The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1919

READ THE ADS.

If there's anything you wish,
Read the ads.
From a hobby horse to fish,
Read the ads.
Or a rocking chair or dish,
Motor car or Lillie Gish,
If there's anything you wish,
Read the ads.

If you want a railroad ride,
Read the ads,
Or a raincoat of a bride,
Read the ads,
Or a coat of camel's hide;
Or a fattened porker's side,
Or the ebbing of the tide,
Read the ads.

If you want some place to go,
Read the ads,
If you want to see a show,
Read the ads.
If you like to take a row,
Buy a pitchfork or a hoe,
If you'd cause the wind to blow,
Read the ads.

If there's anything you need,
Read the ads,
Lemonade or garden seed,
Read the ads,
You don't have to beg and plead
Till it makes your spirit bleed
Just to get the things you need,—
Read the ads.

If you want to buy a fence,
Read the ads,
Make some dollars and some cents,
Read the ads,
Whether you are wise or dense,
It will make no difference,
You can get your recompense—
Read the ads.

—W. O. M., in Quincey, Ill. Journal

ANN TO THE RESCUE

FOR the third time that afternoon Ann Davison was aware that the girl at the counter across the aisle was looking at her. She smiled a faint greeting, but the girl made no response. She merely lowered her eyes in evident embarrassment. She had chestnut colored eyes, with long lashes; quite pretty, Ann thought, save for her sad expression. There were hollows beath them which showed too [illegible] on the pale surface of the [illegible] plainly "I wonder whether [illegible] small face, merely unhappy," [illegible] she's sick or she shook out [illegible] Ann thought, as [illegible] fresh piece of emb[illegible] for the finicky cus[illegible] the baguette whom she [illegible] upon. She succeeded at last in se[illegible] ing two yards of the fabric, which [illegible] was of a shade that had never been popular. If any girl could sell anything, that girl was Ann. She had had four years' experience. She did not love her work, but she discharged it as acceptably as she could, ever keeping in mind the fact that she had to live, and this was the one way open to her.

An hour later she put on her black velvet hat, her serge coat, and cotton gloves, and added her erect, solid young person to the stream of work-a-day humanity that flowed through Henry street. It was raining lightly. Ann had no umbrella, and she walked very fast, hoping to cover her seven blocks before the shower became any heavier. But she was obliged to turn into a florist's doorway.

If she had not been tired and hungry for Mrs. Robinson's dinner she would have liked very well to stand there, for a few moments looking at the display of cut flowers. She had for a moment lost herself in gazing. She was not even aware that other people like herself, caught unguarded by the rain, had crowded in about her, until she heard a sob at her shoulder. She turned and saw a familiar white cheek and chestnut colored eye with a dark hollow under it.

It was the girl at the opposite counter who sold ribbons so badly that there had been a rumor about her being discharged some day. She had her handkerchief to her nose, and above it she was blinking at a jar of sweet peas which Ann had not noticed at all, so much more obvious were the roses and lilies and orchids.

The sight of tears melted Ann's heart. She knew what they were if anybody ever did. They had begun for her when her father died and she was turned out to battle for herself. She touched the girl's shabby shoulder. "Aren't they pretty?" she murmured.

The girl did not start. She merely nodded and choked. Then Ann saw that she had an umbrella and wondered what she was waiting there for.

"I love the lilies best," Ann said, and quoted softly, "Lilies are the huns among the flowers."

"And I love the sweet peas," the girl sighed. A man looked hard at her and Ann drew her close. "Let's walk under your umbrella while you tell me about it," she said gently. "You board at Mrs. McClintock's, don't you? That's right on my way."

"I've a room there," the girl said. She raised her umbrella, but she held it so unsteadily that Ann took it away from her. "I board myself, except for my lunches, over the gas jet. Did you ever do that?"

"I did it for two years. It isn't so bad, if you know how."

"But I don't know how," the girl murmured forlornly.

Ann smiled. "I guess that I'd better go home with you and show you," she said. She stifled regret for the roast mutton and potatoes. "Shall I? Do you want me?"

"Will you?" asked the girl eagerly. She almost paused to stare at Ann.

"Would you like some creamed eggs or frizzled dried beef?" Ann asked. "Those are easy. Come, let's go in here and load up."

Mrs. Robinson's old barn of a boarding house was bad enough, but the tall rooming house, with its pigeon-hole compartments for rooms, was the dreariest place one could imagine. Ann climbed three flights with Bessie Warder before they came to the room under the skylight. While the girl was lighting the gas and taking off her coat Ann managed to get her breath back.

"And now where is your saucepan?" she cried gayly.

It was a utensil that told of many culinary defeats. In it Ann read a record of that nameless heroism of trying to live on six dollars a week. Her own twelve seemed a fortune.

They had booth frizzled beef and creamed eggs. Ann had contributed the eggs. They ate on the instalment plan, the girl with such eagerness that Ann's heart was touched. "Fairly starved, poor little thing," she thought. "I really believe that's the first meal she's had in days. I saw her eating a sandwich and drinking water at the restaurant the other noon. I wonder—I wonder!"

It was evident that even in the intimacy of eating salt together the girl meant to tell Ann nothing. It was not as though she had a secret to hide; rather it was as though she had a terrible sorrow which she could not bear to speak about. Ann knew too that talking about one's sorrow to a sympathizer made it easier to bear. She wished this forlorn girl would talk to her. But how could she make her?

At last the time came when Ann could stay no longer. She put on her things and started for the door. She was closing the door behind her when she heard a rush within.

"Come back. Oh, come back!" the girl cried. "I can't let you go till I tell you. I've wanted to tell you for three days. I've got to tell someone and you looked as though you'd understand."

Ann went back. The girls sat down on the bed together and Ann put her arm about Bessie.

"Now tell me," she said in her gentlest tone.

And Bessie told her. It was a pitiful story of poverty and hardship and separation. Bessie Warder and her brother had come to the city from the country because there was nothing for them to do in the place where they lived. They were ambitious and full of hope and courage. At first they kept house in two rooms and Tom earned enough for them both.

"He didn't want me to work," Bessie said. "He said it was a poor brother that could not take care of his little sister. I tried to make it up to him by saying every cent I could. Then one day he came home looking so unhappy that I knew he'd lost his job before he told me. Next day he started out to find a new one and I did, too. I got a place in the store. But Tom never found a place at all. He grew awfully blue and he just about wore out his shoes walking. My $6 wouldn't keep us both and we used up about all we'd saved. Then one day he told me he was going west—to find Bob O'Byrne." Bessie flushed. "Bob went west and made good. He always had wanted Tom to come out there. I hated to have Tom go, but I made up my mind I wouldn't say a word. For I knew Bob would look out for him, he's that kind, Bob is." She paused. "Well, we divided the money we had left, even, and I packed Tom a lunch box and we said good-bye. That was six weeks ago to-night. And I've never heard one word from him or Bob."

She covered her face with her hands. Suddenly she looked up piteously. "What do you think has happened, Miss Davison? I wrote once to Bob. Until then I hadn't really worried. But since the time has passed when I ought to have heard from one or the other of them I'm nearly wild. I'm afraid Tom never got there. I'm just afraid Bob has gone to some other place and didn't get my letter. I don't know what to do."

Ann did not know what to do, either, beyond one thing. It would not do to leave the girl alone among strangers, with her trouble eating her very life away. She thought of her $13 a week and the $2,000 that had come to her from her Aunt Kate and which was simply piling up interest in the savings bank. She could afford to be philanthropic if she chose.

"I'll tell you," she said, "you come over to Mrs. Robinson's with me and share my room. It has a double bed and I'll make it all right with Mrs. Robinson. Pack up your suitcase and come along now. What you want is company. It won't do for you to get sick from grieving and loneliness. I'm sure nothing has happened to your brother. If you don't hear something in a day or two we'll investigate. But you will hear. I'm certain of that."

She took Bessie home with her. Ann's room was warm and cheery and big enough for them both, and she helped Bessie out on the board bill, too. "You can pay me later," she said. "It doesn't matter, anyhow. I can be as rich as Crœsus if I want to be."

Within a week Bessie Warder was a different girl. Ann had inspired her with hope and Mrs. Robinson's good cooking had done the rest. She began to sleep and smile and was really as pretty and lovable as a kitten.

"Any day now you may hear from Tom," Ann encouraged constantly.

Ann believed it herself. Unknown to Bessie, she had written to Bob O'Byrne at his last address and asked the postmaster to forward the letter to him wherever he was.

One night when she and Bessie came home together Ann pounced upon the mail as was her custom, and there was a letter for her bearing a strange postmark. Her heart began to pound, but she tried hard to appear normal. "I guess we're late," she said. "Run on up and get ready for dinner, Bess, I'll be there in a moment."

She turned into the parlor, and opened her letter. It was from Bob O'Byrne, and it told the whole story. Tom had got within 300 miles of him when he was taken sick and had to enter a hospital. It was typhoid fever, and he had come near dying. The nurse had found O'Byrne's name and address among some papers and had sent for him, and he had stayed with Tom right through.

"As soon as he got better he made me promise not to let Bessie know," Bob wrote. "And anyway, I didn't get the letter she wrote. It must have gone to the office with my business mail, which I left with my stenographer to handle. But yours came. I am sorry for all the trouble that this has caused Bessie. Please tell her, Miss Davison, that Tom is on his feet now and will write to her himself in a few days."

Ann climbed the stairs two at a time. Only when she was in Bessie's presence did she curb herself lest the joy be too great.

Tom's letter came next day. He was going home with Bob and Bob had got him a job. He enclosed a $10 bill for Bessie. He could not say enough about Bob and his kindness.

Tom kept on sending money to Bessie. Presently she had a room of her own and settled down in great contentment just across the hall from Ann.

With Christmas arrived both Tom and Bob. They had come across five states to spend the blessed season with the girls. Such a week as that was! Just before it ended Bessie told Ann that she and Bob were engaged. "He learned to need me out there. Oh, Ann I'm so happy!"

Ann was happy, too. For she felt she had had a reward greater than she ever expected.

HONOR NOT HONORS

In Edith Wharton's poetic tribute to Theodore Roosevelt occur these words: "Men who have loved right more than ease and honor above honors." A youth could hardly do better than to take that line as a guide for his patriotism. The easy way is the way of compromise. Our ideals are sadly mutilated because it is such hard work to stand for them in their entirety. To love right more than ease, means inviting criticism and misunderstanding, but it is the man's way nevertheless.

Put honor above honors. There are men who reach high places in public life by sacrificing principle. Some of them utter very noble sentiments regarding patriotism, who have not hesitated to get ahead by purchasing the support of the unscrupulous, and have taken advantage of their position to make themselves rich. The men who put honors above honor are a menace to free government in all the world.

Do not be ambitious for ease. Struggle toward the right, no matter how steep the way. Make honor, not honors your goal, and when the first is achieved, all the honors worth having will be yours.

LARRY'S LADDER

Larry's business career began as a bell-boy at the Albion Family Hotel, and he lost his position when Mrs. McCabe lost a turquoise ring. There was nothing whatever to connect Larry with its disappearance. He had brought Mrs. McCabe a telegram that morning, and stood waiting in her room while she wrote the answer. Mrs. McCabe insisted that the ring was on the dresser that morning, and it was certain that when she returned late in the day after lunching with a friend, the ring was missing. The people who knew Mrs. McCabe's careless ways thought it probable that she was entirely mistaken about seeing the ring that morning, but that did not save Larry. It was necessary to appease Mrs. McCabe and Larry was discharged, though the manager added a two dollar bill to his week's wages, and wished him luck.

For a time it did not look as if the manager's good wishes would be realized. Then one day, as he passed a down-town restaurant, he saw a sign in the window, "Dishwasher Wanted." He entered and applied for the position. "Any experience?" grumpy asked the man to whom he made his application.

"I've washed my mother's dishes," Larry said. "And clean, too."

After about three weeks of dish-washing, Larry arrived one morning, to find that a waiter had failed to present himself. "Do you know anything about waiting on a table?" was demanded of him.

"I've seen it done," Larry replied, "and it didn't seem like a hard job."

"Get into this apron and take the table in the corner and the one next to it."

Larry never returned to dish-washing. It was against Mr. Jenks' principles ever to praise anyone, but to himself he acknowledged that the boy was a jewel. He was deft and adaptable. His memory was excellent. Best of all, he was good-humored, and the patrons of the little place liked him. Larry congratulated himself over his promotion. He really enjoyed the work in the restaurant. He had a liking for service.

A young reporter on the Morning Herald frequently dropped into Mr. Jenks' restaurant for a meal, not because he preferred it to the other eating-places of the city, but because it was convenient to many of his assignments, and because the prices suited his slim pocketbook. He came oftener after he made Larry's acquaintance. This bright-faced young fellow who always seemed so anxious to know how he had liked his stew, or who, in a lowered voice, would recommend the veal croquettes as "first-rate to-day," gave the cheap eating-place a certain homelike atmosphere. It came to be an understood thing that Jack Lancy would come to Larry's table, and even wait a little, if the table was full when he entered.

Tips were not customary at Jenks' restaurant where the checks of many customers amounted to only ten or fifteen cents, but one night Jack came in feeling unusually prosperous. There was, if the truth be told, little reason for this impression, for the change in his pockets rattled about in lonely fashion, as if seeking company, but he had just secured a story which he believed would commend him to the city editor. When he had finished his supper, and Larry handed him his check, he pulled a quarter from his pocket, and slid it beside his scraped plate, with a nonchalant air as if twenty-five cents meant nothing to him.

"Pay at the desk, please," Larry said politely.

"That's for yourself, Larry," Jack replied. And then he discovered to his surprise that the waiter's cheeks had grown very red.

"I'd rather not take it," said Larry, beginning to pick up the soiled dishes.

"Not take it!" Jack cried. "Why, you're a funny waiter if you won't take a tip."

"I'm not a waiter. I'm waiting on a table till I can get a better job, that's all."

The distinction was a rather fine one, but Jack saw it. He asked a number of questions, and as the hour was late, and customers were few, Larry was able to answer them.

When Jack went back to the Herald office, he had a quarter in his pocket and an idea in his head. Though only a "cub" reporter, Jack had achieved considerable popularity among the Herald staff. His superiors had their eye on him as a young fellow who promised to make his mark.

Jack turned in his story, and on his way out, stopped for a word with one of the advertising men he knew, named Mann. "Have you got rid of that boy you were telling me about?"

"His week is up Saturday," Mann replied, "and he's been told he's not to come back. How I'm to stand your more days of him, I don't know."

"I believe I've found just the fellow you want," Jack said, and he began to describe Larry, paying the compliments to Jenks' restaurant, in the process. Mann was impressed by Jack's earnest presentation of Larry's claims. And a week later Larry was an employee of the Morning Herald.

This time Larry felt that his feet were firmly placed on the ladder. He would have been perfectly happy had it not been for the memory of his unjust treatment at the Albion. Though his conscience was clear, he was uncomfortable every time he thought of Mrs. McCabe's turquoise ring. What if in years to come, when he had made a name for himself, he should be called on to face the fact that he had lost his first position under suspicion of stealing. When this thought occurred to him, it sometimes seemed to poor Larry that he was building his life structure on the frailest of foundations.

One night he left the newspaper office unusually late. He had had his supper and it seemed to him a good plan to save car fare by walking home. Half a dozen blocks from the Herald office a glittering object in the gutter caught his eye. It proved to be a woman's wrist watch.

Larry slipped the watch into his pocket. "There'll be a notice in the Lost and Found column to-morrow," he told himself. That conjecture proved correct. The first item that caught his eye next morning when he turned to the column headed "Lost and Found," read as follows:

"LOST—Small gold wrist watch, set with diamonds. Return to Mrs. Gerald McCabe, Albion Family Hotel, and receive reward."

It was a youth of very serious aspect who presented himself at the Albion Hotel that night, and asked for Mrs. McCabe. And Mrs. McCabe's cry of delight at the sight of her watch, that away, presently, in a rather foolish gurgle. "Why," she exclaimed, "it's Larry!"

"Yes'm, I'm Larry," said the boy gravely.

Mrs. McCabe fumbled at her pocketbook. Her cheeks, reddened by art, took on a deeper shade of carmine.

"You know that turquoise ring was found, Larry. It dropped into the slipper I wore the evening before, and it was weeks before I put that slipper on again, and found it. It was all a mistake about—I'm going to give you twenty-five dollars reward for the watch, Larry. That's a little more than I intended, but under the circumstances—"

Larry stood up. "I don't want any reward, Mrs. McCabe. To hear about that ring is worth a thousand times all the trouble I've taken."

The boy's vehemence seemed to confuse the lady. "Oh, you must take the money, Larry," she insisted. "Why, I want you to have it." She had had few more uncomfortable half-hours in her shallow life than that which followed Larry's departure, for the twenty-five dollars was still in her purse.

But she need not have pitied Larry now. He was racing homeward in hilarious spirits. "That's cleared up," he kept saying to himself, "and I'm going right on to the top. There's nothing can keep me down."—Harriet Lummis Smith.

THE PASSWORD

It was the close of Gypsy Smith's meetings in Brooklyn, when at the Central Congregational Church, the Gypsy was to tell the story of his life. It seemed as if all Brooklyn wanted to hear the lecture, but many in the crowds about the church failed to get tickets in advance. Hoping to squeeze in by good luck, they crowded up as close as possible to the door, and one man tried to persuade the guard to let him by.

The doorkeeper kindly but firmly answered, "My good friend, if you haven't a ticket you can't come in here."

"Why," replied the man, "I must come in. I am chairman of a committee representing the city of Richmond, Virginia, and we've come hundreds of miles to hear the Gypsy, and then to invite him to our city to lead us in a great evangelistic campaign."

The doorkeeper replied, "I am sorry for you, my friend, but I can't help it. If you were the King of England or the President of the United States, you could not enter this door without a ticket."

His answer seemed almost unkind, but will not the last judgment give that same inexorable reply to many who hope to get by the gatekeeper, but who have not earned the right. "I am sorry for you, my friend, but I can't help it"? By the parable of the foolish virgins who were shut out of the wedding feast and by the parable of the man who was ejected from the wedding feast because he failed to wear the wedding garment, Christ warns all such persons. Yet there will be some who will try to evade the doorkeeper—will expect to get into heaven as small potatoes get into the market, mixed with the large, or as a small boy tries to steal his way into a circus.

The chances are strong against them. It will be a case of law and not sentiment. "I am sorry for you, my friend, but I can't help it!"—Youth's Companion.

JUST HOW MUCH?

"I would do anything to get an education!" said Joe, savagely thumping the down sofa pillow till a fine fluffy dust flew from seams and corners.

"Just how much would you do, Joe?" said practical Uncle Phil, interestedly. "As much as Elihu Burritt?"

"How much did he do?" inquired Joe. "Was he a boy without a chance?"

"No, indeed," said Uncle Phil, who never sympathized with Joe's way of looking at things. "As many chances as you have, or any other boy with brains and ten fingers. Had to work at the forge ten or twelve hours a day, but that didn't hinder him from working away with his mind while his hands were busy. He solved hard sums in arithmetic while blowing the bellows."

"Whew!" said Joe, as if he too, saw a pair of bellows at hand.

When he was about sixteen, his father died. By and by he began to study other things. Before he died he knew eighteen languages, and very nearly twice that number of dialects. All this time he kept hard at work blacksmithing."

"Well, I sure don't have to work as hard as that!" said Joe, after a while, with a shame-faced look that rejoiced his uncle's heart.

Joe was a farmer's son, and in busy times there was a good deal for a boy of his age to do. So far he had not been spared to go away to any preparatory school to "fit" for college. So he had faintheartedly given up the thought of going. But Uncle Phil's words had put things in a new light.—Christian Uplook.

Miller's Worm Powders will drive worms from the system without injury to the child. The powders are so easy to take that the most delicate stomach can assimilate them and welcome them as speedy causes of pain, because they promptly kill the worms that cause the pain, and thus the suffering of the child is relieved. With so sterling a remedy at hand no child should suffer an hour from worms.

WHAT SPIRIT DO YOU RADIATE?

There are some men and some women in whose company we are always at our best. While with them we cannot think mean thoughts or speak ungenerous words. Their mere presence is elevation, purification, sanctity. All the best steps are drawn out by their intercourse, and we find a music in our souls that was never there before.—Henry Drummond.

Save Against the "rainy day"

The thought of being dependent some day, when illness or old age takes away one's ability to earn, is rightly distasteful to the Canadian mind.

The simplest, surest way to offset this is to open a Savings Account and add something to it every week. Come in and we will gladly explain.

—THE

Bank of Nova Scotia

Capital - - - - $ 9,700,000
Reserve Fund - - 18,000,000
Resources - - - 220,000,000

W. K. GRAHAM
Acting Manager
Acton Branch

Full weight of tea in every package

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

Sold only in sealed packages

The Brunswick

What Shape is a Horn?

Did you ever hear of a horn or megaphone that was square?

Do you know why they never send water through a square pipe?

Every phonograph or talking machine has a "horn" but they call them "amplifiers". They are really the megaphones of the machine. It is their duty to round out the tone and send it to the listeners.

Now what shape do you think this HORN should be to give the best TONE—and what do you think it should be made of—resonant, vibrating metal or wood—built on the violin principle?

Before you buy any phonograph, find out the SHAPE of the horn and WHAT IT IS MADE OF.

One of the secrets of the BRUNSWICK'S wonderful tone on ALL records is the exclusive patented OVAL tone chamber and throat—BUILT ENTIRELY OF WOOD, like a fine violin.

It actually DOES eliminate all harshness, all the stridency, and that "tinny" timbre that we have always thought a necessary evil of the old style "Talking Machines."

All we ask is that you use your own ears—your own judgment—see this wonderful improvement with your own eyes—compare it with anything you like—at any price.

You cannot afford to make a mistake, and it costs you nothing to be sure.

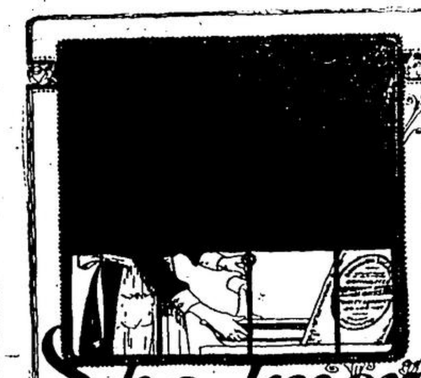
Mason & Risch Pianos — Bell Pianos
Brunswick Phonographs
Singer Sewing Machines and Other Lines

You can purchase any of above on small monthly payments

FRANK KING

(Next Door to Livingstone's Bakery.)

Main Street - - Georgetown



She knows

her ingredients must be pure and good in order that she may have success with the pie, cake or pudding she is making. She knows she can be sure of purity and uniformly high quality in

DOMINION CRYSTAL SUGAR

Every sparkling crystal is absolutely pure; every process of its manufacture is safeguarded with unceasing vigilance. Dominion Crystal Sugar adds to the natural deliciousness of pie fillings—sweetens too tart fruits without destroying their fresh fruit flavor.

Dominion Crystal Sugar is the only sugar that may rightly be called "Canadian from the ground up." We do import the finest of raw cane sugar and refine it. But our pride is in the product we make from Canadian sugar beets—its use is dictated by good judgment as well as patriotism.

DOMINION SUGAR COMPANY, LIMITED
Refineries at Wallaceburg, Chatham and Kitchener

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL

Control your thinking, because thinking controls the character.

Small meetings often look discouraging, but they may have big consequences.

"How much money did you raise?" is not the sole criterion of a church's work.

A contented home, though plain and unvarnished, is better than a contentious palace.

Worry will kill work, or work will kill worry. It depends on which has the right of way.

The best living follows the best thinking, and the best thinking follows the best company and reading.

Turnips Wanted

Farries & Mullin
Wholesale Commission Merchants

Are again purchasing turnips for shipment at Acton, Rockwood and other points.

We are paying Highest Prices for Choice Stock.

Farries & Mullin
ACTON - ROCKWOOD

If your tired eyes are calling for comfortable glasses that will enable you to read with ease and to look into the distance without eye strain you should visit us. We will examine your eyes and make for them the glasses that will again make life seem worth living. Our prices are as satisfactory as our service.

Here's a Classy Coat

Our famous Double Breasted Ulster, made with convertible collar that buttons close up to the throat.

IN NECESSARY

Lined all through and interlined to the waist, making a warm, comfortable coat.

NOT TOO WEIGHTY

Made of real cloth in all shades, either in the Raglan shoulder or the regular D. B. shoulder style. These Coats are the best values in the trade.

MADE TO MEASURE FROM

$30 up

Let's Demonstrate our Values to You

R. E. Nelson

Phone 40 — Next Post Office
GUELPH

When You Need

BOOTS SHOES

At any Time

BUY FROM

W. WILLIAMS

Mill Street - Acton

FAMOUS FOR

Satisfactory Footwear

REASONABLE PRICES

Storm Doors

KEEP OUT THE COLD AND CUT DOWN THE COAL BILLS

Number 5, Grained Door—This door is made of selected pine, which is the best to withstand weather conditions. The material is grooved, tongued and bound, and both glued and nailed together, the construction being such that it will stand without the panels shrinking away from the rails and styles. Price, complete, $4.50.

Number 9, Grained—Filled and varnished. Otherwise the same door as our Number 5. Price, complete $5.00.

Number 10—Combination Storm and Screen Door. Finished natural, filled and varnished. A combination door, fitted, is always in place. Price, complete, $7.50.

Doors made in three sizes—2 ft. 8 in. by 6 ft. 8 in.; 2 ft. 10 in., by 6 ft. 10 in.; 3 ft. by 7 ft.

Frost King, priced at 60c. per set.

The BOND HARDWARE CO. Ltd.
Phone 1012 - - GUELPH

This Store's Policy

To represent goods exactly as to their quality; to sell to those who know and to those who don't know at a uniform fair price; to fulfill all guarantees and cheerfully correct all mistakes; to deserve your confidence, by always giving you satisfaction.

Savage & Co.
Jewellers
GUELPH — ONTARIO

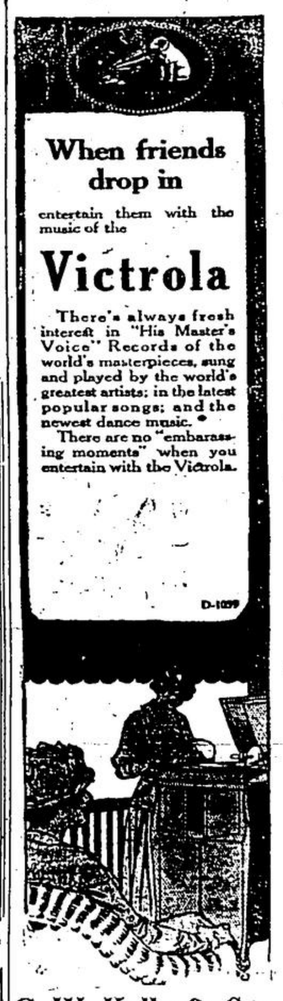
When friends drop in

entertain them with the music of the

Victrola

There's always fresh interest in "His Master's Voice" Records of the world's masterpieces, sung and played by the world's greatest artists; in the latest popular songs; and the newest dance music.

There are no "embarassing moments" when you entertain with the Victrola.



C. W. Kelly & Son
GUELPH, ONT.

Acton Flour and Feed Store

We have a supply of the following now on hand:—

The well-known Brands of King's Choice, Norval and National Flour—nothing better.

ROLLED OATS — OILCAKE
SHORTS — OAT CHOP
BRAN — FEED FLOUR

Salt in Barrels, 200 lb. Bags or small quantity if desired.

SPECIAL LINE IN CHICKEN FEED

GIVE OUR CALF MEAL A TRIAL

DOMESTIC ROLLED OATS THE BEST

[Canada Food Board License No. 8-8

Robert Noble, Limited
HENRY AWREY - MANAGER