The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1930

THE LOAFER

One time a man of talents rare
Sighed that he had no time to spare.
For always, as with me and you,
He found himself with work to do.
"Were I supplied with clothes and bread
I'd never work again," he said.

"The bitter curse of life, I find,
Lies in the irksome daily grind.
Full oft I'd like to stay in bed,
But must rise to work instead.
I swear before my life is through,
I want to loaf a year or two."

In course of time this man retired—
Another in his place was hired—
And he, set free from Anxious Need,
Slept late, a happy man indeed.
He heard the factory whistle blow
And chuckled: "I don't have to go."

But ere a month had travelled by
The light went from the loafer's eye.
The time he'd longed to call his own
Grew difficult to spend alone.
And he began to wish again
To take his place with busy men.

His friends were all at work and so
By day to them he could not go.
Upon his seat he sat and grieved
"Who thinks that work is hard," he cried,
"The idler's task has never tried!"

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

Another week gone and nothing much done—that is nothing beyond ordinary routine work, it is absolutely the limit where the time goes to. Oh yes, one extra job has been accounted for—we did manage to get the stove-pipes cleaned out yesterday. Partner always says "Now you just tell me when you are ready to have the pipes done and we'll get right after them." Do I tell him? Not a bit of it! I never tell him because I never am ready. I have to be driven by main force to consider such a—what shall I call it—tragedy, comedy or drama? Come to think of it I believe a "talkie show" would be the most applicable description. Anyway considering how I persist in putting off this little job I can hardly blame Partner for the predicament I was in yesterday. I had a chicken to roast for dinner, a real nice plump little pullet which I intended popping into the oven about ten o'clock. Around nine o'clock the wind began to whistle and whine, presently it got rougher and rougher which caused Partner to become uneasy and he came in to see how much fire there was and whether it wouldn't be safer to clean out the pipes. No doubt I might have sidetracked this idea but I hadn't the courage because if anything did happen in the way of a fire then I should feel I had been the one to blame. And so the job was done in the approved "talkie" style and my poor little chicken did not begin to cook until eleven o'clock. However, we eventually sat down to dinner half an hour late and did full justice to the chicken and all the trimmings but alas one thing leads to another—I was supposed to be at a meeting by two o'clock and of course I was late for it. There was no time to do shopping beforehand so I had to do it afterwards and that made me late getting home, the hens were late being fed and the supper was a little late being served, so on the whole it was a very late day, which all goes to show how very necessary it is to be beforehand and not let circumstances drive one into doing things at an inconvenient time. Oh yes, I am preaching at myself and I can see the moral of my story but I doubt very much if I shall profit by it especially at such times when stove pipes are concerned.

This has been a week of minor disappointments. Sunday, it was so rough we didn't get to church, Monday was foggy and damp so there was no washing done, Tuesday both Partner and I were due at committee meetings and as we could not both go and leave the children I stayed at home as Partner had missed so many meetings. However, I had a friend in to spend the evening and we sat by the fire like dutiful stay-at-home wives and darned our husband's socks. Needless to say our tongues were quite as busy as our hands. Wednesday was my "late" day and Thursday we expected to have a wood-bee and go to the Chautauqua in the evening. The Wood-bee did not materialize but I did manage to get to the Chautauqua and it was really very good. We got an extra thrill thrown in as about half way through the performance there was an unmistakable smell of burning and the atmosphere looked decidedly smoky. It is possible that everyone did not notice it as I seemed to have been endowed with a proboscis that is particularly susceptible to the smell of fire and autos. Both were on the air Thursday night but the fire was partly explained when I heard someone say "That wretched stove started smoking when we were half way through." I was very relieved it was nothing worse anyway as there were a lot of children down near the front and most of them seemed to be there on their own.

To-day I am seeing "red" and the reason for my wrath is this. In looking through the papers this morning I came across a paragraph—"The recent thaw and subsequent cold weather and falls of snow have made conditions for wheat fields and meadows just about perfect." Perfect, do you understand? Perfect, with hundreds of alfalfa roots lying out on the bare ground and the wheat looking so sick it almost requires an anesthetic! Why I would just like to take the person who is responsible for such a mis-statement by the hand—not by the hand-but by the scruff of his neck and show him the "perfect" condition of the fields everywhere around. Of course by some merciful dispensation of Providence the wheat and clover may come through all right but prospects at present are anything but perfect and yet hundreds of people will read that paragraph and think farmers are just putting up a hard-luck story if they seem dubious about the coming season. Sunday afternoon when the weather cleared a bit I went out for a little fresh air and I purposely avoided the wheat field knowing very well it would make the stoutest spirit quail and so I struck off to the bush and absolutely the only sign of life I saw and heard were the crows. Here and there among the dead leaves and underbrush were stagnant pools and not the faintest movement stirred their surface. It seemed almost impossible to realize that within their depths were sheltered millions of insects that beneath my feet was the dormant glory of countless sweet smelling phlox. Here and there were little trees with dead leaves still hanging disconsolately to the branches while yet others stood bare with almost a look of expectancy as though waiting for the warm sun to call them into life again. And then I had to come across a field where Partner sowed alfalfa last year and there were the roots sticking away out of the ground with no chance in the world to do anything but die when the time comes for the ground to settle down again. However, for consolation there are still the hens and they go a long way to supplying a silver lining. Romulus and Remus have now reached a state of armed neutrality, Romulus and his consorts can usually be seen near the barn while Remus and his following are inclined to stay in the immediate vicinity of the hen-house.

The most obstinate corns fail to resist Holloway's Corn Remover. Try it.

The Free Press Short Story

The Downfall of Little Dagon

BY G. ATHERTHEN

WE WERE holding out pine stumps from a whole lot of two acres on the farther side of the south field, at the old farm. Huge stumps they were that had been there for years; for a pine stump is almost as enduring as a rock and even harder to pull from its bed, particularly when the red, resinous pitch has descended to the roots. There are pine stumps on the old farm to-day that have stood there, gray and weathered, ever since great-grandfather cut the pines for ship masts in 1792—cut, hewed off the bark and sap-wood and then drew them to Portland with oxen. Beech, maple, ash and even oak stumps will rot out in fifteen years and often sooner, but a pine tree loves to leave its monument behind it.

Strong chains, long levers and well-planted tripod posts were required to lift out those stumps with their many-pronged roots. We broke three chains that afternoon and had much hard digging to pass the chains under the stumps. Great, naughty, sprawling objects they were when we finally wrenched them from the earth and lifted them clear of it.

There is one useful purpose that such stumps serve. When torn out they can be turned up sidewise and made into stump fences to inclose the land they recently encumbered. A stump fence is far from beautiful; it is so ugly indeed that it should be allowed only on the back lots of a farm. But like certain other homely things it is efficient and durable. A well-constructed fence of old pine stumps will last a life-time and admirably supplies the great requisites of a farm fence; namely that it be "sheep high, hog tight and bull strong"—which brings me to the subject of my present story.

As I remember, we were working away at the levers that afternoon—the old squire, Addison, two hired men and I—when a bareheaded boy appeared, running hard across the field and reached us so breathless that for the moment he was unable to utter a word.

"Well, my son, what is it?" the old squire said, turning from our task. "What's sent you here in such a hurry?"

"Oh,—oh,—oh,—It's Little Dagon!" panted the lad. "He's come to the schoolhouse again! He's right in front of the door, a-pawin' and a-bellerin'. The girls can't get out at recess, and the mistress is scared of him."

"Then how did you get out?" Addison asked him, laughing.

"The schoolmistress put me out the back window, and I got over the stone wall and ran round through the pasture. The mistress told me to run and get somebody to come and drive Little Dagon away!"

"Ah, well, I suppose some of us will have to quit work and go," the old squire said. "I do wish Murch's folks would look to their fences better and keep that little torment of a bull at home," he added impatiently; for the call of distress from the schoolhouse was no new thing with us.

For two years or more Little Dagon had been a troublesome creature in the neighborhood. It must be admitted that the Murches, good neighbors though they were in many respects, were unfortunate, not to say remiss, in properly looking after their domestic animals, which were habitually out of bounds, strolling along the highway or breaking into their neighbor's fields. "Poor fences make bad neighbors" is a farm proverb. Poor fences also make breachy cattle.

Little Dagon was what stockmen term a scrub, a small bull of a native breed that has run out. When four or five years old he was no larger than a two-year-old of the better breeds of Durham, Hereford or Holstein cattle. The Murches never improved their stock. Their herd was all of the old-time native cattle much as the early settlers drove to Middle from Massachusetts. "Uncle Billy" Murch declared that the old breed was much cheaper to keep and required no expenditure for Western corn, that it could winter wholly on hay, even meadow hay, and get its own living out in the pasture from May to November. But the beef was light, tough and stringy, the milk scanty, blue and lacking in butter fat. Little Dagon was light red, long-haired about the shoulders and brisket and had a very broad head with a curiously large whorl of hair in the middle of his forehead. His horns were stubbed and bullish and projected almost horizontally. He was not a good type of animal for a farmer to keep.

I don't know why he was called Little Dagon unless it was that in the old book of Biblical catechism Dagon, the great god of the pagan Philistines, was pictured as a brazen-faced image. Little Dagon certainly had a very brazen look. From roaming abroad along the highway so much he had acquired a kind of street education and had come to be a bovine gamin, tough, bumptious, sassy and aggressive. In reality he was an arrant coward, but he had an uncanny faculty for divining when human beings, particularly strangers, were afraid of him, and he practised on their fears. Blustering himself in the middle of the road at some sandy place, he would begin pawing, lashing his sides with his tail and throwing up dust. In fact anyone coming along the road would see little except a cloud of dust out of which issued deep, booing sounds as if fifty bass viols were concentrated in that spot. Then the sounds would suddenly change to a grand challenge in lofty tenor that made the whole countryside re-echo. People out driving generally turned back in haste, fearing to be gored, and pedestrians climbed the roadside fence and went cautiously round. There is no doubt that Little Dagon took pleasure in the terror he inspired; and as long as he perceived that folks were afraid of him he would roar, paw and lash himself. Yet let anyone pick up a cudgel shout and rush directly towards him and he would stop his demonstrations with a ludicrous suddenness, turn and run like a fox for some distance and then face round with a sheepish look. But many people were afraid of him—all the children indeed and some adults.

The old squire used to relate how, while driving home from the village one afternoon, he had rescued a neighbor, Rufus Sylvester, from Little Dagon, who had treed him by the roadside. Rufus was never a courageous man, even when young and in his prime. At about the age of fifty years he had suffered from an attack of rheumatic fever, brought on by his being out in a rainstorm one day in March. It left him with swollen joints and a weakened heart, weaker than it had been before. As time passed he had come to be almost a monomaniac on the subject of getting wet. The thought worried him constantly. He would not stir out of doors even in dry, fair weather, though going no farther than a neighbor's house, without his old blue cotton "umbrell" and his rubbers under his arm.

At the time the old squire rescued him Rufus had been to the post office about a mile from his place, and on his way home while passing a tract of young pines by the roadside he had met Little Dagon. As usual when he saw anyone who was afraid the rascally little brute began booing, pawing up dust and lashing his sides—the picture of fury incarnate. Rufus turned aside among the pines and as Little Dagon came nearer climbed one that had low branches. Soon finding himself in an uncomfortable position, he shouted for help. There was a home not far away, and he hoped to make the people hear. The old squire, driving homeward, heard the distant outcries, recognized Rufus's voice and, sighting Little Dagon, guessed at what had happened. He hitched his horse and taking his horse-whip to the bull away and then went in among the pines to help Rufus down.

"Rufus was up about ten feet from the ground" was the way the old squire used to tell the story; "he was holding on for dear life and looked as wild as a hawk, but he had his umbrella and rubbers up there with him!"

Like most bulls Little Dagon had a deep, latent animosity toward the human race, but he was a poltroon and a braggart. Nothing suited him so well as to break out of his pasture, prowl in the highway and perchance meet some timorous old housewife going to call on a neighbor. Here was fun of the best—to see her climb the fence and run off across the lots. If in her sudden terror she chanced to drop her shawl or her cloak, he would pounce on the bucklean garment, kneel on it and trample it in the dirt to show what he would do to the wearer if only he could get to her.

But the schoolhouse offered the best sport. The terrified outcries of the children when they saw him coming, their wild flight indoors and the blanched faces at the windows were flattery that his sham courage fed on. He would parade up and down in front of that small shrine of rural education, booing and pawing up dust, well aware that neither the teacher nor the pupils would dare venture forth; and by way of adding to the terror within he would at times put his nose up at the front window with a sounding whoosh of his breath. On several occasions he had lain down near the door and leisurely chewed his cud. More than once the children had not come home from school till late in the afternoon and when asked the reason replied that Little Dagon had come to school and wouldn't go away. On one of these occasions he had lain down near the door and leisurely chewed his cud. More than once the children had not come home from school till late in the afternoon and when asked the reason replied that Little Dagon had come to school and wouldn't go away. On one day he kept them in so late that the teacher put the youngsters out quietly at the rear window and then managed to follow them herself. By climbing a wall behind the schoolhouse, they had then escaped and come home.

When appealed to and besought by neighbors to keep Little Dagon at home, "Uncle Billy" Murch would sally forth with his axe and repair his pasture fence after a manner. Then for a week perhaps nothing would be seen or heard of his bull; but ere long the brute was pretty certain to be at large again, triumphantly trumpeting along the highway.

"Uncle Billy" always pretended to lament over it. "The breachy little critter! I can't keep him nowhere!" the old man would whine. "No use to fence agin him. I've got to knock him on the head. But thar, his beef ain't good for nothin', and I don't know what to do!"

At the time of the alarm from the schoolhouse when we were lifting stumps Addison hastened thither with a big stick and drove Little Dagon home. The teacher that summer was Miss Wilma Hawtelle, whom we young folks know familiarly as "Miss Willy." As was usual, she boarded at the old squire's, and at the supper table that night she thanked Addison for coming to the rescue.

"If it hadn't been for you, I guess I should be at the schoolhouse still," she said, laughing. "I was raised on a farm, and perhaps I ought to be more courageous, but that creature roars so terribly and seems so savage that I confess I am afraid of him! When I meet him in the road I go back or climb the fence."

"Well, that's your safest way, Willy," said Grandmother Ruth. "And I do think it is a shame that the men folks of this place don't do something to keep that wretched little brute out of the highway!"

"Ruth, you must go and talk to Uncle Billy Murch again," the old squire said, smiling.

"Talk to Uncle Billy!" Grandmother Ruth exclaimed with scorn. "As well talk to an old settin' hen! But something ought really to be done about that horned creature of his!"

"I read an advertisement the other day of a 'protector' you ought to have, Willy," Cousin Theodora remarked. "It was called the Ladies' Protector when Out Walking in the Country."

"But what was it?" Miss Hawtelle asked.

"Why, something you can carry in your pocket or in your handbag, something like a pistol, only instead of powder and ball you can discharge a jet of strong ammonia water from it. The advertisement said that a cross dog or any other dangerous animal will run from it and that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals sanctions its use."

"Oh, that is just a little squirt gun," said Addison. "I could make you one that would do quite as well."

"I wish you would then!" Miss Willy cried. "I should like to use it on that creature. If you think it would really stop him and drive him away," she added doubtfully.

"Oh, I rather think it would if you splashed him in the face with it," Addison said, laughing. "Ammonia will make most anybody stop and catch his breath!"

At a homemade "ladies' protector"—a big Willy exclaimed. "Make a good big one! I shouldn't like to have it fail—after I had ventured forth from the schoolhouse door!"

There was much hilarity over the idea, and Addison promised to try his hand at a homemade "ladies' protector"—big one!

In casting about for material for the job he bethought himself of an old gun barrel that he had seen in the box in the wagon house chamber in which we kept old iron. He got it and, having managed to unscrew the breech pin and break off the stock strap, fitted it with a long-handled piston, or plunger. Then he firmly inserted a plug provided with a goose quill orifice in the muzzle end of the barrel. In short he contrived a pretty formidable gun with a capacity for a heavy charge.

A few days later the old squire got a quart bottle of ammonia water from the drug store at the village. Equipped with that doughty weapon and plenty of ammunition, Miss Willy marched to the schoolhouse, but not until we had had out of sport practising with the gun, using plain water. That the gun had a range of nearly fifty feet, as several of us boys found out when Miss Willy got after us with it. She proved to be a sharp-shooter. All of us, including the old squire, thought that a few experiences of the gun would cure Little Dagon of his propensity to blockade the schoolhouse.

I do not now remember just how long it was before Little Dagon reappeared at the schoolhouse, but it was less than a week. They heard him booing outside, and immediately Miss Willy laid aside books and prepared for action—to the vast delight and excitement of her pupils. She raised the front window, uncorking the ammonia bottle, drew forth the protector from beneath her desk and proceeded to charge it. Certain of the children said afterwards that she even minicked Little Dagon's bellows and made provocative gestures at him. At any rate he came to the window and put up his nose for a threatening whoosh.

Then Miss Willy fired full in his face. She expected to see him turn and run, vastly astonished, but instead he staggered backwards, reeled and came down on his side in the road. He kicked spasmodically a few times, but never stirred afterwards!

Alarmed and shocked at the result of her shot, Miss Willy sent a boy in haste to our house for help in resuscitating the animal. We were harvesting beans that forenoon, but we hurried to the schoolhouse. When we reached it, however, Little Dagon was as dead as a doornail! He appeared never to have breathed after that bath of ammonia struck him. Some of it of course may have entered his up-turned nostrils; but every one deemed it incredible that it could have killed him, and there were those who even hinted that Miss Willy had used something else, something poisonous, in the improvised squirt gun. But it was merely ammonia water, about a pint of it.

There was no end of trouble with "Uncle Billy" over the affair. He whined, threatened and demanded damages, first from Miss Willy, then from Addison, and afterwards began suit against the school authorities of the town, but he was never able to collect anything. He got little much sympathy for him. But many years later I believe Addison made the old man a present of an overcoat.

An accident that occurred afterwards at our old place may bear on the subject of Little Dagon's mysterious death. We had a valuable young horse that on account of a bunch that had come on his neck and that was growing larger every month bade fair to be lost. We thought best to remove it, and, as he was a spirited, strong animal, the inexperienced young veterinary whom we called in to help us advised us to give the animal ether.

We procured a generous quantity—for we thought then that a great deal would be required for a horse—and after some difficulty administered it. To our astonishment the horse fell over and lost consciousness at once. The veterinary then cut out the bunch and treated the wound. Considered as an operation, the effort was entirely successful. There was but one drawback about it: the horse never woke up!

I learned that much less anaesthetic is required for a horse than anyone would suppose, and also chloroform and sulphuric ether are dangerous things to employ on domestic animals. It is not impossible, I think, that a pint of ammonia water squirted into the face of a horse, a bull or even an elephant might make it lose its breath and never recover it. But the old squire thought that Little Dagon, like neighbor Rufus, had a weak heart.

WHEN OLD FLUTE BALKED

One of Abner Hill's most prized possessions was old Flute. Abner admitted that Old Flute had his faults but insisted that for all that, he was the best all round mule that ever honored the state of Missouri. It was currently reported that old Flute could kick the shoes of a man's foot and not break the laces. He was a good puller and a fast stepper when the spirit moved him; but when the spirit didn't move him nothing else could. Flute had a habit of taking the bit in his teeth, on occasion, and going where he pleased in defiance of the driver's tugs on the reins.

Abner had cleared a piece of timber land and hired a man to blast out the stumps. At noon one day the man informed Abner that he was out of dynamite. So Abner hitched old Flute to the one horse wagon and drove to the city after the dynamite. He didn't want the dynamite to bounce around too much so they jolted over the rough road so he put the box in the front end of the wagon where he could put his foot on it and hold it steady. At one of the busiest downtown intersections Flute took the bit in his teeth and started diagonally across the street.

"Hey, no left turns here," shouted the traffic cop, raising a warning hand.

At the word "hey" Flute stopped in his tracks. Abner clucked and slapped him with the lines. Flute flopped his ears and switched his tail. His feelings had been hurt and he intended to stand right there until it suited his pleasure to move on.

"Hey, don't you see you're blocking traffic?" roared the policeman. "Move on there."

"Can't" replied Abner. "Engine's dead."

"But you're not trying to make the mule move," bellowed the policeman.

"Suppose you try, officer," suggested Abner, amiably.

The officer walked up and delivered a vicious kick in the mule's flank. The shaft hampered Flute's aim somewhat and shortened his reach considerably, but he managed to plant a hoof against the policeman's hip with force enough to bowl him over. Furious, the policeman picked himself up and, with a visible limp, returned to the attack. This time, he was careful to approach from the front. He belabored the mule over the head and shoulders with his club. Old Flute flopped his ears, switched his tail and rolled his eyes reproachfully, but beyond that he paid no attention to the punishment. He was placed diagonally across the middle of the intersection in such a way as to block four car tracks. Street cars came up from all four directions and stopped when they reached the obstruction. The motorman climbed down and added their efforts to those of the policeman. Traffic was blocked and soon motor cars were lined up as far as the eye could see in every direction. A crowd had gathered and the officer was bombarded with advice, some genuine, some facetious.

"Blow in his ear," someone suggested. This sounded good to the policeman. He grasped one of Flute's ears, pulled it down and blew. Abner knew what would follow. He clamored out over the wheel and took to his heels.

"Look out!" he yelled. "There's a hundred sticks of dynamite in the front end of that wagon."

The crowd scurried hither and thither as Flute's heels began a lively tatoo on the dashboard. The policeman beat a hasty retreat. The motorman sprang into their cars to back them to a place of safety. Motor cars backed into those behind them. Presently the whole string of traffic was in reverse. The dashboard was soon splintered. The lid flew from the top of the box of dynamite. Fearful of the consequences if the impact of a steel-shod hoof should explode the dynamite the officer leveled his gun to shoot the mule.

"Aim at the dynamite and you'll hit the mule," suggested a wag, from behind a telephone pole.

The officer lowered his gun. It was equally true that if he aimed at the mule he might hit the dynamite. At length, Flute, satisfied that he had split enough kindling for the time being, dealated. A street urchin, a future statesman, no doubt, approached Abner.

"Say, Mister, for ten cents, I'll move that mule," he said.

"Hop to it, son," replied Abner, with an indulgent grin.

"I'll have to have the ten cents first to buy ammunition," the boy explained.

Abner forked over the dime. The boy stepped into a grocery store and bought a dime's worth of cube sugar. He came out and gave a lump of sugar to the mule. Flute ate it greedily and stuck out his lips for more. Displaying a lump of sugar temptingly in his hand, the boy backed away. Flute winked at the crowd as much as to say: "I see through the ruse all right, but I'm greedy enough to fall for it," and followed him to the curb. The boy sauntered away down the street munching his sugar as Abner climbed back into his wagon.

"If I wasn't so busy untangling this traffic snarl I'd take you to the station," growled the policeman as he limped back to his post. "Don't you ever dare drive that beast downtown again."

When a mother detects from the writhings and fretting of a child that worms are troubling it, she can procure a reliable remedy in Miller's Worm Powders which will expel all worms from the system. They may cause vomiting, but this need cause no anxiety, because it is but a manifestation of their thorough work. No worms can long exist where these Powders are used.

OUR WINTER BIRDS

In every summer colony there are little provision stores that open about the middle of June or the first of July and close as soon as the summer people leave for home. During the short season they serve with reasonable efficiency the wants of their temporary patrons. For the rest of the year their shelves are bare, the shutters are up, and the door is locked. If you were to open your summer camp for a week in midwinter, counting on the local vacation-time dealer to supply your needs, you would suffer discomfort and perhaps worse.

The whole northern half of the country now lies under a deep blanket of snow, and with only temporary changes will so lie till spring. All of nature's provision shops, where the birds are accustomed to get their food, are closed. The seeds of grasses and other low-growing plants are locked under icy shutters. Even the tiny insects that hibernate upon the trunks and limbs of trees may be suddenly battered into inaccessibility by barriers of snow and frozen sleet. The birds face for months what you would face for a week if you opened your summer cottage in the winter; and they cannot supply their needs as you could, by bringing food from a distance.

There is hardly one of our native birds, now indeed of our feathered immigrants, that does not perform some service useful to man. Though the starlings are chiefly fruit eaters, and the English sparrows prefer grain, you will see both species carefully going over the winter grapevines and the bare limbs of fruit trees for the minute insects that hide there; and the woodpeckers, the nuthatches, the chickadees and the brown creepers live almost wholly on such food. To feed the birds so long as there is snow on the ground is therefore an act of simple common sense.

The humanitarian reasons are even more potent. Birds add a touch of life to the winter landscape that nothing else can supply, and when the woods and fields are otherwise silent their cheerful notes are doubly welcome. To see how quickly the wild birds find and use the feeding tray, how tame they became, how democratic they are, feeding shoulder to shoulder with others than their own kind, offering no opposition, showing no unfriendliness one to another, is a lesson in tolerance and comity. Life in the northern winter is hard enough for them at best. There is a comfortable feeling in the thought that a few scraps of food which ordinarily you would throw away have made it a little easier.

The birds of passage, which spend their winters in the sunny South, may be wise to the things of the world, but their sturdier cousins, braving the cold and privation of the North, undismayed by threat of goshawk and Arctic owl, touch something deep in human nature.

CLEARING AUCTION SALE

IN NASSAGAWEYA TOWNSHIP

HORSES, CATTLE, HOGS AND IMPLEMENTS

The undersigned has received instructions from

DONALD CAMPBELL

to sell by Public Auction on the premises of Lot 21, Concession 1, Township of Nassagaweya, 2 miles from Moffat, on

FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1930

commencing at one o'clock sharp, the following:

HORSES—Bay Mare, 10 years; Brown Mare, 10 years; Bay Mare, 12 years; Brown Mare, 12 years.

CATTLE—Roan Cow, in calf; Roan Cow, supposed to be in calf; Red Cow, supposed to be in calf; Holstein Heifer, supposed to be in calf; Holstein Cow, due time of sale; Jersey Cow, fresh; Jersey Cow, in calf; Hereford Cow, milking; Holstein Cow, milking; Red Cow, milking.

YOUNG CATTLE—1 Durham Bull, 2 years old; 2 Roan Heifers, 2 years old; 1 Steer, 2 years old; 1 Red Heifer, 2 years old; 1 Blue Heifer, 2 years old; 2 Steers, 2 years old; 1 Heifer, 2 years old; 5 Roan Heifers, rising 2 years; 4 Spring Calves; 3 Small Calves.

PIGS—3 York Sows, supposed to be in pig; 8 Pigs, about 100 lbs. each; 8 Pigs, about 70 lbs. each; 9 Pigs, about 60 lbs. each; 5 Pigs, 8 weeks old; 1 Boar and 4 Pigs, three weeks old.

IMPLEMENTS—6 foot cut Massey-Harris Binder; 12 8pout Massey-Harris Seed Drill; 1 McCormick Mower; 1 Ordinary Hay Rake; Spring Tooth Cultivator; Set of Harrows, 3 sections; 1 Single Plow; 1 Disc; 1 Steel Roller; 1 Scuffler; 1 Wagon with Box; 1 Set of Manitoba Sleighs; 1 Cutter; 1 Buggy; 1 Overland Touring Car, in good shape.

HARNESS—1 Set Heavy Team Harness; 1 Set of Plow Harness; 1 Set of Single Harness.

POSITIVELY NO RESERVE AS THE FARM IS RENTED

TERMS—$10.00 and under, cash; over that amount 10 months' credit will be given on furnishing approved joint notes. 5% off for cash.

R. J. KEEK, Auctioneer, Phone 36, Acton.

D. CLARK, Clerk.

CLEARING AUCTION SALE

HORSES, CATTLE, HOGS, FOWL AND IMPLEMENTS

The undersigned has received instructions from

JAMES MOORE

to sell by Public Auction at his farm, Lot 4, Townline, Erin and Eramosa, one mile north of Crewsons Corners, on No. 7 Highway, on

MONDAY, MARCH 31, 1930

commencing at one o'clock sharp, the following:

HORSES—Bay Mare, General Purpose, 11 years; Bay Horse, General Purpose, 11 years; Bay Horse, General Purpose, 4 years; Bay Colt, General Purpose, 3 years; Clydesdale Gelding by McKinnon's horse, rising 1 year. These are all good horses, and right in every way.

COWS—Holstein Heifer, 3 years, milking; Durham Cow, 5 years; Black Cow, 7 years, milking; Blue Cow, 4 years, bred in September, milking; Red Cow, 4 years, milking; Red Cow, 6 years, springing; Holstein Cow, second calf, due in June; Holstein Cow, 4 years, due time of sale.

YOUNG CATTLE — Holstein Heifer, rising 1 year; 2 Steers, rising 1 year; 1 Steer, 1 year; 1 Durham Bull, 14 months.

SHEEP—6 Oxford Ewes, young; Some Lambs at foot.

PIGS—4 York Sows, due June 3; 3 Chunks, about 90 lbs.

FOWL—20 Plymouth Rock Pullets; 15 Hens; 1 Cockerel; 1 Gander.

IMPLEMENTS—Massey-Harris Binder, 6 foot; Massey-Harris Mower, 6 foot; Frost & Wood Mower, 4 foot; Manure Spreader; Hay Rake; Cultivator, Massey-Harris; Seed Drill, 11 hoe, Massey-Harris; Harrows, 4 and 5 section; 2-Furrow Plow, "Crown Gang;" single Plow, No. 21 Pleury; Wagon, with box; Buggy; Cream Separator, "superior"; Cutter; Scales, 2,000 lbs.; Sleighs; Root Pulper; Fanning Mill; Grain Chopper, 6½ inch plates, new; 2 H.P. Gas Engine, air cooled; Circular Saw; Extension Ladder; Power Washing Machine; 150 feet Rope, new; Hoes, Shovels, Bars, Forks, and Numerous Small Articles.

HARNESS—Set Double Harness; Set Single Harness; Back Band; Odd Collars.

GRAIN AND HAY—300 Bushels Mixed Grain; 150 Bushels "New Market" Oats, fit for seed; 4 Bushels Sweet Clover Seed; 150 Bushels Barley; About 9 Tons Mixed Hay; Quantity of Straw; About 5 Barrels of Apples.

1 Heater and Some Household Furniture.

POSITIVELY NO RESERVE AS THE FARM IS RENTED

TERMS—$10.00 and under, cash; over that amount 10 months' credit will be given on furnishing approved joint notes. 6% per annum off for cash. Grain, Hay, Fowl, Apples, cash.

R. J. KEEK, Auctioneer, Phone 36, Acton.

C. O. PLANK, Clerk.

ASK EINSTEIN

"Do you understand exactly what a debenture is?"

"Not yet," answered Palmer Cortleasel. "One of my reasons for pushing our boy Josh through college is the hope that he'll get smart enough to explain it to the family."—Washington Star.

STANDING JOKE

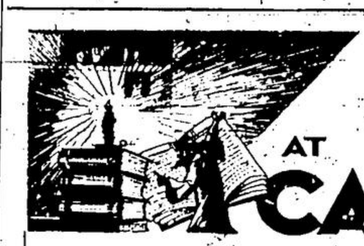
Customer—"I've brought that last pair of trousers to be repaired. You know I sit in my car a lot."

Tailor—"Yes, and perhaps you've brought the bill to be receipted, too. You know, I've stood a lot."

CARD & CO.

Cleaners and Dyers

GUELPH, ONTARIO



GET WISE ECONOMISE!

AT CARROLL'S

Economy is a great Source of Revenue.
—Marcus Tullius Cicero

The first lesson in Economy's primer is: "Buy good groceries where prices are lowest—At Carroll's." This fundamental maxim is your guiding star to steady savings, comfort, and eventual independence. Start to-day by making out your order from this splendid list of values.

Special—Choice Quality
TUNA Light Meat 2 tins 29c

Special—Victory Brand Red Cohoe
SALMON 2 1-lb. tins 55c

Special—Choice Ready-Cut
MACARONI 3 lbs. 23c

Special—Fine Quality Golden
WAX BEANS 2 No. 2 tins 25c

Special—Carroll's Creamery
Butter per lb. 37c

BAKING POWDER—Carroll's Pure, 1-lb. pkg. 23c
PUDDINGS—McLaren's 2 pkgs. 23c
CORN STARCH—Durham, 1-lb. pkg. 9c
PEANUT BUTTER—Toy Pail 19c

Kraft CHEESE Special, lb. 34c

CLEANSER—Carroll's Own 2 tins 15c
OLD DUTCH—Cleanser 3 tins 29c
CHIPSO—Small pkg. Special 2 pkgs. 15c
OXYDOL—Large pkg. Special 19c
GOLD SOAP—Special 10 bars 49c
Special—P. & G. Naphtha
Soap 10 bars 36c

PEAS No. 4 Sieve 2 No. 2 tins 25c
CORN Thistle Brand 2 tins 25c
Tomatoes Aylmer 2 No. 2 tins 21c
PEACHES Australian, 2s, tin 21c
PEARS Harbor Bd. No. 2 tin 2 tins 29c
Plums Quality Bd. 2 tins 23c
Apricots Choice Quality, lb. 29c
Pitted Dates Choice, whole 2 lbs. 27c
Table Figs 1-lb. pkg. 19c
Prunes Santa Clara 2 lbs. 25c
Bacon 37c Heavy Sliced, 1-lb. pkg.

Mill Street - Acton, Ontario

How's Business?

"Business is as good as we make it," is the answer of business leaders. And it is worth while to note that most big businesses owe much of their success and prestige to the use of advertising.

ADVERTISING

In THE FREE PRESS would help you promote your business. It would attract new customers, retain the goodwill of old ones and increase public confidence in your store and service.

ADVERTISING

Is simply salesmanship in the mass. It is an efficient, low-priced salesman. Investigate its merits.

Advertise in The Free Press Every Week

If You Expect to Sell You Must Advertise