The Acton Free Press
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1929

AH, TREASURE NOW

Life flaunts such wealth of loveliness to-day
That Youth, the prodigal,
Would pluck it with both hands to fling away
In mood of carnival.

Can one bid Youth to clutch with eager grasp
At laughter, song and mirth,
To hold them captive in a miser's clasp,
For coming days of dearth?

Yet it were well to keep some petals still
A kiss, a smile, a tear—
In memory secure against the chill
Of some far wintry year.

Ah, treasure now the fragrance and the bloom
That breathe on every side!
Keep them like rose leaves for time's scentless room,
When lovely Spring has died.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by JUDY O'GRADY

Here we are at last—where?—why at the Exhibition, of course. Yes, the scene has shifted from harvest fields to Exhibition grounds.

Tuesday forenoon we brought the last of the barley into the barn, and I don't know when I was so thankful to see the end of a job. Partner had been to three threshings, which kept things back considerably, and then it looked like rain (N. B.—It didn't rain, it looked like it) so when we worked, it was in no half-hearted way. Generally speaking throughout harvest we do get a little wet weather, which, though it holds up the work, does give us a little respite, but this year it has been one continual drive, week in and week out—in fact it has been little short of an endurance test. Endurance being quite in the fashion these days, we are quite in the swim, as it were. Endurance yes, personally I endured headache, backache, aching limbs and muscles, thistles and barley beards, blisters on my hands, in fact every kind of muscular ache and pain ... we were no ashes or pains in heart or spirit, so thankful we were to get that all was safely gathered in.

They say it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back—certainly we had had more trouble getting off the last few loads than all the previous ones. With one load the draw-rope broke and it had to be fixed and then with the last load but two, the cart on the hay fork track went out of commission. But still these things will happen with the best regulated farms and families, and so we look on it as all in the day's work, call on our reserve supply of "ginger," and do the work while there is work to do, but after that comes re-action.

On Wednesday we were all more or less flattened out. Partner put in time bringing home summer wood from the bush, as for me there was so much I knew that should be done and so little that I ultimately accomplished that I was quite ready to fall in with Partner's suggestion that we take a day off and go to the Exhibition. So here we are. But previous to our departure we had to get up in the grey dawn, milk the cows, get breakfast, dress two excited children and walk a mile and a half to to town to catch the bus. We were twenty minutes early but only just in time to get the last seats. There were plenty more cants after us so we took the children on our laps. The driver pulled out camp stools, from under the seats, a few men and boys were standing but still the people came. It was really a shame to see them turned away as one could easily imagine their disappointment, after preparations had been made, not to carry them through to a glorious finish.

Arrived at the Exhibition, we visited practically every building in turn and found it as folks say, the same year after year. Yes, the same to a certain extent. The same buildings are there with certain additions, the same clays of exhibits and the same flower beds, beautifully tended and arranged. There is still the Exhibition Chorus, the Art Gallery, the Grand Stand Spectacle and the Pireworks. We can still find beautiful herds of pure bred cattle, horses and horse races remain as popular as ever, so we must agree that on the surface the Great Fair has a certain sameness and so far as we can see, it always will have. But beneath the surface—what do we find? Is it anywhere possible to find better collective evidence of the progress of modern science? We visit the aeroplane building and find huge monsters of the air, capable of soaring aloft to heights beyond our imagination. In the electrical building there are appliances and labor savers enough to make one gasp and in the Women's Building one might profitably spend an hour or two in close inspection of the arts and crafts. And then over our heads comes a voice from the clouds as an aeroplane with radio equipment is seen and the announcer in stentorian tones gives us warning of the many attractions to be seen and heard. The great treat of the day for us was the Exhibition Chorus. The boy ran out of his supply of programmes before he reached our row and so I don't know even now what music I heard, but I do know that if the C. N. E. were on all the year around, and I had the time and money to spare, I could quite easily listen to such perfect melody every day in the week.

I haven't the technical knowledge or the literary ability to do it justice, so I will leave the description to those who are better qualified in that direction.

* * *

Alas, all good things must come to an end so here we are back at the farm once more, and it is now the 'morning after.' The children are walking around with kingly crowns of paste board and paint. They are tired and must I confess it—a trifle cranky but in between whiles they are happily playing with rubber monkeys and Eskimo dolls, relics of a happy day. I have been running after myself ever since I got up, kidding myself I am neither tired nor sleepy. Be that as it may, we have had our day and far be it from me to grumble at a little indisposition resulting therefrom. Anyway, I haven't time, for there is a big basket of blue berries in the pantry waiting to be canned. With those to do and Saturday to-morrow, the rest of the family had better watch out or they will never see me for dust.

NEWSPAPER IS LOGICAL PLACE

Here's a good advertisement which is taken from an exchange. An editor and a merchant were discussing the virtue of billboard advertising. The merchant contended that more people read the billboard than the newspaper. After a lengthy conversation in which neither man would give in, the men parted. The next week the merchant came tearing down to the newspaper office wanting to know why the obituary of his wife's brother was not in the paper, especially after he had seen the copy was taken to the newspaper office. "Well," said the editor, "I knew you wanted the obituary read by the people, so I took it out and nailed it on the bill board." Just think it over.

TAKEN LITERALLY

"I asked her if I could see her home."
"And what did she say?"
"Said she would send me a picture of it."

The Free Press' Short Story

A TORPEDOED TORNADO

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK

On Friday Paul Matthews found himself within a few miles of his home, at Fayette, in the oil district, and he decided to drive over and spend Sunday there. But Paul Matthews and his wagon were not a welcome sight in that region. The town would not allow him to drive within its limits, and he had to leave his wagon a mile outside.

This was due to no personal prejudice. It was because he was by profession a "well-shooter," and that red-painted spring wagon, with the red flag, carried thirty or forty pints of nitro-glycerine, in small tins packed snugly in padded frames.

The business of the well-shooter is well understood in the oil regions, and his wagon becomes a familiar, though always alarming, sight. When an oil-well ceases to flow, a charge of high explosive fired at the bottom of the tube will often stimulate it into activity again. It is the business of the well-shooter to supply this stimulus, and he drives about from place to place with a cart-load of nitro-glycerine, and everybody allows him to take the whole road when he passes.

Matthews had taken up the business from the natural propensity of youth to run pig risks for the chance of large profits. He was growing accustomed to the risks, but the profits were not what he had expected, and it had become distinctly unpleasant to be a terrifying object wherever he appeared. Moreover, he found that the continual presence and odor of the nitro-glycerine tended to produce violent headaches and nausea.

He had left his wagon in a little patch of woods to the west of the village. The horses were staked out by long ropes, and every day he walked out to feed and water them. There was no danger of any one's meddling with that outfit. Its flag was protection enough.

A little after noon on Saturday he went out to attend to his team, through oppressive heat and dust. It had been very hot for a week. A little before noon a breeze had arisen, but with no coolness in it, and the sky had clouded slightly with a coppery tint. The wind drove vast clouds of dust in Matthews' face as he walked up the road, and before he reached his outfit he was convinced that a heavy thunder-storm was coming up.

This made him hasten to get through his duties, for he had no desire to remain near his wagon during such a disturbance. A thunderstorm is one of the terrors of the oil-dynamiter, for apart from the danger of his wagon being struck, there is always the possibility that a heavy shock of thunder may explode the cargo by mere concussion.

When Matthews came out from among the trees to take another look at the weather, however, he was startled by the appearance of the western sky. A dense bank of dark-blue cloud was rolling up rapidly, blowing out in ragged streamers, as if torn by a powerful gale. Already it was reaching half-way to the zenith, and the sun shone dimly through a reddish haze. In a few minutes more this was blotted out, and a strange and chilly dusk fell upon the earth. The horses were snorting and stamping with fright. The storm developed so rapidly that Matthews at first had hardly recognized its nature.

But now the indications were only too clear. Twice in his life he had seen tornadoes. They are not so common in the middle West as upon the plains, but veritable "twisters" do occasionally sweep across that region, and it appeared afterward, in fact, that this was a sort of offshoot of the cyclone that almost wiped out the town of Pike Springs on the same day. It was coming apparently straight toward Fayette, and Paul's first and natural inclination was to run for some shelter.

He was not much alarmed for his own safety until the thought of his wagon-load of explosives occurred to him. The shock of the cyclone would certainly explode it. Should it go off where it stood, the resulting damage would be comparatively slight; but it would almost certainly be lifted from the ground by the suction, and the tins of nitro-glycerine dropped and exploded all over the neighborhood. They would certainly be carried toward Fayette, and the tornado itself, would be a comparatively minor peril.

Matthews stopped and tried to think of something to do. A hole in the ground, a cellar, would be the only safe depository for the dangerous outfit; but it struck him that the ravine of Jackson's Creek might furnish a substitute.

The creek was a small one, but it flowed at the bottom of a deep, narrow ravine which it had cut through hard clay. If the wagon could be placed in that gorge, he thought, it would be pretty certain to stay there, and do nothing worse than blow up the creek-bed. But the creek was a mile away, in the direction of the oncoming tornado.

Matthews did not stop, however, to think of his fate if he were caught half-way, or of the impossibility of getting the wagon safely down the precipitous sides of the ravine should he reach it. He was used to taking big chances, and this seemed the only one, big or little. He began to hitch up the horses with haste.

The animals were growing more and more uneasy, and it seemed to take a terribly long time to attach them to the wagon. He jumped up on the seat and drove out toward the road. It was growing darker, and the wind was blowing a gale, thick with dust, but the body of the tornado was still a long way off. It seemed to him that he had a fighting chance of reaching the creek; and in any event the farther he got from the village, the better.

As he drove up the road he noticed the cattle in the fields rushing about and bellowing piteously with fright. He dared not go faster than a trot, and the slow pace was maddening. He had trouble in holding in the horses, and once he let them out a little, till a heavy jar over a big stone brought his heart thumping into his throat, and made him slow down again.

But before he had gone a quarter of a mile he began to see that he could never reach the ravine. The wind and dust were blinding, and the horses were growing almost uncontrollable with fright. In the turbulent west the sky was all a bluish black, and in the midst of it he thought he could distinguish a huge, swirling mass of inky darkness, the vortex of the whirlwind, coming down at the speed of an express train. It had grown almost as dark as evening. The whole sky was darkened, except for a strip of livid pallor low in the east, like a sinister dawn.

He could never make the creek, but he might get far enough from the village to minimize the danger from explosion. The tornado seemed several miles away, and there were still a few minutes of grace. Between the darkness and the flying dust he could no longer see the stones and rough spots in the road, and growing reckless, he let the panic-stricken team out a little faster, becoming too much excited to think of the present risk. He dipped into a hollow, where a stream crossed the road through a culvert, rattled up the succeeding elevation, and pulled up short as he reached the top, suddenly appalled.

The whole sky appeared to be falling in, like an inky-black torrent, and in the gloom he could make out the gigantic, balloon-shaped cloud that swept the earth with a grinding roar, like the jar of some immense mill.

He jumped down, pulled out his knife and cut the horses loose. They fled down the road by which they had come, and Matthews raced after them, leaving the loaded wagon standing on the top of the hill.

He had no clear idea of where he was going till he reached the culvert at the bottom of the hollow. He dived into the low opening of the plank tunnel, crawled a few feet in, and lay flat in the mud and water.

For a few seconds he cowered there, and quaked with fright. From the opening at the end he could see nothing but obscurity, and the air seemed filled with cloud and dust. For an instant there seemed a strange lull, and then with redoubled and deafening uproar the cyclone struck and went over. He was actually dragged toward the end of the culvert by the suction.

One of the planks overhead was ripped away and went whirling into the air. The mud and water agonized up round him. For one dreadful moment the earth seemed ground under some prodigious force, and then the darkness was split by a brilliant flash and a paralyzing concussion. The explosion was less a report than a tremendous shock, with a rending and dislocation of the atmosphere greater than that of the tornado itself. Then the air seemed suddenly struck calm, and a rain of every sort of wreckage showered down—shingles, boards, fragments of trees and pieces of fencing.

In his scattered wits, Matthews thought the centre of the cyclone had gone past, and he peeped through the gap over his head. The swirling black cloud was no longer in existence. It appeared to have been split asunder, and to have broken into a number of smaller eddies that swept the fields with immense velocity, but with comparatively little force. The great vortex was broken, split by the explosion as a waterspout is broken by a cannon-shot. The tornado was blown up.

Matthews crawled out, and, finding a little lighter in the west and a cold rain had begun to fall, Matthews watched the relics of the whirlwind pass over Fayette, and they did not look capable of inflicting any serious damage. He glanced back toward the hilltop. Where the wagon had stood there was nothing but an immense pit in the earth. It would take much labor to make that road passable again.

The storm, in fact, did nothing more than uproot a few trees in Fayette, and it subsided after passing. No further damage was reported from it. Matthews found one of his horses lying dead a few rods down the road. The other was captured, unhurt, a day or two later, by a farmer a couple of miles away. As for the wagon and the well-shooting outfit, not so much as a bolt or a splinter was ever seen.

Matthews thought of demanding compensation from the town, on the ground of his services in wrecking the tornado. But he abandoned the idea eventually. He knew the characteristics of country villages, and he was afraid that if the affair was brought to their notice, he would be asked to pay for the damage to the road.

PEACHES PLUS

At this season one need look no further than the fruit stand for inspiration in planning the day's meals. There quantities of rosy-cheeked peaches meet the eye and immediately the housewife thinks of at least a half a dozen ways in which this versatile fruit may be prepared and served. For breakfast, either fresh or stewed; with ready-to-eat cereals; as a base for luncheon salad; combined with melon in the dinner cocktail or made into a delicious dessert, this fruit meets with universal favor.

To make a delicious salad, arrange halves of large peaches, hollow sides up on salad plates, covered with lettuce or endive. Chop hearts of celery, almonds and mix with cream cheese. Fill cavity in the peach with the mixture. Cover with another half peach (to resemble a whole peach). Spread over with mayonnaise, and over this a rather soft cranberry jelly. Sprinkle with parsley.

PEACH-STUFFED CANTALOUPE COCKTAIL

2 cantaloupes
2 cups peeled sliced peaches
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Whipped cream

Chill and halve the melons, remove the seeds and fill the cavities with the peaches, freshly sliced and blended with sugar and lemon juice.

PEACHES IN MERINGUE NESTS

6 whites of eggs
2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon vinegar

Beat the egg whites to a stiff dry froth, add the sugar a little at a time and beat. Add the vanilla and vinegar. Press the mixture through a pastry tube to shape the "Nests." Bake in a very slow oven (40 minutes or longer will be required). Put a ripe peach in each nest, dust it with powdered sugar, and pile with sweetened whipped cream.

PEACH UP-SIDE-DOWN CAKE

3 eggs
1 cup sugar
4 tablespoons cold water
½ teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon lemon
1 cup All-Bran
½ cup flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt

Beat the eggs until light. Add sugar, water and flavorings. Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add to liquid together with All-Bran. In an iron skillet or deep cake pan, melt 3 tablespoons of butter. Add 1 cup brown sugar. Cover bottom of skillet with halves of fresh peaches and pour over cake mixture. Bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes. Serve with whipped cream.—Barbara H. Brooks.

FAIR EXCHANGE

A banker friend of ours said he'd like to run a newspaper just for one week. And, say, what couldn't some of us newspaper guys do in a bank in just a half an hour, if we had the chance?

BITS OF HUMOR

"Bandy, I dinna like it—ya take every corner on two wheels!"

"Oo, aye, Jeanie, but dinna disturb ya-self—it cuts ma yearly tire bill about half."—W. P. L.

It takes more than 1,500 nuts to hold an automobile together, but it takes only one to scatter it all over the landscape.

Dealer: Here are our latest streamline cars.

Dainty Maid: I want one for along the Mississippi.

Judge: Speeding, were you? Ten dollars fine.

College Student: Can you change a twenty?

Judge: Nope. Twenty dollars fine.

WHAT THEY DID NOT KNOW ABOUT CRAPE

The Department of Commerce at Washington, which is known in South America as an arbitrator of trade disputes, received an emotional letter from Senor Rodorigo Fernandes of Rio de Janeiro. Senor Fernandes presented his respects, says the Nation's Business, and protested against the "indifference, carelessness and unscrupulousness of the Republica del Norte."

He said that the Atlantic Merchanding Company had cheated him out of five hundred and fifty dollars' worth of crape. He ordered and received twelve cases of the commodity. When the bolts were taken out, it measured from one to one and a half meters short!' What was worse, he had preferred a claim against the Atlantic Company, but they had "unequivocally declined to entertain any claim for damages." It was all a very unhappy affair. Senor Fernandes was patently not only wholly sincere; he was hurt.

The chief of the commercial attache division secured a report from the consul at Rio that confirmed all of Senor Fernandes' charges. From the representative of the Department of Commerce in New York he learned that the Atlantic Company had behind it sixty years of honorable dealings and that it refused the claim for shortage because the crape had been measured by infallible machines in the shop of the dyeing company from which the crape was originally procured. Incidentally, the export manager of the Atlantic Company remarked that he was "through with those South Americans." He, too, had become emotional over the episode.

All of which made the United States government very sorrowful. It tried everything it could think of. The claims of both men were proved correct. It found that there had been no pilfering on the ship; the boxes and end seals were unbroken on arrival. The goods were identical, proved so by their numbers. The crape was not short. And there it was!

Weeks passed. The export manager and Senor Fernandes were rolling up their sleeves for a legal battle—and Brazil's new president just then being received at the White House!

But one day the government hatched a bright idea: Why not cross-examine the dyer? This it did and discovered that the crape would shrink if it got wet, especially in a high temperature.

"Well," asked the government, "would it shrink if it were merely moist and hot?"

"Certainly. The threads are twisted before the cloth is woven so that when it is moistened a decided shrinkage occurs. This is what makes it crapy."

This gave the government another idea. It was too easy now. It remembered that ships in South America are deluged in rains practically all the time for fourteen hundred miles north and south of the equator.

The government questioned the dyer: "Would that sort of thing cause the cloth to shrink?"

"It couldn't help it!" was his reply.

A CONQUEROR OF CIRCUMSTANCE

Matthew H. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, who entered the Senate in 1869, was a liard student, but never indulged in desultory reading. When investigating a subject, writes H. G. Howard in "Civil-War Echoes," he would never abandon the work until it was thoroughly masterod. It was this habit that gave him such fluency of speech. His skill in grouping facts before a jury, before a court or in the Senate, he always maintained, was due to his study of the style of Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion."

A friend who knew him intimately and who finished the study of law with him, says:

"He was a wild, rollicking boy, full of good humor and practical jokes, but of the kind which are harmless. He was appointed a cadet at West Point, but after a year or two he could stand the discipline and restraint no longer. He obtained a furlough, and never returned.

"He had a most determined character concealed under a very jovial, free, and easy exterior. After he began the study of law he became totally blind, and for two years and a half did not see the light of day.

"Although it was believed that he was hopelessly blind, he never faltered in his determination to master the great principles of the law. He had a supreme contempt for a mere case lawyer, and would never read a second time any case that was not decided upon principle."

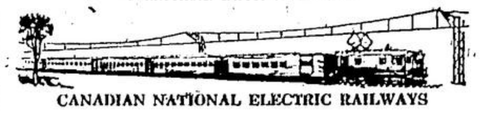
Many mothers can testify to the virtue of Mother Graves Worm Exterminator, because they know from experience how useful it is.

TRAVEL BY
Electric Trains
TO THE
EXHIBITION
AUGUST 23rd TO SEPTEMBER 7th
Special Low Fare
Tickets Sold at Agents' Offices Only

Georgetown to Toronto and Return	$0.95
Acton to Toronto and Return	1.15
Eden Mills to Toronto and Return	1.50
Guelph to Toronto and Return	1.70

TRAINS LEAVE

Guelph	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.
Eden Mills	7.18 a.m.	8.20 a.m.	9.18 a.m.	11.18 a.m.
Acton	7.34 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	9.34 a.m.	11.34 a.m.
Georgetown	7.50 a.m.	9.00 a.m.	9.50 a.m.	11.50 a.m.

Then Every Two Hours
Returning Leave Toronto, 5.00 p. m., 6.00 p. m., 7.00 p. m., 9.00 p. m. and 11.00 p. m.
Travel the Electric Way and Save the Difference—Street Car Connections Direct to Grounds

CANADIAN NATIONAL ELECTRIC RAILWAYS

The MOST FOOL-PROOF ROOFING YOU CAN BUY
And PRESTON LED-HED NAILS
mean no more "Threading"
The newest thing—and the best for metal roofing. The lead on the head perfectly seals the nail hole. Waterproof; eliminates chimney washers. No more "threading". Their ease and speed of handling makes them worth many times their cost. $2.50 per lb. Free sample gladly sent on request.
WHEN Rib-Roll was first put on the market it caused favorable comment all over the country. Others have attempted to copy its design, but no substitute is as good as the original. Besides, all the best features of Rib Roll are patented. If you really want a lightning-proof, fire-proof, weather-proof roof, get Rib-Roll. It comes in big handy sheets, easy to lay, has seven ribs to take nails; no other roofing gives such security; fits weather tight; improves the appearance and adds dollars to the value of the property.
Proper BARN VENTILATION with Preston Ventilators
To our knowledge, not a single Preston Ventilated Barn has ever been burned because of spontaneous combustion. Warm, moist air in an improperly ventilated barn produces conditions conducive to spontaneous ignition. Provided faithfully for the roof, adjustable sliding windows and spacious doors protect the barn from fire dangers by keeping the air in constant circulation. They are built to keep the stanchion cool. Write for full particulars.
PRESTON BARN DOOR HARDWARE
Preston hot-galvanized four-wheel Hangers and birdproof Barn Door Track are the best hardware made for heavy barn doors. The Hanger is adjustable up and down, and in and out. This makes erection so easy that hundreds of builders will use no other type.
Get our big FREE BOOK about Preston Steel Truss Barns
A stronger barn built with rugged Steel Trusses. Every angle of the structure is braced against wind-pressure. The framework is compact, doing away with cumbersome cross-beams. Well-ventilated and well-lighted; the easiest barn to work in. Absolutely fire-proof. We use your timbers.
Over 1000 in Ontario—Not one has been struck by lightning.
Eastern Steel Products Limited
Guelph Street
TORONTO PRESTON, ONTARIO MONTREAL

QUALITY
The Better Part of Value!
Shopping at Carroll's you don't merely buy at the best price. You're assured of the best you can buy for the price! Standards of quality that have gained consumer-confidence in 36 years of retailing are back of every item you purchase at Carroll's. We succeed in satisfying.

Canning Supplies

CROWN JARS, small size, dozen	90c
CROWN JARS, medium size, dozen	$1.07
CROWN JARS, large size, dozen	$1.39
Best Quality Jar Rubbers	2 dozen 15c
Heavy Quality Zinc Rings	2 dozen 29c
XXX Pure Spirit Vinegar, per gallon	40c
XXX Blended Vinegar, per gallon	40c
White-Costell's English Malt Vinegar, bl.	15c, 26c
Certo, per bottle	29c
Choice Whole Pickling Spice, per pound	23c

Clark's Pork and Beans, 2s 2 tins 21c
Heinz Tomato Ketchup, bottle 16c, 24c
Heinz Cooked Spaghetti, tin 11c, 16c, 26c
Clark's Boiled Dinner, tin 24c
Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup, tin 10c, 14c
SPECIAL SARDINES Creamed Fish or King Oscar Large tins 2 tins 25c
Special—Easifirst or Domestic Shortening 49c 3-lb Pail
Coronation Red Sockeye Salmon, tin 24c
Prize Fancy Shrimps, per tin 21c
Marshall's Kippered Herring, 1-lb. tin 23c
Finest Fresh-Rendered Pure LARD 1-lb Pail Special 49c
Aylmer Soups, assorted 3 tins 29c
Aylmer Chicken and Rice Soup, tin 14c
Beaver Boneless Chicken, large tin 35c
Libby's Meatwich Sandwich Spread, tin 12c
Heinz's Mayonnaise, bottle 17c, 37c
Premier Salad Dressing, bottle 21c, 53c
FLOUR Wheat Brand Pastry Guaranteed Splendid Results 24-lb. bag 95c
Special—Sun-Maid Quality Bulk Seedless RAISINS 3 lbs. 31c
Sliced Side Bacon, fancy mild cure, parchment wrapped 1-lb. pkg. 35c
Summer Sausage, lb. 36c
Special Ceylon Black TEA 60c Quality per lb. 49c
Carroll's Creamery BUTTER Per Pound 43c
Durham Brand Corn Starch, package 9c
McLaren's Invincible Jellies 4 pkgs. 25c
McLaren's Quick Puddings 2 pkgs. 23c
Finest Japan Rice 3 lbs. 25c
Carroll's Own Coffees, per lb. 50c, 60c
Rowntree's English Cocoa, tin 24c
Special—Eagle Brand Condensed MILK For Coffee For Mayonnaise For Baby 3 tins 50c
Special—Beehive or Crown Brand Corn SYRUP A Healthful Sweet For Children 5-lb. Pail 31c
Choice PITTED DATES 2 lbs. 23c
For Satisfaction Use Carroll's WRAPPED BREAD Delicious Tasting! 24-oz. Loaf 10c
Kern's English Mustard, tin 14c, 24c, 48c
French's Mustard Salad Cream 2 bils. 25c
Upton's Strawberry Jam, 40-oz. jar 39c
Upton's Raspberry Jam, 40-oz. jar 35c
ZEBRA Stove Polish For a High Lasting Glass 2 tins 29c
"Canada's Largest Individually-Owned Grocery"
CARROLL'S
"Where Quality is as High as Prices Are Low"
Mill Street - Acton, Ontario

Acton Fall Fair
September 17-18, 1929
Special Prize List

HORSE SPECIALS

NO.		
1	Best High Stepping Horse in harness, 1st, Dr. Coxe, cash, $5.00; 2nd, Wm. Gowdy, cash, $3.00	$ 8 00
2	Best Single Turnout, 1st, George Ritchie, cash, $4.00; 2nd, J. Lelaiman, cash, $2.00	6 00
3	Best Light Express Horse, in harness, 1st, by J. Nicol, cash, $5.00; 2nd, by Parker Bros., cash, $2.00	7 00
3½	Best Combination Horse, to be used in saddle or harness, to be shown in harness, by Andrew Wilson Co., 50 Bachelor cigars, value	5 00
4	Best Tandem, 1st, by Duncan Campbell, cash, $5.00; 2nd, by Ings Laundry, cash, $2.00	7 00
5	Best Lady Driver, 1st, by W. Johnstone & Co., cash, $5.00; 2nd, by Parker Bros., cash, $2.00	7 00
6	Best Lady Rider, 1st, by J. Fielding Tea Co., Guelph, 5 lbs. tea, value, $4.00; 2nd, A. D. Savage, Guelph, cash $2.00	6 00
7	Best three-year-old Colt, sired by a thoroughbred horse, suitable for a hunter, by the Acton Tanning Co., cash, 1st, $5.00; 2nd, $3.00; 3rd, $2.00	10 00
8	Best Colt, two-year-old or under, sired by a thoroughbred horse, suitable for a hunter, by the Robert Stewart Lumber Co., Guelph, cash, 1st, $5.00; 2nd, $3.00; 3rd, $2.00	10 00
9	Best Colt, over 1 year old and under 2 years old, sired by a thoroughbred horse, by Wm. Bovaird, Brampton, service of any of his thoroughbred stallions in 1930	25 00
10	Best High Jumping Horse, three out of five tests, 1st, by Bank of Montreal, cash, $10.00; 2nd and 3rd, by the Bank of Nova Scotia, cash, $6.00 and $4.00	20 00
11	Best Agricultural Brood Mare, by Geo. Cowle, whiffletrees, value $4.00. This special to apply to Class 2, Section 1, 2nd prize	4 00
12	Best Team of Horses, Draught, Agricultural or General Purpose, by the James Goldie Co. Ltd., 1 bbl. of Brownbrift Flour, in cotton sacks, value, $10.00	10 00
13	Best Draught, Agricultural or General Purpose Animal on the grounds, by R. J. Kerr, cash, $5.00	5 00
14	Best and Fastest Road Horse, speed, 60 per cent.; conformation and soundness, 40 per cent. To be driven once around track to a four-wheeled vehicle, without boots or hobbles. To give three exhibitions of speed, 1st, $12.00; 2nd, $8.00; 3rd, by Peter Smith, cash, $5.00	25 00
14½	Best Span Roadsters, mares or geldings. This special to apply as first prize in Class 7, Section 6 of society list. One motor rug, by Wilkinson & Kompass Co. Ltd., Hamilton, value	10 00

CATTLE SPECIALS

15	Best Herd of Shorthorn Cattle, 1 bull, 4 females, 1st, by Gilson Manufacturing Co., 6 plow shares, value, $6.00, to take the place of Section 8 in Class 8	6 00
16	Best Baby Beef, by J. F. Robertson, cash, 1st, $3.00; 2nd, $2.00	5 00
17	Best Herd of Beef Cattle, any breed, 1 bull, 4 females, 1st, by W. J. Patterson, butcher, cash, $5.00; 2nd, by George Edwards, harnessmaker, cash, $2.00	7 00
18	Best Herd of Jersey Cattle, 1 bull, 4 females, pure bred, by MacKay's Bread Co. Ltd., bread tickets, value $5.00	5 00
19	Best Dairy Cow, any breed, 1st, by Charles McKeown, cash, $3.00; 2nd, by C. Barber, Guelph, side of bacon, value $2.00	5 00

SHEEP SPECIALS

20	Best Pair of Pine Woolled Ewe Lambs, exhibited by a boy or girl under 14 years, by Fred Smith, Rockwood, 20 lbs. honey, to be received from Edwards' Bakery, value	2 50
21	Best Sheep, any breed, Grand Championship Prize, by Jack Stewart, "Can Clean It," Guelph, clothes pressed or cleaned to the value of	5 00

HOG SPECIALS

22	Best Boar and Sow, most suitable to produce bacon type, 1st, by The Maple Leaf Economy Store, cash, $5.00; 2nd, by Thatcher & McWilliams, Rockwood, 50 lbs. Snowdrift Flour, value, $2.50	7 50
23	Best Pair of Bacon Hogs, weight from 180 lbs. to 230 lbs., 1st, by W. J. Patterson, cash, $5.00; 2nd, by Wesley Murray, cash, $3.00	8 00

POULTRY SPECIALS

24	Best Pen of 12 S. C. W. Leghorn bred-to-lay Pullets, by the Willowdale Poultry Farm, Acton, stock in 1930, to the value of, 1st, $5.00; 2nd, $3.00	8 00
25	Best Pen of 12 B. P. Rock bred-to-lay Pullets, by the Willowdale Poultry Farm, Acton, stock in 1930, to the value of, 1st, $5.00; 2nd, $3.00	8 00
26	Best Pen of 12 bred-to-lay Pullets, S. C. W. Leghorns or B. P. Rocks, stock of eggs to have been purchased from the Willowdale Poultry Farm, Acton, winners of Specials 24 and 25 eligible if Willowdale stock. Stock from Willowdale Poultry Farm, Acton, in 1930, to the value of	4 00
27	Best Pen of S. C. W. Leghorns, 1 cock, 1 hen, 1 cockerel, 1 pullet, by A. E. Robinson, Dumart Packing Co., Kitchener, 3 lb. pail of lard, value 60c, to be received at Orrie Lamb's Butcher Shop	60
28	Best Pen S. C. W. Leghorns, 1 cockerel and 4 pullets, by the Maple Leaf Milling Co., 1st, 98 lbs. Maple Leaf Flour, value $5.60; 2nd, 49 lbs. Maple Leaf Flour, value, $3.50; 3rd, 24 lbs. Maple Leaf Flour, value $1.25, to be received from Edwards' Bakery	9 75

ROOT AND VEGETABLE SPECIALS

29	Best Bag Cobbler Potatoes, donor to receive same, by Dr. J. A. McNiven, cash	3 00
30	Best Bag Cobbler Potatoes, donor to receive same, by Alex. McIsaac, 3 gallons Enarco Motor Oil, value	3 50
31	Best Bag Potatoes, donor to receive same, by J. A. Mowat, cash	2 00
32	Best Bag Potatoes, donor to receive same, by W. J. Kentner, cash	2 00
33	Best Bag Cobbler Potatoes, donor to receive same, by Dr. J. M. Bell, cash	2 00
34	Best Half Bushel Early Potatoes, donor to receive same, by A. T. Brown, cash	1 50
35	Best Peck Yellow Globe Onions, donor to receive same, by A. T. Brown, cash	1 50
36	Best Collection of Roots and Vegetables, 1st by J. H. Smith, President, cash, $8.00; 2nd, by W. J. Akins, Secretary-Treasurer, cash, $4.00	10 00

FRUIT SPECIALS

37	Best Collection of Apples, 10 varieties, 1 sample of each variety, by the Guelph Mercury, cash, 1st, $3.00; 2nd, $2.00	5 00
38	Best Collection of Fruit, 2 samples of each variety, 1st, by the City Cafe, Guelph, $5.00; 2nd, by the Dublin Branch of the Women's Institute, cash	8 00
39	Best Bushel King Apples, donor to receive same in October, same as sample shown, by Dr. E. J. Nelson, cash	3 00
40	Best Barrel of King Apples, samples to be shown, apples to be delivered at picking time, by Kenney Bros., 1 pair of gentleman's boots, value	5 00
41	Best Bushel King Apples, to be delivered in November, samples to be exhibited, H. R. Moore, P. M., cash	4 00

DAIRY AND DOMESTIC SCIENCE SPECIALS

42	Best Pair of Chickens, dressed, not less than 10 lbs., donor to receive same, by H. Wilcs, Acton, cash	5 00
43	Best Pair of Chickens, dressed, not less than 10 lbs., donor to receive same, by G. W. Benton, Acton, cash	5 00
44	Best Pair of Dressed Chickens, donor to receive same, by C. W. Kelly & Son, Guelph, cash	5 00
45	Best Chicken, dressed, to weigh not less than 5 lbs., donor to receive same, by G. H. Lants, cash	3 50
46	Best Spring Chicken, dressed, not less than 5 lbs., donor to receive same, by A. B. McLean, Acton, cash	2 50
47	Best Pair Ducks, dressed, donor to receive same, by National Grocers Co. Ltd., Guelph Branch, per J. H. S., cash	5 00
48	Best Pair of Ducks, dressed, donor to receive same, by Dr. Coxe, cash	4 00
49	Best Pair of Dressed Chickens, donor to receive same, by the Georgetown Lumber Co., cash	5 00
50	Best Dressed Duck, 4 to 5 lbs., donor to receive same, by H. P. Moore, P. M., cash	3 00
51	Best 5 lbs. Butter in rolls, donor to receive same, by J. C. Matthews, cash	3 00
52	Best 10 lbs. Butter in crock, donor to receive same, by Evan Jones, cash	6 00
53	Best 5 lbs. Butter, donor to receive same, in prints, by Fred McCutcheon, cash	3 00
54	Best 2 lbs. Butter in prints, donor to receive same, by Dr. E. J. Nelson, cash	2 00
55	Best 5 lbs. Butter in prints, donor to receive same, by W. R. E. Blair, cash	5 00
56	Best 7 lbs. of Butter in prints, donor to receive same, by James Symon, cash	5 00
57	Best 8 lbs. of Butter in firkin or crock, to be made by a girl 16 years old or under, donor to receive same, by J. W. Barberree, cash, 1st, $4.00; 2nd, $3.50	7 50

(Continued on Page Five)