The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1921

### EMPTY!

"My sock is empty," the laddie said
With a sorrowful droop of his curly head,
"And I hung it up to my cot last night,
I didn't think Santa'd forget me quite.
Mina's gone to heaven, but I thought he'd know
She had left her poor little boy below;"
And the hot tears fell on the pillow white,
While the watching angels wept at the sight.

"My cot is empty," the mother said,
As she stood by the side of the little bed,
"My darling is spending his Christmas Day
In the beautiful home not far away.
He is safe, I know, with the angel band,
But I long for the touch of the wee, warm hand.
And it doesn't seem Christmas to me quite,
With no little sock to fill to-night."

And I thought if the angel of all good deeds,
Looking down on those two with their separate needs,
Could have put it into the mother's heart
To play for the child old Santa's part,
And fill the sock for the lost one's sake,
'Twould have eased perhaps her own heart ache:
And the watching angel might then have smiled
O'er the radiant joy of a little child.

Lillian G. Heard.

### TWENTY YEARS AGO

**From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, December 25, 1901**

The week of zero weather ended on Sunday night.

Georgetown's Arnold bonus debentures have been sold at a premium of $240.

Toronto has had good sleighing the past week, while the wheels have been running here.

Messrs. Gurney & Co. have disposed of their general business to Mr. J. H. Matthews.

Dr. Cameron Warren, of Toronto, will give an address to the Baptist Young People's Union next Thursday evening on "The House we live in—how it is heated."

The local members of the Canadian Order of Foresters enjoyed a very pleasant social evening last Friday at Soper's Oyster Parlor. An excellent oyster supper was served, after which brief addresses were delivered by Dr. McKeague, J. E. Corry and E. K. Cook.

As the two hundred and over employees of Beardmore & Co. and the Acton Tanning Co. wended their way to their homes on Monday at noon, they each carried a plump turkey, the gift of the above named firms. This generous gift was fully appreciated by the workmen.

Knox Sunday School has provided delightful entertainment for New Year's evening in the form of a cantata, "Santa Claus Defenders," together with patriotic and fancy drills, solos and choruses, which will be accompanied by the orchestra of the school.

Acton has a small-pox case—a very mild one. Early in December Mrs. A. Vance, daughter of Mrs. James Ryder, left her home in Virden to visit in Ontario. She came to Acton on Saturday evening from Toronto to spend Christmas with her mother and the family here. Not feeling well the family physician, Dr. McKeague, was called in and he at once diagnosed the case as small-pox. Dr. McKeague communicated with the Provincial Health Officer and the Government Inspector, who came to town on Monday and upon examination of the patient confirmed Dr. McKeague's diagnosis. The local Board of Health was immediately called; and arrangements made for a double-walled isolation tent to be located in the large field in the rear of Mrs. Ryder's residence; this residence and the family quarantined; an experience nurse to be engaged; special sanitary constables to patrol the vicinity; and a proclamation for compulsory vaccination of every citizen within four days. Mrs. Vance is doing well and as it is a very mild case and the location is so that any fear from infection is removed, it is felt sure no epidemic will follow.

### IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

Several years ago a little girl asked the editor of the New York Sun: "Is there a Santa Claus?" He wrote an editorial reply. It has been reprinted many times and has given pleasure and a new meaning to Christmas for old and young.

Dear Editor: I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, "If you see it in the Sun, it is so." Please tell the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

VIRGINIA O' HANLON.

Virginia, your little friends were all wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think nothing can be which is not comprehensible to their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies. You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not, see Santa Claus coming down what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither men nor children can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You might tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world, and not the strongest man, or even the united strength of faithful fancy, poetry, love, fancy can push aside the curtain and view the picture, the supernatural beauty and gold beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus? Thank God, he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

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Many mothers can testify to the virtue of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because they know from experience how useful it is.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25

### REVIEW

Golden Text.—"Wherefore take up the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand."—Eph. 6: 13.

### CENTRAL FACTS

Lesson I.—At the beginning of Paul's third missionary journey he met with both friendliness and opposition.

Lesson II.—Paul preached at Ephesus for two years, and spread the gospel among Jews and Greeks.

Lesson III.—Paul urges unity, harmony and love among the members of the church at Corinth.

Lesson IV.—Paul is on his way to Jerusalem, bidding farewell to the friends from place to place.

Lesson V.—A temperance lesson, in which Israel is condemned for self-indulgence.

Lesson VI.—Paul is mobbed in the temple and rescued by the chief captain.

Lesson VII.—Paul makes his defense before Felix, proving his own innocence and promoting the cause of Christ.

Lesson VIII.—Paul pleads his cause before King Agrippa, and the king finds nothing against him.

Lesson IX.—Paul, having appealed to Caesar, sets sail for Rome and is shipwrecked.

Lesson X.—After a time at Melita, the scene of the ship wreck, Paul resumes the journey and arrives in Rome.

Lesson XI.—Paul writes a personal letter to his friend Philemon in behalf of Onesimus, Philemon's runaway slave.

Lesson XII.—Paul writes to Timothy a letter in which he says that his life's work is done, and that he desires companionship in his last days.

## A WARFARE THAT WILL MAKE YOU STRONGER

The last day of school before the coming of the Christmas holidays was at an end and a group of High School girls stood at a corner before going in different directions. The spirit of happy youth ran high within them. Life was all hopes and harmonies and few of the breakers on the sea of life had rolled their way. Life had not yet taken on its most serious meaning for them and most of their dreams were still wondrous fair. Just before they separated one of the girls said in the high-pitched voice that too often detracts from a girl's charm.

"Only think of it, another year will have come before we meet again. I suppose that all of you will be making a lot of new resolutions for the New Year—and breaking them as soon as they are made."

"Well, there is one good resolution that you'd better make and not break, Lou," said a girl with laughing black eyes.

"What one is that, Nell?"

"You'd better resolve not to screech every time you open your pretty mouth. It puts too much wear and tear on your throat and on the ears of every one within a hundred yards of you."

"Think so, do you?" said Miss Lou with a good-natured laugh. "I really must tone my voice down. My brother Hal says that if I could sell my common speech voice to an auctioneer I could get big money for it. I think I will write 'Tone down your voice' at the top of my list of good resolutions for the new year."

"Yes, and then you would no doubt yell at the top of your voice the first time you told anyone about your good resolution," said another girl.

The girls all laughed at this and then Ida Henderson, a girl with serious eyes and a quiet manner, said.

"Well, girls, I think that it is too bad that we are inclined to poke so much fun at good resolutions for the New Year. Truly, there is need of the good resolutions, isn't there?"

"Sure!" said Lou. "I would make fifty if I thought I could keep five of them."

"Perhaps they would be worth making if you kept only one of them. It is too bad that the good resolution is held in such derision. People say in a kind of a jeering way, 'made the usual New Year resolutions, I suppose. Kept any of them over night?' Honestly, girls, isn't a good resolution rather a serious thing? It is no joke when we look at it right. And if any girl here thinks that she does not need to make any good resolution will she be so good as to hold up her hand?"

Not a hand was lifted and Myra Walton said,

"Well, don't you think, Iva, that it is better not to make any resolutions than it is to make them and then not keep any of them?"

"No, I do not," said Iva firmly. "I say that on the same principle that the poet had in mind when he said that it was better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. It is better to make a good resolution and keep it for a time than never to make such a resolution. But why keep it for only a short time? I think that many of us do that because we feel when we are making the good resolution that we are not likely to keep it. I made at least one good resolution on last New Year's Day that I have kept faithfully."

"What was it?" asked three of the girls.

"I resolved that I would spend at least twenty minutes a day reading a good newspaper editorial, and good books, not fiction. It has not been easy to keep that resolution, but I do not intend to renew that resolution for the coming year."

"Why not?"

"Because I do not need to. I have acquired such a liking for my twenty minutes a day of good reading that I don't think I will ever give it up. I think, girls, that if any of us make a fine resolution for the coming year and keep it faithfully at any cost of inconvenience we will have made a habit of it by the end of the year and will not need to renew it. After all, it is in the spirit in which we make it that the permanency of the good resolution depends. You can't afford to make good resolutions lightly. If ever there was a time when one should be 'deadly serious' it is when one makes a good resolution. I long ago stopped good resolutions just because New Year's Day had come again. As a matter of fact it is not better than any other day for making good resolutions if we need to make them at all."

"That's so, come to think of it," said Helen Rea.

"But as it is a day of new beginnings it is a good time to make resolutions when they are not just spasmodic expressions of feeling. I believe in making good resolutions."

"I think that I do also," said Mary Miller. "We are better off for a good resolution made and kept only for a short time than we are if we never make one. I am going to make some good resolutions and make them in a kind of a fighting spirit, for I know that it will be a hard fight to keep them."

"But it will be a kind of warfare that will make you all the stronger because you have been in it, and who knows but you will win some permanent victories?"

Permanent victories are always possible when it comes to making good resolutions, and there is nothing in the good resolution idea that should be derided. A good resolution is a specific effort, a kind of a reconciliation with good and the longer it is kept the more it enriches life.—J. L. Harbour.

### CHRISTMAS!

Christmas is a season of utter joy to children; but to others it is not without its faint melodious melancholy, its lavender-scented sadness, which awakens at the sound of Christmas bells and, perhaps, makes the day all the more delightful.

At least, let's not flee from it, you and I, when sound and echo commence to weave, warp and woof across the Christmas sky!

Instead of wishing others a Merry Christmas, let's see that they get it. Christmas is like a friendly conversation—who will not share it may not have it.

After all, Christmas is a state of mind, not a date on a calendar. Whoever will, may keep Christmas the year round.

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**Internally and Externally it is Good.**—The crowning property of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is that it can be used internally for many complaints as well as externally. For sore throat, croup, whooping cough, pains in the chest, colic and many kindred ailments it has curative qualities that are unsurpassed. A bottle of it costs little and there is no loss in always having it at hand.

### LITTLE GIFTS AT CHRISTMAS

This is to be a Christmas of economy and more than ever before will the little things count. Everyone of us has a list of dear friends to whom we would send remembrances did not the economy of the times bid us halt. A cordial, kindly letter, full of news about yourself, family and mutual friends will carry warmth of greeting and give much Christmas pleasure. So don't refrain from writing the letter because you cannot send a gift.

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Miller's Worm Powders do not need the after-help of castor oil or any purgative to complete their thoroughness, because they are thorough in themselves. One dose of them, and they will be found palatably by all children, will end the worm trouble by making the stomach and bowels untenable to the parasites. And not only this, but the powders will be certain to exert most beneficial influences in the digestive organs.

### THIS IS CHRISTMAS WEEK

Christmas comes, with its joys and festivities, to brighten the closing days of the year, which may have been full of toil to many, while to others it has been one perpetual gleam of sunshine and happiness. The older ones, whose years run back to the long ago, look to-day with loving eyes on the little toddlers, who, by and by, will take their places in this active busy world and think of the days when they, too, were young and the future was no full of promise. Their heads are now frosted by the snows of many winters, but their hearts are warm, and the giving and receiving of Christmas greetings is a grand renewer of youth. They remember when Santa Claus was a reality, and their eyes flash with pleasure as they recall the story of the reindeers, the jingling bells, and the good saint popping down the chimney to fill the stockings hanging at the old fireplace. Take away the hungery and the beautiful dreams of childhood and what have we left? It would be a dreary old world, indeed! From childhood to maturity, and from maturity to old age, it is but a span. Happy are those who like Mark Tapley, can always look at the bright side even under the most adverse circumstances.

**LOGICAL ADVICE!**

Strike at the root of weakness is logical advice to those rundown in vitality.

**Scott's Emulsion**

nourishes the body, tones the blood and helps build strength.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

ALSO MAKERS OF

**KI-MOIDS**

(Tablets or Lozenges)

FOR INDIGESTION

20-84

## A PLAYGROUND IN QUEBEC

Paugan Falls, in the Gatineau District.

Canada bids fair to become in the near future the playground of the world! Ours is pre-eminently a country of natural resources—industrial ambitions, notwithstanding!—and not the least among them are our park areas, vast tracts of land that are not suitable for agricultural operations, not required for manufacturing purposes, nor needed for populous settlements.

Such a region is that one called "the Gatineau," 15,000 square miles of mountainous grandeur that rival the Catskills for scenery, Olympus for atmosphere, and than which there is no more alluring field for sportsmen this side of the happy hunting ground. The Gatineau district is a natural park, accessible and already half opened with a railway and a motor road, which though far from perfect at the time of writing is used by an increasing number of tourists.

The country offers a life as strenuous as the pioneer demands, or as restful as the jaded urbanite dreams of but despairs of obtaining.

Canada is gradually awakening to the commercial value of her park areas, her playgrounds; to the fact that she has something that older countries—countries settled before the need for "national lungs" was recognized—lack.

She is beginning to realize that an amazing increase in motor traffic necessitates the providing of some objective for tourist travel, and that the more attractive the objective, the greater the number of tourists. Tourists represent revenue, and a very satisfactory type of revenue, for in enjoying and benefitting by a sojourn in one of our playgrounds, they leave the scenery undiminished in grandeur, and they take away nothing that impoverishes the country. So keenly are many cities competing for this tourist traffic, that they provide camps for motorists and vie with one another in offering attractions that may induce a brief sojourn, at least, within the municipality.

The Gatineau is like a hen waiting to lay golden eggs and needing only a little bit of corn in front of her to set the machinery in operation.

The corn in this case, stands for adequate accommodation.

The absence of hotels has been for the lovers of the Gatineau one of its principal charms. There has been no danger from invading hordes capable of desecrating its vast solitudes with jazz band and ukelele, and building picture houses to shut out the glory of the sky. Chelsea, Kingsmere, Farm Point, and Blue Sea Lake (where the Duke an Duchess of Devonshire elected to spend their summers), are almost as a closed Paradise to any save those who have cottages. Yet, although all of these places are undeniably beautiful and desirable by reason of their very exclusiveness, they do not comprise even half of the Gatineau.

The vicinity of Paugan Falls can scarcely be equalled as a hotel site. Paugan is an Indian word meaning "pipe" and is descriptive of the shape of the Falls. While these may not be mentioned in the same breath with Niagara or similar glories, yet they have their own peculiar charm; the approach, the setting, the coloring of the surrounding hills, the indescribable atmosphere of romance that pervades the district. Over the Paugan, a rainbow arch spans the two shores on sunny days and when clouds threaten Old Sol with death, the prismatic colors fade into shimmering mist. Below the Paugan Falls the Gatineau River grows calm and forms not only a safe lake for boating, but an ideal swimming pool, bordered as it is for a half mile with a stretch of amber sand.—M. M.

**Bronchitis Sentenced to Death by Buckley!**

**Amazing Free Trial Offer Spells Disaster to Colds.**

Proof! Clear convincing proof! without risking a single cent of your money, that Buckley has the safest and surest way of totally destroying every trace of that terrible cough or cold! Just imagine! A bottle of Buckley's Bronchitis Mixture FREE. Simply take the coupon below to any drug store and the bottle is yours! Try it on your cold. It will immediately convince you that the regular size is all you require to smash the cold and give you a happy relief. It's the chance of a life time; but by all means act quickly. Right now, fill in the coupon and exchange it at any of the drug stores listed below;—

W. K. BUCKLEY, Limited, Manufacturing Chemists
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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

**The Humble Home "In the Rear"**

A man, gaunt, hollow-eyed, lay on the bed in a little shack "in the rear." The closed window was a silent reproach to an unwholesome garbage heap within twenty feet of the front door. There, the man, his wife and two children existed, miserably.

How could a victim of tuberculosis possibly recover under such conditions?

Ah! the pitiful lack of money to provide for his needs! The dumb agony in his wife's eyes!

The National Sanitarium came to the rescue. He was sent to the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives, and the family provided for in healthy surroundings.

That was a year ago. It has taken time, but pure air, perfect rest, proper—and sufficient—food, have done their work.

It is expected that a few months will complete his recovery, and fit him for light work.

Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, 223 College Street, Toronto.

**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

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Gramophones
Records—Large Stock
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Bridal Wreath, Old Colony, Adam, Sheridan, Grosvenor Patterns
Tableware
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Hockey Sticks and Pucks
Etc., Etc.

C. C. Speight
Mill Street - Acton

### CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

"To all the earth's weary, struggling men
The world's sole Hope seems born again."

Christmas comes to cheer old and young, and the extremes of life meet in gladness these happy days which seem to bring all men into closer brotherhood. In cot and in prison there is gladness, and even in hospitals, where physical agony fetters the afflicted with bonds of pain, the glad refrain of Christmas seems to lull, for a time, the acutoness of suffering, and the anthems of praise are heard on every side.

The joy of Christmastide is preeminently a family joy. The gladness of little children, the fresh outpouring of love between brothers and sisters, and the rapturous quickening of parental affection, attest that some new blessing has come to the home.

Make the day happy, then, for the children. The days may come when Christmas will bring them no release from labors, cares and anxieties. Let them have a bright time while they have a relish for it, no matter if the noise does disturb us somewhat. We were once young, and if only this Christmas time shall bring us back again to the "days when we were young" we ought to be truly thankful for it will certainly do our hearts good to forget for a little the anxieties and cares of manhood's responsibilities in order to live our youthful days over again.

And why all this joy and gladness? Because of the birth of our Lord in human form. That He who "thought it not robbery to be equal with God" should nevertheless have taken upon himself the "form of a servant" and been "made in the likeness of men" is so astounding a thought as to tax the utmost power of credence. But what a new glory it adds to human nature. Since the Son of God has associated Himself with us He has given a fresh meaning to our existence. Our life is larger and our destiny ineffably grander than before.

No wonder that the angels sang and shouted to one another till the Judean air was vibrant and tremulous with the heavy melody: "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men." Shall not this glad anthem be repeated a thousand times in the closing week of 1920. Let the tuneful choirs proclaim it to listening audiences as they gather in the house of God. Let aged saints, with mystical vision of coming glories, speak it through glad lips to the generation that is following after them. Let young believers, with their hearts aflame and their wills set to noble enterprises, take it up and repeat it with added volume: "Glory to God in the highest!" It is the angel's song, but it also belongs to men. The celestial visitants uttered it on only one occasion, and then withdrew from the earth. Since that time it has been the possession of mortals. But the day is coming somewhere in the unfolding ages when the angels will come back and join once more with men in a jubilant antiphony. Gathering in the bright regions of the air they will cry aloud in full-throated volume: "Glory to God in the highest," and from the redeemed earth men will answer back: "On earth, peace, good will to men."—Rev. D. Rogers.

### THE REAL LOSER

In every way the losers in the nation-wide game to nullify the Prohibition law are the fellows who do the drinking. The criminals who supply these drinkers—or at least some of them, may escape punishment, but not so the man who does the drinking. He may think it smart to connive with law "breakers" and may think he is putting one over the dryes, but he is mistaken. Every person who buys and drinks bootleg whiskey not only conspires with the bootlegger to break the law, but he endangers his own health, if not his life. There is a general warning to the effect that the stuff sold for liquor is poison and that its effects are likely to be serious. No man who cares for his reputation will deal with out-laws, and no man who values his health will drink the concections which these out-laws peddle

### HERE'S A HINT

An exchange says: The rent is moderate, and that is why a young man clerk in a downtown store room where he does. But he is particular about his personal appearance, and to be cleanly shaved every morning is important in his estimation. But there is no hot water, which is essential in shaving, in his room, and he has overcome the problem by taking home from the office each evening a thermos bottle filled with hot water. He says it is just the right temperature for shaving in the morning.

**Increase Your Income**

**100%**

**Money at 3% Doubles Itself in 33 Years**
***Money at 8% Doubles Itself in 12 Years***

If your money is now earning only 3% why not re-invest it in a first-class security where your interest return will be 150 per cent. more than at present?

The 8% convertible debentures of The Mount Royal Hotel Company, Limited, carrying a bonus of 20% common shares, offer such an opportunity.

Send for descriptive circular.

**To W. A. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd.**
38 King Street West, Toronto.

Dear Sirs: Please send me a copy of the circular describing the 8% Convertible Debentures of The Mount Royal Hotel Company, Limited, and oblige.

Name in full .....

Full address .....

.....

Please write clearly.

**Personal Greeting Cards**

BEAUTIFUL EMBLEMATIC CHRISTMAS DESIGNS

Artistically Lithographed. Your Name Neatly Printed in Text or Scripts. Fine Plate Card with Envelopes to Match. Good Choice of Designs. . . . . .

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**The Acton Free Press**
ACTON, ONT.

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Our Specials for the Week:
Maderia Fruit and Royal City Cakes, a real treat.
All kinds of Pastry and Cookies.
Fried Cakes, fresh every day.
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Our Home-made Bread is a real treat. Just like mother makes it; sweet as a nut. All first-class grocers sell our bread.

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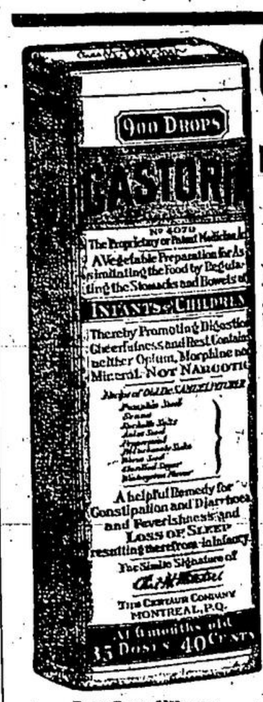


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For Infants and Children.

**Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria**

Always Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

**CASTORIA**

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## Railway Time Tables

AT ACTON

**Grand Trunk Railway System**

**Going West**

| | |
|---|---|
| No. 39 | 8.13 a.m. |
| No. 31 | 10.34 a.m. |
| No. 33 | 2.29 p.m. |
| No. 35 | 5.09 p.m. |
| No. 39 | 8.35 p.m. |
| No. 25 Sunday | 10.34 a.m. |

**Going East**

| | |
|---|---|
| No. 26 | 7.08 a.m. |
| No. 30 | 11.18 a.m. |
| No. 34 | 3.35 p.m. |
| No. 36 | 6.17 p.m. |
| No. 38 | 8.08 p.m. |
| No. 24 Sunday | 6.58 p.m. |

**Toronto Suburban Electric Railway**

**Going West**

| | |
|---|---|
| 9.17 a. m. | Daily except Sunday |
| 3.33 p. m. | Daily except Sunday |
| 3.56 p. m. | Daily except Sunday |
| 11.02 a. m. | Sunday only |
| 6.35 p. m. | Sunday only |
| 9.56 p. m. | Sunday only |

**Going East**

| | |
|---|---|
| 7.48 a. m. | Daily except Sunday |
| 2.02 p. m. | Daily except Sunday |
| 6.18 p. m. | Daily except Sunday |
| 9.52 a. m. | Sunday only |
| 5.18 p. m. | Sunday only |
| 8.56 p. m. | Sunday only |

Train No. 3, which left Toronto at 12.45 noon on Saturdays during the summer months, now leaves at 1.45 p. m.

Freight delivered by special express freight. Freight picked up at an address in Toronto.

G. R. AGNEW, Agent, Acton.

**L. L. Mullin**
Turnip Buyer - Acton, Ont.

Will start again the turnip business which he was engaged in for several years.

As soon as the early turnips are ready for shipment he will be glad to meet the farmers of this section.

A SQUARE DEAL IS OUR MOTTO

The Jones Engraving Co.
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**Chevrolet Agency**

Mr. H. S. Wilson has secured the agency for Acton for Chevrolet Motor Cars. Demonstrations arranged. Call and see the new models. New cars always on hand.

**H. S. Wilson**
BOWER AVE. - ACTON, ONT.
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Winter Term From
***January 3rd***

Students are now enrolling—Think quickly—Act or you may be Too Late

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