The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1927

CANADIAN FARMERS' TOUR ITINERARY NOW COMPLETE

The itinerary is now practically complete for the marketing tour of 100 to 150 Canadian farmers covering Scotland, England and Denmark in January and February next, being organized and conducted under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture of the Canadian National Railways with the endorsation of the Departments, and with the co-operation of the ministry of Agriculture of the British Government and the Agricultural Products representative of the Canadian Government in London. Dr. W. J. Black, Director of Agriculture for the Canadian National Railways, has been in England for the past month completing arrangements for the tour.

The party will be entertained, while in Great Britain by many corporations and public bodies at which addresses will be given by leading British authorities engaged in Empire marketing, British Agriculture and live stock breeding. Many problems of mutual interest will be discussed.

Unlike the South African Farmers' Tour, the Canadians will devote most of their time to study of markets, marketing methods and standards, with a few visits to outstanding studs and herds where breeds of particular interest to Canadian farmers are kept. The party will land at Liverpool on January 18th, and embark from Glasgow on February 19th.

A visit will be paid to the corn exchanges, fruit, produce and cattle markets at which a preponderance of Canadian cattle are sold. At Windsor, by special permission, the herds and flocks on His Majesty's Farms will be seen.

In Scotland a tour will be made through Mid-Lothian and East Lothian to give the party an opportunity to see some of Scotland's finest farms. In Ayr it is expected to visit the Ayrshire herds of Mr. Thomas Barr at Hobaland and A. W. Montgomerie at Ochiltree and the world famous Clydesdale stud of James Kilpatrick as well as the birthplace and farm of Robert Burns.

The visit to Scotland will be coincident with the Perth Shorthorn and Bull Sale. Two days will be spent at it, during which it is anticipated some of the visitors will take advantage of the opportunity to make purchases. The tour will also include Aberdeen and a motor trip will include famous herds in the vicinity of that city.

At Glasgow the co-operative markets and Merkland Cattle Wharves and the harbor and storage facilities of that city will be inspected. The party will be taken over the offices and factories of the Scottish Co-Operative Wholesale Society. The historic sights of Edinburgh will comprise one of the most interesting features of the whole tour. The tour has had an enthusiastic reception in Scotland where prominent persons in localities mentioned are co-operating to be able to enable the visitors to learn as much as possible of Scottish markets and agriculture.

In a recent interview in England regarding the tour, Dr. Black said: "We want our people to see at first hand and know more of the work being done by the Empire marketing board in enlarging the field for Empire products. This affects us in grain, bacon, cheese, butter, fruit, honey and other products. We believe the effect on Empire trade of bringing a large number of our leading farmers into close touch with the old land where they may learn for themselves, will be marked.

"The farmers of Canada," continued Dr. Black, "have developed the world's largest organizations of producers, especially in grain, and their co-operation activities are now being rapidly extended to other products. We believe that, in the matter of co-operation at least, the farmers here can take a leaf out of our book. There is a strong and close bond of interest between our great Canadian producers, pools and the world's greatest consumers organizations as represented by the S. C. W. S. at Glasgow and the C. W. S. at Manchester. We have been invited to visit both societies and I am certain no part of the tour will be more interesting than an inspection of the offices, mills and factories of these great co-operatives."

HE COULD RIDE

One of Colonel Dodge's stories, in "Riders of Many Lands," is of a plain, old cook, a quiet slouch of a fellow, mighty clever over his pots and pans. The boys lived in clover, and voted Jim the best of his kind, but it was noticeable that he could not be got near a pony, or anything else on four legs, unless he could cut it up for the kettle. Finally, in the spring, when the broncos had to be got into working order again, and the business of breaking them was lively, Jim would sometimes join the circle of bystanders, and perhaps pass his comments with the rest.

One day, when one of the best of the men had tried all his ponies except a certain vicious piebald, a notorious outlaw, which it was really a risky business to touch, but which looked sheepish enough when standing still, somebody asked Jim if he didn't want the job of saddling and riding him.

"Wal, I guess not," said Jim; "but I think I'd be spryer about doin' it if I'd got to."

All hands fell to laughing, and many cried out:

"Try it, Jim, try it."

"Wal, boys," answered the cook, "I don't know much about them bronks, but I guess I could ride him."

After that there was no room for backing out. Jim made a good deal of fuss getting ready, and was awkward with his spurs, but finally the pony was roped and saddled, and Jim prepared to mount.

"Made yet will, Jim?" asked one. "Why not tie a pot on your head, Jim?" said another.

Finally the cook was in the saddle and the bronco rose, and the crowd backed away respectfully. For an instant the bronco stood still, ears back, and eyes full of mischief. He had not been mounted for months. Then he arched his back and gave little hoist and a lash-out with his off hind leg. The boys looked to see Jim topple, but the quondam cook was changed beyond recognition. The slouch had all gone out of him. He sat like a Centaur heeding neither rein nor stirrup.

Nettled at Jim's strong grasp the bronco began in earnest. He reared and plunged upward, he plunged forward head down, he kicked as only a Kentucky mule or an outlaw bronco can kick, he pitched and came down on his stiff legs with a force which would have unseated nine out of ten of the boys who stood looking on. Jim never budged from the saddle. He seemed lashed to it. The boys stared, with eyes like saucers. "Hullo!" and a long "Whew!" was all you heard.

The fun went on and Jim's spirits seemed to rise with the occasion. He chuckled audibly, grabbed off his hat, lapped the pony over the head, kick slashed him between hoists, laughed outright, and screamed to the blue-looking crowd:

"Cotched a tenderfoot, boys, didn't yer? Didn't know I'd been a bronk buster for four years!"

Then with a "Go it!" to the pony, he dug his spurs into him and drove he half-frightened, half-astonished east hither and thither at will.

"Guess I'll go bustin' agin! Feels like old times! Hooray!"

It was great fun—for Jim.

MR. PEASLEE ON THE UNCERTAIN RESULTS OF OBJECT LESSONS

Caleb Peaslee, hanging a tin coal-oil can against the wheel to frighten a stray dog away from the back door, had barely time to grab the reins to prevent his horse from bolting. The school-teacher, who had just climbed into the wagon to accompany Mr. Peaslee to the village store, adjusted his hat with a couple of irritated jerks.

"Ain't a mile of bagin done," said Caleb soothingly. "I ketched him in plenty of time so's you wa'n't in any danger, and you hat needed to be yanked back a speck anyway. You had it canted down too far over your nose."

The teacher said nothing.

"The noise didn't seem to bother the dog any either," Caleb continued. "Fur's I could see he was right there handy to the door jest the same's he was fore I kicked up such a racket and scart the hoss. That's the way it goes sometimes, you start to read a lesson to somebody, and the first thing you know another one's got all the benefit of it."

The teacher sniffed: "I don't feel benefitted very much, if you mean that!" she observed a little stiffly.

"Oh, I wa'n't thinkin' of you that way," Caleb explained placidly. "I was thinkin' of the hoss." He tugged at the reins. "Kind of puts me in mind some way," he remarked musingly, "of one time when Jotham Beebe undertook to help out his wife in makin' some custard pies—unbeknown to her, that is to say."

The teacher's irritation was past, she wanted the story, and Caleb allowed the horse to slow into a walk.

"Years ago," Caleb began, "Jotham Beebe was quite a figger here in town. Jote Beebe, he was called,—and I can jest remember him when I was only a lad. He was one of those men who used to be more common than they are now by reason of bein' always in town office of some kind year after year. Now-days they swap round offener, but them times a man'd likely hold the same office twenty year, and he'd get kind of wedded to it and hate to lose it.

"Wal, Jote Bebe was a man like that; he'd been selectman for years, and folks said he sot more by that town job than he did by his family. He talked more 'bout it than he did of his family anyway. Another thing, he was a close-pursed man, every cent had a bigger value to him than a shillin' had to most anybody else. In them times a meal of victuals wa'n't figered anything to most folks, they raised their provender on their farms, the heft of it, and one mouth more or less didn't make much more of a hole in the p'tater bin and pork barrel.

"I don't know's you ever hearn tell of colporteurs, men that used to go round from place to place with tracts and the like, delivering 'em, and living on the bounty of the communities where they happened to be?"

"Wal," said Mr. Peaslee as the teacher shook her head, "there used to be such, and, while I s'pose some of them must have been nice men, this p'ticular one I've got in mind wa'n't anything of the kind. He was a disputatious, crabbed critter, and nobody liked to have him round, but nobody'd ever think of turnin' him away. Hosp'tality in them days meant feedin' a stranger under your roof whether you liked him or not.

"One time this colporteur got to town, and it so happened he was at Jote Beebe's come dinner time. Mis' Beebe was a master good cook, and they set such a bountiful table that the colporteur made it his way to get back there bout supper time, and from that he stayed all night, and to make it sort be let on to Mis' Beebe that he b'lieved he'd like to stay there while his errand kept him in town. And she, not knowin' how to say anything diff'rent, made him welcome.

"When Jote got home and found out about it he was terrible put out, but he couldn't have the name of not bein' hospitable, so he sort of cast round in his mind for a way out that's save his face and at the same time get him shet of feedin' and housin the critter. And finly he hit on somethin' he figgered would work.

"The colporteur was major fond of custard pies, and he'd eat three or four pieces at a meal, so one forenoon Jote happened into the kitchen where his wife was bakin' some, and she had a whole bowlful of the custard settin' on the table, ready to pour into the pies. Jest at that minute she heard a squawk from her hens and run outside to see if it was a hawk, and Jote grabbed a bottle of hoss liniment that stood over the sink and dumped about a pint of it into the custard—liniment strong enough to raise a blister on a maple tree.

"That was jst 'fore town 'meetin' in March, and that night Lawyer James and two-three more of the foremost men in town came up to Jote's to talk over the spring meetin' and town matters. Seein' they drove into the yard jest before supper time, Jote asked them to draw up to the table, he'd figgered he'd speed their votes to get elected. He was so eager to do 'em honor that he let the matter of the custard pies go out of his mind complete.

"They d got about through the meal and were ready for pie when a knock sounded on the door and Jote got up to see what it was. Well, it was a shaver from near by that the colporteur had sent after his dunnage, the man had got a chance to ride to the next town, and as it would save him walkin' he was goin' on then, and he wanted his gripsack. So Jote had to go upstairs and lug it down.

"He'd jest handed it out the door to the boy and was turnin' to go back to the table when he heard sputterin and chokin' s' two or three people were strangling all at once. And when he fore into where the noise was Lawyer James was all but black in the face and drippin' with water the hired man, not knowin' what else to do, had hove a pailful of water over him. And the worst of 'em wa'n't in much better condition.

"Then Jote remembered, and though he did his best to explain it away it didn't do any good. Soon's ever Lawyer James could get breath enough to speak he bid him good evenin' very stiff and went out, and the others making a few remarks that bit into Jote's hide followed him. That year Jote lost his job as selectman and never got it again."

"As I said in the beginnin," Mr. Peaslee concluded, "you can't tell who will see the object lesson plain at, sometimes it's the dog and sometimes it's the hoss."

NOT SURE OF HIMSELF

Over confidence has been the ruin of many a man. It is better not to boast, but rather to remember ourselves lest we also be tempted. So thought a venerable negro, mentioned by the Washington Star.

He had applied for work.

"So you want to do chores for us?" said the gentleman on whom he had called.

"Deed I does."

"Well, I don't know. You look as if you were honest."

"Colonel, I'll tell yer de troof 'bout dat."

"Very good."

"Well, ye see, I spects I'se mighty honest, but I kain't be sho."

"Why not?"

"Kase I ain't had 'nough sperience. I's wifstood watermillions all night 'nough, but I ain't nebber had no forever-face temptations wid chickens."

THE LAZY BRAIN

The house had been very quiet for an hour and a half. In deference to Fred Gaten, working on his final Engineering thesis, the noisy twins had been banished to a neighbor's, the grocery boy and the butcher's boy had been headed off at the gate, and the whole establishment, figuratively speaking, had held its breath. Now Fred had emerged from his seclusion.

"Well, did you get the thesis finished?" asked his Uncle John.

"No, I didn't," Fred admitted miserably. "I just couldn't seem to think clearly, something kept interrupting my ideas."

"O Fred," mourned his mother contritely, "perhaps it was my sweeping; but I did try to be quiet!"

"Humph!" snorted Uncle John. "Fred, I know what's wrong with you—mental laziness."

"Why, John Razzard!" exclaimed Fred's mother indignantly.

"You don't understand, uncle!" Fred protested.

"Oh, don't I? Young man, I'm going to show you something. I think I heard you declare the other day that if you could write an editorial as polished and logical as one of those by Grant Smith in the Globe, you'd die happy."

"You certainly did. He's my ideal of a writer."

"All right, then, come along with me."

Fred was thrilled to discover they were going to visit the editorial offices of the Globe. "I know Grant Smith," his uncle informed him, "and I'm going to show him to you at work."

Fred found his ideal of a writer seated, not in cloistered seclusion, as he had expected, but in one corner of a very large room well filled with men, clacking typewriting machines, and jingling telephones. From the floor above, where the forms of the afternoon edition were being made up, came the sound of pounding, and through the half-opened windows drifted the roar of traffic from the street below.

In the midst of all that ordered confusion Fred's hero sat at a typewriter, picking at the keys slowly, and pausing from time to time to gaze with unseeing eyes at the wall before him.

Fred was horror-struck when his uncle smote the writer familiarly on the shoulder; but Grant Smith scarcely turned his head, regarded his friend's assailant with bare recognition, and waved his hand vaguely toward a vacant chair.

As Fred watched, a messenger boy hitched up beside the worker and was waved away. Presently an office boy called the writer to the telephone, from which he returned in a moment as if in a daze, and resumed his writing without hesitation. Then a fellow-worker strolled over and demanded a match. The writer did not hear him. With a sly wink at Fred, the intruder proceeded to pick Grant Smith's pockets of matches, and bore them off unnoticed by his victim.

A quarter of an hour later Grant Smith's task was done. He summoned a copy boy to carry away his manuscript, and turned with a surprised cry "My George," he exclaimed, grasping Fred's uncle by the hand, "when did you come in?"

As the visitors strolled away from the Globe office Uncle John listened for some time to Fred's enthusiastic praise of Grant Smith. "I don't see how he does it!" Fred marvelled. "How can he write in that madhouse?"

"Simple enough. Grant Smith has trained his brain to work for him. You can do the same thing, so can any man, but few do.

"This morning, in quiet seclusion you couldn't think out your thesis. That was not because anyone interrupted you, but because your brain like the brains of thousands of untrained workers, was playing tricks, and you hadn't the will to keep it at its task. The man who can make his brain obey him, and who can keep his thoughts on the job until his work is done, can succeed not only in writing, but at any task he chooses.

"But how do you start?" Fred demanded.

"How did you win the quarter mile last year?"

"I made up my mind to do it, and began training every day."

"Exactly. Your brain is just another set of muscles. Why not train them?"

A DETECTIVE'S INSTINCT

Not many years ago a detective had a long chase after an accomplished swindler. The fugitive had escaped before his crime was known. He had sailed for the Isthmus under an assumed name and established himself in business in Lima, where he made many friends by his handsome face and pleasing manners. The detective followed him to Peru after several months. As soon as he arrived at Lima, and before he was able to identify the man under a new name, the fugitive learned who he was, and immediately took passage for Valparaiso.

The detective pursued him after a fortnight's delay, and discovered that he had registered at a hotel under a second assumed name, and had made pretences of having business in the interior. After a fortnight spent in unravelling the skein, the detective ascertained that his man had sailed under a third name for Buenos Ayres.

The detective arrived in Buenos Ayres a month behind time. He learned at once that the fugitive had boldly taken passage on an Italian steamer for Europe under his real name. The detective embarked for Europe by a steamer of the same line.

The steamer anchored at Montevideo at the mouth of the Plate, and the passengers went ashore for a few hours. The detective suddenly changed his plans. Instead of returning to the steamer and continuing his voyage to Italy, he sailed for Rio de Janeiro by another vessel.

There he found his man. The fugitive, after taking passage for Naples under his own name, had gone ashore the next morning at Montevideo, and after changing his dress and shaving off his whiskers had sailed for Rio de Janeiro under a fourth assumed name.

With the connivance of the Brazilian officials he was arrested while playing a game of whist at the United States Consul General's house, and taken on board an American steamer.

He offered no resistance. He seemed contented when the long chase had ended, and he was heading northward to be tried for his crime.

"Imprisonment," he said, "cannot be worse than the suspense of feeling that a detective is dogging your steps and hunting you down."

"But why," he asked, "were you not thrown off the scent when you found me booked for Italy under my own name?"

"That was the first honest thing you had done," replied the detective. "It looked like a mask. A detective has to put himself in the rogue's place. At Buenos Ayres I was convinced that you had started for Italy, but I could not understand why you had resumed your own name. At Montevideo it came to me like a flash. I knew that the rogue must have left his ship, disgusted himself and gone to Rio de Janeiro."

TAKE TO THE TIMBER

We are told that "this year's world output of motor cars will run into millions." We are glad of this hint, and will try our best not to be one of the millions.

BEAUTIFUL AND BOUNTIFUL PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY

"The Garden County of Ontario," Enriches its Residents, and Commands Admiration of Visitors

A morning drive from Belleville to Picton through Prince Edward County, and on to Glenora and the Lake on the Mountain, with glimpses of the charming Bay of Quinte along the route, is one of those delightful autumn memories that one likes to lay up for winter reflection. Among those winding and enchanting shores, many of the monarchs of the forest have donned the woodman's axe, and much of the primitive beauty satisfies—and to my mind—but last week was both a feast for the gourmet, multicolored, which is ever a delight to the artist's heart, and the consolidation of an average tourist.

The charm of this famous Quinte and the landed territory lying to its south is no slight measure due to good officers and the bounty of the sun. In the early morning hours, without a cloud, then he fired the proud tops of the eastern pines, presently he was revealed only through cloud rifts, or by shafts of light, and in the afternoon there was a delightful season of dreamy vapourous sunshine, like sweet hours stolen from Indian Summer. Those inlets and the wooded headlands, and the well tilled farms, and the beautiful apple orchards with their abundant yield of rosy fruit crowding the limbs of the trees, are enchanting and constantly changing scenes.

Our objectives in the good old capital town of Picton was the office of The Gazette, and the hospitable home of Mr. A. E. Culman, the energetic editor and his worthy spouse. Mrs. Culman. During an overseas trip these genial friends were our frequent companions, and we learned to esteem them as real friends. Their hospitality was royal and their loyalty to their native county and its varied attractions rendered our visit the more enjoyable. Indeed it gave us valuable information respecting one of Ontario's most popular, and best known counties on the occasion of a first visit within its borders.

Drives through the apple orchards to Wautoma to Lake Consecon, the Sandbanks resort, and to numerous pretty coves and elevated points giving magnificent views of landscape and lake and bays scenery, were full of interest.

Five miles from Picton following "Bay Shore drive" is Glenora and the Lake on the Mountain. This lake is one of nature's phenomena, resting as it does on the edge of a 150-foot cliff overlooking the indented shore-line of the Bay of Quinte below. The lake has no visible inlets and is supposedly fed from underground sources. It is recorded that it rises and falls with Lake Erie over 140 miles distant. The lake is very deep no bottom having been found with a 400 feet of chain. The largest government fish hatchery in Canada is at Glenora.

Picton, a town of 3,700 people, is attractively located on an arm of the Bay of Quinte which is noted for its safe boating, bathing and fishing. These pastimes can be enjoyed against the beautiful scenery of the Bay's indented shore line. Picton harbor is popular port of call every year for yachting parties from the cities of Lake Ontario shores. The town has a lovely motor tourist campsite at Bayside has ample shade and good water and a fine swimming beach. Castle Villeneuve is a beautiful and historical stone built mansion of twenty-five rooms converted into a first class tourist hotel.

Prince Edward County's climate and soil all of a season make for the district has achieved the good reputation as the Garden County of Canada for growing a diversified product of greater value per capita of population than any other County in the Dominion. With a population of 42,000, less than two thirds of them on the farms, over ten million dollars worth of produce has come from the land in one year.

The district is one where mixed farming flourishes. Most important is the total annual value of the canning industry—fruit, peas, corn, pumpkins and largest crop of all tomatoes are raised on hundreds of acres of the fertile land. Over half the factories of the Canadian Canners are located in Prince Edward as well as many privately owned canneries which have turned back over two and a half million dollars to the farmers in one year. In this industry alone the County head the Dominion. A visit to some of these factories during the summer or fall will be a revelation as to the quantity of production of the world's supply of canned goods.

Second in financial returns are the cereal crops which have amounted to nearly the same figures for a year's production. Then comes the dairy industry with the annual record of a million and a half dollars. Prince Edward residents take great pride in the fact that the cheese manufactured in 1926 took first place in the Dominion for quality as determined by the grading staffs of the Federal Government.

A development of great significance this year is the setting aside of the county by proclamation of the Federal government as a district free from bovine tuberculosis.

Live stock production brings in substantial profits yearly. Returns from this industry have totalled as much as a million and a quarter dollars.

Prince Edward County's fruits are renowned in the world markets. The sun shines on the finest apple orchards in Bay, and seasons, quality, the fruit is unmatched, and the annual value of the crop has reached a figure close to the million dollar mark. In the sub district by water the county has a temperate climate and a long season which are essential for the production of high quality fruit. All parts of Prince Edward share in the production. The larger orchards are in the more sheltered positions along the shore line, where many of the drives described show the loaded orchard after orchard laden with thousands of bushels of mellow fruit. A visit in apple blossom time must be a sight to be remembered, but in October, the trees laden with the heavy burdens of rosy cheeked fruit are sights to behold. From one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand barrels of apples are produced annually and the county has never known a crop failure. The Delicious, McIntosh Spy and Snow are the most popular of the varieties.

Berries and small fruits are also grown extensively and to perfection. Whitton Bros., from one acre of strawberries last season enjoyed a yield of 4,000 boxes. Enormous crops of cherries are grown every year. Howard Lawrence from 10 acres of cherries had a net return of $3,000. Oliver Bros. from 15 acres of the same fruit realized $2,200. Mr. Leaven grew 800 boxes of currants on one acre.

Commercial fishing is also a big industry, being an inland county it is not strange that Prince Edward derives big returns from the commercial fishing industry.

Our visit was in every way pleasant and informational. Tourists will always find this county a place of unusual interest.

The town is ably represented by two excellent newspapers, the Times and the Gazette. The latter has a splendid office, equipped with modern machinery and appliances, a credit to Messrs. Culman and Son.

H. P. MOORE.

WHAT SAVED HIM

"Nothing succeeds like success," cited the man, but there are times when a lack of success has been of great value.

In the time of William III. Mr. Tredshame a poet was forced before the Earl of Sussington on a charge of having [illegible] a poet, poor to be sure, but a poet, and therefore only not a criminal.

The Earl [illegible] seated [illegible] in position before [illegible] he had [illegible] the [illegible] to the delighted [illegible].

I have heard your statement, [illegible] and I have read your plays. As I expect and [illegible] of a plot in the one or the other, you may go free.

With the most grateful [illegible] the poet departed with his [illegible].

FATHER'S INNINGS

I think [illegible] company down state?"

"Why?"

"I just heard mamma lunch at one of papa's jokes."

WHERE, OH, WHERE

Officer: "You were making [illegible] Motorist: "Oh, if you must play [illegible] it will show."—Pop. Press.

A SMILE

A smile costs nothing, but gives much. It [illegible] without to the recipient. It takes but a moment, and the memory of it sometimes lasts [illegible] ever. None stands so [illegible] rich that he can do without it, and none so poor but he is richer for its [illegible]. A smile creates kindness and good will. It is the [illegible] of friendship. It is the [illegible] of [illegible]. It is the [illegible] of [illegible]. It is [illegible] to the weary, [illegible] to the discouraged, [illegible] to the sad, and [illegible] to the troubled. And then, if [illegible] it cannot be spared or stolen or borrowed or bought or lent, it is [illegible] to the [illegible] who [illegible] it [illegible] that it is [illegible] to give away. And if you happen to meet a person who fails to give you a smile, why, be generous enough to give one of your own. For no one needs a smile so much as a person who has none to give away.

SCOTCH ALL RIGHT

[illegible]

TAKING NO CHANCES

[illegible]

Jasper Golf Trophy Presented

R. P. Baker (right), of Jericho Club, Vancouver, winner of the Totem Pole trophy at Jasper Park Golf Course, Jasper National Park, during the annual golf week, is presented with the trophy by Walter Pratt, General Manager of Hotels, Display and Dining Car, Canadian Northern Railways. The Jasper Golf [illegible] crowns the [illegible] with [illegible] of the game and [illegible] year, with entries from Canada, United States and other countries, became international in its character. Canada's famous scenic golf course won high praise from the golfers who played over it during the Golf Week competitions, and some keen battles for supremacy [illegible] Canadian National [illegible].

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$1.00 WOMEN'S SILK HOSE for per pair	19c	[illegible] FLEECE LINED [illegible] for	39c	BATH TOWELLING per yard	29c
75c MEN'S SILK KNITTED for	18c	$[illegible] CHILDREN'S [illegible]	98c	[illegible] OILED CHAIRS each	4c
30c MEN'S COTTON HOSE 6 pair for 25c	13c	69c for 50c RIBBONS [illegible]	6c to 15c	[illegible] SCATTER CUSHIONS each	78c
$1.50 WOMEN'S SILK HOSE first grade, per pair	79c	25c COTTON per yard	10c	[illegible] HOUSE DRESSES each	98c
25c CHILDREN'S COTTON SOCKS, per pair	13c	$1.[illegible] MEN'S WORK SHIRTS for	74c	30c SATEEN per yard	24c
$1.00 BOYS' COMBINATIONS for	49c	[illegible] DEMITY per yard	17c	[illegible] PILLOW CASING per yard	29c
50c BOYS' AND GIRLS STOCKINGS per pair	23c	30c GINGHAM, MADRAS PRINT per yard	21c	[illegible] CURTAIN CHINTZ per yard	23c

SPECIAL—Gingham Dresses 79c

A. REESOR

Mill St., Acton