The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1920.

THE VALUE OF A FRIEND

What is the best a friend can be
To anyone, to you or me?
Not only shelter, comfort, rest,
Inmost refreshment, unexpressed,
Not only a beloved guide
To thread life's labyrinth at our side,
Or with love's torch lead on before;
Though these be much, there yet is more.

The best friend is an atmosphere
Warm with all inspiration dear,
Wherein we breathe the large, free breath
Of life that has no taint of death.
Our friend is an unconscious part
Of every true beat of our heart;
A strength, a growth, whence we derive
God's health, that keeps the world alive.

Can friend lose friend? Believe it not!
The Shaper whereof life is wrought,
Weaving the separate into one,
Nor end hath, nor beginning; spins
From subtle threads of destiny,
Finer than thought of man can see,
Can take not back his gifts divine,
While thy soul lives, thy friend is thine.

If but one friend has crossed thy way,
Once only, in thy mortal day;
If only once life's best surprise
Has opened on thy human eyes,
Ingrate thou wert, indeed, if thou,
Dilat not in that rare presence bow,
And on earth's holy ground, unshod,
Speak softer the dear name of God.

—Lucy Larcom.

JIM'S PAY CHECK

THE six o'clock whistle had blown and a stream of dusty tired men and boys were crowding through the factory gates. Last of all to leave the building was a group of "labellers"—boys who pasted labels on boxes and cans. In this group Jim Mason walked slowly, scrutinizing the bit of paper in his hand. Five eighty! He began to count: Monday, four hundred; Tuesday, three hundred and sixty-four; Wednesday, four hundred and four; Thursday, four hundred; Friday,—a handache— only two hundred and sixty. Twenty-two hundred and forty-eight. He had counted up for the five days before he had left home this morning and added to-day's labels hurriedly before the whistle blew. This should amount to five dollars and fifty cents, but the check certainly read five eighty.

The boy's heart had leaped when he saw the check was larger than he had been expecting. Thirty cents! What could he do with thirty cents!

"How here," Jim jogged a boy with his elbow. "Old Foxy' gimme five eighty instead of five fifty."

Ben Streeter, the boy stopped, was older than Jim and was a leader among the boys. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Didn't you do that much?"

Jim shook his head. "Not's I figure it out."

"Well keep mum and say nothing," advised Ben, handing the paper back. "They'll not miss it. What's the matter? What ye going to do?"

Jim was turning about, a troubled look in his eyes. "Miss it? You s'pose it is a mistake?"

Ben laughed loudly. "Hear 'im fellers, he thinks Foxy's been a-making him a present."

Jim was pushing back through the throng toward the gate. Pete Olney, a big "labeller," caught him and dragged him forward lagain. "Here," he called "this kid's havin' an attack of honesty. He's wantin' to carry that money back. He's got to treat us with it, hain't he, fellers?"

"I'll not," said Jim stoutly. "Leggo my arm."

He'jerked away from Olney and ran back to the factory; but the night watchman was closing the door.

"Let me in. I want to see Foxy—Mister Fox."

The man calmly turned the key in the lock. "Closing time. Can't go in now."

"It's important," protested Jim. "I'd ought to see him to-night."

The watchman was walking away, so there was nothing to do but go back. Jim walked along slowly thinking of that extra thirty cents. It was almost his, it ought to be his. Perhaps, after all, he had made the mistake. Was it likely that Foxy—Mister Fox would make a mistake in counting? Jim scouted the idea, convinced now that the money was his. He stepped into the little grocery where his mother and he traded, and deposited the check on their weekly account and received a dollar and eighty cents in "change." The dollar and a half must be saved for rent.

What should he buy with the thirty cents? What delightful surprise could he carry home to his mother? He priced articles from pink sunbonnets to grapes, decided on a basket of the latter, changed his mind at sight of a barrel of rosy-cheeked apples and at last went out without making a purchase. It might be better after all, to give her the money and let her spend it as she wished. This he did.

"Why, Jimmy, five eighty this week! You must have worked."

Then the story was told. How, he Jim, didn't know he had done so much. Either he had made a mistake or Fox had.

"You'll have to take it back and see," said his mother, decidely.

She said this so as a matter-of-course that Jim knew at once why he had tried to go back as soon as he had discovered the mistake—if it was a mistake.

It wouldn't have been so bad if the next day had not been Sunday; but to have a whole day and two nights in which to spend thirty cents, which was or wasn't yours—this was terrible. His mother helped him spend it. If it turned out to be he and not Foxy—Mister Fox who made the mistake, he was to buy a ticket to the dog and pony show that was coming to town, which he longed with all a boy's soul to see.

Monday morning, at seven, Jim presented himself at the office of the factory, but the great Fox was not in. In fact that gentleman had not breakfasted. The office boy who was dusting the desks flaunted the master in Jim's face.

"What d'you want, kid?" he demanded.

"Look me in the eye," Jim responded calmly. "Do you see anything green? I want to talk to men."

Whereupon the office boy threatened to come out and thrash Jim, but thought better of it when he got a fair look at the latter's square shoulders.

At ten o'clock Jim presented himself again at the cage which enclosed the book-keepers' desks. The great Fox was in now, but not in good mood for trifles.

"Mistake in pay check," he snapped. "No time to fool with that now."

Jim's valor wilted in his presence and he went back to work considerably ruffled in spirit. As he was going through the door the office boy whispered jeeringly: "Uhhuh! What'd I tell you, Got it right, didn't you?"

Jim carried the thirty cents home at noon. "I'll not go up there with it again mother," he declared.

"But if it isn't yours, it wouldn't be right to keep it."

There was nothing to do but carry it back to the factory again. All afternoon he could feel the coins in his pocket. He confided his troubles to Ben Streeter, who worked at the same table with him.

"You are a fool, Jimmy," was the verdict. "Those Foxy did make a mistake? What's thirty cents to millionaires like old Kuhlman and his son-in-law Hester? Foxy's liable to give you if you bother him any more about it. It makes him awful mad to be told he has made a mistake, even a little one."

Jim was alarmed at his friend's words and believed there was truth in them. He was ready to throw the thirty cents away—do anything with it—rather than have another night's worry. The hours went on slowly. By five-thirty he had only a few over two hundred. Having thirty cents in one's pocket was worse than a heldafire.

At a quarter of six Jim could stand it no longer. He laid down his paste brush and went to the office, resolved to have it out at any cost. To his dismay he found Kuhlman and Hester, the factory owners, in consultation with Fox. Jim stood fidgeting at the window, unnoticed by the men. At last the book-keeper turned to him.

"Well, what is it?" he asked, sharply.

"There was a mistake in my pay check last week." Jim was red-faced and trembling.

Fox came toward him, a frown on his face.

"How much short?"

"It wasn't short," Jim hastened to explain. "You paid me thirty cents too much."

A change passed over the great Fox's face, which Jim felt, rather than saw. He took the figures and thirty cents from Jim. "I'll look it up," he said, and went on with his conversation with the two men.

The next morning Jim came back to work with a light heart. The labels fairly flew through his fingers. But at ten o'clock a cloud fell. The foreman tapped him on the shoulder and said that he was wanted at the office. Jim sprang up, startled. What did it mean? He arranged his brushes and labels with trembling fingers.

"Too bad, old man," Ben muttered sympathetically. "I guess Foxy's gohn to git you, all right."

Pete Olney was laughing. "The wise kid's got somethin' comin!" he whispered.

Jim went through the long row of tables with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks. The awful fear that he was to lose his place paralyzed him.

The great Fox was alone in his office. Jim went in, nerving himself for indignant protest against summary dismissal for doing what he believed was right. If he had not been so excited he would have seen that there was an unusual expression on Fox's wrinkled face. What first brought him to his senses were the words which Foxy—Mister Fox was saying. Foxy was thanking him, Jim Mason, for calling their attention to the error. It has helped to clear up some things that had given trouble—some slight irregularities. The figures on Jim's pay check had been changed to cover some petty thieving. Briefly, the great Fox's conclusion was this. The firm of Kuhlman and Hester wanted an office boy. Did Jim want the place? Jim could do nothing but stammer out a confused, "Yes, thank you." The great Fox bowed him out with a parting word of advice.

"My boy, never forget that in business there is nothing so essential as rigid honesty—even though it be in a matter of only a few cents."—Advocate

A BARNYARD STORY

The farmer said unto his son, yes, Willie was his name, 'Here is a calf for you, my boy, to educate and scrub, to water it and diet it upon the wholesome grub."

The boy looked pleased at such a start, a tear came to his eye, he told his dada he'd do his best, he'd make an honest try.

The calf it had a bright career, it grew to beat the band, it was the finest looking scud that grazed upon the land. He gave it water, fed it hay, put bran into its feed, that cow had everything, by heck, a cow could ever need. It was along in fall, the boy, with an important air, put ribbons on the critter's tail and let it to the Fair.

And there it cleaned up everything from all the land around. It was a cow right from the horns to where it touched the ground.

A drover came around one day to buy some milking stock, and then the boy who fed the stock received one awful shock. The buyer pulled a long green purse that never could an smash—the boy he sold the cow all right, but father took the cash.

It's just such things as that, they say, that work a heap of harm, and makes it most almighty hard to keep boys on the farm.—AHK.

HOW DO YOU WALK?

According to the testimony of boot salesmen, the tendency of the average individual is to wear out one or other of his boots more quickly than the other. "There are all sorts of reasons for this," said the manager of a well-known London shop. "Corns on the right foot, for instance, mean that the left boot is going to be more heavily worn. I have known cases where one boot will be worn out two months before the other allows any signs of stress." Another reason suggested was the well-known theory of a difference in length between the right and left leg. The habit of stepping off moving trains and tramcars also bears hardly on the left foot.

PLANT FOOD MIXTURES THAT SHOULD NOT BE MADE

Fertilizers should never be mixed with manure, because such a mixture tends to let loose some of the nitrogen in the form of ammonia of both the manure and the fertilizers. Acid phosphate can be applied to manure at the rate of 50 lbs. to the ton of manure with great profit to the farmer. Best results can be obtained by applying manure and fertilizers separately. Never mix fertilizers with lime or ashes, or lime itself. A mixture with lime or ashes tends to change the soluble phosphoric acid of the fertilizer back to the slowly available or unavailable form.

ORIGIN OF "WHITE ELEPHANT"

The king of Siam in years gone by would send a white elephant to a courtier whom he disliked and whose fortune he wished to destroy. The man could not sell the elephant and the expense of keeping it eventually "broke him up." From that custom was handed down our present day saying, "He's got a white elephant on his hands."

A FRIEND

"If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him, yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tints his brow with sunset glow;
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?"

Experience is a school. It is also trying at times.

SHORTEST WILLS ON RECORD

"Leave all to her.—Frank A. Kirkley, 13th July, 1917."

This will, which has lately been proved, is said to be the shortest on record. It is written on the back of a girl's photograph, the portrait of the beneficiary.

Though said to be the shortest will on record this is not quite the fact, for there is one which consists of three words only—"All for mother." This was written on the back of an envelope by Mr. F. C. W. Thorne, of Streatham, who died in the year 1905.

Mr. Pilcairn, formerly a tobacconist in the president of a big American "Corporation" left a fortune of nearly three fifteen million dollars. Yet his will, leaving everything to his wife, contained only twelve lines of typewriting.

An elderly Frenchman was found dead in his house at Donnely, in the Ardennes. A search among his papers failed to reveal any will, until under his bed a piece of sheet iron was discovered, with these words written on it in white chalk:

"I bequeath all my property to the Borough of Ardenne, on condition that the mayor gives 100 to the local fire brigade for a beanfeast. (Signed.)"

The relatives disputed this queer and very brief will, but the local court decided that it was valid.

The longest will on record is that of the late Mr. Edward Hugh, a retired English engineer who died in 1909, leaving property worth $725,000.

It contained no less than 26,500 words, which is equal to all the printing on three sheets of an ordinary newspaper.

WISE SAYINGS

Count your resources, learn what you are not fit for and give up wishing for it, learn what you can do and do it with the energy of a man.

Some people are so sanguine in this world that they think they can plant a handful of seed in a snow drift and gather a car-load of strawberries the day after the first thaw.

If you would find out a man's real disposition, take him when he is wet and hungry, and if he is amiable there dry him and fill him up and you have an angel.

An old colored woman, hearing the jubilee melody said, "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen. Yes, and nobody knows how much less trouble we might see if we would stop looking at it."

PURE BRED POULTRY STOCK PAYS

The pure bred fowl possesses many advantages over cross-breds and mongrels. There is more reliability in their breeding. Experience has shown that pure bred birds will convert every particle of food and energy toward production. The meat is of improved quality and the flock is superior in every way for table poultry. The uniformity of the grade is more even and gives better market returns. The eggs are more even in size and color. The fowls present a much more attractive appearance, being uniform in size and color. The eggs and stock for breeding purposes are worth much more than for market alone. The revenue from this source in a good flock is not a small item. The preferred breed may also be selected for the particular purpose to which the farmer or poultry-men wishes to specialize upon.—Nova Scotia Dept. of Agriculture.

AN ALL-INCLUSIVE CHARITY

The two churches of Codville were not on the best terms with each other. The clergymen were friendly, but a spirit of rivalry animated most of the members, and the two societies seldom united for any purpose, religious, charitable or social.

Mrs. Harmon, a recent acquisition to the town, joined the North Church, where she speedily proved herself valuable in many ways.

"She's got what I call a wonderful lot of grace," said one of the other members to her husband. "Why, if you'll believe me, William, she seems to love everybody. Then't only her friends in the church and the neighbors; she actually speaks as if she felt real pleasant toward the members of the South Church. I couldn't get her to say one single thing against any of them!"

TIT FOR TAT IN EARNEST

From a Connecticut shore town comes a story which, is no good that one would be sorry to hear that it wasn't true. The local hows dealer, a woman, went to a grocer's for sugar, and was told that she could have it only by buying with it a specified quantity of the other goods. She bought the required amount and departed. A few days later the grocer called at the news room for his paper. "You can't have it," said the woman dealer, "unless you take" and then she named several magazines whose aggregate cost was many times that of the paper. The grocer took his medicine "gamely," bought all that the woman demanded, and—was thus enabled to leave the store with his daily paper in his pocket.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF COLDS

The logic of colds is simple enough. Treat a cold respectfully, put it to bed for the first twenty-four hours and it will retire from the scene with grace and speed. On the other hand, ignore the existence for a couple of days and it will gather such strength that soon you won't be able to think of anything else. Keep up the fight a week or no longer, going about your business as usual, and there's an even chance, in the present state of health statistics that the cold won't be a cold any more but will have put on the dignity of influenza. And influenza treated with contempt can show its mettle by turning into any one of a number of things that are worse.

RUNNING TRUE TO FORM

The liquor traffic is simply running true to form when it refuses to obey the law, or to recognize the binding force of the Constitution. It now serves notice that it will continue in this course in spite of the overwhelming sentiment against it. Because it is essentially selfish, and inherently law defying, it had to die if we were to remain a self-respecting nation.—Connecticut Citizen.

SHADOWS OF HISTORY

The small boy read from his history, "William the Conqueror landed in England in 1066 A. D."

"What does 'A. D.' stand for?" inquired the teacher.

The small boy pondered, says the New York Times.

"I don't exactly know," he replied at last. "Maybe it means after dark."

LOOKING UPON WORK AS DRUDGERY

Drudgery is not so much a matter of occupation as of mood. The man who thinks that he has discovered a gold mine, will toil for twenty-four hours at a stretch at the hardest manual labor, and not know that he is weary. And one who works without joy, without enthusiasm, finds drudgery in his task, even though he may be called an artist.

THE TIPPING EVIL

One of the causes of the high cost of living among those who travel much is the tipping evil. It is a curse which no organization or body of men or women seems to have the courage to resist. It has not one thing to recommend it, nor has it any decent excuse for its existence and perpetuation.

If one takes a night train from Ottawa to Toronto or vice versa, one has next morning to disgorge a quarter to a dusky porter for "brushin' you down sah," said brushing down being a nuisance to everyone in the car. The dust from one person's clothes is brushed on to the next person's and so on all down the car, and during the process the operator collects toll. If there are 24 people in the car and he gets a quarter from each one he adds the neat little sum of $6.00 to his "meagre" salary.

When one gets to the hotel a boy accompanies the traveller to his room puts down his bag, turns on the light, tinkers with the water taps, looks in the clothes closet, and makes a general nuisance of himself until he is given a "tip" to get out.

In the dining room one usually pays a good fair price for everything that is eaten, and it is quite possible that the waiters union scale is so that the man who carries in the "hash" and sets it on the table is adequately recompensed for his arduous toil. Yet he expects and generally receives a tip and in order that the ordeal shall be as painless as possible he usually manages to have a goodly sprinkling of silver on the tray when he brings back the remnants of the five of ten or whatever it may be that was used in paying for the meal.

Now we are told that in New York the restaurants are going to make a change by adding a "service fee" to the check instead of allowing them to accept tips. These will be added up and returned to the waiters at the end of each week. The wealthy patrons of New York's restaurants will not likely protest against this hold-up, yet if followed to its logical conclusion is there any reason why the clerk in the store, the deliveryman on the wagon, the post office clerk, or anyone who does one any service for which they are paid, should not receive, in addition a tip from the customer waited upon?

The tipping evil is a real evil and one which has been created by the people and which we don't seem to have the backbone to exterminate. It is a relic of bygone days, and is out of place in this age of trade unions and high wages.

A SUCCESSFUL LIFE

To make life as successful as you can, you should not go away by yourself and say that you will live a good life, and then do nothing else. To cherish self is not the way to do service. You must lose self. Make yourself so strongly a part of the whole world that you influence all the other parts, and the more strongly cement them together. Take in some other life, nerve it and show it that there is a divine image hidden in it. Develop that image, and in so doing you beautify your own life.—Phillips Brooks.

BUSY FATHER

"Mother," asked little three-year-old Freddie, "are we going to see some day?"

"Yes, dear, I hope so," was the reply.

"I wish father could go, too," continued the little fellow.

"Well, and don't you think he will?" asked his mother.

"Oh no," replied Freddie, "he could not leave his business"—Tit-Bits.

Courteous, Painstaking Service

From the moment you have opened your account with us we look upon you as a friend of the Bank, to be served in every way possible, at every turn.

It is this spirit of "friendly service" that has been largely responsible for this Bank's solid, steady 87 years of progress.

We will appreciate your account.

—THE Bank of Nova Scotia

Paid-up Capital - $ 9,700,000
Reserve Fund - 12,000,000
Resources - 220,000,000

W. K. GRAHAM
Acting Manager
Acton Branch

Every Day in the Week

SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THU. FRI. SAT.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7
8 9 10 11 12 13 14

VANCOUVER VICTORIA WINNIPEG TORONTO

Toronto-Vancouver
(Both Ways)
(Commencing SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5th, 1919)
TORONTO
(UNION STATION)
9.15 P.M.
DAILY
MOST MODERN EQUIPMENT
Standard Sleeping, Dining, Tourist and Colonist Cars. First-class Day Coaches. Parlor Car through the Rockies.
Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Friday
Canadian National all the way.
Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday
Via G.T.R., North Bay, Cochrane and Canadian National.
Further information from Canadian National Ticket Agents or
GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, TORONTO

Toronto - Winnipeg
Superimposed Tourist Sleeping Cars

Canadian National Railways

Free Press Ads. Bring Results

The Standard of Motor Car Value

Everywhere, now, you find cars compared with the Gray-Dort for value.

Because the Gray-Dort has become the standard—a new and higher standard—giving more for the money than ever was given before—and setting new standards of strength and quality for light cars.

Here's What You Get In the Gray-Dort at $1365 (plus war tax)
Compare it with Other Cars.

The Gray-Dort Motor is big and finely built, like a watch. 40 pound crankshaft; non-warping, quiet valves; light, three-ringed pistons; Carter carburetor, Connecticut ignition; Westinghouse starting and lighting; cellular radiator and big water jackets.

The leadership of the Gray-Dort motor is paralleled by the leadership of the Gray-Dort chassis. Here is a strong, solid frame of heavy channel steel; a big, husky rear axle, designed and built exclusively for us here in Chatham; Chatham-built springs; full cantilever in the rear; big brakes, with Thermoid lining; a new steering gear, 50% bigger and stronger than has been used for light cars; a big gas-tank in the rear, with vacuum feed system.

Nothing can take away your pride in the smooth, flowing lines of your Gray-Dort. No other car can equal the wonderful Gray-Dort finish, which we have spent 60 years in developing.

And there is the smart, new top; hand-tailored in our own shops; French-pleated upholstery; a new hood, with many long, narrow louvres; snug side-curtains, which open with the doors; a shorter, smarter cowl which gives more room in the driving compartment; seats tilted at the most comfortable angle; increased leg-room in the toonneau; lamps raised to give size to the front of the car.

Once you know the Gray-Dort, you will be too critical to accept any other light car. There will be thousands who will agree with you—probably several thousand more purchasers than there will be Gray-Dorts. We urge you to see the Gray-Dort dealer now.

Prices

The Gray-Dort 5-passenger car finished in Gray-Dort green and black and with standard equipment is $1365 f.o.b. Chatham. War tax extra.

The roomy 2-passenger roadster is the same price.

The Gray-Dort Special

For the man who wishes something a little extra in his car, we have built the Gray-Dort Special. Maroon body, with brown leatherette top. Plate glass rear window. Gipsy curtains. Rookie tan wheels. Motometer. Tilting steering wheel. Real leather upholstery. Mahogany instrument board. Just the touches which lift this car above the ordinary. $150 extra on the standard.

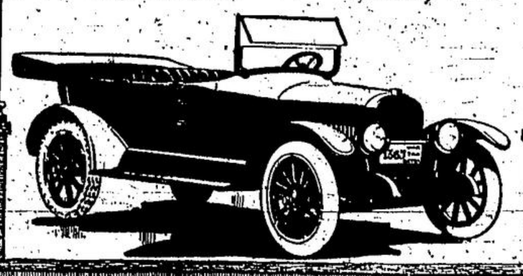
And the Ace!

The Gray-Dort Ace—the most beautiful light car of to-day. Sapphire green body with handsome California top to match.

Trouble lamp and bulls-eye flashlight. Electric cigar lighter. Rear-vision mirror. Plate glass windows. Oversize grooved-tread tires. This is the future car for the man who does not wish to pile up a tremendous operating cost. $255 extra on the standard.

GRAY-DORT MOTORS, LIMITED
Chatham - Ontario
U.S. Factory—Detroit Mich.

C. H. Harrison - Acton, Ont.



$1365 GRAY-DORT

THEN AND NOW

The New York Chronicle says that time was when our fathers rode miles to worship God in a cold, cheerless church, poorly lighted, with rugged benches, and no artistic furnishings. Then they rose and sang lustily:

"Come ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known."

Time is when their sons go to church—those who go at all—in motors and rivers, sit in cushioned pews, electrically lighted temples, well warmed, and art treasures all about—And they sit and sing languidly:

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,
"Art thou sore distressed?"

NOT ON THE MENU

A man in khaki, just back from France, went into a restaurant. After glancing over the bill of fare he looked around the room for one of our amateur waiters.

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, sliding over in response to his call, with a glass of water and a napkin.

"Tell me, waiter," remarked the soldier, "have you got frogs' legs?"

"No sir," was the rather unexpected answer. "It is rheumatism that makes me walk like this."—London Referee.

It is no disgrace to be poor, but it is often inconvenient.

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.

All Business Colleges are not Alike! Select a School Carefully
ELLIOTT Business College
Yonge and Charles Sts., Toronto
Invites the patronage of all who desire superior training. Get our catalogue, read our records, then decide. Enter now.
W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal

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

A. D. SAVAGE EYE TALKS

We are competent to serve all who are suffering from defective eyesight. The cause of your dimming vision may be of simple origin and corrected with very simple lenses. You may be benefitted by wearing resting glasses. We will be able to describe your condition exactly and make the proper glasses for you.

We Grind Our Own Lenses.

A. D. SAVAGE
OPTOMETRIST AND MFG. OPTICIAN
RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE
PHONE 103 X.
GUELPH, ONT.

When You Need
BOOTS SHOES
At any Time
BUY FROM
W. WILLIAMS
Mill Street - Acton
FAMOUS FOR
Satisfactory Footwear
REASONABLE PRICES.

Take the "C" Out of Chill With
Coal Oil Heaters

McClary's Oil Stoves, blue enamel, N. P. trimming $7.00
Black with N. P. Trimming $6.50
Easy to operate, no smoke, no odor

PERFECTION OIL STOVES
Black with N. P. Trimming $8.25
Black with Japanned Trimming $7.00
ELECTRIC HEATERS $6.50 & $10.00

"WE HAVE WHAT YOU WANT"

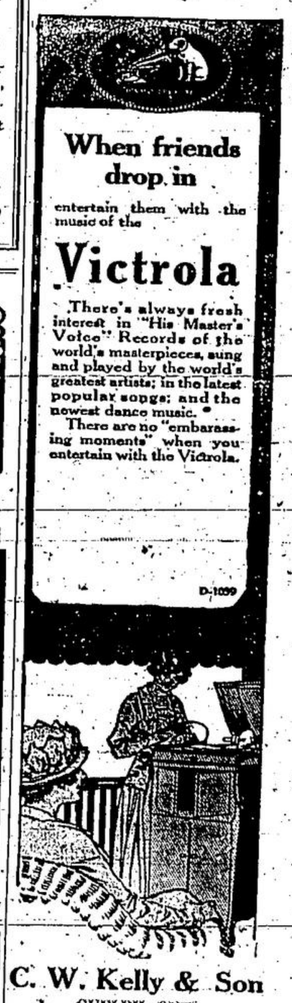
The BOND HARDWARE CO. Ltd.
Phone 1012. GUELPH

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
FEED CORN
Good Quality—A car just Arrived
We have a supply of the following now on hand:—
The well-known Brands of King's Choice, Naval and National Flour—nothing better.
ROLLED OATS, SHORTS, BRAN, OILCAKE, OAT-CHOP, FEED FLOUR
Salt in Baggels, 200-lb. Bags or small quantity if desired.
SPECIAL LINE IN CHICKEN FEED
GIVE OUR OATS MEAL A TRIAL
DOMESTIC ROLLED OATS THE BEST
Robert Noble, Limited
HENRY AWREY - MANAGER