

THE RISING OF THE S&P

Round tawny feathers tulle of sage... The new gown is flowing...

With gurgling, tinkling songs of joy... The blackbirds churn the sky...

WHEN A TURNIP PUTS ON AIRS

Last winter an Ontario farmer spent a few months in Florida... Not many Ontario farmers can afford that luxury...

One day he entered a restaurant of the rather exclusive sort... What farmers do not habitually patronize...

"When you go to the good-to-day," he asked the waiter... "Well, sah, we've some fine No. 1's grown rutabagas," replied the proprietor...

Rutabagas had a delightful unfamiliar sound to the Ontario farmer... He had never heard of them before...

But there are Swede turnips and Swede rutabagas... The Swede rutabaga is a matter of geography and momentary fashion...

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So much for shape and size... When it comes to quality there is a small section of Ontario that seems to be the promised and chosen land of rutabagas...

The soil has something to do with it... It is chiefly a matter of climate...

On this high ridge of land, 800 feet above the level of Lake Ontario... Rutabagas have been regularly shipped from this area to the American market...

Rutabagas have been regularly shipped from this area to the American market... The market for rutabagas is not a very large one...

It is not that the rutabagas are so good... It is that the rutabagas are so good...

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The Free Press' Short Story

TRADING HORSES

BY ROSE L. HENDRICKS

EARLY in our experience as independent farmers, my cousin Sam Archer, and I made a trade that effectively cured us of our horses...

Sam had taught school after he had graduated from the old Westboro Academy... I spent two years selling fruit-trees for a nursery company...

When it became plain that Uncle do farm-work, Sam came to me and suggested that we form a partnership... buy the tools and stock, and lease the farm for a term of years...

The farm was not an easy one to cultivate... The soil in the valley was as stiff as clay, and there were two steep hills, both of which were under the plow...

After dinner I had backed the plow from their stalls and was adjusting the bridle, when Sam called suddenly from across the barn door... "What on earth is the matter with those horses, Billy?"

"The off horse stood where the spotlight poured in through the open door... I hurried around beside him, and stood gazing in amazement at what I saw... The greater part of the large patch on the animal's flank had turned to a greenish purple, and at the lower edge of color had run with the perspiration...

"What on earth is the matter with those horses, Billy?" "The off horse stood where the spotlight poured in through the open door... I hurried around beside him, and stood gazing in amazement at what I saw...

"But what did he do to it?" Sam exclaimed... "Well, he traded with me... I did with them... It looks like a foolish piece of trickery..."

"You'll find there's a reason, if I were you boys, I'd get over to Patterson's Mills just about as quick as a court drive there..."

"Patterson, the miller, was an elderly fellow, who lived in Derby township... although we boys were strangers to him, as soon as we had introduced ourselves, we asked for Mr. Patterson...

"I don't know any such person," he said... "McClure, I can't even recall the name..."

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed... "He is the fellow that used to work for your father a half-dozen or so years ago..."

"We told him the story of the trade from beginning to end, and Mr. Patterson accompanied us to an adjacent shed to inspect the team..."

"The horses were tired, and we were in a loss of spirit... we faced a loss of about four hundred and fifty dollars, which we could not afford to lose..."

"The horses are yours," said my cousin, speaking for both of us... "I wouldn't be right to take your money; I couldn't square it with our consciences..."

"After they had driven from the yard leading the party-colored 'pintos' behind their buggy, they halted, and Mr. Hamilton's companion called to us..."

"The horses are yours," said my cousin, speaking for both of us... "I wouldn't be right to take your money; I couldn't square it with our consciences..."

"I don't know. There may be nothing in it; but I deliver my milk at Patterson's station, three miles beyond here... When I went there about six o'clock this morning, a tall, red-haired man, a stranger to me, was loading a box car on a siding just below the milk station..."

"I never saw Alice so easy to handle as she was today," he remarked... "Usually he wants every advantage in sight, and then a few throws in extra... Unless there is something wrong with the team that doesn't show on the surface, you boys have made close to a hundred dollars..."

"I had been going over the animals inch by inch... They're absolutely sound, so far as I can see... But I believe we're driving them about three times as fast as they should be..."

"The professor kept on going... Judge..."

A freight train that had apparently just finished unloading... The teacher was giving the geography class a lesson on the cattle ranches...

HE KNEW... The teacher was giving the geography class a lesson on the cattle ranches... She spoke of their best all coming from the West, and wishing to test the children's observation, she asked:

AN APPALLING PREDICAMENT... The attention of the young Irishman about whom Anner's tells the following anecdote was indeed unusual...

MORTGAGE SALE... Under and in virtue of the Powers of Sale contained in a certain mortgage...

LORENZO DOW AND THE COBBLER... Lorenzo Dow, who was known through New England and the South, over a hundred years ago, lived in tradition chiefly for his oddities...

EVERYONE who has seen the Coach as McLaughlin-Buick Builds It... The McLaughlin-Buick Coach is a real closed car—built to McLaughlin-Buick's high closed-car standards...

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Tea of Quality "SALADA" is blended only from tender young leaves & buds that yield richly of their delicious goodness. Try SALADA to-day.

The Success of the Coach as McLaughlin-Buick Builds It. EVERYONE who has seen the Coach as McLaughlin-Buick Builds It... The McLaughlin-Buick Coach is a real closed car—built to McLaughlin-Buick's high closed-car standards...

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