Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1914

NEW TIMES

mes demand new measures and new n!
rld advances and in time outgrows ws that in our father's days were t!
bsolete, after us some purer scheme shaped by wiser men than we, wiser by the steady growth of truth. time is ripe, and rotten-ripe for change!
n let it come! I have no dread of what alled for by the instinct of mankind. think I that God's world would fall apart
cause we tear a parchment more or less! rth is eternal, but her effluence, ith endless change, is fitted to the hour; or mirror is turned forward to reflect he promise of the future, not the past.

"SANG WENT SAXPENCE"

A Scottish laddie, delivering milk, was stopped the other day on his round by two police officers, who asked him if his employer ever put anything in the milk.

"Oh, aye!" was the innocent answer. The officers, thinking they had a clear case of adulteration, offered the boy sixpence if he would tell them what was put in it.

"Ah," said the boy with a grin, "ye wadna gie's the saxpence though if I tell't ye."

"Oh, yes, we will," said the officers.

"Gie's it then," said the little fellow. The sixpence was duly handed over, with the question—"Now, what does you employer put in the milk?"

"Why," said the boy with a cunning smile, "he puts the measure in every time he tak's any out."

The Best Liver Pill.—The action of the liver is easily disarranged. A sudden chill, undue exposure to the elements, over-indulgence in some favorite food, excess in drinking, are a few of the causes. But whatever may be the cause, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be relied upon as the best correction that can be taken. They are the leading liver pills and they have no superiors among such preparations.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

SANDWICH VARIETY.

Thin slices of graham bread with apple jelly and chopped nuts.

Graham bread with crabapple jelly on one piece and preserved ginger on the other.

Equal parts of raisins, figs and dates chopped finely.

Salmon with lemon juice and tomato catsup.

Baked beans mashed to a paste; add mustard and finely chopped celery leaves and serve between brown bread.

Cottage cheese served with Worcestershire sauce and finely chopped olives.

Veal and ham pounded to a paste and mixed with cream butter.

Six tablespoonsfuls chopped hard boiled eggs, one tablespoon capers, one tablespoon pickles mixed with mayonnaise.

THE AGNOSTIC

Said Briggs to Griggs, "Rogers claims to be an agnostic, doesn't he?"

Griggs to Briggs, "Only as to r[illegible] as to everything else he kno[illegible]"

[illegible] WORDS

I am not satisfied to say that I vote as my wife thinks I ought to vote. She has more time than I have to study political conditions and I am perfectly willing to accept her judgment."

"In other words, you have the courage of your wife's convictions."

EVERYBODY DID

One predicts a future for the school boy who wrote the following terse narrative about Elijah:

"There was a man named Elijah. He had some bears and he lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said: 'If you keep on throwing stones at me, I'll tare the bears on you and they'll eat you up.' And they did and he did and he did and the bears did."

THESE MODERN WONDERS

Her soldier son in the Philippines had sent a cablegram, and Mrs. Blanderleigh's voice rang with pride when speaking of it to her impressed neighbors.

"Yes, they are wonderful things, the telegraphs," said she. "Just fancy, it's come from the Phillipines—all the thousands of miles."

"And so quick, too," put in her best friend.

"Quick ain't the word for it," put in Mrs. Blanderleigh. "Why, when I got it the gum on the envelope wasn't dry."

Thought She Would Lose Her Little Girl

From Severe Attacks of Summer Complaint

Mrs. Wm. Hirst, 194 Palmerston Avenue, Toronto, Ont., writes us under date of January 23rd, 1914.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs:—"Last summer I had grave anxiety for my little girl, who was just one year old in July last. She had constant and severe attacks of summer complaint, and it seemed to drag on her so long despite the many remedies I tried. My neighbors told me she had grown so weak they thought I would loose her. One night while nursing her an old friend of mine happened to come to see me, and after telling her about my baby's lingering illness she asked me to try Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I sent a little girl to our drug store and bought a bottle, and after having given the baby one dose I noticed a remarkable change, and after giving her three or four doses she was well again, and began to walk, which she had not been able to do prior to her attack. She is now a fine healthy child, and I owe her life to that kindly advice of an old friend. I would advise all mothers to give "Dr. Fowler's" a prominent place in their medicine chest."

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) MRS. WM. HIRST.

When you ask for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry see that you get it.

IT HAS BEEN ON THE MARKET FOR NEARLY SEVENTY YEARS. DON'T ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE.

The price of the original is 35 cents, and is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Suffered with Palpitation of the Heart and Nervous Trouble

Mrs. John Donnison, Combermere, Ont., writes:—"I cannot praise Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills too much. For years I suffered with palpitation of the heart and nervous trouble, so that I could not lie down to sleep. I tried almost all other medicines, and got no relief, until I was advised by a friend, who had been benefited by your pills, to try them. I did so, and after taking four boxes I found I was almost cured, and I am going to continue taking them, for I never got anything to do me so much good. I would advise any one troubled with their heart or nerves to do the same as I am doing."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents a box, or 3 boxes for $1.25; at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by

The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

THE FIRST LIFT HE GOT

Father Dorney tells of an Irishman who had eight sons. The boys were worthless, lazy fellows, who went through life shirking every bit of work they could avoid. The old father toiled on to support them, until finally he tottered into the grave. At the funeral the eight sons officiated as pallbearers. A neighbor, who had always sympathized with the hard-working father, and who had frequently deplored the shiftlessness of the son, shook his head sadly as the casket was borne out.

"Arrah, Arrah!" he remarked. "Sure, and it's the first time the lyes ever gave the old man a lift!"—Chicago "Inter-Ocean."

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

'Tis a Marvellous Thing.—When the cures effected by Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil are considered, the speedy and permanent relief it has brought to the suffering wherever it has been used, it must be regarded as a marvellous thing that so potent a medicine should result from the six ingredients which enter into its composition. A trial will convince the most skeptical of its healing virtues.

WAS ALWAYS TROUBLED WITH BOILS AND PIMPLES

Could Not Get Rid of Them Until He Used

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

All Blood or Skin Diseases are caused by bad blood, and to get it pure, and keep it pure you must remove every trace of the impure and morbid matter from the system by a blood cleansing medicine such as Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mr. A. F. Hopp, Kipling, Sask., writes: —"I was always bothered with Boils, and could not get rid of them, and also had all kinds of P[illegible] on my face, from early in the spring till late in the Fall. One of my friends told me about your medicine, and that I had to get something to purify my blood. I got two bottles of your Burdock Blood Bitters, and in a short time I was cured, and I have never been troubled with Boils or Pimples since."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Miller's Worm Powders not only exterminate intestinal and other worms, but they are remedy for many other ailments of children. They strengthen the young stomach against billiousness and are tonical in their effects where the child suffers from loss of appetite. In fevrish conditions they will be found useful and they will serve to allay pain and griping in the stomach, from which children so often suffer.

A popular man is one who doesn't say smart things at the expense of his friends.

The man who admits that he is sentimental made the mistake of his life in not being born a woman.

A woman loves a man in proportion to his ability to make her angry.

Success never comes to the man who sits on a dry goods box and whittles for it.

People are so much alike in this world that by finding fault with one you hit a thousand.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

WON IN SPITE OF HIS LAWYER

A once well-known attorney used to tell a good story on himself. He had been retained to defend a counterfeiter and advised him to plead guilty. His client did so, and as there was in the mind of the court a fixed idea that if a prisoner pleads guilty he does so because he has no attorney the judge asked him why he made that plea.

"Because my lawyer told me to."

"Did he give you any reason for it?"

"Yes. He told me I would have no show before this judge."

The court fired up and ordered a plea of not guilty to be entered, and the counterfeiter was acquitted.

HE MUST HAVE BEEN

Ex-Hero—Ah, my boy, when I played "Hamlet" the audience took 15 minutes to leave the house."

Vicious ex-Comedian (coldly)—Was he lame?

TRUTH

Some people think truth, like rubber, will go farther if stretched.

HE FOOLED THEM

Mrs. Odell had a caller one afternoon and invited her to remain to dinner. The invitation was accepted, and the hostess said:

"I am so glad you can stay, Mrs. Parker. There is to be a joke on Mr. Odell. He is always criticising my cooking. To-day his mother came in and I persuaded her to make some cakes. Won't it be funny when he finds fault with the cakes and I tell him that his mother made them herself?"

When the cakes were served at dinner that evening Mr. Odell exclaimed:

"My dear Maude, you are certainly becoming a perfect cook. These cakes are as fine as my mother makes."

GENIUS AND A CLUB.

Contemporary Criticism as an Unfair and Merciless Weapon.

The world has never seen an age in which there was more excuse for questioning the validity of contemporary judgment. It would be the height of folly to expect posterity to authenticate the vaporings of an appreciation which in shifting its stress from the universal to the personnel has changed from criticism into colloquy, from clinic into causerie. Indeed, it is nothing less than a truism that the experience of the artist in all ages, according to the verdict of history, is identical with itself.

In the words of Sidney Lanier, "the artist shall put forth humbly and lovingly the very best and highest that is within him, utterly regardless of contemporary criticism. What possible claim can contemporary criticism set up to respect—that criticism which stoned Stephen, hooted Paul for a madman, bound Columbus in chains, drove Dante into exile, made Shakespeare write the sonnet 'When in Disgrace With Fortune and Men's Eyes,' gave Milton £5 for 'Paradise Lost,' kept Samuel Johnson cooling his heels on Lord Chesterfield's doorstep, ruffled Shelley as an unclean dog, killed Keats, cracked jokes on Gluck, Schubert, Beethoven, Berlioz and Wagner and committed so many other impious errors and stupidities that a thousand letters like this could not suffice even to catalogue them?"

The verdict of the "intellectuals" has always been a veritable stumbling block in the path of genius.

"It is from men of established literary reputation," asserts Bernard Shaw, "that we learn that William Blake was mad, that Shelley was spoiled by living in a low set, that Robert Owen was a man who did not know the world, that Ruskin is incapable of comprehending political economy, that Zola is a mere blackguard and Ibsen is Zola with a wooden leg. The great musician accepted by his unskilled listener is vilified by his fellow musician. It was the musical culture of Europe which pronounced Wagner the inferior of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer."

It is not enough to say with the brilliant author of "Contemporaries" that contemporary criticism in mere conversation; it is often little more than mere gossip. One is often inclined to question with Lowell whether the powers that be in criticism are really the powers that ought to be.—From Archibald Henderson's "European Dramatists."

The cheapness of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator puts it within reach of all, and it can be got at all druggists.

Honesty always pays—but it's often slow.

All women are beautiful, ingenious and truthful.

Scolding women are less ridiculous than swearing men.

Even the fool remarks of a millionaire can pass for wisdom.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

CALLOUS

Two prisoners had just stepped into the Black Maria to be conveyed to prison. One was a bigamist, the other was a thief.

"Wot are yer a-snivelling for?" asked the bigamist of the thief, who was weeping pitifully.

"I was thinking of my wife, and having to leave her," sobbed the thief.

"Oh, dry up," retorted the bigamist. "I'm not a-snivelling, an' I've bayla' two of 'em!"

WILSON'S
FLY PAD.
POISON
There are many imitations of this best of all fly killers.
Ask for Wilson's, be sure you get them, and avoid disappointment.

No man or woman should hobble painfully about because of corns when so certain a relief is at hand as Holloway's Corn Cure.

If nobody had too much, then everybody would have enough.

Busy men are usually so happy that they have no time to realize it.

Always aim higher than the mark—if the mark is a dimple in her chin.

Most men would rather get the short end of an argument than keep quiet.

Is it because a man does'nt know a woman that he asks her to marry him?

Are Your Bowels Ever Constipated

If you wish to be well you must keep the bowels open. Any irregularity of the bowels is always dangerous, and should be attended to at once, for if the bowels cease to work properly, all the other organs become deranged.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills work on the bowels gently and naturally, and will cure the worst cases of Constipation.

Mrs. A. Cumming, Manchester, Ont., writes:—"I have been troubled with Constipation for over five years, and I feel it my duty to let you know that your Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills have cured me. I only used three vials and I can faithfully say that they have saved me from a large doctor bill."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are a wonderful remedy for all diseases or disorders of the liver or bowels.

Price, 25 cents per vial, or 5 vials for $1.00, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

GILLETT'S
EATS LYE DIRT
CLEANS - DISINFECTS

THE SILVERMEADE HUNT

It was a clear, biting day toward the 1st of November, and from the hill which was crested by the old Lauderdale mansion could be seen a sweep of country touched by varying colors—the russet and crimson of oak and maple, the green of undulating fields and hills broken here and there by the gray of stone walls, the clear flashes of brooks or stretches of open road.

"What air!" cried Grattan Richards, tossing back his head and taking a long whiff.

"And what a day for a hunt!" echoed Rex Tellingford, looking past Richards to where Emily Lauderdale was chattering to a group of men in red coats, checking in her horse as the hounds struggled to be off, straining at their leashes. "With every one in such good fettle it ought to be a great old race," she laughed, tucking a strand of blue black hair beneath her riding hat.

The eyes of Richards and Tellingford met with an understanding gleam. Each was cognizant of the other's thoughts—that whoever brought back the brush that day would win a prize of far greater value. Both men knew that their future happiness depended largely on the morning's run, for Emily was a horsewoman from the tip of her riding boots to the ends of her firm gauntleted fingers. She set immeasurable store by cross country rides, daring leaps and hairbreadth escapes. To say a man could not keep his saddle was equal in Emily's mind to saying he could not keep his head.

"Though I think there are virtues equally as great as cross country riding," smiled gentle Elizabeth Lauderdale, whose love of outdoor excitement was neither so deep rooted nor of such long inheritance as Emily's.

Emily shook her head.

"Dear Aunt Elsie," she answered, "you don't in the least understand, and I'm sure I could never explain. It's bred in my bone, that's all. If I had lived in the olden days I should have had a tournament—pushing of horses, clashing of spears, splintering of armor! That's what I call a wooing! No mere mumbling up to demand your heart and hand! And, as I find it hard to decide between Grattan Richards and Rex Tellingford, why, fair field and fair play, and let the best man win."

Something of this headstrong resolution stirred in the girl as she turned suddenly in her saddle and glanced at the two men. Assured triumph glowed on the face of Richards. Stern determination was written on Tellingford's. She gave a little nod of satisfaction. They were well matched, these two.

The other members of the Lauderdale house party were not unaware of the drama that was being played before their eyes, and it added to the zest of the morning as the signal was given, the dogs unleashed and the cavalcade swept gayly down the hill.

"Look at that girl!" gasped Mrs. Royce Thompson, a novice, who pounded in her saddle. "She's actually"—But the rest was lost, for Emily was already in the distance, galloping at breakneck speed, while at her heels followed Richards and Tellingford. The rest of the hunt streamed after them. Luck seemed to favor Richards. His mare's feet scarcely touched the earth. She took fences and furrows like a winged creature. Tellingford was not so fortunate. At the brink of a stream he was forced to pause and fasten his saddle girth. Partly from excitement and partly from annoyance he fumbled with it longer than he had intended, and when he raised his head the others were already far afield. Emily Lauderdale and Richards still in the lead. The hounds had scented their quarry and were in full cry.

Tellingford considered. There was a crossent that he had tried once before. It lay through ditches and brambles and was intersected by five bar fences. Still, anything at a pinch, and he would back Fleetfoot against every mare in the county. He congratulated himself on this decision some moments later as Fleetfoot went forward at a pace that justified her name. Her course now lay across wide meadows filled with lush grass and starred here and there by purple asters and skirted by low stone walls in whose crumbling chinks vines twisted and across whose loose stones squirrels skipped and chattered.

"Brave, old girl!" cried Tellingford, his hand on Fleetfoot's glossy neck, gently urging her forward. At that moment there reached him sharply and piercingly the bitter cry of a child.

Tellingford drew rein. By the wall, circling a ditch that Fleetfoot was about to take, lay a small, chubby figure, one hand full of flowers.

"Pricked himself with brambles," thought Tellingford. Aloud he said:

"Cheer up, sonny! Men never cry for a scratch." He was for urging Fleetfoot on again when the inertness of the little heap by the wall smote home to him. He checked his horse and dismounted. An instant later he stood with the helpless burden in his arms. The child's yellow head rested against his shoulder. One small arm hung limp across his own. With an understanding almost human, Fleetfoot stood by the wall like a bronze statue while Tellingford mounted and then went slowly back across the meadows toward the road. The child, recovering from his stupor, began to sob. Tellingford soothed him with tender awkwardness and was guiding Fleetfoot to the first farmhouse by the roadside when a woman ran down the path leading to the door, untying her checked apron as she went. Her back was toward the approaching trio.

"Bobby," she cried. "Bobby!"

The boy stirred in Tellingford's arms.

"I think I have found your boy, madam," called Tellingford gently and in three seconds more was speeding for the village physician. The sounds of the hunt had long since died in the distance.

It was afternoon when Tellingford reached the Lauderdales. From the dining room came sounds of talking and laughter. In the hall he met Emily Lauderdale. There was a look on her face that he had never seen before. "I'm awfully sorry," he began, abruptly twisting the crop of his riding whip in his hand, "but you see"— He paused and could go no further. He was a man who always found it easy to tell of the good deeds of others, but balked miserably when it came to the recital of his own. He muttered something inarticulate about loose stones, a muddy ditch and a bad fall.

Emily Lauderdale surveyed him with cool scorn.

"For a muddy fall your coat is the most conspicuously spotless garment that I have ever seen," she returned dryly.

"Oh, I say," began Tellingford, but Emily swept past him, her head held high. That he had not cared to win was evident, but that he should add to that humiliation with excuses was more than she could bear. She was glad, she told herself, that it was Grattan Richards who had come off triumphant. Yet in spite of this gladness there was a stinging mist in her eyes and a bitter catch in her throat as she sat before her dressing table that night while Katie, the maid, brushed her hair.

Everything had gone wrong that day in big things as well as in little. Even the gown she had planned to wear that evening had been left unfinished, and she was forced to reprimand Katie somewhat sharply.

Katie burst into tears. She had meant to finish it, she confessed, but that morning the child of her sister, who lived on the road to the village, slipped on the muddy stones of a ditch and broke his arm, and Katie, instead of sewing on the gown, had gone to see how he fared.

"You can ask Mr. Tellingford if it's not so, ma'am," she concluded tearfully. "'Twas he that found Bobby and carried him home and went for the doctor afterward."

Of the truth of this assertion Miss Lauderdale questioned nothing.

"Do you know where Mr. Tellingford is now?" she demanded.

"Indeed I do, ma'am. He's bidden your aunt goodby and is halfway to the station."

"Then tell James to saddle Dolly Dumpling instantly and bring her to the side door."

Katie gasped and obeyed, while Emily Lauderdale, throwing a scarf about her shoulders, ran down the stairs to the driveway, her silken dinner gown swishing at every step.

Tellingford meantime rode toward the station, his lips set in a thin, hard line. He found himself mentally repeating his morning's advice to Bobby, "Men never cry at a scratch," when behind him came the flying gallop of hoofs. Tellingford was blank with amazement at the vision of Emily Lauderdale, hatless and coatless and in evening dress, tearing down the road. Straight alongside the cart she came and held out her hand.

"If you can forgive and forget," she panted, "and if you still care"—

"Care!" cried Tellingford, jerking off his overcoat and wrapping it about her after she had impetuously slipped from her horse and clambered into the cart. "All I can say is, 'Heaven bless Bobby!'"

And the flaxen haired young person in a suit of white satin was page at a wedding in the spring.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Indigestion.

In an ordinary case of indigestion cure in diet should be practiced when the symptoms begin. It will probably be necessary to change the diet entirely, the patient taking, for perhaps a week at a time, milk and renouncing all ordinary food, such as is apt to give rise to irritability of the stomach. At a later stage, when the irritation may be presumed to have subsided, a gradual return should be made to ordinary diet.

Potatoes and green vegetables are articles which should be prohibited until a healthy state of the digestion has been established. Tea and coffee had better be replaced by cocoa, and, as regards meat foods, a little finely divided mutton or fowl or tripe should first be tried. Beef should not be taken until the healthy state has been re-established. It will be well to remember the rules for healthy digestion—that there should be rest both before and after meals and that the food should be thoroughly divided by the teeth. It is also advisable that a less amount should be taken at each meal than the individual thinks he could consume.

AILING WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Doucette Tells of her Distressing Symptoms During Change of Life and How She Found Relief.

Belleville, Nova Scotia, Can.—"Three years ago I was suffering badly with what the doctors called Change of Life. I was so bad that I had to stay in bed. Some friends told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it helped me from the first. It is the only medicine I took that did help me and I recommend it. You don't know how thankful and grateful I am. I give you permission to publish what your good medicine has done for me."—Mrs. SIMON DOUCETTE, Belleville, Yarmouth Co., Nova Scotia, Canada.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and lassitude, and dizziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system. It has carried many women safely through this crisis.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Awful Asthma Attacks. Is there a member of your family who is in the power of this distressing trouble? No service you can render him will equal the bringing to his attention of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. This remarkable remedy rests its reputation upon what it has done for others. It has a truly wonderful record, covering years and years of success in almost every part of this continent, and even beyond the seas.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

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CHOPPING MILL!

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to-day at
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Storey's Gloves
Warmest Kind
For Cold Weather
Tougher horsehide will never be found, because the best is used for Storey's Gloves and Gauntlets. And yet the skin, because carefully tanned by the chrome process, is made pliable, insuring extraordinary wear resistance. Waterproof and fire-proof—the best working gloves on the market.
Sold at all stores. Insist on Storey's.

W. H. Storey & Son
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THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

PASSENGER TRAINS

The following is the time at which passenger trains call at Acton:

GOING EAST		GOING WEST	
No. 14	6.50 a.m.	No. 99	8.18 a.m.
No. 80	12.00 a.m.	No. 31	12.30 a.m.
No. 30	11.04 a.m.	No. 23	7.31 p.m.
No. 36	2.36 p.m.	No. 35	3.10 p.m.
No. 16	6.00 p.m.	No. 37	6.34 p.m.
No. 34	8.34 p.m.	No. 17	10.30 a.m.

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Samples and prices of all styles shown on application. Prompt Delivery.

There are more Imperials in use in Acton than any other Check Book.

The Acton Free Press
LOCAL AGENCY

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Moving Picture Show

We have recently made a change in our programme and hereafter we are showing
FIVE REELS
every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings. Entire change of films each of these evenings.

ADMISSION - 10c
CHILDREN (accompanied) - 5c
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