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ERIN
 Rumor has it that the new Municipal building is to cost approximately \$200,000.
 Mrs. Maurice Vincent, Calorna Ave., East York, died in Toronto General Hospital, on Saturday from injuries suffered in a car crash near Belfountain a week ago. Her husband and friend, also in the car, were killed instantly.
 The county road, known as the seventh line, Erin Township, has been given a heavy coat of tar and crushed stone from Ballinafad to Hillsburgh. Work commenced last Thursday on No. 24 highway at Guelph city limits and this road will receive a heavy coat of tar and crushed stone as far east as Erin.—Advocate.

BURLINGTON
 Through the co-operation of the town council, in granting them a lot, located back of Caroline Street at Emerald Crescent, the local Association for the Burlington Girl Guides and Brownies have plans in view for a new proposed building.
 Due to the large increase in membership in these two movements it is imperative they have a permanent building in which to hold their weekly meetings.
 At the regular luncheon of the Lions Club, held at the Brant Inn on Monday evening, reports on the recent Carnival were presented and they showed that it was a financial success, being the greatest take ever at a Lions Carnival in Burlington. Mamon Milne, treasurer of the Carnival reported the gross take as \$10,963.76 as compared with \$10,799.37 in 1947, a new all time high. Expenses were slightly higher in 1948 than in 1947, and the net proceeds were \$6148, as compared with \$6220 in 1947.—Gazette.

BEYOND OUR MEANS
 A study of 709 business establishments by the Bank of Canada shows that in 1946 taxes paid by these firms were 45 per cent. of their net profits as against 18 per cent. in 1936. If it be argued, says the Ottawa Journal, that the firms thus taxed nevertheless secured a fair profit, the answer is that they were only able to secure such profit under war and post-war conditions of volume production and sales, and that no guarantee can exist of such volume continuing.
 Canada was built up by risk capital; by men who had the courage to adventure, buoyed by hope of reward. If a time should come when hope will no longer justify risk, with enterprise and initiative destroyed, and with our people who possess capital content to be coupon-cutters, the future of this country will be dark indeed. Our error in government today is that we seem to be putting the cart before the horse, building superstructures without foundations, taxing into extinction the production we require to pay for costly commitments. To put it simply, we are living beyond our means, cutting our coat beyond our financial cloth, threatening to kill the goose with the proverbial golden egg.
 Such a policy may go on for a time. It can't go on indefinitely. For a nation, as for an individual, the day comes when the mortgage has to be paid.
 "Idlewild" is the pastoral name of the 4,900-acre airport recently dedicated in New York.

Chronicles of . . . Ginger Farm
 Written Specially for The Acton Free Press
OWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

Threshing . . . Just one word of nine letters and yet what action it covers. Last week we were living with that word and all it implies from Tuesday until Friday night. Not that we were threshing all that time—heaven forbid—anticipation was enough. Each day as it dawned we expected the threshers; each day as it closed the machine still had not arrived. There were two big pans of hamburger patties ready and waiting; apple sauce was made; pies were baked and extra bread laid in. And still no threshers. Without a refrigerator a lot of good food must have been spoiled. However, about one o'clock on Friday they finally appeared and then things really began to hum. We were stoop-threshing half our wheat, the other half having been safely stowed away in the barn. Our men had already loaded two wagons before the machine arrived, others were soon out in the field and the men working like Trojans filling them up. Partner was building loads along with the rest, which didn't make me feel too comfortable. Johnny was driving a neighbor's team; another man was tying bags and Bob was loading them on to his truck as fast as they were filled. And that, believe me, was pretty fast. Of course there were also pitchforks out in the field. There wasn't a hitch the whole afternoon. The machine was never running idle at any time, nor did it stop, although there was, a time or two when it coughed pretty badly. By six-thirty the job was done, and there, on the trucks, was a nice lot of wheat already to be shipped, the return from which will help us over another winter and to a new start in the spring. Then, of course, came supper . . . fifteen hot, tired and hungry men, whom we're glad to help in return for the work they had done. I didn't know how I was going to seat them all but that little problem solved itself as the pitchers came in ahead of the others so we finished up by serving the supper in relays. After Cicely and I had had a bite to eat our big job of washing dishes began. But as all jobs do finally come to an end and nine-thirty saw the end of a — yes, I'll finish it — "the end of a perfect day". For what could be more perfect than to have a good grade of wheat ready for sale — wheat that had never been flattened in the field by storms, nor seriously damaged by rain while standing in the stacks. Yes, it was surely the end of a perfect day and we were truly thankful for a good crop.

We still have two more threshings ahead of us — one for the rest of the wheat, the other for our spring crops, which I suppose will be light. And here's hoping they are both perfect days.
 But threshing has not been the only matter of interest this week. Today Johnny, the young lad who has worked for us and has made this his home for over seven years, departed for points unknown. He and his brother, and another lad, decided to try their luck in the harvest fields out West. We shall miss Johnny but we think it a splendid thing for him to see a bit more of Canada while he still has the chance. And he will probably see plenty as the three boys are going by car, Johnny's car.
 We get very cheerful letters from our other wanderer. I mean Daughter. She likes Fort William and the people in it and writes interesting accounts of the places that she has visited. She has even met someone who comes from the place where Daughter was born — Chaplin on the Saskatchewan prairie. Naturally we are wishing she would get home while Cicely is here but the only way she could do it in her "off" time would be to come by air, and that, I found upon inquiry, would cost the small sum of \$72. I think that expression we so often use "free as the air" needs a little revision, doesn't you? Or does it? I suppose the air is still free, it is travelling through it that hurts the pocket book.
 And that reminds me — Cicely's vacation is just about half over and all too soon she will be taking to the air again. We seemed to have oodles of time at first but now we have to figure things pretty closely to get in all we want to do. Cicely expects to be quite an expert at the milking before she goes home although she says that every time she goes to the barn Jane — her long suffering cow — looks around at her with a pained expression as much as to say—What—you here again!

SPORTS CAMERA
 by H. Cole

Fans can't fault the actions of Acton Ints. In this topsy-turvy play-off struggle. They twice, have committed themselves to the mercy of the gods as it were and completely forgotten how to play baseball. On both these occasions they were leading by substantial figures when they appeared to lose all interest in the game and became afflicted with erroritis.

Last Saturday, Acton had the game sewed up as they entered the fourth frame. What with a 5-2 lead and a vivid memory of a humiliating defeat they handed Milton, the previous week, fans assumed it was only a case of how many runs Matt Tyler and his blue Sox would chalk up. Just how wrong they were was aptly demonstrated in that frame. The infield collapsed completely and 7 Milton runs crossed home plate on the strength of three hits—three, threadbare, scratch hits that should never have reached the initial sack.

Then, Bob Footitt arose to the occasion and with two wood-bent Marshall's offering over the right field wall. The first circuit smash of the year for Footitt incidentally. As a result the score was tied 9-9. The preposterous amount of eighteen runs was scored in 4 complete innings. Base hits rolled off Acton bats like a water-shedding duck from thence, but they failed to account for any runs.

John Mowat, commissioned to relieve Snyder, who bore the brunt of the infield comedy of errors, hurled a pretty brand of ball. He had Milton tied up in every dept. but the final frame found an old Milton veteran welding his stick in a glimmer of baseball of the pre-war vintage. A four master by the vet was followed by another based on a queer code of ground rules. The second one hurtled into the maple tree in deep right field and according to ground rules laid down before the game should have only been a double. However, after its impact with the tree, the ball bounced into the crowd. Both officials ruled another two bases were forthcoming in view of the frankish course of the sphere. Acton protested this decision. It had the same effect as conversing with a stone wall. Timmis and White-mann failed to observe any similarity between the two viewpoints. Consequently Gervais's blow went for a home run.

It irked our boys to think that the invaders had the final word. Fortunately last Wednesday's rhu-barb was not used as an epithet by any except a few of the more rabid fans who viewed the postponement of the previous game as directly relevant to the fact a juvenile play off fixture was slated twice Oakville and Milton, the same eve. The policy of using Int. players in juvenile-age brackets as replacements for their own, which has been consistent this semester at County Town, it required little thought to associate these two points and to regard the excuse emanating from Milton of a grandiose garden party, to be nothing else than a farce.

Why shouldn't they be hot under the collar. Acton officialdom that is. To subordinate an Intermediate game under the pretext of attending a garden party is certainly not cricket, but when it is used as a front to obscure an entirely different move, a pungent odor arises which includes among a variety of other smells, an unmistakable fishy one. Then with startling candor, after Saturday's encounter, Milton announces they intended to skip Wednesday's game (last night) which is practically an admission of the previous week's violation, since another juvenile fixture is scheduled on that date. At that juncture local management nearly blew a fuse. You dare, they infer, and something drastic will occur.

Perhaps last night this was written to the 1948 edition of Acton's triple A champions. Perhaps they tied the series. As this column is written on Monday, we won't attempt to prognosticate. If they do win, they certainly are deserving of a break. In the opinion of this scribe, the series should now be finished with Acton as winner. Only fortune has smiled in the opposite direction.

Motorists, don't forget the golden rule of safety. Drive as you would have others drive. Remember, to others you're the "other fellow".

THOUGHT ON TAXES
 Blessings on thee, little man, three-foot boy with cheek of tan; Fringing down a dusky lane With no thought of future pain; You're our one and only bet To absorb the national debt.
 Little man with cares so few, We've a lot of faith in you; Guard each merry whistled tune, You are apt to need them soon. Have your fun now while you can; Soon you'll be a barefoot man.

RIGHT WAY TO LIFT
 A Canadian farmer noted for his strength and also for his unassuming wisdom, was asked how he managed to lift such heavy weights. "Well", he answered, "I am naturally strong, but a man might be as strong as an ox, and yet strain his back lifting a comparatively light weight. If he lifts the wrong way. Don't lift with your back. Lift with your legs by bending your knees, and keep your back as straight as possible without straining to do so. That is, keep your back as vertical as possible to the ground when lifting."
 "And don't show off. If you find you cannot heave a sack or anything else unaided onto your shoulders, get someone to give a hand. If the weight to be lifted is too heavy to carry alone, don't have false pride, get help. There is a limit in everyone to the amount of strain the muscles will stand, especially on your back. And the way to lift is to lift with the legs. They are the natural elevators."

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