A doctor, summoned to his door By sounds of suffering, found there . A collie with a wounded paw Hold up to bim as if in prayer.

"Well, well, poor dog, come in!" he said "None come to me for help in vain!" And with deft touch he dressed the Removed the thorn, and soothed

With every show of gratitude. . And honeat eyes that seemed to say He never would forget the deed, The knowing beautie limped away. Bull twelve months passed; again

A call for help, and at the door Was found another wounded dog. Brought by the suppliant of yore. "Well, Collie, so you told your friend, The kind physician, laughing said,

Just where to come Yor help-wise Stroking the graceful, sliky head. Whose volcaless language of the We fall, alas, to comprehend When they its meaning would apart

Through air and sends: Mayhap he yet may learn the speech Of his four-footed humble friends.

> Abijah Marsh's "Hoss-Trade"

By Charles Boardman Hawes

ster, Mr. Ballin's stout and elderly son-in-law had bought a mare; during all those sineteen years Wildman blat" of an automobile horn, he leaped in the bushes beside the road. It was a close shall the bushes beside the road. It was a close shall marsh's face turned red and died?"

Illerty of yours bocome a riumbling-blat of yours bocome a riumbling-blat of an automobile horn, he leaped in the bushes beside the road. It was a close shall the weak brother perish for whom Christ white in quick succession. He booked and much amusement, it was whispclose shave, and Wildman was angry. white in quick succession. He looked No! let us rather unite to protect
in his petulance he gazed vindictively first at Old Kit, then he looked at Mr. and further the interests of our fellowupon the last of life, had been foisted after the passing vehicle; his eyes Ballin, looked at Old Kit, drew out a men by stamping out that evil which off upon the guileless Wildman as a opened in incredulous norror.

Colf. of promise. Cortain it is that one the fleeting car; then he caught his alowly from the burgy, hauled a big souls of men. firmity of a horse had settled upon breath, pulled off his black coat and, silver watch from his pocket and exthat senile nag. Yet Wildman Brew. regardless of the atrocious color amined it. For a minute and a half ster cherished the beast with a love scheme of red suspenders on a yellow- there was absolute silence in Keene Acton, September 16, 1919.

was more legend than fact, men said strong relief his trim rubber collar. Kit is some boss, let me tell ye, and Corn Cure. Old Kit had travelled from Swanzey His breathing was loud and painful when it comes to travelling, wal, you Pond to Keene, without artificial stim- when in the last stage of exhaustion should jest see her go; it's with it." ulus other than a well-directed alder he burst in on the bewildered Barah. switch, in the astonishing time of Mr. Ballin had recognized his sonforty-five minutes. Mr. Ballin looked in-law as they passed him, but it had cavern. He swalled nervously and at the bony beast lying in the road been no time for vain recrimination. stared at Old Kit.

ing on the reins until the great stallion near a half-hour start on us. Now, feared ridicule, and he knew that long For Beat of the Eye free write threw up his head and arched his shin- Eddy, lad, go to it and beat him out!" ere sunset the story of that day would ing neck in flerce impatience. "What Up on the road outside Middletown, have crossed every threstold in the do ye call it?" Abijah asked, leering at Abijah Marsh was rattling away to- county,

Mr. Ballin was ashamed of being was blended with pity. caught in so embarrassing a situation; Over the outlet of the pond and of which the world had never known. he was indignant with Ablish Marah round Charile Marah's farm Edward Abijah Marah faced ridicule, scorn for commenting on it. He glanced past Ballin's machine chugged alowly. It and injured pride; he spoke in a faint, the barn at Bears' Den Mountain and was hard going in the sand; old man clear voice.

"she used to travel some now I tell fast asleep." ye. Keene in forty-five minutes is a-

Old Kit flapped her care contemptu- still seven miles away. ously, but Mr. Ballin flushed. "Wal, Edward Hailin pushed a lever, and He leaned forward. I kinder mistrust she sin't in shape the machine leaped ahead on the hard. "No. Bijsh; I'm right proud of you for a race jes' now, but I vum, Bijsh level road. West Swanzey loomed up for comin' up to the mark, but you Marsh, she might s'prise you one of in the distance. Four minutes later know as well as me that Wildman sets these days. the sin't what you'd call it was at hand. Opposite Hannah's a deal too much store by Old Kit to handsome to look at, but she ain't a store the wheels of the car struck a let her go. I 'preciate your stickin'

"Purty good, purty good," the old West Swanzey was left bahind, but and addressed the aged horse, "Git man admitted grudgingly. "But when the seat of the buggy had fallers by the up!" Then Old Kit, who had been for Kit was in her prime there wouldn't wayside and was the centre-of an ex- some moment swaying back and forth

grin crept over his oniculating fea. of grim determination in his eye. Out sleep.

ster's can get to Keene inside of three windows. Trees swept past, all in a leaned over the dasher and cried, Herbours, I'll—I'll—" The stallion and—blur of speeding landscape. Great r-r-r-rup!" in the gruffest possible denly darted forward in a swirting pines reached out their branches overcloud of dust. Ablish pulled up the reins; then, giving the borse his bead, he leaned from his rubber-tired buggy narrowing road in an unbroken line of for half a minute, then, recollecting and shrinked in a voice that shook gray. Dimly the two men realized that suppor was nine miles away.

"You good-for-nothin, no-'count, deyou! If Wildman Brewster had the Abijah Marah, with a sardonic smile, pride of a meechin' turkey hen, he'd was driving by the Hampshire Pottery. there wouldn't no one remember there machine and ahead through the rifts

less eyes in the old man's direction "Go to her, by cracky!" he shouled. times being with 'My love, I have been with mute interest and curiosity. Mr. "I'll sit on Old Kit and keep her from detained at the office again to-night." Ballin was staring at the truck. Blowby, as the sunlight creeps out of the
wood and over the dark meadows, a
smile brept over Mr. Ballin's face.
His eyes twinkled, his mouth broadened to a grin. Hs. leaned forward
and siapped his leg with gies.
"I-vumi" he gasped. "I'd like for
to give High Marsh his come-upperto give High Marsh his come-upperthey went, past i the whitewashed action that the average of the little. Ballin was staring at the truck. Blow- bouncin'." they went, pest the whitewashed action that the systems of the little Mr. Ballin stumped across the road fences, the old windmill, the school-aufferers are restored to healthfulness. and up to the shed where his son Ed. house and the bridge. ward eat. The old man's face had

Edward grunted.

thought we might take Illjah up about swappin' houses. That's a purty good park, and stopped in the shadow of the patriotism to their country. "What?" demanded Edward in "Edward," said Mr. Ballin, as sober

sion dawned on his face. . As for Old

Kit, she flicked her cars impatiently and dreamed. Sarah Ballin, happening to look out of the window, saw so strange a spec-The aged Cather, with twinkling eyes We call them "dumb," these faithful and shaking shoulders, crept up be- grinned. Mr. Ballin looked at his we will consider not merely how to hind Old Kit and in the gruffest, most watch; already it was time for Abijah increase the material wealth of our savage voice possible said, "Her-r-r- Marsh to appear. rup!" It was an exact imitation of

> scrambled to her feet. Ballin heaped the truck with hay, piled Old Kit came out of that truck aquirm- our fellowmen ? Old Kit's harness on the seat, cranked ing. turned half in the air like a cat

rib-marked side. They took hold of remains of the buggy and the truck our liberty, to these this same liberty the ropes, braced their feet against was run off on a side atreet. While will mean the crushing of their manthe ropes, braced their reet against was run on on a side struct will mean the crushing of their man-B Abijah Marah gased at the an- air she stuck her four bony legs. She and the onlookers turned their faces munity and of his country to satisfy clent horse, he grinned with neither kicked nor squirmed, us, drag- toward a rubber-tired buggy that was his own selfish interests and desired? irritating self-satisfaction. Abi- ged by the ropes, she slid irresistibly approaching far down under the arch. What should we think of the man who jah was always disagreeable; off the threshold and with a grunt of ing sime.

he was pompously sure of himself and complete satisfaction landed kerthump! Mr. Ballin was one of the most popon to gain a; "so called" liberty of his own? or the Man who wished the Mr. Hallin realized that the spectacle Swiftly the old buggy was tied on be- jah Marsh was nerhaps the most un- enactment of a law which would en-

that was blindness personified and and-groun shirt, lumbered down the Equare; then some one snichered.

the somnolent Kit, whose blind eyes ward Keene'at a spanking trot. If he Then Abijah Marsh squared his thought of Old Kit at all, his contempt shoulders. From some hidden recess in

noumbent on him to make some re- impatience; but Old Kit, flat on her sin't goin' back on a bargain. No sir mark, however hypocritical, in defense back, with her four feet curied com- -no matter how bad it is, I ain't goin' fortabily in the hay, closed her eyes to squeal." He hesitated, and there "Wal," he remarked reflectively, and, soothed by the gentle motion, fell was a touch of molature in his eyes

· Fifteen minutes later, when Abijah the bay stallion. A hugh fell on the Marsh was gently rattling up to Swan- crowd. Abijah Marsh laughed long and loud. sey Factory the wheels of Edward Bal- Mr. Ballin had heard the laughter-"I'm kind of s'prised Wildman'll let lin's car gripped the firm bed of the he knew Abijah Marsh, insolently overyou keep the critter, seein' she's as good road. Abijah Marsh was almost bearing, cuttingly vindictive. Abijah's valuable as all that. You ain't racin' in sight of the church spires of Keens, leers had many times tormented him; and Wildman Brewster's Old Kit was his was the right of vengeance; his still seven miles away.

"thank-you-ma'am." Old man Ballin to a bargain, but Kit and I are jest tay-at-home, not by a jugfut." Thank-you-ma'am." Old man Ballin to a bargain, but Kit and I are jest "Ho, ho, ho!" bellowed Abijah. yelled alond; Old Kit woke from her out fer a little constitutional and I "Whos, durn you! Now, here, Bill, sleep, snorted and waggled her feet, guess we'll be goin' home. So lon!" Men ran into the road and stared. He climbed heavily into the budgy. hey been no comparison. I'm tellin' cited group of amateur detectives. In apparent indecision, made up her you that right now..."

The machine skidded round a bend; mind. She seitled back on her haunch-Old Kit wheeled and guiped; Mr. as, doubled her forelegs, and, lying

Ballin yelled like a maniac; Edward down in barness on the main atreet "Whos!" cried Ablish. Then a sty- leaned over the wheel with the light of Keens, closed her eyes in blissful of a farmbouse tore a yapping collie. "If that Old Kit of Wildman Brew. Wondering faces stared from many theer, Mr. Ballin, with twinkling eyes,

bed of the truck only to recline again end, and he knew that he must face Mr. lightin looked at Kit, whose pla- on the soft hay. Kit was dumb now; his son-in-law alone, for Edward was cid unconsciousness of bandinage and but her blind eyes expressed unutter- already whirring away to Jaffrey. But insult increased rather than assuaged able disguest, and her fest waggled behind him he heard the cheers of a delighted populace; he thought of that Miles away Wildman Brewster, clad wild ride with a reminiscent grin; and crepit bunch of crow's meet!? he cried. In black trousers, red suspenders and when Old Kit actually broke into a "You rejict of the flood, you wall-eyed a vivid yellow-and-green shirt, was trut he settled back on the one reviotim of distemper and the glanders, tearing his hair. On a far-off road, maining seat in placid contentment.

shoot you and bury you so deep that Round the bend shot Edward Hallin's ever was such a good-for-nothin, dis- between the trees appeared the roofs of Keens. There was no time for delay, tales always begin with 'Once upon a Silence came so suddenly and so Old man liallin rose and climbed unexpectedly that Kit turned her sight-Old man liallin rose and climbed time?"

twinkle in his eye when he asked the top of his volce, "Faster! Faster!" solemnly, "Edward, did you heaf what His long brown duster flapped behind Blish Marsh said 'bout swappin' him in the wind; his eyes were blurred Editor Fam Parsa; by the speed of his progress. The "Edward," said Mr. Ballin, "I kinder Street, up over the railway tracks to citizens are being called upon to join

manner that indicated doubts of his Keene Square would be to exaggerate; efforts of every citizen of our land; To say that a crowd gathered in father's sanity. "Hwap Old Kit! Good but every living soul in sight of that while patriotism is the close companion gracious! Old Kit couldn't walk to unhersided arrival came to gaze at the of liberty, and by maintaing liberty we portentous phenomenon that had ap- display true patriotism. If we are peared among them. In astonishment patriotic we will do our utmost to aid as a judge, "Old Kit don't have to and delight four aged men with long our country in every way. We will walk to Keene-all she's got to do is white beards recognized the central try to increase her production, furget there." With his hand cupped figure of the free show as their friend ther her industries, and extend her round his mouth Mr. Ballin whispered and contemporary, Mr. Ballin. The commerce. But since a country's first assembly cheered lustily and pressed consideration is its people, the chief Edward Bailin looked at his father, closer. A dozen men stood by to help task of natriotic spirits is to work for Old Kit lying peacefully in the dry of Old Kit, pulled, hauled and heaved, men. This unloubtedly affords a wide dust; he thought of the jeers and but they made no impression on that field of labor and includes the social

Old Kit; having grown accusiomed to the unusual sensation of lying at rest | tends to the uplifting of men and the in all automobile truck, was quite con- advancement of purity. tent to remain as she was and make up her lost aloop. The hay was soft table that her brows arched in wonder; and comfortable. She grunted, gurgled patriotism with that which we are

The old man led Kit up into the the dire necessity of standing a nin travellers; we may increase our trade bern and over to the south door, used on her own four feet. Mr. Ballin took and promote the growth of our towns for loading grain, where the sill was her by the head, Mr. Edward Ballin and-cities; and we shall be able-to about four feet from the ground. Old took her by the tail; Joe Grogan got enjoy our liberty," without breaking -Louella C. Poole. Kit slowly reposed her bony length on a good grip on her left forefoot, the law. But in all this are we giving the floor and with closed eyes lay Nine men laid hands on Old Kit's ana- any thought to that which is of first motioniess and unconcerned. Edward tomy, and three more pulled on a rope. consideration—the highest welfare of

> beside the aged horse, laid ropes along but no one knew and no one cared. be, who, not so strong as we, cannot the floor and pulled them under Kit's In a trice Old Kit was hitched to the resist temptation, and while we gain ity. Slowly Old Kit began to move. and another was trying to straighten souls? Inch by inch she was dragged across a twisted axle, word of what it was What should we think of the man the dusty floor. Straight out in the all about spread among the spectators who sacrificed the interests of his com-

was incongruous and under wrinkled hind, and the automobile whirled away popular, for he had spitefully jabbed able him unlawfully to indulge in ing beside the black, shiny motor truck.

At an inauspicious moment Mr. Balcitizens of Keene and every man in taken the significance of the term, and Swanzey. As the big bay horse came liberty is a greater thing than that Old Kit's illmbs were bald and rheuin's son-in-iaw had decided that that bwanzey. As the big bay horse came liberty is a greater thing than that trotting across the railway tracks, a we should gain it through sacrificing universal grin spread through the as-Ballin was angry with himself, he was soon after dinner, he had arrayed himhe was angry with Abijah Marsh, who with the rusty green of antiquity, put gan's usually solemn face, it twitched of the term "liberty" be the means of he was angry with Abijah Marsh, who on his gray head his best gray cap, had stopped on his way to Keene to on his gray head his best gray cap, up the corners of Peter Harding's placing temptation in the way of thoughout on the ancient nag. With comment on the ancient nag. With and started in sweaty discomfort on dropping mouth, it wishered analysis sands to satisfy our own little inter-an inhuspicious frown Mr. Ballin the two-mile walk to his father-in- at Edward Ballin's keen eyes and firm ests and ideas? We have had a wonwatched Old Kit settle on her haunch-laws. The weary road round the pond lips; it even attached light to the derfit deliverance from the enemies can double her knees under her, and ruffled his temper; the hot sun wrung gium countenance of Abilith Marsh, of our country. Then shall we delibslowly, deliberately, lie down in the sticky drops of perspiration from his who, when he saw so many smiling crately rush into the greatest of slave slowly, deliberately, he down in the sucky drops of perspiration from his who, when he saw so many smiling erately rush into the greatest of slaveroad in front of the barn. Mr. Ballin's shiny red brow; long before he had faces turned toward him, smiled a ery, and place ourselyes under the disgust overtals the bounds of speech, completed half his journey be was rather unwilling greeting and pulling power of the greatest enemies of men?

Toured—with laughter until his own forward with gloomy satisfaction to a the other side of the road in order to shall we disregard the message of St. great handsome bay stallion pawed soothing, peaceful ride behind Old Kit. investigate. Of all the men there pre- Paul, inspired by the Master, in our When he came to the bend in the sent Mr. Ballin, Sa, was alone as sober Nineteen years ago. Wildman Brew. road by the lower end of the pond, he as the proverbial judge. The crowd ster, Mr. Ballin's stout and elderly pulled out a bandanna handkerchief to opened respectfully before. Abijah

adding injury to insult, housed her in road through the dust toward his "Wal Blish" said Mr. Ballin in a father-in-law's house. Wildman's grimy gentle voice, "looks like it's a purty So many years before that the event face and draggled linen threw into good day for a hoss trade. No, Old Some Common with Holloway's

Abijah Marsh opened his mouth, but not a sound came from the yawning and felt that his faith in that greatest. His voice was raised to a fighting. A murmur of laughter ran through

his nature came a touch of manhood

"That's what I said. Yes, air.' I as he looked at the curving neck of

with laughter, "I'll swap hosses—swap hosses, by gosh!"

He was gone. From the pines bed and uttered a startled shout.

At every jounce of the speeding car cloud of white dust, there came loud.

Old Kit was tossed six inches from the laughter was honey. For he waiting vengefully at the journey's lead of the truck only to recline and one was nine miles away.

Swung herself forward and proceeded with slowly on the homeward road.

Mr. Ballin's heat was heavy, for he waiting vengefully at the journey's lead of the truck only to recline and one was nine miles away.

NOT ALWAYS

"Mother," saked Tommy, 'do Salry

all the discomforts and dangers

LIBERTY VERSUS LICENSE

The cry upon the lips of many mon car shot round the corner into Main so-day is liberty! and patriotism! and the square, whirled round the little the Liberty Lague and show their Surely the maintenance of liberty is off great dealer and is worthy the

problem, the greater happiness of home-life and all that in any way

Let us consider whether we can called upon to display by joining the "Get hold, everybody," Mr. Ballin fellowmen, If we join the Liberty Lea-Wildman Brewster. At the sound of commanded, "and when I say pull, pull gue and succeed in gaining our libwhat she was deluded into believing like the dickens. We've got to get erty, we may increase the material wealth of our country; we may pro-In vain did the ancient mag resist vide ample accommedation for our

Far down the road, a big bay horse highest interests of others? Are we this liberty, we are sacrificing the Then father and son clambered up was trotting briskly under the sima thinking of the thousands there may

dealings with those who may be wrak

Your Syst inferred by expotout of Old Kit's departed youth was pitch as he pulled out his great silver wavering.

Whoa!". Abijah Marah yelled, pull"I vum!" he gasped. "Bijah's got ed; for above all else in the world he
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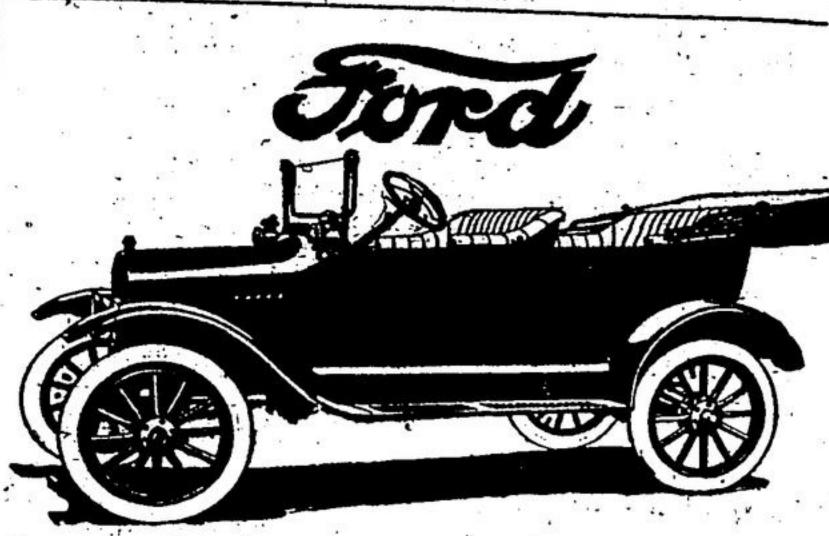
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BRING IT BACK !

Do you remember how, when we were just kids, we used to imagine the things we would be and do in the world when we grew up? Did you ever want to drive the greeor's wagon, so you could ride around all day? Or perhaps your ideas were ambiflous and you wanted really to ride-on a fire engine at 'most a thousand miles an hour! Every boy, of course, at different stages in his career has wanted to be a policement so that he could house people around and a soldier so that he could went a gergeous uniform and a sword and everything, and hear

people vay, "Here he comes," A little later in life out ambitions began to take firmer root in the sucial soll and so wanted to be judges, bankers und merchant princes and l'arlia. mentarians and Senators; and of course each of us had a subconscious sense of a faraway possibility that he might be Premier of Canada some day, and have the whole, world taking off its hat to him!

And then we went to work in store and factory and office, and the deadly drudgery of doing just little everyday things began to wear away the fine edge of our ambitions. It began to be driven into our minds and hearts and souls, that after all, everything is just a succession of little things joined together, and life is made up mostly of the hard work of doing these little

The fife and drum of dreaming youth soon die away into allence along the mater-of-fact street of hard work, and perhaps for years and years after we onter if we don't hear anything but the sound of our own shoes striking the stones as we march along. the martial music of ambition, ever rome back to you now in memory, as you walk to work, or ride in the cars. or while you sit at your deak in the Bring it back! Oh, bring it back

and let it /ring in your cars to spur your soul on to make you be the man you can be if you will

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