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MILL STREET
ACTON, ONT.
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Silkwear of every description, Towels, Handkerchiefs, Neckties, Hosiery, Brass Goods, Woodens, Carpet Sweepers, Cutlery, Lamps, Broad Mirrors, Electric Irons.

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Everybody likes some kind of music. You have only to pick the kind you want. This is where we make a specialty. Our store is filled with music and musical instruments of all kinds. We can easily supply all your wants and do gladly give our time and experience in selecting what will best suit you.

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Choose your shoes from our superb stock where you have no money's worth of shoes. Take a look at the shoes in our window and you will see that we have a few of our latest, but those shoes will give you the idea of what our stock is like. We have a large assortment of high grade shoes.

W. WILLIAMS
The Money's Good Shoes
Mill Street Acton

Poetry

NOT BY MY VOTE
Men will have strong drink and men will sell liquor, but
NOT BY MY VOTE
Nations may go on like the hawk, forever, and men may die by the thousands in them, but
NOT BY MY VOTE
Truth may be wrecked and character dismantled, homes may be destroyed and women and children beggared, but
NOT BY MY VOTE
Children may be caught in the saloon snare, the victim of alcohol and brought to their graves, but
NOT BY MY VOTE
The saloon may impoverish and degrade the worst church, produce disease, disease and pauperism. It may breed anarchy and crime, but
NOT BY MY VOTE
The government may license the drink traffic, and for a consideration take "a reward against the innocent" and baptize the public health and the public morals, but
NOT BY MY VOTE
The liquor traffic may corrupt the social and political life of the nation; it may worm its way into all business and even into the sacred precincts of the home and church, but
NOT BY MY VOTE
The bells may toll the death knell of a human soul slain by rum every five minutes of the day, but
NOT BY MY VOTE
In the day of judgment when millions shall arise and, as with one voice, exclaim, "Christians, how have we saved you from the drink, but now I am lost forever," but
NOT BY MY VOTE
Christian citizen, how does your vote count?
—Hale Johnston in Canadian Congressional.

Select Family Reading

Grandfather's Long Waiting
By Herbert Lammie Smith

THOMAS WYLLIE was already an old man when his grandson, Stewart, was born. He wore the long white beard which gave him a peculiarly venerable appearance. He was a kindly, unassuming man, and his life had been a quiet one. He had been a farmer, and he had been a successful one. He had been a good father, and he had been a good grandfather. He had been a good man, and he had been a good citizen. He had been a good man, and he had been a good citizen.

THE TRAMP OF THOUGHT

had started lending memories come flooding back to him. He remembered the old fishing excursions, the venerable figure with its almost youthful exuberance, the blue eyes that for so many years had looked on men kindly, and lovingly up to God. A sudden yearning gripped him that was like a child's homesickness, irresistible, overwhelming. He went to his employer, told his story with few reservations, and resigned his position.

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