARKE, is now on sale in Canada.
Asthma Powder and Cigarettes, 60c
Asthma Smoking Mixture, - - 35c
Catarrh Pastilles, 60c
If not available through your Druggist, write the Canadian Distributors
BRITISH AGENCIES LIMITED
40-42 Lombard St. Toronto.
POTTER'S ASTHMA RELIEF

COMPREHENSIVE IGNORANCE

Two Irishmen were philosophizing. Said Pat to Mike.

"Did yez iver shtop to think that wan half of the world don't know how the other half gets along?"

"You're right," says Mike, "and neither does the other half."

MORTGAGE SALE

Under and by virtue of the Powers of Sale contained in a certain mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, on

SATURDAY, THE 28th Day of March, 1925

at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon at Lasby's Station Hotel, Acton, Ontario, by R. J. Kerr, Auctioneer, the following property lately occupied by

CHARLES LAVEN

All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate, lying and being in the Township of Esquesing, in the County of Halton, containing by admeasurement One hundred (100) acres, be the same more or less, and being composed of that portion of Lot Twenty-four (24) in the fourth (4th) concession of the said Township, lying north of the Grand Trunk Railway. Excepting that parcel of land containing three-eighths of an acre or less which was conveyed by Instrument number 1820-L.

On the said farm there are said to be erected a good dwelling house with suitable farm buildings. This farm is also said to be located on the Toronto and Guelph Radial line.

The lands will be sold subject to a reserve bid.

TERMS OF SALE: Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale and the balance within thirty days.

For further particulars and conditions of sale, apply to

HARRY W. PAGE,
15 Queen's Park, Toronto,
Solicitor for the Mortgagee

Dated at Toronto, this twenty-seventh day of February, 1925. 36-4

CLEARING AUCTION SALE

FARM STOCK, IMPLEMENTS, FURNITURE, GRAIN, ROOTS, ETC.

The undersigned has received instructions from

HAROLD SMART

to sell by public auction at lot 9 w., con. 4, Erin Township, situated on the fourth line, on

TUESDAY, MARCH 24

the following:

HORSES—Clyde Mare, rising 7 years; bay Percheron golding, rising 7 years.

CATTLE—Roan Cow, 7 years old, with calf at foot; red cow, 7 years old, with calf at foot; black cow, 6 years old, with calf at foot; black cow, 6 years old, due June 5; black cow, 6 years old, due June 14; black cow, 6 years old, due September 20; roan cow, 7 years old, due September 18; Holstein cow, 10 years old, due July 18; registered red roan bull, 23 months old, bred by B. A. McKinnon; 2 roan heifers, 1 year old; 1 roan heifer, 5 months old.

PIGS—York Sow, due April 10.

POULTRY—44 Barred Rock hens and 2 roosters; 2 geese and 1 gander; 2 Guinea fowl.

HARNESS—1 set of heavy team harness; 1 set of breechings, new; 1 pair of Scotch collars; odd collars.

GRAIN AND ROOTS—20 bush. O. A. C. No. 21 barley; 100 bush. mixed grain; 2 bush. buckwheat; 500 bush. of turnips if not previously sold.

IMPLEMENTS—1 Deering New Ideal binder, 6 ft. cut; 1 Frost & Wood mower, 5 ft. cut; 1 Deering 13 disc drill; 1 Deering steel roller; 1 Deering hay rake; 1 set Deering harrows; 1 Bain wagon and box; 1 Massey-Harris cultivator; 1 scuffler; 1 hay rack; 1 stock rack; 3 chicken coops; 1 Paris No. 21 walking plow; 1 Wilkinson No. 3 walking plow; 1 set of Renfrew scales; 1 Stewart machine horse clipper; 1 Tolton pulper; 1 Chatham fanning mill; stoneboat; wheelbarrow; barrel; cedar posts; chains; crowbars; forks; hoes, etc.

FURNITURE—1 Imperial Oxford range; large box stove; large kitchen cupboard with glass doors; two-burner coal oil stove.

Sale to Commence at 1 O'clock—No Reserve as the Farm is Sold

TERMS—Veal Calves, Fowl, Grain, Roots, Furniture and all sums under $10 cash; over that amount 11 months' credit will be given on furnishing approved joint notes. 5% straight discount for cash.

ROY HINDLEY, Auctioneer
Phone 15r6 Erin—R. R. No. 3 Acton
C. O. PLANK, Clerk.

CLEARING CREDIT AUCTION SALE

OF FARM STOCK, IMPLEMENTS, GRAIN AND HAY

The undersigned has received instructions from

E. M. SMELLIE

to sell by public auction on lot 8, 5th con., West Chinguacousy, at Stop 58, Radial, on

THURSDAY, MARCH 19

at 1 p. m. sharp, the following:

HORSES—Bay Mare, aged; Chestnut Gelding, aged.

CATTLE—Red cow, part Durham, in full flow of milk; Holstein cow, in full flow of milk; Holstein cow, brindle cow, bred Nov. 1.

PIGS—3 fat Hogs.

HENS—8 Hens.

IMPLEMENTS—1 Peter Hamilton binder, 6½ ft. cut; Deering mower, 6 ft. cut; Deering Mower, 5 ft. cut; Superior disc drill, 12 discs; Frost & Wood cultivator, 16 teeth; Planet Jr. two-horse corn cultivator; Massey-Harris disc harrow, 14 discs; Massey-Harris hay rake, 30 teeth; Massey-Harris hay tedder, wide; Cockshutt roller; Cockshutt two-furrow sulky, Massey-Harris single sulky, No. 21; Peter Hamilton walking plow, No. 21; Jointer plow, with wheel; No. 5 Wilkinson plow; No. 11 Patterson plow; Grieve sod plow; double mould-board plow; set seed harrows, 4 sections, 12 feet; set heavy harrows, 5 sections, 12 feet; scuffler; Cyclone seeder; corn planter; lumber wagon and box; truck wagon with steel wheels; Jackson truck wagon, new; hay rack; corn rack; low truck wagon; set of steel wheels; heavy spring wagon with pole and shafts; light spring wagon with pole and shafts; road cart; 2 sets heavy bobsleighs; set light sleighs; cutter; 2 buggy poles; set buggy shafts; covered wagon box; light wagon box and seat; gravel box; 3 pig crates; calf crate; set weigh scales, 2,000 lbs.; root pulper; fanning mill; bag truck; barley-anner; Louden hay fork car; Melotte cream separator, 720 lbs. capacity, new; 2 meal chests; steel barrel, 40 gallons; gasoline engine, 3 h. p.; 24 ft. ladder; 20 ft. ladder; apple ladder; 2 cedar poles, suitable for litter carrier; number cedar posts; stump machine irons; whiffletrees, and other articles including forks, shovels, iron bars, belting, etc. These implements have been kept inside and are all in A1 shape.

HARNESS—2 sets heavy harness; 1 set single harness.

FURNITURE—Some household furniture including coal heater and wood box stove.

HAY AND GRAIN—About 200 bus. oats; quantity hay and straw; about 10 bags Green Mountain potatoes.

TERMS—Hogs, hay and grain and all sums of $15.00 and under cash; over that amount 6 months credit on approved joint notes. 6% per annum off for cash. Positively all will be sold as the farm has been sold.

Also at the same time and place the following registered Shorthorns, the property of R. S. Murray, will be sold: Red cow, 7 years, due time of sale; roan cow, 5 years, due time of sale; roan heifer, 2 years, calf at foot; red heifer, 2 years, calf at foot; roan heifer, 2 years, due April 1. Terms on these calves cash.

BEN PETCH, Auctioneer
W. A. Wilson, Clerk. 36-2

POLITICAL GENEALOGY

The Irishman of whom Senator Hoar used to tell may not have had the best of reasons for his political faith, but he certainly had enough quickness of wit to compensate for that deficiency.

Some Republican political workers were trying to get him to vote their ticket, but he persistently refused on the grounds that he was a Democrat.

"But why are you a Democrat?" they asked.

"Well, me father was a Dimocrat, and me grandfather was a Dimocrat—"

"But what difference does that make to you? Suppose your father was a thief, and your grandfather was a thief? What would you be, then?"

The Irishman's eyes twinkled. "I do be thinking I'd be a Raypoublican."

The Delicious Flavor
drawn from the leaves of
"SALADA"
GREEN TEA
has won it millions of users. Finer than any Japan, Gunpowder or Young Hyson. Ask for SALADA.
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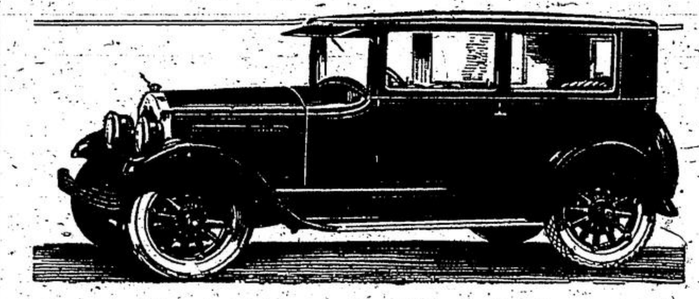
The Success of the Coach as McLAUGHLIN-BUICK Builds It



EVERYONE who has seen the Coach *as McLaughlin-Buick builds it* knows why *this* Coach has received such sweeping public approval.

The McLaughlin-Buick Coach is a real closed car—built to McLaughlin-Buick's high closed-car standards. Fisher body. Graceful lines. Two wide doors enable rear seat passengers to enter or leave either door without disturbing people in front seats. DUCO finish. Different colors for each of two Coach models.

Every detail of McLaughlin-Buick power, comfort, dependability and economy is present in both Master Six and Special Six Coach models. Yet the prices are lower than you'd expect to pay for open cars of such quality.

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