The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1927

HALLOWE'EN

Hallowe'en comes in October,
It's oodles and oodles of fun
To pretend we are witches and ghoulies
And shriek when we make the folks run.

We'll duck for a tubful of apples,
Our mother'll tell fortunes in tea,
Big sister will go downstairs backward
To see who her lover shall be!

They tell me All Saints' Day was one time
The name that they gave Hallowe'en,
But the saints all seem to have scattered
Since children appeared on the scene.

Grandma, she thinks it is dreadful
To play I'm a witch, so she'll run
But I'm only pretending to scare her—
It's oodles and oodles of fun!

Neighborhood News

GEORGETOWN

Dr. T. N. Marcellus, of Hamilton, was in town.

Miss Hazel Cleave is visiting with friends in Paris.

Mr. C. Walker, of Paris, visited with Georgetown friends on Monday.

Mrs. James C. Hutt, of Hamilton, is spending the week with her cousin, Mrs. H. W. Kennedy.

Mr. R. D. Gardner and Mr. James Gardner, of Orangeville, visited with Georgetown friends last week.

Miss Lucy Harding has returned after spending a month visiting friends and relatives at Stratford and St. Mary's.

Miss Aileen Groat, who has just graduated from the Secretarial Department of the Royal Business College, is now in the office of the Charles Bread Co. Ltd., Toronto.—Herald.

BURLINGTON

Mr. S. J. Greer was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital for treatment last week.

Claude Prescott and Wm. Anderson are on a hunting and fishing trip to Harrow Bay.

Mrs. R. H. Proctor has returned home from a two weeks' visit with her son, George, and wife, at Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Williams and Mr. and Mrs William Hammond left on Monday morning on a week's motor trip to Watkin's Glen, Elmira, N. Y., and Washington.

Fred Watson, Jr., shot a wild goose, while out hunting wild ducks on the lake, on Thursday morning last. It was a very fine specimen, and geese are very rarely seen around here.

At a meeting of the executive of the Burlington Horticultural Society, held on Wednesday evening last, it was decided to plant the peonies donated by the Prince of Wales in one of the town parks. The spot chosen for planting the bulbs will not be divulged until they grow up.—Gazette.

ERIN

Miss Barbara Leitch, who has been at Midland, returned home recently.

Mr. William Crouch, of Hamilton, spent Sunday with his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Richardson, of Windsor, called on friends here on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Scott and son, Wilfred, motored and spent Sunday in Toronto.

James Hillyard, lot 27, 6th line, West Caledon, had seventeen sheep killed and worried by dogs, one night recently.

Mrs. F. Jackman, who has been employed at the Busholme Inn for the summer, has gone to her home in Toronto.

Miss Mary McEnaney, of Catract, was the victim of a painful accident on Tuesday when she fell and broke her left wrist.

Dr. Clark and Mrs. Clark, and Mr. and Mrs. Hackett, of Meaford, visited Erin on Sunday. Dr. Clark is a son of the late Rev. Clark, who was a pastor of the Methodist Church here about fifty-eight years ago. He enjoyed the visit to the scene of his youth and in conversation with some of the old-timers, recalled many amusing incidents.—Advocate.

OAKVILLE

Reeve Morden and Mrs. Morden visited over the week-end with their daughter, Mrs. Roy Shaw, of Newmarket.

Chief Hillmer was judge of light horses at the Streetsville Fair on Saturday last. There was a fine display of road horses.

George Hillmer, M. P. P., and Mrs. Hillmer returned from Winnipeg on Saturday after attending the big Conservative Convention in the busy Manitoba capital They report a record attendance, great enthusiasm, and the meeting of several former Oakvillians now living in Winnipeg.—Star.

Mr. and Mrs. Shea, of Toronto, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Chamberlain over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs F. B. Henry, of Winona, were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Elliot, Douglas Avenue, for a few days last week.

Captain and Mrs. Calvert are spending a few days in Toronto in connection with the 46th Annual Congress of the Salvation Army in Canada East.

The many friends of Mr James Hunter were pleased to see him out and around town again this week, after his long indisposition.

The "stop" signs are being erected for the guidance of motorists on the streets of Oakville. These signs mean what they say, and not maybe, so drivers should govern themselves accordingly.—Record

MILTON

Mrs Ingle, of Woodstock, and Mrs O Peldmore, of Cayuga, are visiting their sister, Miss Joyce.

Mrs. G. A. Hemstreet, Mrs J. D. Mackenzie and Mrs. G. M Barton spent Monday at Toronto.

Dr M. E Gowland is having an addition built to his fine residence, to enable him to have his office enlarged

Milton's "stop" signs mean "Stop" says Chief Constable Chapman The reckless driver, however, has no regard for the meaning of signs, or anything else which interferes with his selfish wishes

R. J. Adams has received the appointment of assistant at the C. P. R. station. Arthur, succeeding G. M Barton, who has moved to Milton—Champion

Norman R. White, of St. Williams, spent the week-end here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. White.

Mrs. Ben Cass, formerly of Milton, but more recently of Galt, has been visiting friends in town.

On account of the epidemic of scarlet fever the Milton Public School commencement will be postponed until a later date.

We are pleased to learn that Dr. G. S. King, who was operated upon in the Galt Hospital some time ago, and was quite ill afterwards, is now making good progress towards recovery.

Mrs. P. Earl Newton, Norwood Park, Chicago, sister of Mrs. Hews and Miss Harrison, who was called to Milton by the serious illnes of Mr. S. R. Hews, returned home on Tuesday evening.—Reformer.

The Free Press' Short Story

DAD'S HALLOWE'EN

THE afternoon October sun came down in slanting rays and made the great beech trees on Ferguson Hill a vivid mass of red and yellow. Morton Knowles, as he walked up and down the road below them, missed all their beauty. With his hands jammed down in his pockets and his hat pulled low, he was an eloquent picture of discontent. His jerky, unmusical whistling only emphasized the gloom his appearance bespoke.

From further in the woods came the sound of the heavy blows of sledges and axes. The men in the construction gang were giving the construction company's new trestle some very important licks right there. Morton himself realized that more than anyone else. He wanted to have it ready for inspection by the last of November.

The president had already announced to the public that cars would be running on the West National line by the first of the year. And it was up to the superintendent and crew to make the president's promise good.

Morton wondered if there would be a letter from the superintendent in to-day's mail. It wasn't time for one but yesterday one of the officials, who had visited the trestle had been almost panicy over the trestle being "so far from completion."

"We'll lose thousands of dollars on the deal," he raged, "besides prestige. We promised the Chamber of Commerce of Newton we'd have the line ready for the Christmas shoppers."

His raving had continued though Morton tried to assure him that the trestle would be done long before Christmas. All this raging had made the Swedish workmen more resentful and sullen. A few days before they had become angry when an inefficient Swedish cook had been sent back to town and a capable Irish one brought in his place.

"I suppose the mail will hold a call-down from headquarters," Morton growled at the brilliant beeches, "and the usual volume of complaints from dad. It will need just those two things to put me in a condition past relief. If I only had a brother or sister to move into the old home and make dad comfortable like mother did."

Years before, when his mother died, his father had refused to leave the old family home. He had kept the big place in good condition while he managed his store and Morton was in the grades and High School. Then, when Morton had gone away to college, friends had insisted upon his selling or closing the house and moving into smaller quarters.

But he refused. After the store was sold and the money from it put on interest, the old man had settled down for a long rest in the house he loved so well. It had needed repairs and Morton used his first year's salary in the remodelling of the home.

When that was done he had decided to go farther away from his home town, where he might have a better chance to succeed. He wrote a letter to his college chums in a construction camp in South America. He was free now to come down and help in the big bridges they were building. He could begin at a low salary, for he had no expense save his own. His day with small jobs was over.

But just before the letter came telling him there was a place in the bridge company for him, his father's one boyhood friend left in the town had died. He refused even to consider his son's leaving then. He said he would live only a few years at the most and he felt he should have one happiness—the nearness of his son.

So Morton turned his back on South America and stayed home to work for the traction company, and try to bring a little happiness into his father's life. All week long he wrote him cheering letters. On Sundays he went into the town and spent the day with the old man, who lived from one week-end to the next merely for the day he spent with "Mort."

The sun's rays began to grow longer and longer. Morton, noticing them, started back to camp. There was supper to oversee. Not that he could give the cook any directions, but he could aid him with the moral support he needed when threatened by the unfriendly Swedes.

Just as he reached the long row of poplar trees in front of the camp he saw the mail-carrier's wagon coming up the road His usual exchange of pleasantries with the "young boss" was followed by the ceremony of lighting out the mail. Morton carried the big bag to the bunk house. There he dropped on to the front steps, sat so he could watch the men at the trestle, and began to sort the letters.

His pile was finally apart from that of the other men. There were his usual orders from the company, but no reprimand as the minor official had promised him. The orders were accompanied by two letters. The one with the South American postmark made his heart leap with anticipation and then sink again. The other came from his dad.

The South American letter was read first Billy Saunders wrote that in three months' time there would be a big opening in their company and the directors wanted Morton to take it. His fame as a trestle builder had equalled to the jungles. The salary seemed magnificent.

"If only dad," Morton began. At the same minute he noticed a confusion at the trestle With a rush Morton was down there in time to intercept a fight between a Swedish and an Irish workman. After the peppery little son of Erin had been sent back to his part of the trestle, Morton asked the Swede a few direct questions about the quarrel

"It ban 'cause Hallowe'en," the Swede explained "Dem Irish hoboes ban goin' to fool us and take our clothes and dings."

Morton shook his head. Hallowe'en! He remembered how the Irish boys back in his home town had made that evening a time to get even with their enemies with the roughest tricks imaginable These Irish workmen at the camp might do something so serious in their spirits of fun that the Swedish workmen would leave in a body And the trestle would not be done according to contract.

He knew nothing short of a miracle could stop the Irishmen's plans. He decided hurriedly that the best thing he could do was to go to town and try to secure a reserve force of men in case the disaster which loomed would break. That would take time, to be sure, but it was better than to be left with only half a force of workmen.

Stopping long enough to give the Swede a few words of good working advice, Morton told him to set an example of good nature for his countrymen by patching up the troubles with the Irish. "You can all have good times together if you do," he ended.

His father's letter rustled in his hand just as the provision car from town rushed into camp. There had been some bolts for a broken machine coming on it, so the young boss once more put the letter back into his pocket and went to examine the bolts. And when he had almost reached the car he saw his father carrying a big battered suit-case climbing from the rear steps of the car.

That the box of bolts Morton hurried on to the old man, whose face was beaming. He took the battered valise "I beat that letter here, I swan I did," he chuckled. "So I get to tell the whole story myself. I'm not so mad now, so I can tell the story better."

The town School Board had decided to build a new High School. And the site selected was the old Knowles home. Condemnation proceedings had been initiated, and all the old man could do was sign the deed to his home.

Morton patted his shoulder and helped him to the camp. There he left him to rest while he looked after the bolts. The supper bell sounded while Morton was at the toolhouse, but he went on with his work until it was finished. And then he went back to his father.

The old man was not lonely. He had joined the workman at the supper table and was engaging in a hearty conversation with a Swede on one side and an Irishman on the other. He had already made friends with the cook, had discovered his supply of pumpkins, and obtained consent of that worthy individual to carve some of them into pumpkin lanterns.

"The Irish boys," he laughed to Morton, "been already a-tellin' me they're goin' to have Hallowe'en party and have invited me to help out. I low I'll join 'em in it."

His son described the sort of party the Irish were to have. He told of the threat the Swedes had made to leave the camp if they were made the butt of the Irishmen's jokes. He warned his father not to let himself be drawn into the melee. He told what it meant to him.

"I 'low," the old fellow stretched his head back in the manner of the order of the Kentucky fourth-mule to be years ago."

Morton nodded. "It will mean the loss of a lot of good workmen for me," he exclaimed, "The Swedes are my best heavy workers. The Irish can't be beat on the steel work, but when it comes to the masonry give me the northern countries every time."

"Morton," the old man looked thoughtful, "won't you turn over that Hallowe'en party to me? I 'low I can handle those young fellers."

"I could down in Kentucky. 'Pears like I could handle anybody but the School Board."

Morton hesitated. Such an attempt would meet failure and he hated to worry his father. But the old man was anxious. "I won't do no harm," he urged, "and I might do a lot of good. If I could I'd feel that I was doing something to sort of pay you back for all the things you've done for me and the old home."

A nod gave him permission. Morton went back to his accounts and his father moved to a corner of the room, in which the Irish were plotting. The older man listened to their plans just a minute and then joined the conspirators. And before the evening was over he seemed to be their leader.

The next morning brought the assistant superintendent of the company to camp. He was an irritable fellow and everywhere he went he stirred up discontent. Morton was tired after a sleepless night. South America was once more an impossibility to him. He felt that the third chance to go there would never be offered him. And as for building big bridges, he never would have another opportunity "I'll have to be contented to be a little man," he tried to make himself believe.

But somehow he couldn't until the assistant came. His complaints over the work on the bridge, his fear of their failure to keep their promise, and his abuse of everyone in general made Morton sure that he was far from being successful. And while he worried over the problem confronting him he forgot South America, his father and everything except the trestle and his agreement.

Directly after the disgruntled official had taken his leave, Morton went back to his blue-print and contract. For an hour he figured steadily At the end of his work he had found one way of hope. If not a day's work were lost during this month the trestle would be finished. Nothing could prevent it.

When he looked up from his books his father was close beside his desk. He had brought his son's supper. "You forgot your meal," he said, "and I know a body can't work without food."

He slipped out while Morton ate. If he had not brought the food to the desk Morton would have gone without supper. He realized with a surge of thankfulness how much the food helped him. It gave him more courage and more determination. When he was through he carried the tray back into the dining-room.

There the men were watching two sturdy Irishmen box. Morton recognized the gloves as his old ones he had had at college. "I was goin' to throw them away once," his father said with a smile. "But I couldn't bear to do that. Now the lads like them."

Everyone called the old man "dad." During the day he had written three letters home for some of the Swedes, had helped the cook peel potatoes so that the "boys" could have mashed potatoes instead of the ordinary ones cooked in jackets And mashed potatoes had made everyone much more agreeable. "I wonder," Morton thought, "if dad can really keep peace in this camp over Hallowe'en. He used to work all the boys in this neighborhood If he does that I may win out on this contract. I'll be glad—"

He broke off. He already was glad for the workmen as for himself that the old man had come to the camp "I'll give dad a chance at them," he said, "and I won't interfere."

During the next few days he saw the old man with the cook a great part of the day He learned later that they were planning a big feed of baked beans and pork for Hallowe'en evening. There was to be pumpkin pie and chocolate cake, too.

And then Morton heard the men planning their stunts for the evening. "I learned that stunt idea from the Rotary Club back in town," the old man confided "They had one every meetin', and none of the fellers would miss a meetin' on account of their stunt."

The Swedes were very interesting in their "stunts." The Irishmen's eyes twinkled and Morton trembled at that until the father told him the Irish were plotting to fool the men of their own nationality, because he had made them see that the Swedes would not appreciate their Irish humor.

While the evenings were gay and full of plans, the days were full of work. The quarrels grew fewer. The men, expectant of a surprise at every evening meal, worked better for it. And as always, where there is peace, there was prosperity and work was accomplished.

The evening of the party arrived. Morton was not allowed a hint of the programme until he took his place at the table and saw the feast the cook had made ready for the men. Then came the entertainment. And Morton enjoyed it.

The boxing contests, the singing of wild sea songs, the "stunts" tricks, and the good humor prevalent everywhere encouraged him. He knew positively that the big trestle would be done, the company would be pleased, and his job intact for a long time at least.

But his job received attention a little later in the evening after the workmen had gone to their bunkhouse and Father Knowles had joined him in their room. The old man's eyes were sparkling. He had forgotten his home, which was now being made into a schoolhouse.

"It's great work," he told his son as Lucy talked about the trestle "but I always hoped you'd build bridges. What's wrong with us acceptin' the South American job? I'd like to work down in the jungles."

The letter had come into his hands one day, and without dreaming of it's contents the old man had read it. And it had made him more determined to succeed with the party and the workmen. "I made that Hallowe'en party go big," he coaxed, "and showed you I was good for something. I wouldn't waterleg you in South America, do you think?"

"South America!" Morton exulted at the old man's bright eyes; "and you really want to go?"

After the emphatic nod he continued, "You hinder me?" He shook his head. "Why, you're the biggest help I ever had. The biggest Hallowe'en trick you ever played on me in your life you played this year when you showed you were more useful in handling men than I am."

He went to his trunk. His father watched him. "What are you after?" he asked. "A telegraph blank," Morton answered. "I'm going to send Billy Saunders one, telling him when to expect us. I think he deserves a little of dad's Hallowe'en happiness too."

FULL REPARATION

A short story of reparation, which contains material for a romance, is told in the "Journal" of an English clergyman. A bachelor residing in lodgings undressed one night by the sitting-room fire, wound up his watch, deposited it, with his chain, two seals and a ring attached to it, on the chimney-piece, and then jumped into bed in the next room. In the morning, on going to the chimney-piece for his watch, he discovered that the ring, which he valued, was gone.

No one had entered the room except the maid-servant, who had swept it early in the morning, and laid the table for breakfast. She was so pretty, neat, gentle and well-behaved that the gentleman was loath to tell her of his suspicions, but the moral certainty he entertained of her guilt and the value he set on the ring overcame his scruples.

On hearing herself charged with the theft, the maid started, indignantly denied the charge, and burst into tears. The landlady espoused the servant's cause, strong language was used, the gentleman's blood was roused, and he brought the matter before the bench of magistrates Though they were prepossessed by the girl's looks and manners, the circumstantial evidence obliged them to commit her to jail for trial at the next assizes.

A few weeks after the gentleman went into the confectioner's for an ice-cream While he was pausing after each spoonful, he saw something glistening in the sunlight between the joints of the flooring. He inserted the point of his penknife between the boards, and to his amazement flashed up his lost ring

He ran back to his lodgings, referred to his diary, and found that on the evening he had left his watch and its appendages on the chimney-piece he had been at the same confectioner's He thought the matter over, and concluded that the ring must have become detached and fallen on the floor, where it had been wedged in between the boards of the flooring.

Stung to the quick by self-reproach for tarnishing the good name of an innocent girl, he drove off to the jail where she was confined, explained matters, procured her release, had an interview with the girl, offered her his hand, and in due time married her

Worms cause fretfulness and rob the infant of sleep, the great nourisher. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will clear the stomach and intestines and restore healthfulness.

GREAT CREDIT COMES TO THE OLDER ACTON

At the Great Contest at Venice, Italy. The Aeroplane with an Acton Engine Won

At the maritime aeroplane and seaplane contest for the Schneider Trophy, at Venice, Italy, this month, Flight-Lieutenant Webster beat both the aeroplane speed records by a handsome margin The engine which he used was made, in its entirety, at the Napier Machine Works, Acton England.

The Acton Gazette reports that his average was 281.49 miles an hour, against the previous best of 278.5 miles per hour for land aeroplanes and 258.3 miles per hour for seaplanes. The race took place off the Lido at Venice Two of the three British seaplanes finished, but none of the Italians did so.

The Schneider Trophy is a gold, silver and bronze ornament. It was presented by M. Jacques Schneider, an enthusiastic French sportsman and pioneer of aviation, to the Aero Club of France in 1912

The Acton Gazette reminds its readers that the British victory in the Schneider race of 1923, when 177 miles per hour was attained, as compared with an average of 281 this year, was also due to the use of the Napier engine.

TOO LATE

On the screen were two heads very close together The adjoining hero was kissing the blonde heroine, to the accompaniment of sentimental music

A man in the cinema nudged his neighbor

"My life has been wasted according to that," he whispered, nodding to the screen "I've had three wives, but I never kissed any of 'em the way that fellow's done it."

"It's never too late," remarked the other man, who had a sense of humor.

"It is," was the sad reply "I'm so short-winded these days."

HALLOWE'EN

As I was walking homeward in the middle of the street
I saw a figure stiff and tall draped in a winding sheet
Nine cats were sitting on the fence and all of them were black;
A witch upon a broomstick rode across the moon and back.

I found the house door swinging wide, the candles flickered blue,
The clock at midnight wrung its hands, the mirror cracked in two,
A shadow that was not my own arose and touched by sleeve
And went before me up the stair—for that was Hallow Eve.

HOME

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.

The wandering mariner, whose eyes explore
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Where woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of love and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet

Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around.
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

James Montgomery

THE OLD FARM

Some years ago when just a lad when life was full of charm, I'd spend the extra time I had upon my uncle's farm I rode the horses to and fro, and stacked the golden corn, I loved to hear the rooster crow at break of early morn. I'd follow uncle's stately tread as he ploughed up the soil, and uncle he quite often said he much enjoyed hard toil And when the harvest rolled around it was my keen delight to help the men clear up the ground with all my youthful might

On Sunday uncle hitched his horse as we drove into church, and heard the minister discourse on catching Sunday perch And when we'd come a-jogging home and eat a hearty meal, why uncle she would make a crack about the roasted veal

But now, some years have passed away, my uncle's farm has changed The scene that I view there to-day is differently arranged. The stand-ing may my uncle owned, the one that pulled the plough, for many years has been dethroned and things are modern now A tractor turns the fertile land when uncle plants his truck, and nearby has uncle's brand, his name is inked with luck. On market day he hands a spud upon his fast ton truck, and "way he goes" exploding mid like any farm-yard duck. On Sunday when comes time for church he drives a flivver out, and down the road with reeling lurch he lets her have her snout And coming back we drive right in and put old Liz away beneath her roof of shining tin, and call our jaunt a day.

So looking back upon the farm where once I loved to play, I think that it still holds the charm, but in another way For everything is motorized, and uncle has more time I think the place more civilized, it is a place sublime So now when comes vacation days, as in the days of yore, I head my flivver on her way to uncle's farm once more.

Yes, many changes have come since I was a boy on the old farm, sixty years ago

THEN

1.—We plowed with a yoke of oxen and came to the village in an axe-art or sleigh

2.—The plow was a long-handled, high beam affair, without jointer or wheel

3. The harrows were rigid with wooden frames and iron teeth

4.—We sowed all grain broadcast by hand from a bag, slung over the shoulder

5. We reaped the grain in the autumn with a grain cradle by hand, and tied the sheaves with a band made of the grain.

6.—The hay was mowed by forkfuls from the load and the grain stored into the barn a sheaf at a time from the wagon rack.

7. The threshing machine was a small, clumsy affair and power was supplied by a horse power driven by the teams of the neighbors who came to help with the threshing.

8. There was no blower to carry chaff and straw just where it will be most convenient, and they were carried out on canvas carriers.

9. Grain and produce were conveyed to mill and market in the heavy farm wagon

10.—The family went to church and to the village stores in the same heavy wagon and when prosperous times came, in the old-fashioned democrat.

11. The milk was set in shallow crocks and pans for the cream to rise

12.—The cream was churned in the old dash churn and the butter worked with the old-fashioned butter ladle.

13. Butter sold at the stores for 15c a pound, rarely 25c, in trade for store goods.

14. Eggs sold at 10c a dozen, and if 12c was paid the farmer's wife felt that she was especially favored.

NOW

1. Most of the plowing is done on the same old farm with a gang plow, drawn by two or three horses, and has a seat for the plowman, or with a tractor, similarly equipped

2. The people of this farm, and nearly every other one of the community, come to town in a fine automobile

3. The work done by the old horses is now done by spring tooth steel harrows, cultivators, disc machines and scufflers.

4. All grain is now sown with a seed drill, which can be set exactly so as to sow the desired number of bushels to the acre.

5.—The self-binder, with its twine-bound sheaves, long ago replaced the cradle and the reaper Some farmers in the West have adopted a combination machine, which cuts the grain and threshes it and delivers the clean threshed grain into bags or boxes, ready for delivery at the elevator.

6.—Hay is now mowed by mechnical fork up by slings, the whole load being placed in the mow in two or three forkfuls by sling loads, by horse power and automatically.

7. Present day threshing machines are a giant outfit, moved by traction engines, which also supply power for operation. The machine threshes and cleans the wheat or other grain, and delivers chaff and straw by fan blowers, to any bin or hay or stack, anywhere desired in the barn or stable.

8. Motor trucks or motor cars now take the grain and other produce to mill or market in one-quarter of the time necessary with the old team and farm wagon. The farm stock sold is now delivered direct from farm to stock yard in the city by motor truck.

9. The members of the family, old and young, travel everywhere, far and near now, by automobile. But it seems just as late, usually, when the young folks get home at night, as it was when their parents or grandparents travelled by buggy or wagon

10.—Every farm now has a cream separator, run by hand or by power.

11.—Few farmers' wives now make butter The separated cream is sent to the city, or the creamery, and the farm is now supplied with machine-made butter.

12.—Dairy butter sold in Acton last week brought 45c to 50c, and creamery about the same

13. Fresh eggs were sold by farmers' wives last week for 50c, cash, at homes in town.

Scenes change; methods change; times change; families change; but the dear old farm homestead forever retains much of its original contour and attractiveness. No one with any real conception of nature can visit the old farm and farm surroundings without a thrilling of the heart-strings and an innate thought that the visit was worth while. The old home farm will ever attract all those who have imbibed the sentiment of the poet:

"Breathes there a man
With soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native land?"

The Old Man

An Oil of Merit.—Dr Thomas' Eclectric oil is not a jumble of medicinal substances thrown together and pushed by advertising, but the result of the careful investigation of the healing qualities of certain oils as applied to the human body. It is a rare combination and it won and kept public favor from the first A trial of it will carry conviction to any who doubt its power to repair and heal.

BEEF ON THE HOOF

According to the Telephone Review the pole line gang had just come into the restaurant straight off the job and they were hungry

"What'll you have?" asked the lady in waiting of one of the gang's biggest and toughest.

"Beef!"

"How do you want it?" she persisted.

He waved an enormous and impatient hand "Oh, drive in the steer and I'll bite off what I want!"

Druggist Tells Easy Way To End Bladder Weakness

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"Ah, but you should have seen the one that got away."

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Weekly Fashion Hint

BOTH CHIC AND COMFORTABLE

The smartest of the smart are wearing this new Paris creation—a coat of black kasha trimmed with beige uncut velvet. The fronts are dart-fitted on the shoulders, underfaced and rolled with the collar to form revers. Two different collars are provided, however, one being a straight tailored effect arranged to stand upright at the back. Medium size requires 2¼ yards 54-inch black and ¾ yard beige material

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