The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1921

THE DAY IS LONG

"The day is long, and the day is hard,
We are tired of the march and of keeping guard;
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to live through and of work to be done;
Tired of ourselves and of being alone,
Yet all the while, did we only see,
We fight, but 'tis He who nerves our arm;
We walk in the Lord's own company.
He turns the arrows that else might harm.
And out of the storm He brings a calm;
And the work that we count so hard to do,
He makes it easy, for He works, too;
And the days that seem long to live are His,
A bit of His bright eternities; and close to our need His helping is."

A Case of Applied Mathematics

By Frederick E. Burnham

"TIMES have changed a good deal since you and I were young men, William," remarked Moses Converse, the shipbuilder, while seated upon a timber beside a half completed vessel. "The time was, William, that when a mast was wanted we had it cut within a mile of the shipyard here. Now I have to send up country a hundred or two hundred miles, and maybe then get one with a flaw in it. Seeing Calvin's boy here reminded me of the old days. There's just one pine tree standing on the old Bawtelle farm that would make a first-class mast. I was taking a stroll through the woods the other day and chanced upon it."

"I want to know! If there is a pine like that here in Fairfield!" exclaimed Deacon William Bradbury, looking up from the chip he was whittling.

"Fact, William. The curious thing about it is that so far as a mast is concerned, it is not worth a hill of beans."

"Why, I thought you just said that it would make a first-class mast!" exclaimed the deacon.

"So I did, William, but the facts of the case are that it stands in such a peculiar spot that it would be impossible to fell it without breaking it in two. It stands over in the north pasture near Elam's place. There is a rocky ravine there, and it stands all alone about in the centre of a bunch of bowlders. Any way that you might fell it it would crash over a sizeable rock and it would surely snap."

While the shipbuilder was talking Roger Bawtelle, the son of the late Calvin Bawtelle, drew near, and Mr. Converse calling to him, he hastened thither.

"I was just telling Deacon Bradbury about that big pine over by your pasture," remarked the shipbuilder, looking up at Roger. "I was saying to him that it would make a first-class mast, young man. What do you suppose that tree is worth landed here in the shipyard in first rate condition?"

"Maybe fifty dollars," replied Roger, wondering the while if he were not setting an outrageously high figure upon it.

"Fifty dollars! Young man, that pine landed here in good shape, green, and with the bark on, is worth two hundred dollars. I would gladly pay that amount for it."

"Two hundred!" ejaculated Roger. "I know that mother would be glad to sell it to you for that amount."

"There is just one thing in the way, young man," declared Mr. Converse. "That tree can't be felled without breaking it. When you are up in the pasture, take a good look at it and I guess you will see things as I do."

"It seems as though there might be some way to get around it," said Roger looking very serious. "I wish there were, for that money would come in pretty handy this coming winter. It has been pretty hard sledding with us since dad died."

"Well, young man, you might think it over, and if you can figure it out how to turn the trick the money will be here waiting for you. Still, I wouldn't spend too much time over it, for to my way of thinking your chance of winning out is pretty slim."

Roger shortly started for home and half an hour later he was climbing over the wall which bounded the north pasture on the east. A short walk brought him to the big pine and for a few moments he studied the situation.

"I guess Mr. Converse is about right," he muttered at length. "That tree would surely crack, once it smashed down onto one of those rocks."

Roger was just on the point of starting for the house, the while feeling rather blue, for he knew what a great help that two hundred dollars would be, when his eyes fell upon a big pile of sawdust just over the wall. "I believe it could be done. I know how to drop a tree just about where I want it to fall," he continued, moving toward the pile of sawdust. "Suppose I was to fill forty or fifty burlap bags with sawdust and pile them in such a way that the tree wouldn't strike a rock—make a solid bed of sawdust for it to fall upon. A bit of geometry will work in handy about this time."

Roger shortly wended his way back to the house and finding his mother busy with some sewing, breathlessly told her about the shipbuilder's offer and how he, Roger, planned to fell the tree.

"Roger, I just know you will succeed!" exclaimed his mother, her eyes very bright. "The main point will be for you to go at it in a deliberate, methodical manner—figure it out by geometry, as you suggest, and when all is in readiness, fell the tree. Haste accounts for a great many failures in this world; cool, deliberate action is what counts toward success in most cases."

The following morning Roger started the work of filling the burlap bags. He located nearly a hundred of them in the barn, and carrying them over to the sawdust pile, he began filling them, tying each bag in turn with a stout piece of hemp twine. It was nearly noon when he had filled the last one, so he deferred the piling of them until after dinner.

Having eaten dinner, Roger harnessed the horse into the farm wagon, and driving over to the pile of sawdust, he loaded the bags onto the wagon. This done, he drove into the pasture where the big pine was located, and backing down as near it as he could conveniently, he unloaded and drove back to the barn.

Before starting the piling of the bags that afternoon Roger made accurate measurements. Having found the exact angle which the felled tree would make with the stump, he applied his geometry, very shortly figuring it out just how to pile the bags some sixty feet from the butt, so as to be in perfect line with the chosen bowlder across which the tree was to fall. It was highly important that there should be no miscalculation about this, for were the pile of bags too low, then the tree would snap when it struck the rock; were it too high, then a dangerous strain would be brought to bear farther along on the timber.

Having made his deductions, Roger began the piling of the bags. He started with a broad base, piling them one upon another in pyramid form until he had reached the height which he had figured upon. There he laid a broad bed of no less than six large bags of sawdust.

It was nearly four o'clock when the last of the bags were in position; then it was that Roger returned to the house after his mother, who had expressed a desire to view the felling of the pine. Half an hour later he had returned with her, and picking up his axe, he went to work.

Roger was no novice at wood chopping, and within twenty minutes he had finished the deep cut on the side nearest the pile of bags; then he tackled the other side of the tree, stopping from time to time to note the strength and direction of the light wind. Presently the time came that he drove home the little wooden wedge which was to determine the exact felling of the tree; then, waiting for the wind to lull a bit, he struck three heavy blows with his ax in rapid succession; then the tree tottered and began to settle. Stepping hastily to one side, Roger watched as the great pine dropped.

Roger's calculations turned out to be very accurate both as to the pile of bags and the direction which the falling tree was to take, the timber striking fair and square across the pile of bags, the lower part resting upon the bowlder, the entire timber lying up perfectly with the top of the stump.

"You did well, young man!"

It was the voice of Moses Converse, the shipbuilder, who had just joined Mrs. Bawtelle.

"Elam, you did splendidly," declared the shipbuilder, stepping down to the felled tree. "No woodsman could have dropped it a bit neater. It struck exactly where you planned. It is not damaged in the least. I want that timber for a mast. Never mind about the hauling of it down to the shipyard, son. I am that pleased that I will attend to that part. Come down to my office and get the two hundred dollars I spoke about yesterday."

"How did you happen up here?" stammered Roger. "I didn't see you until you spoke."

"Oh, I got to thinking about that pine this afternoon and thought I would take a walk over, wondering if there were not some way in which it could be felled without being damaged. The instant I caught sight of that pile of bagged sawdust it dawned upon me that you had figured out the one way to get around the difficulty."

"Well I want to thank you for offering to haul the timber out" said Roger "but it don't seem just right for me to accept the full two hundred dollars under those circumstances."

"Don't you worry about that, son," cried the shipbuilder. "It is a pleasure to lend a hand to one who tried to help himself. You certainly have tried in this case, and you have succeeded."

The two hundred dollars was paid to Roger the following morning. It certainly worked in very handily that coming winter. Roger always thought that a certain five dollars which his mother handed him back from the two hundred was perhaps the best spent of all, though none was wasted. With that five dollars he purchased two books dealing with geometry, books which laid the foundation of a very successful career as a civil engineer.

DON'TS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Some very valuable "Don'ts" for the holiday season have been prepared by Dr. Hastings, M. O. H., for Toronto. Here they are in brief:

Don't look upon the money used for your holidays as an expenditure. If judiciously used, it will very materially postpone the time at which you will have to retire from business.

Don't take your business troubles with you.

Don't read by artificial light. When daylight fails, retire, and rise early in the morning.

Don't decide on where you are going until after you have had a report from the Provincial Board of Health on the water supply.

Don't have your holidays spoiled by scratching mosquito bites. Mosquitos object to anything with a pungent odor. Rub the exposed portions of the body with equal parts of oil of citronella and either olive oil, cotton seed oil or oil of sweet almonds. Spirits of camphor will do. If camping take a few yards of mosquito netting to twine loosely around your head at night.

Don't stay at a resort or take your meals where flies are plentiful. Flies are not infrequent carriers of disease germs.

Don't be too eager to get a sunburn, get it gradually.

Don't dissipate when away on your holidays. Dancing every night, or every second night even, until midnight is not the way to get the benefit from a holiday. Do everything in moderation.

Don't expose yourself to the irritating effects of poison ivy. The most efficient antidotes to poison ivy effects is the juice of the jewel weed which is found in any low, marshy district, or ordinary kitchen laundry soap, used freely, leaving a fairly thick lather, or, if at a farm, dilute lye from hardwood ashes which will answer the purpose.

Don't tolerate dirty milk. Take no chances with an infant or young children. Scald all milk while away on your holidays.

Don't go in a canoe unless you can swim, and don't take any person in a canoe with you who cannot swim.

Don't eat too much meat during the hot weather. Vegetables and fruit should largely take the place of meat. Meat two or three times a week is sufficient.

Don't go on your holidays until you have your own family physician to make sure that your heart and circulation are good.

Don't take it for granted that spring water is pure and safe. This is not by any means true, especially in Muskoka, unless the spring is located far enough away to prevent any possibility of human contamination.

Don't permit your children, nor yet indulge yourself, in drinking from a common or public drinking cup while away. Take a supply of sanitary cups.

IN GOLD WE TRUST

In the early fifties a most unusual thing happened in San Francisco. A large issue of gold coins came from the United States mint with the legend, "In gold we trust," rather than with the conventional one, "In God we trust." The introduction of the letter "I" raised such consternation that the issue had to be remelted and restamped. There are a few stickers, who believe that the cause of religion would break up into small fragments if we did not have the name of God on our coins, whereas in the present state of the world it is more of an insult to God to have the Holy Name there than it is an honor. We are glad to admit that some coins are used to honor God, but it's one coin in about twenty. A generous estimate that. The truth is, the man who was responsible for the typographical error on the gold coins in San Francisco was a great deal nearer the truth than the man who put the conventional inscription on them. As a nation we are spending our money for that which is not bread.—Pacific Advocate.

Whichever you choose
it will be the BEST you ever tasted.
"SALADA"
BLACK TEA — Rich, Satisfying Flavour. From the finest gardens.
MIXED TEA — Just enough green tea to make the blend delicious.
GREEN TEA — A Revelation in Green Tea. Pure, translucent and so Flavory.

THEIR RESPECTIVE CAMOUFLAGE

"Morning," said the girl pleasantly. The young man saluted and sat down on the other side of the berry bushes. His fingers, big and brown and clumsy, made slow work of the berry picking. He stopped a moment to watch his companion in labor as she stripped the bushes with the easy skill of experience. From her fingers his eyes travelled to her face and he noted the healthy glow of color in her cheeks and the thick mass of chestnut hair that was drawn back under her coarse white hat.

Dan Willard crammed her up a: the typical farmer's daughter—skilled in her tasks, healthy, unthinking, happy. Then he went back to his own laborious task.

"If you'd begin at the bottom of the bush—so," she illustrated, "and pluck them off—so—you'd get on faster!" Dan looked into her pretty liquid eyes and learned his lesson.

There was no further conversation while they worked at varying speeds, while the drowsy hot sound of the locusts came to them, and the breath of the hayfields, freshly cut, sweet with a thousand blended perfumes.

They both straightened up at the sound of the horn blowing across the fields.

"Dinner!"

They both stopped with relief and the man rose stiffly.

"I guess you're not used to this," the girl smiled. Her voice, huskily sweet, was as pretty as her eyes, he decided. Then he lifted his pail and hers and strode off beside her.

"Not berry picking," he explained, looking down on her pink sun-bonnet that she had tossed on to cross the fields. "I've been haying over to Farmer Dick's, and now he's set me to berrying."

"Oh!" said the girl. In a flash she knew he was the new hand at the Dicks', who timed the hay on the racks and rode past to the barns while she had been weeding in the kitchen garden of the farm below.

"Do you live around here?" it was his turn to question.

"Over to the Mayberry's," she answered.

He remembered now this was the same girl he had noticed hanging out the clothes and working around the place. Old Mayberry's daughter.

She was a pretty thing, he thought, as he watched her swing down the road to the next farm. The girl, almost as though she had read his thoughts, turned at the pasture to wave to him. He waved back awkwardly, knowing that he was not used to this easy give and take of farm life, as he should be.

But he was more disappointed than the occasion warranted when she did not rejoin him that afternoon at the berry bushes. They must have needed her at home but still— He noticed how tedious the work was and how his fingers were stiff with thorn pricks and how hot the sun beat down on the fields.

When his day's work was over at last and he had washed out at the pump with the other two "hands," and had eaten his supper of hearty farm food, he found that he had no desire as usual to throw himself out under the stars on the cool grass and lie there until bedtime.

With his pipe between his teeth he walked off lazily down the road until he had come to the white farmhouse cuddling down under the trees—where she had said she lived.

"Clasy!" he heard a voice call, and as soon as he heard the name he knew that no other could have suited her so perfectly. He was very slow at going past the house, and when he came back he saw a figure out under the Rose-of-Sharon bushes, and he knew it was she.

He ought to go past. But he gave in and called, "Good evening!" and she answered him in that husky, sweet voice that blended in with the night sounds and came out to where he waited in the road. As she came to him her little gingham dress had taken on the glamour of moonshine and the fragrance of the roses; he knew he was going to be sorry later. But he found himself strolling up the road and sitting on the crumbling stone-wall that shut in the Mayberry orchard.

"What do you do all the time?" he asked her.

And she told him about the kitchen, garden and the weeding, and how she made bread and churned the butter; she told him how she drove the cows home at night sometimes and the way she hunted for the eggs, and laughed at the funny tricks of the hens who hid them so smartly in new nooks and crannies.

He thought she was very sweet, this little farm girl, with her knowledge of the ways of all these animals and her natural way of looking on her duties as so many pleasures.

But she shook him out of his thoughts with the question, "And what do you do?"

"Oh, I'm just a farmhand, haying in season, and the chores, milking, feeding the animals—"

There was a pause and the girl wondered how such a strong, brown, steady-looking man could spend winter and summer in the work of the farm laborer. If it was his own farm, or even if he were learning! But he seemed satisfied with his work, and she said nothing.

"Good night," he said at last, and she never knew what a longing he had to kiss her there under the moonlight.

Clasy could not sleep well that night in her hot little room under the eaves; she saw him again, tall, brown of face, hardy, with big muscles—as the man who works out of doors—

She was thinking of him a great many other nights, with an aching heart and a deep happiness and a burning fear that all this was to end with the summer. For as day followed day she saw Dan Willard and walked with him under the stars and talked with him on her own white piazza sweet with the climbing honeysuckle.

The summer was ending and Dan Willard knew that now he would have to tell the truth. He could never marry this little farmer's daughter—for skilled as she was in the ways of the farm country she could never fit in with the duties and essentials of his own life. So he decided. Then he went to say good-by.

"Clasy, I'm going home to-morrow," he said, and he saw her face whitten and grow strained. "I wonder if you'd kiss me for good-by?"

She did not answer, but she did not turn her face away. When he held her in his arms he said quickly, "I came to say good-by, dear, but I can't! In spite of everything I want you to marry me, if you will?"

He thought he heard her sob and he knew she trembled in his arms.

"Oh, Clasy, will you?"

She lifted her face to him mutely.

Then holding her hand tightly in his, he told her the truth. "It's going to be a different life, and a hard one to learn all over, but I'll try to help—I'm an instructor in a fresh water college and life in a college town will be pretty hard to get used to. I just came out here this summer, as I always do, to work on a farm—it's my fun and I'm not a farmhand, as you thought all along!"

"Oh, Dan," the girl whispered, "and you're willing to marry me, a little girl who only knows enough to bring the cows home from pasture—an—"

"If you'll have me."

"I'm afraid you'll be marrying me under false pretense then, for I'm a school teacher in the city," she whispered. "I wanted to come out and live on a farm—just to try it!"

OUR INSECTIVOROUS BIRDS

It may appear startling, but it is a fact that if all the insect pests ravaging our crops could be suppressed, and all the plant and tree diseases eradicated, and the increased revenue derived by the country thereby could be turned into the Dominion Treasury there would need to be no question of taxation. This idea is largely substantiated by the fact set forth by the Entomologist of the Dominion Department of Agriculture that a conservative estimate of the annual crop loss in Canada to field, orchard and garden crops due to destructive insects is upwards of $200,000,000. As our authority says "To this huge devastation must be added the enormous annual destruction caused by forest insects, stored product insects, etc." Upon this statement the Entomologist founds a well-sustained argument in favor of the protection of insectivorous birds, such as the prairie horned-lark, the robin, the somewhat despised crow, the red-breasted Nuthatch, the Western Tanager, the Myrtle Warbler, the Chickadee, grouse, gulls, and many other kinds. In the State of Iowa it has been estimated that tree sparrows annually devour something like 825 tons of weed seed—speaking of the robin, an investigator in Toronto found that a single bird kept in confinement ate 165 cutworms in one day. Another authority states that a brood of prairie horned-larks consumed 400 cutworms in one day. This same authority, namely, Mr. Norman Criddle, Dominion Entomologist in Manitoba, declares that six crows are capable of consuming three bushels of grasshoppers in one season. It is recorded that in certain places in Manitoba areas of growing grain have been saved from destruction by the pestilent grasshopper owing to the presence of large flocks of gulls. In light of these facts it is gratifying to be informed by the Dominion Entomologist, Mr. Arthur Gibson, to wit, that the importance of protecting our useful birds is becoming more and more recognized, especially by farmers and fruit-growers.—Dominion Department of Agriculture.

DESERVED TO BE

He was an enthusiastic Scot, and he was arguing with an Englishman over the merits of their respective countries. Military prowess, brilliance of invention, engineering, travel and empire-building had all been passed in review, and the Scot had won hands down. Eventually the Englishman sought refuge in literature.

"Weel, we tak' literature," interrupted the Scot, "there's Ralphie Burns, Walter Scott, Stevenson, Hugh Miller, Barrie—that's just mentionin' a few at random—a' Scotia!"

"Yes, yes, but wait a bit," protested the Englishman, "here is one greater than all these put together—William Shakespeare. You wouldn't suggest he was a Scotsman, would you?"

"Weel," thoughtfully responded the Scot. "I wadna precisely say that. But the man's intelligence wad almost warrant the inference."

BECOMING OVERPOPULATED

Johnny, who already had two younger sisters, had been promised a baby brother, much to his delight. When the eventful day arrived, the nurse told him the stork had brought another darling baby sister. Poor Johnny was disheartened. Shortly afterward his father found him alone in his bedroom and asked him how he liked his new sister. "Aw," said Johnny, hopelessly, "it's getting too crowded around here!"

CURIOSITY AND STUDY.

Curiosity is a passion very favorable to the love of study, and a passion very susceptible of increase by cultivation. Sound travels so many feet a second and light travels so many feet in a second. Nothing more probable; but you do not care how light and sound travel. Very likely; but make yourself care; get up, shake yourself well, pretend to care; make believe to care. I am sure that a man ought to read as he would grasp a nettle; do it lightly and you are molested; grasp it with all your strength and you feel none of its asperities.

POSITIVE PERSONAL PROOF

At one of the Western Methodist Theological Colleges a discussion took place at the dinner table over the vexed question of the students of a personal devil. Two of the students embarked on a very heated argument, one for, the other against. The climax was ultimately reached when the young champion of old-time orthodoxy appealing for a frank statement from his opponent, looked in the eyes of his brother student, and said:

"Look me in the face, Bill and then say there is no personal devil."

WIRES FORETELL WEATHER

The varying humming of telegraph wires is claimed to give experienced observers a clue to the weather 24 to 36 hour ahead. A German statement is that high shrill notes are followed by heavy falls of rain or snow of short duration, and deep humming tones, by brief light rainfalls, while buzzing tones precede a change in the weather.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES — Night and Morning. Have Clean, Healthy Eyes. If they Tire, Itch, Smart or Burn, If Eyes Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes. Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

SUES BROTHERHOOD FOR LOSS OF POSITION

William Felton, a former employee of the Southern Railroad, has filed suit in the circuit court at Chattanooga against the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen for damages in the sum of $5,000 for the loss of his position. The suit involves two different situations which have never been definitely in Tennessee courts and which will be of wide interest to labor, both union and non-union, and also of special interest to employers of labor. The first question is whether or not a non-union laborer who has been discharged from his position at the instance of union labor has any remedy at law, and the second question is whether or not any incorporated labor organization may be sued for monetary damages resulting from loss of a position. Felton alleges that he was working for the Southern Railroad at $6.40 a day and that he was discharged following a demand upon his employer by his fellow workmen, members of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, that he and all other non-union men be discharged. If the courts should uphold the claims of the plaintiff and award him a judgment against the Brotherhood, such a verdict would establish a precedent which would have a widespread effect on the closed shop question.

CULTIVATING PERSONALITY

Everyone tries to be clever, to cultivate individuality nowadays, forgetting to look inwards, first, to see if there is anything of special originality to cultivate. A girl may, indeed, consider it good fortune if she is sure that there isn't anything special, what she will make just the ordinary, normal woman, with an illogical fondness for home, husband, and children. It is really more original to be a domestic woman to-day than to be a pronounced specimen of any other type.

OUR MITES

A little over $200,000,000 was contributed to Protestant churches by Americans and Canadian members last year.

That's about a tenth as much as we spent on tobacco in the same period.

Churches christen us, marry us, bury us, given us our fine ideals, and try to save us from hell. What we give them in return should make us ashamed.

Pain is an Indication
of interference with the normal functions of the body. It is a sign of trouble, and if allowed to continue, causes itself still further disorders.
Common Sense and humanity agree that relief from pain should be the first step in the treatment of any disease which is present. Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatic, Backache, Sciatic and Ovarian Pains, ONE or TWO
DR. MILES' ANTI Pain Pills. HEADACHES AND RHUEMATIC
Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills
and the pain is gone. Guaranteed Safe and Sure. Price 30c.
For Sale in Acton by
E. J. HASSARD

ESTABLISHED 1872
HEAD OFFICE HAMILTON
BUSINESS barometers seem to indicate that the period of easy money and high prices is nearing an end.
A dollar saved now in the form of a Savings Bank Deposit will be worth much more in the next couple of years, after the reaction has set in.
BANK OF HAMILTON
GEORGETOWN BRANCH—G. C. MacKay, Manager

J. N. O'NEILL & SON
DISTRIBUTORS FOR
Studebaker and Dodge Brothers Motor Cars
For Acton, Georgetown, Milton
J. R. LEISHMAN, Acton Representative
Automobile Tops
WE RECOVER AUTO TOPS AND EQUIP YOUR AUTO WITH DOOR OPENING CURTAINS
Carriage Rubber Tires
WE HAVE THE BEST EQUIPMENT FOR APPLYING CARRIAGE RUBBER TIRES ON SHORTEST NOTICE
J. N. O'Neill & Son - Georgetown, Ont.

ADVERTISE!

One of the most persistent advertisers in the history of success was Robinson Crusoe. He knew what he wanted---a ship---and he put up an ad for one. He flung a shirt on a pole, at the top of his island; that, in the language of the sea, was plain to every sea-faring man.

"The circulation was small---there was no other medium---but Crusoe kept at it, despite the fact that he got no enquiries for a long time. He changed his copy---as one garment after another was frayed out---and in the end got what he wanted.

"Suppose Crusoe had taken down that signal after a time and declared 'Advertising doesn't pay.' Where would he and his story be now?

"Put up your signal and keep it there. Crusoe advertised under very discouraging circumstances. You've got a sure thing---it is only necessary to have the patience, persistence, and pluck of Robinson Crusoe---and the good ship 'Better Business' will tie up 'longside your pier."

Perfection Special
The Name Represents the Working Qualities of the NEW PERFECTION" Oil Cook Stove
Points to Know:
1—Flame regulated to any height by means of wick handles.
2.—Space under food pipe makes the cleaning easy.
3.—Brass Burners that last for years.
4.—Flame Spreader Lifter makes the lighting easy.
5.—The Long Blue Chimney Burner keeps the flame clean. No blackened pots or pans.
6.—Patented reversible Brass Oil Reservoir makes refilling easy. Has handle for lifting about. None other like it.
4 Burner, reg. $40.00. Sale $33.00
3 Burner, reg. $31.00. Sale $28.00
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

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The Double Track Route
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Unexcelled dining car service.
Sleeping cars on night trains. Parlor Cars on principal day trains
Full information from any Grand Trunk ticket agent or C. E. Horning, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.
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A QUANTITY OF FEED CORN AND OIL CAKE JUST RECEIVED
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