



THE ARENA AT ACTON FAIR GROUND

MR. FEASLEE LONES A BOARDER

"I kind of heard this mornin', Kellup, Deacon Hyne began guardedly, having no wish to wound Mr. Poole's feelings, 'that that elderly woman you've been boarding went away on the train, and Chet Twombly was sayin' she was kind of a pet, 'a you might say.'"

"Did Chet Twombly call it 'pet'?" Caleb demanded.

"Wal, not in jest them words," the deacon replied, looking troubled. "Plot of fact," he admitted honestly, "what Chet said was that she was so mad as she was 'llin'—but I made some allowance on 'count of who 'twas tellin' it."

"Chet was nearer the truth than he is sometimes, I'll venture to say," Caleb remarked. "She was near comin' to a boil when she left here, and Chet 'kough kept her steamin', not likin' me evornmuch himself."

"I know well 'nough what you've heard from Chet," Caleb went on, "that I'm enthrallin' about the comfort of them I have under my roof, and that it's a wonder I ever have the same boarder two summers; and, if somebody don't take notice of the fact that I'm harboring an animal that's apt to do some innocent person hurt, Chet dunno but it's his duty to call it to the 'attention of the 'spects' himself!"

"The deacon's jaw dropped. "Tan't! almost word for word what he said!" he exclaimed.

"I know—Chet Twombly," Caleb asserted, "like a book. As for that woman he took to the station this mornin', she's been a trial to us ever since she come here two weeks ago. I can't call it to mind. First it was the mosquitoes; but I told her it wa'n't my doin's they was so thick; if I'd had the say, there wouldn't be any at all."

"Then it rained two days when she first come, and some way we was to blame for that—either me or my wife; I didn't quite understand which. And then there was the gobbler I had tied out in the yard; I have to tie him to keep him out of the road—he wouldn't last ten minutes if I didn't, with the autos as thick as they are here. Well, he gobbled at her and scared her, and my p'intin' out that he was latched solid 'nough to anchor a scow didn't appease her any."

"The next thing I call to mind was the day she clim' the side of the mountain; it was terrib' hot day, and when she started bareheaded I give her a word of counsel about takin' a hat. But she said in the country nobody thought it was queer to see a person without a hat. So I quit tellin' her and when she came back that night about the color of a damson plum, and then peeled so she liked to burst up—wal, I jest kep' out of reach and let her blame me for the sun bein' hot."

"But this mornin', when she was fixin' round githin' us all to work fixin' her up for another tramp, I found myself half-hearin' she'd git into some mess that would make her mad 'nough to go home; and then she up and stepped out of the back door onto Bhep's tail, where he was asleep on the doorstep."

"That dog," Caleb asserted, "ain't had a good tooth in his head for three years, and he couldn't bite a cent's worth of 'nough to dent it; but he has a little spirit left, and he woke up with a kind of a snarl and a snarl,—what dog would'n't?—and I didn't blame him!"

"He didn't come within two foot of her," Caleb said, "but she swears he bit her, and she couldn't wait to set out for home."

"She wouldn't even let me cart her to the train," he added, but got Chet to do it. I'm jest as well pleased; I'll bet Chet had a better time 'blainin' to her than I would!"

A JAPANESE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW

Although in this continent there are hundreds of varieties of the chrysanthemum, the original home of this plant was in the Orient, and to-day we find that the Japanese flowers are the most highly developed in the world. From China the chrysanthemum was introduced into Japan about two thousand years ago and after that famous fifty-six year war in the fourteenth century, this flower was adopted as the heraldic emblem of the imperial family. That long war was known as the "War of the Chrysanthemum" because the victors had the flower as their war emblem.

The Japanese chrysanthemum show is one of the finest flower exhibitions in the world and is held at the imperial palace. All who attend are especially invited as guests. At the door of the gardens is a servant who inspects the card of admittance and directs the guests. As they walk down the winding paths to the gardens, the music of the military band playing softly from a stand half hidden from view, can be heard. Many officers are present in brilliant uniforms, and civil authorities in dignified tall hats. It is a curious fact that few come in the quaint old Japanese dress, for they have adopted the European costume, even the ladies being dressed in the height of European fashion.

The imperial garden is a beautiful spot. Winding paths follow streams overhung with shady bamboos, which widen out into beautiful lakes here and there. Beside these lakes the lotus flower blooms in its season, although at the time of the chrysanthemum show these blooms are gone and only the plants remain. To one side are large tents where the flowers are shown and these are furnished with easy chairs, rugs, and canopies to shelter the parties of high officials who are not to be seen by the majority of attending guests.

The flower tents have blossoms of distinct character. In one this guest sees the plants with an unusually large number of blooms. There are those with a hundred and fifty blooms on one plant, some with two hundred and a few with more than three hundred. In another tent are those of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty blooms and there are a great many of these. In a third tent one may find countless numbers of plants with fewer than a hundred blooms and many varieties of shades and tones of color. For size and variety of colors the chrysanthemums prove to be real wonders and far above any which can be produced in this country. They are the result of skilled cultivation and selection, raised by the Japanese florists who know how to produce the best. It is a show worth going many miles to see and one is indeed fortunate if he secures an invitation to attend.

There are minor flower shows for the ordinary people to view, but they cannot compare with the imperial chrysanthemum show. Many of the blooms are taken away after the show is over and given to the hospitals or are sent to those who are ill at home and so are a source of good to a great number of people.

WELL DONE

An eastern potentate once asked a group of his courtiers whom they thought the greatest man, himself or his father. At first he could elicit no reply to so dangerous a question. At last a wily old courtier said: "Your father, sire; for, though you are equal to your father in all other respects, in this he is superior to you—that he had a greater son than any you have." He was promoted on the spot.

A LITTLE STUDY IN DISCOURAGEMENT

The minister's caller looked at him with eyes half embarrassed and half defiant. "I'm ashamed to bother you, Doctor Morse, about such a little thing,—or what ought to be such a little thing,—but that's exactly the trouble it isn't little to me—it's so big that it shuts out everything else. And when you read the eleventh of Hebrews, yesterday, it was just the last straw. I couldn't stand it to have the eleventh of Hebrews hurled at me just now!"

"But what is the matter with the eleventh of Hebrews, Mrs. Ross?" the minister inquired.

"It isn't like real life—that's what's the matter with it. If anybody in the Bible ever got discouraged,—plain downright discouraged,—then it might be some comfort."

"The minister's big laugh rang out. "If my dear Mrs. Ross, is it possible that you don't know your Bible?"

"I supposed I did, pretty well." "Well, there was a man named Abraham—mentioned in your eleventh of Hebrews, by the way. He got very much discouraged once because God was so long in keeping his word. So, after he had waited what he thought a sufficient number of years, he took matters into his own hands and tangled things up pretty badly."

Mrs. Ross made no reply. Her pastor, after a glance at her, went on reminiscently.

There was another man—our Moses. He got discouraged because his work was too much for him. Somebody with common sense came along and told him that the trouble was that he was trying to do work that wasn't his. Then there was a certain prophet who wrought a tremendous miracle and after it wondered what was the use of living. The trouble with him was that he was exhausted—mentally, physically and spiritually. God made him sleep and gave him a good meal before he took up the question of his life with him. There was another prophet who got discouraged because the times were so terrible and evil seemed triumphant in the world; and there was a man centuries later who got discouraged because evil seemed so triumphant in him, and the things that he would do he didn't and the things that his real self didn't want he was perpetually doing. I don't know whether any of these cases touch yours, but if not there are several others."

Mrs. Ross was on her feet. The defiance was gone from her eyes; there was even a glint of humor in them. "I give up," she acknowledged. "And there were more, too. I'll never say again that the Bible isn't human."

COTTAGE INDUSTRY

Clothing making by hand, which involves both spinning and weaving, requires considerable skill and dexterity. While it is one of the most ancient industries, yet it always denotes a considerable knowledge among the people who carry it on.

While the largest share of the cloth made to-day is manufactured entirely by machinery, there are still certain out-of-the-way corners of the world where the people are very skillful in hand weaving. This skill is handed down from one generation to the next and often remains a secret with the people who originated it. Thus we have Flemish laces, Irish tweeds and linens, Persian rugs, and so on, each justly famed. In this age of manufactured articles, excellent as never before and beautiful as they are, handmade objects are highly prized.

THE YEARS AHEAD

If you know that in a few years you would take up your residence in a foreign country, you would, if you were sensible, take steps to make your residence there enjoyable. You would learn the language and familiarize yourself with the customs of the place. You might not like the idea of living in that country, but if there was no way to avoid it, you would try to fit yourself to enjoy it.

It is hardly to be expected that young people will look forward joyfully to middle life or old age; but since there is no way of escaping them, it is sensible to live in a way that will make them enjoyable. A pretty girl may do very well without cultivating her brains; but a middle-aged woman who lacks intelligence is a depressing object, boring herself as well as everybody else. This boy who goes in for athletics and tennis books may approve his choice while he is young; but tennis does not fit in with rheumatic knees. Make friends with books in your youth, for you will need the love of reading as a solace of old age.

Older people excuse bad temper unreasonable gloom, and undiluted selfishness in young people. They are hopeful that these characteristics will be outgrown. Instead, these bad habits often tend to become permanent afflictions. People may find excuses for an irritable boy; but there is no one to excuse a bad-tempered old man. A despondent girl may find somebody to be sorry for her; but everyone wants to run away from a despondent old woman.

No one has found the fountain of youth, and the only way to escape old age is by dying. The sensible plan is to follow in to cultivate in your youth the qualities that will make the years on ahead enjoyable both for yourself and others.

EMULATING THE ANT

"Was the sermon to-day to your liking, John?" inquired the pastor.

"Indeed, sir, it was a grand sermon," said John with genuine admiration.

"What part seemed to take hold of you?"

"Well, now, since you ask me, I'll tell you. What took hold of me most was your perseverance—the way you went over the same thing again and again and again."

WHO WAS WHO?

College girls are not the timid travelers their grandmothers used to be; still to be addressed with affectionate familiarity by a total stranger is startling. On a steamship by which, as one of the party recently related, a number of girl students were returning after their vacation one of them, Peggy, especially pretty and popular, chanced to be sitting a little apart watching the moon rise. The boat also carried a honeymoon couple. It was dusk and growing chilly, and most of the passengers were well wrapped and muffled. A man suddenly dropped into the seat beside the passive Peggy, exclaiming tenderly, "Here I am at last, Peggy darling!"

"I'm sure you must be making a mistake," exclaimed the fluttered girl with dignity. "I'm Peggy, but Peggy isn't me."

At once a voice from a seat beyond spoke up indignantly, "Freddie! Of course she isn't! Can't you see I'm her?" "Yes, yes, I see you are," protested Freddie amiably, hastily removing himself to the farther side of the speaker. "How could you possibly be anybody else, sweetheart?"

But at that point half-suppressed giggles from various swathed figures in the vicinity induced the honeymooners to retire rapidly to a more sympathetic neighborhood. "And he's got his right Peggy, because we saw he did," said one of the gigglers when she had caught her breath; "but if we'd only heard, she might just as well have been ours—if that's an example of clarity in speech! O Peggy, and you majoring in English!"

A COMMERCIAL REUNDEER

Cohen, who had promised his son a saxophone as a graduation present, dropped into the pawnshop of a neighbor, who promptly tried to sell him a violin which had been in stock for many years. To support his arguments, the pawnbroker produced a newspaper and read aloud an article about the fee received by a distinguished violinist for a recent concert. "Think of it!" exclaimed the pawnbroker. "Two thousand dollar for you concert! Do's \$500 per string! Now do you think your boy wants a saxophone?" "Certainly not!" was the positive reply. "Dot boy's heart is set on a harp."

MUD SLINGING

Some one has said that throwing mud sticks the thrower, and certainly that is true. In mud slinging you may hit your target or miss it, but whichever is the case, your own hand will be black and shiny. This is even truer of mud slinging in the figurative sense. The injury you do the object of your attack is doubtful, but there is no question as to the injury you do yourself. You cannot throw mud and stay clean.

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