The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1922

TELL HIM NOW

If with pleasure you are viewing any
work a man is doing,
If you like him or love him, tell him
now;
Don't withhold your approbation till
the parson makes oration
And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his
brow;
For no matter how you shout it, he
won't really care about it;
He won't know how many teardrops
you have shed.
If you think some praise is due him,
now's the time to slip it to him,
For he cannot read his tombstone when
he's dead.

More than fame and more than money
is the comment kind and sunny,
And the hearty, warm approval of a
friend.
For it gives to life a savor, and makes
you stronger, braver,
And gives you heart and spirit to the
end.
If he earns your praise, bestow it; if
you like him, let him know it;
Let the words of true encouragement
be said;
Do not wait till life is over, and he's
underneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone
when he's dead.

A Boy's Wits Against a Train Robbers' Gang

Dennis H. Stovall

BUFF DRAPER uncurled himfrom the step of the station house and crossed the railroad track to take a final look at the water tank gauge. His mother had just appeared at the door of the little yellow building to tell him supper would soon be ready. Though it was December, those long lines of glistening steel, which extended by graceful curves, east and west from Lone Spring, radiated heat like burning caldrons. Buff was glad to note that evening shadows were creeping across the broad arroyo from the base of Painted Rocks. A crisp coolness would soon temper the sun-warmed air. In a short hour, night would spread its star-spangled mantle over Alkali Valley.

The gauge indicator stood at nine and a half. When it reached ten, or ten and a half, Buff could shut down the motor and call it a day's work. Since early morning that tireless little gas engine, with the pump boy standing watch, had kept up its staccato chugging, doing its utmost to fill the big tank. It would have filled it, too, several times over, but for the unquenchable thirst of the freight moguls, and passenger high wheelers, that had stopped for a drink at this desert oasis. Even now, there rose from the distance, the long-drawn call of a train whistle. Buff knew Number Seventeen was coming—and she, too, would be thirsty.

Simultaneously with the approach of the fast Limited, a high-powered motor car shot round the base of the Painted Rocks, following the crooked desert road, and drew to a halt near the water tank. The machine was thickly powdered with alkali dust, as was the man at the wheel. Buff recognized the one occupant of the car as Ousley, driver Dave Cartwright. Ousley had come all the way from the Gopher Hole mine, fifty miles across the desert, so the boy guessed. And undoubtedly he was here to meet his employer, this being the shortest route to the distant property. The freight trucks and mule teams took the longer and better road from Hugo, farther north.

In a few minutes the long Limited, with its fifteen coaches, most of them Pullmans, came to a stop at the tank. Lone Spring was not an authorized passenger station. But men of such prominence, wealth and influence as Dave Cartwright could so use it, if they pleased. Buff saw the portly mining magnate alight from a forward car and raise a beckoning hand toward the dust-stained Ousley. The Gopher Hole manager evidently did not intend to make the trip to the mine, for he had not donned his hat or duster, nor had he brought his grips from the train. When Ousley came over, the two men stepped to the edge of the right-of-way and engaged in a low-toned conversation. Buff noticed that Cartwright did most of the talking, and punctuated his remarks with numerous gestures.

Buff Draper gave the pair little attention. For very specific reasons, the boy had little interest in Dave Cartwright. To him, as to other of the scattered folks of the desert, and more particularly to the hard-working men of Gopher Hole, the mine manager was an unreasonable autocrat. Which accounted for the strikes, teups and disturbances that regularly occurred on the desert mine. As Buff sauntered down the right-of-way, along the line of coaches, he heard Ousley remark in a tense voice: "Unless you get the pay money out of there by to-morrow morning that bunch of crazy diggers will close the works. They're as mad now as a nest o' hornets. Buck Jason can't handle 'em much longer. He is expecting you to go back with me to-night—and bring the coin—"

"The pay stuff will be there in the morning. So you tell Jason to keep his spools on!" Cartwright interjected hotly. "The money is shipped by express, and will reach Hugo on the next train. I decided to let Wells Fargo take the responsibility—for ten thousand in silver and currency is not a safe package to carry."

This scrap of trouble talk which reached Buff's ears, convinced him that the same old round of strife and discord was being played at the Gopher Hole. The boy had little sympathy for Dave Cartwright. His own father had been discharged from the mine by the unreasonable boss, and for no cause at all. Which largely accounted for Tom Draper being a trackwalker now, on the desert division, while Buff served as pump boy at Lone Spring. It was the best they could do.

Buff was recalling these things, with an inward sense of bitterness, when his keen eye noted two men, roughly garbed and smoke-blackened, slip off the brake rods of a rear Pullman and drop stealthily down the embankment, quickly disappearing from sight in the clumps of sage and juniper. He took the pair to be tramps, yet he wondered why they voluntarily quitted the train. It was fifty miles in either direction to a town. Lone Spring was a poor place for hoboes. Possibly this pair were afraid of being ejected by the crew, and would board the train again when it started. But the Limited, after drinking its fill at the tank, went on without them.

Buff straightway entered the little pump house, shutting off the chugging motor. Then he went over to supper. The elder Draper was out on the regular afternoon's trip of inspection and would not return to the station before midnight. The boy ate in silence. Though his gaze was fixed on the distant bluffs, now fading from view in the velvet darkness, his mind wrestled with the mystery of the two tramps. He was thinking, too, of Dave Cartwright and Ousley's tale of trouble and wondered at the peculiar contrast of the pair of hoboes and the worried mining men. Was their simultaneous arrival at this desert oasis a mere coincidence? Or did it come to pass through a well-arranged plan? With these questions barriing him, Buff went out into the night.

He had no sooner reached the track than he detected the flicker of a light from the depths of the arroyo almost only a moment, then went out. Then directly blow the station. It appeared he saw another light blink for an instant from a more distant and higher point on the desert. Buff's interest was quickly aroused. He knew those lights were made by men, for there were no fireflies in or around Lone Spring. Undoubtedly they were intended for signals. He walked along the railroad for a hundred yards or more, then crept quietly down the embankment and through the desert bushes to the rim of a deep gulch. On the floor of this gulch, completely hidden by the enclosure of rimrock, bluffs and juniper trees, four men squatted close around a campfire. At the far border of the circle of light, four horses, saddled and bridled, stood with reins fastened to the overhanging manzanitas. Two of the men, so Buff noted, wore cartridge belts and holsters, while a pair of rifles leaned against the bluff wall near by. The other two were the same rough-garbed, smoke-blackened couple who slid off the brake rods of the Limited less than an hour ago.

Buff was determined to know what the presence of this mysterious quartette presaged for Lone Spring. He drew back cautiously, and crawled farther down the slope. When next he peered over the bluff rim, he was less than twenty-five yards from the hidden camp. Listening, he caught snatches of conversation from below. "The pay money is comin' through all right . . . on the Express . . . Old Dave was afraid to trust himself . . . ten thousand, all real money . . . to keep the men on the job out at Gopher Hole . . . ."

At this point the talk dropped so low that Buff could catch nothing but a subdued monotone. Till finally one of the four asked a pointed question: "Are you sure, Bill, there's nobody at the station house to warn the train crew—in case they get the tip that we are laying for—"

"There ain't nobody here now but the pump boy an' his mother," one of the four informed with positive assurance. "They'll both be asleep, quite likely when the Express comes through. The boy's dad is trackwalker, an' out on his run. We'll find it easy to board the train when it stops for water—"

Once again the conversation dropped to a muffled undertone. Buff did not wait to hear more. He had heard enough to convince him the quartette were plotting to rob the Express, having learned of the special shipment of pay money for the Gopher Hole mine. The train was due at Lone Spring in three quarters of an hour. Seldom was it late. If he did anything to frustrate the evil plot he had no time to lose.

As carefully as he could, he pulled himself back from the overhanging ledge. In spite of his caution he dislodged a shale rock and sent it rattling down the cliff wall.

All four men were on their feet at once. "What was that?" The same question came with one breath from the four. Then one said, "Must be somebody on the bluff. Better climb up, Bill, an' take a look!"

Buff dropped flat on the ground and held his breath. His heart almost stopped beating. He heard the thumping of feet and the threshing of brush as the men made a scrambling investigation around their camp. He was afraid to move, yet he realized it would be a desperate thing for him were he discovered. He took a long breath of relief when he heard one of the four say as they turned back, "Must have been a loose rock rattlin' down the cliff. This shale is always slippin' an' movin'."

Buff made good his chance to crawl up the slope. Not till he was a safe distance from the arroyo rim did he rise to his feet. Then, in his excitement and haste, he lost his way in the darkness, got enmeshed in a tangle of manzanita and was hurled headlong down the embankment. He lay for some time, stunned and dazed. When he did get up he found himself in a sorry plight. His hands and cheeks were scratched and bleeding, his clothing was torn into strings. None of these things greatly worried the pump boy. His main fear was that he had been lying unconscious for an hour or more, and that the Express had gone by.

From away off across the desert came the musical call of a locomotive's siren. "That's the Express!" Buff exclaimed. "I know her voice. She'll be here in a few minutes—and I must be up and going!"

Instantly he recalled what he had set out to do. His brain was in a whirl. He dared not go to the station house for a signal lantern, for the robbers would be waiting near the water tank. Even though he reached the station he would be unable to send any warning, for there was no telegraph, no telephone.

The Limited whistled again. Sounds carry far on the desert, yet Buff knew the train was only a few miles away, speeding every second closer. The boy shot a swift glance down the track, detecting in the far distance a twinkling speck of light moving in and out among the rocks and ravines. It was the headlight of the Express. But closer—only a half mile down the line—gleamed the green eye of a semaphore. Farther on—so far that it was but faintly discernible—blinked another green light. Buff's father had set those lanterns in place earlier in the day.

With his first glimpse of the green lights a plan took form in Buff's mind. He started on a run, down the track, but came to limping halt when he felt a cringing pain in his right ankle. He had wrenched it cruelly when he fell down the embankment. He gritted his teeth and limped on, stumbling, pushing his way through the dark by grim, desperate determination. The whistle chimed again—close by now—just a few miles down the track. Buff Draper, his eyes half closed, limped on.

A long shaft of light, like some fairy feather, swept out of the arroyo and brushed the darkness—swept down again, and spread fan-shaped on the bluffs and cliffs, turning to silver the gray sage, the dwarfed junipers and the Painted Rocks. Buff had reached the base of the semaphore which stood like a tall sentinel, near the track, its one arm hanging, its one eyes blinking—green, for safety—pass on! The pump boy knew he must change that light to one of red—and halt the Express before it reached the station. Only when that limp arm block signal was raised would the light show red. Being a block signal, operated by an electric current, it would not lift unless another train stood on the track within the danger zone. Buff knew that well enough. Knew also—and this was the main thing now—that he could make the light show red by holding it behind the red lens of the semaphore. By a superhuman effort he climbed the iron ladder. By a similar effort, he clung to the top rung with one hand and one foot, while he reached out and lifted the lantern from the pocket, and held it inside the red globe of the signal arm.

The Express shrieked again. It was coming on the roar. Would it stop? Would the keen-eyed engineer note the red light? Buff Draper, hanging tenaciously to the topmost rung of that iron ladder, gasping for breath, gritted his teeth.

Then came two sharp yelps from the locomotive, as it roared up the draw, followed by a popping of air valves, a clamping of brakes, and the screeching of steel shoes biting steel. The Express was sliding to a stop! There came over Buff Draper a thrilling sense of relief. The lantern dropped back into place. Buff made a weak attempt to descend, but lost his hold when halfway down and fell with a thump to the ground.

The train crew, running forward to learn why the stop signal had been given, found the dazed and battered youth lying at the foot of the semaphore. The conductor stooped and held his lantern near the scratched face of the prostrate boy. "It's the pump boy—of Lone Spring!" he exclaimed. "I wonder what's wrong. It's nearly a mile to the station, an' this kid looks as if he's had a hard run."

At that moment Buff raised up, blinked and murmured, "Robbers—Lone Spring . . . to rob Express . . . get the pay money for Gopher Hole mine . . . tell Dave Cartwright . . ."

"Nough said, my boy! We're on!", brought in the conductor, as he passed his lantern to one of the crew and slipped a helping hand under Buff's head. Then he lifted the boy carefully and bore him toward the train, giving orders as he went. "Skip back down the track, Tom, and warn the rear flagman! Bring the guards forward to the express car! Tell the engineer and fireman to make no stop at the tank. We'll back up, when we've gone a mile by—and give that gang a warm surprise. But this boy's mother is probably alone at the station. We must watch out for her."

When Buff Draper next opened his eyes and came back to full consciousness, he found himself lying on a berth in a Pullman car. His mother was smiling down into his face. His father occupied a seat across the aisle in company with a portly, well-dressed individual whom the boy at once recognized as Dave Cartwright. The conductor came along, paused, glanced at Buff, and after chuckling him good-naturedly in the ribs, remarked, gentally: "Getting around again, eh? That is fine! We'll take you down to El Centro anyhow—just for a ride—unless—" He looked across and met the gaze of the boss.

"I hope it won't be necessary to take him to a hospital, Dick, though I intend to see that he gets the best care possible," brought in the mining man. "I want to take him off the train at Hugo, if it can safely be done. When he gets well, I'll have a place for him over at the Gopher Hole. As soon as it can be arranged," he added, "I want this boy's mother and father to move over there, also—if, well—if they'll agree to do so. We need them!"

Buff closed his eyes, his heart throbbing with exultant gratitude.

A Reputation—
for unvarying Quality is the Greatest Mark of Distinction.
"SALADA"
TEA
has given Matchless Quality for 31 years.
So Delicious! Just Try It.

SILVER WEDDINGS

Married couples of twenty-five years' standing generally like to celebrate their silver wedding by a dinner party, a dance, or other such entertainment, at which respective relatives, and especially the best man and bridesmaids of twenty-five years ago, are present.

Some couples endeavor to invite as many as possible of those who were guests at the important ceremony which made them man and wife, and the clergyman on that occasion is, of course, not forgotten.

A beautiful cake, decorated with silver in accordance with the anniversary, holds the place of honor until the bride of twenty-five years cuts the first slice.

Presents given to a couple celebrating their silver wedding should be of silver, and are usually more in the nature of pretty trifles for the silver cabinet, photo frames or vases, rather than the strictly useful articles which would be sent to a bride about to set up housekeeping.

Many people express their interest in the event by sending white flowers tied with silver ribbon or artistically arranged in silvered baskets, while telegrams and letters of congratulation are received from friends aware of the importance of the date in sometimes greater numbers than on the first wedding day.

White and silver should be the toilette of the "silver" bride, and in receiving her guests it makes a pretty group, bringing back memories of 25 years ago to many present, if those of her bridesmaids who are able to come on this occasion form a guard of honor around her.

Table and room decorations should share the predominating white and silver scheme.

A CHILD'S QUESTION

"Papa, what is a prohibitionist?"

"A person who tries to make the people drink more whiskey."

"How do prohibitionists make men drink more whiskey?"

"By passing a senseless law against making and selling intoxicating drink."

"How does this law lead men to drink?"

"Because they will not obey it, my son."

"Is it good to drink intoxicating liquors, papa?"

"No, my son. I hope you will never drink them."

"What do men make them for?"

"Well, chiefly for drinking."

"If it is bad to drink them, is it right to make them?"

"My son, you do not understand these things."

"No, I do not. But, papa, would not good people obey the law?"

"Oh! yes, but there are very many bad people."

"Do the bad people obey any law?"

"Well, no; I am afraid they do not willingly."

"Is there a law against stealing?"

"Certainly, my son."

"Does it make men steal?"

"My son, I think it is time for you to go to bed."—International Good Templar.

NO HITCH

Mason—How did the wedding come off to-day.

Pearson—Without a hitch.

Mason—Glad to hear it.

Pearson—I said without a hitch. The bride backed out at the last minute.

WHEN COINS WERE FIRST MADE

Certain passages in the "Iliad" of Homer would lead to the inference that coins of brass were struck as early as 1194 B. C. Tradition affirms that the Chinese had bronze coins as early as 1120 B. C. But Herodotus, "the father of history," ascribes the invention" of coins to the Lydians, about nine centuries B. C., and there is no satisfactory evidence that coins were known prior to that date.

"SCATTER SUNSHINE AT CHRISTMAS TIME"

Old friends and new acquaintances will all greatly appreciate being remembered by the cheery expressions of good-will carried by attractive Christmas greeting cards. Help make it the merriest Christmas ever by scattering sunshine with Christmas cards.

The Free Press has always endeavored to supply the requirements of all customers in this line. This year we are in a much better position to do so than ever before.

We have secured a large range of steel cut and engraved greeting cards from the leading manufacturers. These embrace many artistic and novel designs—something just a little bit different.

There are dainty folders—and cards of many desirable designs. There are some very artistically decorated folders and cards and all have space on which you may have any verse or greeting printed that you desire.

The prices of these cards are very reasonable. Printed with your name and address they range in price from $1.75 to $2.25 per dozen, envelopes included, with a very substantial reduction for larger quantities.

Make your selection at an early date while the selection is at the best.

The samples may be seen at The Free Press Office.

SAY IT

Many people have literally died for want of a kind word, and many more have atrophied mentally, and spiritually, because they have never been encouraged to put red blood into their daily task. "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it." Never get so old and case hardened that you can't take off your hat and cheer when you see something that is worth spending wind on. Don't let those around you struggle on day after day, without letting them know someone appreciates their efforts. The yellowest dog on the street will respond to a kind word or a bone. There are people who imagine the recognition of employees or kindly acknowledgments at home are wasted. These modern Hrooges, not only miss the real good of life, but are out of pocket hundreds, if not thousands of dollars by their wrong headed notions, about spoiling people by praise.—Solomon in Shoe and Leather Journal.

QUICKLY ANSWERED

A lady who had received an interesting bit of news said to her little daughter:

"Marjorie, dear, auntie has a new baby, and now mamma is the baby's aunt, papa is the baby's uncle, and you are her little cousin."

"Well," said Marjorie, wonderingly, "wasn't that arranged quick!"

Thomson Motor Supplies Limited

PROPOSED BY-LAW

To authorize the guarantee of the Bonds of the above mentioned Company to the extent of $10,000 by the Village of Acton.

SYNOPSIS OF BY-LAW

The purpose of the said By-law is to authorize the guarantee by the Village of Acton of bonds to be issued by Thomson Motor Hupplies Limited to the extent of $10,000 with interest at six per cent., maturing in twenty years, redeemable by the said Company at its option after five years on any interest date on six months' notice, on condition that the said Company spend the money so raised in the establishment of a factory within the limits of the Village of Acton, for the purpose of manufacturing automobile supplies and accessories, the Corporation of Acton to be secured against loss through guaranteeing the said Bonds by a first mortgage to be given by the said Company in favor of the Corporation on all the assets of the said Company existing in connection with the said factory.

The said Company also to be given a bonus in the form of exemption from taxation, except school taxes and local improvement rates for a period of ten years.

Interest on the above mentioned bonds to be paid by the said Thomson Motor Supplies Limited, and also Sinking Fund amounting to $335.82 in each year to be paid to the Treasurer of Acton for investment to retire said bonds when they mature.

Take notice that the votes of the ratepayers of the said Village of Acton will be taken on the above mentioned proposed By-law on Monday, the fourth day of December, 1922, at the same time, at the same place and in the same manner as the voting in the annual municipal elections.

Also take notice that on Friday, the 24th day of November, 1922, the Reeve will attend at the Council Chamber in the Town Hall at ten o'clock in the forenoon to appoint in writing signed by him two persons to attend at the final summing up of the votes, and one person to attend at each polling place on behalf of the persons interested and desirous of promoting the passing of the said By-law.

Also take notice that the Clerk of the Council of the said Village shall attend at the Town Hall, Acton, at 6.30 P. M., on the said fourth day of December, 1922, to sum up the number of votes given for and against said By-law.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that if the assent of the ratepayers is obtained thereto, the said By-law, a synopsis of which appears above, will be taken into consideration by the Municipal Council of the Village of Acton after one month from the ninth day of November, 1922, being the date of the first publication of this Notice.

H. N. FARMER,
Clerk of the Village of Acton.

Dated at Acton, November 9, 1922.

A YOUNG MAN'S JOB

Recently a prominent American declined a responsible position because he said it was a young man's job. He did not mean by that that it called for more work than he wished to give, for probably no young man in the twenties works harder, than he does. But he meant doubtless, that to make a success of this particular work called for courage and optimism and fresh ideas.

There are some elderly men who would meet these requirements. Some one who has recently visited Great Britain said he was struck with the youthful attitude of many of the leading men. Even those who are white-haired are not afraid of new things. They have a boyish enthusiasm and the hopefulness popularly supposed to characterize youth.

Every now and then we hear it asked when a man's usefulness ends. It ends when his enthusiasm dwindles, when he expects the worst instead of the best, when he would rather keep on in the same old rut than try to improve things. And so the usefulness of some men ends when they are in the twenties and that of others keeps on till they are in the nineties.

HE DIDN'T KNOW

"Where were you yesterday, Jackie Jones?" asked the teacher.

"Please, miss, I had a toothache," answered Jackie.

"Has it stopped?" asked the teacher sympathetically.

"I don't know," said Tommy.

"What do you mean, boy?" remarked the teacher, her suspicions at once aroused. "You don't know if your tooth has stopped aching?"

"No, miss; the dentist kept it."

Eases Kitchen Work

To Women Who Do Their Own Work: Suppose you could save six minutes every day in washing pots and pans—two minutes after every meal. In a month, this would amount to a saving of three hours of this disagreeable but necessary work. This saving can be made by using SMP enameled kitchen utensils, as their smooth sanitary surface will not absorb dirt or grease. No scraping, scouring or polishing is needed when you use Diamond or Pearl Ware. Soap, water and a dish towel is all you need. Ask for

SMP Diamond or Pearl WARE

Diamond Ware is a three-coated enameled steel, sky blue and white outside with a snowy white lining. Pearl Ware is enameled steel with two coats of pearl grey enamel, inside and out.

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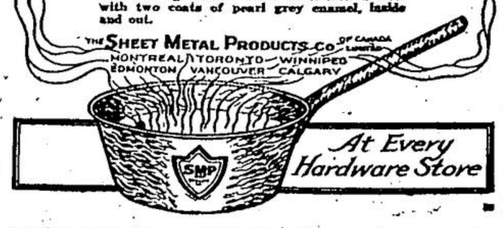

At Every Hardware Store

Christmas Cards Now in Stock at Free Press Office

Partridge users throughout the Dominion testify to enjoying durability in excess of their greatest expectations.

A typical recommendation reads:—"Beyond all doubt the Partridge Cord tire is the best of its kind on the market to-day."

PARTRIDGE TIRES

Game as Their Name

Foolish Saving

A penny saved is not always a penny earned. Sometimes it is two pennies lost. The merchant who spends nothing on advertising loses much more than he saves.

The money spent for plate glass windows is not looked on as lost; nor is the money spent on better interior lighting.

Anything that increases favor, that adds to sales, that multiplies customers is very properly regarded as a good investment.

Advertising is a good investment—just as plate glass windows are. Advertising sells more goods to more persons than shop windows do.

A Word to the Public

Do you resent having a merchant address his message to you in the form of an advertisement in our columns? On the contrary, is it not your impulse to respond to his friendly overtures?

Shop Where You are Invited to Shop!

A Recognized Necessity
A Good Flashlight
Is a Necessary Article in Every Home
—Convenient, Easily Carried—
Safer Than Matches

We have a large assortment of every style for you to choose from.

Pocket styles—that take up very little room—in nickeled finish.

Tubular styles—two cell and three cell—in black or nickel finish.

Tubular style with large lens—in black or nickel.

Cases to fit an ordinary dry cell (with handle) also finished in black or nickel.

ALWAYS A FRESH STOCK OF BATTERIES

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

Bell Pianos

See to it that the piano you buy is possessed of more than a beautifully finished case. Tonal qualities and mechanical construction are by far more important. Only a trained ear can determine the former and a trained mechanic the latter, neither of which qualifications have been sufficiently mastered by the average buyer. To you the only safeguard lies in the make. The name Bell on a piano has stood for everything that is desired in a piano for 50 years.

You are invited to examine these various features at our warerooms.

C. W. KELLY & SON
GUELPH

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

ALEX. L. NOBLE
At Grand Trunk Station

The following grades on hand:
MANITOBA AND PASTRY FLOUR
OAT CHOP AND ROLLED OATS
BRAN AND SHORTS
FEED FLOUR AND OILCAKE
HAY AND STRAW
at Lowest Prices.

ALEX. L. NOBLE
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