The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1919

SUNSHINE

I never like to see a man a-rastlin'
With the dumps;
'Cause in the game of life he doesn't
catch the trumps:
But I can always cotton to a free and
easy cuss
As he takes his dose, and thanks the
Lord it isn't worse.
There ain't no use o' kickin' and
swearin' at your luck,
Yer can't correct the trouble more'n
you can drown a duck.
Remember, when beneath the load
your sufferin' head is bowed,
That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the
trail of every cloud.

If you should see a fellowman with
trouble's flag unfurled,
An' lookin' like he didn't have a friend
in all the world,
Go up an' slap him on the back an'
holler, "how d' you do?"
And grasp his hand so warm he'll
know he has a friend in you.
Then ax him what's a-hurtin' 'm, and
laugh his cares away,
And tell him that the darkest night is
just before the day.
Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but
say it right out loud,
That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the
trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of
pleasure and of pain,
Some days are bright and sunny, and
some all slashed with rain,
And that's just how it ought to be, for
when the clouds roll by
We'll know just how to 'preciate the
bright and smilin' sky.
So learn to take it as it comes, and
don't sweat at the pores,
Because the Lord's opinion doesn't
coincide with yours,
But always keep rememberin', when
cares your path enshroud,
That God has lots of sunshine to spill
behind the cloud.

—By "The Poet Scout," Capt. J. Crawford. Born 1847, died 1917.

Stumbling on a Story

By Hugh Faxon

"I can't take all three of you on the 'cubbing job,'" announced City Editor Thornton of the Castleton Times, to the three youths before him. "I need but one reporter. It's odd that you should have come here together, but you three boys always did everything together, didn't you? You say you have all passed the tenth grade in school, all took a grade in English and are all ambitious to do newspaper work?"

"Yes, we are all anxious for any test you care to give us," declared Ted Slatter. "Isn't that so, John and Larry?"

John Tarton looked at Larry Potter with a smile. "We've always come out about even on tests so far, but here is one case where we won't simply score a percentage mark. One of us must win the job, and the other two lose on it. I'm willing to try."

And Larry answered vigorously in the affirmative. "All right, boys," responded the editor. "If I didn't know you all so well, I might be able to make a decision right away. However, as the paper is off the press for the day, suppose we go for a little automobile ride while I give the matter some thought."

This was not quite what the three boys expected, but they piled into the touring car. With Mr. Thornton at the wheel, they bounded over the hills of Castleton County. Suddenly the car stopped and Mr. Thornton got out of it with a sigh: "Engine trouble, boys," he said after peering under the hood, "and we are five miles from town. I'll have to do the repairing myself. You fellows can walk around here, if you like, while I potter with it. I'll sound the horn when I'm ready to return. You may stumble on a story. Things often happen in this hill and lake county."

In spite of the protests of the boys, who offered to help with the motor, the editor insisted that they look around the vicinity while he worked. "I know this engine, and I can work better alone," he told them. "Make yourselves scarce."

The boys climbed a fence and roamed into the woods. "This is fun, but I wish he had given us that try-out to-day, instead," Ted remarked.

"So do I," Larry rejoined. "I say, let's sit under this big tree and rest." He stood in the shade of an immense oak that grew on the edge of a gravel bank near a stream, and stooping idly, picked up a flat stone to throw into the river.

"Hold on a minute," cried John Tarton. "I believe that is an Indian spearhead! Sure it is! Look at the sharpened edges! And it's flint."

"Of course it is a spearhead. I have half a bushel of them at home. This part of the country is full of relics of the redmen," Larry answered as he sank down on the moss under the tree.

"Suppose we search for more of them, then," suggested John, but neither Larry nor Ted wished to do so. They were too comfortable on the grass.

"I'm going to hunt alone," John then added.

He strolled away along the river shore, stopping to examine a loose patch of gravel here and there under the crumbling bank. In a few minutes he had gathered half a dozen broken bits of flint, unmistakably relics of the Indians. "Those two fellows are asleep," he said smilingly, when he returned. "I'll not wake them. They'll hear the horn. I wish I could stumble on a story, though." John crossed a pasture and went up a hill. He saw a white-haired man who seemed to have the vigor of a boy, at work in a field. "Hen a-gatherin' relics?" the man asked in a kindly tone. "You can find a-plenty, hereabouts. The battle must have been a fierce one, for we turn up weapons every time we plow."

"Battle? asked John. "What battle?"

"Don't you know all this land was fought over by Foxes and Chippewas years and years ago? I thought every boy around here knew that. When my father came here he could see the marks of their tomahawks on the trees. That big oak down there was a sapling then," the farmer said, pointing to the top of the tree under which Larry and Ted were slumbering.

"I'll tell you, sonny, if you like Indian stuff, why don't you go to the library in town and read the Pioneer Papers? You'll find lots to interest you."

John was in a deep study. "So this is where the battle of the Chippewas and Foxes was fought," he meditated. "Was that the fight in which the Chippewas were broken up as a tribe and sent back into the forest?"

"The same," replied the farmer, plying his hoe vigorously. "Their village stood right back there in the valley. They did lots of fishing and hunting, but at fighting the Foxes beat them. I've often thought there ought to be a mounment or marker of some sort there."

"Why wouldn't it be a good idea to have a big boulder down there at that tree, with a brass tablet on it, and a collection of these relics set in concrete at the top?" cried John.

"I believe you have a good plan, sonny," said the farmer, with an enthusiastic smile. "I'm sure my neighbors and I would be glad to provide and haul the boulders and furnish the relics if some one would look after the tablet."

John thought harder than ever. "If you will let me use your name in the newspapers in connection with it, may be I could arrange it," he offered.

"My name's Delos Swijzer, and I've lived here all my seventy-five years, if that will help any. You can say that Farmer Switzer and his neighbors want to put up the monument. I know they all do."

The piercing note of an automobile horn reached them. "Who's that?" demanded Farmer Switzer.

"That's my new boss calling me to work," John answered. "I'll see you in a day or two."

Mr. Thornton drove the car back to town in silence. "I hope you enjoyed the stroll," he said to the boys as they stepped from the car. Ted and Larry looked surprised. There was not a word about the test they were to be given to determine their fitness for the place of reporter on the Times. It looked as though Mr. Thornton had forgotten it, as he left them and started up the steps of the office.

"Will the office be open after supper?" John asked. "I would like to come in and write my story for to-morrow as soon as I get some more facts." Mr. Thornton nodded, and his eyes showed a gleam of interest. "I'll see the three of you at eight in the morning," he said, and left them.

When, on the following day, Ted and Larry entered the office empty-handed, a little ahead of time, they found the editor reading several sheets of long-handed copy, smiling with pleasure. He looked up when John came in and joined the group. "I'm sorry, boys," Mr. Thornton said, "but Ted and Larry will have to wait for another opening. John won in the test!"

"The test!" cried the others. "What test? We haven't had it yet."

"Oh, yes, you have," the editor told them. "I gave it to you yesterday. In this profession a man or boy has to keep his eyes and ears and mind open all the time, if he hopes to find out the interesting things people will want to read. If I had sent all three of you out after a certain fact you would all have been clever enough to find it. So I just turned you loose where I thought there would be an equal chance for all three to hear something of interest. I must say John found something even more interesting than I had expected. The most I had hoped for was a story of how the drought had affected the pastures in the country."

He laid down the sheets of paper and showed the boys how John had consulted the library and woven the Indian history of the section into his report of the plan entertained by Farmer Switzer for erecting a monument on the historic battlefield.

"John found a story that other people have overlooked for years. He stumbled on it and recognized it because his mind and eyes were open. When you two boys learn that lesson you will be on the way to success in any line of work."

"Well," Larry said bravely, "Ted and I are glad John got the job. He worked while we slept. At this rate he won't be a cub long, and then there will be another opening won't there Mr. Thornton?"

HOW TO HOLD YOUR FRIENDS

Those who would make friends must cultivate the qualities which are admired and which attract. If you are mean, stingy, and selfish, nobody will admire you. You must cultivate generosity and large-heartedness; you must be magnanimous and tolerant; you must have positive qualities; for a negative, shrinking, apologizing, round-about man is despised. You must cultivate courage and boldness, for a coward has few friends. You must believe in yourself. You must look upward, and be hopeful, cheery and optomistic. No one will be attracted to a gloomy pessimist.

The moment a man feels that you have a real, live interest in his welfare, and that you do not ask about his business, book, or article merely out of courtesy, you will get his attention and will interest him. You will tie him to you just in proportion to the intensity and unselfishness of your interest in him. But if you are selfish and think of nothing but your own advancement, if you are wondering how you can use everybody to help you along, if you look upon every man or woman you are introduced to as so much more possible capital, if you measure people by the amount of business they can send you, or the number of new clients, patients, or readers of your book, they can secure for you, they will look upon you in the same way.

If you have friends, don't be afraid to express your friendship; don't be afraid to tell them that you admire or love them. If you love anybody, why not say so? If you enjoy anybody's company, why not say so? It costs you nothing; it may mean everything to your friendship.

A lady was asked how she managed to get along so well with disagreeable people. "It is very simple," she replied; "all I do is to try to make the most of their good qualities and pay no attention to their disagreeable ones." No better formula to win and hold friends can be found.—Selected.

HOMELESS IN THE MIDST OF HOMES

As Christmas approaches, the dream of home steals over the heart. The hallowing influences of home have typed our citizenship. Family relationships have been a wall of defense about our people. It saddens one to know that there are many homeless people with thousands of homes about them. God set the solitary in families. It is our duty to work out his plan.

There are multitudes without a church home. Every pilgrim on his way to the City out of sight needs the heartening and strengthening influences of Christian fellowship. We have a place in our hearts and homes and churches for the Saviour-guest at this holy season. Let us share our Christmas joy with our Father's other children. Let us go with his good invitation and bring them in, that his house and ours may be filled. No Sunday School should fail to conduct a membership campaign. The homeless are waiting for our coming.

QUEER REMEDIES

American physicians doing relief work in Montenegro tell of some curious methods of treatment employed by the inhabitants of this little mountain country. When a Montenegrin is wounded the first thought of the natives is to apply chewing tobacco, horsehair or a fresh rabbit skin with the hair facing inside. Common ink is considered a sovereign remedy for burns. To stop bleeding sores or wounds cobweb are used. When a person is bitten by a dog, the favorite remedy is to pull off the animal's ear and rub the wound with it.

"They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. One of the reasons why this is so is that the training of patient waiting makes the soul strong to endure. Half the wreck of life comes from its impatience, its impetuous desire to hasten the foots taps of God."

CAPTAIN'S COOK

"A college graduate and a cook." The girl shook her head as she gazed around the spotless kitchen with its electric range.

"Well, it's my own choice, and I am safe and warm." Dean had first secured a position as private secretary at $20 per week and after paying $10 of this for board and room, car fare and lunches made such a hole in the remainder of her salary that she decided to cook.

Maids were at a premium and she found a place at once, where she had a comfortable room, no washing to do, and $20 a week clear. Her mistress proved kindly and well satisfied with her work.

Dean managed so that her former friends thought she was living with a relative.

"I did not tell them so," said Dean to herself. "I only said she had offered me a home, but the poor dear has only enough for herself, and I'd rather cook."

But to-day, the call of youth was strong; Dean had read the advertisement of a dance to be given by a friend, and "I believe I will go to a real party once more," she said, suddenly. "To-morrow is my day off anyway." So Dean carefully planned. She would go to a quiet hotel and dress there, telephone her dear friend that she was open for an invitation.

A lovely welcome greeted her, and once more her favor was eagerly sought. Presently her hostess appeared with, "Dean, dear, allow me to present Captain Willis, an old friend, just returned from overseas. This is his first dance for two years, so be very nice to him."

For a second, everything wavered before Dean's eyes: "Heaven! her mistress' son." Then she recovered her poise. As if he would recognize his mother's cook in this garb—utterly absurd! Dean was delighted at the way his smile flashed out at her nonsense, and went through the rest of the evening in a delirium of delight.

The captain took her to the hotel in his car, and only when he said huskily, "I never enjoyed an evening so much in my life, Miss Dean, will you allow me to call to-morrow?"

Then Dean came down to earth with a jar. What had she been thinking of? She would have to leave a note at the hotel saying, "Called away suddenly," and that would be the end of this wonderful "might have been." She turned with a brave smile to the young officer: "Good night, and thanks for a most delightful evening, captain," she said.

The following afternoon a distracted man was puzzling over his Cinderella note. "I'll go to Becky," he said, but Becky could only tell him that Dean was supposed to be living with an aunt somewhere.

Meanwhile Dean was peeling potatoes in the captain's own home. "Is it possible that I am in love with a man whom I have really seen but once?" she asked herself scornfully. Then she would open her door and listen to the sound of his voice.

A few days later as she stood at her table debating the merits of Delmonico's or souffle for dinner, she was seized by her elbows from behind and lifted lightly in the air, while a jolly voice said, "Hullo, you little pocket venus! Where do you keep your ginger ale? That confounded bell won't ring, and I have a thirst that must be assuaged instantly."

"How dare you?" cried Dean, turning on the man sharply, as he set her down again. There was silence as she faced the captain. Then came recognition, and her anger died.

"Great grief!" he stammered at last, "what are you doing here, Miss Dean?"

Waves of beautiful pink flushed Dean's mischievous face, but she answered demurely, "Peeling potatoes, sir."

"Goodness! I peeled potatoes myself for two long weeks when I enlisted." He grounded at the recollection. The joy overwhelmed him.

"If you only knew how I have hunted for you, little girl. That was a nice trick that you played on me. Couldn't you see I was wild over you?"

"Please, sir, I don't think the cook is allowed a fellow," laughed Dean.

"Cook? Nonsense! You mean to tell me you are responsible for the delicious meals I have been stuffing myself with? Mother says I have an appetite like a cormorant."

Then Dean explained the situation. "I am afraid that your mother won't look at things from your viewpoint, sir."

"Mother is the best sport ever," said the captain fervently.

"Isn't it strange your name is my mother's maiden name?" asked the lover.

"Yes. Isn't it wonderful? I discovered it only yesterday as I was reading some old letters of my mother's, and I found I was actually named for yours, although I see she never saw me. They were college-chums, and had kept up a correspondence in their early days. Mercy, my potatoes," as a burning smell filled the kitchen. "A nice cook, I am, to be sure."

"Never mind them. Come upstairs this minute. This has got to be settled right away," interrupted the captain.

Mother proved to be a good sport, although somewhat surprised at her son's sudden acquisition of a cook.

Dean was transferred to the guest room; Katie consented to finish dinner. Mother had a Red Cross meeting and left the young couple to a long blissful evening, while the captain engaged a cook for life.—By Minnie M. Hinds.

Revive the Jaded Condition.—When energy flags and the cares of business become irksome; when the whole system is out of sorts and there is general depression, try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They will regulate the action of a deranged stomach and a disordered liver, and make you feel like a new man. No one need suffer a day from debilitated digestion when so simple and effective a pill can be got at any drug store.

MAPLE PRODUCTS

Reports from various maple districts in Eastern Canada show that the maple products this year will beat all records. The makers of maple sugar and syrup in Canada exceed 45,000. About 550,000 acres of land are being reserved in their natural wooded state, of which two-thirds are situate in the Province of Quebec. The eastern townships of Quebec are the centre of the world's supply of maple products. Maple syrup is rapidly becoming known in Great Britain as a table delicacy, while maple sugar is finding favor as a sweetmeat.

Dragged Down by Asthma. The man or woman who is constantly subject to asthma is unfitted for his or her life's work. Strength departs and energy is taken away until life becomes a dreary existence. And yet this is needless. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has brought a great change to an army of sufferers. It relieves the restricted air tubes and guards against future trouble. Try it.

Your Eyes Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

87 Years of Service

The foundation stone of any Bank's success must be service to the public.

The 87 years of steady growth of this Bank, its steady increase in assets and resources, are a measure of the sound, consistent, friendly service it extends to its customers.

May we not serve you, too?

—THE Bank of Nova Scotia

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

W. K. GRAHAM
Acting Manager
Acton Branch

Order Your Christmas Fowl Now

McENERY & EVANS will have Turkeys, Geese, Ducks and Chickens

Our Stock of Christmas Beef
Will be Unusually Fine and All Home Killed

Will Have Also Special Display of Lamb, Veal and Pork at the New Reduced Prices

Our Stock of Canned Goods
Is Worth Your Consideration

TRY A PACKAGE OF LANKA TEA

McEnery & Evans
ACTON MEAT MARKET - MAIN STREET

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

Personal Greeting Cards

PRETTY HOLLY AND OTHER CHRISTMAS DESIGNS

Artistically Lithographed. Your Name Neatly Printed in Text or Scripts. Fine Plate Card with Envelopes to Match. Good Choice of Designs.

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No. 1	$2.00	$3.75	$5.00	$6.25
No. 2	2.25	4.25	6.00	7.25

ORDER AT ONCE—BEFORE ASSORTMENT IS BROKEN

The Acton Free Press
ACTON, ONT.

BEING A GOOD LOSER

Part of the education of young people comes through work and part through play, and one of the things your play should teach you is to be a good loser. That does not mean cultivating indifference as to whether you win or lose. Nothing makes sport more flavorless than playing with an antagonist who cares nothing about winning. A good loser wants to win, but he does not want it as much as some other things.

Some young people are so anxious to come out ahead in a game that if they are unable to get the victory by fair means, they will resort to cheating. Of course such a success is only a make-believe. The thing they must care for most be to be thought the winner, for the victory gained by cheating is not a victory at all, and the only satisfaction they can get be in the thought that they have fooled somebody into believing what is not true.

A good loser is in earnest about the games he plays, is desirous of winning and yet would rather be beaten by a worthy opponent, than win from an unworthy one. He accepts defeat without making a fuss, without losing his temper and without accusing his opponent of playing unfairly. When you hear a player expatiating over his opponent's luck or pointing out that the umpire favored the other side, it is plain that he is a poor loser.

A college graduate of twenty years standing, came back to his alma mater one November to see the great football game of the year. The team in which he was interested, played a snappy game, but was defeated. After the game, he went around for a word with the captain of the losing team who happened to be the son of an old friend. To his amazement, he found the stalwart six-footer blubbering like a baby. Undoubtedly the strain on his nerves as well as the disappointment was responsible for his tears, yet something was wrong when a fine, manly young fellow wept like a child over losing a game of football. He knew a great deal about that game and other games, but he had not learned one very necessary lesson, to be a good loser.

The good loser must play to win, but he must not care so much about winning that defeat will spoil his pleasure. He will be ready to admit that he has lost because he was outplayed and will not begin to criticise his opponent's methods or accuse him of unfairness. Of course if his wish to win was sincere, his regret at losing must be real but it will not be carried to unreasonable lengths. Learn to be a good loser. Learn it in your play time so that if later in life you are called on to undergo loss you will face it cheerily, bravely and with the confidence of better luck next time.

Miller's Worm Powders attack worms in the stomach and intestines at once, and no worm can come in contact with them and live. They also correct the unhealthy conditions in the digestive organs that invite and encourage worms, setting up reactions that are most beneficial to the growth of the child. They have attested their power in hundreds of cases and at all times are thoroughly trustworthy.

NEARLY 5,400 KILLED.

In Ontario last year, the lives of 3,380 persons were claimed by consumption. This is all the more terrible because most of them might have been saved had they been helped in time.

Here is a case in point. Several years ago a man came to the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives. He had been on Active Service in Africa, where hardship and exposure had broken down his health. Suspicious of his symptoms he sought our aid. A short time ago he wrote:

"Through your Hospital a soldier of the South African War regained his health and a family a happy home."

This is not an isolated case, for many others have been restored to health and anxious families. It takes much money to carry on the work. Your gift, for whatever amount, will be gratefully received.

Contributions may be sent to Sir William Gage, 44 Spadina avenue, or George A. Reid, 123 College street, Toronto.

Waterworks Commission

PROPOSED BY-LAW

To authorize the Delegation of the Control and Management of, and the Full Responsibility for the Waterworks System about to be constructed within the Village of Acton to a Commission under Section 34 of the Public Utilities Act.

SYNOPSIS OF BY-LAW

The purpose of the By-law is to appoint a Public Utilities Commission to manage and control the Waterworks. The Commission to consist of four members and the Reeve. The members to be subsequently nominated and elected by the ratepayers. The first election to elect two Commissioners for one year and two for two years, and thereafter two for two years. The Commissioners to be qualified ratepayers.

Take notice that the votes of the ratepayers of the said Village of Acton will be taken on the above mentioned proposed by-law on Monday, the fifth day of January, 1920, commencing at the hour of nine o'clock in the morning and continuing until five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, at the following places and by the following Deputy Returning officers, that is to say:

1. Polling subdivision No. 1—At the Town Hall, with W. J. Gould, Deputy Returning Officer.

2. Polling Subdivision No. 3—At C. C. Speight's shop, on Main Street, with Allan M. Smith, Deputy Returning Officer.

On Friday, the 19th day of December, 1919, the Reeve will attend at the Council Chamber in the Town Hall at ten o'clock in the forenoon to appoint in writing, signed by him, two persons to attend at the final summing-up of the votes, and one person to attend at each polling place on behalf of the persons interested in and desirous of promoting the passing of this by-law, and a like number on behalf of the persons interested in and desirous of opposing the passing of this By-law.

The clerk of the Council of the said Village shall attend at the Town Hall, Acton, at 5.15 p.m. on the said fifth day of January, 1920, to sum up the number of votes given for and against this By-law.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that if the assent of the ratepayers is obtained thereto, the said By-law will be taken into consideration by the Municipal Council of the Village of Acton, after one month from the eleventh day of December, 1919, being the date of the first publication of this notice.

H. N. FARMER,
24-3 Clerk of the Village of Acton

SINCE 1870 SHILOH 30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS

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

Do you find it hard work to read this advertisement? Do the letters blur or seem to run together? Can you read a column in this newspaper without suffering eye-strain. Do you have frequent eye headaches? Let our optometrists test your eyes for the glasses you need.

We Grind Our Own Lenses

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OPTOMETRIST AND REFG. OPTICIAN
RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE
PHONE 1038 E GUELPH, ONT.

R. E. NELSON'S

Christmas Bulletin of Christmas Goods

Men's Wool and Silk Mufflers.
Men's Silk Shirts, plain and fancy.
Cashmere Sox, in plain and fancy lines.
Men's House Coats and Bath Robes.
Men's Combination Pyjamas.
Stanfield's, Penman's, Tru-knit and Watson's Underwear, 2-piece and combination.
Arrow Brand, W. G. & R., and Forsythe Colored Shirts at all prices.
Men's Tweed Hats and Caps.
Men's Holeproof Silk Sox.
Collar Bags, Handkerchief Cases and Tie Cases.
Braces in handsome boxes.
Garters and Arm Band Sets.
Borsalino Hats, Velour Hats, in the very best make, and correct styles.

NECKTIES

The handsomest and most up-to-date lines we have ever shown. They are correct in style, and the best value in the trade.

We box in handsome boxes Gloves, Ties, Mufflers, etc. No seconds in our stock. The nicest brightest and best is what you want. We have it here.

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Phone 40 Next Post Office
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When You Need
BOOTS SHOES
At any Time

BUY FROM
W. WILLIAMS
Mill Street - Acton

FAMOUS FOR
Satisfactory Footwear
REASONABLE PRICES

Gifts for Boys and Girls

SLEIGHS
60c., 75c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.60
GIRLS' SLEIGHS
$2.25, $2.75, $2.50, $3.00
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BUSTER BROWN WAGONS
$5.00, $5.25, $6.50, $6.75, $7.25, $7.50
HOCKEY STICKS
16c. to 85c.
KIDDIE KARS
$2.00, $2.50, $3.00
SKOOTERS
$1.00 and $1.25
WHEELBARROWS
$1.00, $1.75, $2.00
CARTS
$1.15, $3.00, $3.75
TOBOGGANS
$2.50, $3.00, $3.75
EXPRESS WAGONS
$2.25 and $2.75
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$1.25 and $7.00

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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.

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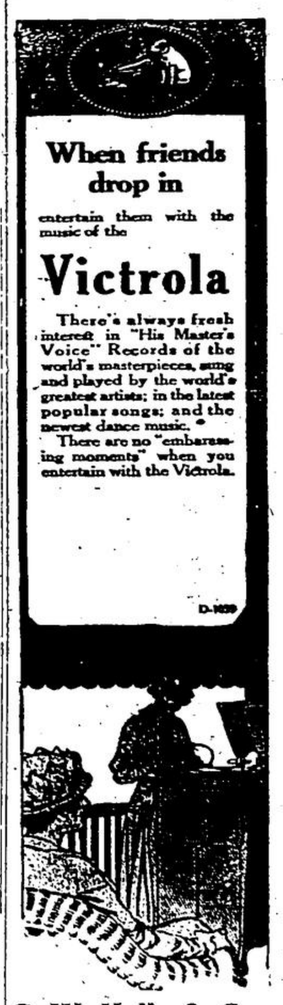

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