The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1929

FOR A GOLDEN WEDDING

Young love is passion;
Old love is peace;
Youth is love's fashion
Never to cease.
Young love's a carol;
Old love's a psalm;
Child love is wild love;
Old love is calm.

Young love is rapture;
Old love is rest;
Thy wings for capture;
Deep heart for nest.
Dawn love is silver,
Wait for the west;
Old love is gold love—
Old love is best.

—Katherine Lee Bates.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for
The Free Press by
JUDY O'GRADY

Rain, rain and still more rain. If it were not against my principle I would write about it. As it is I must find something more interesting, more inspiring and less irritating than the caprices of the elements. Speaking of weather reminds me of trains, feet and robins, three very reliable fore-casters of weather conditions. As I write a train approaches the crossing and gives its usual note of warning which one can easily imagine to be like the weird wailing of an Irish banshee. Only before rain does it sound thus. We hear it and speed up the work but seldom win the race.

Then we have feet. Of all the curses known to man I believe those troubles which afflict our pedal extremities are the worst. I am not the least of sufferers and as sure as there is rain coming my feet make a very feeling protest. Yes indeed, very feeling, so feeling that I go from slippers to shoes, shoes to pumps and back again to slippers in my endeavor to drown their protestations. Such being the case you can well imagine how greatly appreciative I was, when, in reading a short story by John Galsworthy he described one of his characters as having "feet that were like barometers in their susceptibility to weather."

Another (particularly barometric is the robin. Until just recently we welcomed his cheerful singing and thought the spontaneity of joyous sound was merely the result of exuberant spirits. Now, alas a neighbor has enlightened our ignorance with the result that our appreciation of the robin's song is considerably diminished by the fact that it too, is a harbinger of wet weather.

Me thinks the weather-man must have had military training—perhaps as Company Sergeant-Major—else why should he so delight in calling "Halt! Mark time!" and then watch farmers step to the music? At present we can only be grateful to him on one score and that is—bad weather gives us a rest from treating oats for smut. Of all the choking, coughing, blinding, weeping jobs it is the worst. We go after it in the approved way, i. e.—spray the oats, shovel it back and forth like a child playing in a sand-pile. Shovelling, choking, spraying and coughing is continued—with occasional quick trips to the barn door to fill our lungs with unadulterated fresh air, until the supply of formaldehyde and water is exhausted, then how thankfully we cover the small mountain of seed with bags and blankets, pat ourselves on the back with a sense of satisfaction from a job well done and feel ourselves on terms of equality with the early Christian martyrs.

The chickens continue to flourish—in fact they have ceased to be 'sweet, fluffy little things' and have entered their first stage of ugliness—beaks and feet being more prominent than fluff and feathers. The casualty list stands at one. Verdict returned at the inquest—death through misadventure—cause or causes unknown. Three more days and I shall have five more hens coming off.

In speaking of hatching I am always in a quandary. What hatches—is it the hens, chickens or eggs. Eggs could not hatch without chickens within them, chicks could not hatch without hens or incubators to bring them to a state of hatchability and hens could not hatch without eggs to cover. Each one is absolutely dependent upon the other two, is it then equally correct to speak of any of the three as hatching? I don't know, perhaps I never will know so I shall continue to side-step the issue by saying "the hens come off!"

Last Monday, just as I was nicely started on an extra heavy wash my son came and invited me very earnestly to go and dig worms and was quite surprized at my unwillingness to do so. His great ambition for a little while was to go fishing, so with a bent pin on a piece of string tied to a willow cane and a few worms which he managed to find, he started off and all the joys and sorrows of fishing were his. After a while he returned in great glee with a fish about three inches long. His delight and my approval fired him with enthusiasm anew and he sallied forth once more with a fixed intention of catching suckers for supper. May all his efforts in life be crowned with equal success for in due time he returned with two little suckers and I, with fitting solemnity cooked them for supper—one for Pat and one for Slater.

The other day Pat and I were out driving and passed a peculiar tree with the trunk shaped like a capital "B" on its side. "Look Mummy," cried Pat, "see what a funny tree!" I 'spex God made it grow that way to make us laugh, don't you?" Did I correct him? Indeed no, why should I? Rather I felt myself corrected. Did not he, in his childish faith, teach us a lesson? I felt that we ourselves could not do better than emulate a little child in his conception of God. Should we not be happier to remember more often that He is just as responsible for our joy and laughter as our tears and sorrow?

YIELD OF BEANS FROM DIFFERENT RATES OF PLANTING

Green beans form a very excellent and popular garden vegetable, in most parts of Canada. Portunately they grow particularly well in Northern Ontario where the quality is unsurpassed.

At the Dominion Experimental Station, Kapuskasing, Ontario, an experiment has been conducted for a number of years in order to determine what rates of planting would give the best results and be the most satisfactory generally. Two varieties were used. The seed was planted in rows 30 feet in length and 30 inches apart. Over a five-year period the following yields in quarts per thirty-foot row has been obtained: Round Pod Kidney Wax, when planted two inches apart in the row, 12.2, four inches, 10.5, six inches 7.1. Stringless Green Pod, two inches, 13.5, four inches, 10.6 and six inches, 8.7.

These figures would seem to indicate that two inches is a very good distance for planting beans, as this rate has given the largest yield with both varieties included in the test and the quality was also quite superior to that obtained in the other rates tried.—Experimental Farm Note.

No child should be allowed to suffer an hour from worms when prompt relief can be got in a simple but strong remedy—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

The Free Press Short Story

AT BURNT STICK PORTAGE

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

"All right, then!" exclaimed Carr. "I guess you'll have to. Burke's with the gang over at the drive on Kenduskeag, and you're the only other man at the yards here that I'd trust with that engine. I'd go myself, but with this high water still rising I can't leave. So it's up to you, Ben. Can you start in half an hour?"

"Yes, sir," Ben Wilson answered promptly. "I'll be ready any time the launch and the dynamite are."

"Pack some grub and be back here at 0:45 sharp," said the superintendent, glancing at his watch. "The first run of timber may be along almost any time now. If we don't want trouble, we've got to get those flashboards off Burnt Stick Portage Dam the quickest we know how!"

Ben's blue eyes sparkled as he strode off among the piles of pulp wood toward the shacks where the crew lived, to prepare for the long and dangerous trip down the snaking reaches of the Moosehook.

Carr gazed for a moment critically after the athletic figure of his new eighteen-year-old assistant; then, frowning slightly, he turned away to bid old Uncle Hamlin get the launch into shape and to make ready the high explosive.

"It's certainly taking a chance, just at this time!" muttered the superintendent. "But—well it's the boy's try-out. Has he the stuff in him? We'll see—we'll see!"

At half past twelve that afternoon Ben reached the rapids above Burnt Stick. The engine had worked perfectly. He deftly guided the launch through the white water round Mollyhocket Point; the purring exhaust of the two cylinders made music to his ears. Presently he shut off the battery and, drifting with the current of the swollen river, swung out into the artificial storage lake above the dam.

Already a droning roar, a dull and vibrant booming, drifted upwind to his ears. It seemed to fill earth and sky. At the other end of the lake, three miles long, a mile below, now a shimmering, waving veil of mist, where the tremendous forty-foot torrent of clear green water boiled over upon the apron of the dam.

"Well, there it is!" he said to himself. "Pretty quick run, all right. I guess if the super knew I'd made it before one o'clock, he'd think I was going some."

Getting out the dynamite that he had brought to work with, he prepared the cartridge for its task of destruction.

The process, occasionally used in the lumber regions, for blowing off the flashboards of a dam in case of a sudden freshet, in order to protect the main structure by draining away part of the water, is simple. A dynamite cartridge is suspended from a wooden cross frame and the charge is allowed to float down with the current. Sometimes the charge is exploded by a long wire and an electric spark controlled from the boat. Sometimes a detonating charge is used, to be set off on contact with the boards along the top of the dam.

In the present case, Carr had decided that the detonating charge would be simpler, and that it would have fewer risks.

When Ben had made sure that the ugly-looking cartridge swung clear and that the fulminate was properly placed, he carefully laid the crossed sticks into the current that bore down the middle of the lake and pushed them away from the launch.

Then, remembering what Carr had told him about keeping clear of the dam, the farther from it the better,—he started the motor and began to turn upstream in a wide curve.

But suddenly he uttered a sharp cry of astonishment and stared down the lake in horror. Stopping the engine, he sat there for a moment, with all his attention riveted on what he saw.

As the launch had circled, it had disclosed what lay behind a wooded point near the dam. There, less than a hundred yards above the dam, a canoe was anchored. In it sat two men, fishing!

Ignoring the signs tacked on scores of trees about the spot, they had ventured out upon this dangerous body of water. There they sat serenely fishing, while the annihilating charge of dynamite drifted down upon them!

Who they were or whence they had come Ben had no idea. All he knew was that if he did not warn and rescue them in some way they must inevitably be caught in the explosion and shattered into bits, or else be sucked down to instant death in the surging maelstrom below the dam.

Setting both hollowed palms to his mouth he shouted with the full strength of his lungs:

"Back, there! Go—back—on shore!"

Then he waved his arms in the direction of the land.

A derisive jeer came faintly back to him, and one of the men mockingly waved his cap.

Ben saw that it was useless to try to warn those city men or to drive them off. Nothing remained except to pursue the cartridge. That deadly thing, tugged by the strong undercurrent, had already floated a long distance away from him. There was no time to lose. He turned on the switch. Then, seizing the starting crank, he clapped it on the shaft, and flung all his strength upon the handle.

Snap!

The pin, broken at a flaw by the sudden, tremendous strain upon it, spun across the boat and jingled down against the side. Ben's hand struck the bottom grating with fearful force, but he never even felt the pain. For now the engine was worth no more than so much junk! It was impossible to start it by throwing the wheel by hand. Ben had often tried that before, and failed.

Up he stood, wild-eyed, trembling and pale.

"The oars!" he gasped. On his knees he fell, pawing for them under the seat. Old Uncle Hamlin had forgotten to put them in!

"I'm—drifting down, too!" he said aloud. "In a few minutes we'll all be dead together!"

What would he not have given to have had a cartridge with an electric wire attached! Now, with no way to stop or to control the terrific explosive, he felt himself lost.

Across the shining surface of the lake he could still see the crossed sticks as they floated ever farther ahead of the drifting launch. What should he do?

By abandoning all efforts to save the trespassers he could easily save his own life. The western shore of the lake was no more than two hundred yards away. He could swim that distance in a few minutes. But he could never, on account of the thick tangles of brush, reach the dam in time to prevent the catastrophe. On the other shore was the Portage trail, down which he could run in five minutes; but that shore was a quarter of a mile away.

Should he save himself, or try to save these jibing fishermen? He decided instantly. Stripping off his coat and tearing off his shoes, he sprang to the rail of the launch and leaped far over the side.

With a tremendous splash he struck the water, plunged clean under and came up ten feet away.

Striking out, vigorously he headed straight down the lake in pursuit of the dynamite.

Caught in the first strong tug of the surface current, Ben knew that he was travelling fast. The spruces on the nearer bank slid rapidly past him. Then a suction like that of the outer eddies of a whirlpool began to pull at his legs. The waters moved in oily swirls, unnaturally smooth, with here an upbubbling break that betokened the tremendous forces below.

Yet he swam strongly forward. Flinging himself shoulders free at every stroke, he cleft the surface. The drifting cross-pieces were now much nearer. Catching his breath, he shouted once more at the men in the canoe.

Astonished and alarmed, they were at last hauling up their anchor stone. Now they were swinging the canoe round. A plan suddenly flashed into his mind.

"Help! Help!" he screamed, and splashed the water violently, as if he were exhausted and drowning.

The ruse served its purpose. For now the men, laying to their paddles, began to breast the current and head toward him. Up the lake they crept, every moment farther from the dam. Once Ben shouted. More eagerly than ever he struck out for that elusive, deadly frame, now only a hundred feet ahead.

But now a twisting eddy slued him round. He fought it like a living foe, but it proved too strong. It drew him back and down; his head went under. When he came up again, confused, half blinded, his sense of direction was gone. He struck out, but as he cleared his eyes of water he saw that he was making toward the bank.

Loud in his ears boomed the thunder of the flood pouring over the dam. Faster, faster still the current sucked him along. Terror struck him. He knew that now he could not reach the dynamite, and that, even if he could, it would do no good.

"No time now to—get that fulminate off!" he panted. "The shore! I've got to reach it!"

As he flung himself desperately toward the shore a cry rang over the rushing stream.

Hold up a minute longer!

Panting, gasping, he struggled. His strength, of which he had been so confident, seemed to fail rapidly in that cold, green, cruel water. But he fought grimly on. A languor, a numbing weakness, began to possess him. Counting his strokes, timing them to keep them slow and effective, he wallowed slowly forward.

Then he heard the voice again. He heard a swash and dip of foaming paddles. The long, green body of the canoe loomed up before him.

"Help!" he gasped, this time in earnest.

He gripped the gunwale. But one of the men beat him off with the flat of his blade.

"No, no! Not there!" shouted the man. "Grab the stern! You'll swamp us!"

Ben had just enough strength and self control left to obey. The canoe slid past and his fingers clutched the stern. Spent, he clung, gulping, choking, breathless.

"Shore! Quick!" the second man cried, and they bent to their paddles.

For a time Ben, clinging tight, knew little what happened. But presently the canoe entered shoal water over which arched friendly firs and spruces.

Then a terrific crash shattered the sky. Echoes flung themselves back from the wooded mountains. A curtain of water surged high above the dam, and then, in a smother of spray, dropped back.

Both canoeists started violently, and capsized their craft. Then, draggled, half stunned, spent, they and Ben crawled up the bank just in time to escape the frothing wave of the backwash that spread across the lake as a hundred thousand tons of water, suddenly released, leaped down the jagged gorge below.

The two men that Ben saved were Joel Harrington and Edward Potter, both of New York. Potter was a director in the very company upon whose property he and Harrington were trespassing. The handsome gold watch that Ben carries bears both men's names engraved upon the inner case, together with Ben's own name and the brief inscription:

Burnt Stick Portage,
May 17, 1925

HOUSE OR HOME?

With an air of triumph Edna Maize flung open the apartment door of her apartment. "There, Mary! Maybe now you'll acknowledge there's something to be said for working after your married!"

Mary Carlisle looked, and in spite of herself her eyes grew wistful. The secretary that Edna had just left was exactly the kind that she and Phil had dreamed of having—when their ship came in.

"Genuine antique. Came from Charleston," said Edna. "There's a whole lot of history about it. Bring that unbelieving husband of yours over and see if it won't convert him."

"Oh, Phil isn't preventing me from working!" Mary cried loyally.

Edna laughed. "Oh, isn't he? Then why don't you do it? You gave up two thousand dollars a year to get married. Think what that would do for your house!"

"It's just that we both feel that making a home is about the biggest profession there is, big enough to fill a woman's time if she does it in a big way—" Mary paused, uncertain how to say what was in her mind.

"Isn't that just what I'm saying," Edna continued, "that you'd have a chance to have a real home then without all kinds of makeshifts? I'd like to know where you'd find a prettier one than mine this minute?"

"It is lovely," Mary replied, "and I could envy you your old secretary to distraction if I let myself. I must run along, Edna; I've salad to make."

"There you are again!" Edna responded. "With delicatessen shops on every corner! You don't catch me wearing my self out in a kitchen. It's rank inefficiency!"

Hurrying home, Mary wondered whether she really was inefficient. Perhaps it would be more sensible to work for a while, long enough anyway to get rid of the "makeshifts."

She was glad that Phil had to go back to the office that night. She wanted to think the matter out, really to settle it. "The thing to do," she declared, "is to balance the gains and losses. Edna's gains are easy—furniture and clothes and trips. Now what does she lose? In other words, what have I to show to balance the old secretary? Well, there's Aunt Mary's visit for one thing. Bless her heart, how she did enjoy it! And how I enjoyed having her! And there's the chance to give Essie Paris a rest and to take care of little Paul while his mother is in the hospital. And I 'spect old Mrs. Granger would miss running in, and the girls love dropping in when they come to town. And Bob—I mustn't forget the way he adores hanging round the kitchen—"

Mary's eyes were shining now. Suddenly the answer had come to her: "Furniture can make a lovely house, but it needs people doing all sorts of humanly everyday things and being happy in it to make a home."

ATHLETICS

Those who keep in touch with sporting activities from day to day will, no doubt, be interested to know that Howard McComb, Secretary of the Acton Amateur Athletic Club, who are sponsoring the Big Re-union and Athletic Meet, June 29-July 1, was, in his school days, a schoolmate of some of the managers of the greatest sporting clubs of the present day. He has supplied us with the following information:

For a number of years he was a classmate with Art Ross at Westmount Academy, which is in Westmount, Quebec, adjoining the City of Montreal. Art was a great all-round athlete. At rugby he was a star, being one of the very few running half backs who could kick equally well with either foot. At basketball he was one of the greatest stars on a gym floor. But in hockey he was the leading star in his day. He had the weight to make him a rugged defenceman; he had the speed, which ranked him as one of the greatest back-checkers of his time, and his shot was feared by all goalkeepers, and he was responsible for many a broken board at the old Montreal Arena. He first gained prominence while playing with the old Kenora Thistles, and from then on became a star and was such a drawing card that while in Pittsburg attendance with the words, "Come and see Ross play at the Arena," were used on the street cars to attract the crowds.

Another great player who was also a Westmount boy was Lester Patrick, manager of the New York Rangers, last year champions and this year runners-up, and it is rather a co-incidence that the managers of the two finalists in the N. H. L. should be former schoolmates, born and brought up in the same district.

Lester was also a star hockey player in his day and the greatest exhibition of grit ever shown in a hockey arena was displayed in a final championship game in Ottawa, some years ago, which the writer witnessed. With the score tied on the round, and the Montreal Wanderers, for whom Lester was playing, practically beaten, and demoralized, he stick-handled his way through the whole Ottawa team three times before scoring the winning goal.

Lester's brother, Frank, whose name is now being hooked up with Promoter Harmon, of Chicago, was also one of the great all-round athletes produced in Canada. Frank was a great back on the football field, a sprinter with a mark of 10 seconds for the 100 yards, a great lacrosse player and the clever[illegible] stick-handler [illegible] ever appeared in any arena. He played hockey first with the Montreal Victorias, and broke into pro hockey with the Renfrew Millionaires. Those who follow hockey, especially reading Pacific Coast hockey news, know Frank Patrick was the hockey czar of the Coast.

Sprague and Odie Cleghorn were also former Westmount boys, with Sprague being the best all-round athlete of the two. He specialized in lacrosse, baseball, motorcycling and needs no introduction to the hockey fans. One of the greatest defencemen the N. H. L. has ever seen and, had he been able to control his temper on the ice, his name would have been engraved on the hockey roll as the greatest player of all times. But although he used very rough tactics at times, he was also very popular and the opposing players also gave him credit as being game to the core. Odie's name is also well known this year, having managed the Pittsburg Pirates, and next year he is slated for the Montreal Canadiens.

We doubt very much if sporting history will reveal any facts that can duplicate the above conditions in that five former great athletic stars are, at the same time, acting in managerial position with leading sporting clubs, and at the same time all five having had their preliminary athletic training in the same district.

There were many lesser athletic stars turned out by Westmount, but the above names stand out at the present time, at least, as the greatest of them all.

The people of this community can now understand how Secretary McComb, with this athletic instinct so firmly imbued in his system, year after year keeps himself busy promoting sport and recreation, and now that we have, in this community a club like the Acton Amateur Athletic Club, to promote and control athletics and recreation, we can all do our share by sporting it to the full extent of our ability.

Mr. Ernie Wyer, who assisted by handling the entries for the 1928 Civic Holiday Athletic Meet here, and who is the energetic and hard-working Secretary of the Monarch Athletic Club of Toronto, who are staging the first Canadian National Marathon Race at Toronto on May 24, was recently elected, at a meeting at Boston, First Vice-President of the National Marathon Runners Association. Ernie has also done good work for our Great Athletic Meet here on Dominion Day, and in one particular way was responsible for giving Acton a clear field by arranging with Lindsay to postpone the meet that they had already arranged.

The following letter was received from Ray Lewis, of Hamilton Collegiate Institute Relay Team, which is the championship team of America. The readers will recall an item published two weeks ago, referring to the winning of the Hamilton Collegiate runners at Philadelphia and Marquette. The following letter was received from Ray in reply to a letter the Athletic Club sent congratulating him and his team upon their splendid achievements:

Hamilton, May 9, 1929.

The Acton Amateur Athletic Club,
Acton, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

I have received your letter of congratulations, and on behalf of the team I wish to thank you most heartily. We appreciate your interest shown toward our team. We hope that our one or two wins will interest the boys of your High School, and help to stimulate athletics in your centre.

Wishing you the greatest success in your forthcoming athletic endeavor.

Yours sincerely,
Raymond G. Lewis.

Acton, as a sporting centre, is becoming well known. The Athletic Club received, in the mail this week, some advertising matter from the New York Bloomers, a ladies' softball organization, requesting bookings for ball games. A photo of this team can be seen in THE FREE PRESS window, and it may be possible to arrange a game with this team on the local diamond.

SUCCESS

For parents to stimulate a son's ambition by suggesting the possibility that he may some day become president is not so customary as it once was. It is true, of course, that if the man who will be president in 1960 could be located to-day, he would, very likely, be working on a farm and saving his spare nickels to buy a textbook. Out of the fine, ambitious young fellows numbered by the thousands in this fortunate land, however, few ever will be president.

That is not a matter of regret, either. If success meant reaching the top, most of us would be disappointed. Instead it means reaching the place we are fitted for, and filling it. The worker who enjoys his work and who does it well is as much of a success as the head of a firm.

NEIGHBORS

Mrs. Dunn had run in to spend an hour with her old friend, Mrs. Slater. "I see you have new neighbors in the corner house," she said, as she threw off her wrap. "It's a relief to see it occupied, isn't it? Do you like them?"

Mrs. Slater lifted her hands in a pretty gesture of despair.

"Do I like them! My dear, I hardly see my next-door neighbors once a month, and as for knowing people nine doors away." She looked pleadingly at her friend; she was slender and intense, and took life hard.

"You have to choose!" she cried. "Of course Will and the children come first, and then there are certain church duties and your old friends, and the little time there is left I feel as if I must give where it really counts. So I go down to Neighborhood House once a week—I have a club there. We are trying to reach lonely girls and women; not shop-girls—they have companionship at least,—but the lonely ones, off in forlorn corners by themselves. It seems dreadful that any woman should be lonely when—I have so much!"

The brown eyes dimmed with tears, and her friend patted her hand caressingly. "You're a dear, Marjory Slater! Only don't work yourself to death over your lonely people, that's all."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Slater responded, rejecting sympathy. "That water is boiling at last. Is it still your pernicious custom to take cream instead of lemon in your tea?"

Two weeks later Mrs. Slater, stopping for a chat with the head worker at Neighborhood House, found a stranger there.

"This is Mrs. Woodward," Miss Hillis said. "She is a new friend. She is particularly interested in your club, and wants to visit it."

"Why of course!" Mrs. Slater returned, with quick enthusiasm. "It's not half so big as most of the clubs, but that's because we find them one by one. It's for lonely people, you know."

Mrs. Woodward smiled a little wistfully. "I know—that's why I wanted to come. You see I'm lonely myself. I suppose I'm foolish, but I came from a little town where every one knew every one else; and the change to a city where in three months not a single neighbor has called—"

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Slater. She stopped on the landing, and her face was full of sympathy. "Tell me where you live, and I'll call. I'd love to!"

"On Wisconsin Avenue—3750—" She stopped, bewildered at Mrs. Slater's expression.

"O my dear!" Mrs. Slater exclaimed. "I live on that very square. And I pretend to teach other people to be neighbors, when I've let a neighbor of my own be lonely for three months! [illegible] said quickly.

"Whose fault was that?" Mrs. Slater retorted. Then, warmly, they shook hands.

THE WOUNDS TO VANITY

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend," said Solomon, yet seldom does even the most faithful friend venture to wound a man in his tenderest point, his vanity.

Men are vain on different subjects. It is the vanity of one man to fancy that he has a way with him that is invariably charming to women; of another that he has a dry, amusing wit, of a third that his judgment of men is uncommonly shrewd; and the friend who takes an episode in which one of these particular vanities has been painfully treated and makes it a ground for scoffing admonition is sure to have his frankness bitterly resented. The wounds of a friend when administered to vanity are slow to heal, and any subsequent little disagreement or friction is likely to open them again. Therefore the friends who are discreet inflict wounds in spots less sensitive than vanity.

Sometimes, however, it is hard for even a man's intimate friend to tell where self-respect ends and vanity begins. Probably vanity means with most people respect for themselves on certain grounds that do not really entitle them to it. People who are vain about their dress are pretty sure to exhibit poor taste in dress. Yet people who have a proper self-respect may give as much time and thought to their dress as those who are vain about it. The difference lies in the fact that they do not especially pride and esteem themselves on the attractive appearance that giving time and thought to the matter insures.

On one subject the vanity of man is universal. Does any man live who really doubts that he has a sense of humor? What man, if a friend doubted that he had it, would not conclude that the person capable of entertaining such a doubt was seriously deficient in intelligence? Pity rather than resentment would be the emotion that the question would aspire. The only vanity that no one can ever wound is a man's satisfaction with his own sense of humor.

RIB-ROLL

Is rapidly replacing old-style corrugated rolling as well as the tried types of metal roofing. Handsome in appearance, as it is easy and quick to lay, it is sold at less than old-style prices. Established other measure. Made of heavy steel, with the Leaf Nail with the Red Heading. The head nails the leaf and the leaf holds the nail. No more threading. 22c per lb.

Clear-up of Rib Roll

Eastern Steel Products Limited
PRESTON, ONT.
Montreal Toronto

EXTENSIVE CLEARING AUCTION SALE

TOWNSHIP OF ERAMOSA

FARM STOCK, IMPLEMENTS, GRAIN, HAY, HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS

The undersigned has received instructions from

N. H. BLACK

to sell by Public Auction at Lot 7, 7th Line, Eramosa, 3 miles north-east of Rockwood and 1 mile below Everton, 2 miles off Highway No. 7, on

TUESDAY, MAY 28, 1929

at one o'clock sharp, the following:

HORSES—Bay Mare, 13 years; Chestnut Mare, 10 years.

12 DAIRY COWS—Roan Cow, in calf; Heifer with calf at foot; Heifer, 3 years, due in June; Heifer, 3 years, with calf at foot; Roan Cow in calf; Red Cow, bred, fresh 3 months, calf at foot; Black and White Cow, fresh 3 months; Jersey Cow, fresh, calf at foot; Jersey Cow, due in June; White Cow, due in June; Part Jersey Cow, due in June; Blue Cow, due in June; 3 Baby Beef, is not previously sold.

80 HOGS—York Sow, with 9 Pigs one month old; York Sow, with 9 Pigs one month old; York Sow, due about time of sale. These are Sows from O. A. C. stock. 9 Pigs, about 140 lbs.; 9 Pigs, 2 months old; 11 Pigs, 3 months old; 19 Pigs, 2½ months old; Sow and 10 Pigs, one week old.

POULTRY—A few Hens.

ORCHARD EQUIPMENT — 2 Apple Presses; Stencils; Packing Table; 2 Stamps; 3 22-foot Extension Ladders; 2 Straight Ladders; a Number of Picking Baskets.

IMPLEMENTS—Binder, Massey-Harris, 7 foot cut; Mower, Massey-Harris, 6 foot cut nearly new; Steel Hay Rake, Massey-Harris, 10 foot, nearly new; 2-Row Corn Cultivator, Massey-Harris; 3-Drum Steel Roller, Bissell; Cultivator, 13-tooth, Massey-Harris; Disc, Massey-Harris; 12-foot Harrows; Pulper; 2 Single Furrow Plows, 1 nearly new; 2-furrow Walking Plow; Manure Spreader; 2 Buggy Poles; New Idea Manning Mill, Chatham; Open Buggy; Top Buggy; Sleighs; Cutter; Steel Drum, 45 gallons; Set of Sifings; Pig Troughs; Stone Truck; Wagon with 12 foot box and shelving; Massey-Harris Farm Wagon, steel wheels; Hay Rack; Whiffletrees; 18-foot Block Rack; Crow Bars; Post Hole Spoon and Packer; Crosscut Saw; Logging Chain; Forks, Hoes, etc.; Turnip Sower; Extension Pipes for Straw Blower; Grass Seed Sower; Grain Cradle; Pea Harvester; Scuffler; Fence Posts; 2 Jacks; 1 Practically New Hay Wagon, 3½ inch tires; 2 Sills for Hay Rack; Cutting Box; Quantity of Lumber; Other Articles Too Numerous to Mention.

HARNESS—2 Sets of Team Harness; Odd Collars.

OATS AND HAY—A Quantity of Oats and Hay.

HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS — 2 Dining Room Tables; 1 Couch; Kitchen Chairs; Gasoline Lamp; 2 Office Chairs; 1 Stretcher; Bedsteads; Bedroom Dressers; Dishes and Dealers; Wash Tubs; Dairy Utensils; Melotte Cream Separator; Churn; Butter Bowl and Print, etc.

POSITIVELY NO RESERVE AS THE FARM IS SOLD—REMEMBER THE DATE, TIME AND PLACE OF THIS SALE

TERMS—$10.00 and under, cash; over that amount 10 months' credit will be given on furnishing approved joint notes, approved by the Royal Bank, Rockwood. 5% off for cash. Baby Beef, Hay and Grain, cash.

R. J. KEEN, Auctioneer,
Phone 36, Acton, Ont.
H. C. THOMSON Clerk. 46-2

And the first sip will convince you it is best

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

The whole family profits from Delco-Light

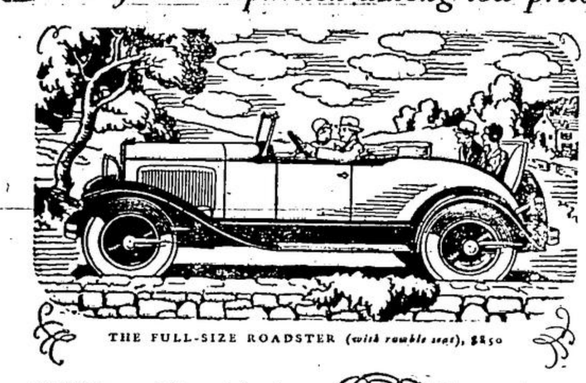
MOTHER'S work is easier through the help of electrical appliances and running water. The children grow up under the influence of a brighter, happier home. Dad's work is easier in many ways and his farm profits bigger.

R. BALLANTYNE
Distributor for Delco-Light
GUELPH, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

New Beauty, New Comfort and New Smoothness

Beyond comparison among low-priced cars



THE FULL-SIZE ROADSTER (with rumble seat), $820

IMPORTANT NEW FEATURES

Increased Engine Stroke.
Heavier Crankshaft.
Larger Main Bearings and Connecting Rods.
New Design Full-Pressure Lubricating System.
Improved Steering Mechanism.
Greater Economy of operation and upkeep.
Improved Lock integral with ignition coil.
New Self-Conforming seat cushions.
New Spring colors.

THE improved Plymouth is today exhibiting new standards of performance, economy, comfort and beauty beyond comparison in the field of low-priced motor cars.

$820 and up f. o. b. Windsor

Chrysler engineers have created many new refinements in Plymouth's famous Chrysler "Silver-Dome" type engine. These include longer stroke and an increase in piston displacement; a heavier crankshaft; larger interchangeable bearings; larger connecting rods; a newly designed system of full-pressure lubrication.

These and a number of other improvements have accomplished in the full-size Plymouth a remarkable type of performance, comfort and economy heretofore unlooked for in a low-priced motor car.

Now more than ever is Plymouth brisk and flexible in pickup. Now more than ever is Plymouth smooth and quiet through all gears and all speeds.

Come see the improved full-size Plymouth in all the glory of its new Springtime colorings. Take one out and see how it sparkles and shines in action.

Coupe, $820; Roadster (with rumble seat), $850; 2-Door Sedan, $860; Touring, $870; DeLuxe Coupe (with rumble seat), $870; 4-Door Sedan, $890. All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).

PLYMOUTH
CANADA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

H. A. COXE
Chrysler and Plymouth Sales and Service — Phone 66, Acton, Ontario

CARROLL'S
"Where Quality is as High as Prices are Low"

Says Mrs. Dollar-Wise

A basket now for Widow Mills,
They tell me she is failing,
Enfeebled age—a score of ills—
And poverty assailing
My thrifty shopping, wisely planned,
With Carroll's low-cut prices,
Enables me to lend a hand
Where'er such need arises.

Special— DEL MAIZ Fancy Golden CORN No. 2 tin 16c

Fine Quality PEAS No. 2 tin Special 3 tins 29c

Special— Choice Quality WHOLE GRAIN RICE 3 lbs. 19c

Special Kazvan DATES Pitted. Pkg. 10c

Special—EAGLE BRAND MILK Condensed Sweetened 3 tins 50c

For the Picnic —MAY 24—
Salmon, Coronation Sockeye, tin 24c, 43c
Salmon, Victory Coho Red, tin 17c, 32c
Salmon, Kitlic Brand Pink, tin 11c, 17c
Corned Beef, Libby's, No 1 tin 22c
Sardines, Patrico brand, extra small, tin 15c
Sardines, Julland brand, 2 tins 15c
Potted Meats, Clark's assorted 3 tins 25c
Lobster Paste 2 tins 25c
Dried Beef, Libby's Rose Dale, jar 27c
Peanut Butter, Upton's toy pail 19c
Blanched Salted Peanuts, fancy jumbo, lb. 29c

BUTTER Fancy Creamery, lb. 39c

CHEESE Velveeta or Chateau, ½ lb. Pkg. 17c

British Empire Shopping Week
We endorse and recommend the following British Products
Peck's Meat Pastes, assorted, per jar 23c
Maconochie's Bloater Paste tin 9c 3 tins 25c
Maconochie's Pickles, assorted, jar 29c
Rowat's Pickles, assorted, jar 25c, 33c, 37c, 45c
SAUCES
H. P., per bottle 27c
Burns Sauce, bottle 19c
Holbrook's Sauce, btl. 27c
Lea & Perrin's, btl. 33c
Paterson's, btl. 11c
Scott-Taylor's, btl. 10c
Malt Vinegar, White-Cottell's, bottle 15c, 26c
Corn Flour, Brown & Polson's, 1-lb. pkg. 15c
Ovaltine, tin 50c, 75c, $1.35
Shoe Polish, Nugget, Day & Martin's 2 tins 33c

Special—King Oscar KIPPER SNACKS 4 tins 18c

Pearl White Naphtha SOAP 10 bars 36c

McLaren's Invincible PUDDINGS Chocolate, Custard Tapioca, 2 pkgs. 23c

SPECIAL IMPERIAL DRY Ginger Ale Carton of 6 bottles 42c

Special—Aylmer Fancy Tid-Bits PINEAPPLE No. 2 Tin 19c

Special—Rickards-Chase Fancy Salad Asparagus Juicy, Succulent Points. 1-lb. Tin 24c

Special— TABLE FIGS Choice Smyrnas 3 pkgs. 24c

Special—Choice Light TUNA MEAT Small Tins-Reg. 10c 3 Tins 49c

Special— McLaren's QUEEN OLIVES 14-oz. Jar Reg. 23c 19c

Mill Street - Acton, Ontario