
The Bree Bress' Short Story

ANNA BROWNELL DUNAWAY

GRANDMA BEAN'S BREAD

Bean's kitchen. Grandma Bean, a tall, tie-" erect figure in a peaked nightcap and a gray yarn hug-me-tight worn over her gown, washed her hands at the sink and tied on a clean apron. Then you do go." rhythmically and methodically she proceeded to pound and pummel a mass of white dough that was threatening to run over the sides of a huge dish

Grandma Bean had never included a punching bag in her kitchen equipment, and she would have scorned a "daily dozen." But she never omitted the semi-weekly constitutional of "kneddin' down" her bread at two o'clock in the morning. It had come to be almost a ritual. Grandma Bean had taken the blue ribbon at the Buffalo County fair ever since Miltonvale, the county seat, had held a fair, and she jealously guarded the secret of her nocshould come from the oven.

"Let Mis' Puckett take her self-risin' night time."

She lay awake visioning a brown loaf Dan." rith a blue ribbon floating from it, the crowds surrounding it, the stares and the envious glances of her neighbors. Her program for the day that had al- with hot rays. Grandma Bean's mournready begun was as clearly mapped out ing bonnet, where she pushed it up from at this old mule," declared Hattie. in her mind as an etching. Hattle and Frank would stop for her in the late afternoon: Hattle" was her married daughter. They would drive to Miltonvale and stay all night with Jen, another daughter. Then she would be there to enter the bread by eight o'clock

the first day of the fair. Grandma Bean was bustling about the you didn't forget anything; ma?" kitchen that morning earlier than usual. The bread was pushing up its cover and Bean comfortably. "We're all here, she was just ready to make it into You and me and the baby and Bertie loaves for baking when a strange horse and Jimmie and the bread." and buggy drove into her yard. She Hattle laughed. "If Mis' Puckett could hurried out to see her daughter Hattle see that bread- What's the matter, alighting. In the seat were Hattie's Dan?" She gave the horse another six-months-old baby and her two little slap. "Why don't you go? Giddap-

boys of three and seven. "We're on our way to Miltonvale, ma!" on the sun-baked road. cried Hattie exuberantly. She wasn't much more than a girl, and with her Hattie," said Grandma Bean. "Horses little family life on a farm did not get tired same as folks." afford her many holidays. "Frank said "Well, he makes me tired," snapped he could bach it to-night and we could Hattie crossly. For a few minutes she stay with Jen in Miltonvale and take in let the reins hang slack. Then, cluckthe fair to-morrow. I took a notion I ing persuasively, she struck him sharpwanted to get in a visit with Jen. Frank ly. "Get up, Dan." lowed he could not go to-day. And it's hard anyway, driving six and a half miles in a lumber wagon with a slow horsie," wheedled Hattle. old team like ours. So we got the loan Good horsie." of this horse and buggy from a neigh-

"We're goin' to Miltonvale, Gramma," a flute that comes out a measure besang Bertie gleefully, squirming with the hind. discomfort' of his stiff new shoes, "to the fair."

old Jimmy.

want to start right early."

men are so busy in the fields. One afternoon's all he can afford to take."

ged. "That'll be too late to enter my bread, Hattie. What shall I do? I was Bean advised her. "I don't like to whip counting on going this afternoon with a horse, but when they get balky that you folks-"

that's too bad. I never thought about Dan's back, but her well-directed blows your bread. Tell you what,"-in girlish might have fallen with as much effect abandon she pushed her mother before on the iron dog in the yard near which her up the path bordered with sleepy they had stopped. Grandma Bean four-o'clocks -- "you come along with reached out and stayed her daughter's

Bean, "it ain't baked yet!" ing. 'You take it along with you and a balky horse." we'll bake it at Jen's when we get there. And you'll be right on the spot ever'll we do, ma?" to enter it bright and early to-morrow

morning." "At Jen's?" repeated Grandma Bean that way-" weakly: "I dunno, Hattle. You know I've always took the blue ribbon. I'm and climbed out. Taking Dan by the used to my own stove and all-"

ed Hattle. "Pshaw, come on, ma. You beat down flercely. Hattle's new turban, need a holiday. We'll be there in a jiffy draped in red silk in Arabian effect, with this horse and buggy, and you'll hung over one ear. Her fresh blue lawn have your bread baked before you know was crumpled and dusty. Her reddish it. Just wrap it up, pan and all, and hair, so carefully crimped with the curlput it down in the back of the buggy." ing iron, tumbled straight and stringing the kitchen, and now she was flying were crimson and mottled with persround capably, getting her mother's piration and dust. bonnet and jacket and packing a straw Best stop a minute, Hattle and let suitcase with a clean wrapper and an me kned down my bread," called Grandapron. "What else do you need, ma? ma Bean after the second mile. "I just We've got to hurry."

"Put in my best switch," directed She climbed out and gave the baby Grandma Bean in a dase. "And my to her daughter, who sat down beside clean night-cap's in the middle bureau the road and rocked with laughter.

T the witching hour of two o'clock drawer." She cast a dublous look in the morning a dim yellow the ballooning white dough in the pan light flared eerily in Grandma and shook her head. "I dunno, Hat-

And you can't enter your bread without dramatically; "She's comin'

the dough a few swift punches, washed Jimmy in his flute-like tones. hastily and dressed herself in her best dar boasted a few red letter days.

"Hurry up, Gram-maw!" The shrill tones of Bertie echoed through the stillness of the kitchen.

Grandma Bean stooped-over the pan turnal kneading. Now, though almost of bread and, tucking the faded red breathless with her efforts, she gave the cloth round it tenderly, lifted it in her spongy mass an extra thump that set arms as if it were a child. She set it the starched peak of her nightcap bob- down on the step and with eager fingers bing. For this batch was going to the locked the door. In spite of her heavy county fair as soon as the plump loaves burden she tripped down the walk, erect and youthful.

herself gloatingly as she removed her "Just set the bread down in the end, apron, tucked the bread up in a faded ma and climb in," she directed. "You red tablecloth and put out the light. hold the baby and put Jimmy between "Let her take it. And let Sally Horn us, and Bertie can set in the bottom take her gra-ham bread. They don't and hang his feet out. It's going to be kned down their sponge like I do in the a hot day, and this buggy hasn't got a

> er in the heavens, shone down on them down a yearlin'." her forehead, left a black streak.

-"I wonder how my bread is." she in- Bertle. quired anxiously.

"I'm hot," complained Bertle. "Ain" we most there?"

"Pretty soon now, son." Hattle gave Dan a smart slap with the reins, "Sure "Nary a thing," replied Grandma

do." For Dan had stopped stock still "Mebbe he wants to rest a minute,

But Dan didn't move. "Get up, Dannie, That's a good

"Good horsie," echoed Bertle. "Good 'ossie," chimed in Jimmy like

"Get up. Daniel." urged Grandma

Bean, with dignity. "To the fair," chimed in three-year- But Dan, with feet planted firmly apart, remained deaf. Grandma Bean "Well, now that's fine," said Grand- and Hattle alternately coaxed and urged. ma Bean, beaming. "I'll go in the Hattie fed him crackers that she had morning then with Frank. I s'pose he'll brought along for the children to piece on. Still Dan, with his ears laid back

"Not till afternoon," said Hattie. "The stubbornly, refused to budge. Half an hour slipped by. Hattie in desperation reached for the whip and Grandma Bean's erect shoulders sag- flipped it gingerly across Dan's back. "Give him a real good cut," Grandma

"And so we did aim to, ma. I declare | Hattle's whip descended heavily on

me and the children now. Why not?" arm. "Don't whip him any more, "My bread," remnstrated Grandma Hattie. It's no use. We might get arrested by the Humane Society. The "That's nothing," said Hattle, laugh- long and short of it is, Hattle, that he's

Hattle wiped her heated face. "What-

"Looks like you'd have to get out and lead him, Hattie. When they're balky

Hattle handed the lines to her mother bridle, she started to lead him. When "A cook stove's a cook stove," declar- she stopped, he stopped too. The sun Hattie had pushed her mother into over her shoulders. Her round cheeks

know it's runnin' over."

mass, laughed too.

"It's too funny," gasped Hattle chokingly. "A balky horse and bread dough

start on again, Hattie. It's as hot as furnace back here, and pretty soon I'll

Hattle handed the baby to her mother and jerked Dan's bridle. "Come on, you old cowcatcher," she said wrathfully. Theystrange procession started. After

"Now, ma, it sin't every day you face. Dan stopped too: Bertie, craning get a ride with a fast horse and buggy. his neck round the buggy, announced

That was true. Grandma Bean gave! "Comin" down again," chimed in

Grandma Bean scrambled out and had been three hours on the journey.

in. "I'm-clean tuckered out," she panted, "dragging that stubborn old horse's head. I've just got to rest, if we never

"I wonder how my bread is," said Grandma Bean anxiously. "Take the baby, Hattie, while I kned it down

her daughter, tragically. "What'll I do. Hattle clucked to the horse and held Hattle? The bread's been knedded for all of me," Grandma Bean said to the reins, taut in her brown hands. down so much it just won't be mixed

> know what else to do, ma." "My poor bread," lamented Grandma

"I hear a wagon coming," announced

"We've got a balky horse," Hattle informed him. "I've walked and led him four miles. We've still got a mile and a half to go. Can we hitch on behind your team?"

"Sure," the man agreed kindly. "Just let me tie the critter behind; I'll keep him moving."

Grandma Bean gave the bread a final mixing down before the little cavalcade started. For a mile they jogged on serenely under the burning sun. The town of Miltonvale lay at the foot-of a gradually sloping hill about half a mile long. The man with the gravel had no brake on his wagon, and the team kept gaining momentum as they started down the long incline. As they neared the bottom they broke into a trot and then into a canter, dragging Dan after them. "Stop 'em!" screamed Grandma Bean

-oh-oh-oh! You've got a new kind of Hattle held the baby tight and was bread mixer, ma. And that's the kind forced to hold Bertle down with her of a horse he is. Our slow old team foot. Grandma Bean clutched Jimmy could have been there and back. If and held on to the sides of the careen-

Frank ever hears about this-" "There," said Grandma Bean trium- ning, with the gravel-filled wagon phantly, tucking the cover over the sub- bumping behind them. It was a ter- her arms and promptly fell down, "I'm dued and flattened dough. "We'd best rible ride. Grandma Bean had ceased that dizzy I can't stand," she cried. "For have to mix it down again."

a few rods Hattle stopped to wipe her

again, gramma."

black silk waist and serge skirt. Then going round to the dough, mixed it before the glass over the comb case she down once more. This time it was so adjusted the mourning bonnet that had light that it started rising before she been new seven years before on the had tucked it in. At half-mile intervals occasion of Grandpa Bean's funeral. In they stopped, and Grandma Bean mixed her cheeks, yellow as the old melodeon down the bread. The sun now shone keys in the parlor, arose a faint flush upon them from overhead. It was noon, of excitement. Grandma Bean's calen- and they had gone four miles. They

After the fourth mile Hattle climbed

Grandma Bean came round to the side of the buggy a moment later and faced again. It's runnin' all over the back of the buggy."

"Throw part of it away." Hattie advised her, laughing. "I'm sure I don't

top, but we'll be there soon. Get up, Bean, throwing out great handfuls of snowy whiteness. "It's plum ruint, I For a mile and a half they jogged know. If I ever do get there and get along smartly. The sun, climbing high- it baked, it will be hard enough to know

"I wish I had a loaf of it to throw

"A wagon?" Hattle sat up and stopped fanning with the red turban. Grandma Bean peered down the long white stretch of road behind them. She nrade out a team pulling a load of gravel. When it drew alongside the driver stop-

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Grandma Bean, kneading the spongy in trepidation, "They'll throw my bread

"I'm falling! yelled Bertie. Jimmy and the baby set up loud cries. ing buggy. The team was now run-



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to think of her bread; she thought only of their safety. Her lips were moving sliently as if in prayer.

"We're tipping over!" screamed Hattle as they reached the bottom. But after two on three frenzied whirls the buggy finally righted itself and stood pat on the smooth road that led into the town.

Hattle jumped out with the baby in pity's sake, are we all here? If Dan had fallen down, we'd all been killed. My. what a ride!"

Grandma Bean scrambled out dizzlly. 'My poor bread, Hattie," she said. " wonder how it is."

For the second time that day Hattie sat in the road and rocked with merriment. "Bread, ma?" she repeated between gasps. "Bread! If there is any of it left it had ought to be baked by friction!" She rocked again. "Oh, what a joke it was on Dan. Oh-oh-oh!"

"He'll be willing to go back, I'll venture," put in the man glancing at the subdued horse. "Well, if you're ready, we'll get on. I'll leave you where you want to stop."

A few minutes later the queer procession arrived at Jen's. The driver's "whoa" interrupted Grandma Bean's mournful musing. She was visioning Mrs. Puckett's salt-rising loaf adorned with the blue ribbon and Sally Horn's "gra-ham" wearing the red. She herself would take nothing. But when she had lifted the pan from the rear of the buggy her spirits rose visibly. The bread was up to the top of the pan.

"I'll make it right down into loaves." she said to Hattie happily. "And you get the fire ready."

"I've tried a lot of bread receipts." said. Hattie later that evening as they all sat round the supper table, with the pungent odor of freshly baked bread filling Jen's little kitchen, "but this is

the best I ever tasted ma." "I don't think there'll be a great demand for our receipt, Hattle," observed Grandma Bean with a twinkle in her eye. "Onless somebody wants a

fast ride and a balky horse." "I guess I'll be satisfied to ride in a wagon behind our old grays after this. ma," said Hattie.

"And I'll be satisfied, declared Grandma Bean running an appraising finger along the flaky crust of the brown loaf that was to wear the accustomed blue ribbon on the morrow, "to kned down my bread in the old-fashioned way."

SLAT'S DIARY BY ROSS FARQUHAR

Friday-Pa says he gesses he miss Judged Aron Frump when he sed he was to Lazy to live becuz today as he past Arons house he sed he seen Aron winding

his Watch. Saterday-Ant Emma woodent never eat Deviled harn til just lately becuz she all ways that Deviled ham was ham without the Evil sperits took out like what you read about in the Bible. if you read the Bible.

Sunday-Jenny Cole was at are house today and she told pa she was oney thirty 6 yrs. of old age and pa sed very very Gallintly. Why by goodnes you don't look that old and she replyed and sed. Well your a Biger lire than I am. Fact is she gradiated the yr. pa started to eat oat Meal a cording to whut Ant

Emmy says. Munday—Pa cum home this evning and he sed to ma that he was so tired. he Hardly new his own Mind and ma replyed and sed to pa. Well you havent mist mutch at that.

Tuesday - Ma says she duzzent care for men witch has got a Inferiority Complex like pa use to have. she sed if she had let him have his own way he wood have ben satisfied with a Ensurance Polisy for a 1000 \$. but she made him take out 25 thousand \$ wirth and now he is a Egotist she says.

Wensday-I ast pa where the populashun of the U. States was the most dense and he sed. Right here in this room. He is either Grouchy or else he has been looking over my home wirk. I of

the 2. Thirsday-well it looks like as if are Drug store is beginning to go to the bad. Ma sent me down town after a Cushion for the Davenport today and I went to the drug store and they dident have none. But the clerk did try to sell me sum thing just as good. he offered me 100 Aspiras for forty 8 cen'ts.

It is usually safe to say that when a child is pale sickly, prevish and restless the cause is worms. These parasites range the stomach and intestines, causing serious disorders of the direction and preventing the infant from deriving sustenance from food. Miller's Worm Powders, by destroying the worms, correct these faults of the digestion and serve to restore the organs to healthy

DODGING DIFFFICULTIES

Theodore Roosevelt once said that greatness comes only to those who are seeking not how to avoid obstacles but how to overcome them. Indeed the instinct that leads one to dodge difficulties, to shrink away from anything that is hard, is a bad sign, a sign of weakness. Probably you know-young people who seem to have a positive genius for avoiding anything hard. While they may be gentle and amiable, they are not the sort from whom leaders are made: When you see a difficulty on ahead, do you think of how to overcome it, or of how to avoid it? Much depends

upon your answer.

ActonFallFair September 18-19, 1934

Special Prize List

HORSE SPECIALS

Best High Stepping Horse in harness, 1st, \$3.00; 2nd, \$2.00

Best Single Turnout, 1st, \$3.00; 2nd, \$2.00 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 Best Span Heaw 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 7 Best Carriage Brood Mare. This special takes place of Society first prize, Class 4, Section 1. By the Daymond Motor Co., Guelph, goods to value of 8 Best Single Saddle Horse, 1st, \$3.00; 2nd, \$2.00 . Best Colt; one or two years old, sired by a thoroughbred suitable for a hunter, 1st, \$3.00; 2nd, \$2.00

10 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. 1st, by Massey-Harris Co., \$10.00 off any goods purchased; 2nd, by Alex. Hume, Massey-Harris Agent, \$5.00 off any

CATTLE SPECIALS

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 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 Mig. Co., F. Mooney, Agent, Acton, plow shares, to the value of

19 Best Flock of Sheep, consisting of 1 ram, 2 ewes and 2 ewe lambs, any breed, by Deputy-Reeve L. L. Mullin, 1st, \$3.00;

SHEEP SPECIALS

20 Best Pair Marketable Wether Lambs, 1st, \$2.000 2nd, \$1.00 3 00 HOG SPECIALS

21 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 Hatch-

GRAIN, ROOT AND VEGETABLE SPECIALS

each, donor to receive same, by J. W. Jones, cash 5 00

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

*26 Best Collection of Farm Produce, including grain, roots, vegetables, fruit, flowers, domestic science, ladles' fancy work, and children's work, not more than forty samples. Gardeners not eligible. 1st, \$2.00; 2nd, \$1.00 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, % bushel of each, by M. Pallant, cash, 1st, \$2.00; 2nd, \$1.00 3 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 Ontario and Quebec Brewing Industry, 1st, \$6.00; 2nd, \$5.00; 3rd, \$4.00; 4th, \$2.00; 5th, 30 Best Bag Irish Cobblers, donor to receive same, by Alex. McIsaac, cash

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 33 Best Bushel of Dooley Potatoes, donor to receive same, by

A. T. Brown, cash 34 Best Basket of Yellow Globe Danvers Onions, donor to receive same, by A. T. Brown, 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

FRUIT SPECIALS

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

37 Best Bushel McIntosh Red Apples, donor to receive same. Sample of five to be shown, deliver later. By G. A. Dills, 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 Mrs. Isaac Adams. Leave at Rev. C. L. Poole's, Cash 39 1/2 Best Bushel McIntosh Red Apples. Sample of five to be shown,

deliver later. By Rev. C. L. Poole, cash (Concluded on Page Seven)

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