The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1926

A CAMPER'S SONG

Did you ever greet the morning from
the shelter of a tent
With the nearest house a dozen miles
away,
When the grass was still a-sparkle,
and the birds were all awake,
And the little winds of dawn were all
at play?
Did you ever come back glowing from
your early morning swim
To smell the bacon sizzling o'er the
fire?
Did you wonder as you ate from a
battered old tin plate
What more on earth a mortal could
desire?

Did you ever seek a white road before
the dew was dry,
And follow, just to see where it would
go,
O'er many a windy hilltop that sloped
to sunlit vales
And peaceful little villages far below?
Did you feel a gipsy yearning to
wander on for aye?
Did you catch the scent of clover and
wild rose?
Did you leave it with regret as would
a friend you'd met
And come back soul-refreshed at the
evening's close?

Did you ever light a campfire as the
dusk began to fall
And the stars like silver lanterns lit
the sky?
Did you listen to the night wind
harping softly in the pines
And watch the glowing crimson flames
leap high?
Did your merry song mingle with the
crackle of the fire
And the lisping of the waves upon
the sand?
Did the wood smoke haunt the air
like a floating incense rare,
While the mystic night crept up on
every hand?

Did you ever fall asleep upon a bed
of balsam boughs
With the chorusing of frogs for lullaby,
And have a pleasant consciousness
through all your happy dreams
That the only roof above you was
the sky?
If you've ever camped at all you will
understand my rhyme,
If you haven't then my singing has
been vain.
For you've lost such joys as these—
the kindliness of the trees,
And the fellowship of wind, and sun
and rain.

—Molly Bevan

CANADIAN TRADE

In 1922 Canadian exports were $753,000,000; in 1926 $1,328,000,000.

The favorable balance of trade (net excess of exports over imports), was $6,000,000 in 1922—in 1926 it stood at $401,000,000.

In 1922 the exports of the United States were $3,771,000,000—in—1926, $4,704,000,000. The favorable balance of trade in the United States in 1922 was $697,000,000. By 1926 it had decreased to $353,000,000. This figure is for the twelve months ending March 31st in both countries. The American fiscal year ends June 30th. In the year ending June 30, 1925, the favorable balance of trade in the United States was $1,040,452,789. For year ending June 30, 1926, it was $286,828,711.

Balance of trade is not everything in national prosperity. There might even come a day when our position would be reversed and we might still be prosperous. It is a good thing under present conditions. It enables us to meet our foreign obligations.

It establishes our slovency in the eyes of the world. It has brought our currency back to par—it even stands at a slight premium as I write these words.

In the Budget address of 1917, Sir Thomas White, Minister of Finance in the Cabinet with Hon. Arthur Meighen, said: "During the last fiscal year the favorable balance trade increased to $314,000,000. Figures such as that indicate a very prosperous condition within the Dominion." He then went on to point out that this was due to high prices and sale of munitions and warned the people of the difficulties to follow. What would Sir. Thomas say now, when under normal conditions we have passed our war record and when to-day we have a very close to the highest favorable trade balance in the world—certainly the largest per unit of population.

EXPECTS AS BIG CROP AS LAST YEAR

In the latest crop report, issued by the Manitoba Free Press, based on information received from over 300 correspondents throughout the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, it states that "taking into consideration the increased acreage in the western provinces, the outlook would appear to be for a yield as big as last year."

The questions asked the correspondents included one as to the estimated yield, and commenting on the answers to this question, the report says: "We believe these will put aside the ideas of a poor crop in Canada this year." Last year's wheat crop in Canada totalled 411,575,700 bushels from 21,972,723 acres of which 382,959,000 bushels were grown in the three prairie provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The average yield of wheat for the Dominion in 1925 was 18.7 bushels per acre.

The total production of oats in Canada last year was 513,984,000 bushels from 14,672,329 acres, an average yield of 35 bushels to the acre. Barley yielded 112,668,300 bushels from 4,075,995 acres, an average of 27.6 bushels per acre.

Last year's wheat yield was the second largest on record in Canada, the previous highest total being 474,-168,000 bushels in 1923. Other high yields were 399,786,400 bushels in 1922, 300,853,100 bushels in 1921, and 393,-542,800 bushels in 1915.

DISCOVERIES BY PLANT WIZARDS

Since Dr. Charles Saunders originated Marquis Wheat, which for 15 years has won the world's wheat prize at the International Show at Chicago, and is the most popular spring wheat among American and Canadian farmers, several other important discoveries in agriculture and horticulture have been made by the plant wizards or practical scientists at the 27 Canadian Government Experimental Farms. This discovery of Marquis Wheat, which is regarded as one of the most notable in agriculture, was made at the Central Farm at Ottawa.

It was at the same farm that L. P. Newman, a Canadian Government Cerealist, originated Garnet Wheat, a variety of spring wheat that matures from seven to ten days earlier than Marquis, stands dry weather and excessive moisture, is more immune from the danger of rust than any other wheat and because of its earlier ripening advantages will extend the wheat growing area of Canada 100 miles further northward and open up for wheat growing an area of over 40,-000,000 acres.

Important work in plant breeding, in fruits, vegetables and flowers is now being carried on. In recent years 200 varieties of apples have been originated at these experimental farms. Most of the old varieties grown in North America originated in Britain or Europe, but many were proved unsatisfactory in the colder provinces; and in order to obtain a greater hardiness, the best of the Russian apples were crossed with well-known Canadian apples.

The Free Press' Short Story

A Too-Successful Prize Winner

BY CAROL WATSON RANKIN

THE day before the opening of the annual fair in Carp County, Gilbert Ware, the nineteen-year-old son of the president of the Agricultural Society, was in charge of the entry books in the administration building. The secretary, who usually attended to the matter, was busy superintending the erection of a new band-stand, the old one having at the last moment unexpectedly collapsed.

There were seven books open upon a long counter in front of Gilbert. Near them a stack of entry-tags waited to receive the exhibitors' numbers, the names of their exhibits and the class to which they belonged. Each entry-book contained a long list of articles for which premiums were offered, with blank spaces for the exhibitors' names. It was really a very simple arrangement, and for the first hour, when the exhibits arrived slowly, Gilbert had no trouble. But ten o'clock found his table piled high with cucumber pickles, crocheted bed slippers, cut flowers, dressed dolls, fruit, works of art, cabbages, and canary-birds in cages.

A score of impatient exhibitors were demanding exhibition tickets, calling attention to the merits of their special brand of potatoes, and insisting upon being attended to at once. Some of the men were making pathetic attempts to give names to the articles of fancy work entrusted to them by their womankind.

"One at a time!" pleaded Gilbert, pressing his hand to his head. "It's this man's turn. Your name, please?"

"Olaf Oleson."

"Number two hundred and twenty-five. What have you?" asked Gilbert, writing the name.

"Apples, vinter cabbage, some yelly and yam for my womans, some sewing work, some—"

"Hold on! Let's tend to the apples first. What kind—Duchess or Oldenburg?"

"Yaw."

"They look like Baldwins," objected a by-stander. "They're Baldwins, aren't they?"

"Yaw," assented the Swede.

"No, they're Red Astrachans," said a second objector. "I've got some just like 'em."

"Well, fix it up with the head of that department. I've entered 'em as plain apples. What's this cloth thing?"

"Sewing-work. My voman, she—"

"Yes, yes! But what's it's name? Is it knitted, embroidered or hemstitched? Is it a table-cloth, a rug, or a sofa pillow?"

"Yaw," replied the man, obligingly.

"I must have help!" cried Gilbert, springing up and making for the door. "I'll be back presently."

He looked up and down the road, but the prospect was not promising. The working force was inadequate, the heads of the departments were already overburdened, and the fair grounds were three miles from town. There were enough people, to be sure, streaming in at the gates with more exhibits for Gilbert to enter, but he saw none that were likely to make valuable assistants. Suddenly, however, he caught sight of a girl who was flying up the road on a bicycle, with a small parcel dangling from the handlebars. He recognized in her a classmate, and one of the brightest girls in the high school.

"O Virginia," he shouted, "wait a minute!"

"Did you call me?" asked the girl, springing to the ground.

"Yes. Could you help a fellow that is in a peck of trouble? You don't need to go home, do you? I brought lunch for two. Mrs. Bailey is going to make coffee over the pop-corn man's fire, and we're all to have our lunch in her building. I need you awfully to help me with the entry books. The fancy work has gone to my brain. I don't see how a woman can work for a year on a piece of sewing and then not know what to call it when it's finished.

"I'll do what I can," laughed Virginia, "with the prospects of one of Mrs. Bailey's good lunches to cheer me."

"I'm your friend for life!" said Gilbert, lifting the bicycle up the steps.

Virginia promptly separated the sheep from the goats—to be accurate, the pumpkins from the Battenberg lace. When the secretary looked in an hour later things were going finely, the piles of entry-tags had been materially reduced, and the crowd of waiting exhibitors had dwindled to a few scattered individuals.

"Now that was a bright idea," said the secretary, catching sight of Virginia. "It takes a feminine mind to grapple with works of art, fancy-work and home-grown preserves. Hope you will stay right by us, Miss Virginia."

Virginia worked all the afternoon and promised to return the following morning. She would need to come, anyway, she said, to enter some of her own things.

In addition to being bright in school the girl was clever with her fingers, and was in many ways unusually gifted. She painted in watercolors, made pen-and-ink sketches, and the walls of her schoolmates' rooms were adorned with her spirited football posters. Moreover, she was skilful with her needle, as many a dainty bit of embroidery attested.

Just at that time a certain blue-silk waist, marked down from ten to seven dollars, was tempting her sorely. It was precisely what she wanted for the Saturday evening concerts; but her mother had shaken her head and said:

"No, Virginia, it's very pretty and most beautifully made, but I can't afford to buy it for you. Why don't you take some of your work to the fair? The premiums might pay for it."

"I did think of it, but Mrs. Blake does everything I can do so much better than I do that she would surely take all the first prizes. The second ones aren't worth trying for."

After a day with the entry-books, however, Virginia changed her mind. She had made a mental note of the articles after which only one entry number, or perhaps no numbers at all, had been placed; and she went home prepared for business.

Tired as she was, when she had finished her supper she flew from cupboard to closet, from drawer to shelf, literally from garret to cellar, gathering up every article she had embroidered from the time she was first able to hold a needle, every sketch she had drawn, every poster she had painted. Even the doubtful result of her one attempt at preserving went to swell the pile in the centre of her bedroom rug.

The resources of the house exhausted, Virginia flew to the garden, candle in hand, and stripped the solitary, stunted plum tree of two quarts of plums—its entire crop. Those from the sunny side of the tree were tinged with purple; the rest were undersized and decidedly green.

Returning to her room, Virginia sat down on the rug to label her exhibits. Her three glasses of strawberry preserves received new names. The jar in which whole berries were most in evidence was relabelled, "Home-Grown Strawberries." The one containing much broken fruit was marked as "Strawberry Jam." Virginia removed the cover of the third, stirred in a little ground cinamon she had carried up from the kitchen, and then christened the mixture, "Spiced Strawberries."

Six plate doilies were compelled to do duty as a tray-cloth, a specimen of silk embroidery, an embroidered stand cover, a bureau cover, a pincushion top and Kensington embroidery. The posters, likewise, served as water-color heads, figures and painted panels. The prize for mere posters was certain to go to Mrs. Blake.

When she reached the plums, Virginia divided them into two little heaps, labelling the purple ones as "Bradshaws" and the unripe ones as "Green Gages."

"Why not?" questioned Virginia, salving her conscience and packing her exhibits into a capacious basket. "It's just what the farmers do with their potatoes. There's everything in knowing how to enter things. There! I'm done, thank goodness! I'll get Ned Hicks to take this out in the morning, when he takes his Belgian hares."

Virginia was partly right about her potatoes, although so wrong in her reasoning. There were farmers who certainly made one variety of potatoes masquerade under various pseudonyms, but their example was not a good one to follow. Virginia, however, was young and very thoughtless. Tired out from an exciting day she went to bed without realizing the enormity of her offence.

The next morning Virginia offered her neat list to Gilbert, who made the entries without a question until he came to a number of articles for the children's department. "How is this, Virginia? You're over sixteen, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I made the things before I was sixteen."

"Oh, that's all right, then!" returned Gilbert. "I wish everybody would enter things as correctly labelled as yours are. Only a few of the old exhibitors ever think of making a list."

Virginia colored, partly with pleasure, partly with something else. Things were beginning to take a new aspect by daylight.

Twenty-four hours later the judges, after a prolonged struggle with nine crazy-quilts, so nearly alike that only the owners could hope to tell them apart, turned with relief to an extensive list of articles, each followed by only one or two entries.

With only a cursory glance at the articles themselves, the judges awarded the first prize to one number and the second to the remaining one. Owing to the remarkable manner in which Virginia's exhibits had been entered, almost every one of them was awarded either a first or a second premium.

She had not expected such universal success, for there had been the chance of other persons making entries under the same heads. Apparently, however, judging from the long line of numbers stretching across the page after the word "dollies," dollies meant dollies and nothing more to most persons.

"My! You took a lot of prizes, didn't you?" said Mrs. Shaw, the superintendent of the fancy work department, tearing pink and blue premium checks from thick pads and handing them to Virginia. "You took some in the art department, too, I guess. You can get these cashed in the administration building. Don't you feel rich?"

"Ye-es," said Virginia, cramming the slips into a purse that already bulged with ill-gotten gains from the other departments.

She felt more rich, however, than she did comfortable. Perhaps the money might not have have so soon become a burden on the girl's conscience if Gilbert, who still assisted at the office, had not, in a spirit of mischief, paid out the amount of her slips in twenty-two silver dollars. The weight of them made her bicycle skirt sag at one side.

Her spirits, too, began to sag correspondingly, for, as she turned away from the counter, she heard the secretary say, "There isn't an honest hair in that man Peck's head." Peck, she remembered, had more varieties of potatoes than any one else.

As a reward for her services the first day, Gilbert had given her an official badge, that admitted her not only to the fair grounds, but to the grand stand. She had counted on spending a jolly afternoon witnessing the acrobatic performances and the balloon ascensions, but they no longer seemed attractive.

Even the blue sky appeared to lose its brilliancy. The loud laughter of the people round her jarred on her nerves. She could see nothing funny in the antics of the clown. The woman beside her leaned against her knee to talk to a friend who sat at her feet.

"Yes," the first woman was saying, "I did hope Katy Perkins would take first prize on that tray-cloth of hers—she's bed-ridden, you know, and it took her a whole year to work that piece, lying on her back."

"The judges don't discriminate," returned the other woman. "Old Mrs. Cook was counting so on having her bureau spread take first premium. It was the only thing she had to send, and she worked terribly hard to get it finished. The one that took the first prize wasn't any bigger than a dolly."

Virginia flushed. The load in her pocket and the one on her conscience seemed to be growing at the rate of a pound a minute.

"I was sure, too," the woman continued, "that Grandma Morse would get something for her strawberries. She makes the best spiced strawberries I ever tasted. The judges went by the looks, and never opened the bottles.

"Still you can't blame them," was the reply. "They had ninety-seven glasses of crab-apple jelly, they say. 'Twoud probably kill 'em if they tasted everything. I didn't get anything on my strawberries, either."

The unwilling listener rose hastily and changed her seat. She did not like the neighborhood. The new one, however, proved no better, for she had seated herself beside a girl of about her own age, who was trying, in vain, to soothe a younger sister sobbing against her sleeve.

"What's the matter?" asked Virginia, sympathetically. "Has Sissie been hurt?"

"She didn't get any prize on her doll's wardrobe," said the girl. "She did every stitch herself, and there's little flecks of blood all along the seams, where she pricked her fingers; but there were two other dolls. I guess one of them was dressed by a good deal older girl, though."

It certainly had been dressed by an older girl. Virginia's path, clearly, was strewn with victims. It had not occurred to her that she was robbing other people in that wholesale fashion. The weight in her pocket was becoming unendurable. How could she wear a blue silk waist purchased at such a price?

Suddenly Virginia brightened. Getting up hastily, she wormed her way through the crowd, walked swiftly along the board sidewalk, and ran up the steps of the administration building. As she hoped, she found Gilbert practically alone, for the energetic secretary, worn out with his labors, was sound asleep, with his chair tipped back against the wall.

"Gilbert," said Virginia, hastily scribbling the names of her victims on a scrap of paper. "I want you to take back part of this money, make out premium checks for these four persons, and tear up the corresponding ones issued to me."

"That isn't quite regular," replied Gilbert, "but I've had several applications of this sort before, and there is a way to fix it."

"What happens when people fail to claim their premiums?"

"Oh, the money stays in the treasury. See that box?" said Gilbert, pointing to a tin box with a slot in the top. "Some folks exhibit just for the good of the fair, and put their premium slips or their money in there."

"Have you seen the balloon go up?" asked Virginia, abruptly changing the subject.

"No. Haven't had a chance. My father has kept me hustling."

"It's fine," said Virginia. "Go to the door and see if it isn't going up now. The man was getting it ready when I came in. I'll sit here in your chair and keep house for you."

The unsuspecting Gilbert rose with alacrity. Virginia waited until he had rounded the corner before she dropped her remaining dollars, one by one, and as gently as possible, into the tin box. They made a horrible clatter, however. The sleeping secretary opened one eye, but seeing what Virginia was doing, closed it again.

"Conscience money," thought the secretary. "Took advantage of the entry books and wishes she hadn't. Seen 'em do it before, but never knew 'em to repent.

"Here," said the superintendent of the fancy work department, handing Virginia a blue slip, as the girl, in a far happier frame of mind, was emerging from the building. "It's for that pretty handkerchief you entered Monday noon. There were nine, but yours was the best.

Virginia pocketed the two-dollar check almost gleefully, for she knew that she was honestly entitled to it. As she handed it in at the office the secretary rubbed his eyes and said, "By the way, Miss Virginia, the association owes you about five dollars for your services. Give them to her, Gilbert."

On the way home Virginia passed the store window containing the blue waist. It was still there; she had money enough to buy it, but the coveted waist had lost its charm.

NEWS FROM THE OTHER ACTON

Which Appeared in the Columns of the Acton, England, Gazette, of August 20

The following items from our old home contemporary will be read with real interest:

Miss Maggie O'Hara, Castle-road, Ealing, in avoiding a passing motor lorry in Hampton Court-road, Hampton Wick, on Sunday evening, fell and injured her ankle.

Harry Priest, of Grove-place, Acton, was fined £3 and costs at Acton Police Court on Wednesday for driving a motor-car dangerously in the Acton Vale.

It is not so well known as it ought to be that there is, within easy reach of Acton, and in the midst of Shepherd's Bush, one of the finest and up-to-date open-air baths in the kingdom.

A fine of £1 was imposed by the Ealing magistrates on Wednesday on Charles White, 29, Radbourne-gardens, South Ealing, a grocer and confectioner, for selling goods after 8 p.m.

The £1,248 4s. 3d. which has come to the Acton Hospital after many years from the estate of the late Mr. David Cutler, is by far the most valuable of the eighteen bequests received by the institution during its existence.

Charles Bertfoy, a tailor's agent, of Shirley-gardens, Hanwell, was fined 7s. 6d. and costs at Acton Police Court on Saturday for being drunk and incapable in High-street, Acton.

One of the most striking features of German towns is the provision in every open space of delightful sand-heaps where children may play safely to their hearts' content. This admirable example has been followed in Acton Park.

Pleading guilty to travelling on the District Railway on two occasions without paying her fare, Miss Ada Ashworth, of Fletcher-road, Acton Green, was fined £2 and 1s. costs at Ealing Police Court on Tuesday.

Sunday night's audience at the Acton Vale Club's garden-concert was, perhaps, the largest seen there this season. The programme was fully worthy of the occasion.

Sidney L. Webb, of The Avenue, Bedford Park, was fined £6 at the Acton Police Court on Monday for exceeding the motor-car speed limit, and 20s. for driving with an expired license.

The old-age pension fund of the Acton Philanthropic Society has just benefited in an unusual manner. An Acton resident has sent Mr. F. C. Mitchell, secretary of the society, a cheque for £1, "just as a little thank-offering for a narrow escape I had whilst motoring."

William Ernest Docking, of Osborne-villas, Bollo-lane, Acton, was charged at Ealing Police Court on Monday with stealing a lady's wrist watch, valued at £45, from a bedroom at 54, Mount Park-road, Ealing, on or about July 15. He was remanded for sentence.

Mr. Frank Venn, superintendent of Acton Park, will leave Acton to-morrow with Mrs. Venn and their son for a short holiday at Minehead, Somerset.

The late Rev. Dr. O. C. Cockrem, of The Avenue, Bedford Park, a prominent Freemason and a Grand Lodge Officer, formerly headmaster of King Edward VI. School, Retford, left an estate of the gross value of £564.

The Acton Labour Party held a meeting at the Mount on Saturday. Mr. T. S. Atkins presided, and an attentive audience listened for upwards of an hour to Mr. E. C. Serrell, of Ealing, prospective Labour Parliamentary candidate for Acton.

Sunday's programme of music in the Acton Park bandstand was of special interest, and attracted a large and appreciative audience. The performers were the members of the Hanwell Silver Prize Band, which is always welcome in Acton.

Appearing in the dock at the West London Police Court on Wednesday with his throat bandaged, Alfred William Briggs, (42), painter, Hadyn Park-road, Shepherd's Bush, was charged with attempting to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a razor.

An adaptation of one of Bret Harte's famous stories, "The Golden Princess," will be the chief attraction at the Crown Theatre, Acton, next Monday, and the two following days. It is a romance of a girl who found love and gold in the hills of California.

Much sympathy is felt with Mr. and Mrs. A. Fraser, Beaumont-road, Acton Green, in the tragic death of their youngest son, who was thrown from his motor cycle on Sunday and received injuries which resulted in his death in Watlington Cottage Hospital on Friday morning.

Councillor J. J. Wade tells me that the hives of bees, of which he takes so much care, at the Acton Hospital, has again been very profitable this year. Last year it gave twenty-five pounds surplus honey of excellent quality, and this year it has so far given twenty-one pounds. There have also been two fine swarms.

Mr. James Barney, of Acton, who closed his career as a policeman last May, after 25 years of unblemished efficient service, received gratifying testimony to his popularity amongst his old comrades at a pleasant little ceremony which took place in the library at the Acton Police Station on Wednesday evening. It was the presentation of a gold keyless watch and gold chain, as a souvenir of their comradeship with Mr. Barney.

At 10.00 a.m. on Saturday the Fire Brigade was summoned to Antrobus-road, Acton Green, the residence of Mr. E. Hughes, who used to drive the old manual engine, and retired in 1891. He was greeted by one or two old comrades who were young firemen when he left the brigade. The fire, a slight one, was caused by the draught from an open window blowing curtains into contact with the burners of a gas stove.

While some Acton politicians are much concerned for the safety of the democratic right of freedom of speech in view of the disorder which has recently taken place at local Conservative meetings, and others are prepared to defend the equal democratic right of free interruption of arguments of which they disapprove, residents and tradespeople of Central Acton are increasingly perturbed by the noise which prevails in the Market-place and the vicinity of the Parish Church on Friday and Saturday nights.

EASY CIRCUMSTANCES

A young man inherited fifty thousand dollars from an aunt, and by a course of extravagance and speculation, was pretty soon at the end of his fortune. "However," said one of his friends, "Bill isn't without resources. He has two more aunts."

Like this, but different, was the case of a colored man concerning whom a neighbor of his own race was called to testify in court.

"Witness," said the opposing lawyer, "you speak of Mr. Smith as well off. Just what do you mean? Is he worth five thousand dollars?"

"No, suh."

"Two thousand?"

"No, suh; he ain't worth twenty-five cents."

"Then how is he well off?"

"Got a wife who is a washerwoman, suh, and s'ports de hull fam'ly, suh."

NO WORSE THAN OTHERS

Little streams of water had worn gullies in the sidewalk, or the place where the sidewalk should have been. Bill did not take the trouble to fill them, as he might have done with a few shovelfuls of earth.

One day, as he was sitting on a pile of wood in his back yard, a stranger came puffing through the unmowed weeds, rubbing his side and dusting the dirt from his clothes.

"I say," he cried, "do you own this place?"

"Well, mostly," said Bill, frankly, "except the mortgage."

"Well, why don't you fix those holes in your sidewalk? I nearly broke my neck!"

"Sorry," said Bill. "Which hole was it?"

"Which hole! Why, it was that one by the gate!"

"Funny," observed Bill, reflectively, pulling a piece of bark off the slab he was sitting on and chewing it a moment. "Lots o' people 've fell out there, but I don't remember any one oumplainin' of it before."

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Esquesing Agricultural Society

Annual Fall Exhibition

AT GEORGETOWN

September 24 and 25

Special Prizes

HORSES

1	Single High Stepper, 1st by E. McWhirter, 2nd by C. Turner	$5 00	$3 00
2	Single Turnout (road), by Provincial Paper Mills	6 00	4 00
3	Best Road Horse, (conformation 60 per cent., speed 40 per cent.) by W. C. Bessey	5 00	
4	Best General Purpose Horse on rein, by Donald McIntyre	5 00	
5	Best Lady Driver, by Georgetown Coating Mills	6 00	4 00
6	Best Agricultural Horse on rein, by Bank of Nova Scotia, Norval	5 00	
7	Best Delivery Horse and outfit by Norman Brown	5 00	
8	Best Farmer's Turnout (single) by R. K. Anderson, M. P.	6 00	4 00
9	Best Lady Rider, 1st by John Irvin, 2nd by Wm. Gowdy	5 00	3 00
10	Best Half Mile Dash (saddle horse) 2 in 3 heats, 1st 2nd by Bank of Commerce	15 00	10 00
11	Best herd of horses (not less than three) $10.00 off any article purchased from Massey-Harris Co.	10 00	
12	Best Colts by either McNeil, Dan Jackson, Spring Wheat or Prince Hohenhole 1925—Canadian Racing Association, who are responsible for the placing of Thoroughbred Stallions throughout the Province have offered the sums of $12, $8, $6, $4 prizes for colts of 1925 sired by McNeil, Dan Jackson, Spring Wheat or Prince Hohenhole which are in charge of James Boyaird, Brampton	30 00	
13	Farmers Trial of Speed to Buggy, 2 out of 3. Horses that never started in a race before, by Harry Wright. No entry fee	10 00	
14	Heavy Horse Trial of Speed. Horses over 1,500 lbs., under saddle, ½ mile dash, by R. B. Foulis	10 00	

CATTLE

1	Best Dairy Cow, by H. R. Mimms	$5 00	
2	Best Registered Shorthorn (female) under 2 years, by Col. G. O. Brown	5 00	
3	Best Registered Shorthorn Cow, R. C. McCullough	5 00	
4	Best Holstein Cow, by T. L. Leslie	5 00	
5	Best Calf (not necessarily registered) shown by girl or boy. This prize given by Dr. Marcellus	5 00	2 50
6	Best Jersey Cow, by Erwin & Goldham	5 00	
7	Best Holstein Herd (1 male, 3 females)	$20 00	10 00	5 00
8	Best Shorthorn Herd (1 male, 3 females)	10 00	5 00	3 00
9	Best Jersey Herd (1 male, 3 females)	10 00	5 00	3 00
10	Largest Herd of Show Cattle	10 00		

Rule 5 will not apply to Cattle Herds

SHEEP AND PIGS

1	Best Pen of Bacon Hogs, not less than 4, by C. J. Buck	5 00	
2	Best Pen of Fine Wool Sheep, not less than 4 sheep, by J. Beaumont	3 00	2 00
3	Best Pen of Long Wool Sheep, not less than 4 sheep, by E. Y. Barraclough	3 00	2 00

MISCELLANEOUS

*1	Best 5 lbs. Butter, by J. N. O'Neill, wheelbarrow	7 00	
*2	Best 5 lbs. Butter, by D. Livingstone	4 00	
*3	Best 3 lbs. Butter, in 1-2 lb. prints, quality and neatness considered, by R. D. Warren	3 00	
*4	Best 3 lb. Butter, Ladies Boston Club Bag, by W. A. Bailey	4 00	
*5	Best Pair Dressed Chickens, by R. H. Thompson	5 00	
*6	Best Pair Dressed Chickens, by Arthur Norrington	5 00	
*7	Best Dressed Chicken, by W. R. Watson	5 00	
*8	Best Pair Dressed Chickens, by Harold Hamilton	5 00	
*9	Best Pair Dressed Chickens, Fern Stand, by W. H. Wilson	5 00	
*10	Best Dressed Goose, by A. M. Grandy	5 00	
*11	Best Dressed Goose, by H. Barnes	5 00	
*12	Best Homemade Loaf Bread (large) by M. Clarkson	1 50	
13	Best Display in Hall by Merchant or Manufacturer, 1st by Bank of Montreal, 2nd by Jas. A. McClure	10 00	5 00
14	Best Collection of Pastry, by L. H. Waggoite	5 00	
15	Best Collection of Vegetables, by Robert Simpson Company, Toronto, Case of Silverware, value	7 50	
16	Best 2 Pair Dressed Chickens, by T. Eaton Company, Toronto, Table Cloth, 48-70S, size 70x108, value or same amount on any other article in our Fall and Winter Catalogue	7 50	
17	Best Display of Canned Fruit, by C. F. Ready, goods valued	3 00	
18	Best Collection of Cut Flowers, by A. E. Wright, Ham, valued	2 00	
*19	Best pair Dressed Chickens, by W. Wheeler, Milton	3 00	
20	Bonniest Baby, by N. H. Brown, silver mug (under 18 months, judged at 3. p.m.)	5 00	
21	Prettiest Baby, by Harold Hamilton, silver mug (under 18 months, judged at 3 p.m.)	5 00	
22	Best Step Dancing, by Lad or Lassies under 15 years old, by J. H. McKenzie	5 00	
23	Potato Race, by Graham and Clements	3 00	
24	Best Sample of Wheat, by W. H. Browne & Co., Norval, 28 lb. bag of National Pastry Flour		
25	Best Collection Homemade Baking, by W. B. Browne & Co., 24 lb. bag of National Pastry Flour		
*26	Best Pair Dressed Chicken, by Ernest E. Young	5 00	
27	Best Display of 24 Gladioli, by Amateur Grower, by E. Rigby	5 00	
28	By J. M. Moore—		
	*Best Half-Dozen Buns, Herald 1 year	1 50	
	*Largest 1-2 dozen Fresh Hen Eggs, Herald 1 year	1 50	
	*Best and Neatest 1 lb. Butter, Herald, 1 year	1 50	
	*Largest 1-2 dozen Onions, Herald 1 year	1 50	

*Articles to be Delivered to Donor