The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1929

A HAPPY MOMENT

When grandma says to me,
"Stand up against the wall,"
I know she's going to see
How many feet I'm tall.
She measures up and down,
While I stand very straight,
And with a smiley frown,
She tries to calculate.

She says, "I'm not me see
He's four years old," and then
She whispers, "Forty-three,"
Or is it "Three feet ten?"
I scarcely breathe at all,
Till she says, measuring more,
"This boy is just as tall
As his father was at four!"

Carolyn Wells.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by JUDY O'GRADY

As I sit down each week to write my chronicles of events I find almost unconsciously, I take myself to task. "What have you done this week?" I ask. "What have you to show for six days work and one Sunday?" What have any of us done, for that matter? We put in the time working, eating, sleeping and playing and at the end of each week are we any further ahead than we were the week before? The answer, I think, depends not so much on what we have accomplished but whether we have enriched our personality; whether we have lived or merely existed. If we have learnt something fresh, made someone's load a little lighter made new friendships or cemented old ones, in some way broadened our outlook, then can we not feel that we have advanced a little further along Life's Highway?

This last week for instance as far as actual work goes, I cannot say I have done anything startling, but yet it has been a very satisfactory week. On Sunday I managed to attend church morning and evening, and on Tuesday put in an appearance at the I. O. D. E. meeting. The same evening we entertained friends from the Rectory, and on Wednesday I visited a friend I had not seen all summer, also, at odd times, I managed to read Warrick Deeping's latest book, "Roper's Row." All these happenings have been fraught with interest and amusement so I feel that I have a far more thrilling budget of memories to carry abound with me than if I had kept my nose religiously close to the grindstone. Of course the time does come, when one has to make up for lost time, as it were, and to-day, as a zip to my conscience, I have canned a basket of pears, a basket of peaches and some tomatoes.

Last Sunday, when we took the kiddies to church after Sunday School, Pat seemed possessed with a wriggling fit, to our intense discomfort, so during the sermon I gave him my clean, folded handkerchief to use and as it had a dab of eau de Cologne on, I thought smelling it might keep him amused for a while. It did, but he wasn't satisfied very long. After a while he unfolded it, and to my horror, held it right up in front of him, displaying to all who wished to see, a large hole in the very centre, through which he promptly poked his nose! Usually the children's behavior in church is such as to do us credit, but Sunday the end of the service certainly came as a great relief. In the evening I went alone and therefore felt confident of enjoying the service without anything to disturb my peace of mind. It was our Harvest Festival and a very special preacher had been asked to speak. The service was delightfully bright and well attended; the sermon simple, direct and very applicable to a country-town congregations but alas, just as the reverend gentleman was half way through his address and reached the vital point of his subject, as it were, there came a faint me-ow, me-ow, me-ow and a little black and white pussy-cat, with perpendicular tail, walked solemnly up the aisle, crying his plaintive cry to this side and that. Not a hand stretched out to stroke him, not a friendly voice greeted him and so, in desperation, he resorted to more drastic measures and jumped upon the lap of a lady at the end of one of the pews. Still no response, so he walked the length of the pew upon each one's lap in turn, and then began his return journey. This time he was more successful, as a gentleman, upon whose knee he rested, stroked his back and rubbed his ears. Satisfied he had at last found sympathetic understanding, he settled down and quietly snoozed away until the end of the sermon. Strange how little it takes, even against our will, to distract our thoughts. The minister, with all his eloquence, could not hold our attention against the cry of a little lost pussy-cat and yet at home we can remain entirely oblivious to the best and liveliest feline chorus.

Since I started to write I have had a very pleasing interruption. Nothing less than to connect the pipe to the soft water cistern. How joyfully I did it I need hardly tell you. Soft water also means an orgy of washing in the near future, as since we have been without it, I have done no more than decency demands—I, of course, am referring to the washing of clothes! I rather fancy our neighbor will be wishing that since the rain had been so long in coming it might, at least, have held off another day and let him get his threshing done. If it is wet to-morrow the people in town will doubtless be thinking the same thing as it is the occasion of the local fair. Partner and I had a great time this morning, before he went to the threshing. As per usual at these events, we got up extra early, as Partner considers it little short of a crime to be late at a threshing. The cows, since the fields have been cleared, have practically the whole run of the farm, but early morning usually finds them in the barnyard. This morning, of course, they were no where in sight, so I offered to get them while Partner cleaned the stables. I first visited the alfalfa field, where they usually graze, but there wasn't a bovine creature to be seen, so I angled across to the bush, and there, in the extreme corner, right over by the neighbor's fence, I at last located them. I brought them home, with all speed, and then in the barn, we had trouble again. One heifer has recently been separated from her calf, and this morning she refused to go up into her stall, but tried the stalls of all the other cows, instead. At last we had her anchored and duly milked and then we proceeded to pail-feed her calf. This is a job which Partner, as a rule, shamelessly leaves to me—I rather fancy he thinks of it, not so much a saving of time, as of temper, for of all the pesky jobs, teaching a calf to drink is the worst. This one for contrariness, beats them all, so each time I have to call Partner to the rescue. This morning it choked and spluttered, kicked and struggled, pretty near drowned us in milk, and then finally drank the remainder in about two gulps. Visitors come along from time to time and say, "Oh, do look at the dear little baby calves! Aren't they sweet?" Sweet! I wish they could have them to deal with sometimes, I'm thinking they would soon be after changing their opinion. Partner, as a result of these hindrances, hurried away after swallowing about three spoonfuls of porridge and two slices of toast. He may not have been full of breakfast, but he was certainly full of ire at the idiosyncrasies of our barn-yard family. However, these things serve one good purpose, they do keep farm life from becoming monotonous! All in favor? Yes, I thought so.

The Free Press Short Story

IN THE SAW GRASS

PAUL E. TRIEM

AS Mr. Rutledge climbed into the wagon, he spoke to a young man beside the front wheel.

"John," said he, "I want you to go down to the slough and get Her Royal Highness she and her shotes broke out of the pen last night. She's probably in the saw grass somewhere near the creek. Be sure to take a pitchfork with you—the Tamworths are too big to trifle with when they're out of sorts."

John Warner, with the faded sleeves of his shirt rolled up above his massive, sun-browned forearms, stood eying the straggling line of a flock of crows.

"Mr. Rutledge," he replied abstractedly, "did you ever notice that crows generally fly in bunches of three or five or seven? Nine times out of ten a small bunch will be one of those numbers!"

The man in the wagon was annoyed. "Never mind the crows. Be sure to find Royal and her litter—take some feed and the fork, and you won't have any trouble. Remember the fork—and do it now!"

"Yes, sir," John replied a little absently. "I'll start in just a minute."

The farmer drove away, not without a feeling of uneasiness. He had had experience with John Warner's "just a minute," but, after all, the young fellow could hardly bungle this task of bringing up the Tamworths.

For several minutes after his employer had disappeared, Warner stood looking after the crows. Presently his glance came back to earth and he walked toward the stable.

"Three, five or seven," he repeated to himself. "I wonder if the rascals can count? They are smart enough for most anything. Well, here goes for Royal."

He entered the granary and filled a sack a third full of bran. With the sack over his shoulder, he swung off sturdily in the direction of the slough; and not until he had covered half the distance that separated him from his destination did he remember what Mr. Rutledge had said about the wisdom of taking a pitchfork. Then he hesitated.

"Shucks!" he said to himself cheerfully. "What's the use? Royal is as tame as a sheep. I'll take this club to hurry her up with. Mr. Rutledge is the most suspicious man about some things I ever worked for!"

Prom beside the track left by the hayracks of the previous fall, he picked up a heavy, four-foot stave, which, had evidently long lain exposed to sun and rain. With that in his hand and with the sack of bran on his shoulder, he presently entered the slough, where the great grass was waist-high.

Her Royal Highness might have taken wings and sailed away with the crows for any sign that she gave of her presence. John advanced cautiously, calling from time to time:

"Poo-oog! Poo-oog!"

He pushed his way forward until he was halfway across the slough, where the saw grass was deepest. Suddenly from his left there came a squeal and a grunt—the first in the strident soprano of a very young shote, the second in the guttural contralto of Her Royal Highness. John had a fleeting vision of several small animals vanishing into the saw grass; and in the same instant he beheld the huge Tamworth, with her little eyes aglow and her head down and swaying from side to side as she charged. By moving with lightning quickness he succeeded in dropping the wagon stave down with a tremendous thwack across the pig's ears.

Undoubtedly that blow, into which John put every ounce of his great strength, saved his life, for it sent the charging animal to her knees and gave him time to turn and run. The stave had snapped with the force of the blow

a blow that would have put a lesser antagonist out of the fight for all time. Her Royal Highness, however, came of a strain that traces its lineage back to the wild boar of Europe, and that has been known to produce hogs that weighed more than half a ton. Her fighting blood was up; plainly she considered the young man's presence in the slough as a menace to the safety of her shotes—and the mother love of a hog is as much to be feared as is that of a grizzly.

At a gait that surprized even himself, John raced through the grass and over hummocks. He was one of the best runners, jumpers and weight lifters of the neighborhood, and now fear released within him capacities for speed of which he had never dreamed. Once he stumbled, but the sound of a huge body striking the soggy ground with a massive impact close behind him spurred him to catch his balance. And still he knew only too well that the Tamworth would eventually run him down—she was a "bacon hog," with all the length of limb implied by that technical phrase.

Straight ahead was the black rivulet that formed the heart of the slough, and as John Warner bore down upon it with flying strides, his eye caught something that caused him to swerve. Close to the edge of the creek stood a clay culvert pipe with its huge bore pointed toward the sky like that of a mortar. Almost at his heels came the hog. With a final terrific burst of speed, the young man reached the tile and leaped into it.

In the same instant Her Royal Highness thundered by, wheeled and came back. Although he could not see her, he could follow her movements by her furious grunts and puffing sighs, as she came close to his hiding place and thrust her nose against the ground.

Inside, he crouched with his knees against one side of the tile and his back braced against the other. His head came almost level with the top, but it was not from that direction that he feared attack. True to her instincts, the hog had thrust her snout close to the lower edge of the pipe and was trying to root him out.

John raised himself cautiously until his eyes were above the rim of the tile. Ten feet away, peering out with twinkling eyes from the clumps of saw grass, he saw Royal's babies, observing the proceedings with great interest. Within arm's reach reared the massive back of the sow herself. Fumbling on the ground the young man found a fragment of hardened clay, which he cast at the group of spectators. It struck one of them on the ear and brought forth a shrill squeal of pain and fright. Wheeling, Her Royal Highness raced across to her babies, but before John could profit by her absence she was back at her task of overturning his shelter.

He drew his jackknife from his pocket presently and with its longest blade succeeded in prodding her snout when she thrust it against the base of the tile. She squealed in rage and amazement, then backed off and stood a little distance away emitting muffled snorts. After that came silence.

Presently John looked out. The sow and her litter were ten feet away, intent on grubbing out the treasures of the black, sticky mire land. He stood up; but instantly Her Royal Highness charged, and almost overthrew him and his shelter. Warner dropped back and braced himself; and the sow, after three or four minutes of futile effort, returned to her task of rooting out dainties.

Fifteen minutes passed, equal in strain and intensity to any fifteen hours of the young man's previous existence. He was half a mile from the farmhouse. The nearest hog-proof fence was at least a quarter of a mile away—and the sow and her babies circled him, as if they had been tied to the drain pipe by a long cord. He could stand up now without producing more than a warning rumble of grunts; but he knew that any dash for freedom that he might attempt would be hopeless.

"If I had the pitchfork—or even a stout club!" he muttered. "But with nothin—"

No, he had nothing except his earthenware fortress. In it he was safe. In it

And then, as he considered his position with painful intentness, something came into his mind that brought a faint grin to his face.

"I've got to stay in this tile—but the tile doesn't have to stay here!" he said to himself. "If I can lift it—"

He stooped and hooked his hands under the edge of the tile. Then straightened slowly to his feet and with great effort staggered a few steps forward.

Two things conspired to make him drop the conduit: first, the weight of the pipe, and, second, a headlong charge from the Tamworth. With vicious guttural protests, she circled the tile into which he had disappeared. Five minutes passed before she returned to her babies and her rooting, and then the performance was repeated. The veins stood out on the young man's neck and forehead as he stumbled forward and again dropped his rumpart just in time to save himself from the long jaws of the hog.

The trip from the barn to the slough had taken fifteen minutes. The return journey occupied the better part of two hours—two hours of the hardest work John Warner had ever done. The Tamworth kept close to his heels; she charged when she thought she saw an opening, but for the most part she contented herself with a threatening and murderous surveillance. Through the saw grass and up the long slope of the meadow the strange procession passed, and the young man with the culvert tile stopped oftener and oftener to rest. At last they reached the fence that surrounded the farmyard. John dropped his tile close to the five-board gate and precipitately climbed over.

Mr. Rutledge had just driven in. He watched this strange proceeding with keen, questioning gray eyes. Then he laughed.

"Well, John," he said, "I see you brought her—or she brought you. Now if you'll fetch that fork, we'll get her back into the pen!"

SASKATCHEWAN HEN WORLD CHAMPION

"Mazie," or Hen No 6, famous White Leghorn hen owned by the University of British Columbia and acknowledged queen of the World's Poultry Congress held in Ottawa in August, 1927, is no longer the world's record egg-layer. This coveted crown is now claimed by "Lady Victorine," a barred Plymouth Rock pullet, owned by the University of Saskatchewan and known officially as Hen No. 440. "Lady Victorine" has laid 358 eggs in 365 consecutive days, beating "Mazie's" record by seven.

The new champion entered her pullet year on September 3, 1928, and in laying 358 eggs in one year not only smashed all Canadian records, but all world's records in egg production as well. This wonderful hen hasn't missed supplying a partner for a slice of bacon since January 26 of this year. All of Lady Victorine's efforts have weighed between 58 and 60 grams and a two-ounce egg is only a little more than 56 grams.

The performance of Lady Victorine and of other hens of the same strain being raised at the University of Saskatchewan is regarded as of especial importance in Canada where egg consumption per capita is the highest of any country in the world. Efforts are being continually made to raise the average production per hen and how successful the campaign for better poultry has been is to be judged from the fact that the average per hen last year was 95 eggs, against 78 as recently as 1923.

Four average hens are required to supply the annual consumption of eggs per capita in Canada against one of the calibre of Lady Victorine. Recent statistics show that the yearly consumption of eggs per head of population in Canada is about 29.67 dozen and the ratio is steadily increasing.

The tremendous number of eggs required to satisfy Canadian appetites is disclosed by government statistics, which report the production of farm eggs in 1928 as 268,868,057 dozen, valued at $84,442,277. In addition there is a large production of eggs from urban poultry estimated at about 25,000,000 dozen annually, which raises the total value of hen's eggs produced in Canada to over $90,000,000 per year, an item of considerable importance in Canada's agriculture. The number of egg-production hens on Canadian farms last year was 34,022,511.

RULES FOR FIRE DRILLS IN SCHOOLS

1. The general intention of fire drills is to prevent the panic usually accompanying an alarm of fire.

2. Owing to the different types of school construction throughout Canada, drills must, of necessity, be varied to meet local conditions.

3. Fire Drills should be held at least once a month.

4. Bell signals for fires should be used exclusively.

5.—At the sound of the fire signal, all work should cease. Pupils should rise and march as directed, boys leading.

6. Teachers should follow to be sure that no child has been left behind. If the teacher gets too far from the end of the line he or she might not be able to get back to take care of the stragglers.

7. Boys should lead, and girls follow, or if possible separate exits should be taken. Boys often trample girls in a rush, and girls are sure to get excited if boys are pushing behind them.

8. Children should be taught in the course of drills to overcome the obstructions they may meet at the time of actual fire.

9.—The movement of children should be by the shortest route and there should be no crossing of lines.

10.—Classes near stairways should precede those further away, lower floor classes should precede upper floor classes.

11.—Pupils should move in double lines and must be taught to absolutely obey orders as to formation and march.

12.—All movements of classes should be by MARCHING, not by running. Teachers must not hurry pupils, but must use every effort to prevent excitement and preserve steadiness and precision in line.

13.—Each school is emptied four times a day (two recess and two dismissals) and three dismissals should be conducted in every respect like a fire drill, excepting that the dismissal signal is used instead of the fire drill signal.

HER STYLE OF BEAUTY

"What sort of a looking girl is Miss De Vacques?"

"Well, she has the sort of face that makes it absolutely necessary for its owner to be wealthy or a good cook. Farm Life.

SCHOOL FAIR TROPHY WINNERS

Schools and Scholars at Various Fairs in County Who Won the Trophies at the School Fairs

The following are the winners of Eaton Trophies at each School Fair in Halton:

Palermo, September 9, 1929, Silver Cup, Muriel Smith, S. S. No. 2; "Three Centuries of Canadian History," Donald Wood, S. S. No. 2; "Famous Canadian Stories," Bruce Fox, S. S. No. 2.

Brookville, September 10, 1929—Silver Cup, Marjorie Nichols, Nassagaweya, No. 9, Three Centuries of Canadian History," Fred Rinehart, Nassagaweya, No. 4; "Famous Canadian Stories," Perle McMillan, Nassagaweya, No. 7.

Bannockburn, September 11, 1929—Silver Cup, Ada Sprowl, Esquesing No. 13; "Three Centries of Canadian History," Willie Ritchie, Esquesing, No. 8; "Famous Canadian Stories," Annie Black, Esquesing, No. 8.

Hornby, September 12, 1929—Silver Cup, Helen Chisholm, Trafalgar, No. 7, "Three Centuries of Canadian History," Clarence Peacock, Trafalgar, No. 7, "Famous Canadian Stories," Ivan McCurdy, Trafalgar, No. 8.

Mount Nemo, September 13, 1929—Silver Cup, Grant Heslop, Nelson, No. 7; "Three Centuries of Canadian History," Alice Rose, Nelson, No. 6; "Famous Canadian Stories," Verna Sinclair, Nelson, No. 8.

Trafalgar, September 19, 1929—Silver Cup, Wm. Shand, Trafalgar, No. 18, "Three Centuries of Canadian History, Mitchell Booth, Trafalgar, No 18, "Famous Canadian Stories," Lucille Kent, Trafalgar, No. 18.

The winners of Shield at each School Fair in Halton this year were:

Palermo, September 9, 1929—S. S. No. 2, Trafalgar, 610 points. Teacher, Emma I. McDonald.

Brookville, September 10, 1929—S. S. No 7, Nassagaweya; 522 points. Teacher, Marjorie Lawson.

Bannockburn, September 11, 1929 S. S. No. 8, Esquesing; 486 points. Teacher, Emily Young.

Hornby, September 12, 1929—S. S. No 9, Trafalgar, 306 points. Teacher, Mary N Peddie.

Mount Nemo, September 13, 1929 S. S. No. 5, Nelson, 387 points Teacher, Annette Huffman.

Trafalgar, September 19, 1929 S. S. No. 18, Trafalgar, 431 points Teacher, Arline Miller.

FORCING BULBS FOR WINTER BLOOM

There are few house plants that reward the grower with a finer display of bloom in such a short time and with so little attention as do the spring-flowering bulbs when forced in winter. Those most commonly forced include tulips, hyacinths, daffodils and crocuses and they come in such variety that the amateur is likely to be bewildered by the long lists of names. However, a careful study of the bulb catalogues enables one to choose a collection that will give a succession of bloom beginning in early December and lasting until the tulips bloom out of doors in late May.

Bulbs should be potted as soon as they are received in September and October. Those intended for very early bloom may be had in September but the main supplies are not on the market until October. A good potting soil consists of equal parts of loam, well-decayed cow manure, leaf mould, and sand. The size and style of pot used will depend to some extent on the personal preference of the grower, but a six-inch pot will hold six tulips, a five-inch pot takes six crocus bulbs, a four or five-inch pot may be used for a single hyacinth bulb and a seven or eight-inch pot will be required for five or six narcissus bulbs.

After planting, water the pots and set them in a cellar or darkened room at a temperature of 40 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit. If the pots are plunged in sand they will require less careful watering, and burying to a depth of two inches above the bulbs will help to prevent heaving. After the bulbs are well rooted and there is evidence of top growth, they may be brought to the living room to bloom. To economize in window space a cellar window or any north window may be used until the plants closely approach the blooming period. If kept too long in a dim light the plants become tall and weak-stemmed. If placed in too light a place the buds will wither, therefore a window too close to a stove should be avoided.

After the plants are in bloom if they are kept in a cool part of the room and not exposed to bright sunshine the blossoms will last for twelve or fourteen days.

At the Dominion Experimental Station, Rosthern, Saskatchewan, the following varieties have been found satisfactory for forcing:

Early Single Tulips—Due Van Tholl, Proserpine, Brilliant Star, Couleur De Cardinal, Cramoisie Brilliant, Cullinan, Flamingo, La Reine, Mon Tresor, Prince of Austria, Prosperity, Rose Grisdelin, Rose, Luisante, White Hawk, Yellow Prince, Fred Moore, and Ibis.

Early Double Tulips—Peach blossom, Murillo and Couronne d'Or.

Darwin Tulips—Bartigon, Wm Copeland and Rol d'Island.

Dutch Hyacinths—Gertrude, Queen of the Pinks, La Victoire, Lady Derby, Marconi, L'Innocence, La Grandesse, Enchantress, Grand Maitre, King of the Blues, and Queen of the Blues.

Narcissus or Daffodils—Victoria, Glory of Sassenheim, Tresserve, Princeps, King Alfred, Sir Watkin, and Double Von Sion.

Polyanthus Narcissus or Butch Daffodils—Paper White and Grand Soleil d'Or.

Crocus—Purpurea grandiflora, Mont Blanc and Yellow. J. E. Parks, Dominion Experimental Station, Rosthern, Sask.

Worms in children work havoc. These pests attack the tender lining of the intestines and, if left to pursue their ravages undisturbed, will ultimately perforate the wall, because these worms are of the hook variety that cling to and feed on the interior surfaces. Miller's Worm Powders will not only exterminate these worms, of whatever variety, but will serve to repair the injury they have done.

COMFORT FIRST

"Hear the latest about Newrich?"

"No. What now?"

"He bought a Louis XIV bed, but it was too small for him so, he sent it back and asked for a Louis XVI."

NOT UP TO HIS JOB

Laura—"Why do Eileen's people object to her future husband.

Vera—"Well, there are seven in the family and he's only got a two-seater."

LEAD HER TO HIM!

"Darling," he murmured, "do marry me. I'm not rich or handsome like Percy Brown. And I haven't a big car and a mansion and well-stocked cellar like Percy. But I love you better than life itself."

"And I love you too, dear. Er, who is this Percy Brown?"

Externally, or Internally, it is Good.—When applied externally by brisk rubbing Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally, it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will relieve affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

NEW PLAN FOR TELEPHONE ACCOUNTS

The Bell Telephone Company of Canada is introducing in this district a new plan of rendering subscribers' accounts, it was announced to-day by Mr. C. H. Lantz, local telephone manager. This new plan, known as "Rotation Billing," will become effective in this part of the system during this month.

Under the new plan the Company's thousands of accounts, instead of being sent out all together at the beginning of each month, will be prepared and mailed in six equal groups. The groups will be dated the first, sixth, eleventh, sixteenth, twenty-first and twenty-sixth of each month, and accounts in each group will be mailed within five business days after their date.

Telephone subscribers served from the local exchange will receive accounts under the new plan dated the sixth of each month.

Each subscriber, Mr. Lantz stated, will receive a notice with his October account and also with the following one. Those notices explain the new system and indicate the period to be covered by the future accounts. The members of Mr. Lantz's business office staff are well acquainted with the features of the plan and will be pleased to furnish any additional information.

Worms feed upon the vitality of children and endanger their lives. A simple and effective remedy is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

CLEARING-CREDIT

AUCTION SALE

TOWNSHIP OF NASSAGAWEYA

HORSES, CATTLE, HOGS, REGISTERED OXFORD DOWN AND SHROPSHIRE SHEEP, IMPLEMENTS, HAY, GRAIN AND HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS

The undersigned has received instructions from

MESSRS. RAMSEY AND RIFE

to sell by Public Auction at the farm, lot 30, Concession 3, Nassagaweya, on the Burlington Stone Road, 3 miles south of Rockwood and 1 mile from Eramosa, Toronto-Guelph Highway, which can be reached by C. N. Electric cars, Stop 93½, on the farm, on

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1929

at one o'clock sharp, the following:

OXFORD DOWN SHEEP 69 Registered Oxford Down Breeding Ewes in Ai condition, 8 Oxford Down Ram Lambs, of real quality, well boned and good conformation, sired by a Broadfoot Ram. Some of them prize winners at Acton and Georgetown Fall Fairs.

SHROPSHIRE SHEEP 12 Registered Shropshire Breeding Ewes. Some of them prize winners at Acton, Georgetown and Milton last year, 1 Shropshire Ram (Dittar) registered and a prize winner last year at Acton, Georgetown and Milton.

Sale of Sheep Will Start at 3.30 Sharp

HORSES 1 Team Work Horses, weigh about 1,500, 1 Brown Mare, 12 years old, 1 Bay Belgian Gelding, 8 years old, a good team, 1 Black Driving Mare, very reliable.

COWS Holstein Cow, fresh two months, bred again, Red Cow, due October 25, Holstein Cow, due October 25, Black Jersey Cow, due December 19, Holstein Cow, due March 17, Jersey Cow, due April 19, Holstein Cow, due April 20, Roan Cow, due April 10, Brindle Cow, due April 29, Brindle Cow, supposed to be in calf, Red Cow, due in April. This is a good herd of high testing cows. 1 Bull, Durham, registered.

PIGS 7 Pigs, chunks.

POULTRY About 20 Geese, 15 Ducks, 30 or 40 Chickens, Plymouth Rocks.

IMPLEMENTS International Hay Loader, 2 Hay Rakes, one as good as new, Binder, Massey-Harris, 7 foot, Binder, Frost & Wood, 6 foot, both binders are in good condition, Mower, Deering, 5 foot, Disc, Steel Land Roller, 2 Walking Plows, 1 Set Harrows, Cultivator, 2 Seed Drills, in good condition, Sloop Sleighs, Bench Sleighs, Riding Plow, new, Wagon, Adams, Tedder, Massey-Harris, Democrat, 2 Top Buggies, Cutter, Manure Spreader, Massey-Harris, De Laval Separator, 2 Scufflers, Wagon Box, Gravel Box, Turnip Pulper, 2 Sugar Kettles, Power Clipper, Hand Clippers, Turnip Sower, Wood Rack, Potato Digger, Grindstone, 1 Dump Cart—in A1 condition, 2 Corn Planters, Peg Harvester, Circular Saw and Frame, Fanning Mill, Chopper (Vessot), 2 Rubber Belts, 5 H. P. Lister Gasoline Engine, Scalding Trough, Beam Scales, Small Tools, Forks, Shovels, Hoes, Chains.

HARNESS 2 Sets Double Harness, 2 Doubletrees, 2 Neckyokes.

GRAIN Quantity of Timothy Hay, Quantity of Oats.

HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS Wardrobe, Cupboard, Bed, complete, Hanging Lamp, D. Moore Quebec Cook Stove, nearly new, Gasoline Lamp.

Positively Everything Must Be Sold as the Proprietors are Giving Up Farming

TERMS $15.00 and under, cash, over that amount 11 months' credit on furnishing approved joint notes, acceptable at the Royal Bank, Rockwood, 6% per annum off for cash. Hay, Grain, Fowl and Household Effects, cash.

ROY HINDLEY,
ROBT. AMOS,
Auctioneers.

C. O. PLANK, Clerk. 13-2

CLEARING

AUCTION SALE

TOWNSHIP OF ESQUESING

45 COWS AND YOUNG CATTLE—80 YORKSHIRE HOGS—24 OXFORD EWES—IMPLEMENTS

The undersigned has received instructions from

R. S. BROWN

to sell by Public Auction at his farm, adjoining Acton, on Highway No. 7, on

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1929

at 1.30 o'clock sharp, the following:

BATCH COWS AND BRED HEIFERS 1 four-year-old Holstein Cow and Calf, 1 Heifer Holstein, and Calf, 1 six-year-old Holstein Cow, springer, 1 Heifer, Holstein, due June 6, 1 Jersey Cow, milking, due March 9, 1 Jersey Cow, aged, milking, due March 25, 1 Red Heifer, milking, due March 6, 1 Jersey Heifer, milking, due March 4, 1 Red Heifer, milking, due March 1, 1 Jersey Heifer and Calf, 1 Ayrshire Cow, springer, 1 Red Heifer, in calf, 1 Roan Heifer in calf, 1 Ayrshire Heifer, bred September 11. 3 Calves, make good veals. Two-year-old Hereford Bull, Polled Angus Bull Calf, 1 Spring Calf, Hereford, 1 Spring Calf, Jersey Heifer.

FEEDERS AND YEARLINGS 3 Steers, choice feeders, well bred, weigh 900 lbs. 3 Heifers, short keeps, weigh 900 lbs. 3 Polled Angus Heifers, short keeps. 3 Hereford Heifers, short keeps. 20 Steers and Heifers, yearlings, in thrifty condition. These are all Ontario cattle, a type now required by the prevailing markets.

HOGS YORKSHIRE 1 Sow with litter, 1 Sow with litter, 1 Sow, due October 8, 1 Sow, with first litter, 1 Sow, with first litter, 1 Sow with first litter, 1 Young Sow, due in October, 1 Young Sow, due in October, 1 Sow not bred, 1 Sow, due November 10, 2 Feeding Hogs, weigh 140 lbs. 10 Feeding Hogs, weigh 110 lbs., 3 Feeding Hogs, weigh 90 lbs., 3 Feeding Hogs, weigh 75 lbs., 1 Yorkshire Hog. These Hogs are a good bacon type.

SHEEP 25 Oxford Breeding Ewes, young, in good breeding condition. 1 Yearling Oxford Ram.

IMPLEMENTS, ETC. 10 Empty Molasses Barrels, wood, 9 Empty Light Steel Barrels, 1 one-furrow Riding Plow, 1 box, 1 3½ Horse Power Gas Engine, 1 12-Hoe Deering Seed Drill, 1 17-Tooth Deering Cultivator, 1 Light Wagon, make a good milk wagon.

Sale Can be Conducted Under Cover in Case of Bad Weather—Positively No Reserve—Remember the Date, Time and Place

TERMS $10.00 and under, cash; over that amount 8 months' credit will be given on furnishing approved joint notes, by the Bank of Montreal, Acton, 6% per annum off for cash.

R. J. BERRY, Auctioneer,
Phone 36, Acton, Ontario.

W. A. WILSON, Clerk. 13-2

OCTOBER ISSUE OF ROD AND GUN

Filled with seasonable stories and articles, the October issue of Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News, Canada's national outdoor magazine, just to hand, will prove of great interest to those devotees of hunting who are packing away their fishing tackle and getting out their guns at this time.

The many articles by well known outdoor authorities cover a wide field—moose hunting in Quebec, fishing in the maritimes and Ontario, goose hunting in the western Prairie lands, big horn hunting in Northern Ontario. Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

HUMOROUS

First Chauffeur—Have you ever been pinched for going to fast?

Second Chauffeur—No, but I've been slapped.

Madge—Would you still love Harry if he didn't have a car?

Mildred—Oh, yes, if he promised to get one right away.

Ray—So you are to be operated on, eh?

Jay—Yes, Doc said he wants to take out my appendix, but I think what he really wants to get out of me is a new car. Sir Laughalot.

FREE AIR

Stude—"Has the Scotchman bought the gasoline station?"

Ditto—"Well, the free-air sign is down." Chicago Tribune.

Red Rose Orange Pekoe Tea is truly economical. A half pound makes almost as many cups as a full pound of cheap tea costing 50c to 60c.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE is extra good

J. Cadesky
OF TORONTO
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
WILL BE AT A. T. BROWN'S DRUG STORE, ACTON

Monday, Oct. 7th

Anyone suffering from Eyestrain, Defective Vision or Headache should not miss the opportunity of consulting this eyesight specialist. Appointments may be made with Mr. A. T. Brown, Druggist.

CONSULTATION FREE

Office 1 p.m. to 9 p.m. till 4 p.m.

SAVINGS

Not only from this splendid list of savings, but on whatever item in your grocery list. People who pick their values come to Carroll's.

OUR TEAS 49, 57, 63, 75 lb.

SPECIAL PORK & BEANS Clark's No. 1 tin 19c

SPECIAL Sliced SINGAPORE Pineapple Standard Quality No. 2 tin 2 tins 23c

CANNING SUPPLIES

Crown Jars, medium, dozen	$1.07
Best Quality Zinc Rings	2 doz. 29c
Best Quality Jar Rubbers	2 doz. 15c
Choice Pickling Onions	2 lbs. 29c
Whole Mixed Pickling Spice, lb.	23c
Pure English Mustard, per pound	35c
Cassia Buds, per ounce	5c
CERTO, bottle	29c
Preserved Ginger, lb.	39c

Choice Cape Cod CRANBERRIES Per pound 23c

Sweet Potatoes	6 lbs. 25c
Cooking Onions	8 lbs. 25c
Spanish Onions	4 lbs. 22c

SPECIAL Aylmer Stoneless Plum Jam 40-oz. jar 24c

SPECIAL—Choice PUMPKIN Spring Valley, No. 2½ tin 10c

SPECIAL—Choice Quality GOLDEN DATES Clean, Plump, Sweet 3 lbs. 25c

SPECIAL Del Monte Seeded RAISINS 15-oz. Size 2 pkgs. 21c

You Should Try Our WRAPPED BREAD You'll appreciate its superior texture and flavor. Loaf 10c

Carroll's Creamery BUTTER Finest quality fresh pasteurized, special 2 lbs. 87c

Sliced BACON Extra sweet mild cure. Parchment wrapped. lb. 35c

SPECIAL—Pearl White Naphtha SOAP 10 BARS 36c

School Scribblers FREE One with each tin of CROWN Corn Syrup and each package of Benson's Corn Starch

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"Where Quality is as High as Prices are Low"

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