## The Free Press' Short Story

## The Best Coon Dog in the World

GEORGE M. JOHNSON

commonly known as Snifty, had us?" almost finished his afternoon chorea when Lawrence Montgomery Dill the name was commonly shortened by his friends to Dill Pickle, or, more simply, Pickle - strode into the yard, looking extremely important.

"Hello, Pickle. What's the good word?" was John Taylor's affable greeting.

"Hello, yourself. The good word is that I've got something over to my house that you ought to see I'm telling you, Snifty."

"What is it?" John asked. "That's all right what it is, Snifty

It's worth seeing."

Lawrence Montgomery Dill's words and ections had such an air of mystery about them that his friend simply had to accompany him. Presently the two arrived at the Dill home, where Lrawence conducted his visitor back to the combination shed and garage.

of ownership ringing in the words.

John Taylor Williams glanced curlously round him. He saw nothing more startling than a forlorn-looking pup tied to the wall by a rope almost strong enough to have moored a battleship. "What? Where?" he asked, again looking round.

"What's the matter with your eyes?" his friend demanded. "That dog is it!" "Oh!" was all John said.

The disappointed note in his voice annoved the youthful Pickle. "Yes, sir, ruled out. that dog's what I wanted you to see," it. either."

Taylor asked as if part of the dog had been mislaid, somewhere.

"Don't be so simple, Snifty!" Lawrence Montgomery Dill replied sharply. didn't mean there was any more to him; it's about him." Then in a low, important voice he added, "Snifty, that dog you're looking at is the best coon dog in the world!"

John Tlayor Williams was duly impressed, for a thing must be pretty good to be the best of its kind in the world. He scrutinized the animal more respect- though." fully, but was no more impressed than at first. Lawrence Montgomery Dill waited in expectant silence.

"Where did you get him?" his chum finally inquired mainly to be polite. "Mort Reynolds gave him to me."

"Did you say Mort gave him to you?"

"Is Mort sick or somethin'?"

"Not that I know of." replied Dill Pickle in obvious exasperation. "What's that got to do with his giving me the

"Nothing, except that Mort ain't in the habit of giving folks things that a body wouldn't want to give right away again," replied John. "But it's probably all right. Miracles have been known to happen. What you figuring on doing with him?"

"Going coon hunting. We'll organize a coon hunt for to-morrow night."

"Why don't we go all day Saturday?" John Taylor asked, but from the air of supreme hauteur, not to say condescension, with which his friend greeted the remark he immediately realized that he had made a serious blunder. It was evident that Mort Reynolds had accompanied his gift with a generous supply of information regarding coon hunting.

"You always hunt coons at night." Lawrence Montgomery Dill kindly informed his chum. "You take a coon dog, one that's been trained so he won't trail anything except just coons. Makes no difference how many rabbits or foxes

or partridges or-er-" "Muskrats." suggested the

brightly. "Yes, muskrats or any other kind of anything about coon hunting. animal he happens to run into or cross their trail, he won't follow 'em at all all he does. He follows the coon, and you follow the dog and after a while Mister Coon finds things are getting too warm for the state of his health, and then he climbs a tree. The dog keeps to him, sometimes you climb the tree folks I could mention are pretty ignorand shake the coon out, and sometimes ant." you cut the tree down. Whichever it is. your good old dog crabs the coon when he hits the ground and starts legging it bark; they always bay." away. Then you put him in a burlap sack and go after another."

"Sounds pretty good," John Taylor admitted. "You can count on me for a coon hunt to-morrw night. But tell me, Pickle, how do you know this pup of yours is the best coon dog in the world?" Pete Simpson were there when he gave in the open, but under the shadows of it to me: they said so too."

"Mebbe they're right at that. Did of the ridge it was black." they tell a good place to hunt coons?" "Along the base of the big ridge is a plaintively after running his head against bully place. They live up on the ridge, a sturdy maple sapling. "So dark in but at night they come down by the here a fellow could cut the air up in creek to feed. Funny thing about coons; they always have to wash their food before they eat it."

"They're as fussy as my Aunt Sarah," isn't supposed to be exactly like a May John Taylor said. "She won't eat any party."

OHN TAYLOR WILLIAMS, more | to nothing. Do we take any guns with

"We'd better not. Night time's too dark for good shooting, and besides it's kind of dangerous because a fellow might shoot one of the gang in the blackness. Lots of hunters prefer to bring in their coons alive."

The dog sat there thumping his tail on the floor as the boys talked. He was an extremely youthful dog, but his rangy build showed that he could run with great speed.

"What's his name?" asked John. "I ain't fully decided. I believe I'll call him Rex. That means king, and it would be a very suitable name for the

best coon dog in the world." "Well, he's your dog," said Snifty, so name him anything you want to; but it strikes me that kings ain't doing very well lately, and I'd be afraid to take

At Lawrence Montgomery Dill's suggestion the two boys started out to round "There it is." he said, with the pride up coon hunters. They met with encouraging success so far as promises

> "Some of the fellows will get cold feet the last minute." Lawrence declared. "but that's all right. We don't want anybody along whose sporting blood's diluted with water."

> "Right you are," his friend agreed. . The hunters were to assemble at seven o'clock near the Baptist Church, each with a lunch, some sort of light and a burlan sack to hold a coon. promised to bring axes, but guns were

John Taylor and Lawrence Montgomhe said. "And that's not all there is to ery, with Rex, the king of dogs, were at the appointed meeting place ahead "Where's the rest of it, then?" John of time the following evening. After a while, the Randolph brothers, Rod and Tim arrived, and then came Jerry Blakeman and Bosco Treadway.

Because he owned the dog Lawrence Montgomery Dill naturally assumed control as master of the hunt. "We'll wait fifteen minutes more," he said, "and then shake a leg. We can't hang round here

all night for the rest of those lads." "Tunk Berry said his ma wouldn't let him come." Bosco informed the others. "He didn't act very sorry about it,

At the end of fifteen minutes no one else had arrived, and so the hunters started out the Rocky River road towards the ridge. It was not yet dark when they reached the mill pond a mile out of town, but the night noises were beginning. A whippoorwill was tuning "Sure, I did. What's the matter with up over in Judd's pasture, and down under the alders at the upper end of the pond a big bullfrog was grumbling and muttering to himself.

Darkness had settled before the boys struck off the ridge road into the woods Willow Brook ran along the base of the ridge for some little distance before it emptied into Rocky River, and hunters, all of whom had gone there after trout, knew the country pretty well.

"Mort says you can most always start a coon along the brook somewhere," said Captain Dill, and he untied the rope round Rex's neck. "Go to it. Rex. old boy." he ordered. "Hunt 'em out!"

Rex shook himself and then sat down "Hunt 'em out, Rex!" cried his owner. The dog leisurely rose and sniffed without enthusiasm along the edge of

Willow Brook. "Tell him he's supposed to hunt coons, not trout," suggested Bosco Treadway. 'Mebbe he thinks we're fishing."

""Coons, Rex, coons!" Pickle yelled, yeginning to lose patience. Rex seemed to understand and wer

off into the woods, stopping to sniff the ground at frequent intervals. "That's the boy, Rex!" his owner called after him. -

"What do we do now?" inquired Jerry Blakeman, who didn't pretend to know

"We follow him until he hits coon's trail," explained the master of His business is to trail coons, and that's the hunt. "Then after he finds a fresh scent and starts steaming along we can keep his position by the baying." "What's baying?" Jerry's thirst for in-

formation was never fully quenched. "Baying's the noise a hound makes on the coon treed until the hunters get up 'a hot trail," the leader replied. "Some

> "Oh, you mean barking!" said Jerry. "No, sir, I mean baying, Hounds never

"Humph!". muttered Jerry. much sense to that! Dogs bark, don they? Well, then hounds bark." The master of the hunt made

further comment. The king of coon dogs proceeded lead his followers a right merry chase "Mort said so, and Sam Olling and through the woods. It had been dark the trees that thickly covered the slope

"Good night nurse!" gulped Jerr

chunks and throw it round." "What did you expect?" demanded the leader curtly. "A coon hunt at night

fruit until she's near scrubbed it away | The boys had all thought themselves

familiar with the ridge country, but nomehow at night everything seemed different: the faint beams of an electric flashlight had almost no effect on the ocean of blackness that surrounded them on very hand. Another annoying fact was that the ridge proved to be a huge entanglement of barbed squirrel briers and similar thorny creepers.

> "Where's that blamed dog?" yelle Tim Randolph, "I bet he's gone home and left us."

> "Here he is," his brother answered urning his flashlight on the pup, which had just come in from a scouting trip. 'Whiere's the coons, Rex? Hunt 'em out, boy!"

Rex, the king of coon dogs, was puffing like a porpoise. "You can tell he hasn't smelled out

coon yet," the master of the hunt informed his fellows, "because he hasn't started to bay. Wait till you hear the music; then you'll know." "Say, coons like green corn, don't

they?" Bosco Treadway demanded, drowning what sounded like a snort of disgust from Jerry Blakeman.

"You bet they do!" John Taylor Williams agreed. "My Uncle Jim's a great coon hunter, and he told me this morning that along the edge of a corn patch near the woods is a corking place to find 'em."

Well, then," Bosco continued, naven't hit the right part of the ridge yet. Old Man Hornby's got a patch of field corn just above the Willow Brook That's where we'll find ou

"Bosco's got the right idea there, al! right," the leader conceded. "What say we hipper along for Hornby's com

The hunt thereupon proceeded to "hipper," though because of the briers, the Virginia creepers and other trailing vines the pace proved rather slow as "hippering" goes. Rex. kept tearing through the woods on all sides, but he never peeped, let along bay - except once when he managed to get hung up in a squirrel brier jungle, and then he howled at the top of his voice until the boys arrived to cut him loose.

Along toward midnight the hunt struck in towards Hornby's corn patch, and for the first time Rex began to appear interested. He whined eagerly, and his tail wagged furlously; then he started zigzagging off through the trees with his nose close to the ground.

"Hurray!" shouted Dill enthusiastically. "The old fellow's hit a coon's trail

And immediately afterward, to make Dill's triumph more complete the good old coon dog actually began to bay with deep throbbing notes that seemed to start at the bottom of his chest. "Oo-oo-co-00-00," he wailed. Then a little pause and "Oo-oo-oo-oo" again. The boys were desperately excited

They couldn't see the dog any longer, but by the weird noise that he was making could tell whither he was headed. "Kind of spooky sound, I'd say," observed Bosco Treadway. "How would you feel if it was bloodhounds on your trail, making that sort of music? Excuse

me please, mister!" The master of the hunt was delighted; everything was coming along as he had said it would. "I bet that's a buster of a coon!" he cried. "I wouldn't wonder but we might get two or three more

before morning." "We haven't got this one yet." Jerry Blakeman ventured, but Dill silenced him scornfully.

Rex was now well up toward the summit of the ridge. "Hadn't we better chase after him??" asked Tim Randolph, "He might be

treeing that old coon most any time "He's one mighty good dog," the leader said, "and I suspect he may swing the coon round down by the foot of the ridge near where he started it. That'll save us the trouble of piking up there after him. The best coon dogs generally

do that." Accordingly the boys waited round while Rex's baying grew fainter and fainter; but presently it began to sound louder again. Sure enough, he was coming back.

"What did I say?" cried Dill triumphantly. "If that old coon don't take to a tree. Rex'll have him here. Didn't I tell you he was the best coon dog in the world?"

Everyone was now fairly boiling with excitement. The sound of the chase swung back towards the uper end of the corn patch; then Rex kept up a steady yelping from one spot.

"He's treed!" Pickle shouted and start-

ed on a run in the direction of the noise. The rest of the crowd were close at his heels, but he suddenly tripped over a grapevine, and the next boy tripped over him. In another second the entire it made of imitations." .. hunt-except Rex-were piled up in confusion, flopping about helplessly. At last, however, the arms and legs were un wound, and the hunters, all of them badly winded, reached the spot where Rex had treed his victim. They found the dog eagerly dancing round the base of a giant oak fully five feet through at

"The old coon's up that tree," Dill Pickle yelled. "Good dog, Rex!" He pointed his flash light up into the tree, and its gleam was reflected by what

looked like two little balls of fire thirty or more feet above the ground. "There he is!" the bunch shouted in chorus, and Rex yelped and whined in frantic delight. He was having the time

of his young life. "How we going to get him down?" Jerry asked blandly. "Can't climb that tree, and I'm acquainted with one party (Continued on Page Six)

ONE WAS ENOUGH



"I presume you got engaged a

"Naw; things don't go like that in real life, somehow. I got engaged the first week all right enough, but it took me all the second week to break it

HIS ONLY CHANCE



Hubby-Have you mailed the letter you wrote your mother, asking, her to

Wifey-No. Hubby-Can't I add a postscript saying the children have the measles?



Mr. Batch-What are you worrying

Mr. Nubride-A little question that came up at home. My wife wants to know if I'd marry again in case of her death and if I say "certainly not" she'll think I'm longing for freedom and if I say "sure thing" she'll think I have her successor picked out.

WHAT SHE MEANT



"Say, pa, what did ma mean when she said Mrs. Jones was queer?" "It meant, my son, that your ma was too charitable to express her real opinion of Mrs. Jones."

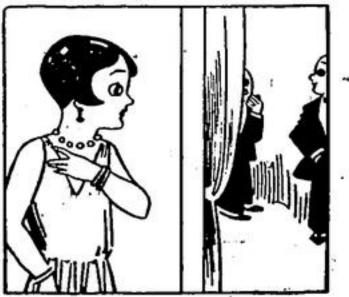
**FORETHOUGHT** 



"I see that the bride is wearing the groom's present, that rope of pearls." "I always thought it was unlucky "Perhaps that's the reason he had

for a bride to wear pearls."

NOT VAIN



"She is not at all vain about her beauty, although she has good cause to be."

"How do you know?" "She told me so herself." FEEDING HOGS FOR MARKET

At the Dominion Experimental Station, Fredericton, N. B., experiments have been carried on to determine the value, when fed to hogs; of feeds commonly produced on the farm. Potatoes, skim-milk and oata were the main feeds under consideration. Hogs which were fed on a mixture of grains, mill feeds and milk were compared with hogs ded largely on a mixture of crushed oats, middlings, potatoes and milk. Two lots were stafted on cooked potatoes, meal and milk and finished on raw potatoes, meal and milk. Potatoes were fed at the rate of

pounds to 1 pound of meal. All lots made equally good gains durng the first sixty days of the feeding period. The hogs receiving raw potatoes during the finishing period required twelve days longer to finish than the meal fed lots but a considerable saving in meal was obtained in the potato fed lots. The carcasses were scored similar to those in advanced registry and there was no significant difference in the carcasses of hogs from any group.

In this test, 5.35 pounds of potatoes replaced 1 pound of meal.' Valuing the meal at \$1.40 per hundred, the potatoes were worth 26 cents per hundred as feed. More satisfactory results are obtained when the potatoes are cooked before feeding as potatoes are worth only wo-third as much raw as when cooked Cooked potatoes would therefore have value of 39 cents per hundred. At the present value of pork, feeds marketed through hogs return a handsome profit and a market is created for feeds which might otherwise be wasted.

Dominion Experimental Station, Fredericton, N. B., are now being fed grains and a protein supplement without any skim-milk. It has been demonstrated that hogs will make equally good gains when fed a protein supplement other than skim-milk. This is of particular interest to farmers having a supply of grains and potatoes, but little or no skim-milk.

#### REINDEER AWAIT FREEZE-UP

After a trek of four years across Alaska and the northern corner of the Yukon, nearly 3,000 reindeer which were purchased by the Canadian Government in 1929, are now at the west side of the delta of the Mackenzie River in the Northwest Territories, and wait the coming of winter when they will cros the mouth of the Mackenzie on the ice.

Under the direction of experienced reindeer herders the herd began the arduous 1,000-mile journey across the roof of the world from Napaktoolek in Western Alaska to the Mackenzie River delta in December, 1929. Early in January, 1934, the herd started on the 70mile dash across the mouth of the Mackenzie from the west to the east side, but once out on the frozen river it was discovered that, owing to the high winds and blizzards which had prevailed during the winter, large stretches of the ice had been blown clear of snow, and as the deer cannot travel on glare ice, it was necessary to make frequent and long detours from the route originally selected in order to get footing for the animals. To still further intensify the difficulties. after they had been out for more than 48 hours on the ice a heavy blizzard arose and in the midst of this the deer stampeded back along their trail to the grazing area near Shingle Point, where

they had spent last summer. Another attempt to cross the Mackenzie will be made in the autumn of this year, when the delta freezes over again and with the selection of another route across the ice, which past experience indicates is more satisfactory, it is believed the herd will be safely delivered to the Department of the Interior, who will place them on the winter grazing range to the east of the delta of the Mackenzie, and the work of building up a new source of supply of food and clothing for future generations of the Dominion's northern natives will begin.

CANADIAN DIVIDENDS HIGHER

Canadian dividend payments in July, 1934. amounted to \$17.632,095, as compared with \$13,580,939 in July, 1933, and \$14,681,434 in July, 1932. For the first seven months of 1934 dividend disbursements show an increase of over thirty million dollars as a result of the consistent increase month by month in the current year to date, as compared with the corresponding period of the previous year. The cumulative total of dividends paid during the year to date is reported at \$114,866,305. In the first seven months of 1933 dividend distributions totalled \$84,324,977, and in the coresponding period of 1932 amounted to \$102,127,786 Mining companies are again large contributors to the month's total with payments amounting to approximately \$4. 712,908.



less with colic or peevish from their teeth I gave them a Baby's Own Tablet and they were soon asleep, says Mrs. T. Tweedy, 475 Mill-wood Rd., Toronto. These sweet little tablets remove the cause of fretfulness and the child becomes happy and well again. All the com-mon ailments of little folk are promptly and safely corrected with Dr. Williams' Baby's Own Tablets. Price 25c at your druggist's.

Dr.Williams'

## Acton Fall Fair September 18-19, 1934

# Special Prize List

	HORSE SPECIALS
NO	
1	Best High Stepping Horse in harness, 1st, \$3.00; 2nd, \$2.00
2	Best Single Turnout, 1st, \$3.00; 2nd, \$2.00
3	Best Agricultural or Heavy Draught Brood Mare, by George Cowie, whiffletrees, value, \$4.00. This special takes the place of Class 1, Section 1, first prize
4	Best General Purpose Brood Mare, by Ritchie & Agar, Five Gallons Motor Oil, value \$4.00. This special to take place of first prize, Class 2, Section 1
5	Best Span High Steppers in Harness, open to Halton County, Erin and Eramosa Townships. This special takes place of Society first prize, Class 6, Section 6. By Robert Simpson Co., a silver plated Old English reproduction casserole, value
6	Best Span Heavy Draught. This special to take place of Society third prize, Class 3, Section 1. By the Pioneer Equipment Company, goods to the value of \$5.00, or off a larger purchase
7	Best Carriage Brood Mare. This special takes place of Society first prize, Class 4, Section 1. By the Daymond

Best Colt, (one or two years old, sired by a thoroughbred horse, sultable for a hunter, 1st. \$3.00; 2nd, \$2.00 Best Lady Rider, by Acton Creamery, cash, 1st, \$3.00; 2nd 11 Best Lady Driver, 1st, by Acker Furniture\_Company, Guelph, Venetian Mirror, value, \$3.00; 2nd, \$2.00 ..... 12 Best Span of Agricultural, owned in the Township of Esquesing.

Best Single Saddle Horse, 1st, \$3.00; 2nd, \$2.00

CATTLE SPECIALS

1st, by Massey-Harris Co., \$10.00 off any goods purchased:

2nd, by Alex. Hume, Massey-Harris Agent, \$5.00 off any

Best Group of Three Dairy Cows, consisting of 1 mature cow. 1 two-year-old heifer and 1 yearling, to be sired by a pure bred bull. Any family having won a T. Eaton Co. prize at a Fair in 1934 not eligible to compete. By The T. Eaton Company Limited, 1 Mable and Onyx Mantle clock, valued at ----14 Best Herd of Pure Bred Holsteins. This special to take place of Society first prize, Class 9, Section 7, by Guelph Weston Cake and Bread Co., tickets to value of .....

15 Best Herd of Pure Bred Jerseys. This special takes Society first price, Class 10, Section 7. By Canada Bread Co., Guelph, tickets to the value of 16 Best Baby Beef, Steer or Helfer, not to weigh more than 850 lb. This special to take Society prize, Class 7, Section 10. By Union Stock Yards, Toronto, 1st \$3.00; 2nd, \$2.00 17 Best Cow, any age. This special to take place of Society second prize, Class 8, Section 2. By Carroll's, Limited, Acton.

goods to the value 18 Best Holstein Herd, to consist of one bull and four females. This special to take place of Society first prize, Class 7, Section 8. Gilson MYg. Co., F. Mooney, Agent, Acton, plow shares, to the value of .....

Best Flock of Sheep, consisting of 1 ram, 2 ewes and 2 ewe

HOG SPECIALS

SHEEP SPECIALS

lambs, any breed, by Deputy-Reeve L. L. Mullin, 1st, \$3.00: 20 Best Pair Marketable Wether Lambs, 1st, \$2.00; 2nd, \$1.00 ....

Best Pen of Bacon Hogs. This special takes place of Society first prize, Class 15, Section 9. By Toronto Elevators, Ltd.,

per D. H. Lindsay, Acton, 200 lbs. Master Pig Feed Concen-22 Best Sow, born after March 1st, 1934. This special takes place of Society first prize, Class 15, Section 7. By C. W. Barber, Guelph, side of bacon, value .....

' POULTRY SPECIALS

23 Best Pen of 12 Bred-to-lay Pullets, S. C. White Leghorns or B. P. Rocks, 1st, \$1.25; 2nd, 75c ..... 24 Best Six Bray Hatched Pullets, any breed. By Bray Hatcheries. per George Brown, Norval, Representative. 25 Bray Hatched Chicks.

> each, donor to receive same, by J. W. Jones, cash ...... 500 The second secon

GRAIN, ROOT AND VEGETABLE SPECIALS 26 Best Collection of Farm Produce, including grain, roots, vegetables, fruit, flowers, domestic science, ladies' fancy work, and children's work, not more than forty samples. Gardeners not eligible, 1st, \$2.00; 2nd, \$1.00 .

25 Best Pair Spring Roosters, alive, not to weigh less than 41/2 lbs.

27 Best Collection of 3 mangolds, 3 turnips, 2 pumpkins and 2 cabbages, 1st, \$2.00; 2nd, \$1.00 .... 28 Best 3 samples of Grain, consisting of wheat, Oats and barley, 1/2 bushel of each, by M. Pallant, cash, 1st, \$2.00; 2nd, \$1.00 29" Best 100 lbs. Malting Barley. Exhibit must be of 1934 production. No exhibitor may win more than one of these specials at Fall Fairs in 1934. Basis of judging shall be as follows: Barley will be judged for its suitability for malting, not for seed.. The points desired in barley for malting in order of importance are, soundness; size and uniformity of kernel; freedom from other grains; freedom from weed seeds and inert matter. By the Ontarlo and Quebec Brewing In-

30 Best Bag Irish Cobblers, donor to receive same, by Alex. 31 Best Bag of Dooley Potatoes, donor to receive same, by J. C. Matthews, cash ..... 32 Best Bag of Irish Cobblers, donor to receive same, by W. M. Cooper, cash

dustry, 1st, \$6.00; 2nd, \$5.00; 3rd, \$4.00; 4th, \$2.00; 5th,

33 Best Bushel of Dooley Potatoes, donor to receive same, by 34 Best Basket of Yellow Globe Danvers Onions, donor to receive same, by A. T. Brownf. cash .. 35 Best Bushel Irish Cobbler Potatoes, table size, donor to receive same, by Wood's Grocery, per J. Wood, cash .....

36 Best Bushel Dooley Potatoes, table size, donor to receive

same, by Wood's Grocery, per J. Woods, cash ...

FRUIT SPECIALS

37 Best Bushel McIntosh Red Apples, donor to receive same. Sample of five to be shown, deliver later. By G. A. Dillis. 38 Best Bushel of King Apples, donor to receive same. Sample of five to be shown, deliver later. By Dr. E. J. Nelson, cash 39 Best Bushel of Northern Spy Apples, donor to receive same. Sample of five to be shown, deliver later. By Mra Isaac Adams. Leave at Rev. C. L. Poole's. Cash ..... 39 1/2 Best Bushel McIntosh Red Apples. Sample of five to be shown,

(Concluded on Page Seven)

deliver later: By Rev. C. L. Poole, cash .....