Births, Marriages and Deaths are now charged for at the following rates: Births, 50c; Marriages, 50; Deaths, 50c; Memorial Cards, 50c, 10c per line extra for poems.

DIED

MacHETH—At Lowville, Ont., on Sunday morning, July 31, Benjamin J. G. Vodmond, son of the late William J. and Susanna MacHeth, in his 35th year.

McKENZIE—At General Hospital, Toronto, on Monday, August 1, 1927, Dorne McKenzie, aged 42 years, youngest son of the late William McKenzie, of Milton, Ont.

BROWN—At Ann Arbor, Mich., on Monday, July 25, 1927, Katharine Brown, formerly of Esquesing, widow of the late Malcolm MacNaughton, and sister of Mrs. Hiram Graham.

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1927.

Brief Local News

—The hay is nearly all housed now.

—Acton Fall Fair—September 20 and 21.

—The dust is beginning to blow again.

—Civic Holiday was rather quiet in Acton.

—This has been real harvest weather the past week.

—The lost watch was found last week through a Free Press ad.

—The wheat is being harvested and is a heavy crop in this vicinity.

—The gardens are now contributing considerably to the family menu.

—The changes in temperature have been rather sudden the past week.

—Start now to gather your exhibits for Acton Fall Fair—just seven weeks away.

—Excursions to pick wild raspberries have been both profitable and popular the past week.

—The foundations for Mr. Walter Bauer's new house on Mill Street are now completed.

—Good evening! Is your Free Press subscription arranged so that we're both contented?

—The painters are now busy decorating the new freight office at the C. N. R. station.

—The calcium chloride put on the streets is helping very much to settle the dust nuisance.

—Please bear in mind that THE FREE PRESS is not issued now until Thursday evening.

—The Canadian National Exhibition 2,000 voice chorus will give four concerts again this year.

—The oil-burning train is now making its regular trips through Acton every day on the C. N. R.

—A new water service was laid across Young Street to the Creber Monument works this week.

—Hundreds of Acton people have attended the Centennial Celebration and Old Home Week at Guelph this week.

—Over 500 musicians will participate in the Military Tattoo in front of the Grandstand at the Canadian National Exhibition.

—Toronto is at last to have the new Union Station opened and the Prince of Wales is going to attend to that important duty.

—Guelph has been freely visited by Actonians this week during the Old Home celebrations. They all report an excellent time.

—American visitors are numerous these days. The American license plates from every State are in evidence on most all the highways.

—The English Channel swimmer, Leslie Dernham, will represent England in the 21 mile swim at the 1927 Canadian National Exhibition.

—No. 7 Highway has been fairly well "detoured" between Acton and Toronto this year. Another new one will be added between here and Georgetown now.

—Burns' Presbyterian Church, Erin, and the Sewing Circle of Norfolk Street United Church, Guelph, held their annual picnics at Blue Springs Park last week.

—An annex is being built to the Coliseum at the Canadian National Exhibition covering 8 acres. When completed this colossal structure will contain 16½ acres.

—The painting of the woodwork and metal roof of the Government Building the past week has been rather hazardous. Spectators watching the workmen on the job seem to get plenty of thrills.

—Dr. T. D. J. Farmer has written an interesting article on his experiences on a fishing trip in Quebec. The first instalment appears in this issue on Page Three, and further instalments will follow in later issues.

—The cattle reported to have been injured on the Highway last week by a local motorist did not belong to Mr. Victor Watson. His animals were all safely in pasture and it was evidently the property of someone else which was allowed to wander on the Highway.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY REPORT FOR JULY

Applications for children	1
Children brought to the Shelter (not wards)	1
Children returned to the parents (not wards)	1
Children made wards of C. A. S.	1
Complaints received	3
Investigations made	5
Mail received	34
Mail sent out	49
Meetings addressed	1
Mileage (approximately)	534
Office interviews	10
Court attendance	3
Foster homes heard from	3
Wards placed out	3
Wards visited	8
Warnings given	2
Wards relieved from supervision	0
Wards married	1

Bright boys in the Milton Shelter who are looking for the joys and freedom of a home.

W. H. Stewart

"THE CONFEDERATION"

Toronto-Vancouver Fast Train Sure to be Popular

The Confederation, Canadian National's new train between Toronto and Vancouver, is making a hoat of friends with across-continent travellers.

The personal attention given, the dining service and the equipment, all have earned favorable comment from people who expect the highest grade service.

The train leaves Toronto every night at 9.00 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, and arrives in Vancouver at 3.00 in the afternoon of the fourth day.

Tickets and full information regarding this train may be obtained from any Canadian National Agent.

BOY SCOUTS' CAMP

Interesting Notes About the Camp at Erin—Some Funny Incidents

Following last week's short history of the "Doing of the Doaddads in Doaville" or the "Antics of the Boy Scouts at Erin," which amounts to about the same thing, comes this brief soliloquy on the whole ten-day camp, which was brought to a successful conclusion last Saturday afternoon when George Bishop loaded into his truck most of the camp truck—tents, poles, pots and pans, suitcases, duffel-bags, blankets and souvenirs; while Scoutmaster Rev. A. C. Stewart filled his new Chrysler with excess cats and the boys crawled in on top of the luggage and Acton No. 1 Troop returned home.

In Stanley Park, where once rang the rattle of dishes and the merry laughter of Young Canada, the fairy folk come out and play beneath the moon, the woodland whippersnapers take up once more their lonely sighing, and silence reigns in awesome majesty, silence broken only by the raucous calling of the crow and the quarrelsome chatter of the blackbirds. The adventurous wanderer exploring in the maple grove beyond the bridge may see within an area of trampled grass, a dozen pallets of flattened twigs arranged symmetrically in two compact groups—strange relics of the recent past. They are the luxuriant divans upon which reclined our slumbering forms during ten nights tossing on the cold damp ground. They mark the place where once we lay e'er like the Arabs we arose to fold our tents and silently steal away.

It was a delightful holiday. Of course there were some minor mishaps and occasionally we did discover an Ethiopian gentleman among the cordwood but that, as what's 'is name says, "Its the little inoefficencies of life that make life worth living." Old Jupiter Pluvius tried unsuccessfully to dampen our ardour during the first few days but the 'arder it rained the less we cared, for the rain couldn't hurt us—it was soft water!

In one of the cottages down by the lake there was a camp of Canadian Girls in Training that held no small attraction for two on three Beau Brummels who seemed to think C. G. I. T. meant "Cutest Girls in Town." Had they been Girl Guides we might have had reason to suspect that while the Boy Scouts, the Girl Guides.

One lone Scout, cavorting out on the lake in a rowboat one bright day became hopelessly captivated by the song of some of these sirens on shore. Ulysses, the ancient Greek, because the ears of his crew were stopped with wax, heard the song and passed on, but this young swain was lured inshore and there, true to mythology, suffered calamity. Clothed immaculately in full-Scout uniform, carefully groomed and brushed, his face beaming with smiles, he certainly appeared to be the correct answer to "The Maiden's Prayer."

Nearer and nearer he rowed the boat to shore. Willing hands grasped his nose (the boat's nose) and he stood up to make a perfect landing. 'Tis said "There's many a slip—" and he certainly added to the number that day. Nobody knows just exactly what happened, but there was an awful splash, several feminine squeals, an empty boat, and the Prince of Whales emerged from the water and spouted—about people who don't know how to hold a boat still. He soaked himself; he soaked the girls and he was ready to soak anybody else who had anything to say about it.

Back to camp the unfortunate lad waddled, like a wet hen, asking pitifully, "Anybody got any dry clothes?" Just then the cook threw the fat in the fire, so to speak, when he poked his head through the flap of the tent and enquired diligently of the young man, "Do you keep dripping 'round here?" Several soaking garments narrowly missed his face as he hurriedly retired to his smoky old stove with the words ringing in his ears, "Ask Kerr, he knows."

Someone has said that "Woodcraft is the first of the sciences in point of time and should therefore come first in education." Certain it is that there is a great store of knowledge to be learned through woodcraft pursuits. Every Scout is encouraged to become a lover of the out-of-doors, to learn the interesting and valuable lessons which may be learned only through a first hand contact with Nature. But woodcraft and camping are but a small part of the programme of Scout activities.

Throughout the year, as well as at the summer camp, every Scout is given instruction, both intellectual and spiritual in which the great aim is to lead him to lay a gobd foundation upon which a noble career may be built. The Boy Scout movement occupies a position among many other organizations of which the progressive uplifting ideas and ideals are the product of Christian teaching.

The local Scout Troop, like thousands the world over, is interdenominational and to every body is given the message of Baden Powell, the organizer of the Boy Scouts, which is this: "To be a true Scout, a boy must be a Christian, adopt the standard of the Golden Rule and follow the leadership of Jesus Christ, the Great Scout."

The Boy Scouts wish to express again their thanks to those who so willingly and generously contributed to the happiness they enjoyed while at camp.—W. J. H.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE

"Some one wishes to speak to you over the telephone, Doctor Barnard," said the call-boy of the hotel where the new minister and his wife were staying temporarily. "Oh, yes!" said Doctor Barnard in response to a lady's voice which announced, "I am Mrs. Wegg."

Doctor Barnard was not surprised, for Mr. Wegg had asked him to deliver an address before the Y. M. C. A., and he had promised a reply in a few days.

"Oh, yes," he answered, and waited for an inquiry concerning the address. The inquiry came, but it was a little different.

"Will you please tell me," asked the lady, pleasantly, "where I can have my poodle dog trained?"

"Well—eh—eh—really, Mrs. Wegg, I don't think I know," replied the astonished clergyman. He was used to all sorts of demands, but this was the strangest yet.

"You don't know? Why, isn't this Doctor Barnard?"

"Yes."

"And you can't tell me where I can get my dog trained?" the lady persisted.

"No. I'm very sorry, but I don't really know," replied the minister, apologetically, "but if you'll wait a moment I'll try to find out for you," he added, reflecting that this was a new parish, and of course if he was expected to know about poodles—

He asked the hotel clerk's assistance, and presently returned to the telephone. He was greeted by the sound of a much excited masculine voice demanding, "Please let me have the line a moment, Mrs. Wegg."

It was the embarrassed Mr. Wegg who spoke, and who at once began to offer contrite apologies to the clergyman with the explanation that the Wegg family had two sets of telephone instruments, and that at the precise moment when Mr. Wegg, below stairs, was calling Doctor Barnard, Mrs. Wegg, up-stairs, was calling Doctor Barnard, the veterinary surgeon.

It was a strange coincidence, and rather an unfortunate one, Mrs. Wegg thought. Still it might have been worse—if, for example, her husband had asked the veterinary to address the Y. M. C. A.

Neighborhood News

DUBLIN

The Dublin branch of the Women's Institute held their regular meeting at the home of Mrs. Morley, on Wednesday, July 20, with thirty-two ladies present. The President, Mrs. Bracken, presided. After a programme of readings, community singing and a duett by Misses Margaret Waddle and Annie Black, accompanied by Mrs. J. Frank on the violin, which was much enjoyed, lunch was served. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Crossman.

NASSAGAWEYA

Mr. Edward Jolliffe, of Rockwood, conducted the service in Ebenezer United Church last Sunday morning.

Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of Guelph, will preach in the Ebenezer United Church next Sunday morning.

The farmers are cutting their fall wheat and barley this week.

Mr. Daniel Kingsbury, of Dundas, visited relatives and friends in Nassagaweya on Sunday and Monday.

Mr. David Nightingale, of Guelph, visited relatives at Knatchbull on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bennett, of Campbellville, visited friends in Eramosa last Sunday.

The Women's Missionary Society of Nassagaweya Presbyterian Church held a very fine garden party at the church grounds last Friday evening. The programme was a varied and entertaining one and was provided by Jimmie Reid, humorist, of Toronto; Miss Fletcher, elocutionist, of Guelph; Miss June Frank, Scottish entertainer, Messrs. Andrew Frank, C. Fletcher and Miss June Frank, in instrumental numbers. Mrs. L. Crawford, of Campbellville, was the very efficient accompanist. Acton Citizens' Band were welcome artists and their playing called forth very favorable comment from all sides. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Matheson, of Puslinch, and the pastor of the church, Rev. C. G. Joliffe, who was chairman for the evening. The refreshment booth did a thriving business and the affair was an entire success from all angles.

OAKVILLE

Miss Young is entertaining Miss Spencer, a returned deaconess from Japan.

Chief Kerr is enjoying holidays for a couple of week and John Barrick is Acting Chief.

Raspberries are proving quite a heavy crop, thanks to heavy rains, while dewberries will be a monster crop.

The Highway Department has written Oakville suggesting that a parking space be provided for buses stopping in town.

During one of the fire tests there was a break in the big water main on Randall Street, opposite the Boy Scout hut. The waterworks gang were soon on the spot to repair the break with the least possible delay.

St. Jude's Church is asking the Council to place the new land acquired for cemetery purposes on the same assessed basis as the present cemetery. The solicitor will look into the matter.

The Band gave a concert of sacred selections in Lakeside Park on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, which was much enjoyed by quite a gathering of people. The idea an excellent one.—Star.

ROCKWOOD

The village and community was shocked to learn of the sudden death of Elias C. Plummer last Thursday evening, due to heart failure. The deceased had returned some time ago from Simcoe, where he was employed in the woollen mills there, and was formerly in the employ of Harris & Co., Ltd., here. He had not been in the best of health lately, but his death was unexpected. The funeral took place from his late residence Saturday afternoon, after a short service to the United Church, where a large concourse of people had gathered to pay their respects to one who was highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens. The Rev. John Little had charge of the services, which were very impressive. After a duett by Mrs. Ayles and Miss May Watson, "Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break," Rev. Mr. Little took for his text "If a man die, shall he live again?" Job 14: 14, and reminded his audience that life has its uncertainties. The floral offerings were numerous and expressive of the sympathy of those who mourn his loss, particularly his wife and two sons, Stanley and George, of Simcoe, his brothers and sisters, Alex., of Arkell, John H., fourth line, Eramosa; Mrs. Joseph Moore and Mrs. Wm. D. Smith, as well as immediate relatives and friends. The pall-bearers were Robert Miller, Robert Johnston, George Bolton, Chas. H. Harris, George Peal and Robert H. Henderson. Interment took place in Friends' Cemetery.

The services in the United Church last Sunday were conducted by Rev. Charles Adsett, of Toronto.

Rev. J. L. Simpson again conducted services for the Presbyterian congregation, and at the morning service Mrs. Wylie Wilder, of Whitby, sang a solo which was deeply appreciated. Owing to Miss Elizabeth Gray, organist, being absent, Miss Jean McLean took her place.

Several from here attended the Memorial Service in Exhibition Park, Guelph, on Sunday afternoon, in connection with the Centennial and Old Home Week celebrations.

The village was pretty quiet on Monday, Civic Holiday, many being away to Guelph for the day.

Some of the holiday visitors who were here: Mr. Archie Murray, of Toronto, Miss Jean Torrance, and Mr. Johnston Hewat, of Simcoe; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Osborne, of Fergus; Miss Bertha McCutcheon and friend, of Brampton, Elwyn Locker; Dr. and Mrs. Clifford Taylor, of Toronto, and Mrs. A. J. McAlear, who returned home with them.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Barrie and son, Donald, of Minico, are up for a week and staying with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Torrance.

Mr. and Mrs. Murdo Munro, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Munro, of Hamilton, were up on Monday for a while after seeing the parade at Guelph.

Mr. Wilson Gardiner is leaving the early part of the week for a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Everett E. LeVineus, of Niagara Falls, Ont.

Mrs. Walker and daughter, Agnes, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McNabb, spent a week-end at Millbank recently.

James Thompson, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is paying a visit to his nephew, John Fitzsimmons, and renewing acquaintances after many years residence in the States.

Last week the steam shovel was moved to the bank opposite Robert Passmore's house, on Main Street, where heavier material was secured to help fill in at Geo. Laverty's premises, as well as to help put a firmer covering on top of the sand soil brought down from the big hill. Good progress has been made in moving the large quantity of soil and with some fine weather to finish up with, the Highway should be in condition for motorists and horse-drawn vehicles to pass through before long.

Time deals gently with the face that is lighted up by a smile.

There is much that is good in the worst of men.—Bellows.

SOFTBALL TOURNAMENT

Three Close, Interesting Games of Softball Played in Ladies' Tournament

The athletic day held last Saturday by the Acton Girls' Ball Club was a disappointment only in point of attendance. It provided good close games for the fans who were present and an enjoyable afternoon. The four teams taking part, viz., Northern Rubber Co. team, of Guelph; Brampton "All Stars," Hillsburg Ladies' Team and Acton Girls' Ball Club lined up at the Band Hall, and, headed by the Acton Citizens' Band, paraded to the Park.

Acton and the Brampton team met first and the home team was victorious by a close score of 9 to 8. Then the Hillsburg and Northern Rubber Co. teams played a game that was won by the girls from Guelph by the score of 17 to 12.

The play-off was between the Northern Rubber Co. team and Acton. This game also provided a closely contested one and was won only in the final stages by a score of 18-17 in favor of the fair visitors from the Royal City.

The Acton battery was Mary Chalmers, pitcher, and Phyllis Tyler, catcher. The Acton girls, and in fact all the teams, put up splendid contests.

The surplus funds were to have been devoted to improvements for bathing facilities at the Park, but one glance at the audience would prove conclusively that the bathing beach will not undergo many changes this year as a result of the day. The counter-attractions of nearby centres evidently proved a stronger drawing card than the home tiea on this particular day.

POLICE COURT NEWS

A young Austrian of twenty-three, named Jakob Oltziner, who came from that country to Saskatchewan in March, landed in Nassagaweya last week. He spent several days on the farmer farm, worked part of an afternoon and then refused to work longer, or to tell anything about himself. Constable Chapman arrested him on Friday and lodged him in the county jail. He was brought before Magistrate Moore on Tuesday morning, when it was ascertained that he was twenty-three years of age; has no friends in Canada; his finances are limited to $8.00, and he can speak very little English. He was committed to jail and the Magistrate recommended his deportation to the country from which he came.

WHAT'S IN A TITLE?

The Puritan needed a vent for the energy repressed by his rigidly ordered existence. Shorn of ornament in dress and decoration, he evidently worked off a portion of his sense of the ornate in some of the titles of the religious works of the time. Many of them are sensational and alliterative enough to satisfy the yellowest reporter of to-day. The contents of the volumes thus labeled must be of lurid and strenuous nature, or else it might be said of them, as the dramatist wrote of the cognomen of humankind:

The name is but a shadow, which we find
Too often larger than the man behind.

"The Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David; whereunto are added William Hunnis's Handful of Honeysuckles, and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, Now newly augmented," is impressive, but a little cumbersome for ordinary conversation, inconveniently long, is:

"A Reaping Hook, well-tempered for the stubborn Ears of the coming Crop of Biscuit baked in the Oven of Charity. Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation."

After these, titles such as the following sound tame and hardly worthy of notice:

"The Spirit Mustard Pot to make the Soul Sneeze and Devotion"; "The Shops of the Spiritual Apothecary"; "Matches Lighted at Divine Fire," and "Sixpenny-worth of Divine Spirit."

In a much milder and secular sort of a way the modern newspaper partakes of the spirit of its Puritan exemplar in the headings of the paragraph columns:

"Quirks and Quibbles"; "Nibbles for the Million"; "The Junk-Shop"; "Crumbs for all kinds of Chickens"; "Paragraphical Pudding"; "Spice Islands Passed in the Sea of Reading."

DINING IN CHINA

A writer in Blackwood says that when the guests arrive at a Chinese dinner, there is due presentation, with a constant interchange at courtesies. This is the formula usually observed at first meetings:

"Your honorable name is—?"

"My obscure patronymic is Siu. You have not honored me with yours."

"My insignificant appellation is Ma. Your palace is situated—?"

"My wretched hovel is in the Bamboo Dough Alley."

If the other man wears a mustache, a token of maturity, the next question is:

"What may be your honorable old age?"

But if the stranger is clean shaven, and therefore below forty, another formula is used.

"Alas!" he replies, "I have wasted thirty-nine years."

When the number of guests is complete, there ensues a tremendous encounter of good manners. Although the question of precedure is all settled beforehand, each man must simulate an immovable determination to accept only the lowest place until he is promoted by the host's "Friend, go up higher."

The table is already laid with an imposing show. There is the regulation number of regulation dishes, marshaled in regulation order; quaint porcelain stands filled with slices of oranges, pears or cold goose; towers of purple quince jelly, grapes or shredded chicken-breast; saucers of shrimps salted in their skins, and the famous eggs, preserved for years in lime and served, sliced, in beds of brown jelly. Hot wine of various brands is offered throughout, in small cups.

When all are seated and ready for the fray, the host raises his cup and says:

"Let my drink."

The guests reply:

"Thanks! Thanks!"

Then they fall to, with chopsticks, picking now from one dish, now from another, in piquant contrast of sweet, sour and salt.

INFANT SHERLOCK HOLMES

"He observing, my sog," counseled Willie's father. "Cultivate the habit of seeing and you will become a successful man."

"Yes," added Willie's uncle. "Don't go through life like a blind man. Learn to use your eyes."

"Little boys who are observing get on much faster than those who are not," Aunt Jane put in.

The youngster took their advice to heart. A day passed, and once more he stood before the family council.

"Well, my son," said his father, "have you been using your eyes?" Willie nodded. "Tell us what you've learned."

"Uncle Jim's got a bottle of whiskey hid behind his trunk," said Willie. "Aunt Jane's got an extra set of false teeth in her dresser, and pa's got a deck of cards and a box of chips hid behind Emerson's Essays in the book case."

"The little sneak!" exclaimed the family with one voice.

Acton and District

Record Trout Caught

The record speckled trought caught in the Grand River in recent years, was pulled out Tuesday at Fergus by Allan Hallo, local express man. It weighed 3 pounds 7½ ounces and measured 30 inches long. He was fishing within the town limits and his pole was a branch of a cedar tree.

Quarter of Million Drivers' Licenses

Approximately 250,000 motor drivers' permits have been issued throughout the Province since the new ruling requiring every driver to obtain a license came into effect, according to an estimate made by Hon. George S. Henry, Minister of Highways. Mr. Henry expressed himself as satisfied with the response of Ontario motorists, but he pointed out that one month' grace had already been allowed and he hoped that there would be no further delay on the part of those who had not already taken out permits. The total already issued represents a fair proportion of the 344,000 motor vehicles registered in the Province last year, but the ruling requires that not only driver-owners, but all drivers of motor cars must have permits and the department estimates their number at more than 500,000.

MR. PEASLEE LEARNS SOMETHING

Deacon Hyne peered into the dimness of the barn floor where Caleb Peaslee was busily hammering.

"I come over —" he began. "Where be you, Kellup? I can't make out a thing here, comin' in out of the sun, no."

"Right here under your feet, almost," Mr. Peaslee replied through a mouthful of shingle nails. "Mind where yo step, Hyne! I don't want to have to do this over again; I've had trouble 'nough with it, as 'tis."

The deacon, treading with caution, found a seat on a plough beam.

"All-day yest'day," he said fretfully, "you was hammerin' over here; and here you are at it again t'day. What're you tryin' to do, anyway?"

Caleb laid aside his hammer and straightened himself laboriously.

"I'm spending ten dollars to save two—or two 'n' a half, at the most," he said wryly. "And I'm learnin' two or three things that'll mebbe stand me in hand sometime 'nough to make the ten dollars money well spent. Anyway, I hope so—but I dunno. I seem to learn hard and slow, somehow."

He moved a box near the deacon cushioned it with a forkful of hay and sank down upon it with a groan of relief.

"Two months ago, mebbe," he began, "my wife told me she'd got to have a kind of trellis made to go by the back porch; she had some boys, or mornin'-glories, or some other kind of herbs, planted there, and she'd got to have somethin' ready for 'em to climb on. So she wanted I sh'd get Clem Waite to come over with his tool kit and build it for her.

"I p'inted out to her that Clem would charge c'nsid'rable for doin' it, and that I c'd make a frame for her out of laths and nail it up there jest as well as Clem. I was a mite nettled at the way she took it; she jest pussed her lips tight And didn't say a word, at fu'st.

"'Wel,' s'I, 'you don't look overly pleased; don't you think I'm comp'tent to nail together a few laths?'

"She answered up prompt 'nough then—too prompt almost. 'I ain't said you couldn't,' she says, 'but whether you will another thing—and I ain't goin' to say much 'bout that. Not now, anyway.' And not one more word c'd I git out of her.

"Course this was in plantin' time, when I was busy, but I figgered some rainy day I'd nail up the lattice; and I planned to keep watch of her plants and get it up in plenty time for 'em to ketch on when they started to grow. That's one thing.

"Nother one's something else where she claims I've faulted, and I s'pose she's right. There was two fit holes in the grain room here in the barn, and rats passed in and out of 'em same's if they was doors in a buildin'. She wanted I sh'd fix 'em long ago, but somehow or other other things crowded me out of doin' it.

"Yest'day I got the hosses hooked into the big wagon and loaded on a half a ton of pressed hay I was goin' to sell Jed Piper. I was jest goin' to get onto the load when I heard her had me from the back door, and I went out to see what she was wantin'.

"'I want you sh'd took there,' she says, p'intin 'down by the side of the porch; and when I looked to see some kind of plants that had started to grow mebbe a foot long, and then lopped over into the dirt, not havin' anything to climb on.

"'There's where that nice trellis was goin',' s'she; 'the one you was goin' to build so quick and cheap—and you built it jest as much as I thought you would when you told me.'

"I was so took back, Hyne, that I coldn't think of anything to say." Caleb admitted sheepishly. "But I turned and left her there determined to have a lattice there fore dinner time, if Jed Piper waited for his hay a week. I didn't unhitch the hosses, nor back 'em out of the barn, nor do anything to waste a minute. I got an armful of laths and some scantlin' and went to work; and if I'd stopped them rat holes, same's she'd been at me to do for weeks, I'd been all right.

"I worked busy, cuttin' the laths and nailin' 'em on, and in a couple of hours I had a good lattice built and layin' lengthways of the barn floor, same's this one is, right behind the wagon. I'd been alone all the time, 'thout you want to count that terrier dog of Payson's; he'd been snuffin' round all the time I was at work, but he hadn't bothered me any, so I let him stay.

"Jest as I'd got the last lath nailed and that straightened up to get the kinks out of me, the dog let a yelp out and charged into the grain room—and in less'n a second he was out again not two foot behind a rat that'd weigh, I sh'd guess, as much as a pound or better—and the rat, seein' me, whirled and dashed right forward under them hosses' noses! And the dog, yelpin' like all possessed, right close behind the rat.

"Well, Hyne," said Mr. Peaslee ruefully, "a pair of hosses ain't goin' to stand those works. They jest sagged back into the britchin's, and the next thing I heard a crash and they'd backed that wagon, hay and all, the whole length of my new lattice—and there wa'n't a whole lath in it. I managed to get 'em by the heads, so they didn't hurt themselves, but the lattice was ruined complete.

"My wife heard the rumpus and come out on the run; and when she saw I wa'n't hurt, nor the hosses, she took and read me another little hom'ly.

"'Corrdin' to her, if I'd built the lattice when I said I would, it wouldn't have happened. Or if I'd stopped up the rat holes, so the rats couldn't get into the grain room, it wouldn't have happened, either. Or if I'd got Clem Waite, same's she wanted, 'nothin' would have happened. But as 'twas, I'd wasted lumber and I'd wasted time, and I'd sprung an exe in the wagon; she figgered it's take ten dollars to cover it—and I guess mebbe it will!

"'But I'm learnin', Hyne!" said Mr. Peaslee, with stubborn resolution. "I d'know jest what, nor how long it'll take me, but I'm learnin' a little; mebbe in time I'll know 'nough to do what she wants when she tells me to. She says when I do these things it'll stop happenin'—and not till then!"

Weekly Fashion Hint

DAINTY DANCE FROCK

Developed in satin-figured chiffon, this frock gains a charming effect through the uneven hem-lines of the two skirts. Plain material is used for the underskirt, and there is a crushed girdle of ribbon about the hips. The bodice is shirred at the shoulders, while the neck is finished in round flatline. Medium size requires 4 yards 39 inch figured and 1¾ yard plain material.

CREPE FROCK FOR AFTERNOON

After Germaine is this lovely afternoon frock in silk crepe de Chine in the brilliant new shade of blue called "Her Majesty." It belongs to the sapphire shadings, but has a slightly mauvish cast. The blouse effect is an important detail of the model, which is trimmed with embroidery and narrow fur. Under the dress is worn a slip supported by shoulder straps. Medium size requires 4½ yards 40-inch material, with 1¾ yard 36-inch lining.

MANY MEN WANTED

Wages paid part time, while learning garage work, electricity, welding, battery and house wiring, barbering and beauty culture world. Write for free, illustrated catalogue. Branches and employment service from coast to coast.

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THE FALL TERM

in Spare's Twelve Toronto Business Schools opens on Monday, August 29th. Calendar mailed on request to W. H. Spare, Registrar, 16 Hloor St. West, Toronto. Please write for it.

A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR AILING CHILDREN

MILLER'S WORM POWDERS

CONTAIN NO NARCOTICS, EASILY TAKEN, QUICKLY AND THOROUGHLY CLEANSE EVEN THE MOST DELICATE SYSTEM. AS SWEET AS SUGAR

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Some good offerings in Used Machinery. How about your one or two-horse scuffles, or new plow. Haying tools are necessary. Frost & Wood, Cockshutt goods are unsurpassed for efficiency. Louden's Barn Equipment is supreme. Farm and garden fences and gates. Get your old mower repaired and adjusted and made to work like new. Bring in your repair list early in the season. Protect your potatoes from vermin. One application is sufficient. Your patronage always welcome. Prompt service and careful attention. Phone morning or evening.

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Watches, Jewellery and Silverware of all kinds repaired and cleaned.

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Fine selection of China and Crockery, Cut Glass, etc., at sale prices.

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H. W. HINTON
Jeweller and Gift Shoppe
Acton, Ontario

August Sale!
Of Summer Footwear

Clearing lines at Very Attractive Prices. All sizes and varieties.

H. L. Harrison
We Close Every Wednesday Afternoon Except December

AUGUST SALES

BLACK DUCHESS SILK AT REDUCED PRICE
30 yards only in this piece of Duchess Silk, 38 inches wide, heavy weight, all pure silk. Regular price $2.50 yard. Special this week $1.95

NAVY CREPE DE CHENE
Navy Crepe de Chene, all pure silk. Extra good value at $2.50. Special $1.95

250 YARDS MILL ENDS
Pure Linen Towelling, stripes and plain, with blue and red borders. These ends are good value at 25c per yard. The lengths are 1 yard to 5 yards, and you save 30 per cent. on every end you buy.

Specials in Grocery Dept.

Red Sockeye Salmon half for 25c
Red Salmon, 1 for 35c
2 RINSO regular 10c, for 10c
Black Cat Shoe Paste for 20c
2 Hard Water Soap for 15c
Calumet Soap Chips 2 for 25c
GOOD WASH BOARD regular 55c, for 40c

McLean & Co.
MILL STREET ACTON, ONT.

August Sale Values
At the Maple Leaf Economy Store

Men's Tweed Suits regular up to $22 $9.95
$12.95 & $14.50
Men's Strong Work Shirts, double stitched, double yoke, breast pockets, reg. 98c, for 79c
Men's Fancy Socks, regular 50c per pair. Special 3 pairs $1.00
Men's Celluloid Collars, sizes from 14 to 17 at 19c
Cotton Thread, in black and white, 150 yard spools special, 6 spools for 29c
Ladies' Silk and Wool Sweater Coats, regular $4.00 for $2.95
Ladies' Silk Stripe Bloomers, reg. 45c for 29c
Ladies' Silk Hose regular 70c, for 49c
Children's Dresses, sizes up to 6 years, regular $2.95, for $1.95
Children's Lisle Socks, regular 39c for 25c
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Round Steak per lb. 22c
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Canned Corn per tin 14c
Canned Peas per tin 14c
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LOST
Gold watch, between Wonderland Theatre and Victoria Avenue, on Saturday morning. Finder please leave at Miss Murray's Millinery Shop and receive reward

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