The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1921

HER NAME

"I'm losted! Could you find me please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind has tossed her golden fleece,
The stone has scratched her dimpled knees.
I stooped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid;
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiny Eyes," she said;
"Yes, but your last?" she shook her head;
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single fing about it."
"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me tell you? Dust Shiny Eyes." A bright thought came;
"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
You, little one—is it just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
"'Cept when I've been a-frowing stones,
And then she says (the culprit owns);
Mehitabel Sapphira Jones,
What has you been a-doing?"

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the issue of the Free Press of December 12, 1901

The School Board asks for tenders for the two wood furnaces which have just been replaced by the steam heating apparatus.

About 6 or 8 inches of snow fell on Monday night and the sleighs and cutters have been running freely since.

Mr. Wm. Melvin has disposed of his barbering business to Mr. Wesley Kee, late of Cheltenham. Mr. Melvin has done well during his eight or nine years in Acton, owns a comfortable residence on Bower Avenue, and our citizens will regret his removal to Stratford, which takes place early in the new year.

The big Winter Fair is in progress in Guelph, and Acton and vicinity has a large quota of farmers and citizens in attendance.

The executors of the estate of the late J. B. Pearson have disposed of the hardware, grocery and crockery business, which was carried on so successfully for twenty years by the late Reeve Pearson, to Mr. William Johnstone, furniture dealer. Mr. Johnstone takes possession next week, and will conduct his furniture and undertaking business in connection with the hardware business.

The administrator for the estate of the late Fred C. Glebe was in town last week from Hanover, and handed over the mill and residence properties to the purchasers, Messrs. Beardmore & Co. secured the mill and Mr. John Harvey the new brick house at the corner of Park Avenue and Mill Streets. Messrs. Beardmore & Co's purpose in buying the property is to ensure a supply of water for tanning purposes, the chemical qualities of this water being especially suited to their needs.

The Ontario Government has been informed that Col. Dent has purchased in Canada for the British army, 7,567 horses, and besides this he has instructions to require 340 more for the contingent for South Africa which is now being equipped. These horses will realize almost $1,000,000 for Canadian dealers.

RIDDLES

Why is an author like a very queer animal?
Because his tale comes out of his head.

What does a five-sailed yacht with six men for crew weigh just before she sets sail?
She weighs her anchor.

I live as long as I eat, but when I drink I die. Who am I?
Fire.

What is most like a horse-shoe?
A mare's shoe.

Why is a ton of coal at the present time like venison?
Because it is dear (deer).

How can you shoot one hundred and twenty hares at once?
Shoot at a wig.

What is the difference between a sick elephant and a dead bee?
One is a seedy beast, the other a bee deceased.

Why is the letter P like a pip.
Because it is in the middle of an apple.

Which letter is always asking questions?
The letter Y (why).

What do you see people drink broth with?
Your eyes.

Why is an egg like a young colt?
Because it is not ready for use until it is broken.

What is the difference between the old governments of Algiers and Malta?
Algiers was governed by deys, and Malta by knights.

Why is the letter E a wet one?
Because it is always in water, and wet.

When are human beings like nails?
When they are indoors (in doors).

REAL NEIGHBORLINESS

An interesting experiment in neighborliness has been carried on for nearly a year in a part of Toledo which is populated almost exclusively by Polish immigrants and their descendants. The Polish Business Men's club of the district conceived the idea that the needy Polish families in the community should be taken care of in a neighborly way, rather than by a charity organization. The latter was requested not to extend aid in the district, but to notify the club, so that it might meet all emergencies. This is not done from the club treasury, however. An investigation is made to determine whether the need is for money, supplies or work, and the other residents of the block; including the tradesmen, are then informed that their neighbors need their assistance, which, the club reports, is always forthcoming.

SAFETY RULES FOR GASOLINE

1.—Remember that you must take no chances with gasoline; it is one of the most dangerous explosives in common use.

2.—It must always be kept in tightly fastened cans; never in glass bottles.

3.—It should never be uncovered within the house nor at any point where its fumes can travel to an open flame, a live coal or a spark.

4.—Do not use it for cleaning, if you can get a safe cleaning operation.

5.—Gasoline in quantity should be kept in underground tanks.

6.—No one should be allowed to smoke in a garage.

7.—No one should be allowed to smoke in an automobile while its gasoline tank is being filled.

8.—Do not use water upon a gasoline or coal-oil fire; use a chemical extinguisher, or else throw earth or sand upon it.

Well, another election has come and gone. The turmoil is over and the man who received the most votes in the County was elected as usual.

Say, I overheard expressions every once in a while during the long campaign, something like this: "Wonder why the "Old Man" doesn't say something about the election?" Well, I didn't say anything for several reasons. First, I thought there was enough said by people who know little, if anything, about the issues, without me meddling with my old back-number opinions. Second, I heard so much jabber down about the base of this big tower, in season, and out of season, that I felt that it was needless for me to add more.

Say, I heard politics down there, morning, noon and night, and they often got pretty hot, too. Why, that morning after the big snow storm came; lets see, that was about the sixth or seventh of November—a whole month before the day when the election was held—there was a fierce argument down there. "Why, I'm blessed, if the man who shovels the snow off the pavement in front of the post office hadn't an argument with one of those measley Grits, so hot that he got excited over it, and he forgot all about the big snow bank behind the public drinking fountain. And he never shovelled that snow off at all. It went out of his mind altogether, and he never once thought of it again. Well, in a day or two it turned mild, and all the snow in that bank behind the fountain gradually melted and for three or four days the pavement in front of the fountain was covered with slush. Mary walked past there when she went over to Brown's for a perous plaster, which I needed, and as the pavements elsewhere were dry she had not put on her rubbers. The result was she got her poor old feet wet and took cold, and we had a high old time doctoring that cold for the next few days. And that's the second reason I thought there was enough political squabbling without me butting in.

In the third place I wasn't just satisfied at first how I ought to vote myself. The parties had gotten so far away from the old Grit and Tory lines that I confess I was so muddled I didn't know quite where I was at. Old-fashioned politics seemed to be lacking entirely. I heard them talking about the Liberals and, the National Liberal and Conservative party, and the Progressive Political party, and the U. F. O's, and my old head got muddled. When I was a young fellow and John White and D. B. Chisholm and Sheriff Mackinlaay and other chaps of that day were running we just had the Grits and Tories to think of. Then came the Reformers and the Conservatives, and later we had the Liberals and Liberal-Conservatives. But now with all these new-fangled parties of these modern days I found myself all at sea. There was Dr. Anderson running as a National Liberal and Conservative candidate, and when I voted for the Dr. four years ago, he was running as a Unionist. Then there was Will Fisher, he was running as a Liberal, but a lot of the farmers, Grits and Tories alike, were talking against him, because they said they wanted to vote for a farmer. Well, I've known William Fisher ever since he was a boy, and have seen his farm at Burlington hundreds of times, and I'm blessed if it is not one of the best farms in the county, and they say he's been so good a farmer that he's made slathers of money on it too. Why the farmers, and especially the Grit farmers, would go back on Fisher I couldn't for the life of me see. And then there was my old friend Ford, of Trafalgar. In all my recollection of the old days, J. F. and all the rest of the Fords were Tories, pure and simple, and now what did I hear in this campaign? Why, that the Grit farmers were flocking up to give their votes to Ford, because he was a farmer. And Bill Hampshire, the Deputy Reeve, who was a Fisher man, complained that even John Wrigglesworth, of Ashgrove, one of the hottest old Grits in Halton, was supporting Ford. This was all beyond me.

Is it any wonder that my old head got tangled where there was such a mess in the campaign which ended on Tuesday. Well, after a good deal of studying, and a good deal of reading of campaign stuff, and the advertisements, in the newspapers, and a talk with two or three of my best old cronies, I got down to hard tacks; or thought I had.

Just then it dawned on me that the women were going to vote in this election, as they had never done before when we were voting for a member to represent us in the House of Commons. Say, that put me out in my calculations again. I found I couldn't make even a guess as to who had the best chance. And a man from Wellington County met me, and of course we talked about the election. I mentioned the women vote to him, and that put him right up in the air. "This women vote," said he, "is going to knock all calculations out-ways. Why, just look at my own household." "I'm going to vote for Carter, because he's a good Liberal and I've always been a Liberal. My wife says she's going to vote for Guthrie, for she knew his father, and he was a good lawyer, and he settled up her grandfather's estate to the satisfaction of all the family, and Guthrie's his son, and she's going to vote for him. And then there's my daughter, Sarah Ann, she's not married yet, but she expects to be and her young man is a farmer, and is linked up with the U. F. O's, and he's going to support Stinger and, she says she's going to vote just the same way as Jim. And there you are," said he.

Well, that may be the way in some homes, but that's not the way in ours. Mary and I talked over the matter and I, explained the pros and cons, and the ifs and ands, and I said, you know, Mary I've been voting a long time, and this is your first vote for a man for the Ottawa Parliament, and I've made up my mind how to vote and I think you'll be safe to vote the way I do. And Mary said, yes, you generally get at the bottom of those things all right. So when voting day came on Tuesday we went down to Speight's shop bright and early, together, mind you, and we both voted, and both of us voted the same way.

And then that night or, I guess it was yesterday morning, we first heard the results, because we went to bed early Tuesday night. We both had the satisfation of hoping we had voted right, for the most of the voters of the county marked their ballots the same way we had done and our man was elected. I didn't cheer, nor anything, because, while I was glad we didn't lose our Votes, I was a little sorry for the other fellows, for I couldn't get away from the feeling that all the three candidates were good men; they were all natives of this good old County of Halton, and either of the two would have represented us at Ottawa just as well as the one who was elected.

Well, it's all over, and I haven't any hard feelings, and I'm real glad that the snow behind the fountain will now be shovelled off all the rest of the winter, for there'll be no more politics to argue over again for a dog's age.

Talking about elections takes me away back to the days of open voting, before the ballot with its boasted secrecy, was invented. I remember an election away back when I was a young fellow, and just taking an interest in voting, when John White was the king-pin of Halton. A vote took place under the old plan where the elector openly declared his vote and the returning officer wrote it down. John White had a fast team and was making a trip around the polling places of the county. He got to Acton about an hour before the poll closed, and stood in the polling place with a big roll of bills. They say from that time till five o'clock every vote went down for John White. But that wasn't bribery you remember. That's the way it was done in those days, and there was no law and precious little sentiment against it. There are some folks in this county yet who can't tell of just as much money being paid for votes in elections long after John White's, if they would. But you can bet you it wasn't done in the same way. The law said "You mustn't," but they did it all the same.

When voting by ballot came in there was quite a time in getting the people to understand, and there was a lot of suspicion that somebody might have a way of finding out how folks voted. But I never thought there was much in that.

My old rememberer thinks back to one of the first of these ballot elections. It was when William Clay, the old bachelor merchant at Norval, was the Tory candidate, and W. Lyon, the Milton merchant, who used to keep store in the stone building opposite the town hall, was the standard-bearer for the Reformers. I remember distinctly that day in November, 1875, when Sheriff Mackinlaay, who was returning officer for the county, came up from Milton with the Acton ballots, and ballot box and instructions. He asked for the village Clerk, who was to be the deputy-returning officer, for Acton at this election. We sent him to Mr. Storey, the Reeve, who told him that the clerk was H. P. Moore and he was working down at the tannery. Well, the Sheriff found the clerk. He told me afterwards he felt rather "abashed," you, that's the very word he used, when he saw the beardless boy who was Acton's clerk, and had some misgivings in putting him in charge of this election with the new balloting system. "But," he said, "if Acton Council made him their Clerk and Treasurer I guess I'll be safe in appointing him to run this election." Well, say, that election went on, and the people here took to the new ballot fine, and the young returning officer did his work all right. He had no poll clerk, and there was but one polling place for all of Acton, and that was up stairs in Matthews Hall, which used to stand where the Government Building and the Big Clock Tower are now. Well, the returning officers took their ballot boxes to Milton next day themselves. Bill Gordon, who was returning officer at Hannacksburn School, and H. P. took their boxes down together.

I met my old friend, the sheriff, a week or so afterward, when I was down to Milton, and I says, says I, "How did our youthful clerk get along with the election at Acton?" "Say," said the sheriff, "that boy Moore brought in his ballot box, and his ballots, and all the papers and envelopes with used and unused and spoiled ballots, and the several returns, and I found everything filled out correctly, and better than most of the old seasoned returning officers I had appointed." Well, say, remember that was forty-six years ago, and you will know that our present Police Magistrate must have been considerable of a "kid," as they say nowadays, away back there in 1875.

Well, I could tell you about other elections, and about the stories of ballot box stuffing, and about the electionk to the Council and the School Board here in Acton in the long ago, but you see I've used my space again and I must stop right here.

No, before I dry off my old shaky pen, I must tell you that at the first Council election ever held in Acton, in 1873, the Reeve and Councillors elected were: W. H. Storey, Reeve, Asa Hall, Dr. McCarvin, John Speight, and Charles T. Hill, Councillors—and every one of these has gone to sleep the sleep of the just, years ago, and not one of the members of their families ever thinks of aspiring to be Reeve or Councillors in these modern times. Well, come to think of it, John Hill and W. A. Storey are the only ones eligible for any of these positions and John couldn't for the life of him think of giving up the hand to be Reeve, and Bill Storey is always head over heels in business. Why, neither of them has ever had time even to think of getting married.

The Old Man

Buckley Fires The Opening Shot

In whirlwind campaign to end Bronchitis.

Sensational free trial offer

Glorious news to sufferers! Every cough and cold in Canada is doomed to disappear. Buckley advises you—in fact—urges you to join in the big fight—to try absolutely free of cost a bottle of Buckley's Bronchitis Mixture,—the World's wonder cough and cold destroyer. Furnish your own proof, convince yourself beyond the shadow of a doubt that the regular treatment will blow your cold to atoms. Not a cent do we ask. No obligations whatever to make this test.

Act now! Fill in the coupon before you forget and exchange it at any of the drug stores listed below:—

W. K. BUCKLEY, Limited, Manufacturing Chemists
142 Bristol Street — Toronto

COUPON

Free trial Buckley's Bronchitis Mixture. This coupon will not be accepted if presented by a child.

Name .....

Address .....

Druggist's Name .....

Sold in Acton by
A. T. BROWN

PUTTING YOURSELF IN THE WRONG

If you are in the right, do not put yourself in the wrong by losing your temper. That is what Lois did one day. Marjorie had agreed to meet her at quarter of three and Lois waited till half past. Not only were three-quarters of an hour thrown away, but the delay meant that they would be late to the concert.

Up to this time Lois was in the right. She was the aggrieved party. The task of making apologies belonged to Marjorie. But when Marjorie tripped in on the half hour, Lois did not wait for apologies, or even explanations. The growing irritability of three-quarters of an hour of waiting found vent in such savage speeches that though they went to the concert and sat close together through the various numbers, neither one heard a note.

But the roles of the two had been reversed. Marjorie had become the aggrieved party. Whether she had an excuse or not for being late, the little matter of tardiness shrank into insignificance beside Lois' outburst. It was impossible that the friendly relations between the two should be restored till Lois had apologized.

This is only one of the innumerable instances. You may be in the right now, but keep a tight rein on your temper, and guard your speech, or you may all at once discover that the roles are reversed, and that instead of accepting apologies, it is your business to apologize.—Marian L. Sumner.

THE ALPHABET OF SUCCESS

Attend carefully to details.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battles bravely.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation.
Join hands with the virtuous.
Keep your mind free from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few special acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the word of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
EXtend to every one a kindly greeting.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for the right and success is certain.

THE SOMEWHERE ELSE

"The older I grow," said the mother, looking up from the dishes she was washing, "the more I am convinced that one of the greatest mistakes in my life is to suppose that if we were somewhere else we would be happier."

She had just received a long letter from a young daughter who had gone out from home to earn her living.

"Ella was never satisfied here with us," continued the speaker. "She fancied that happiness was to be found outside in the great world; that all she needed was a chance to be free. Now she realizes how many blessings she had at home that she can never hope to find among strangers."

The mother was right. There is no situation in life that one may not quarrel with. It is the art of the uncultivated nature to overlook the advantages at hand, and continually imagine what might be.

If we are wise we shall adjust ourselves to our conditions and get the greatest possible good out of them; make a little boundary around to-day and look not beyond it. Put a round peg in a round hole.

BIG WORDS

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are sometimes employed by men of mind, when they wish to use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With a few exceptions, however, illiterate and half-educated persons use more "big words" than people of thorough education. It is a very common, but very egregious mistake to suppose the long words are more genteel than the short ones—just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the style of dress. These are the kind of people who don't begin; but always "commence." They don't live but "reside." They don't go to bed, but mysteriously "retire." They don't eat and drink, but "partake of refreshments." They are never sick but "extremely indisposed;" and instead of dying, at last, they "decease." The strength of the English language is the short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation; and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood and affection delight in what Horace calls verbi sesquipedalia—words "a foot and a half" long.

A NEW NAME TO HIM

The scholars had stumbled through their share of the reading lesson and at last it came to little Harry's turn. He got on quite well until he came to the word heirloom. The teacher, noticing his difficulty, helped him and then asked:

"And do you know the meaning of the word?"

Harry shook his head.

"It means something that is handed down from father to son—in other words, a relic."

"Oh," said Harry with a grin, "that's the funniest name I ever heard for a pair of pants."

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

In England and Wales there is one drink-shop to every six other shops. On December 31, 1917, there were in England and Wales, 44,820 churches and registered places of worship; but 84,644 public houses. Of these 70,000 were opened every Sunday evening in competition with the churches and other places of worship. In 1911 (another year) there was in England and Wales one drink-shop in every fifty-seven dwelling houses; and in 1914 there was one drink-shop to every 200 adults of twenty years and upwards, the maintenance of which must necessarily be a heavy burden on the community.

THE GREATEST LIFE ENRICHER

I would rather be a radiator of sunshine, an encourager, a helper, a lifter, a friend to the friendless and the down and out, and yet be poor in material things, than have the wealth of a Croesus, a starved, pinched, gloomy nature, and a loveless life therewith. A love that reaches out to every living thing on God's earth is the greatest of all life enrichers.—O. H. Marden.

LIFE SEEN AS A POEM

The most beautiful poem there is is life—life which discerns its own story in the making, in which inspiration and self-consciousness go together, and help each other; life which knows itself to be the world in little a repetition in miniature of the divine universal poem.—Amiel.

HERE AND THERE

Many a man has a strong will, but but his won't is stronger.

Divorce suits are always pressed with the seamy side out.

No man is beaten as long as he isn't discouraged.

Next big kick will be about the high cost of giving.

If the farmer is not sharp as a razor he can never succeed.

An editor discovers women have learned to be on time. Yes, but come half dressed.

Always purchase umbrellas in dry weather, as they are sure to go up when it rains.

If a man realizes how careless he is about paying back what he borrows he seldom lands anything.

WHEN?

A shrewd old gentleman described an acquaintance as being "so busy with big good intentions that he never had time to carry out any of them." Most of us have met that "acquaintance." There are persons who have no suspicion of their own selfishness and uselessness in the world; their good intentions have completely blinded them to their lack of action. They dream magnificent dreams of the good that might be accomplished—if only conditions were a little different. They only admit the efforts and the benefactions around them as scarcely worth while, when so much more might be accomplished, if only individuals and society were in better shape.

HIS ADDRESS

A man was invited to speak at a local gathering and, being nobody in particular, was placed last on the list of speakers. Moreover, the chairman introduced several speakers whose names were not on the list, and the audience was tired out when he said, introducing the final speaker, "Mr. Brown will now give us his address."

"My address," said Mr. Brown, rising, "is 55 Rushton Avenue, and I wish you all good night."

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

Christmas Goods

For Novelties for the Holidays Call on

E. K. COOK

He will supply you with: Ties; Belts; Arm Bands; Garters; Handkerchiefs; Gloves; Cuff Links; Bachelor Buttons; and many other things the Men and Boys are glad to have.

HIS PRICES ARE LOW

E. K. COOK

MILL STREET - ACTON

1921 Xmas Seals

Much thought has been given to the production of a very attractive Xmas Seal for the Muskoka Hospital this year.

As usual old Santa is the predominating feature. Illuminated in Xmas reds and greens, it should prove an easy seller.

Every boy and girl of school age has a supply of these Seals for sale; as has also your bank.

Buy them freely—Every dollar they bring is devoted to the maintenance of needy patients.

Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton 338 College Street, Toronto.

Christmas

GET REAL AND LASTING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AT

C. C. Speight's

Gramophones
Records—Large Stock
Silverware
Bridal Wreath, Old Colony, Adam, Sheridan, Grosvenor Patterns
Tableware
Tools for Father
Skates for the Boy or the Girl
Hockey Sticks and Pucks
Etc., Etc.

C. C. Speight
Mill Street - Acton

Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Spats

For Christmas

WILLIAMS

Has been Serving You for over Forty Christmases with his

Reliable Goods

They have Always Pleased

Try His Stock Again This Year for Practical Presents

W. Williams
Mill Street - Acton

MOSCOW'S BUSINESS CORNER

Corner of one of the Moscow railway stations waiting for the ticket office to open so that they may obtain Government tickets, which will permit them to leave the city. Note the Canadian Pacific Railway sign in the window.—By courtsey C. P. R.

COMING TO THE CITY

Girls who find themselves transplanted from a comfortable home to the bustle and discomfort of city life often suffer from loneliness and homesickness and the following advice from a woman welfare worker may be useful to some girl intending to migrate to town.

"Don't leave home without knowing where and with whom you are going to live."

"Don't overlook the fact that there are no lifts to the land of success. You'll have to toil up a step at a time, but by perseverance and hard work you will reach the top if you wish.

"Don't forget that it is possible to be a thousand times more lonely in a crowded city than in a forest, for most folks know the birds and the trees."

"I never knew how lonely I could be till I found myself in a hostel for women, surrounded with women workers," said a girl who had recently come from a quiet country home where she and her mother lived together.

All that the woman she encountered in her new home said and thought and did was absolutely foreign to her, and the pity was that she had never been warned what life in workland would be like.

NEEDLE WITHOUT AN EYE

The needle's eye has undergone several changes of position since, in the dim past, it was invented, and placed at the end away from the point. In the first form of sewing-machine needle it was made double-ended, and the eye was placed in the middle, and the idea of putting the eye close to the point was one of the first factors in making a really practical sewing-machine.

Now in the latest pattern of needle the eye has disappeared altogether. This is a surgical needle for sewing up human tissues after a wound or an operation. For such use a needle with an eye has never been entirely satisfactory, because the double thread through the eye and back again, inevitably made at one point a thickness different to the thickness of the rest of the needle. The blunt end of the new needle ends in a short tube, in which the end of the thread is permanently fixed; so that the surface of the needle is smooth and regular from end to end, and there is no longer any "pull" when the thread follows through the hole that the needle has pierced. The inventor, a London surgeon, has presented all rights in the new needle to the London Hospital.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE

He is usually considered a failure who attempts something and does not succeed.

But on considering the subject, does it not seem fair to include among the ranks of the failures those who obtain the privileges of success without performing the duties of which they should be the reward?

Too many in these get-rich-quick days, demand immediate success, easy success. The past teaches us that what is too easy obtained is prized but little if at all, and also that the things worth while are not won in a minute nor by feeble effort.

Do you desire the privileges of success? Perform faithfully its duties.

Do you desire the pleasures of achievement? You must suffer its pains.—Jack Mills.

What are You Going to Do This Winter?

In feeding beef cattle you are taking a chance whether you get paid for your feed and labor.

Keep more milk cows, ship or bring your cream to us, and take no chances.

We will buy your cream in the winter as well as in the summer.

Highest cash price for Eggs.

The Acton Creamery Co.
E. J. O'NEIL, Proprietor

Coxe's Garage

MAKES A SPECIALTY OF:

Storing Batteries
For Winter, and keeping them up to test.

Storage for Motor Cars
Either for the winter or during use.

Oxy-Accetylene Welding
Of motor parts or any other machinery.

Oils, Greases, Gasoline
Cleaning and Polishing Fluids.

Accessories of All Kinds

Anything you want in Stock, or Available, Supplied with Satisfactory Promptitude.

L. K. KING, Manager. H. A. COXE, Proprietor.

Send Your Friends The Free Press for a Christmas Box

Christmas Goods

At the Store of Quality and Low Prices

Our stock is now replete with all kinds of Christmas goods, all new and fresh.

New Table Cluster and Muscatel Raisins.

Finest Valencia, Seeded and Seedless Raisins.

Patras and Vastizzo Currants of the best grades.

Wagstaff Orange, Lemon and Citron Peels.

New Shelled Walnuts and Almonds.

We have everything you require for your Christmas Cake and we guarantee satisfaction as to both Quality and Prices.

CANDIES

A big assortment of Christmas Candies.

NUTS

New Walnuts, Almonds, Filberts, Brazils and Peanuts.

Navel Oranges, Grape Fruit, Cranberries, etc.

Cash or Goods Paid for Butter and Eggs

Tannery Co-Operative
C. A. CONWAY, Manager
Mill Street Acton