The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1920

WHEN I SET SAIL FOR HOME

I pray no cloud shall rest upon the sea,
Nor vapor frail across the setting sun,
That slide by slide the winds sleep peacefully,
When twilight deepens and the day is done,
That not a wave break into sound or foam
When I set sail for home.

God grant an angel pilot my frail bark,
With mutt'ring sail now anchored at the shore,
When I go down alone into the dark
And hear the deep abysmal waters roar;
Let Christ assist me in the gath'ring gloom,
When I set sail for home.

Let ministers of grace attend my soul,
To ports of peace and isles of balm;
Let harmonies of joy around me roll
As o'er the deep I sweep into the calm,
Resplendent heights of heaven's starry dome,
When I set sail for home.

—Thomas Walsh.

Jimmy Cantwell's Compass

By Frederick E. Burnham

"HOW'D ye manage to get home yesterday arternoon, Jimmy?" questioned Captain Pollett, as he stood by Jimmy Cantwell's dory at the Seabury landing. "Never seed a much thicker fog roll in from the sea. Didn't have a compass with ye, did ye Jimmy?"

"That sure was a thick fog, Cap'n," replied Jimmy, Seabury's somewhat eccentric townsman. "I see it comin' an' wasn't more'n a mile from the p'int when it shet down on me, an' the tide bein' jest 'bout right to time up the bay, I heared it an' followed the sound. Speakin' o' a compass, I have had some thoughts o' buyin' one, but somehow never have got 'round to it. Fur as that's concerned, I ain't sure but what I could make one. All ye've got to do is magnify a needle an' balance it somehow."

"I'd buy one, Jimmy, if I was ye," replied the captain.

"Wall, I'll think it over," said Jimmy, dropping his oars into the thole-pins of his dory. "Still, I've got a considerble powerful magnet down to my shack, an' b'lieve I could make one 'cr 'em, at that. Jest for fun t'other day I magnified the p'int o' my knife an' found I could pick up needles an' pins with it. I'll tell ye one thing, Cap'n, it wouldn't be a bad idee for me to carry that magnet an' a needle in my pocket when I go off fishin'. Layin' to in a fog, I might rig up sompin' that could give me the p'ints o' the compass."

A month or so later, about the middle of July, Jimmy Cantwell started off one morning to pull his trawl, which was set a matter of five miles off Seabury Point. With him in the dory was Captain Pollett's grandson, a child of ten years. The youngster had been teasing for some time to be allowed to go with Jimmy, and finally, the day being fair and the water smooth, the captain had consented.

The outward trip was made without incident worthy of note, and reaching the trawl, Jimmy was busy for three hours or more pulling it and setting a second one which he had brought out with him.

"What would you do if you got lost in a fog out here?" questioned the boy as Jimmy finished setting the trawl.

"Do? I dunno, Henry," replied Jimmy, "I might take to the oars, relyin' on my tuition, as folks say, an' then again, I might rig some sort o' a compass. That's no tellin' what ye'll do until ye get ketched in the fog, Spekkin' o' fog, I guess it wouldn't be a bad idee for us to be gettin' under way. That's a fog-bank creepin' in on us now. I wish I'd see it afore. Can't be much more'n ha'f a mile off, if it is that. Now don't ye talk to me no more for a spell, bub, 'cause I've got to do some hvily pullin' at the oars."

Jimmy settled down to the oars in earnest, well knowing what that blanket of fog would mean, once caught in it. It was with alarm that he noted the obseseness of it, and he exerted himself to the utmost to keep ahead of it. It was all to no purpose, however, for within ten minutes from the start, the distant shore was out of

"Henry, I guess I ain't got no tuition," remarked Jimmy after more than two hours of vigorous pulling at the oars. "I ain't got the slightest idee whar we be. Don't ye get skeered, though, 'cause we'll get shore some how, sooner or later. Soon as I get my wind a bit, I'm goin' to try it again."

"Don't you want a drink of water out of the jug?" questioned the boy, starting to reach for the jug which was under the stern seat.

"No-o-o, I guess I won't tech it jest now, Henry," replied Jimmy, slowly. "We'll be a bit sparin' on it, being as that jug's all we got."

Jimmy presently resumed his oars and it was a long time before he spoke again. Then night was evidently at hand.

"Henry, ye an' me has got to make a night on it," said Jimmy, shipping his oars. "I'm goin' to heave over the anchor an' then we'll make the best on it until mornin. Don't ye go to gettin' skeered, bub."

"I'm not afraid," replied the boy. "Grand'pa said only this morning that he'd trust me anywhere with you."

"He did, eh?" queried Jimmy, a grin on his face. "Wall, I guess maybe he didn't make no mistake. I'll look arter ye, an' don't ye forget it. Now we'll eat two or three o' them crackers an' a bite o' cheese, an' then we'll top off with jest a sip o' that water."

Half an hour later, Jimmy removed the stern seat, making a snug place for the boy to sleep in, and tucking the dory's sail about the youngster, told him to go to sleep.

"If this fog don't lift by mornin' we'll be in a purty pickle," ruminated Jimmy. "I'd jest like to see the feller that's got tuition 'nough to find his way out o' a fog like this without a compass. I don't believe that's a man livin' that could do it. Speakin' o' a compass, reminds me o' that magnet o' mine. I've got it in my pocket, an' I've got a needle. I can magnify the needle all right, thar ain't no doubt 'bout that part, but how in the world be I goin' to hang it so that it'll flop 'round an' p'int to the nor'ard? That's a poser."

For two hours or more Jimmy pondered over the perplexing question without making any headway, and finally he dozed off in the bow of the dory, his head resting on his arm, which was thrown across the gunwale of the boat.

The night passed and just as it was beginning to get light, Jimmy awoke to find the blanket of fog still about them, and with no sign of lifting. About the first thing that he thought of was the magnet in his pocket, and taking it out, he looked at it.

"I wouldn't mind much 'bout it, if I'd was out here 'lone," he muttered, glancing at the still sleeping boy, "but I don't like the idee o' the boy bein' hungry an' maybe thirsty bimeby. How do they, balance one o' them needles? That's what I'd like to know."

For a few minutes Jimmy sat sturing at the magnet. Suddenly he straightened up and grinned.

"Thar, ain't nothin' like bein' driv to it!" he chuckled. "What's to hinder magnifyin' that needle an' ramgin' it through a bit o' cork jet big 'nough to float it? Come to float it in that gurry-bucket. I've a notion that it'll p'int to the north."

Removing the cork stopple from the jug, Jimmy cut off a small bit about the size of a pea, and in a moment later he was rubbing the tip of the needle on the magnet. When he was convinced that it was well magnetized, he carefully worked it through the centre of the bit of cork. This done, he reached over the side of the dory and filled his bucket with water, and setting it in the bottom of the boat, patiently waited until the water was still. The sea was like glass, not even a swell, so that it was not long before all was as he wished it.

"I guess the cap'n 'ould laff if he was to see what I'm up to," he chuckled gently placing the floated cork in the centre of the bucket. Then he watched. For an instant or two he saw nothing unusual; then, little by little, he saw the needle turn. It made nearly a half-circle and then stopped short. To make sure, he turned it half round and again watched for developments. Again it slowly turned and once more pointed to the same quarter.

"Wake up, Henry, we're goin' to get under way!" he shouted.

"Where to?" questioned the boy, arousing.

"I don't know whar we be, Henry, but the shore is yender," replied Jimmy. "I know the p'ints o' the compass. Just as soon as I weigh anchor we'll start."

Having pulled in the anchor, Jimmy dropped the oars into the thole-pins and turned to the boy.

"Don't ye move a muscle until I tell ye to," he commanded. "I've rigged a compass in this bucket, an' I want to tell ye that it's mighty tittish."

With his eyes glued on the needle until it came to a stop, Jimmy held up a warning finger.

"That's the p'int we're goin' to head for," he said at length, pointing to the left. "Don't speak to me, 'cause I've got to keep that direction in mind a spell until I take my hearin's agin."

Bending to the oars, Jimmy now pulled for all he was worth for a quarter of an hour or more. Then, backing water until the boat had come to a full stop, he again cautioned the boy to keep quiet.

"Guess I kep' the course purty close, considerin' the fog," he remarked, having consulted his remarkable compass. "May be quite a spell afore we tech shore, but we're headed for it."

Again Jimmy bent to the oars, this time for a rather longer period. Suddenly he rested on his oars and held up his forefinger.

"Henry, that sounds like the old bar a-moanin'!" he exclaimed. "Yes, sir, Henry, that's the bar for sure. I've heared it too many times to get fooled 'bout that sound. Inside o' ten minutes ye're goin' to see the P'int, mark my word on't. Eat the rest o' them crackers an' that cheese, an' drink all the water ye want."

Jimmy was not mistaken. It was but a short time before he was skirting the bar at the mouth of Seabury River, and a few moments later, making out the dim form of the Point, he headed for it.

"Henry, I b'lieve that is your gran'father down thar on the shore!" exclaimed Jimmy as the dory neared the Point. "It looks as though he'd been thar all night a-waitin' for us."

It was indeed Captain Follett that Jimmy saw, and it was true that he had walked the Neck since sunset, hoping for, yet as time passed, almost doubting the return of his grandson.

"How did ye manage to get here?" questioned the captain, gripping Jimmy's hand as the latter stepped out of the dory.

"Had a compass," replied Jimmy proudly.

"Why didn't you get here before, then?" demanded the captain.

"Didn't have one until 'bout an hour ago, Cap'n."

"Didn't have one!"

"Nary compass."

"What ye been drivin' at, Jimmy?"

"I told ye a spell back that I had a notion I could make one on 'em," exclared Jimmy, grinding. "Wall, all o' a sudden this mornin' 'bout light, it come to me how to do it. Had my magnet an' a needle with me. Magnified the needle, stuck it through a bit o' cork an' floated it in my gurry-bucket. When I see it turn 'round an' p'int, I jest laffed, thinkin' o' ye. Thar's the contraption now, Cap'n. Take a look at it. Thar may be compasses that's more up to date, Cap'n, but thar ain't one on 'em that can p'int to a better north than that one. Anyhow I come ashore by it an' that's all I care 'bout."

The following day Captain Pollett came down to Jimmy at the landing and he said:

"Jimmy hose's sompin' to hang on your watch-chain," and he handed Jimmy a little gold compass. "Maybe that'll come in handy some day when ye ain't got a magnet or needle with ye."

"Thank ye, Cap'n" replied Jimmy looking at the gift. "That sure looks a sight neater'n the one I rigged. Then, too, I won't have to stop my dory ev'ry time I want to get my bearin's."

"But if ye weren't a boy worth helpin', I wouldn't a got it for ye, it's the like what does for himself that deserves compasses." Jimmy looked after the captain as he went striding along over the sand and he drew a long breath.

"It sure does pay to keep tryin' to make somethin' of yerself. Never know when the eyes of somebody's on ye. It sure does pay."

KEEP UP THE HUMUS SUPPLY

The example of this farm furnished a striking illustration of the building up of a poor sandy soil by the addition of organic matter and the judicious use of fertilizers while the soil was yielding a fair financial return each year, by a continuous growing of crops. The fact that it is well has been built up by such simple methods, and the yields maintained for so long a period, teaches some valuable lessons for the region concerning fertility problems in general, and furnishes an example of the effectiveness of fertilizers in the presence of sufficient organic matter. The example is all the more remarkable because on this farm no lime and no manure has been applied, and only comparatively small amounts of commercial fertilizer have been used.—U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Don't Submit to Asthma. If you suffer without hope of breaking the chains which bind you do not put off another day the purchase of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Remedy. A trial will drive away all doubt as to its efficiency. The sure relief that comes will convince you more than anything that can be written. When help is so sure, why suffer? This matchless remedy is sold by dealers everywhere.

The mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.

GARDEN GENEROSITY

The soft June wind was like a gentle caress, the sky above was blue, and below, the gardens were beginning to wear their colored tapestry.

"Summer in New England! Can anything be lovelier than this radiant morning?" Mrs. Dennison asked herself. "Eight, nine, no, ten white peonies out! And six pink ones! Oh, and some crimson buds just bursting! I wish they bloomed more the second year, but I'm proud to have these—I hope they'll last till Bob comes home."

Mrs. Denison was as yet a young gardener and full of youthful enthusiasm. Going from bed to bed, she pulled a weed here, propped a plant there, and fairly loved her flowers into growing. At last the ringing of the telephone-bell recalled her to other duties.

"It's Mrs. Symonds," said an insistent voice. "I want to speak about Letty Neale's wedding. Yes. It's tomorrow, you know, and there's some kitten about the flowers. We're all going to send our gardens, and I was sure you'd like to do your part. Have you, but some peonies? They make such a showing."

"I haven't many," said Mrs. Dennison, hesitatingly. "You see—"

"Oh, but every little tells, and I know you won't grudge them," persisted Mrs. Symonds's voice. "Just leave them at my house tomorrow morning," and she hung up the receiver with a commanding click.

"I hate to be a pig," thought Mrs. Dennison, ruefully, as she surveyed her treasures the next day. Overnight the red buds had burst into gorgeous crimson bloom. "But I did want Bob to see them, so that we could decide just which kinds to get more of." Then summoning her courage, she quickly snipped flower after flower.

Mrs. Symonds was not in. With a sigh of relief, Mrs. Dennison left the peonies with the maid who had said, "Not at home." But as she passed the garden she heard Mrs. Symonds arguing with her gardener. The sounds floated over the low stone wall. Beyond gleamed the flowers in heavy profusion, and the pride of the garden, the peony plants, were rich with blossoms.

"No, Michael," said the good lady, with decision. "We won't cut any peonies. Other people have sent plenty, and I can't really bring myself to part with them. If they were needed—but it would seem absolutely wicked to deprive passers-by of the pleasure of seeing those splendid flowers blooming together."

As Mrs. Dennison went back to her desolated garden, she frowned, but in a moment she laughed an irreverent laugh, that it would have pained Mrs. Symonds to hear.

"I think I'll take Bob to-morrow to be a 'passer-by,'" she said. "It may not be good for his soul, but it will certainly be good for his sense of humor."

A MIND RELIEVED

A little old lady came into the station at Ames and asked for a ticket to Greenburg. "Thirty-nine, cents" said the agent as he got the ticket.

"Thirty-nine!" exclaimed the woman. "Why, I thought it was forty!"

"No," said the man, as he gave her the change. "It is just thirty-nine."

The woman took the change and the ticket and sat down, but she did not put either change or ticket into her purse. She held them in her hand, and looked quite troubled. Finally she went to the agent again.

"I am sure there is some mistake," she said. "I came from Greenburg yesterday and I paid forty cents."

"Our regular rate to Greenburg is thirty-nine cents," said the agent. "It is all right, madam," he added, in a reassuring way.

Again she took her seat, but not for long. Again she came to the window and spoke to the agent:

"Will you please explain to me why the rate from here to Greenburg is only thirty-nine cents, when the rate from Greenburg here is forty?"

This was a question that the agent really could not answer, but the woman looked so distressed over the unexpected cent received in change that he felt sorry for her.

"Oh, it's down grade going that way, you know," he explained, in a businesslike way.

"So it is!" she said, in a tone of enlightenment. Her face cleared at once. She put the change into her purse and in great content sat down to wait for her train.

PAYS TO KEEP THE DISC HARROW SHARP

The disc harrow is a tillage tool found on nearly every farm. Its useful life is about 20 years, as shown by carefully compiled statistics. Thus it is a long-lived tool. There is very little about a disc to wear out. It has few moving parts, and if given good care, should cause little bother. Discs should be gone over carefully every season. During the winter months the boxes should be taken apart and carefully cleaned, and if badly worn, replaced. See to it that the oiling system works, and that the bearings are getting oil. Keep the arbor bolt tight. This holds the disc firmly in place. If the disc is used much it should be sharpened at least once each season. This greatly increases the penetration and decreases the draft, as it will do more work with less fuel. It will also do better work, and because it does not need so much angle or set there is less strain and wear on the boxes. While a dull disc will cut, it is like a dull axe, inefficient and expensive to work with.—Canadian Countryman.

GENTLENESS

Gentleness is a natural element. To train, restrain or subdue the character so that it will manifest this virtue is not to give to that character the element of gentleness. The result will be to tame, but not to make gentle. When one is able to control by watchfulness his actions, so that they result in gentleness, he possesses something less than gentleness. Gentleness must be natural to be truly genuine. Where love, latent and fervent, abounds, that is the sort of soul that possesses gentleness. It is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth should speak. It is from the abundance of regenerate spirit that the soul shall unveil the grace of gentleness in myriad relations. Disposition, temper, and manner are in the province of this virtue. They must possess it.

JUDGING BY EXPERIENCE

At the local club the conversation had got on the topic of the English language, its uses and abuses.

"Have you ever noticed," said one man, "how fond people are of using garden phrases when speaking of a woman. Her cheeks are always 'roses,' her hands are 'lily-white,' her eyes are 'dewy violets,' and—"

"You've forgotten one," broke in the man with the sour face, who had hitherto been silent.

"Which one?"

"Her tongue. It's a 'scarlet runner'."

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Beats, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy. If they Tire, Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists in Canada. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

WINTER CARE AND REPAIR OF FARM MACHINERY

"Let him use more machinery then," is the stock phrase and cure-all prescribed by the "know-it-all" of the farmer's labor problem. This is just what he has been doing for a generation or over since city wages were distinctly higher than those upon the farm. To-day machinery has doubled in cost because it does not grow upon the land by the free agency of sunlight like crops but is made in cities and by labor that exacts far more than the farmer's wage. Thus there is a limit to the machinery the farmer can afford to buy and to the extent to which he can substitute machinery for expensive labor. In other words machinery is now expensive labor.

Farmers, therefore, are going to house their machinery in some way since the price is still soaring and since the life of an implement well cared for is prolonged four, or five times the life of machinery which is left in the open. An energetic farmer will not allow his horse or cow to stand out in the rain or snow. He will rush it to get his crop into the ground on time and in the best possible condition and he will gather his harvest promptly and carefully and then there is the least possible loss. Many of us will do all these things and still allow a part of the toil-earned revenue to be swallowed up in the purchase of sky soaring priced machinery or in expensive repairs.

How to fix that each implement wears out and does not rust out. Every one knows that it should be housed, but housing under any condition and not properly caring for it otherwise, constitute very poor care. Machinery may be just as well cared for if it is allowed to stand in the shade of a tree as if stored in some of the leaky sheds open sheds, poorly drained sheds of combined implement sheds and hen roosts which are found.

Do not merely go through the motion but shelter considerately and before doing so, first list the repairs needed for next season and secure them along with an assortment of bolts, rivets, springs, etc., in time to have each implement repaired and ready for use on time. An implement in repair at all times will have a longer life and will give more satisfactory service during its life than one receiving irregular attention. Secondly, clean and oil each machine and give all polished surfaces an application of some anti-rust preparation. Axle grease or other lubricant will answer the purpose.

Another "critter" occupies space in the implement shed, the twenty-four-hour-day roof horse or tractor has arrived on the farm. To insure more efficient use of this implement next season there are two things that should be given special attention. First, take steps to put it in the best possible condition now, and secondly learn as much as possible about the fundamentals of tractor operation. Read carefully the instruction book; newspapers, books and magazine articles also furnish a wealth of information. If possible attend one of the tractor schools which will be conducted during the winter. Leave nothing undone that will fit you to become a more proficient tractor operator.

A properly fitted work shop is a necessity on most farms. It provides a means of acquiring the "knack" in doing repair work. Again, at critical times, such as harvesting or seeding seasons, one long trip to town for repairs may cause a loss more than equal to the value of a well equipped shop.

Paint, although last mentioned is by no means the least important factor in prolonging the usefulness of an implement. Painted machinery on the farm is an exception rather than a general rule. The chief utility of paint is in protecting materials rather than improving appearances. Paint of good quality only should be used and the surface to be painted should be dry and clean before the paint is applied.—Experimental Farms Note by W. L. Graham, Asst. Dominion Field Husbandman.

MATRIMONIAL ALTERATIONS

"Agnes married a self-made man, didn't she?"

"Yes, but she has compelled him to make extensive alterations."

OVER-EATING

is the root of nearly all digestive evils. If your digestion is weak or out of kilter, better eat less and use

KI-MOIDS

the new aid to better digestion. Pleasant to take—effective. Let Ki-moids help straighten out your digestive troubles.

MADE BY SCOTT & BOWNE MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMULSION 19-14

Successful Men Always Saved

They were thrifty. They were shrewd enough to see that the habit of saving meant the strengthening of character. With the money saved they were able to take advantage of opportunities as they arose.

Resolve today to open a Savings Account in this Bank.

THE **Bank of Nova Scotia**

Paid-up Capital - - $ 8,700,000
Reserve Fund - - - 12,000,000
Resources - - - - 170,000,000

W. K. GRAHAM, Acting Manager, Acton Branch

Acton Creamery & Dairy Co.

HIGHEST PRICES
Paid For Your Cream
FAIR TEST AND FULL SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE FOR BUTTER FAT
Will Receive Any Amount of Cream You Bring In

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE FOR CREAM AND EGGS

Open Wednesday, Friday and Saturday Evenings

AGENTS FOR THE SHARPLES' CREAM SEPARATOR
Call and See One

Acton Creamery & Dairy Co.
MANN & WATSON, Proprietors
WILLOW STREET — Opposite Government Building

A DIPLOMA FROM THE **Guelph Business College**
Herald Building - Guelph
Is Your

To success in the Business World
Phone TODAY or write, so that we have a place for you.
A. L. BOUCK, Principal

W. Philp
Teacher of Piano, Violin and Other String Instruments

ALSO PIPE ORGAN

Will visit Acton on Wednesday of each week until further notice.

Pupils prepared for Conservatory Examinations. Messages left at Acton Free Press office will receive prompt attention.

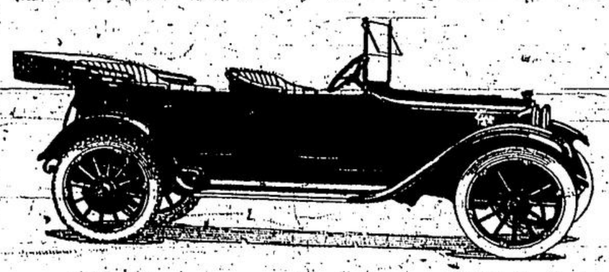
CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Real Estate

If you have a house for sale.
If you want to buy a house in Acton ask.

R. J. KERR
Auctioneer and Real Estate Dealer
PHONE 16
YOUNG STREET - ACTON, ONT.

Dodge Bros. Motor Cars



The owner of a Dodge Car can safely depend upon consistent, continuous and economical daily seeive, universally low gasoline consumption and high tire millage.

J. N. O'NEILL
Acton & Georgetown
John Leishman Representative for Acton

LET'S GO

Put one hundred men on an island where fish is a staple article of sustenance. Twenty-five of the men catch fish. Twenty-five others clean fish. Twenty-five cook the fish. Twenty-five hunt fruit and vegetables. The entire company eats what those is gathered and prepared.

So long as everybody works there is plenty. All hands are happy.

Ten of the allotted fish catchers stop catching fish.

Ten more Mrs and kids part of the fish they catch.

Five continue to catch fish, but work only part of the day at it.

Fewer fish go into the community kitchen.

But the same number of men insist upon having the same amount of fish to eat as they had before.

The fifty men who formerly cleaned and cooked the fish have less to do owing to the smaller supply of fish. But they continue to demand food.

Gradually greater burdens are laid upon the fruit and vegetable hunters. These insist upon a larger share of fish in return for their larger efforts in gathering fruit and vegetables. It is denied them and soon 20 of the 25 quit gathering vegetables.

But the entire one hundred men continue to insist upon their right to eat.

The daily food supply gradually shrinks. The man with two fish demands three bananas in exchange for one of them. The man with two bananas refuses to part with one for fewer than three fish.

Finally the top men remaining at work quit in disgust. Everybody continues to eat. The hidden fish are brought to light and consumed. Comes a day when there is no food of any kind. Everybody on the island blames everybody else.

What would seem to be the solution? Exactly! We thought you would guess it.

For we repeat that you can't eat, buy, sell, steal, give away, hoard, wear, use, play with or gamble with what isn't.—Chicago Herald and Examiner.

Miller's Worm Powders will eradicate the worm evil that bears so heavily on children and is believed to cause many fatalities. They are an acceptable medicine to children and can be fully relied upon to clear the food channels thoroughly of these destructive parasites and restore the inflamed and painful surfaces to healthfulness. They are an excellent remedy for those evils.

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 little advertisements? 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

A. D. SAVAGE
OPTOMETRIST AND MFG. OPTICIAN
RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE
PHONE 1031 E GUELPH, ONT.

When You Need
BOOTS SHOES
At any Time

BUY FROM
W. WILLIAMS
Mill Street - Acton

FAMOUS FOR
Satisfactory Footwear
REASONABLE PRICES

Wash Day Labor Savers

WASHING MACHINES

We have a Machine that will suit your Come in and let us demonstrate.

Ideal Water Power	$24.00
New Idea	$19.50
New Century Jr. 11	$17.50
Dowswell	$10.75
Patriot	$18.50
Playtime	$19.25
Electric Ting Dayer	$90.00
Wringer and Tub Stand complete, holds two tubs and adds up	
Bicycle	$11.00
Protector	$10.50
Rex	$9.75
Rapid	$9.50
Wringer Without stand	
Warranty	$6.00
Haverelge	$8.50
Oxford	$8.50
Playtime	$6.75
Wash Boards	55c, 60c, 70c
Galvanized Wash Tubs	$1.40, $1.85
$2.00 and $2.25.	
Indoor Clothes Line Reels, take up small space, ea.	75c

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.

D-1039

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 HOLLAND OATS THIS DEPT

Canada Food Board License No. 8-8

Robert Noble, Limited
HENRY AWREY - MANAGER