"WHICH SHALL IT BE?"

An even balanced day of work well planned;
An evening time of work well done,
Of rest and deep content?
A home where power and light combine for happiness:
Where power eliminates the ceaseless round of drudgery,
The tedious, irksome tasks of husbandry;
Where cheerfulness and helpfulness join hands to lighten labor?
Or shall it be a home of gloom and discontent,
Where toil takes toll of heart and mind and soul?
Where toilers eat—and—sleep—and eat—to toil again;
Where children bow beneath the weight of never-ending chores,
Where men and women barter love and hope for paltry gain?
Then choose the home where power and light do their full part,
Transforming, at your touch, the tedious task, the darkened way,
Bringing the balanced day,
The evening time of rest and deep content,
The hope where happy children play;
Where laughter lives, and joy and cheerfulness;
The home where leisure lengthens out the years—
Broadens the mind and lifts life to a grander plane,
As God intends.

By the Deadhead Special

Mabel S. Merrill

FROM the crowd around the waiting room of the street railway the anxious boyish face of "Snipe" Hewins looked out at the cars coming up the double tracks. Snipe had a particular friend among the motormen on this line and he pressed forward eagerly as a handsome blue uniformed young fellow swung himself off one of those incoming cars.

Norris Long nodded carelessly to the eager boy. "My last run for the season, Snipe," he remarked. "Wait till I pile my dunnage together and we'll see about getting down to the camp right away. One of the fellows might be hanging around with an automobile."

Snipe's face shone at these words. Norris was to take charge of the swimming classes at a boys' camp for the next eight weeks and he had promised that Snipe should go along as helper. The boy had been wondering all day if Norris could really have meant what he had said.

"I'm ready any old time," declared Snipe joyously. Then his face clouded as he looked back at the car Norris had just left. It was the biggest passenger car on the line and was known among the railway men as the "Elephant." The motorman into whose charge Norris had just given the car was a person commonly called Horseshoe Mike because it was said that luck alone had brought him alive through the many scrapes caused by his own carelessness.

Snipe hesitated and then clutched at Norris' arm. "Thought I heard the starter telephoning you to tell Horseshoe Mike to send the Elephant to the barn when you got in with her."

Snipe worked every Saturday afternoon in the office of the waiting room and he had overheard that message.

"Like enough you did," agreed Norris curtly. "The old man got it into his head there was something wrong with the brakes. I didn't have any trouble with 'em. It's only his fussiness."

"But he told you not to let Horseshoe Mike go out with the Elephant on any account," urged the boy in a low voice. "He was to send her down to the barn and get another car—and there she goes full speed for East Rydal!"

He pointed to the great car just turning the curve at the corner of the street.

Norris flushed angrily. He had, in fact, forgotten to give that order, but to be reminded of his negligence by a boy provoked him to unusual impatience.

"Look here, Snipe, do you remember the story of the fellow that got rich minding his own business? Lately you've seemed to think you've got to tell me about everything I have to do, and keep after me till I do it. If you don't drop that kind of thing you will be a regular nuisance at the camp—naggers always are. I'm beginning to think I was foolish agreeing to take you along."

He cast off the boy's hand and strode angrily away in search of his "dunnage." Snipe, thus repulsed, stood stock-still, the hot blood stinging his cheek. Snipe had a temper too, and he was hurt by his friend's sharp words.

"All right!" he said to himself, "if he feels like that about it I reckon it's up to me to go away quietly and not make him take me to the camp if he doesn't want to. Catch me sticking myself in where I'm not wanted!"

Snipe went down the street to his home, his face still burned at the thought of what Norris had said. "He called me a nagger!—maybe I have nagged, but it was always to save him from getting into trouble. Lately he's been so taken up with getting ready for the camp that he has forgotten lots of things. I kept thinking that if he did get into a scrape it would be my fault for not speaking out in time. Now, I'll try minding my own business for a while, as he advises."

It was late, for Snipe had worked overtime on this busy Saturday afternoon and evening. He went up at once to his room where he sat on the edge of the bed with his shoe in his hand and his eyes staring anxiously at nothing.

"Anyhow, it's most time for the cars to stop running for to-night. If Horseshoe Mike gets back from East Rydal with the Elephant he won't have anything more to do but put her in the barn. Unless he undertakes to fetch her up again as the Deadhead Special! Wouldn't it be just like him to do that very thing?"

At the car barn below the city it was the custom, when the men had brought their cars in from the last runs, to send up one of them with the whole crowd, of motormen and conductors who were thereby saved part of the long walk to their homes. The car thus used to bring the men up was called the Deadhead Special because nobody, of course, paid any fare, all being employees of the road. And a person who for any reason is exempt from paying a fare is called in conductors' language a "deadhead."

Snipe's hair almost rose on end as he thought how like Mike it would be to use the Elephant as the Deadhead Special to-night. It was his turn to bring up that load of fellow workers and he would naturally use his own car, not having been warned, as he should have been, by Norris Long.

"If anything happens," he murmured, "there'll be a row and it will come out that Norris never gave that order to Mike. Suppose the brakes stopped working and somebody should get killed with the old thing! I guess I won't begin minding my own business till I've had a look at things down by the car barn."

Snipe put on his shoes and picked up the coat and cap he had thrown off. His aunt with whom he lived had evidently not heard him come in and if she missed him would suppose he had gone to the camp with Norris as he had expected to do.

"I shouldn't have slept a wink if I had gone to bed," he argued as he left the city behind him and went tramping down the dark track. "When I think of the Elephant coming down Three Stairs Hill with her brakes out of commission I feel as if something had got to be done."

Three Stairs Hill was so called because the long descent was something like three flights of stairs with landings between—level places at the foot of each grade. None of those levels were wide enough to put much check on the progress of a car coming down—given a good start it would certainly keep on rolling till it plunged over the next descent.

Snipe looked eagerly up the three "flights of stairs" as he came to the foot of the big hill. When he saw that all was dark and silent he drew a breath of relief.

"Probably Mike hasn't started from the barn yet. He's never in a hurry and the Deadhead Special doesn't have to keep on schedule because she had the line all to herself with nothing to run into."

He made good speed up the hill and at the top he strained his eyes into the darkness in the direction of the car barn a third of a mile away. No moving light was to be seen, but near at hand, not more than a few yards from the brow of the hill, was a large dark object.

"It's the Elephant," he exclaimed, "they've left her here. Probably the brakes stopped working and Mike has gone back to the barn to get another car to tow her in."

He went near to the big abandoned car and then gave a low whistle of dismay.

"She's moving!"

It was true. The Elephant, carelessly left on a place that was not quite level and with nothing to hold her where she was, had started to roll. Before her lay the long broken descent of Three Stairs Hill where her great weight and impetus could not fail to carry her across the levels from one down grade to another.

In much distress Snipe looked about for help. Norris would be blamed for the wreck of the big car if she went down the hill. How could he stop the unwieldy thing, single-handed? There was no time to get the men from the car barn. He was doing his best with such sticks and stones as he could find in the dark when some sound in the distance caused him to look over his shoulder. What he saw made his knees bend under him.

Down on the low land at the foot of the last grade where the single track stretched cityward in the darkness a lighted trolley car was speeding gally along—coming straight towards the foot of Three Stairs Hill.

Snipe gasped for breath as he looked. "It's an extra with the pie-nickers from Nauseekit pond. I forgot all about them. If the Elephant goes down the hill she'll smash straight into them—I couldn't possibly get down there in time to warn them. And Norris—"

Suddenly at the sound of his friend's name a curious change came over Snipe. In a flash he knew what he must do, and he felt a sort of certainty that he would be able to do it somehow. Of course he could, when the whole career of his best friend was at stake! Whether or not they blamed Norris for an accident brought about by his neglect of orders, Snipe knew that Norris would never cease to blame himself. Besides that, the fifty lives on that car depended on something being done with the Elephant before she had time to wreck all that havoc.

Snipe's unspoken feeling was that he couldn't afford to think of himself just now. He leaped aboard the moving car and felt his way swiftly to the front end.

He had been with Norris so often that he knew as much as the motorman of the workings of the car. A touch or two told him that the brakes were as he had expected, useless. But his heart gave a throb of joy as his groping hand found the switch iron in its usual place.

At the foot of the first descent there was a spur track running around on the shelf of the hill to an old gravel pit. If he could set the switch in the dark and get the Elephant out upon that spur track she might, and probably would, go rolling out over and down the grassy slope, since there would be no way of slowing her down before making the turn, but the extra would be saved.

"If she'll keep on the track till I get her down there I'll have a try, anyhow," Snipe said to himself.

The Elephant edged forward, pushing aside the obstacles Snipe had put in her way. She slipped over the brow of the hill and began to roll faster. Snipe stood at her head peering into the darkness and grasping his switch iron. He had set a switch so many times that he had declared he could do it with his eyes shut. But to do it without a glimmer of light was perhaps not so easy as he had thought.

The big runaway slowed down a little when she struck the first level. Snipe leaned far out with the iron, his heart in his mouth lest the car should roll past the switch before he could do anything. With a thrill of triumph he felt the grasping iron settle into the right place. A quick push and the thing was done. With the grinding shriek of steel on steel the great car took the curve, slid harlessly out along the spur track on the shelf of the hill.

Snipe sat on the running board and watched the extra climb the three "flights of stairs" and go twinkling off into the darkness above. His knees felt shaky as he rose to his feet, but his heart was so light that he spoke aloud with a laugh.

"Corralled you that time, didn't I, old Elephant?"

A man came crashing out of the bushes and a hand grasped Snipe's shoulder.

"What you been up to, lad?" demanded Norris Long hoarsely. "I thought of the extra and came back crosslots to tell that reckless idiot of a Mike not to start back with the Elephant. I saw her coming down in the dark, but there wasn't a thing I could do except call myself a murderer while I waited for the smash."

Snipe told the whole story and then the two friends tramped back across country to the camp, where they were so late that explanations were demanded.

A POCKET-STOVE

The Japanese have invented a little stove that one can carry round in his pocket. It is in the form of a small brazier, shaped rather like a cigar case, and the fuel is a sausage-like roll that will burn for three hours without emitting smoke or fumes.

It is said that one of these little contrivances carried inside the bosom of a kimono, prevents a journey in a railway train from being too chilly. Delicate pupils keep one in their clothes while at school in winter, and so equipped, sit comfortably in an unheated room. The aged and the cold-footed sleep with the stove at their feet. It is also used like a hot-water bottle to soothe pains.

Truly Delicious!

"SALADA"
THA
Is Without Doubt "The Best."
Sold in Sealed Packets Only.

THE BIGGEST FISH

"It's hopelessly dull to-day," sighed Madge Wooter. "The ground is too wet for tennis—I am tired of reading and embroidery and cards. What shall we do?"

The other girls looked out over the bay. The tide was coming in through the channel and the blue waves were little white ruffled caps. A few sailboats scudded before the wind and down at the harbor entrance were a score of small black specs.

"The men are fishing down there," remarked Edith Dale; "small bib fish—they catch them in the channel when the tide runs swiftly."

"I would love to go a-fishing," Polly Knight said. "You know I have always lived inland—it must be fine sport to be out there where the wind is blowing—and then come home and broil the fish—Ami!"

They all laughed at Polly's hungry manner, and Edith jumped up and ran down the path to the beach. "Put on your oldest rags," she called over her shoulder; "I am going after Jake Doods—he will take up out there, bait our hooks, take off the fish—and—everything!"

"We must take some lunch," Madge declared, but there was instant protest. "It will taste an fishy," objected Polly.

"Wait until we get back," advised Laura Robyes, "then we will have fresh fish and—I'll put some potatoes to bake in the fireless cooker."

The girls disappeared in different directions, for the work at the shore cottage was equally shared. Mrs. Robyes, who chaperoned the party, watched them complacently, wondering if it was wise to let them go out on the bay alone—and then remembered that Jake Doods was an ancient but trustworthy mariner who would rule his comfortable old dory with an iron discipline as he would a four-masted schooner sailing down East.

As the girls left the gate, charming sunbrowned lassies in middies and short skirts with sensible shoes, she waved farewell with a gay parting word, "A prize for the one who catches the biggest fish," she promised.

They waved back at her and disappeared beyond the last cottage. After a while she saw Jake Dood's boat chugging out toward the channel. Jake was there and the four girls, all waving handkerchiefs and sweaters. Then she went into the kitchen to make a plate of fudge for the successful fisher maiden.

Jake Doods stopped his engine and manoeuvered his craft into a position between two jutting rocks. Here the girls might sit comfortably and fish, while Jake smoked his pipe and did all the disagreeable things that girls detest about fishing.

"Oh-h-h-h-h, I've caught a darling one!" squealed Madge, as she swung in a wriggling victim who mallcious ly sprinkled silvery drops of water from his tail. "Ja-ke!"

Jake responded manfully and Madge's prize was dropped in the creel. Edith caught the next one, and Laura caught two, one after the other, but poor Polly never caught one, though Jake Doods put on the choicest bait and took infinite pains to show her all the little tricks about catching fish. Although the fish must have thought Polly was the most adorable of fisher maidens, they refused to be caught and so her blue eyes took on a look of woe and her red lips became very determined.

"Better luck next time!" the girls called each time Polly drew up her empty hook.

"They steal my bait and swim away—" she protested.

"Never mind, miss," comforted Jake, "I've seen folk have luck like that—fish all day and nary a bite, then when it's time to go home they hook the biggest fish in the bay. Don't you worry, miss, there's lots of luck about fishin', and no matter how many if caught there's plenty life in the sea just as good as the biggest!" After which remarkable statement Jake subsided in deep silence, and a fresh pipe.

Polly looked reproachfully at the backs of the men in the next boat—they were having heaps of fun over their fishing, she could hear them laughing and there was one big hearty laugh that she liked. "He must be the big man in the white flannel shirt," she decided. "He has rather nice hair—straight and rebellious." A strong sunbrowned hand came up and rumpled the hair once more, and the head turned over so little. Polly glimpsed a strong profile. "He is a dear, I believe," she thought, and then she forgot everything save that there was a tug at her line.

"A whale!" cried Edith delightedly. "Oh, Polly, dear, I believe you are really going to catch one!"

Polly stood up with very pink cheeks and shining eyes. One or two of the men in the next boat watched her, but Polly was oblivious to everything save the fact that she had caught the biggest fish, and then—she staggered back, pulling in an empty line, devoid even of hook and bait.

"Lost!" screamed the other girls.

"I'll be stumped!" grunted Jake, deftly putting on a new hook.

"Poor kid!" muttered a man in the next boat, and Polly heard it, while her heart jumped in the most unaccountable way.

"It's the way he said it," she apologized to herself. "I knew he was nice!"

Polly grew quite reckless after awhile and tossed over hook after hook baited deliciously for innocent-eyed fish, only to bring up the hook minus the bait.

"What are you doing, child?" asked Laura after a while.

"Feeding the fishes," said Polly coolly, and she flung her line far out, turned her back to the grudging sea and proceeded to count the day's catch.

"The first prize goes to Laura," she declared and then added excitedly, "a bite—a bite!"

She whirled about and tugged at the line, the girls giggled with mirth and Jake uttered a deep guffaw; there was pandemonium in the next boat, for poor, careless Polly had flung recklessly—and had hooked the white flannel shirt collar of the nicest man in the next boat!

Polly laughed and cried and then the two boats came together and Polly unhooked her line and apologized very prettily to her victim. He seemed to know Laura and Edith and accepted their invitation to come home and eat some of the broiled fish.

Dick Raymond hardly took his eyes from pretty Polly, and when they mounted the cottage steps and Mrs. Robyes demanded who had caught the biggest fish, he solemnly took Polly's hand and bowed low.

"Miss Knight is the victor and I am the victim, and I am afraid it will be hard to put me back into the lonely sea again!"

But it turned out that he, and Polly as well, tumbled into the sea of matrimony—and that was a good day's fishing for everybody concerned!—K. Edmonds.

"KING GEORGE "PRICKS" THE SHERIFFS

King George held a meeting of his Privy Council at Buckingham Palace, London, the other day for the purpose of "pricking the sheriffs" for the various counties of the United Kingdom.

It may be just as well to explain that the Sovereign did not subject these functionaries to any personal injury, not even with a needle or a pin, in "pricking" them.

This oddly entitled ceremony, which was duly recorded in the London Official Gazette, consisted of the submission to the monarch of a roll of parchment on which were inscribed the names of the nominees for the office of high sheriff of the various shires of England and Wales during the ensuing year, one for every county, there being a small square against each name. The King thereupon with a silver bodkin, pricked a hole in the parchment, in the square opposite the name of the territorial magnate who had been selected by the Crown to serve as high sheriff for the following twelve months.

The use of the bodkin dates from those olden times centuries ago when writing was regarded as a mere monkish art and unworthy of great princes and gallant knights and when Kings and Emperors avoided writing as much as they could. The idea of affixing a signature, or even initials, to the appointment of a high sheriff of each of the many counties of England and Wales was not to be thought of. So to facilitate matters, the practice of pricking the names of the sheriffs with a silver bodkin was devised for the convenience of the Sovereign and has been retained throughout 700 years or more to this day.

BRIGHT HOMES

Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth if you would charm your children to the high path of virtue and rectitude and religion. Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light which puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy, pour into your wollings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as West's Death on a Pale Horse, or Tintoretto's Massacre of the Innocents. Rather cover them, if you have pictures, with The Hawking Party, and The Mill by the Mountain Stream, and The Fox Hunt, and the Children Amid Flowers, and the Harvest Scene and The Saturday Night Marketing. Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap and lamb's frisk and quail's whistle, and gurrulous streamlet which from the rock at the mountain top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep, comes looking to see where it can find the steepest place to leap off at, and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurtled with tempest, and overlarding storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream were raving, frothing at the mouth, with mad foam, blowing among the hills, and there was nothing but siphoon's where neither lark's carol, nor humming bird's trill, nor waterfall's dash, but only bear's bark and panther's scream and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the shadows, but when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness, and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls in preparation for bad men and bad women.—T. D. Talmadge, D. D.

TWO PARSIMONIOUS TALKERS

"Well," said Ovid Langley, "maybe there is another town where there are two men as little given to talking as Si Henrick and Jim Baldwin, but I doubt it."

Mrs. Langley looked up from her knitting. "What they been doing now?"

"I dropped into the hardware store this afternoon after a pound of nails, and while I was there Si came in. He was carrying a tea-kettle that needed soldering. Jim came up to wait on him, and Si just pointed to the spot that needed fixing.

Without saying a word, Jim took the kettle and went off into the back room and Si sat down and began to read the newspaper. After a time Jim came back and handed the kettle to Si. It had 'twenty cents' marked on the side.

"Si pulled out a quarter and gave it to him and Jim put his hand into his pocket, took out a handful of change, picked out a nickel and handed it to Si; and Si went away, carrying the kettle. And, by Jiminy, neither of 'em had said a word."

"Well," said Mrs. Langley reactively, "I guess if the truth was known there's a lot of talk goes on that ain't really necessary."

A LAZY SWITCHMAN'S INVENTION

Few things are wholly bad. Laziness is not an admirable trait in any man, but for all that it appears to have been responsible for at least one useful and important invention. In 1845, says an American writer, a railway switchman who had to attend to two station signals some distance apart decided to save himself the trouble of walking to and fro between them by fastening the two levers together with a long piece of wire. He used a broken chair as a counterweight and ran the wire on into his hut. Each night after that he sat by his fireside and worked the two signals without setting foot outside.

Presently the railway authorities found out what he had done, reprimanded him for his indolence, promoted and rewarded him for his ingenuity and then adopted his invention.

SCHOOLS FOR LACE-MAKERS

Schools for lace-makers are being established throughout Italy, with an idea of reviving the ancient art of lace-making and of furnishing employment to the needy wives and daughters of soldiers lost in the war. Permission has been obtained to borrow for patterns the precious laces and embroideries which have been treasured for centuries in the cathedrals of Italy.

WHEN THINGS STICK

There are times when the cap of a fountain pen vies with the limpet in sticking power. Sometimes again, it is the screwed portion containing the nib that refuses to move when you want to fill your pen in a hurry.

Either of these can be removed in a very simple way. Don't use force; get a broad rubber band and wrap it round the part that has stuck. Rubber grips well on even slippery vulcanite, and you will find that with its help that unscrewing is a matter of a moment.

If the metal lid of a screw-topped glass jar refuses to move, wrap round it a strip of sand-paper, with the rough side inwards. The rough surface bites into the smooth metal, enabling the hand to get a splendid purchase.

When a glass stopper sticks, try tapping it gently on all sides with the back of a knife. Usually this will loosen it. But if it still remains fixed wind a thick piece of string round the neck of the bottle and roll its ends backwards and forwards half-a-dozen times. The heat set up by the friction of the string will warm the glass, causing it to expand and loosening the stopper.

RAFTING IMPROVES WOOD FOR BUILDING PURPOSES

Home experts contend that wood which has been floated in rafts, or otherwise, gives a more trustworthy material for joiner and building purposes than does that which has been carted, or otherwise carried dry, to the sawmill and workshop. The reason is that while the wood is lying in the water, its sap and albuminous and salty materials are dissolved out. If these substances remain in the wood they readily absorb moisture from the atmosphere, after coming out of the drying process, and the wood swells.

Less Pot-washing

SMP Enameled Ware has the smooth surface and polish of fine crockery—without the breakage. And it is so very easy to clean—just like china, and therefore makes light work of pot washing.

Whenever you are buying kitchen utensils be sure they carry the SMP trade-mark.

Diamond Ware is a three-coated enameled steel, sky blue and white outside with a snowy white lining. Pearl Ware is a two-coated enameled steel, pearl grey outside and inside. You can't go wrong if you buy either.

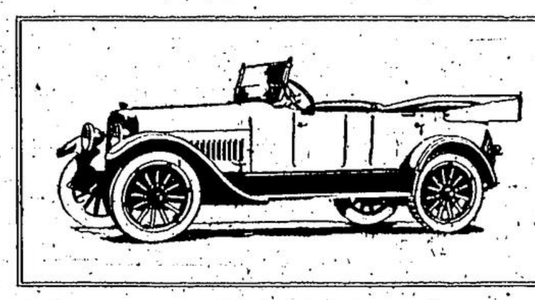
Ask for Pearl Ware or Diamond Ware

SMP "QUALITY"

THE SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG
EDMONTON VANCOUVER CALGARY

Free Press Advertisers are Always Reliable

Studebaker Motor Cars!



J. N. O'Neill & Son

Distributors of Dodge Brothers and Studebaker Motor Cars for Georgetown, Acton and Milton

L. E. Atkinson - Local Representative

The Cost of Living

ADVERTISING turns over stocks rapidly, and therefore multiplies profits. This means that prices in a shop which advertises can be short rather than long.

Of this you may be sure: Prices in a shop which advertises are not MORE than in a shop which does not advertise. The chances are that they are oftentimes lower.

This, also, is generally true: You will find better goods, better values and better service in those shops which turn over their stocks rapidly. This means, as a general thing, shops which advertise.

A Note to the Merchants

Advertising costs you nothing—it is paid for by the profits on increased sales.

Advertising is easy—it is simply saying in writing what you say to the customers in your shop. Turn over stocks quickly, if you would make more money.

Shop Where You Are Invited to Shop

Issued by Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association

Lawn Mowers
TAYLOR-FORBES LAWN MOWERS

Daisy Lawn Mowers—Three blades, seven inch wheel. The same grade material used in this machine as in the other grades. Priced at, 12 in., $8.75; 14 in., $9.00; 16 in., $9.25.

Star Lawn Mowers—Three blades nine inch drive wheel. The Star will cut grass very close to the fence or walk. This is a medium priced mower. Priced at, 12 in., $9.75; 14 in., $10.25; 16 in., $11.00.

Empress Lawn Mowers—The Empress runs easy, ball bearing, special oil tempered blades; steel hardened balls, cups and cones. Priced at, 12 in., $14.00; 14 in., $14.75; 16 in., $15.50; 18 in., $16.25; 20 in., $17.00.

Woodyatt Lawn Mowers — Four blades, ten and one-half inch wheel, plain, bearing, geared at both ends, made of the very best grade material. Priced at, 12 in., $11.25; 14 in., $12.00; 16 in., $12.75; 18 in., $13.50; 20 in., $14.25.

The BOND HARDWARE CO. Ltd
"We Have What You Want"
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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Track Route

BETWEEN
MONTREAL — TORONTO
DETROIT — CHICAGO

Unexcelled dining car service.

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

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

H. S. HOLMES, Agent
ACTON, ONT. Phone

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

Surprising Bargains
For Acton Ladies

Summer Shoes
—IN—
CANVAS
TANS
OXFORDS, ETC.

Very low prices on a lot of good goods in small sizes.

The quality is there and the prices are as low as the sizes.

COME IN FOR BARGAINS

W. Williams
The Shoe Man
Mill Street - Acton

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA