The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1921

WHAT IS IN THINE HAND

"If I had time," said one with longing heart,
"So many things to win the great world's mart
And cheer it oh, how gladly would I do!
But these spare moments are so few."
And so those precious moments, running fleet,
Which grouped and held, would yield abundant wheat
Of deeds that from a tiny effort grew
Unnoticed, slipped her listless fingers through.

"If I had wealth," another sighing said,
"The poor would shower blessings on my head;
I'd gladly spend my all for their relief,
And lavish comforts that would banish grief;
But I have naught to give," and sorrowed sore,
Unmindful of the wealth she had in store
Of golden, sunny smiles, to make them glad,
So left the poor unvisited and sad.

"If I were only talented and wise,"
Another craved, with upturned, wistful eyes,
"What joy to use my eloquence to great
From galling bonds the tempted and oppressed!"
But all my gifts are dull and commonplace,"
Nor heeded in a little child's fair face,
Uplifted to her own, a way to teach
The implication of persuasive speech.

—Selected

"Doctor Dick's" First Call

By Dennis Glovall

"GEE, I'll go!" There was an expression of purposeful decision on the young doctor's face as he turned into his office. He scarcely heard the word of thanks mumbled by the rain-dripping figure on the steps. By the time he had pulled on his rubber riding coat, and made a hasty examination of his medicine case, the caller had remounted and ridden off through the storm.

"Yes, I'll go!" Dick McDonald repeated to himself. Then an odd smile played across his fine-cut features. "This is my first call and it's a queer trick of fate that it should come from old Pluto. If it was Pluto himself that needed me—well, I don't know—"

The young doctor's eyes lifted and rested steadily on an oak-framed, glass-covered legend that hung on the office wall just beneath the much-prized medical school diploma. That legend was done in peculiar, old-style type of red and purple. Around the broad margin were robed figures whose long fingers pointed a constant reminder of the words the legend contained. Those words the young doctor knew well. He had committed them to memory. They constituted the ancient but all-abiding "Oath of Hippocrates," and to this oath, in all sincerity Dick McDonald had appended his name, subscribing himself, in service and in purpose, to all it meant, and all it implied.

The back door opened and shut. A young girl entered the little office. It was Ruth McDonald, the young physician's sister. She stood for a moment, watching him in his work of preparation. Her eyes twinkled happily in the knowledge that he had received his "first call." She had thrown a shawl over her shoulders and skipped over from the house when she saw the horseman ride off. Yet there was a note of anxiety in her voice when she remarked:

"This is an awful storm, Dick, but of course you're going?"

"Sure thing!" he answered. "It's raining frogs and turtles—and Willow Creek ford will be a terror quite likely by the time old Ned and I get there. But we must go. It's a call to the Adams' ranch—"

"Adams!" Ruth exclaimed incredulously. "You don't mean old Pluto?"

"Yes, that was Pluto's hired man who was here a moment ago. It's an an urgent case. They tried to get a doctor from the county seat; but this storm has played havoc with the telephone lines." Dick had his poncho buttoned close around his neck now, and after strapping the medicine case securely to his shoulder, started toward the door. "Attend the office for me, Ruth; while I'm gone. But you need not look for my return till dark, for this storm is a bad one, and the roads will be slow going, even for old Ned."

"Really, Dick, I'm wondering if you ought to take the risk," Ruth protested her hand on her brother's arm. "If it was—anybody else, you might, but to endanger your life—well, for Pluto Adams, after the way he treated you—"

"I know how you feel about it, Sis, but it isn't for me to select my cases. My duty is to go, no matter who calls. Nor should the condition of roads or weather makes any difference." The young physician's eyes again lifted to the quaint legend of red and purple that bore his name, written by his own hand, at the bottom, "To Richard Alton McDonald the signing of his name had meant much more than the writing of an autograph. "Yes, I must go," he declared again. "Old Pluto did us a bad deal, all right—foreclosing on us the way he did, and right at the time I needed money so badly to help me through medical school. But we must forget all that. Moreover, it's little Cherry who's sick—old Pluto's grand-daughter. She and her mother have been out there on a visit, and Cherry took suddenly ill yesterday afternoon. From what the hired man told me, I take it to be a case of ptomaine poisoning."

"Yes, you must go," Ruth now agreed. She was thinking only of the little girl, not knowing fully what was on the heart and mind of her brother as his gaze lingered for a moment on that oak-framed legend. When he opened the door of the little office, and looked out into the rain-swept street, Dick McDonald seemed bigger, stronger and much more a man than he ever had seemed before, indeed, he had hung out his sign only a few days ago. Though everybody in the country knew him as Dick, many of them were already calling him "Doctor Dick." So it dawned upon Ruth in that fleeting instant of purposeful decision, that Dick was no longer a boy. She still remained in the door while he made his way over to the barn at the farther corner of the lot. Later on, so her brother had said, when his "practice" warranted, he would own a motor car. But a motor car would be of little service on such a call as this.

As Dick mounted old Ned and swung at a gallop out into the street, he turned in the saddle and waved a farewell to the shawl-covered figure that watched from the office door. In a few minutes he was out of the little town and his horse was splashing the mud and water of the rain-soaked road. The wind whipped the leafless poplars overhead, bringing sheets of blinding rain from the leaden skies. Water ran everywhere. It made running gullies of the road, and poured its muddy streams from the overhanging embankments.

As he had feared, he found Willow Creek ford a veritable "terror." The black, murky current looked treacherous and forbidding. The young physician pulled old Ned to a halt at the edge of the stream, raising himself in the saddle while he unslung his medicine case and fastened it securely to the horn of the saddle. Then he removed his poncho and after rolling it carefully, tied it behind the pommel. He paused a moment, before urging the faithful horse forward, and measured the current with practiced eye. He could see at a glance that it would be a desperate undertaking. For a brief time his courage almost failed him. If something should go wrong—if old Ned should lose his head and get out of control. If he should be swept downstream into the deeper water—

Was it worth the chance? This question flashed into Dick's troubled mind. It was old Pluto Adams who had called him—old Pluto, whose unfairness and cold-heartedness had caused him and his sister all manner of worry. Yes, it was old Pluto who called, but while he hesitated, as if uncertain whether to go on or to turn back, he was reminded of that oak-framed legend that hung on the wall of his office, under whose letters of red and purple he had written his name. He was reminded, too, of a bright-eyed, sweet-faced little girl—the laughing face of Cherry.

"We must cross, Ned, old boy!" the young doctor declared, as he leaned over and patted the animal's warm neck. Then the old horse plunged into the stream. "Steady, old fellow—steady!" Dick cautioned. He slipped his feet from the stirrups and loosened the reins. The black current seemed to rise at once and engulf both rider and mount. After a desperate attempt to keep his feet on the rocky floor of the ford, the horse was lifted and borne down stream.

It was well for him that Dick carried a water-tight medicine case, for old Ned was soon completely submerged, except for the tip of his nose. Dick, too, was up to his armpits in the water. Noting the difficulty the horse was having in carrying him, he gave the animal free rein. When little more than halfway across, the struggling horse began to show evident signs of exhaustion. His breath came in whistling gasps through his quivering nostrils, his eyes were widely dilated. Twice he went completely under.

Dick realized that if he remained in the saddle, both himself and the horse would be drowned. The animal could not carry him, and fight the current at the same time. Leaving the reins hanging loose on the pommel, he slid back out of the saddle and into the water. For a few terrible seconds it seemed a certainty that he would go down. Good swimmer though he was, the weight of his water-soaked clothing pulled him under and badly impeded his movements. He made a frenzied effort to keep his head above water; but he could do nothing more than raise himself intermittently. He could make no forward progress. This he knew full well, if maintained very long, would wear him out and leave him to the mercy of the mad stream.

As soon as he was relieved of his load, the horse struck in a certain course for shore. In a moment he would have been beyond Dick's reach. As he went under, his fingers clutched the animal's tail, and to this he clung with the grip of a drowning man. He now had the assurance of being pulled out—if he could hold on long enough.

He did hold on. In truth, Dick McDonald never held to anything with such a desperate, determined grip as he held to old Ned's tail. Their combined struggles served to bring them nearer shore, but into the swiftest part of the stream. Here Dick found himself as much under the water as above it. Strangling though he was, and half drowned, he would not let go. As often as he could get his head above water, he shouted for help, hoping that some one might hear.

Finally, Dick's free hand came in contact with something. When his head rose again, and he could open his eyes, a long tree root projected above him. The tree itself, having been blown down from the bank, floated on the current. He let go his hold on Ned, and pulled himself up on the floating tree. "Go on, old man—go on!" he cried as a farewell command to old Ned.

Utterly exhausted, he had barely strength enough left in his hands and arms to hold himself on the tree. Benumbed by the ice-cold water, he knew he could not long remain in this position. He must, somehow, get ashore. As soon as his breath returned, and he had cleared his lungs of the surplus water, he shouted again. The brushy end of the tree struck the bank and swung the other end round. Hope came to Dick. This hope brightened when he heard a muffled call in response to his own shouts. A short time later, when he lifted his head, he saw, through the blinding mists, the figure of a man moving along the shore. A voice shouted: "Look out! I'm going to throw a rope!"

Dick looked up. He had recognized that voice. At other times it had been harsh and uncompromising. At other times it had filled him with bitterness. But to-day the voice of Pluto Adams had in it nothing but a tone of helpful kindness.

Dick did not realize till now how far his strength was spent. Only in a vague way did he realize that a rope, with a coil at the end, swung out from the high bank and splashed into the water within reach of his hand. He reached for it, slipping the loop over his head and shoulders, and making it fast beneath his armpits. Then he slipped off the floating tree and into the black water.

When the young doctor came back to consciousness, he was lying on the dry, straw-covered floor of the Adams' ranch hack. He could hear the rain pelting on the roof of the rig. The Adams' hired man was vigorously rubbing his arms and limbs, and he was warmly wrapped in a pair of thick blankets. Old Pluto was up in the heat, urging along the team. The rancher turned and looked down into the youth's face as his eyes first opened. But Dick had no feeling of unkindness, no sense of anger or hate. What he saw in the grizzled features of Pluto Adams was an expression of gratitude, mingled with kindly compassion.

"You've done a big thing, Doc"—a big thing—answerin' my call in such weather as that" said old Pluto. "I was afraid you wouldn't come, and as I couldn't get the doctor from the county seat—and little Cherry is mighty sick. I—"

"It was my duty to come," the young doctor interjected. As he said this he was thinking of that oak-framed legend on the wall of his office. But something other than this warmed his heart. It was the knowledge and the truth that he had done the right thing, even at the risk of his own life. The face of a laughing-eyed little girl seemed for the moment to look down into his own in mute appeal. "My medicine case—did you get it?" he asked in an anxious tone. "I must have it—"

"It's safe—right here under my seat," old Pluto assured. "And that faithful old Ned horse is trotting along behind us, just as fresh and chippery as when you started."

Many have been relieved of corns by Holloway's Corn Remover. It has a power of its own that will be found effective

FRESH

Tea—to be good—must be fresh

"SALADA" TEA

is always fresh and possesses that unique flavour of 'goodness' that has justly made it famous.

UNCONSCIOUS EDUCATION

There is a great deal of difference in the way that business girls deal with words or expressions that are new to them. The girl whose one idea is to get through the day as easily as possible asks her neighbor how to spell the unfamiliar word, or perhaps looks up the spelling in her little pocket dictionary, and does not trouble herself to learn the meaning of the word, nor its uses. If she comes across a trade expression, or an allusion whose meaning is not clear to her, she is satisfied if she can write the words correctly, without regard to their significance.

There is nother type of girl, bright, alert, progressive, who is not satisfied merely to hand in work that is correct on the surface. She wants to know the meaning of the words that she writes, the significance of allusions that are new to her, the details of the process that is indicated by a trade or technical term. She is the girl who frankly consults the "Unabridged" when she comes face to face with a new word, or who hunts up the information somewhere else if her employer has not seen fit to provide a dictionary for use by inquiring minds. It is seldom that an unfamiliar word escapes such a girl; she runs it to earth and learns all that it stands for. The result is that unconsciously she educates herself to a knowledge of words and their uses and their fine shades of meaning, which is a great help to her in her own work, and renders her more and more valuable to her employer.

The girl who lacks the education and training afforded by a good school is seriously handicapped in the business world, but if she has the desire to learn, and forms the habit of doggedly following up whatever is new or unfamiliar to her, she can train herself in the use of her mother tongue, and acquire a fund of general information which will be really valuable, and overcome in a measure the defects of her earlier training. More than one successful business woman who is now drawing a good salary started in with comparatively little education, but with the natural endowment of a quick mind, and an observing eye, and trained herself in the course of self-education already suggested. The girl who follows this plan frequently proves more valuable to her employer, and more successful in a financial way, than the one who has a greater amount of education to begin with, for the reason that she is alert, progressive, and determined to advance. The business world offers no prizes to the girl who is too indifferent or too self-satisfied to care about picking up bits of information wherever the opportunity offers.—Alice Grigg Goode.

HINTS ON TURKEY RAISING

It is a regrettable fact that the turkeys raised during the last few years have rather deteriorated both in quality and numbers. The greater part of all failures that occur in the business is due to inbreeding and careless selection of turkeys for breeding purposes, which includes the practice of killing the largest and best specimens for market, and keeping the culls for breeders. The result is a lack of vitality in the young turkeys which means the failure of a large proportion to grow to maturity. There are two general methods of maintaining and increasing vitality in a flock of turkeys. One is by the continual introduction of new blood into the flock and the other is by the selection of the best specimens in the flock for breeding purposes. The best results are obtained by a combination of these two methods. Too much new blood cannot be introduced into the flock, provided it is of good quality and from the same variety. Above all things, immature turkey hens should never be selected for the production of eggs for hatching. Hens two years old or older, of good average size for the variety to which they belong, will lay eggs that will hatch out much stronger, better poults than can be hatched in incubators or by hens, but as a general rule the poults do better if brooded by the turkey hens. Poults will thrive well if given the same care and attention that is required for the best development of young chicks, when old enough they should have almost unlimited range of pasture or woodland. They should be fed in the morning before they are allowed to wander away, and a liberal supply in the evening given to coach them to return regularly to their roosting quarters. Turkeys require a plentiful supply of fresh water at all times.

The feeding of turkeys for market should commence as soon as the cold weather begins in the fall, which will usually be in October. They will take on flesh then more rapidly if the range can be limited somewhat more than during the growing period.

A ration consisting of equal parts of finely ground oats, cornmeal and middlings, mixed into a crumbly mass with boiling hot water or milk and fed while a little warm, is excellent for fattening for market. All turkeys intended for breeding purposes should have been selected and separated from the fattening birds before commencing the fattening rations for the latter.

The advantage of keeping but one variety of turkeys on a farm is that a more uniform grade can always be produced for market.—J. D. Lang, Poultryman, Experimental Station, Lennoxville, Que.

SAVED BY A SPOON

The police at Strasburg, summoned by an appeal for help, tied to a spoon which was thrown on the pavement, broke into the house above and discovered locked in an attic, a young domestic. She declared she had been imprisoned by her employer, who feared that she would tell of her part as accomplice in robbing a big Strasburg shop. A further search of the house brought to light thousand of francs' worth of goods stolen from shops and hotels in Strasburg, Metz, Nancy and Epinal, and even linen stolen from railway dining-cars.

YOUR POSSIBLE SELF

Self-knowledge is not complete till it takes in our possibilities. Some young people feel that they know themselves because they have familiarized themselves with their limitations, but that is only half of it. Remember that you can do a great deal more than you have ever done, and that the powers now in operation are probably only a fraction of your potential powers. Some of you if you should meet your possible selves, face to face, would pass them by without a glance, like any other strangers.

HELPING THE CHILDREN

The Eighth Year of the Children's Aid Society of Halton a Success

At the eighth annual meeting of the Halton County Children's Aid Society, held at the Gordon Home, with the President, Mr. J. M. Denyes, in the chair, the reports from the Secretary-Treasurer and Inspector were read and adopted. The year's work was carefully gone over and everything found in a very satisfactory condition.

Deep regret was expressed by the members in the loss sustained by the home in the death of Miss Holloway, the matron.

The following officers were elected:

Hon. President—His Honor Judge Elliott.

Hon. Solicitor—Crown Attorney Dick

President—J. M. Denyes.

First Vice President—D. B. Robertson.

Second Vice President—Mayor Earl.

Secretary—Mrs. T. J. Brown.

Treasurer—C. H. Stuart.

Executive Committee — Mesdames Gorham, R. K. Anderson, Sanderson, McPhail, Ramshaw, Peacock and Denyes, Misses Howes, Blain, C. Campbell, Messrs. Little, McClenahan, W. H. Clements, Muxted, Pearen, Michener, Mockridge, Marshall, Dr. Gowland and Dr. Anderson.

Representatives from each town were elected to the society:

Acton—Mrs. George Havill.

Georgetown—Dr. R. R. Watson.

Burlington—Mrs. Pope.

Oakville—Mrs. W. Inglehart.

The reports of the Treasurer and the Inspector are as follows:

Summary of Financial Statement for Year ending October 31, 1921

RECEIPTS

Nov. 1, 1920, balance on hand	$343 31
Membership Fees	13 00
Cash Donations	140 35
Interest	37 50
Grants from County Council	2,300 00
	$2,834 06

EXPENDITURE

Transferred to Gordon Home Account	$2,400 00
Washing Machine	310 00
Furniture	36 00
Christmas Gifts	13 75
Hospital and other expenses re Miss Holloway	78 00
Sundry	35 75
Balance on Hand	61 56
	$2,834 06

C. H. Stuart, Treasurer.

Inspector's Report

Another year's work with all its successes and failures, in the care of neglected and dependent children, has been added to the past. In a work so comprehensive and varied, a work requiring such sound judgment, sympathy and wisdom, there will surely be seeming failures at least.

The report must necessarily be brief, as neither space nor words are sufficient to express all the activities of the Children's Aid Society.

At the outset we desire to offer our sincere thanks to our Heavenly Father for His guidance and help under all circumstances, and for the hope for the future inspired within our hearts.

Although the great war ceased three years ago, and although the general use of intoxicating liquors has greatly diminished, yet there seems to be no cessation of poverty and neglect. In fact the increase in domestic unhappiness, due to entrangements, often the result of the immorality of parents, is deplorable.

It is a splendid sign of the times that there are now so many organizations doing social welfare work, all of which seem to be working so harmoniously together.

The act recently passed by which mothers are paid by the government to care for their children, when the father is either deceased or permanently disabled, is having a very beneficial effect. For this we are largely indebted to Mr. J. J. Kelso, who advocated such an act for years.

In many cases of failure on the part of parents to care properly for their children, one or two warnings have been sufficient to bring about a betterment of conditions.

Both in addresses and in private conversation, efforts have been made to stem the current of cigarette smoking among young people. A noted judge from his experience says, "The cigarette habit is the most potent factor for the development of crime in the boy."

As during the previous year, so during this, religious literature has been distributed, especially to places where children haven't the opportunity of regular attendance at Church and at Sabbath School.

During the year we have been successful in securing some very excellent homes, for those unfortunate children, thus making these children very fortunate, but we feel that there are many good homes who are in the position of doing such good missionary and patriotic work, and of brightening their homes, but who are failing to grasp the opportunity.

In my visits, I find that nearly all the foster parents are quite susceptible to advice regarding the training of those under their care. This helps to make the work more pleasant and satisfactory.

Too much stress is often placed upon heredity. It is the consensus of opinion among psychologists that in the development of character environment is much more powerful than heredity.

Very seldom are the children of well-to-do parents in court charged with delinquency. Also charges of theft are almost always against town boys. The reasons seem obvious. The town boy usually has less manual labor than the boy on the farm. He sees frequently more articles that he wishes to possess.

During the year the Society met with a serious loss in the death of its very efficient matron, the late Miss Holloway. Many were the expressions of regret throughout the counties. We are pleased however, that we are still able to retain the valuable services of her mother, Mrs. Butterway.

In closing, I wish to thank Crown Attorney, Mr. W. I. Dick, for cheerful and gratuitous legal advice; Mr. T. A. Hutchinson, Barrister, for his helpfulness; Doctors Gowland and King, who have so kindly and attentively given medical treatment to the children of the Gordon Home, and all organizations, and individuals, who have helped in any way to improve the social conditions of our people.

Applications for children, 41; children brought to the Shelter (not wards), 9; children returned to parents (not wards), 7; children involved during the year, 209; children made wards of the Children's Aid Society, 7; children sent to the Industrial School, 4; complaints received, 48; investigations made, 56; mail matter received, 619; mail matter sent out, 840; meetings addressed, 14; mileage (approximately), 4,310; telephone interviews, 476; office interviews, 138; court attendance, 11; wards placed and replaced, 43; wards returned to Shelter, 3; wards visited, 114; warnings given, 33; deaths, 1; released from supervision, 5; number of wards in the Shelter, 12; number of boarders in Shelter, 2; number of boys in the Shelter, 8.

Respectfully submitted,

W. H. Hyward.

UNGENTLEMANLY RETORT

Professor Caput, engaged the Opera House one night to give a public demonstration of phrenology, and there was a large audience assembled to see him read the heads of the prominent citizens. "Ladies first," was the gallant professor's words, and the Widow Mingus took the seat on the stage.

"This will be a difficult head to read," explained the courtly professor, "owing to the luxuriant mass of hair which covers it."

"Ask her to take it off while you're working," shouted a voice from near the door.

Owing to the widow's tripping over a chair in the aisle, Randy Bevor was able to get away in his waiting flivver.—Exchange.

NO SHORT-CUTS TO SUCCESS

Learn a trade and don't be satisfied until you have mastered the details and are able to prove you are a specialist at your job. Our trouble to-day is short-cuts are taken to shorten apprenticeships and the result often is a "botch" is turned out instead of a workman. The same is often true of school and college life, anything to get in the prescribed time, and as a result it is often a poor stab that is made at the examination tests. You can't grow an oak on mushroom principles.

Get your Comfortable Old Shoes Made Good as New

We use the best leather and have all the latest appliances for turning out a first-class job.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

We have in stock a first-class line of men's and boy's shoes at very reasonable prices.

T. E. Gibbons - Mill St., Acton

Our Specials for this Week

Have you tried our "Hallo" Taffy? Strawberry, vanilla and maple flavors. Regular 50c per lb. Saturday, 29c.

Apple Blossoms, vanilla flavor. Regular 50c per lb. Saturday, 29c.

Week-end Chocolates, hard and soft centres. Regular 60c and 70c lines. Saturday, 45c.

Chocolate Bars, 6 for 25c.

JOHN MOFFAT

PHONE 31 - MAIN ST., ACTON

J. N. O'Neill & Son - Georgetown, Ont.

DISTRIBUTORS OF

Dodge Brothers Motor Cars

Studebaker Motor Cars

For Acton, Georgetown, Milton

J. R. LEISHMAN, Acton Representative

Carriage Rubber Tires

We have the Best Equipment for Applying Carriage Rubber Tires at Reasonable Prices

Automobile Tops

We Re-cover Auto Tops and fit Your Auto with Door Opening Curtains

We Have Ready For Sale

One used Dodge Touring Car, in first-class condition.

Also one 490 Chevrolet Touring, which we will sell cheap.

J. N. O'Neill & Son - Georgetown, Ont.

Friendship-Yes! But—

"The Bill will not let in Canadian wheat, but will save to the American farmer the right to raise a bushel of wheat instead of transferring that right to Canada."—Mr. Fordney, in introducing the Fordney Emergency Tariff Bill which has shut millions of dollars worth of Canadian foodstuffs out of the United States market.

"If we are to build up a self-sustaining agriculture here at home, the farmer must be protected from unfair competition from those countries where agriculture is still being exploited."—President Harding. The very spot chosen to deliver this speech—Minnesota—shows that Harding had the Canadian North-West in mind.

WHILE ties of friendship unite Canada and the United States, the attitude of Uncle Sam is that of "Business First", and Canada cannot and should not hope for any consideration from the United States where the interests of the farmers and business people of that country are involved.

Uncle Sam has built the Fordney Tariff directly against Canadian agriculture, and now additional Tariff proposals are now under consideration to shut out from the United States Canadian goods of every kind.

These measures are due to the insistence of the American farmer that the United States market shall be retained exclusively for him and that the influx of Canadian farm products into that country must cease. They are also due to a like insistence of United States manufacturers and workers, who have seen their country develop tremendously and grow rich under a Protective Tariff, and who believe that a still further increase in Tariff is the only means of assuring continued prosperity.

CONTRAST THE ATTITUDE OF THE UNITED STATES LEADERS WITH THAT OF CANADA'S WOULD-BE LEADERS, CRERAR AND KING

Crerar proposes to allow American goods to enter the Canadian market free of duty.

King proposes that the present reasonable Tariff on the products of the American factory and farm shall be greatly reduced, and that the home market of the Canadian farmer and manufacturer alike shall be thrown open to our Southern neighbour, in the face of the United States Emergency tariff, which practically shuts out Canadian farm products from these markets, and also in the face of the permanent tariff now under consideration at Washington, which gives every promise of being even more drastic than the Emergency Tariff so far as our products are concerned.

In view of the attitude of the United States, what folly it is for Crerar and King to propose throwing open the Canadian market to a flood of both agricultural and manufactured products of the United States when there is not the slightest possibility of any compensative advantage to Canada.

Does any sane Canadian believe that Crerar or King, hat in hand, could persuade the United States Government to completely reverse its Tariff policies and agree to reciprocal trade in face of American public demand for a high protective Tariff?

The people of the United States conduct their affairs and protect themselves by the principle that "Business is business." Why should Canada do otherwise?

Unlike Crerar or King, MEIGHEN stands firm for a reasonable Tariff to protect all our industries — those of the farm, the sea, the mine, the forest, the factory, and for the building up of a bigger and better Canada through the full development of the home market.

FRIENDSHIP WITH THE UNITED STATES? YES, BY ALL MEANS!

BUT— let us defend our home market, our industries, our farms, our workmen, our homes by the same methods as are used so effectively against us.

Let us work out our own destiny—that of a strong, self-contained nation within the British Empire group of Nations, courageous, masterful, self-reliant.

Canada Needs Meighen

The National Liberal and Conservative Party Publicity Committee 56

Repair that Leaky Roof

ELASTIGUM—is a tough adhesive cement used to repair leaks in metal, wood, shingle, felt or canvas roofs. It is easily applied with a trowel and can be used in gutters or for blasting chimneys. Priced at: 1 lb. 30c; 5 lbs. 90c; 25 lbs. $3.25.

EVERLASTIC ROOM CEMENT—is a preservative for all kinds of metal or felt roofs. It is easy to apply and wears well. Priced at: 1 gallon, $1.25; 5 gallons, $5.50.

EVERLASTIC ROOF CEMENT—1s gallon, $1.35; 5 gallons, $6.25.

READY ROOFING—Made of good black felt put up in rolls containing 108 square feet, including cement and nails.

CERTAINTEED—Priced at: 1 ply, $2.00; 2 ply, $3.70; 3 ply, $4.40; Sentinel Roofing, $2.00.

GUARD—1 ply, $2.35; 2 ply, $2.90; 3 ply, $3.50.

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

H. J. JONES ENGRAVING CO.

Phone Adelaide 3464

85 Richmond St. West

TORONTO CANADA

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Track Route

BETWEEN

MONTREAL — TORONTO

DETROIT — CHICAGO

Unexcelled dining car service.

Sleeping cars on night trains and Parlor Cars on principal day trains

Full information from any Grand Trunk ticket agent or C. E. Horning, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

H. S. HOLMES, Agent

ACTON, ONT. - Phone 17

R. NOBLE Ltd.

Acton Elevator

At Grand Trunk Station

Just Arrived—Car No. 1 Feed Oats

A QUANTITY OF FEED CORN AND OIL CAKE JUST RECEIVED

FLOUR, FEED, NORVAL BRAN AND SHORTS, FEED FLOUR

R. NOBLE Ltd.

HENRY AWREY - MANAGER

When You Need

BOOTS SHOES

At any Time

BUY FROM

W. WILLIAMS

Mill Street - Acton

FAMOUS FOR

Satisfactory Footwear

REASONABLE PRICES