GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN

- A line of brave sweet-williams With hollyhocks behind: A clump of blushing peonles With Scotch pinks intertwined. Foxgloves, their spikes uprearing, Larkspurs of hardy blue, And bunches of geraniums
- All smiling up at you." l'ansies with starry faces, Chrysanthemums, in fall; And lots of brilliant popples Rioting 'midst them all. Monk's hood and brilliant flycatch, Great clumps of gilliflowers,-Oh, how they spring to meet me
- From out those bygone hours! I've roamed afar and often Where rarer blossoms grow, list nover one among them Has over charmed me so

As those grandmether cherished When a child care-free, I revelled in their beauty As they smiled up at me.

The Quality of Mercy

By Helen Ward Banks

set the table, and Elsa hurried to push brought him back again! the dinner along. When father looked That evening Mr. Fenton did not drown a dog." overyone must step lively.

Mrs. Fenton laughed as she saw them scurry. The children could not understand why she did not share their awe of their father. "The world didn't treat you well this morning, Charles?" she asked.

At that Mr. Fenton grunted again "Joe Evans thought he could get the best of me, but he's found out he can't, that's all." Mrs. Fenton stopped laughing. "O

Charles, you haven't quarrelled with Mr. Evans? He's been such a good neighbor to us!"

for them, I've just been testing them, and three out of the lot are worth-"If they aren't right, it was a mis-

take, and he'll make it good." "People don't make mistakes like that unless it puts something into their

evil of your friends."

them all walk over me." continued Mr. Fenton, unheeding, "and if it's worth a cent." last. Justice is justice." "What did wou say to Mr. Evans?"

wants to work off his bad eggs."

intentions! Charley, see who's knock- ceive him?" Charley opened the door to tow-

other banhfully over it. "Your cow's in our garden," he said. "I hope there's nothing there to hurt

her," said Mr. Fenton, "for she's a very valuable animal" "Please take her out; she's eatirg

the peas," said Johnny. "If your father had done his share toward keeping up the fence, the cow couldn't be there," answered Mr. Fen- ed impatiently and left the room. ton. "If you don't want her there, bring her home."

"I'm afraid of cows," said Johnny. she nodded. He started for the door. | thought about them, and they came manded Mr. Fenton. "This is pure once. Perhaps it was their influence justice, and I won't have sentiment in- that made him harness old Polly with you just the same for your help even terfere with it. I'm tired of telling only a mild protest when Mrs. Fenton if you did give it to my wife. Now sit Mr. Strong to mend that fence. Now announced that she wished to spend down and let's get to work on that he'll see it's to his advantage. I've the afternoon with James Allen's sister, apple pie. What is it we're waiting pairing. Now it's up to him." "Pa ain't home," said Johnny, stand-

our pess; ma and me are afraid of Mrs. Fenton laughed, although her face was flushed. "You'll have to let Charley wo, Charles, or I'll go myself." "I'll get her when I've finished my dinner." said Mr. Penton.

come right away, Johnny," said Mrs. Take a cruller and run Everyone except Mr. Fenton tried to her kindness to her, but he had no his neighbors .- Youth's Companion. hurry. When at isst he was ready to affection for Charles Venton. He rego for his cow he found that Johnny ceived his message in silence; only his had gathered up his courage, and by feeling for Mrs. Penton kept him from flourishing a broom had driven the declaring to her that he would never

grass in her proper pasture, but she place. He asked some polite questions had left the Strong garden a ruin. Mr. Strong, in the interval between to his work. finishing one job and starting another, work in his garden and found no garden there. In white heat he appeared Alien brought it for her. at the Fentons.

"I'll sue you for damages!" he sputtored. "My garden is a desert-peas plants I'd just set out trod underfoot; have the law on you." "The cow got through the place of

fence you ought to have mended," said own; any court would tell you so." "And you sat and ate your dinner while your cow ruined my garden! You know I'm busy all day at my trade with you." and can only work mornings and even-"That's your business," said Mr.

rights. I never ask anything but jus- steps. "I shouldn't think a man could be

so hard," murmured Mr. Strong as he "I'm going up to James Allen's." said Mr Fenton, thrusting his head into the kitchen. "I hear he wants hay, and I must clear out what we have before the new comes in."

"Now, Charley." Mrs. Fenton said. when slow old Polly had ambled out of sight, "I'm going to call on Mrs. Evans and take her the jacket I've been making for her baby, but before eat her supper. I don't know what I go we've got to put Sukey right with alls her." the Strongs somehow. I have some lettuce seed, and you have more tomate plants than you need in your garden. The poss we cannot replace." father's," broke in Lucy. "I'll give them all to Mr. Strong when they're ready to pick-and my boots, too."

"We'd better get right to work, lay and good for transplanting." Feuton sought out Mr. Strong in his condemned by other, according to pre- 21, Jesus saith unto her, Woman, "I'm so sorry," she said, "for You'll have to go to Joe Dyang Char- believe me, the hour cometh,

all the damage we have done. The ley, and telephone Allen to come down. children are coming over to make the 1 can't leave flukey." what they can. The things that are

bear transplanting, they will furnish you later from their own gardens." "But they get their pocket money out of their gardens." objected Mr. "If Sukey ate up their pocket money

they'll find it in some other way," said Mrs. Fenton. "We can't let our neighbors suffer at our expense. That would not be justice, would it?" "I guess there's two definitions of

justice in that house," thought Mr. When little Mrs. Eyans saw her visitor she grow suddenly stiff. Mrs. Fenton kissed her.

"I came over to say how sorry I am for my husband's letter," Mrs. Fenton said frankly. "Men will lose their tempers and do these things, when they mercy. really don't mean half they say. You and I are too good friends to let a sitting room. "Joe said he'd send Mr. came in at the same moment. Fenton another whole batch of eggs and then never have anything more to Allen won't stir. He said he wouldn't HOUSE.

take his horse or himself out a night "They'll make it up. Your husband like this for the President, and, to put CERE HEART. can't hold malice; he has too big a it plainly, he certainly wouldn't for heart. Tell him at supper time that you." ton quick temper. And see what I've thought he heard, "Pather's way." brought as a peace offering for that "I don't know what else to do for most wonderful baby in the world! the cow," he said helplessly and went

The last bit of hardness melted from baby from his cradle and put him into posed her. Fenton bent to untile his heavy boots. Charley brought him the gates of death and house of the strength and house his house shoes, Lucy ran to until Mrs. Fenton's sleepless care in. "You oughtn't to be out a night seek God alone, in the solitude of our

like that, they knew it meant that come in to supper until they were all "We must have Mr. Allen," she an- people we can be alone with God and at the table, for he had stopped to swered. milk. After making himself ready, he me." sat down with set lips. Mrs. Fenton that she would hear about it in time.

Charley was bedding old Polly. cheats and ne'er-do-wells as this time she caught their eyes. town!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Fenton frowned impatiently. "That's your way of looking at things. It does not fit with business. I bought and it's a foolish way," Elsa, putting I'd never have done it for Mr. Fenton, ful praise. How much there is in the a setting of Rhode Island Reds from away plates in the dining-room closet, but I'd do anything in the world for litble about praise of God! And if the Joe Evans and paid him a good price heard and appeared in the doorway. "I think mother's way is wonderful!" she cried. "It makes everyone a grin. "I'll get him again and tell him enjoy the clearer light of the gospel love her. Anybody in town would die you're coming."

> Having said that, Elsa fled. She was not used to speaking up to ber barn,

"You look at life sentimentally." went on Mr. Fonton as if he had not place. Then, for the watchers in the to pledge ourselves anew to his serwish you weren't so ready to believe been interrupted, "and life isn't senti- living room, the minutes dragged. Ten vice. "I only believe what I see. If I chose rights, no one clae will do it for you. I Lucy fell asleep on the sofa, but she your way of life, I'd believe all men suppose if you had been talking to was not sent to bed. were angels, and I'd lie down and let James Allen this afternoon, when he offered you sixteen dollars a ton for Penton finally. "Get out the apple "Angels dy, Charles," said his wife. your hay, you'd have said, Take it pie, Elsa, and a plate of crullers. They "I'm not going to be imposed on," for fifteen, though it's worth twenty will be hungry."

people might as well know it first as "What did you say to him?" saked Mrs. Penton quietly. "I told him what I thought of him. asked Mrs. Fenton as they sat down to He's a miser and a skinflint, and he They protested against bringing so might as well know it."

choose some one else next time he claimed, laughing, "we aren't so eager they trooped into the kitchen, shed-"O Charles," said his wife, with a pose some angel of virtue should come sigh, "If you'd only believe in good to tell you yours. How would you re- like his usual self, stood in the middle "I live an upright, soper life," answered Mr. Fenton, aggrieved.

a stopemason, lived next door. Johnny exact it. I try to do my duty by my help to-night. I shan't forget it very men doing that. He might assist one stood on one bare foot and rubbed the family and my church and my town, soon." and I thought I was succeeding." "You are," she agreed, "but there is "I never ask for it." he retorted.

"Or grant it," she answered softly and hesitated before she added, "Everyone respects you. Charles, but how wife's got a way with her, sure many in town really love you?" "Bentiment, sentiment!" he answer-

He tried to forget his wife's words and the words of his eldest daughter, but for some reason they stayed with Charley looked at his mother, and him. He woke up in the night and "Come back and alt down," com- into his mind the next day more than "You can tell James Allen I've sold my hay for twenty dollars. If he the china closet banding down plates ing his ground, "and your cow's cating weren't such a skinflint, I'd ask him to Elsa. Mr. Fenton put his arms to stop in and see Sukey sometime;

he loves seeing a good cow, and he knows more about cows than any man "I'll give him the invitation anyhow," said Mrs. Fenton and drove carrying with her a new magazine, a

jar of chicken soup and a box of Elsa's fudge. cow home. She was placidly cropping again set foot in Charles Fenton's about Bukey, and then he went back

Mrs. Fenton spent an hour cheering had a half holiday. He came home to up the little sister. Then it began to rain, and she went for the horse. Mr. "I can't tell you how much I ap preciate your goodness to Mary," he said as he tucked her in. "You have and lettuce all gone and the tomato a thick blanket, I see, and a raincoat and I've put up your buggy top, so ! there's scarcely a green thing left. I'll hope you won't get very wet. I'm

afraid we're in for a hard storm." "I love your sister," Mrs. Fenton an- 1 Cor. 14. swered. "Her courage always inspires Mr. Ventoh. "The fault is all your me. And we're good friends, aren't we, Mr. Allen? A few hasty words can't make a quarrel." "Nothing could make me quarrel

Mrs. Fenton urged old Polly to her ings. When do I get any time to best gait down the hills, but the horse was sonking wet when they had finished the ten-mile drive home. Charley Fenton. "I stand entirely within my met his mother as she drew up at the "Yather's milking," he said, "I'll put

Polly out Sukey's broken the fence again, mother; not the part Mr. Strong mended, but through a hole way down in the corner of the lot. She didn't get into their garden; just ate the grass and stuff in their meadow lot. I got her out all right."

"I'm glad she didn't do any harm." The family were-half through supper before Mr. Fenton appeared. "I don't like Bukey's appearance, he said as he sat down. "She didn't

was bad for her in the Strong lot?" have no dealings with Samaritans.) auggested Mrs. Fenton. Mr. Venton looked thoughtful. As soon as he was through supper he and who it is that saith to thee, Give again went out to the barn, although | me to drink, thou wouldest have asked the rain was coming down in bucket- of him, and he would have given thee fuls. He came back to get some simple living water. "I've got some peppers," said Elsa, remedies and went out once more through the wind and rain: It was I perceive that thou art a prophet. eight o'clock before he came in again. then," said Mrs. Fenton. It's a gray "Blow's in a bad way," he said, "and mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusten, and ground for transplanting." I don't know what to do. I'd give salem is the place where men ought On her way to the Evenner', Mrs. nrty dollars to have James Allen here, to worship.

"Charley never can walk two mile too late to seed again, and that won't in this storm," protested his mother. "I must have Allen. He's the only nan I'd trust the cow to. Go into Mr Strong's then, Charley, and ask him to go to the Evans, and telephone." Charley was gone only a moment "He won't go," he reported. "He said if Hukey ate queer things in his lot he was glad of it, and he wouldn't go and truth. out for you a night like this if you paid him for it." Mrs. Fenton took her damp raincoat

from its hook, "I'll ask him." she Hhe, too, was absent only a moment "He's gone," she reported. "Mother's way." murmured under her bredth; but her father heard. In a flash he realized that he who

had lived by justice was asking for He went back to the cow stable and took Charley with him. The others ship. (ew eggs bome between us, aren't we?" waited for Mr. Strong and listened to "It wasn't a very nice letter," said the wind roar and the rain beat. He Mrs. Evans, leading the way to the came finally, drenched, and Mr. Fenton "Sorry, Mr. Fenton, 'he said, 'but

I came over to apologize for the Fen- Mr. Fenton cought 'Elsa's eye and back to the barn. "I must go and telephone myst if, Mrs. Evans' heart, as she lifted her declared Mrs. Fenton; and no one op-

like this, Mrs. Fenton! It would own room, If we cannot have a secret

Mr. Evans watched her as she tele- We should go to church not to see or did not question him. She knew that phoned. She looked tired and worn, be seen, not for social aims, not to be something else had gone wrong and but brave and bright in spite of it. stirred by a service or a sermon, but Buddenly he, too, remembered that to worship our God in unison with his

It came after supper, while Elsa night when Mrs. Fenton had sat hour people. Not even the most ardent and Lucy were washing the dishes and after hour holding his sick baby, and prayer in the closet can take, the had smiled that same brave smile at place of communion with God in the "I never knew a place so full of him and his frightened little wife every songs, the public prayers, the reading "He'll come," Mrs. Fenton said, turn- gospel in the church. "I was thinking to-day," laughed ing from the telephone. "I hope he'll Mrs. Fenton, "how full of kind people be in time, but his horse isn't much

faster than old Polly." "I'll go for him in my car!" ex- must worship in spirit and truth." claimed Mr. Evans. "I'll say frankly, 4. Our worship should embrace grate-

When Mr. Strong had left Mrs. Fen- in God. ton at her door, he went out to the

Evans' car whirled into the Fenton feas our sing to seek forgiveness, and mental. If you don't claim your own o'clock changed to eleven, to twelve. "I'll make some coffee," said Mrs.

At half past twelve they all came in. noisy and hungry, Sukey was safe, Acts 16, 2-15. and the four men who had worked togother over her were no longer at odds. James 5, 13-20. much wet into the house; but Mrs. ning. Acts 8, 26-39. His wife put an arm round his neck Fenton's cordiality-along with the him sit up and take notice. He'il and kissed him. "O Charles," she ex- odor of the coffee-lured them, and tion Acts 20, 18-35 to know our own shortcomings! Sup- ding their outer coats as they came. Mr. Fenton, looking very much un-

of the room. "Neighbors," he said, clearing his 'I throat, "before we get that ple and headed Johnny Strong, whose father. wrong no one. I give justice, and I coffee, I want to thank you for your

> "You can thank Mrs. Fenton for my share," said James Atlen. "There isn't mercy as well as justice, isn't there!" another soul in the county I'd have gone out for to-night," "Nor would I." added Joe Evans. . "Bame here," sald Mr. Strong. "Your

> > enough." Mrs. Fenton laughed as she went into the dining room for plates. Mr. Fenton rubbed the back of his head shamefacedly. "My wife's way. suppose, would be to say I'm sorry I've been such a bad neighbor. A man needs to get into a hole to-find that justice isn't all of life. I'll try to do better, friends, after this, and I thank

He followed his wife. She was in round her and klased her. "All right, mother," he said, "I'll give

in: your way is best." Because mother's way is love," said Eins, with a sudden smile. Her father looked at her as if struck away up the hill to the Allen farm, by a new idea. "I suppose, when you set down to it love is a combination of justice and mercy," he said. Then, carrying the plates, between his wife and his daughter, Mr. Venton sister, and he loved Mrs. Venton for went back to eat a friendly meal with

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, AUGUST 3, 1919

Additional Material for Teachers .-Pag. 84 and 123; Matt. 4, 10; 6, 5, 6;

Common Scripture Lesson I. When therefore the Lord knew that the Pharisees had heard that Jesus was making and baptising more disciples than John 2. (Although Jesus himself baptised not, but his disciples). 1. He left Judes and departed into

4. And he must needs pass through Hamaria. called Bychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son

therefore, being wearled with his journey, sat thus by the well. It was about 7, There cometh a woman of Mamaria to draw water; Jeaus saith unto ber

Give me to drink. &, For his disciples were into the city to buy food. 9. The Sameritan woman therefore saith unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, who am a Bamaritan woman? (For Jews 10, Jeaus answered and said unto her, if thou knewest the gift of God,

19. The woman saith unto him, Sir, 38. Our fathers worshipped in this

neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father. _ 224 Ye worship that which ye know

not; we worship that which we know: for salvation is from the Jews. 23. Hut the hour cometh, and it'w la. when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth; for such doth the Father seek to be his worshipers. 24. God is a Spirit; and they that

worship him must worship, in spirit Golden Text.-Qod, is a Hiprit; une they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth.-John 4, 24. Departmental Topics and References Primary Toplo-Praising Josus, Mati

21, 1-17. Memory Verso-I will sing praise to my God, Pan. 104, 32b. Junior Topio-Worship in God's House. Matt. 21, 1-17. Memory Verso-Pas. 104, 32.

Intermediate and Senior Topic-The Meaning and Spirit of Christian Wor-Yourur People and Adult Toplo-The Nature and Value of True Worship. Blackboard

WORSHIP THE LORD IN GOD'S WORSHIP THE LORD WITH SIN-WORSHIP. THE LORD WITH DEATEFUL PRAISE. WORSHIP THE LORD SEEKING

WORSHIP THE LORD AT HOME.

MERCY. Lesson Thoughts Man is a worshipping being. Instinctively he seeks for God, and if he cannot find a God, he makes one and worships it. We have a living God upon whom we may call; let us

place for prayer, even in the throng of 3. We should worship in God's house

of the Word, and the message of the

3. We should worship with the heart well as with the lips. "God is a Spirit; and they that worship him Old Testament worshippers found such "Same here," said Mr. Strong, with abundant cause for praise, we who have even higher motives to refolce

5. We should seek God's mercy in all our worship. When we come be was only half an hour before Joe fore our Father, let us not fall to con-

> . Readings for Next Week Monday-Jesus the Boul-Winner. John 4, 35-42. Tuesday-The Soul-Winner's Commission. Acts 1, 1-11. Wednesday-Winning aBrother, John . 40-51. Thursday-Winning Others to Christ.

Friday-Prayer and Soul-Winning

Sunday-The Soul-Winner's Devo-AN OPENING

"Yes, I guess I can give your son u lob. You are one of our largest stockholders. What can your son do?" "To be frank, nothing.". "Well, we have a number of young

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a standstill.

the pay roll.

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AB YOU DRAW NEAR

"When I first occupied my store or Hank Street," he said to a friend one afternoon when in a communicative mond 'I was working at high presoure. The move had increused my expenson considerably, and I know that my business must also increase or would lose what I already had. drove myself mercileasly and us a result of the overwork and strain, I was more irritable than I realised.

"One day us I approached the coun ter where a new saleswoman was waitbut on a customer, the girl glanced in my direction and recognized me. The change that came over her face was onlightening. Blie had been smiling us she talked to the customer, but the smile seemed to melt away, leaving an expression of consternation. The color obbed from her cheeks. She looked at me, her eyes distanded with fright. "I turned my lack on her, went to

my private office and sat down to think. If a friend had told me that my sales people were afraid of me I should have assured him that he did not know what he was talking about but the testimony of that frightened face was something for which there was ut answer. I began to take account of stock right away? I apprach uted how the habit of impatience and fault-finding had been growing on me I realized how soldom I spoke in the way of appreciation and praise. looked in the mirror and saw-mysell frowning and I guessed that the frown was not due to my reflections of the moment, but was habitual. "I said to myself then and there that

hings must be different. If in order to be a successful merchant, it was necessary for me to be such a martinet that my workers turned pale at my apall. But my own opinion was that nateud of promoting my success by my tactics, I was undoubtedly hindering it. Cheerful, happy co-operation mount more. . I was sure, than work done in shrinking fear. I turned over a new leaf from that day on. Whenover I waw a chance, I spoke words of approval. When it was necessary to speak in reproof I did it kindly. It took longer than I had expected to change the attitude of my employees. but I was successful at last. The time came when faces lighted at my apgrouch and spontaneous smiles greeted me, and to me, that is the best of my

What does your coming mean to those with whom you are associated? Is your home-coming at night an occasion for rejoicing, or does mother look at you out of the corner of her eye, to see if you are in any better mood than when you left in the mornlng No one is a failure whose coming ulways brings gladness. No one is a success if the sound of his footsteps = le unwelcome.

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