The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1922

TO MY BOOKS

An idle hour I dream away,
Alone among my books to-day,
That scattered 'round me lie.
Friends, old and new, I hail you true
As one we've gone the annual through;
Comrades, you and I.

When wearied, left with many a care,
Too heavy far for me to bear,
No friend or helpers by,
'Tis then to thee, good friends, I flee,
While faces kind look down on me,
Comrades, you and I.

Then close come, my comrades dear,
And tell me all, both far and near,
Of things in earth and sky;
Together we the truth may see,
Not I for you, but you for me,
Comrades, you and I.

And when the night is drawing near,
The sun has set, and twilight here,
Our love it cannot die;
For even then, we'll live again,
The same old life that once has been,
Comrades, you and I.

—J. L. Scott.

Timothy's Sugar Bowl

By Blanche Coonley Blessing

"NOW, Hope," said Grandfather Orcutt, as he bent to place the soapstone at grandmother's feet, and reaching over, tucked the robe snugly around the little woman at his side. "You're not to be anxious if we don't get home to-morrow night according to schedule. I've been wanting to see Squire Nelson about the yoke of oxen he wants to sell, and if the weather looks likely to hold, we'll probably drive around there, and stop over night."

"All right, Grandfather," answered Hope in her clear, cheery tones. "Auntie and I will hold the fort in fine shape. You and grandmother have a fine trip, and bring yourselves back to us all safe and sound."

Grandfather gathered up the reins, good-bys were exchanged, and the merry jingle of sleigh bells announced their departure. Hope lingered a moment watching the trim, well-matched bays as they stepped lightly off down the lane, settling into an easy trot as they swung around the curve onto the highway. Hope had helped in the caring for and training of those bays, and she felt a certain proud proprietorship in them.

Hope was a neat and capable housewife, and she dispatched the work of the morning with ease and swiftness. There was even time for a little visit with Aunt Esther. So Hope picked up the blouse on which she was working, and went to her aunt's room. Two years before an accident had left Hope's aunt an invalid, unable to leave her bed. Hope was very fond of her, and the two had many pleasant hours of companionship.

The twelve o'clock dinner over, and the dishes put away, Hope settled herself at her desk for a couple of hours' study. With a little help from a cousin who had finished high school, she was pegging away, fitting herself to try the examinations in several advanced subjects. She had a dream hidden away of one day going to college. It did not seem as if there was much chance of the dream ever coming true. "But anyway" she told herself, "I'll have the fun of the dream." The portions for study that afternoon were especially fascinating, and Hope exclaimed in surprise when laying her books aside, she glanced at the clock and found it almost four.

A call on her aunt to see if she needed anything, then Hope made herself ready for the night trip to the barn. The outdoor chores attended to, she came in, prepared supper, which she and her aunt enjoyed together on Aunt Esther's bedside table. The evening was passed in reading aloud to her aunt, with an occasional interlude of talk.

About the time that Hope had gone out to do the night work, grandfather and grandmother, their day in town over, were driving leisurely toward a little inn a couple of miles out from the city. They had discovered this place many years before, and much preferred its simple hospitality to a more pretentious city hotel. The proprietor and his wife were like old friends, and the stopover at this inn was always one of the pleasant features of a town trip.

As they talked over the day, suddenly grandmother gripped grandfather's arm. "Do you know what I've done, James?" she asked, excitedly. "I've left all that money we got for the hill timber lot in Timothy's sugar bowl!"

"Well," chuckled grandfather, who was never easily disturbed, "tisn't the first time Timothy's sugar bowl's done duty as a bank." Then he added, reassuringly, "I wouldn't worry, Evie; I guess it'll be safe enough."

Grandfather gave the reins a suggestion of a tug, and Puff and Pessy responded by breaking into a brisk trot. A minute later he turned to his companion with a question. "Did Hope know you put the money there?" he asked.

"No," grandmother pulled her scarf up closer around her ears as she spoke. "She wasn't in the room when I put it away in the sugar bowl, and I forgot to tell her about it afterward, as I meant to do."

"Well, maybe it's just as well," said grandfather easily. "Might make Hope a mite worried and uneasy if she knew there was so much money in the house and she and Esther alone there."

The early winter dusk settled down, and the two went on through the half light toward their stopping place for the night.

The stars were beginning to shine out when grandfather reined the horses in at the small inn. A moment later and the old hostler was at their heads stroking their noses with a friendly hand. As grandfather helped grandmother out of the sleigh, the proprietor came out with a hearty greeting. "It's good to see you and your lady again, Mr. Orcutt," he said, with a cordial handshake, "and there's a warm supper and a comfortable room waiting for you."

"That sounds welcome to us," was grandfather's genial response. "We shall enjoy both, and a visit with our hosts to boot."

No one but the hostler noticed the figure that slid off the back end of the sleigh, and set off with a lagging step up the road. To him it was just a natural happening. "Somebody gettin' a lift toward home," he thought as he led the bays around to the snug stable.

Mr. and Mrs. Orcutt followed their host into the cosy inn parlor where the big base burner gave a ruddy welcome. Up the road through the darkness plodded the one who a few minutes before had slipped off the end of the sleigh. His mind was busy. Orcutt, Orcutt. He must locate the Orcutt place and soon. It might be quite a ways. He must reach it by morning. Just then his thoughts were interrupted by sleigh bells. Nearer, nearer they came. He heard the snow crunch under the runners, and the voice of the driver urging his horse. A moment more and the sleigh was passing him. He called. The driver drew in his horse. "What's wanted?" The words were thrown out sharply. "Can't you give me a lift if you're goin' toward Orcutt's—Jim Orcutt's?" asked the footman.

"Jump in," invited the other briefly, turning back the heavy robe. "Here," as the man seated himself, "tuck this in good. I can help you along a few miles toward Orcutt's."

After a little, a question suggested itself to the driver. "What's your business at Orcutt's?" he asked.

"Expect to get work there," said the man, pulling his cap down farther over his ears.

Now and then the two exchanged a sentence, but it was cold and conversation lagged. Presently the driver turned in at a gateway. "Here the trail ends for me to-night," he said "and, glad I am. Hadn't you better stop for the night, too?" he added, his humane instincts overcoming his natural inclination to keep clear of strangers.

"Oh, no," the man said hastily, as he got out of the sleigh. "No, thank you. But I wish you'd tell me how far it is to Orcutt's place, and what it looks like. You see I'm a stranger around here." The man paused, pushing the snow with nervous movements. In a few words the other man gave him definite directions, and with a word of thanks and a good night, the traveller resumed his way.

The next morning as Hope stood by the kitchen window looking out at the snowy meadows sparkling in the brilliant sunshine, she said, "The weather's going to hold all right. No grandfather and grandmother to-night." After a little she turned away, a sudden resolve in her eyes. "I'll dust this morning and get everything spick-and-span. Then to-morrow, I'll do the baking, and get a regular company supper ready for grandfather and grandmother. I'll have cornbread for grandfather—he likes that so much—and for grandmother I'll make one of my cream cakes that she's so fond of." Hope went gayly to the closet where the dust cloths were kept, and was soon moving busily through the room.

As Hope dusted with lingering touches the beautiful old mahogany davenport, she thought of the pleasant custom her grandparents had established with the coming of their first child. It was when Ambrose, the first born, was but a few days old, that the happy young father had said, "Now, Evie, the first trip we make to town, we'll buy that davenport you like so much in Towner's. We'll celebrate this chap's arrival by putting a new piece of furniture into the home." And so it had happened that as each child came, something new and wished-for was added which increased the attractiveness or made more comfortable the home. With each one was associated some loved household possession. It was Ambrose's davenport, and James Junior's clock, and Willard's highboy, and Ellen's sewing cabinet.

"Just before Timothy came grandfather met with some heavy losses. "It was pretty close travelling just about then," to borrow his own expression. As he and grandmother took their first trip to town with Timothy home in the cradle, he turned to grandmother, "What's Timothy's piece to be?" he asked, his eyes twinkling kindly down as he put a big, protecting arm about the little woman beside him. And grandmother had suggested that they should not get anything that day, but wait to get Timothy's gift to the house later. But grandfather had set his lips in a stubborn line, and said that they'd attend to it to-day. But grandmother coaxed him around to a compromise. To-day they would get some little thing and later when there was a bigger margin, they would choose Timothy's real present. That was the way it came about that they took home with them a quaint, flower-sprigged piece of china, that was given the place of honor on the highboy and always alluded to as Timothy's sugar bowl. Before grandfather and grandmother went to town again, little Timothy had slipped away from their arms, and that fragile, flowered bit of china took the dearest place of all among the household heart treasures. With gentle hands, Hope placed it on the highboy.

Hardly had Hope replaced the treasure, when there sounded a knock at the door. Brave, the big collie lying near the kitchen stove, growled. He went with Hope to the door.

"Could you give me a bite to eat?" asked the man standing there. "I've been walkin' a long ways, and am most starved."

"Come in," said the girl, loyal to the traditions of the house which never turned away one who came to its door hungry.

Quickly gathering together some food she placed a chair at the kitchen table. The man ate ravenously, but Hope, covertly watching him, saw him dart sly glances around the kitchen and into the adjoining room. Once it almost seemed to her that a gleam of satisfaction shot through his eyes as he brought them back to his food after a stealthy look toward the corner of the living room where the highboy stood. A sudden fear clutched her. Timothy's sugar bowl! Grandmother's treasure! Oh, if she could only hide it somewhere. Then a second thought flashed through her mind—what if there were money in it! Grandmother did sometimes put money in Timothy's sugar bowl. So wrought up was Hope that when the man at length cleaned the last morsel from his plate, and pushing back his chair, stood up, she half expected to see him make his way into the next room. To her great relief, he muttered a word of thanks and picking up his hat, went out of the door.

Watching from the window, Hope saw him go down the lane, and out into the main road. Delaying not another minute, she ran into the living room, caught up the sugar bowl with a sure grasp, and Brave at her heels ran with it to the barn. Through the barn, into the granary, she flew, and with swift yet careful fingers, thrust it deep into the bin of oats. The grain closed over it as she withdrew her hands, and sighing with relief, she turned and went slowly back to the house.

"I believe," she said after she had tried in vain to bring herself back to her usual calm, "I believe I'll call up Aunt Hannah and ask her if Ben can't run over for awhile. He'll help me with my French and geometry and maybe get me back to normal."

But the talk with Aunt Hannah over the phone brought disheartening news. Ben had gone away yesterday morning to a friend's up the valley, and probably wouldn't be home before to-morrow night. "Guess we'll have to shake ourselves out of this feeling, some way, Brave," Hope said, rumpling the dog's curly coat, as he stood near her.

Suddenly Brave gave a low growl and sprang into the living room. Climbing into the window at the side of the highboy, Hope saw the man, whom a short time ago she had given food. He reached a hand out to the top of the highboy. It encountered only space. Then he looked. The sugar bowl which had been there but a little while before was gone!

Hope had caught Brave by the collar and was restraining him with difficulty. Her voice trembled as she demanded, "What do you want here?"

"I want that sugar bowl," he growled. "And if you don't produce it in a hurry you'll be sorry."

As Hope was wondering whether Brave would be able to cope with the man, a welcome sound came to her. Boyish voices rang out on the quiet winter air, and one of the voices she recognized as Ben's. The man heard the voices, too, and disappeared with all possible speed in an opposite direction.

A few minutes later, Hope, in not quite even tones, was telling her cousin and his friends all about it. The recital over, Ben went to the phone. "I'll just call up mother, Hope, and tell her that Nat and I have invited ourselves to be your guests and protectors until grandfather and grandmother come back."

A little later Ben said, "Now, Hope you haven't told us where Timothy's sugar bowl is, and I don't want you to tell us, either. Wherever you've put it, just leave it there until the folks come home. Then it can be put back in its usual place."

Late the next day grandfather and grandmother arrived home. They were much concerned when Hope told them of her adventure. At length Ben interrupted their expressions of anxiety. "I'm just bursting to know where Hope hid the treasure, Grandmother. Make her tell quick."

Grandmother looked from the highboy to Hope and finally to grandfather. Hope, her eyes dancing, caught her grandfather's hand and drew him out with her. A few minutes and they were back in the living room, and Hope was placing the sugar bowl in its usual place on the highboy.

"Just a minute, Hope," said grandfather, putting her hand gently aside and lifting the cover of the bowl. "Grandmother had quite a good-sized deposit in this," he commented as he drew out a round package, "which you saved by hiding it in the oat bin." He took out his knife and clipped the string. As the paper parted, revealing a fat roll of bills, Hope's eyes opened wide in amazement. "I didn't know there was so much money there. I was only taking care of the sugar bowl because it was so precious to you and grandmother!" she exclaimed.

"That was just right of you, my girl," commended grandfather, his eyes glistening with pride. "Just right of you." He hesitated a moment his face very thoughtful. Then, after a quizzical glance in Hope's direction, he turned to grandmother. "Suppose," he said, and his voice held a deep, remembering quality, "suppose we make this money a nest egg for that college course Hope is dreaming about." Then dropping his voice very low, he added, stepping close to grandmother, "Would you not like that for Timothy's memorial?"

"Yes," grandmother's tones were full of agreement though a bit tremulous. "Yes, indeed." And lovingly patting Hope's shoulder, she added, "And I feel that Timothy's memorial promises to be the finest and most satisfying of all."

TALKERS

"I once read a fine description of a certain family," Natalie remarked. "The writer said that it was a family of noble silences."

Although Natalie was not aware of it, her voice was defensive. She knew that she was not a good talker. There were times when she would have given much to be a good talker, a person who said clever and sparkling things. How stupid just to chatter on endlessly about commonplace doings!

Cousin Lou's head lifted to the alert pose peculiar to her when she was interested in something. "That's fine," she agreed. "The phrase makes such a clear distinction without saying a word! If there are noble silences—and there certainly are—then there are also silences that are ignoble. There are not only silences that are cowardly but silences that are lazy and selfish."

Natalie looked startled; she had not supposed that the phrase was double-edged. "I don't see how," she protested.

Cousin Lou apparently was not thinking especially of her young relative. "How silences can be lazy?" she asked. "Oh, yes, indeed, my dear! Heaps of people are silent from laziness; their bodies may be active enough, but their minds slump down in rocking-chairs all day long. Think of a world like ours with its exhaustless beauties and adventures and discoveries, to say nothing of the millions of human beings in it all of whom have the most interesting thing under the sun—human nature. And then think of a mind so lazy that it can go through a day without finding anything worth remarking on!"

Natalie colored. "Oh, it's not that there isn't anything worth talking about," she said; "it's that other people don't care about those things."

"How do you know they don't?"

Natalie's color deepened, but her chin lifted. "I know because of the kind of things they do talk about—whom you saw at the post office and what he said and she said and they said and how Miss Mattie Barber's knee is and what color flowers to put on last year's hat."

"Yet when a novelist writes about those things we find them intensely interesting. Funny, isn't it?"

Natalie looked startled. "I wonder why?" she asked slowly.

"Because of our imagination and of our sympathy and love for folks. You remember Mrs. Browning's description of Euripides with his 'touches of things common till they rose to touch the spheres!'"

Natalie shook her head whimsically. "You're cruel, Cousin Lou; you put 'No Thoroughfare' across all my little secret paths."

"And turn you out on the great trails of endless adventure!" Cousin Lou smiled. "Bon voyage, little girl!"

THE BOY WHO IS ATTENTIVE

"The boy who tends to things because they need attending to, without specific directions, is the boy who, other things being equal, is going to be in demand when he gets out into the great world," says Rev. Charles M. Sheldon. It is the attention to little things and the habit of observation which sees what needs to be done and then does it, which makes exceedingly useful men and women. There will always be a position for such persons. There will always be a call to come up higher. It is in one sense a small thing to do these little things without orders, but it is the doing of them that makes great captains, great engineers, great artists, great architects, great workers of any department, and it is the absence of this quality that makes commonplace men and women who do nothing unless they are told to do it. It is this quality which makes volunteers in church work, and the invaluable man and women who do not have to be stood over. They are the joy of the pastor's heart; they are the persons who do not have to be watched.

"Nowadays"
It is "SALADA" for breakfast, for dinner, for supper and five o'clock Tea the Continent wide
100 Per-Cent Pure
"SALADA"
Tea, as staple as our daily bread

EDIBLE AND POISONOUS MUSHROOMS

Mushrooms and toadstools are included under the collective term "fungi." There is a widespread misapprehension concerning the character of the fleshy fungi. The public generally classify them under two main divisions—toadstools and mushrooms—the latter only being considered edible, and embracing the several varieties of the mushroom commonly exposed for sale, and found in fields during the late summer and fall. All varieties outside of these are popularly called toadstools and avoided as being poisonous. The question is frequently asked how can one distinguish a "mushroom" from a "toadstool." There are hundreds of kinds of mushrooms most of which are edible, and but a few are poisonous. It is then a question how to distinguish the edible from the poisonous species. All so-called "tests" such as peeling, discoloration of a spoon, etc., are mythical and afford no guarantee. The best method of knowing them is to study their characteristics one by one, starting with a common variety, have this identified by one who know it, and then continue one's studies as opportunity offers. It is strongly advised to leave severely alone all kinds about which there is any uncertainty. Many mushrooms are nauseating to some persons but prove harmless to others, while many are edible but of poor flavor, or too small to be of any use.

Unfortunately, popular works on fungi are not common, but several reliable works are available to the student who wishes to acquaint himself with the subject, as for instance:

"One Thousand Fungi," McIlwaine, Hobbs Merrill Co.

"Mushrooms, edible and otherwise," Hard, Child Library Co.

"Mushrooms," Atkinson, Henry Holt & Co.

"The Agaricaceae of Michigan," C. H. Kauffman, Wynkoop, Hallenbeck, Crawford Co.

In a short article it is not possible even to describe the commonest varieties such as Fairy Ring (Marasmius oreades) Shaggy Mane (Coprinus comatus) Inky Cap (Coprinus atramentarius) and the ordinary field mushroom (Agaricus campestris.) The two following deadly poisonous ones are described and should be thoroughly known before anyone ever takes to eating wild mushrooms.

The Fly Agaric (Amanita muscaria.) This is a very conspicuous mushroom, not resembling any other variety in the whole range of mushrooms. The cap is large, from 4 to 6 inches, rounded at first, then nearly plane; surface, when fresh slightly viscid. Its color is subject to great variations, ranging from orange-red to yellow or almost white, the yellow color being more common. The margin of cap in mature plants is marked with radiating lines or markings. The surface is covered with thick, angular, persistent scales, and easily removed; flesh white. The gills are free, but reaching the stem. Color white rarely becoming yellow. Stem 4 to 8 inches long, shining white or pale yellowish, becoming hollow, enlarged at the base into a conspicuous bulb, marked by prominent, concentric, irregular rings. There is a ring or collar on the stem, very soft, large, white. The Fly Amanita is easily identified on account of its scaly cap, brilliantly colored, large ring and bulbous ringed base. It occurs along roadsides wood-margins and open woods, generally, from June till frost.

The other deadly plant—Amanita phalloides, or Death Cup—is 2 to 4 inches broad, commonly shining white or yellowish, but may be grey or brown olive or umber. It is viscid when moist, smooth, oval, and finally extended the margin is even, not marked; flesh white, not objectionable to taste, gills free from stem, largest at the middle, white. The stem is 2 to 5 inches long, generally hollow, white. The base of the stem is inserted in a semi-free white sup-shaped covering called a volva. It is of common occurrence from July to October, in the woods, groves, and along borders of woods. It resembles somewhat the common field mushroom, but a slight examination will disclose in the field mushroom the dark colored gills and the absence of the cup at the base of the stem. A Phalloides is the most dangerous of all fungi and is responsible for most of the deaths resulting from eating mushrooms. Ten to fifteen hours may elapse before symptoms of poisoning may appear. No antidote has been found. A safe rule is to avoid eating all mushrooms having white gills, a ring on the stem, and a volva at the base of stem, combined in the same plant.—W. S. Odell, Vislsion of Botany, Central Experimental Farm.

WHAT BOBBY SAID

Bobby's mother was anxious to know whether he had obeyed her injunctions and behaved himself at the party. He was sure that he had. "When Mrs. Smith asked me if I wanted more cake, I said, 'No thank you.'" His mother was relieved, but wanted to know more. "Did she ask you again?" "Yes, and I still told her, 'No thank you.' But after a while she asked me another time." Bobby looked confident. "I said what pa always says: 'Take the darned stuff away!'"

DIGGING MADE EASY

The new method of digging a ditch alongside a railroad track is to hitch a kind of scoop to the front of a locomotive. By this means twenty miles of ditch can be plowed in one day at a cost of about $6.25 per mile.

The ditch can be thus dug three feet deep and fourteen feet from the centre line of the track, the amount of dirt removed being eighteen cubic feet per lineal foot of ditch. The operation of the digging machine is controlled from the deck of the locomotive by air valves.

Contrasted with the old pick-and-shovel method, the locomotive ditch digger has achieved what, years ago, was regarded as a physical impossibility, so far as speed is concerned.

SUCH WASTE!

A man was summoned from his evening paper by his wife's frightened cry:

"George, come quick! The cook has tried to kill herself by inhaling gas!"

"Good gracious!" growled George as he rushed to the kitchen, leaped over the cook's prostrate form, and turned off the gas stove tap—"think what the gas bill will be this month!"

TRAVEL TO THE NATIONAL PARKS

This season's travel to the Canadian National Parks seems likely to be one of the heaviest in their history. Reservations in many of the hotels have been booked months in advance and the chief resorts are now full of foreign and Canadian visitors. The Jasper Park Lodge, the new bungalow hotel which was opened for the first time on June 15, at Jasper, will make it possible for many more tourists to find accommodation in this great reservation along the Canadian National Railways and a noticeable increase both here and at Banff in the number of people who come to spend the entire summer and go out along the trails to the beautiful but little known portions of the Parks is observed.

The total number of visitors to the Canadian National Parks during the past season was approximately 150,000, about 60,000 of whom came from outside countries. It is estimated that this travel represents approximately $18,000,000 foreign money brought into the country for which Canada sent out practically nothing in return. The total expenditures on the National Parks during the past 25 years have been a little over $6,000,000 or about one-third the value of the foreign travel they attracted last year.

AN INGENIOUS RETORT

Donison was a splendidly built fellow, but to the vicar's great regret he was partial—distinctly partial—to the strong drinks.

The vicar met him one morning and decided to try once more to get the big fellow to reform.

"I wish, Jim," the vicar remarked, "that I could persuade you to drink nothing but water for six months."

"Water, sir!" was the startled exclamation of the reprobate. "I daren't touch it, sir! The doctor told me I have got an iron constitution and I am afraid to touch water for fear of rusting it."

THE WICKED WORM

Cuthbert had been listening for half an hour to a lecture from his father on the evils of late nights and late risings in the morning.

"You will never amount to anything unless you turn over a new leaf," said the father. "Remember, it's the early bird that catches the worm."

"Ha, ha!" laughted Cuthbert. "How about the worm? What did he get for turning out so early?"

"My son," replied the father, "that worm hadn't been to bed all night; he was on his way home."

August Clearance
Of All Summer Goods at Prices Far Below Cost

Below are a Few Illustrations:

Misses' Gingham Dresses, in checks and plaids, organdie trimmed, sizes 34, 36 and 38, to clear at $3.25.
Real Linen Tub Frocks, in blue, pink and green, sizes 36 and 38, to clear at $3.00.
Jumper Dresses of extra good quality gingham, to clear at $1.25.
Girls' Gingham, Voile and Chambray Dresses, sizes 10, 12, 13, 14, to clear at $1.00.
Mercerized Sport Shirts, regularly $4.50, to clear at $2.95.
Voiles, regularly 50c and 60c, to clear at 39c.
Voiles, regularly 75c, to clear at 59c.

WE STOCK BETTER GOODS AT A LOWER PRICE

L. Starkman - - Acton
Phone 69—Open Evenings

Electric Washers

Blue Bird --- A. B. C. --- "Miss Simplicity"
$155 $135 $98

We are now able to supply any one of these three lines, which gives you a choice when dealing with us of any style of Washer that is on the market. Easy terms of payment may be arranged for and there is no need of you waiting until you have the ready cash. Let the Washer pay for itself each month.

A machine will be placed in your home on trial without any obligation or expense of any sort on your part.

Norman H. Speight Georgetown
Distributor for Georgetown, Milton, Acton, Brampton

Canadian National-Grand Trunk

40,000
HARVESTERS WANTED

GOING FARE
$15 to WINNIPEG
Plus half a cent a mile beyond to all points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, Edmonton, Calgary, McLeod and east.

RETURNING FARE
$20 from WINNIPEG
plus half a cent a mile from starting point to Winnipeg

GOING DATES
August 11th and 21st—Toronto, Caledon East, Beeton, Meaford, Collingwood, Penetang, Midland, Parry Sound, Sudbury, Capreol and east thereof in Ontario.
August 14th and 23rd—Toronto, Inglewood and all stations south and west thereof in Ontario.

Special Trains Leave—(Standard Time)
TORONTO—(Union Station)
August 14th—12.30 noon, 6.00 p. m., 10.30 p. m.
August 23rd—12.30 noon, 6.00 p. m., 10.30 p. m.
For Times from Other Stations See Special Train Service Poster

Through Solid Trains to Winnipeg Without Change.
Restaurant Cars on Special Trains—Meals and Lunches Served at Reasonable Prices. Special Cars for Women. Convertible (berth) Colonist Cars of Latest Design

For further particulars apply to nearest agent Canadian National-Grand Trunk Railways.

THE CANADIAN NATIONAL REACHES DIRECT ALL IMPORTANT DISTRIBUTING CENTRES IN WESTERN CANADA
Travel the "National Way" to Winnipeg when destined to any point beyond.

44

It pays to advertise---but

A lion met a tiger
As they drank beside a pool.
Said the tiger, "Tell me why
You're roaring like a fool."

Said lion, "That's not foolish,"
With a twinkle in his eyes.
"They call me king
Of all the beasts . . .

It pays to advertise!"

A rabbit heard them talking
And ran home like a streak.
He thought he'd try
The lion's plan
But his roar was a squeak.

A fox came to investigate---
Had luncheon in the woods.
Moral: "Never advertise
Unless you've got the goods."

Advertise In The Acton Free Press

A GOOD
Food Chopper
IS A NECESSITY IN THE KITCHEN —PARTICULARLY AT THIS TIME OF YEAR

"Universary" Food Choppers cut cleanly without mashing—Fish, Meats, Vegetables of all kinds and Fruits.

No. 0 "Universal," complete with four knives, coarse, medium, fine and very fine $1 75
No. 1 "Universal" $2 25
No. 2 "Universal $2 75
No. 3 "Universal" $3 50
Wire Canning Racks, fit any boiler, capacity 8 quarts, each 85

PRESERVING SEASON SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS

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 and Parlor Cars on principal day trains.

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

H. S. HOLMES, Agent:
ACTON, ONT. - Phone 13

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