IF, BUT AND WHEN

It is a bungler that leads you astray
When something comes up to be done right away.
When teacher has set you a task that is stiff,
Sometimes you get round it by finding an IF.

But is as bad as a stone in your shoe,
Which makes you go lame when you need to get through.
It's a difficult thing to get out of a rut,
When you're loaded and hampered and bothered with BUT.

When is the worst of the three: the mean sneak
Says, "Do it to-morrow, next day, or next week."
Great schemes have been ruined again and again
By sand in the gear from that little word WHEN.

If you want to carve out a career to your mind,
To begin with just leave those poor creatures behind;
For the world will be his who in boyhood learns how
To establish an intimate friendship with NOW. —Gamaliel Bradford.

READING HORSES TEETH

You think you know. The horse is firm, his eyes bright. He looks well, and proves it on the road. After you have examined his teeth, you feel more convinced than ever that you have judged his age correctly. But say. Have you read his teeth right?

To begin with, his milk teeth are present till he is between four and five years old. Then the mark or dark central depression on the surface of the incisors becomes gradually worn out. In a horse over eight years old, the markings have nearly always disappeared from the teeth of the lower jaw.

Then the shape of the tooth alters as the animal grows older. At first the surface of the tooth is much wider from side to side than it is from back to front. In the older animal, the surface becomes progressively narrower from side to side and, instead of remaining always oblong, it becomes triangular, and even flattened.

In judging the age of a horse then, observe which of the milk teeth are present, and which have been replaced by permanent ones. Of the two, the former are smaller, whiter, and posses a distinct neck. Until a colt is over two years, his are all milk teeth, but his age is estimated by the amount of wear as shown on the crowns.

The first permanent teeth make their appearance in the second and third year. They push out the middle two teeth in both upper and lower jaw. When these central permanent incisors are in full wear, the horse's age is three years.

The second pair of permanent teeth appear in the following summer. When they are fully grown and in wear, your favorite is then four years old. Between four and five years the last pair make their appearance and the horse possesses a full mouth.

Up to this stage, mares and horses are alike. In or near the fifth year, however, the canines or tushes appear in the male sex only.

After a full mouth is obtained, the correct judging of a horse's age by his teeth becomes so intricate that it is popularly supposed to be impossible, especially after the eighth year.

This is incorrect. To the expert it is not difficult to tell the age of any horse up to the fifteenth year, and with a fair degree of accuracy. After that it is possible to approximate it within a couple of years.

"I'll see if Ella can come"

The very day visitors were coming, Bob Emery's wife caught a bad chill. She tried to keep going, but it was obvious that she would have to go to bed.

"Now don't worry," Bob said, "Ella's only 30 miles away. I'll just get her on the telephone and see if she can't come and help us out."

A few minutes later they had Ella's cheery promise. Once more, in an emergency, Long Distance had proved quick, dependable — and surprisingly inexpensive.

Low evening rates on Station-to-Station calls begin 7.00 p.m. Still lower night rates at 8.30 p.m.

$1.50 for Your Old LAMP OR LANTERN on a NEW Coleman

. . . that's the big value you are offered for a limited time. Your old lamp or lantern (any kind or condition) is worth $1.50 on the purchase of a new Coleman . . . any model you want.

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THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE CO., Ltd.
TORONTO, 8, ONTARIO

AUTUMNAL DESERTS

By Betty Barclay

Seasonal adjustments in the family all-of-fear are now in order. Brisk fall days call for hot or heavier deserts. Here are two very economical ones that are as delicious as they are new, and they are made according to the very last word in the new school of cracker cookery:

Nut Brown Puff

1 cup crumbled graham crackers
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
3 cups scalded milk
4 egg yolks, beaten
½ cup nut meats chopped
¼ teaspoon almond flavoring
¼ teaspoon vanilla
4 egg whites

Mix crumbled crackers, sugar, salt and cover with scalded milk. Stir into beaten egg yolks. Add nut meats and flavoring and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into buttered baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 35–40 minutes. Six portions.

Cranberry and Apple Pie

1¼ cups crumbled soda crackers
1-3 cup butter
1 cup sugar
1½ cups cranberries
1½ cups diced cooking apples
½ cup water

Crumble crackers fine and mix with butter and one tablespoon sugar. Press mixture in an even layer against sides and bottom of buttered pie plate. Cook cranberries and apples, water and sugar together until tender. Cool and pour into cracker-lined plate. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees F.) 12-15 minutes. Eight-inch pie.

Orange Bread

4 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
Orange peel, candied
2 to 3 cups milk

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together; add sugar and butter (creamed together), eggs, well beaten and orange peel, using between 2 and 3 cups of milk to form soft batter. Pour into greased tin. Just before placing in oven spread one teaspoonful of milk over top of batter to give crust glossy finish.

Candied Orange Peel

(For above recipe)
3 oranges
½ cup sugar
1 cup water

Soak skins of oranges overnight to soften. Remove and dice; mix with sugar and water and boil (low heat) for about five minutes to form syrup.

OYSTERS ARE IN SEASON

September contains that magic letter "R," so once again the oyster makes his friendly bow. Most women can make a good oyster stew, but here are two oyster dishes that may be new to you:

Baked Oysters

30 oysters in the shell
Butter
Salt
Pepper

Wash the oyster shells thoroughly by scrubbing with a brush. Place with the deep shell down in a baking pan in a very hot oven, bake until the shells open, remove the upper shells, add a little butter, salt and pepper to each oyster, and serve in the undershells.

Panned Oysters

1 pint large oysters
6 slices buttered toast
¼ cup oyster juice

Lay the oysters in a shallow dripping pan and pour over them a small quantity of oyster juice, but not sufficient to raise or float them. Place the dish carefully in a hot oven, and just heat the oysters through, being careful not to bake them. Moisten hot buttered toast with the hot juice from the oysters and serve the oysters on the toast.

THE GENTLE REINDEER

I was afraid, from what I knew of the habits of sheep, cattle, and horses, that a sight of strangers would stampede the herd when we met. But of this, as it proved, there was not the slightest danger; for of all the familiar, tame animals man has gathered about him, the reindeer is the tamest. They can hardly be said to be domesticated, since they are not shut in around the huts, or put under shelter either winter or summer. On they came, while we gazed eagerly at the novel sight—a thicket of antlers, big and little, old and young, led by the strongest, holding their heads low most of the time, as if conscious of the fact that they were carrying very big, branching horns. A straggler fell behind now and then to cull a choice mouthful of willow, or dainty, gray lichen, then made haste to join the herd again.

They waded across the creek and came straight toward us, up the sloping bank where we were waiting, nearer, nearer, until we could see their eyes, their smooth, round limbs, the velvet on their horns, until within five or six yards of us, the drivers in front looking at them as they came saying scarce a word, and the owner in front looking at them as they came up without making any call or movement to attract them. After giving us the benefit of their magnificent eyes and sweet breath they began to feed off, back up the valley. Thereupon the boys, who had been loitering on the streamside to catch a salmon trout or two, went round them and drove them back to us. Then the deer stopped feeding and began to chew the cud and to lie down, with eyes partly closed and dreamy-looking, as if profoundly comfortable, we strangers causing them not the slightest alarm though standing nearly within touching distance of them. Cows in a barnyard, milked and petted every day, are not so gentle. Yet these beautiful animals are allowed to feed at will, without herding to any extent. They seem as smooth and clean and glossy as if they were wild. Taming does not seem to have injured them in any way. I saw no mark of man upon them.

They are not so large as I had been led to suppose, nor so rough and bony and angular. The largest would not much exceed three or four hundred pounds in weight. They are, at this time of year, smooth, trim, delicately molded animals, very fat, and apparently short-winded, for they were breathing hard when they came up, like oxen that had been working on a hot day. The horns of the largest males are about four feet long, rising with a backward curve, and then forward and dividing into three or four points, and with a number of short palmated branches putting forward and downward from the base over the animal's forehead. Those of the female are very slender and elegant in curve, more so than any horns I have seen. This species of deer is said to be the only one in which the female has horns. The fawns also have horns already, six inches to a foot long, with a few blunt, knobby branches beginning to sprout.—John Muir, in "The Cruise of the Ogwin."

News and Information For the Busy Farmer

Britain Buys Barley

Receipts of Canadian barley on the British market for the past five or six weeks are as follows:

1500 tons for the week of August 16; 1249 tons for September 2; 1337 tons for September 16; 1069 tons for September 23; and 398 tons for the week September 30.

Horseshoe Pitching

One of the features of the Royal Winter Fair again this year will be the horseshoe pitching championships for all Canada. In addition the final competitions to decide the championship for the county and rural fairs in Ontario will be held at the Royal, open only to winners at agricultural fairs in 1932. The Ontario Athletic Commission is again sponsoring these competitions and the rules of the Dominion Horseshoe Pitchers' Association will govern the contests.

Seed Industry

The seed growing industry in Canada has been gradually developed and improved during the period of the past thirty years. It now embraces the production and improvement of approved varieties of cereals of pedigreed stock, the production of forage crop seeds, and the production of field root, garden vegetable, and flower seeds. It is estimated that in 1931, 3,710 farms were producing seed crops subject to federal inspection, and that around 12,000 persons were engaged in the production and marketing of the improved seed.

Honey Prices Going Up

Honey producers throughout the Province are considerably gratified with the recent steady rise in price for their product. As a result of heavy exportations totalling over one quarter of a million pounds in September alone, the domestic price has risen from a cent to a cent and a half, and most producers are now refusing to sell for less than six and half cents per pound net. With reports of further heavy export shipments going forward in October, large beekeepers are watching the situation with keen interest. Meanwhile smaller producers are preparing to take advantage of an improved domestic market, which now freed of the pressure of large individual lots of honey, has lost most of its former bearishness.

Ontario honey is now handled through a commercial sales promotion representative, and is bottled and sold under the industry's own brand and trademark. In this way its identity is retained through to the consumer and every advantage taken of the powerful "buy British" sentiment in Great Britain.

Ontario Rutabagas Shipped To New York City by Water

The Ontario Marketing Board reports that 2,000 bushels of Ontario rutabagas are being shipped by water from Oshawa to New York immediately. This, it might be stated, is the first occasion upon which Ontario rutabagas have been shipped to New York by water.

Mixing Infected Potatoes Increases Marketing Cost

J. T. Cassin, Ontario Marketing Board, says that, if the portion of the potato crop infected with late blight rot is mixed with the remaining good potatoes, the entire lot will become affected. This, of course, calls for a needless picking over of potatoes, a practice which does not reconcile itself with the policy of cutting down marketing costs.

Definite Export Market If Quality is Right

According to Garnet Duncan, Ontario Marketing Board, only two car loads of calves have been exported to Buffalo during the past month. Mr. Duncan states that there is a definite market for a much larger number, providing the quality is right. Little more than 10% of calves being offered, however, meet export requirements. Mr. Duncan said that fully 50% of the animals offered, while being of suitable type lacked proper finish.

Weekly Crop Report

Harvesting of mangels and turnips is well advanced, with excellent yields of both being reported from many parts of Western and Eastern Ontario. A considerable percentage of rot is found in the potato crop, particularly in districts where systematic spraying has not been followed up. This year men who followed the instructions for proper growing of potatoes are going to benefit materially. From Dundas County comes a report that owing to restrictions recently imposed by New York State, requiring cattle to be from Bang's accredited herds, the export business in dairy cows has been practically killed. Algoma district reports a good yield of potatoes, from 100 to 150 bags per acre. From Temiskaming comes word that all livestock are in splendid condition owing to good pastures, but that farmers are finding it necessary to cut down on the number on hand owing to the light hay crop and also due to the fact that they have been unable to save their harvest.

British Apple Market

Reporting on prospects for Ontario apples in the British market, Mr. Andrew Fulton, growers' overseas representative, states that there is no doubt that the new tariff against foreign apples provided for by the Ottawa Conference agreements, amounting to six shillings per barrel, will have a stimulating effect upon the market for Canadian apples, but that it is doubtful whether the full benefit of the tariff will be felt until the season is well advanced, probably not until next February. At present large quantities of Nova Scotia apples of a windfall character are being shipped to England and also large shipments of Virginia apples have been rushed over before the new tariff could come into effect. Therefore the general supply of apples from now until December will greatly exceed the demand and it will be difficult to realize satisfactory prices at the prevailing rate of exchange, which today means that £1 is worth only $3.85. However, lighter arrivals and more remunerative prices are expected after the New Year and Mr. Fulton advises growers to hold back a good percentage of the best-keeping varieties until that time, and meanwhile to exploit only well-coloured, attractive varieties, as only outstanding quality can compete against the cheap fruit that is on the market, and make satisfactory returns to the growers.

Mr. Fulton reports a ready market for well-coloured, good quality Scarlet Pippins, Jonathans and Snows, provided that they are properly packed and arrive in hard condition, and he looks for these varieties to sell at high as 27 or 28 shillings per barrel. Large quantities of Ontario pears have arrived in England in good condition. Ontario Bartletts packed in hampers have been very popular. In conclusion Mr. Fulton warns that Certificates of Origin must be sent with all shipments.

CANADIANS TO SEEK HARMSWORTH CUP

Syndicate of Orillia Sportsmen Formed to Enter Boat in 1933

According to a recent announcement a syndicate of Orillia sportsmen has been formed to enter a boat in next year's Harmsworth Trophy races for the competitive speedboat championship of the world.

Mr. E. Webb, Orillia contractor, announces that Bert Hawker, Gravenhurst designer, has completed drawings for a Miss Canada I, which he will pilot himself in an attempt to win for British Empire the trophy which Gar Wood, Detroit ace designer and driver, has held for many years.

Hawker, who drove a sensational but losing race in Miss Betty Carstairs' entry a few years ago, will superintend building of Miss Canada, Webb said. The boat will be built of Canadian material by Canadian workmen and will be powered with a Canadian engine.

Webb said the Orillia attempt to take the prized trophy with its own boat was a sequel to unsuccessful attempts by the syndicate to buy Kaye Don's boat, Miss England III., after her unsuccessful race a few weeks ago.

The Orillia syndicate, Webb said, will try to carry on the work of Lord Wakefield, who has sponsored British efforts for many years.

A challenge for the trophy must come through an established yacht club in the country where the bid originates and it must be filed before March 1 in the year of the race, with the Yachtmen's Association of America.

The challenging or defending country may have three boats in the race if desired. The winner has to capture two heats to get the trophy.

There have been rumors of a possible challenge from Italy next year. If both Canada and Italy challenge it will be the first time Gar Wood, United States defender has been in competition with more than one challenger at the same time in defence of the trophy.

The Harmsworth trophy has been in the United States since 1920. Wood having won it at Cowes, England, that year. Since then every attempt by a foreign challenger to lift it has met with failure, mainly because of misfortune that put the challenging boat out of the running.

MAGIC IN NAMES

Is there any young person who has not from his reading derived a sense of the magic of the East? And if the reason for his impressions were analyzed, would not the mere sound of names be found in large part accountable? Spicy odors, tropical jungles, strange beasts and reptiles and peoples, all play their part; but it is such words as Samarkand and Ind, Pokhara and Bombay, Ceylon, Ganges Kashmir and Himalaya, ringing poetically in the youthful ear, that fill the youthful mind with impulses of vague adventure. India more than any other Far Eastern land stirs the imagination—and is it not because it is so besprinkled and bejewelled with magical names, rather than because it has tigers and cobras and elephants in its forests? China does not have the fascination for youth that India has—perhaps because there is less romance in the singsong Chinese syllables. Hongkong, Yangtze, Shanghai, Hoangho have somehow the uncouthness of jaron rather than the ring of magic.

The Italians and the Spaniards have a happy gift for names. Cadenabbia, Bellgia, Verna and Lugano illustrate the Italian faculty for bestowing names that have cadence and charm. The best legacy that Spanish explorers and settlers left the New World is the names that still abide: Orinoco, Colorado, Vera Cruz and Monterey, to take a group almost at random, have a sonorous majesty that is not to be found in any purely English names.

In fact, English names, whether of persons or of places, are rather deficient in the quality of charm. The English language has beauty, but English people have sought the quality of homeliness rather than that of magic in their names. In the Arthurian legends the names of Lancelot and Guinevere have the same sort of romantic charm as some of the names that are common among Italians and Spaniards; but it is the exceptional Englishman or American that would wish to name his son Launcelot or his daughter Guinevere. Some of our most engaging words are used to designate commonplace objects. Was it not an Italian who declared that the most beautiful word in any language was an English word—and that it was cellar-door?

CHURCH MUSIC

No church-going person whose memory compasses a period of twenty-five years cannot have failed to notice the change which has taken place in the relation of music to public worship.

The change is still going on. More and more the organ and the choir are coming to be regarded not merely as agreeable and edifying accessories, but as legitimate and valuable means of religious expression. Even the descendants of the Puritan churches recognise the fact, and most of them now have their organists, choir-leaders and music committees.

The new order of things is not without its possibilities of friction and disappointment. A few weeks ago one of the best-known organists and composers of sacred music resigned his position because he desired more artistic freedom and latitude than he could have in making up the musical programmes for the Sunday services.

There are many who will sympathise with him. It is easy, on the other hand, to point out the danger of leaving the whole matter of music to the organist or choir, or even to the music committee, unless the minister be a member of that committee, or in something like control over it. Probably there are few observing persons of good taste who have not winced under the infliction of flippant words or of inappropriate music from the choir seats.

The minister is not always a good judge of what is proper and what is improper in church music. Nevertheless, he usually exercises some restraint. There is consequently an advantage in co-operation between the minister and those who furnish the music. It is creditable to the good sense of both parties that such co-operation usually exists. If only it is recognised that neither musical excellence or literary beauty is alone to be considered, but that appropriateness to the occasion and ability to supplement or re-enforce the sermon are qualities of quite as much moment, there need be no heartburnings.

A Shovel Hand Wanted

A sad looking specimen of the genus "hobo" applied at a house for a handout. The door was opened by the man of the house himself who happened to be superintendent of a large factory. Being short of help at the moment, he said to the tramp:

"Arp you looking for a job?"

"What kind of a job?" asked the Weary Willie.

"Can you do anything with a shovel?"

"Sure," was the answer, "I can fry ham on it."

MOVIES, MAIDS AND MEN

In the vast open spaces of the far Northwest men still are men, but movies are no magnet. The strong, silent men won push the outposts of civilization into the iron jaw of the polar belt spurn the silent screen and the talkies leave them cold—colder than usual, that is.

Pictures that tickle the risibility of languid audiences in crowded yet unsophisticated urban centres pale in the arefied air north of the fifty-eighth parallel and elicit scorn instead of laughter.

At least, that is the report from Churchill, Manitoba, most northerly port in Canada, where, instead of a joyful S.R.O. sign in its lobby, the sole theatre in the place has gone dark, and the only sign reads "For Rent." Half a thousand men working on construction jobs and living in frontier camp have sternly resisted the lure of stellar personalities, feminine and masculine, preferring, presumably, to spend their evenings with Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" or Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and similar forms of lightsome recreation.

The reason for this Spartan indifference to mere amusement affords a piquant study in sociology. It throws neither slight nor slur on the films. It was not lack of uplift in the scenes presented that wounded the sensibilities of these hardy handlers of axe and hammer. Nor was the rare and subtle humor peculiar to the film lost upon them. Rather was it the absence in Churchill of the chief, nay altruistic motive for going to the theatre. In that frontier settlement the fair sex, with the exception of a few wives of officials is conspicuous by its absence.

"What's the good of going to a show if you can't take your girl?" demanded the men and resolutely stayed away.

A FRIEND IN NEED IS FRIEND INDEED

This story illustrates the old adage of "One good turn deserves another," or "A friend in need, is a friend indeed." We do not vouch for the truth of the tale.

A motorist was travelling alone from Toronto to Montreal during the past week. At the eastern outskirts of Kingston he was hailed by a hitch-hiker. The "Thumber" appeared respectable and the motorist, welcoming company for the balance of his trip, pulled to a stop and took on a passenger.

Somewhere east of Brockville, a highway traffic officer overtook the motorist at a 60-mile clip. After the usual "Where's the fire?" the constable produced a red letter note book and copied down the license number of the car, the driver's name, the address and other particulars.

"A summons will be along in a day or two," the officer told the motorist as the car got under way.

A mile down the road, the motorist turned to his companion.

"Gosh, I guess that'll cost me at least $25," he moaned. "Dash these cops!"

"It won't cost you anything unless that officer has a good memory," rejoined the passenger. He produced a familiar, red leather not book. The motorist recognized it as that in which the constable had inscribed certain painful details.

"Oh, I just took it out of the cop's pocket when he was talking to you," the mysterious passenger declared. "You see, I'm a pickpocket. I just got out of the pen this morning."

The motorist's relief changed to consternation. Dusk was falling when he reached Cornwall, and he decided to spend the night here rather than risk an 80 mile night trip to Montreal with such an efficient member of the light-fingered gentry.

The story reached us by devious means. Believe it or not.—Cornwall Standard-Freeholder.

THE LAUGH CORNER

Met His Match

Visitor—"I hear you've lost your parrot that used to swear so terribly."

Hostess—"Yes, poor dear, we found him dead on the golf links."

Heard at the Navy Crew Race

Biddy—"I suppose you've been in the navy so long that you are accustomed to sea legs?"

Middy—"Lady, I wasn't even looking."

Doctor (inquiring after boy who swallowed a half dollar): "How is the boy to-day?"

Anxious Mother—"No change yet."

Have you heard the one about the fellow with a lisp trying to tell a girl that he liked her size?

Personal—"A young woman, to whom black is particularly becoming, would like to meet a gentleman in poor health; object, widowhood."

Still Booming—Our financial adviser, who has made an exhaustive study of the subject, informs us that there is no truth in the rumor of an impending ten per cent. reduction in the wages of sin.

Cheering Innovation—Real Estate Agent—"Well what do you think of our little city?"

Prospect—"I'll tell you, brother. This is the first cemetery I ever saw with lights."

Plain Logic—A Scotsman, upon entering a saddler's, asked for a single spur.

"What use is one spur?" asked the man.

"Well," replied Sandy, "if I can get one side of the horse to go the other one will have to come wi' it."

At a dinner a well known professor was introduced as follows: "You have been giving your attention so far to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey."

Professor—"Will you please stop exchanging notes in the back of the room?"

Student—"They're not notes. They are dollar bills. We're shootin' craps."

Professor—"Oh, pardon me."

Doctors have proved that an ordinary person retains only one-fifth of what he hears. Which goes to prove that a woman isn't an "ordinary person."

Mortgage Sale

Under and by virtue of power of sale contained in a certain mortgage which will be produced at time of sale, there will be offered for sale by public auction at the premises on

Friday the 28th day October 1932

at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, the following valuable freehold property.

ALL AND SINGULAR that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Village of Georgetown in the County of Halton and Province of Ontario and being composed of parts of Village lots numbers Forty-seven and Forty-eight in Young and Barber's survey of that part of said Village, and which may be more particularly described as follows: FIRSTLY, commencing at the westerly angle of Village lot Forty-eight aforesaid thence north easterly along Mill Street one hundred and twelve feet to a point thence south easterly parallel to Market Street one hundred and fifteen feet to a point, thence southwesterly parallel to Mill Street one hundred and twelve feet more or less to the northerly limit of Market Street, thence northwesterly along the northerly limit of Market Street, one hundred and fifteen feet more or less to the place of beginning. EXCEPTING thereout and therefrom that portion of said lot forty-seven and forty-eight heretofore conveyed by the Grantor to George Albert Henry by deed dated the Eighteenth day of December, 1915, and registered in the Registry Office for the County of Halton on the Eighth day of May, 1916, as number 4101. SECONDLY: Commencing at the northerly angle of said Village lot forty-eight thence southwesterly along Mill Street twenty feet thence southeasterly parallel with Market Street sixty-five feet thence northeasterly parallel with Mill Street twenty feet thence northwesterly sixty-five feet to the place of commencement together with the full right and liberty of passing and repassing on foot or with horses or other animals, wagons or other vehicles through, along and over that certain portion of the said parcel firstly described, being twenty feet in width and along the southeastern boundary of said parcel firstly described.

On the said land there is said to be erected a two-storey building of stone and brick occupied as a garage, show room and office and overhead dwelling. The building is said to have a frontage on Mill Street of 75 feet by a depth of 70 feet, and the upstairs dwelling is said to consist of seven rooms.

TERMS—10% down at time of sale and balance within 30 days with interest at the rate of 5 per centum per annum. The said property to be sold subject to reserve bid and to conditions of sale.

For further particulars apply to undersigned solicitor.

W. L. DICK, Solicitor, Milton, Ontario.
T. F. CHISHOLM, Auctioneer.

DATED at Milton, September 20th, 1932. 31

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