The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1920

THE LITTLE CHURCH BACK HOME

When the big pipe organ's swellin'
and the city choir sings,
And you almost hear the rustlin' of
the flying angels' wings,
And the congregation's musin' in the
proneness for to sin—
Sort of leanin', listless, waitin' for the
preacher to begin.
In that holy hush it happens that I
clean forget the place,
And again I'm meek and lowly 'fore
the throne of savin' grace;
The throne that wasn't neatlin' 'neath
a spire or a dome,
But the altars sought their favour
in that little church back home.

When we had prostrated meetings
'twould have done you good to
hear
The congregation singing with a blend
of voices clear,
How the "Rock of Ages" towered like
a shoutin' sort of wall,
And our souls soared up to glory since
the "Rock" was cleft for all.
Every face was wreathed with sweetness
and we always had a smile
For the stranger, saint or sinner in
the pew across the aisle,
For a diamond's often gathered from
the wampumpost of loam,
And we didn't mind the settin' in the
little church back home.

The city choir's voices rise in cadences
so sweet,
As they sing about the river where
the saints and angels meet,
And the preacher's voice is pleadin'
as he asks us, soft and low,
To treat all men as brothers in this
weary vale of woe.
This city church is handsome and
the congregation's large,
The preacher's doing noble with his
heaven-seekin' charge;
The choir's swellin' anthems soar to
heaven through the dome,
But my heart is sighin' for the little
church back home.

LIVING UP TO INDIAN ROCK

By Harriet Lummis Smith

IN Joseph Bannister's youth it had been said of him that he was "mighty set in his ways," and the statement, though quite as much a criticism as a compliment, had tickled the young man's vanity. As he grew older he did his best to live up to his neighbors' idea of him, and with excellent success. He was in the middle of life when some one coined a phrase which was destined to stick. "He's as set as Indian Rock," declared a disgusted acquaintance who had vainly tried to lead him to change his mind, and from that time on, Joseph Bannister's characteristic trait was never mentioned without coupling it with the rocky which was one of the landmarks of the vicinity.

Indian Rock was a huge, egg-shaped stone balanced on the mountain side in a fashion suggesting that at any moment it might topple and go crashing through the trees, down into the rocky channel of Black River. But its air of instability was misleading. Generation after generation of young folks had tested that by pushing at first timorously, and then desperately. And through the years it had come to be the symbol for the immovable. It hung upon the slope of the mountain, looking as if the least jar might dislodge it from its place, and yet defying gravitation. Tradition connected it with the sacred rites of the Indians vanished two hundred years, but those old stories were rapidly being forgotten. To the new generation, Indian Rock typified Joseph Bannister, and Joseph Bannister was the personification of Indian Rock.

Milly Laughlin had never attracted her grandfather's attention particularly until her father's death. Joseph Bannister had an opinion of girls which had not been modified in the least by the achievements of the modern woman. He was disappointed that his daughter had been the mother of three girls, and had not given him a grandson, but he was not surprised. Grace had always disappointed him, in spite of her timid effort to carry out his wishes in everything. To the three girls, of whom Milly was the oldest, he paid much less attention than to the calves on his farm, for Joseph Bannister was proud of his cattle.

The sudden death of his son-in-law awakened Joseph Bannister to a sense of responsibility in regard to his daughter's family. He took several days to make up his mind what it was best for them to do. Then one morning he appeared without warning, ready to announce his decision. His daughter was not visible. "Mother's sick, this morning, Grandfather," Milly said. "Sit down."

Mr. Bannister took the chair she placed for him. "It doesn't matter about seeing your mother," he grumbled. "You can tell her what I've decided. Of course the farm's got to be sold."

"But Grandfather—"

"Don't interrupt me, Milly. We won't get much of a price for it, but that can't be helped. Your mother and Hester can come home to me. There's a family over Westbrook way, who've been looking for a child to adopt. If they'll take Violet, that's disposes of her. And you can get a service place and have your living, even if they don't pay you much."

He paused, but not to hear what she had to say, only to ask himself if he had covered the ground. But Milly took advantage of the pause. "It's very kind of you, Grandfather," she said, "to take so much pains planning everything. But you see we don't care to sell the farm."

"But there's no money in renting it, even if you found a good tenant, and that's not so easy, nowadays."

"We mean to run the farm," announced Milly clearly.

"Eh? What? The girl's crazy!"

"And even if we didn't keep the farm," continued Milly speaking with misleading quiet, "we shouldn't consider any plan for breaking up the family. There's nothing that would induce us to give Violet to anybody."

"Tut! Tut! Young woman, do you know whom you're talking to?"

"I'm sorry I don't seem appreciative, Grandfather, but mother and I have talked things over and made up our minds. This winter I'm going to the State College of Agriculture and learn all I can—"

"Spending money for schooling!"

"We hope it'll be a good investment. I know considerable about farm work now, but I want to study dairying particularly and—"

Her grandfather interrupted her with a loud angry laugh. "Well," he said, "I can't waste my time listening to nonsense. I've thought it all out and got things planned for you. Are you going to do as I say, yes or no?"

"Well, no, Grandfather—because—"

He did not wait for her to finish. "I suppose you think that when you've spent your father's life insurance money and are having a hard time, you can come to me and get me to help you out. Well, you won't get a dollar from me, not a dollar. D'ye understand?"

"Yes, Grandfather, but—"

"One thing more. I didn't favor your mother marrying George Laughlin and see how it's turned out. He's dead at forty-two, leaving his widow and three girls." He would have said "three imbeciles" in much the same tone. "Now I've given your mother one more chance, and if she turns it down, I'm done with her. I'm done with all of you. I don't want to see any more of you. I don't cross the threshold of this house again."

Milly had turned very pale. "I'll tell mother what you say, Grandfather. But if you insist on offering Violet for adoption—"

"I can't have a pack of children around underfoot," he said irritably. "If the Dailey's will take her, they can have her."

"Mother will never agree to that."

"That settles it, then. I'm done with the lot of you. And you think I'll change my mind. I guess you've heard folks say I was as hard to move as Indian Rock."

Milly nodded. She realized with amazement that the old man was very proud of his reputation for obstinacy.

"Well, talk it over with your mother. And if you haven't come to my terms by Saturday night, you needn't ever ask anything of me, for I've washed my hands of you."

Saturday night came and passed without any sign of capitulation on the part of the Laughlin family. And then in the weeks that followed, exciting bits of news reached the old man's ears. Milly had gone to the State College of Agriculture, for a special course. The neighborhood was conservative and inclined to look askance at self-styled "scientific farming," while for a girl to take a course in a college of agriculture seemed fairly amusing. Some people ventured to ask Joseph Bannister what he thought of his granddaughter's scheme.

"What I think of it is that nobody who makes such a fool of herself can call me grandfather. I've done with the lot of them and I guess everybody who knows me, knows that when I say a thing I mean it." His eyes travelled to the egg-shaped rock, looming up on the mountain side, and he smiled to realize the security of his reputation.

Milly returned from college in time to tackle the spring work. Her grandfather heard that she had rented part of the farm, and he chuckled maliciously. Then he heard that she was going to devote herself largely to dairying and chickens, he scowled. He never asked any questions about Milly, and never betrayed the slightest interest in the subject, but he was continually hearing bits of gossip concerning her. As a matter of fact Milly was the most talked-of girl for many a mile around. Milly and her sister Hester worked on the farm, as if they had been two young men, and Jake Morrow, a big, stooping, slow-witted fellow of five and forty, carried out their orders as he had the orders of their father before them. No one had ever accused Jake of doing anything on his own initiative.

After Milly had been farming several years, her neighbors still found her an interesting topic of conversation. Each winter she went to the Agricultural College for three months of study, and each season this awakened fresh comment. She had bought a small car and everyone was asking how she could afford it. Joseph Bannister made up his mind that they must have mortgaged the farm. He was sure of it when he learned accidentally that Violet was going into town every week to take music lessons. The night he heard that piece of news he was so annoyed that he could hardly eat his supper.

It was only a few weeks later that he was again vexed by a piece of news a neighbor brought him. "Did you know Milly Laughlin is going to exhibit at the county fair?"

"What's she going to exhibit, preserves or embroidery?"

"Live stock, so I'm told."

Joseph Bannister broke into a laugh. "Much good may it do her," he said. For a dozen years his cattle had carried off the prizes at the annual fair, and he was confident that this season he would make a better showing than ever.

As a rule Joseph Bannister attended the fair from its opening session to its close, but this particular fall, business called him away from home, and he did not return till on the afternoon of the Fair's second day. He went directly from the railway station to the Fair grounds, and once inside the gates, passed swiftly by the various catch-penny devices thronged by young people, and made his way to the pens where the cattle were exhibited. He recognized at a distance the calf on which he was counting to uphold the reputation of his herd, and he smiled, much as a fond father might at the sight of a loved child. And then he stopped short, pursing his lips as if to whistle, though no sound escaped him. For he saw not the blue ribbon he had anticipated, but a red. He had been awarded the second prize.

Without moving from where he stood Joseph Bannister began to look around the enclosure. He spied the calf which had won the blue ribbon and approached it gingerly. He was not in the least interested in what his other cattle had won. The fact that the calf of which he had been so proud had taken second place, put every other thought from his mind. He stooped to the name of the winning exhibitor, "Amelia Laughlin" he read and it took him a moment to realize that this was his granddaughter's name.

Joseph Bannister turned away, a curious roaring in his ears. And then he saw a group that stood at a little distance, watching him anxiously. It had been years since he had seen any of them, and in each case, recognition came with a little shock. His daughter looked unfamiliar in a neat suit of gray. Violet had grown out of recognition. Hester was almost a young woman and Milly, in a trim tailored coat of dark blue, her face bright and eager, seemed a stranger.

As he turned away without speaking, Milly took a step toward him. "Grandfather," she said imploringly.

Without looking he ran. He had a feeling that if he lingered he might forget himself, wreck in a moment's folly the reputation of a lifetime. For he had suddenly discovered that he was proud of the girl, this granddaughter of his, who had beaten him at his own game. He had known the moment he had looked at them that his theory was all wrong. They had the appearance of people who were prosperous. And the blue-ribbon calf explained their prosperity. They were prosperous because they were successful.

"What a pity she is not a boy!" That was the thought that kept ringing through his mind. For in that case he would have made no objection to Milly's plan. He would have taken it for granted that the farm would be carried on and the breach would have been avoided. He was aware of a strange thrill of admiration for the girl who had held to her own ideas in spite of his sneers and threats. What she had said she had done. "She's a chip off the old block," he laughed, and almost as the words passed his lips, his face again was shadowed. He looked up at Indian Rock standing clearly in the light of the setting sun, and sighed. He could not give in. "Folks would think I was in my dotage," he told himself. "Everybody knows I'm not to be moved, no more that Indian Rock."

Joseph Bannister's uneasy thoughts would not have been conducive to sleep under any circumstances, but other influences were in combination against his night's rest. Early in the evening the clouds began to gather, but it was not till about eleven that the storm broke in its fury, and from then till dawn storm succeeded storm, each more violent than the last. It was late in the season for electric storms, but the thunder peals were almost continuous. The wind howled furiously around the old farmhouse. Trees, centuries old, fell crashing to earth. Joseph Bannister walked the floor, unable to sleep, thinking of his prize cattle at the Fair grounds and thinking, too, of Milly.

Toward sunrise the storm subsided. The day dawned fair. The old man dressed hastily and went outside to see what damage had been done. As he glanced toward the mountain he stopped, staggered and drew his hand across his eyes, as if he distrusted their report. There was a gash in the mountain side, a long, straight scar, bare of trees. Indian Rock was gone!

It was about six o'clock and Milly was getting breakfast when she heard footsteps outside. She turned toward the door, and stood petrified as her grandfather came in sight.

"Will you give me a cup of coffee, Milly?" he asked. If she had been trying to win his favor she could not have pleased him more than by the composure of her answer.

"Come in, Grandfather. I'll be ready in a minute."

"A chip off the old block," he chuckled and she looked at him in amazement, then went on frying bacon.

He came up to her. "I'm proud of you, Milly. You're a girl, but you're not like any other girl I ever saw. You know what you can do and—you do it. You make up your mind and you stick to it."

"Why, Grandfather," Milly gasped. "Do you mean—are you ready to be friends?" Her chest was heaving, her eyes dimmed by starting tears.

"I've been afraid," she stammered, "after what you said—"

Joseph Bannister put his hand on her arm. "Have you looked out toward the mountain this morning, Milly?"

"No," his granddaughter replied, and her face showed a little alarm.

"Well, look," and he drew her to the window. "Old Indian Rock has rolled right down the mountain, Milly. They always said that I was as set as Indian Rock, but I haven't any call to be more set than that. The rock's moved, Milly, and so has your grandfather."—Young People's Weekly.

THE LEVEL OF EXPENSE

"They're an undoubted bargain, but I can't afford it," said a sensible young matron, looking longingly at some silk stockings offered at a considerable reduction. "They are not on my level of expense, you see."

"But I don't see," said her friend. "You have more to spend than I, and even I can afford these, at such a price. They are down to my level why not to yours?"

"My level is not up to them," returned the first speaker, smiling. "Expenses, like water, seek a level. My dress is not up to the silk stocking level. My shoes and slippers are not up to it. My furniture is not up to it. These stockings happen to fall below their regular level in price. I can buy them, for that reason. But they remain unsuitable to my other belongings, just the same. If I were to get them, I should want a bargain in dainty slippers, and watch for it, and waste my time in doing so. If I secured it, I should want either a reduction in handsome silk petticoats, or else I would buy one I couldn't afford, on the plea that I had saved money on the slippers and stockings, getting them so cheap. Then my coat and hat would not seem good enough, and so on. My whole level of expenses would be lifted. And it is quite high enough now. Dick says that most people who live beyond their means begin by ignorance of the law of proportion, and I am more sure he is right every day. Learn the suitable level and keep to it, and the economical problem is solved. Did you notice that girl who bought two pairs of the silk stockings? She works in a factory. She wears cheap jewelry and reads trashy novels, and all that. Why should I put myself on her foolish level by buying unsuitable bargains?"

She was right. Why should she?—Harper's Bazar.

An Oil of Merit.—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is not a jumble of medicinal substances thrown together and pushed by advertising, but the result of the careful investigation of the curative qualities of certain oils as applied to the human body. It is a rare combination and it won and kept public favor from the first. A trial of it will carry conviction to any who doubt its power to repair and heal.

HOW DO YOU TAKE FAILURE?

"What sort of a loser is he?"

A man listening to a glowing recommendation of a youth who wished to secure a position in his establishment, interrupted the flow of eloquence with this inquiry: "What sort of a loser is he?" And it is very likely that his decision largely depended on the reply he received. People who are succeeding, not a good deal alike, but failure has very different effects on different temperaments.

Some people cannot be beaten at a game without losing their temper or else getting blue, and petting as if fate were against them. Some get so discouraged over a failure to carry out a purpose that their ambition seems punctured. Henceforth their effort is languid, faint-hearted. Some set their teeth, beaten, and attack the same problem over again, with a desperate resolution which is pretty sure to bring results.

What sort of a loser are you? One who gets cross, low-spirited, and discouraged over the small failures, is very likely to make the supreme failure. To be a good loser is essential in laying a foundation for success.

No Asthma Remedy Like It. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is distinctly different from other so-called remedies. Were this not so it would not have continued its great work of relief until known from ocean to ocean for its wonderful value. Kellogg's, the foremost and best of all asthma remedies, stands upon a reputation founded in the hearts of thousands who have known its benefits.

SMILE IS BETTER THAN FROWN

It has been proved that anger and violent emotion cause for the time being a poisonous condition of the blood which is injurious. It must be equally true that facing the passing hour with a mouth turned up at the corners and a mind alert for the best that the day offers is beneficial. This is a pretty decent old world after all, if we but treat it right. And surely if we face our obligations and our work not with frowns but with gladness, it will give us a more kindly greeting and a helping hand in return.—From the Three Partners.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
Rests, 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.

The blend is right

And so Lanka Tea is equally good with or without cream and sugar.

Try it clear—you have fragrant aroma, sparkling color, exquisite flavor.

Add cream and sugar—you have a delicious, stimulating brew.

Lanka is British grown tea from the hill gardens of Ceylon.

The choicest grades are skilfully blended to produce the piquant, pungent flavor of Lanka—strong yet delicate.

The price is moderate because Lanka is brought by the direct water route from Ceylon to Vancouver.

Look for the handsome package pictured here—your grocer has it.

Remember the name—Lanka.

Imported and packed by WM. BRAID & COMPANY Vancouver, Canada

LANKA TEA

ELLIOTT Business College
Yonge and Charles Sts., Toronto
NOTED THROUGHOUT CANADA for high-grade work. Great demand for our graduates. Open all year. Enter now. Write for Catalogue.
W. J. ELLIOTT, 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.

A.D. SAVAGE EYE TALKS

Caution warns you that you should have your eyes examined now if they are not giving you a maximum of service. If you neglect them some small, easily corrected defect may grow into a serious disorder that causes alarm will not cure. We will advise you correctly.

We Grind Our Own Lenses

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

Boots & Shoes For Spring

Kenney Bros.

Have opened their new stock of best lines for Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls.

THE FINEST MAKES IN OXFORDS

LATEST HIGH CUT BOOTS FOR LADIES' WEAR

FOR GENTLEMEN WE HAVE THE FINEST SPRING STYLES

We have not forgotten the durable work shoes—Boots for hard work on the Farm, in the Factory, at the Quarry and the Kilns.

GOOD GOODS AND REASONABLE PRICES ARE OUR SPECIALTIES

Repairing promptly, neatly and durably done, both sewed and nailed. Work.

Kenney Bros.
MAIN STREET - ACTON, ONT.

KEEPING AN EYE ON THE WEATHER

The University of Kansas has agreed to furnish every Kansas farmer with official weather forecasts by use of wireless telegraphy. All that the farmer will need to do in order to get this service is to install an amateur wireless outfit at a cost of approximately a hundred and thirty-five dollars. The reports will be sent out every morning at 9.55 under a standard code and in a manner that any amateur can understand. The college plant is so powerful that the wireless waves will reach every corner of the state. In smaller counties the plan is to receive the reports at high-school buildings, whence they can be relayed to neighboring points by telephone. This information will be of the greatest value to the farmers, especially during the haying and harvesting seasons when changes of weather may be disastrous. Stockmen, too, will be able to provide shelter for their cattle and flocks of sheep whenever unusual conditions make it wise.

WORKING WITH ENTHUSIASM

Working hard over your business is not the same thing as working enthusiastically. Some people think that they have done all that can be expected of them when they have put in a certain number of hours a day. As a matter of fact, an hour of enthusiastic work often counts for more than several of the sort where the worker toils without a spark of interest to relieve the dull monotony of his persistence. You can find inspiration in most kinds of work if you go deep enough. And if you really are engaged in work over which you cannot become enthusiastic, the sooner you make a change the better.

BY AEROPLANE TO PARIS.

A distinctly novel attraction has now been provided in the C.P.R. office windows at Charing Cross, an attraction which has been much admired by the crowds who have gathered to make inspection. The fine windows usually devoted to the exhibition of things Canadian is being occupied by an excellent model aerodrome of the Aircraft Transport and Travel, Limited, at Hendon, together with scientifically accurate models of various types of aeroplanes and airships.

Such a display in a railway and shipping office may seem rather unusual at first sight, but is really a sign of the times, also marking much enterprise on the part of the Dominion Express Company of Canada. Realizing the importance of maintaining a really "Express" service, if its name is still to be justified, the Dominion Express Company, the premier Express Company in Canada, made arrangements to act as Passenger and Parcels Agents for the Aircraft, Transport and Travel Limited on their London-Paris daily air service.

It is thus possible for either passengers or parcels to be booked for conveyance by aeroplane to or from London and Paris through any of the Dominion Express Company's offices in Europe, and there, in addition, to London are to be found in important cities such as Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol and Paris.

The advantages of this arrangement are many, for the Dominion Express, holding as it does the exclusive right of shipping Express parcels over the entire C.P.R. system, as agents for the Aeroplane Service can ensure that an Express package scheduled to catch a certain ship actually reached its destination in Canada in the shortest possible space of time. As time is money nowadays, more than ever it was, it is easy to realise what an important adjunct an Air Service is to an Express Company.

The time-table shows that only 24 hours is occupied on the journey to or from London and Paris—urgent letters are carried at 2 shillings and 6 pence per ounce over the ordinary letter rate.

Parcels for delivery in Paris on the same day have to be handed in at the London office of the Dominion Express Company, 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W., before 10.30 a.m. The parcels rates range from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per lb. according to quantity, while special rates are quoted for large and regular consignments. The single fare for passengers is 35 guineas which includes a car to convey the passenger to Hounslow, the starting point. The Dominion Express Company's officials at Charing Cross have every reason to believe that a large proportion of Canadian visitors to Europe this year will take advantage of the ease with which it is now possible to book seats for a real flying visit to the Continent through their office. In fact, if they so wish, a motor car can pick them up in Trafalgar Square, and in under three hours they can be walking along the Champs Elysees.

Money Loose is Money Spent

If you hope to rise above the dependance on daily earnings, you must learn to save money. Saved money means capital, and capital means ability to take advantage of opportunities offering, until some day you become independent.

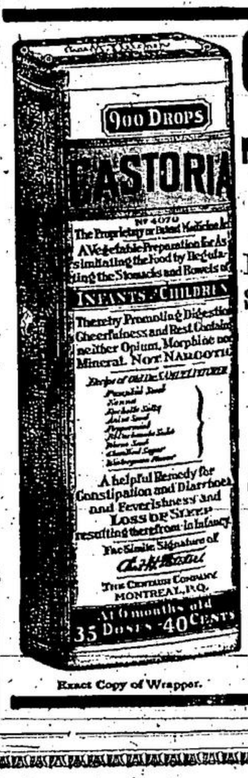
The Bank of Nova Scotia will welcome your Savings Account and give you every possible service and attention.

—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.

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISHES
THE BIG VALUE BOX
Pastes for Black, Tan, Oxblood and Brown Shoes
White Cake and Liquid for White Shoes
THE F. F. DALLEY CORPORATIONS LTD., HAMILTON, CAN.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

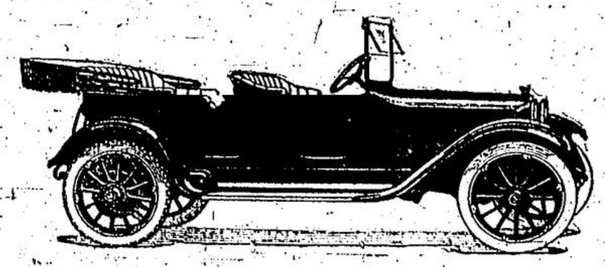
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Dodge Bros. Motor Cars



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

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

Wostenholm's I X L Stainless Steel Table Cutlery

THE BRIDE OF THIS MAKE

These knives are made of "STAINLESS STEEL" and in ordinary use will neither RUST NOR STAIN. After using the blades need only to be washed and wiped with a soft clean cloth. To clean them on a knife board or on a machine would destroy their new appearance, which will otherwise be retained for years.

Should the edges become dull with use, the Knives can be stoned in the usual way.

Priced at: Dessert size $17.00 per dozen; Table size $19.50 per dozen.

I X L Celebrated Pen, Pocket and Table Cutlery.

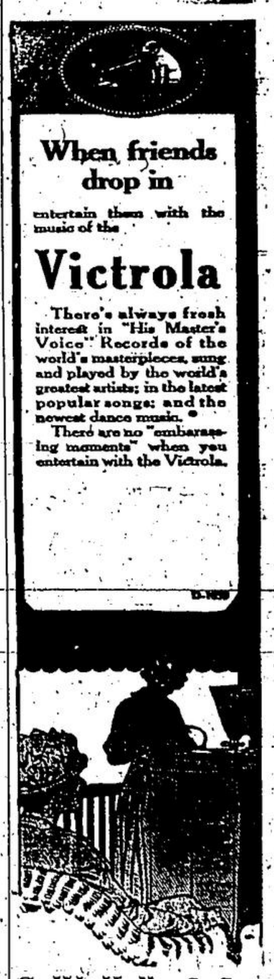
English makes of Cutlery have commenced to arrive.

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.

R. NOBLE Ltd.

Have removed their store to the Elevator at the G. T. R. station, where

Flour, Feed, Etc. May be Secured as Usual

OUR DELIVERY HAS BEEN DISCONTINUED

R. NOBLE Ltd.
HENRY AWREY - MANAGER