

1928		SEPTEMBER		1929	
Year	Month	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
1928	September	1	2	3	4
		5	6	7	8
		9	10	11	12
		13	14	15	16
		17	18	19	20
		21	22	23	24
		25	26	27	28
		29	30	31	1

THE MAN WHO IS AHEAD

In almost every paper you are likely to find a lot of good and nonsense. All the time I am behind the scenes. The man behind the bus-taw and the man behind the gun. And the man behind the sun. And the man behind the moon. The man behind the whistle. And the man behind the ears. The man behind the heart. And the man behind the bars; The man behind the whiskers. And the man behind the eyes. Oh, you read them often, for they're always on the list. But the fellow has been sold; It's the fellow who is even, And the man who is behind. The man who pays off promptly. And whose checks are always signed. He's the man who is behind. For every kind of business. And what would commercial claim to have for existence? To this honest fellow man. To keep up our tone of gazing And his tone of musing. So we all take our hats off To the man who is ahead.

NO MORE BLAGGING

The British "lads" he've been known to get into a bit of a whale of a mess. Uncle Nahum Levitt, in fact, that I stopped over last as much as a sign of genius as "tsa of fool." Pur's I know, "tsa of fool." His neighbor, who sat with him in the corner, nodded his head very vigorously, as much as to say that Uncle Nahum's sage reprobate was far too weighty for immediate consideration.

"The time I clapped up the sun trees front the house, was an awful upsetting to me."

"How's that?" said the neighbor, whose conversational powers lay mainly in the line of blagging.

"Well, I do mind relatin' an experience that was a pretty good lesson for me, an' that did more toward reducing my self-esteem than most anything I

ever learned in her over-all course," says Uncle Nahum.

He stopped up the unmercifully noisy corner of the room to assure himself they were not overheard; then, satisfied that no one was near, he moved the small key which served as a seat nearer to his listener, and began:

"With a mighty roar, says for Mary, 'Then I'm free from the house ought to be trimmed up.' That parlor has got the chill out 'amp' the tomb in it, says I."

"Moldy?" quickly asked his listener.

"Yes, 'was. Well, I hunted up a raw, fat, old lamb, an' I got a nice fat lamb, the lamb, up the front door an' says, 'Now, Mary come ter th' door an' says, 'Now father,'—she allers called me father after the children come—now don't be too venturesome, for you ain't so young as you was once, and you can't do the boys was."

"Well, it allers riled me ter be called old, an' I spoke up pretty sharp an' says, 'I'm not too infirm ter tend ter my own affairs an' me, never, I says. 'I never threw yer eye at yer fact yet, though it be apparent to all!'

"It was pretty careastic, I know, she went in an' set her set it easy, like she could bite her finger."

"I spose I was kinda frustrated by it an' upset, an' I begin sawin' like any thing jut not notice 't was I who was doin', th' hard a bit crack, an' fust I knew I was a-sittin' by the verter ter the other end of a limb bent ten feet from the ground. I had eft off the limb I was a-sittin' on!"

"Mary had the crash an' come runnin' up, but when she see I wasn't in no place danger she says, 'Pull yourself up ter the next limb, the way the boys do.'

"I says, pretty baby, 'I ain't no boy, Run up, git a ladder.'

"I'm 'most too infirm ter run, says she, 'but I'll call some one.'

"Pretty soon she come back with a man an' rider, an' wen I was a-sittin' down the limb, he took a look at me, now, don't play any of them boyish tricks again an' scare me. My nerves ain't so strong as young people's."

"Well, I says, 'I was a-hangin' there the conceit just now, which boot-legs. I was glad 'nough ter feel the ground agin, I can tell ye, an' sance then I ain't never believed in braggin'!"

AN OLD-TIME SEXTON

Old "Jeems" was the doorkeeper in Broughton Place Church, Edinburgh, when Dr. John Brown's father was pastor there. Doctor Brown is it scarcely necessary to say, was the author of "Many a Pleasing". The best child story and the best dog story ever written.

Jessie, a genuine Christian, but still comely, had had gift of humor, kindly although unorthodox.

One day two strangers in the Broughton Place Church made themselves over to Jeems to be furnished with seats. Mollering them in follow, he strolled majestically to the farthest corner, where he had decreed that they should sit.

The couple, meantime, had found seats near the pulpit, stepped into their leavvens to minister to their needs, while the whole congregation watched him with some relish and alarm. He got up to descend, and the pew dove and stood aside.

He looked sharply round, and then gave a look of general wrath "at large." One of our doubtless victory. His keen, dark eyes, however, seemed to pierce the two aspirants, passing over them instantly, and hurried them to their appointed place. Jeems showed them slowly in, and gave them a parting look they were not likely to misinterpret or forget.

On another occasion a parishioner put a crown piece into the plate instead of a penny, and starting at its white and precious metal, asked to have it back, but was refused.

"I'm, in forever," said Jeems. "Awed, awed," grunted the parishioner. "Th' man, he's in heaven!"

"No, no," said Jeems, "you'll get credit for the penny!"

At that time the crowds and the poor were in mass, fainting at common occurrences. Jeems, however, was especially among the young servants.

The young doctor had taught Jeems the philosophy of fainting fits, and had instructed him especially as to the propriety of laying the patient on his back, the floor of the body, with the head as low as the rest of the body. As many of these cases were owing to what Jeems called "the heat," he laid them on their backs, —in other words, laid them flat, he and the doctor lost no time in relieving the victim by cutting their staylaces, which ran before the knife, and "cracked the goddamns."

One day a young woman, who had fainted was slowly coming to. Jeems came round to the doctor with his open gully (knee) in his hand, and "cracked the goddamns."

It happened not to be a case for "cracking up," and thanks to the increasing knowledge of physiology, every year there were fewer opportunities of administering the wholesome lesson.

OUR COMPLETE WEEKLY STORY
at Acton Fall Fair

Those Who Won Prizes in the Field Events Last Wednesday Afternoon

The Heir and the Rabbit
By HEGE MCDONALD

The following is the list of prize winners in the field events, such as horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry, at the Acton Fair, held last Tuesday and Wednesday.

HEAVY HORSES

Brough Mare—R. W. Lowrie, R. W. Lowrie, Hugh Black.

Hipps Colt—R. W. Lowrie, J. Campbell, Hugh Black.

Three-year-old Gelding—or Pilly—Hugh Black.

Ten-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Best Animal in Class—R. W. Lowrie.

Agricultural Glass

Broad Mare—Landzell Broek, McCullough.

Spring Colt—R. W. Lowrie, R. W. Lowrie, Hugh Black.

Cattle—P. L. Rife, G. Gillies, N. E. McDonald, Mrs. Nellie Hall.

Sheep

Long Wool—Any Breed

Ram, two years and over—James Parkinson.

Ewe Lamb—James Parkinson.

Two-year-old Gelding or Pilly—N. E. McDonald, Mrs. Nellie Hall.

Three-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Four-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Five-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Six-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Seven-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Eight-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Nine-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Ten-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Eleven-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Twelve-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Thirteen-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Fourteen-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Fifteen-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Sixteen-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Seventeen-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Eighteen-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Nineteen-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Twenty-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Twenty-one-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Twenty-two-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Twenty-three-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Twenty-four-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Twenty-five-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Twenty-six-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Twenty-seven-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Twenty-eight-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Twenty-nine-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Thirty-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Thirty-one-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Thirty-two-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

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Thirty-six-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Thirty-seven-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Thirty-eight-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Thirty-nine-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Forty-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Forty-one-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Forty-two-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Forty-three-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

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Forty-seven-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Forty-eight-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.

Forty-nine-year-old Gelding or Pilly—R. W. Lowrie.</p