The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1929.

TWO FUNERALS

Two funerals passed along the way
As I walked into town; to-day.
And one had coaches ten,
And one had coaches only four,
The greater and the lesser bore
The earthly garb of men.

A stranger on the sidewalk said:
"A splendid citizen is dead,
His funeral passes by.
Yet comes another drawing near,
And there are but four coaches here.
Well, poor men also die!"

What matter coaches four or ten
When we are born to earth again
And that last prayer is said?
And does the sidewalk stranger know
In truth the rich and poor who go
To join the silent dead?

I fancy God unmoved shall be
By signs of pomp the living see.
Who passes heaven's door,
Shall with the angels find his place
By something of the spirit's grace
Not coaches, ten or four.

—Edgar A. Guest.

MAKING A START

"I don't know whether I want to go to college this year or not," exclaimed Harold in response to the inquiry of a friend, "You see, I have graduated from high-school, in fact have been tied up with books and lessons and blackrooms and teachers for more than a dozen years. It would seem good to get into the open, or to get a job and earn some money which I can spend as I please. Of course, I plan to go to college some time, but I'd like to stretch my wings a bit and see what I can do first."

"What sort of work have you an idea you would like to go into?" inquired Mr. Swift, Harold's friend of mature years.

"Oh, I don't know," returned the young chap casually, "most any kind that will give me pretty good pay. I can't afford to waste my time, of course, but I'd like to have some cash on hand to do what I like with."

Mr. Swift looked thoughtful. "Has it ever occurred to you, Harold," he asked, "that you might actually waste time by stopping to earn some money now?"

"Why, no. How can I waste time by stopping to earn money? I can get good, for the other fellows who are leaving school are going into remunerative jobs."

"That's true," agreed Mr. Swift, "but a man with a trained mind, with a thorough education along some one line, can earn much more money and go farther in the business world than one without such opportunities. For example, if you leave school and receive good pay, you may be advanced from time to time for several years, but in eight or ten years at most you will have reached your limit in all probability, and then you will do well to hold your own in point of earning capacity. On the other hand, if you go to college and make the best use of your time, you will be trained to think and to use facts in constructive ways. When you finish college your earning capacity may not be so very much larger than it would be at the same age if you had not gone to school these extra years. On the other hand you will be equipped to forge ahead and to make thousands of dollars that you would not be able to make otherwise. More than that, you would have a larger capacity for enjoyment of the good things of life, and for those satisfactions which mean so much when you see yourself achieving and setting an example of high ideals."

"Then," interrupted Harold, "you think I will make a mistake by staying out of school and working for one year?"

"Not necessarily. I am pointing out the danger of it. If you make a break in your course of study, it will take real determination and a good strong character to force yourself to give up your freedom and your pay envelope, and go back to the classroom. You are very likely to argue after this fashion:

"'Oh, I'm well enough off. Why put in a lot of time and spend a lot of money thinking to advance myself?'

"To instead of going back to school at the end of the year, you are very likely to get out of the notion of it. If you actually go back it may have done you good to learn the value of a dollar, but remember, my lad, that one of the difficult things in life is to stop that which we are doing and make a start at something else.

"Look ahead and determine the vocation you really want to follow in life; the kind of person you want to make of yourself; what goal you want to reach at a certain age. The producing years of the average individual are only from about twenty to twenty-five years. After that, in the majority of cases, the decline begins to set in. Naturally, you want to use these years to the best possible purpose. How will you train for them? What preparation will you make to have them count? Think these matters out; then decide for yourself how you can spend the next year so as to put yourself ahead in the most satisfactory manner.

"There are very interesting statistics available about the value of every day spent in high-school and in college in relation to one's earning capacity and usefulness. It will pay you to study those. Can you afford to delay your preparation for life when it is not necessary for you to remain out of school to earn money?"

Harold looked thoughtful. "I hadn't thought of it all in just that way," he said.

"Remember," reminded Mr. Swift, "I'm not saying to do one thing or the other, but whatever you decide is the right thing to do—do it with your eyes wide open."

"That's sensible, and if I get the habit of doing that, I will surely act more intelligently in all of the important decisions of my life."

"True enough. Think it out. Take such advice—good advice, as you can get, and be sure you do not accept the opinions of those who are unsuccessful or who are biased in any way.—Emma Gary Wallace.

WHEN YOU ARE DESPONDENT

When you are despondent, a good many people suffer for it, beginning with the family, of course. What an ordeal breakfast may be when one of the household comes downstairs looking as though he were on the way to his own funeral! From the time he leaves home in the morning, until he gets back at night, every human being with whom he comes in contact is likely to feel the influence of his gloomy mood. It is appalling to think how much discomfort may be traced to one individual, stalking through his day's work, gloomy, bitter, and complaining. People are quarantined who are not nearly so great a menace. Indeed it might be well for a person who awakes in the "dumps," to lock himself in his room and stay there until his mood has changed.

QUITE POSSIBLE

The Sunday evening Bible Class had been enlarged to full strength, and two of the latest recruits were discussing Bible Topics.

"I think this yarn about feedin' five thousand people on five loaves o' bread an' two fish is all bunk," declared Bill.

"It can be did, buddy, it can be did," answered Henry.

"Aw, what's the matter with you. You gotta' bugs on this Bible stuff"

"Naw," replied Henry, "but I usota be a mess sergeant in France."

The Free Press Short Story

HER FATHER'S BUSINESS

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

JANE WILLIAMS slumped into the shabby chair in the lower hall. "Discouraged" was not the word for her state of mind this afternoon. "Disgusted" would not do either; she needed a word with letters of sizzling scorn. "Mother!" she called, "are you upstairs? Well, why don't you ask, 'How did you get on to-day, Daughter?' That'd be a nice polite way to say: 'For goodness' sake, don't tell me you didn't learn some thing to-day, to float or kick or something!' Everyone I meet says 'yet'! Mother! you listening?

When did not mother listen? Jane's bitter tongue ran on. "I met Emilia Snodgrass, coming back from the pool, and she said: 'Haven't you learned to swim yet, Jane Williams? After all this ti—I mean, wasn't it summer before last—' She got all tangled up trying not to put it too badly! Emilia's the best swimmer in this whole town and listen here, Mother, she learned in three lessons!"

By this time Jane had worked off a little of her exasperation. For lack of breath she was silent now, just rocking in the shabby chair. It was queer mother did not answer. Jane could not remember ever before coming home to mother for comfort and not receiving it instantly. "Mother! Mother!"

Jane sprang to her feet in positive, if belated alarm. She went springing up the stairs. No, mother was not up there, nor downstairs, nor out in the garden. She must be making a call on a neighbor. It was idiotic to become all excited like this, feeling almost faint, breathing hard! Mother rarely called on neighbors, however. "Mother!" called Jane again, beginning over anew and feeling fainter than ever. She had quite forgotten her humiliation and disgust over her repeated, hopeless trials to learn to swim, forgotten that she was a source of inward amusement to all the other young people of her acquaintance. It was mother of whom she was thinking now. Why, mother was always here when she came home from anywhere!

Suddenly she saw the sheet of white writing paper pinned up on the sitting room wall.

"Gone to Mercury Hospital. Father hurt, but not badly, broiled and shocked. It is all, the doctor thinks. They called me up about an hour ago. Don't come home tonight. Get yourself a nice supper, Dear, and go to bed early. Open a jar of peaches. Mother." That was bad enough; nothing else was needed to make Jane troubled. There was something else, however. A postscript-effect sentence scratched in hurriedly: "Oh, Jane, he'll lose his job."

What if father lost his job! Oh, poor father, to be bruised and shocked and lie there knowing he had lost his job! Mother, to sit there beside him and know! Father's job was of terrible importance to—this little family of three. There had been no job once for nearly a year, and a half, and Jane shuddered to remember mother over a wash tub and father hanging up the clothes. She had come home from school and found them like that; they had not meant for her to know mother took in washings to "tide them over." Now—now they would need "tiding over" if father lost his job.

David Williams was almost an old man. He had not been a young man when he married Mary West, and Mary had not been young. They were an elderly family, Jane said whimsically sometimes. For an almost old man to lose his job now might be a real calamity, thought the distracted daughter. "The bills!" she murmured. There was a pile of them on mother's bureau.

David Williams was night watchman for the Empire Pump Company on the edge of town. He slept days and watched nights. It was not a bad job, at that, and if he did not get a very large pay envelope every week-end, it at least kept a family of three quite comfortably. It had sent daughter to the seminary for three years now, and would send her the remaining year. Wait! It would not if it were no longer father's job. It would send some one else's daughter to school.

Jane longed to go to the Mercury Hospital herself, to be assured again that Father was only bruised and shocked. Mother had not said to come, however, and that meant "don't." To Jane it distinctly meant that; Jane understood it. There was nothing to do but eat supper and go to bed early—to sleep! Poor father's pump job! The Pump Company would never wait for him to recover from his accident, not they. There had been ominous reports circulated about that old "Dave" Williams was getting too far along in years to serve as watchman these holdup times. They were reports only, but now the remembrance of them frightened her. The tenderness within her for "old Dave Williams" rose like a choking tide over her heart. If he had a son instead of only a daughter!

Half through undressing, late, Jane had a new thought, a thought that arrested her hands in the fact of untying her shoestrings and sent them to tying them. Panic seized Jane. What if mother had not, in the excitement of an accident and a hospital, sent any word to the pump company. Maybe they did not know that their watchman had been run down!

It was ridiculously early to go to bed, but there had not seemed anything else to do. Jane consulted her little nickel watch; ordinarily father would not be starting for the edge of the town for nearly an hour yet. There was still time! "But I don't know who to inform or where," worried Jane. The more she thought, the surer she felt that mother would not get 'round to "informings" until all her uncertainty about father had been relieved. How mother did love father, and father did love mother!

Jane dressed in a frantic hurry, and only at the final tug of the comb through her thick mop of hair did she arrive at the proper thing to do. "And I," uttered Jane gravely, "must do it." It was the only thing she could do for father to save his job. It did not occur to her that anything except her own lack of courage might stand in the way of this thing to be done.

"I'm tall and husky, and I can do it! I'm old enough to do it, and I'm going to!" She ran over in her mind the requisite for the performance of father's job. To keep awake was the main one! "I can do that! Watch me keep awake!" She could go the rounds and keep a lookout against fire or—that "or" was a little startling, but Jane was not a descendant of two gallant lines for nothing. She might not be a son of the lines, but she would be a worthy daughter! She clamped her white teeth together, and proceeded to get ready. She found a suit of father's watch clothes and slipped her slender length into them; she found father's gun and stood regarding it firmly. Twenty years father'd carried that thing, and twenty years had not used it. If to-night—

"Holdups," whispered Jane. "You read of 'em all the time." How the Empire Pump Company could attract the underworld she could not imagine. Of course at the end of the month the workmen were paid off and the wherewithal to pay them might lie in the safe, waiting. Jane, however, did not stop to consider calendar dates just then, which was well if the thing was really to be done. It was not until her lonely watch was under way that it came to her suddenly that this was the end of the month.

In the mirror a sturdy son confronted her, no daughter about him! Father's clothes actually were not regular misfits, and when she added his battered old felt hat that he only wore on duty, and the glazeless spectacles she had played with all her childhood days, it was no frightened girl there in the looking-glass, but a straight, firm-chinned young fellow ready for work. Jane ran her tongue out at him just once, to lighten the situation; then she turned away. She locked the house up carefully as mother would want done; she swung the little lunch pail father always carried, and that she had snatched up the last thing, in just father's funny way of swinging it. She was all ready for the thing to be done!

During her lonely watch she laughed outright in the still old place. There was not any lunch in the pail! Not a crumb! She had thought of that part of father's lunch pail. "As many times as I've filled it!" she sighed, on the end of the laugh. "I'm hungry this minute!" The memory of the delicious little snacks she had packed for father did not remain long, however, for other matters suggested themselves. One was lonesomeness. How lonesome poor father must get, alone all night! Another was silence, the kind that makes a noise!

"Well," sighed Jane, "anyhow I'm becoming more and more sympathetic for night watchmen every minute!" She had brought along a book, but the light flickered, and anyway this was not a "readable" place! It was better to make up stories in her mind to write out up in her "work-room" at home; for Jane meant to be a writer some time. A plot suggested itself now, and she fell to mulling it over. A chapter between every round of the big building! She made her rounds by the little nickel watch on her wrist, being very regular and businesslike. Father's big flash light winked and flared, showing her the way. It was not fun, but it might be worse, she reasoned whimsically. It helped a lot, too, to think perhaps she was saving father his job.

Then it happened, in the middle of a chapter of her story. The sound! "Oh!" breathed Jane. Stark terror clutched at her, smothered her. It was no simply explained night sound such as all nights know. It was a man sound, coming nearer and nearer. Some awful "holdupping" creature knew what happened at the Empire Pump Company at the end of the month!

"I must be calm," thought poor, terrified Jane. "I must sa-save the Pump money." How? How would father do it? Father would not let them rob the safe. Implicit faith in father buoyed Jane up, put courage into her limp and frightened soul. She gripped father's old gun fast in her cold hand and rose, literally to the grim occasion. She was going to fire toward the ceiling and make a terrible noise. Two terrible noises, three! Thieves do not like noises. Two terrible noises, crashing the silence, halted the sound. A third terrible noise to make sure!

Because she was daughter and not son, because she was so awfully alone in this night place, Jane then let the revolver slide out of her hand and frankly fainted. A great relief came to her. No more holding her breath as a sound came nearer and nearer, no more terrible noises!

"Well, how do you feel now?" inquired a friendly voice minutes later. The friendly voice had a friendly face, which was bending over Jane. There was a smile on it! Were—were "holdup" people like this? Jane, in spite of herself, smiled back.

"Pretty well, thank you," she murmured. Queer, but she was lying on something soft bunched up under her head, like a coat. Was that the way they treated "victims"? Suddenly Jane struggled up.

"Did—did you get it? The money? Don't say you did! I—I fired at the ceiling to scare you away, but I guess I only scared myself," groaned Jane. "And now father will lose his job." Coward! to go and faint away like that! All of a piece with not daring to learn to swim!

She might have known—

The voice was saying something: "Of course you scared me. Stiff! I don't come around here nights. Just came this time because I heard our good watchman had been hurt in an accident. Thought I'd better look around a little in his place. I'm the 'Big Boss,'" explained the voice kindly.

"Not a holdup man!"

"Well, I held you up and sprinkled you with water! Tell me, are you Mr. David Williams' boy?"

"Boy! I'd be ashamed to be a boy and flop over in a faint! I wouldn't own myself!"

"Then by the great horn spoon! Then who may you be if you're not travelling incog?" The nice voice was laughing down at her.

"Nobody but a daughter," sighed Jane. "A cowardly one who can't ever learn to swim and goes and faints away when she's trying to take her father's place to save his job." Ought she to chatter like this? What would the "Big Boss," who was not a thief at all, think of her?

He was saying what he thought of her. "Man alive—Girl alive, don't you know you are brave as a young lion? If I had been who you thought I was, you'd have saved the company pay roll. Think I'd have gone on with my safe-robbing in the face of all that noise you made! I pretty nearly ran as it was, only you gave a cry when you toppled over, and it sounded as though I were needed here. And I was. Feel all right again now?"

"Oh, yes—oh, yes, all right now," Jane rose resolutely to her feet.

"Then I shall take you home and round up somebody to take on your job here. You tell your father he may be a proud man. Will you tell him that?"

"But—but if you get somebody else—"

"Only till he gets about and feels fit. His job will be waiting for him. Tell him," said the man gravely," you saved it for him. A man with a daughter who waits until afterward to faint is not going to lose out because he happens to meet with an accident. Like daughter like father! Tell him we need him in the business of pumps."

Her last thought as little later Jane drifted into sleep in her own bed at home was, "I don't know, but somehow I feel as though I'd learn to swim next time."

NOT THE ONLY BRICK

He was a peppery old gentleman at the best of times, but as he was taking a walk one morning he happened to traverse a road where several houses were being built. Suddenly something hard descended with terrific force on his head. He looked up to the top of the building, where several men were at work.

"Here, I say, you fellows!" he roared. "You have dropped a brick on my head!"

One of the men looked down.

"Oh, it's all right, guv'nor!" he cried. "You needn't trouble to bring it up; we've got plenty more here."

DEBTS

"I'll get as much as possible, and give as little as I can, for the world owes me a living," the heedless youth remarked.

"But what do you owe to the world?" countered his more thoughtful companion.

"I owe the world not a thing. Everything I ever got, I or my father earned. I may owe dad something, but the world, not a thing."

"I am not so sure of that. Your father alone could never have provided a hundredth part of the possessions you have enjoyed. If no one before your father had contributed anything, he would probably have been a cave dweller and you, though he did his utmost for you, would be an unlettered savage with a club for your most advanced tool. Could your father alone have learned all the arts? Could he have provided you with clothes, house, school, books, coke, culture, train service, telephone?"

Could these advantages be yours unless countless men had worked, striven, studied, suffered and passed on their additions to the ever-increasing store of human knowledge? Have you a right to receive, to use, to enjoy, and to do nothing in return? The world owes you a living, indeed! And what do you owe the world for the comfort, the security of your life, for the assurance that no wild beast will seize you as you walk the street to your home, for the fact that there is a street on which to walk, and not a jungle filled with numberless lurking terrors? What do you owe for the knowledge which countless thousands have lived and, died to acquire and to pass on that it might aid in rising mankind up from the depths to the proud place he has achieved, and perchance point the way as the race climbs on ever higher and higher?

Did these men work and suffer that you might receive and do nothing more? Think how immeasurably much better, happier, more secure, and full of possibilities your life is because of the efforts of those who have gone before. Consider the debt you owe them. Can you then in conscience do less than your best, your utmost, to pass on the good you have received, less than work your hardest for the continual upward climbing of humanity?

You may not be a scientist, a surgeon, a historian, a searcher after hidden knowledge. You may dig ditches, or you may sit all day before a clicking typewriter. Your task may be to follow the plow, or to add column after column of figures. The point is the way you perform it.

When you think of all the advantages you enjoy as a result of other men's labors, does not your heart swell with an overwhelming gratitude to those who have worked that mankind might have and use and rise ever to new heights? Can you do less than your very best, your utmost, without becoming a grafter, a parasite? Consider all that the world has done for you, and does not the realization of what the world owes you a living dwindle into insignificance before the question, "What can I do for mankind to pay the debt I owe for all that mankind has done for me?" And can you feel yourself a man and do less than resolve to give the best that is in you to your daily task, to your community, to your world at-large has for you? Will anything less than your best pay the debt you owe?—Annie Harris Hadely.

HOW HE BORE IT

"He was a brave man, sir. I admired him very much, sir," said the police sergeant.

"You took him to the hospital?"

"Yes, sir. We heard the explosion, and some one rang in the call, and we came down with the patrol-wagon. It seemed like the whole end of the church was blown out, but it was not on fire. And we got him out from under the splintered benches and took him to the hospital. It's not at all likely that he can live; but he's a brave man, sir. He kept on saying that he thanked God that it happened while he was alone in the church, and that no one but himself was hurt. One hand was gone, and part of the other, and he's badly cut and bruised, but he did not complain. I'm thinking the kind of religion that makes men that brave and thoughtful of others is a good kind to have, sir."

It was blunt, rough man's testimony to the Christian fortitude of a sufferer whom he had helped convey to the hospital. The victim was a returned missionary, endeavoring with the aid of a stereopticon to show the people at home the needs of his field. While preparing one Sunday evening for the address he was to give, the gas-tank of his lantern exploded, inflicting almost fatal injuries. When seen in the hospital his courage and faith were still supreme.

"How good of you to come to see me!" he said. "And you so busy, too! I? Oh, I'm doing well. They performed the amputation at once, and they are going to save my one hand, all except two fingers; and my broken ribs will soon be well, and my bruises are all on the outside. And just think of it! I've been working all my life since I became a missionary to establish a hospital for our work in India, and now when I get hurt, here I am in a Christian hospital here. Isn't that bread cast on the waters returning after many days? I just lie here and thank God for the kindness of all these people. God must be good, for He has made His children so kind to the unfortunate."

There was not a word of disappointment in all his conversation, nor a complaint. He was manly, faithful and calm. He was going back maimed, without the money which he had been seeking, and he had before him weeks of pain; but his thoughts were all of gratitude that he alone was hurt, and that he still could go on with his work.

The visitor came away repeating the words of the sergeant, "The kind of religion that makes men that brave and thoughtful of others is a good kind to have."

THEY SET THE FASHION

Judge Carter of Harverhill, Massachusetts, who died last January at an advanced age, was a native of Maine. It was one of the pleasantries of this excellent magistrate to confess that once in his life he was "guilty of bribery."

While practising his profession in Bridgeton, Maine, forty or fifty years ago, both he and Mrs. Carter were active church helpers, and both took a particular interest in the Sunday-school, serving as teachers and using all their influence to keep the classes full.

In those simpler times children went barefoot in the summer on week-days, but there were exceptions to the rule in a few well-to-do families of position, and when Sunday came, the etiquette for young, church-going feet go far in favor of shoes that poor people, out of pride, kept their unshod children at home.

Lawyer Carter noticed this, and when several promised recruits to the Sunday-school failed to come, he divined the cause without offending the sensibilities of the parents. It was a question how it occurred to him to work out the problem at home. He "bribed" his own children to go to Sunday-school barefoot.

Whether the household at first "filed a demurrer" we are not told, but the little folks agreed to their father's terms, and went. One appearance was enough to set the fashion. The shoeless families said, "If Squire Carter's children can come to Sunday-school barefoot, it's a pretty how-do-do if ours can't." And after that there were no more stay-at-homes for pride's sake.

The end does not always justify the means, but in this case most of us will be inclined to call the expedient of the good "squire" by a gentler name than he used.

JUST LIKE HIS DAD

Sir Harry Lauder is fond of telling the following story:

The sailor son of an Arbroath barber had brought home with him a large, hairy, and particularly ugly monkey, which he presented to his father. The barber trained the monkey to assist him in the lathering of his customers' chins, much to their amusement.

One day a stranger dropped into the shop, and had a good look at the monkey sitting in a far corner staring intelligently at a comic paper. By and by the barber was called to the door to answer some query or other, and in his absence the monkey seized the lathering brush and proceeded to work diligently of the customer's face. Afterwards he grabbed a razor and started to strop it with equal diligence, but in a grossly careless manner. Then he clambered up on the arm of the chair and made as if to begin shaving the alarmed customer.

"Na, na, ma wee mannie!" said the latter, jumping to his feet and pushing the monkey aside. "I've na objections to ye soapin' me, an' yer stroppin' maybe a' richt, but yer father'll hae to do the shavin'!"

As a vermifuge an effective preparation is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and it can be given to the most delicate child without fear of injury to the constitution.

EXTENSIVE CLEARING

AUCTION SALE

IN NASSAGAWEYA TOWNSHIP

HORSES, DUAL PURPOSE COWS, FAT CATTLE, PIGS, IMPLEMENTS, HARNESS, HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS

The undersigned has received instructions from

JOHN LISTER

to sell by Public Auction at his farm, Lot 31, Fifth Line, Nassagaweya, one mile south of Rockwood, on Provincial Highway No. 7, on

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1929

at one o'clock sharp, the following:

COWS—Roan Cow, 5 years old, due March 2; Red Cow, 3 years old, due time of sale; Roan Cow, 5 years old, bred November 20; Roan Cow, 6 years old, due time of sale; Red Cow, 7 years old, bred October 10; White Cow, 4 years old, due time of sale; Hereford Cow, 3 years old, bred October 5; Holstein Cow, 3 years old, due April 14. This is a choice herd of Dual Purpose Cows.

FAT CATTLE—13 Head of Fat Cattle, if not previously sold; 3 Steers rising 1 year; 2 Heifers rising 1 year; 2 Heifer Calves, 4 months old.

HORSES—Bay Gelding rising 11 years; Brown Gelding rising 11 years; Brown Mare rising 13 years; Aged Chestnut Horse.

PIGS—9 Yet pigs; 1 York Sow, bred 10 weeks, 10 weeks old; 10 Chunks; 1 Yorkshire Sow, bred November 15.

IMPLEMENTS—Massey-Harris Binder, 6 foot cut; Massey-Harris Mower, 5 foot cut; Massey-Harris Seed Drill, 13 hoe; Massey-Harris Spring Tooth Cultivator; Hissell Disc, 12 plate; Hay Rake; Set of 8-section Harrows; Set of 6-section Harrows, hand-made; Fleury Walking Plow; Drill Plow; Wilkinson Walking Plow; Massey-Harris 2-furrow Walking Plow; Hissell 3-disc Land Roller; 2 Scufflers.

VEHICLES—Bain Wagon, good as new; Lumber Wagon and box, complete; Steel Truck Wagon; Bain Wagon Box; Stock and Hay Rack combined; McLaughlin Cutter; McLaughlin Open Buggy; Ford Touring Car, 1918 model; Buggy Pole; Set of Bench Sleighs.

HARNESS, ETC. — Set of 5-ring Breeching Harness, solid nickel mounted, good as new; Set of Double Farm Breeching Harness; Set of Plow Harness; Set of Plow Harness; Set of Double Driving Harness, good as new; 2 Set of Single Harness; 3 Good Scotch-top Collars; 3 Good Open Collars; 3 Stable Blankets; 2 Sheet Blankets; Set of Chime Bells; 5 Team Bells; 2 Strings of Bells.

MISCELLANEOUS — Set of Wagon Scales, 3,000 lbs. capacity; Massey-Harris Pulper; Wheelbarrow; Set of Silings; 40 Gallon Gasoline Drum; Hand Seeder; 20 Grain Bags; Power Cutting Box and Carriers; International Engine, 2½ horse power; Chatham Fanning Mill and Bagger.

HAY, GRAIN AND ROOTS—A Quantity of Hay; 300 Bushels of Oats; 50 Bushels Mixed Grain; a Quantity of Mangels, Turnips and Potatoes.

HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS — Massey-Harris Cream Separator, nearly new; Dash Churn; Linoleum, 12x16 feet, nearly new; Large size Cabinet Victrola, about 80 Records; 2 Hanging Lamps.

POSITIVELY NO RESERVE AS THE FARM IS SOLD

TERMS—$10.00 and under, cash; over that amount 12 months' credit on approved joint notes. 5% off for cash. Hay, Grain, Roots, Fat Hogs, Fat Cattle and Furniture, cash.

R. J. KERR, Auctioneer,
Phone 36, Acton, Ontario.
C. O. PLANK, Clerk. 31-2

UNRESERVED

AUCTION SALE

IN ESQUESING TOWNSHIP

HIGH GRADE COWS, YOUNG CATTLE, OXFORD SHEEP AND YORKSHIRE HOGS

The undersigned has received instructions from

JOHN BILTON

to sell by Public Auction at his farm, Lot 32, First Line, Esquesing, one mile west of Acton, just off Provincial Highway No. 7, on

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1929

at one o'clock sharp, the following:

HORSES—Gray Mare, 5 years.

COWS—Red Durham Cow, 4 years, due January 26; Gray Durham Cow, 7 years, due February 9; Gray Durham Cow, 6 years, due January 27; Red Durham Cow, 3 years, due February 2; Gray Durham Cow, 3 years, due January 30; Roan Durham Cow, 5 years, due February 20; Red Durham Cow, 7 years, due February 12; Red Durham Heifer, in six weeks, and bred again; Roan Durham Cow, in seven weeks, milking well and bred again; Red Durham Cow, 6 years, milking well and due in May; Gray Heifer, due February 3; Holstein Cow, due February 28; Part Jersey and part Holstein Cow, due March 2; Black Jersey Heifer, due in February; Part Jersey Heifer, due January 28; Jersey Cow, 8 years, due February 28; Jersey Cow, 6 years, due February 24; Durham Heifer, bred October 1. All these Cows are young and all have been hand milked and are in good condition.

PAT CATTLE—3 Butcher Steers, 1 Butcher Heifer.

YOUNG CATTLE—4 Heifers, 1 year old, would make choice cows; 3 Steers, 1 year old; 3 Steers rising 2 years; 1 Heifer rising 2 years; 4 Summer Calves; 2 Fall Calves; 8 Young Calves. The Young Cattle are well bred and in good condition.

SHORTHORN BULL—Shorthorn Bull, 10 months old, pedigree produced day of sale. A good one.

YORKSHIRE HOGS—Sow, due January 29; Sow, bred January 5; Sow, bred December 1; Young Sow, bred December 22; Young Sow, bred December 10; Young Sow, bred December 9; Young Sow, bred December 2; 11 Hogs, 140 lbs.; 7 Hogs, 2½ months old; 6 Hogs, 3 months old, 90 lbs.; 10 Hogs, 3½ months old. These Hogs are J. P. Robertson's breeding, and are the proper type.

SHEEP—5 Oxford Ewes, supposed to be in lamb.

POULTRY—35 Barred Rock Hens.

HAY—7 or 8 Tons of Hay, to be sold by ton or by the mow.

This Stock is All the Property of John Bilton and Will Positively be Sold Without Reserve—Parties Coming from a Distance will be Met at Radial Station at 1.30 and 2.00 o'clock.

TERMS—$10.00 and under, cash; over that amount 12 months' credit on furnishing joint notes approved by the Bank of Nova Scotia, Acton. 5% off for cash. Hay and Fowl, cash. Pat Cattle 9 months' credit. 1½% off for cash.

R. J. KERR, Auctioneer,
Phone 36, Acton, Ontario.
C. O. PLANK, Clerk. 31-2

GOOD BOTH WAYS

Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, whose speeches were often quoted, had the happy faculty of saying the right thing at all times.

On one occasion two young people, whose fathers were famous for their diverse and peculiar views on Biblical subjects, came to see the bishop.

"Ah," said he, as he greeted one, "your father wrote a great work on the Apocalypse. I congratulate you on being the daughter of such a man."

Then turning to his other guest, he said, "And your father forebore to write about the Apocalypse—a wise forbearance! You are to be congratulated on having a wise father."

Ask for Salada Orange Pekoe—it is the finest

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

"Fresh from the gardens"

Regular Carroll Low Prices

Finest Sockeye SALMON Coronation Brand ½'s 24c, 1's 43c

Palm Bd. Fancy SHRIMP No. 1 Tin 21c

Fray Bentos Corned Beef No. 1 Tin 24c

Harry Horne's CUSTARD 1-lb. Tin 24c

Durham Brand Corn Starch 1-lb. Package 9c

McLaren's Invincible OLIVES 4-oz. Plain 16c, 8-oz. Plain 17c, 10-oz. Plain 31c, 4-oz. Pimiento 14c, 8-oz. Pimiento 23c, 11-oz. Pimiento 32c

Upton's New Marmalade 4-lb-oz. Jar 29c

Upton's Red Plum JAM 4-lb-oz. Jar 29c

Piecing Dollar Bills Together.....

If you keep count of the savings you make daily by shopping at Carroll's....the three cents on this, the four cents on that, the six cents on something else, you'll find that you're making DOLLAR BILLS! Added to this, your Groceries giving greater satisfaction than ever before....quality more uniformly excellent, freshness unfailing. Every article guaranteed to please, or money refunded.

BUTTER Carroll's Creamery, lb. 45c
SHORTENING Easifirst, 3-lb. 53c
CHEESE Creamy, Medium, lb. 28c
BACON Mild Cure, Sliced l. 2c
BREAD Carroll's Wrapped 9c
Cottage Rolls Mild Smoked, lb. 27c
S. O. S. For Pots and Pans Package 14c 23c

SPECIAL—Crispo FIG BARS 2 lbs. 25c

FOR DELICATE FABRICS LUX 3 PKGS. 25c LARGE PKG. 22c

SPECIAL—Eagle Brand Quality LOBSTER Large Tin 33c

Aylmer Brand PEAS 2 tins 25c

SURPRISE SOAP 10 bars 49c

Aylmer Brand Tomatoes 2½ tins 2 tins 25c

SPECIAL—Del Monte Quality RAISINS Seeded 15-oz. or Seedless Pkg. 11c

Iceberg Lettuce, each 9c
New Cabbage, per pound 8c
Thick, Plump Haddies, lb. 16c
Navel Oranges, dozen 25c
Seedless Grapefruit, 4 for 25c
Large Lemons, dozen 27c

SPECIAL—Aylmer Brand Choice CRUSHED PINEAPPLE Large 2½ Tin 19c

Golden Dates In bulk. 3 lbs. 29c
Apricots Per pound 23c, 29c
Prunes Sunsweet Clean 3 lbs. 25c

CARROLL'S "Great Sums from Little Savings Grow"

Did You Ever Stop To Think

By EDSON R. WAITE, Shawnee Oklahoma

That the town that fails to encourage the business concerns it now has will fall way behind in the March of Progress.

That when business concerns fail to use every effort to increase their business in the home town and its trade territory, they are holding back its progress.

That merchants should show the people of their community by NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING that they can supply their every want.

That people appreciate the true merit of the home town as a trading centre when the local concerns take interest enough to tell them what they have througgh the recognized shoppers' guide--THE NEWSPAPERS.

That newspaper ads draw shoppers from other localities. Shoppers do not come to a town to buy just one article, they usually buy many articles.

That out-of-town shoppers, as well as the local shopper, should receive prompt and strict attention.

Advertising, Service, Quality and Price are the Big Attractions that Bring Them to Trade