The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1922

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

Upon the threshold of our lives
The New Year, waiting, stands,
And for each mortal holds a gift
Hid in his close-shut hands.

To some glad hearts he offers love,
A ruby, flaming, rare;
And others, when his clasp unfolds,
Shall find death's pale pearl there.

On souls who wait in high emprise
Fame's star shall he bestow,
And he shall lay on stricken lives
The somber cross of woe.

What gifts the New Year holds for us
We cannot guess or tell;
Yet with unshrinking, outstretched hands
We would accept them well:

If love be ours, its nobleness
Receive with noble heart,
And pass unfaltering to death,
If death shall be our part.

—Ella Health.

THE FREE PRESS' SHORT STORY

One Hundred One Dollar Bills

Alonzo McMillan

THE boys straggled into the classroom with a curious suggestion of reluctance. Apparently no one wished to come, yet everyone was coming. And it was also noticeable that as the boys filled the chairs ranged in rows across the small room, there was a striking disinclination to conversation. After exchanging greetings, they lapsed into silence.

The president came some fifteen minutes late and immediately called the meeting to order. "Of course you know what we're here for," he said in a flat voice. "A year ago when the class was larger than it is now, and things were booming generally, we pledged a contribution to the organ fund. We haven't paid a cent of it and they want it. That's the case in a nutshell. What have you to say about it?"

Apparently no one was in a hurry to speak, and the first remark was hardly to the point. For Ernest Berg exclaimed, grumblingly, "Just like Roy to get us into this and then leave town and not pay a cent."

"Roy always has big ideas," commented another member of the class, Fred Ames. "Nobody else would have thought that a Sunday School class with only fifteen or sixteen members, most of whom are in school, ought to pledge a hundred and fifty dollars to the church organ fund."

David Lynch spoke up from the other side of the room. "That's true," he said, "but Roy was only one. He couldn't have carried the thing through if we hadn't agreed to it."

"Yes, but he made us agree," Ernest exclaimed. "He has a way of talking that makes you feel that you can do anything. And now he's moved away and he won't pay a cent of it, and we've got a hundred and fifty dollars to raise."

"We can't do it," Dick Edwards exclaimed with emphasis. "A hundred and fifty dollars. Why, that's more than ten dollars apiece."

There was a long moment of discouraged silence. "Well, we ought to make a payment," David said. "We can pay something if we can't pay a hundred and fifty dollars."

Some one asked how much money was in the treasury and the treasurer reported thirty-five dollars and twenty cents. Then David stood up. He wished with all his heart that he possessed the ability of the much-criticised Roy to make people feel that they could do big things. As he looked about on uninterested faces, he realised that it would not be easy to persuade his classmates to do anything.

"Now look here, fellows," he said. "I'm interested in this thing because it seems to me the honor of the class is at stake. We've pledged ourselves to do a big thing and we can't justly repudiate our obligation." Then David continued, "I think we're taking the heart out of ourselves by thinking of our debt in a lump. Let's stop talking about a hundred and fifty dollars and look at it this way. Suppose we all agree to turn into the fund all the money we can earn on a given day—say a week from next Saturday."

"Earn how?" asked somebody.

"Anyway you can, of course. We've nearly two weeks to get a job for that day and it's up to us to get the best paying one possible. At this time of year, people want a lot of outdoor work done, and any fellow ought to be able to make a dollar, anyway."

When discouragement prevails, people are likely to listen to anyone who has a definite plan of action. It was true that if every member of the depleted class earned a dollar, it would only be a beginning on the payment of their pledge. But the boys lost sight of this fact in their relief over a plan for tackling their problem. David's suggestion was adopted and it was agreed that having earned all they could on Saturday, the twentieth, they should bring to the social the following Friday their earnings for that day, telling as they handed it in, the story of its earning.

It seemed to David a pleasant coincidence that on his way to school the following morning, he should have been accosted by an elderly woman who lived a few blocks from his home, and for whom he had occasionally done some odd jobs. "David, there's a lot of work needing to be done about my place. Can you spare me any time soon?"

"Why, I'll work for you a week from Saturday, all day, Miss Janet," David replied and explained his reason for postponement.

When he reached Miss Janet's home on the Saturday morning mentioned, she had not come down, but from behind the lowered shade of an upper window, she promised a speedy appearance. "You sit down and amuse yourself, David. The morning paper's on the porch."

"I might be starting on the grass, Miss Janet."

"The lawn mower is locked up in the cellar, David. You'll have to wait. I'll be down soon."

The news of the morning was stirring enough, but David was in no mood for reading. He turned the pages impatiently, and finally paused on a page where in black headlines appeared the words, "Daily Limerick." Beneath the heading were four lines of a limerick, the fifth being left to be supplied. And David whistled as he read the announcement that a hundred dollars would be paid to the one giving the best suggestion for the line.

A girl who was driving a flivver
Stopped short when she came to the river.
But an onlooker roared,
"Aren't you now in a Ford?"

Would Miss Janet never come down? David, who had swallowed his breakfast in haste and excused himself from the table in order to get in a full day's work, fairly writhed in Miss Janet's comfortable porch chair. When at length he heard her deliberate footsteps descending the stairs, he rushed to the back door, supposing of course that he would at once be allowed to bring out the lawn mower. But here again Miss Janet offered objections.

"I think we won't start work, David, till I've had my coffee. I'm rather dependent on my coffee."

"But, Miss Janet, you don't have to do a thing. I just wanted to get an early start."

But an early start was just what David was not to have. Miss Janet had the exasperating way of some who have lived alone for many years, and has not been under the necessity of consulting another person's preference. Miss Janet was perfectly amiable, perfectly gentle, but presented a front of adamant to his suggestions.

"Now, David, it won't take me more than a minute or two to get my coffee. It's a pity the young folks of to-day are so impatient."

David sat down on the kitchen steps at last, and to take up his time again gave his attention to that absurd limerick. He began to run through the rhyming words, quiver, silver, shiver, shiver, give her. And after what seemed to him an endless time, Miss Janet's plaintive voice spoke behind him.

"Well, David, I guess we're ready now to make a start. But I believe you'd better go to the store and get a little machine oil before you take out that lawn mower. It hasn't been oiled for quite awhile."

That beginning was typical of the entire day. David had never worked so hard and accomplished so little. Miss Janet made two things plain, first, that whatever he did must be under her personal supervision, and second, that she was not to be hurried.

"Yes, David," she would say in a soothing tone, as if quieting a fretful child, "we'll get to that presently. But there's no sense in rushing. You can get more accomplished if you take things quietly. Haste makes waste, you know.

As the wearisome day drew to a close David realized that he could not charge her more than a dollar, though he had hoped to do enough to be worth double that amount. At a quarter to six he put away his tools and put on his coat. Miss Janet brought out a parcel wrapped in newspaper and also her pocketbook.

"I'm going to send your mother some dahlia bulbs, David. Tell her they are the handsome red ones she admired so."

"Thank you, Miss Janet. She'll be very much obliged, I know."

"And listen, David. You said this money was for the church organ, did you not?"

"Yes, Miss Janet," David's voice was hopeful. After all it was not his fault that he had not done more.

"Well, David, I'm glad to help in so worthy a cause." Gravely, Miss Janet handed him two quarters and dumbly David took them. Then she said good-by, and went indoors, leaving him too astonished to return the courtesy. It was not till he was nearly home that his sense of humor emerged from the wreck of his hopes and he leaned up against a convenient maple, to have his laugh out.

His mother was pleased with the dahlia bulbs which was something. As he took them out of their wrappings, he noticed that Miss Janet had used the morning paper for this purpose and under his eye was the incomplete limerick. The paper was a trifle soiled and wrinkled, but he shook off the loose earth, smoothed out the wrinkles and added the line which had occurred to him.

A girl who was driving a flivver,
Stopped short when she came to the river.
But an onlooker roared
"Aren't you now in a Ford?"
We'll a-bridge the bad feeling this give her.

Then he signed his name and address and an hour later dropped into the corner post box, an envelope addressed to the Morning Clarion, with the words "Limerick Editor," written in the corner.

The following Thursday morning David was starting for school when a brisk young man with a camera approached. "I'm looking for David Lynch."

"Why, I'm David Lynch."

"Want to take your picture."

"What for?"

The camera man smiled. "Every Saturday we publish the picture of the winner in our limerick contest."

David stood staring. "Do you mean to—" His tongue was so dry that he could not continue.

"Yes, you're the lucky chap. You go into the office any time and they'll give you your check. Now stand up and look a little pleasanter. Man alive! They're going to pay you a hundred dollars for eight words and yet you don't smile."

David had spent that hundred dollars several times over before he was half way to school, and then suddenly he came to a jerky halt. He had earned the hundred dollars on the day set apart for the benefit of the organ fund. Indignantly he repudiated the idea. It was absurd, preposterous. He might add ten dollars to Miss Janet's fifty cents. Even that would be distinctly generous. But to give it all—

"See here," said David addressing himself with curious detachment, "I've been worrying about the honor of the class. Looks to me as if it was my own honor I needed to think about."

The Clarion did not publish the name of the prize winner till Saturday and when David went to the class social Friday evening his success was a secret to all of his friends. The exercises started off briskly. One boy after another brought forward his earnings for the previous Saturday and told how he had made the money. Some of them had earned over a dollar and some of them less. And many of them told of their experiences with considerable humor.

David's name was called and he came forward. He put his fifty cents on the table and explained how he had earned it. While he might have made the story amusing, he did not do so. When he had finished, he pulled something out of his pocket. Though the hundred dollars was all going to the organ fund, David meant to have some fun out of it before it left his hands.

"That fifty cents was for my real day's work," he said. "But I made something beside on a side line."

When he had gone to the bank to cash his check, he had asked for it in dollar bills. He counted them out on the table, a formidable heap of ones. The boys, suspecting a joke at first, soon realized that it was real money David was counting over before their very eyes. The room was in an uproar. The sound of David's voice was almost drowned by the shouts of his excited classmates.

When the hundred dollars was on the table he had to wait some time to explain how it had come to him. But at last he had a chance to repeat the limerick whose last line had been so profitable. And then he walked to his seat amid frantic cheering. Hardly had the noise quieted when Ernest Berg was on his feet.

"With the hundred dollars and fifty cents David has contributed toward the organ fund," he said, "and what the rest of us have brought in, we have about one hundred and fifteen dollars toward our pledge. I'll take five of the remaining thirty-five."

Fred Ames bobbed up before Ernest had finished. "Father said I might go on the excursion to Island City Saturday, and that wouldn't cost me less than five dollars. I'll turn it into the fund and stay at home."

David sat listening while the needed thirty-five dollars was pledged by his classmates. The honor of the class was safe, and what was as much to the point, he felt quite secure as to his own.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

It is indeed discouraging to us to make New Year resolutions and then find ourselves breaking them almost before the ink is dry on the sheet that recorded them, but even so, it is better to make them than not to do so.

Never to make brave resolutions at all is the unfailing sign of the transition of death, the night of despair, or the deadly dullness of self-satisfaction. Any of these conditions is fatal to spiritual life and growth, and the struggle against these conditions is always worthy of the soul's best endeavor.

It is discouraging to find old habits rising up and breaking for you the bright resolutions you made with such high hopes and such a brave faith; but the discouragement only calls for more struggle and greater endeavor, never for the cessation of effort. To have lived for even one hour in the white light of a high purpose counts on the credit side of any life, and it is so very far better to keep trying than it is to sink into indifference and quit trying.

Bad habits are treacherous in their power to break down the results of spiritual endeavor, but they are not all-powerful. God and the human soul are the only two unconquerable forces in life; and when the effort of the soul is linked to the power of God, not even the wall of habit can withstand the divine force that is thus created.

Bad habits cannot make an ignoble life as long as the heart is alive to noble desires and resolutions of brave endeavor have power to wake and thrill the soul. Bad habits of physical living are not the worst sort of bad habits, after all; for bad habits of thought control these, and it is in the spirit that all the final battles of life must be fought.

One may have a number of good habits of life and yet surrender one's self to spiritual death. The habits of going to church regularly, entering into the church activities, and paying into the church treasury constitute a wall of protection to any life so long as we do not rely on them and cease the effort to grow.

The quickening of the spirit under noble impulses, the ability to feel inspiration of purpose, the power to enter into the heart of life and weep with the sorrowing or rejoice with the joyful—these, are the things that mark the spirit's life and growth. These are the things that we should never suffer to die out in our lives. For the sake of keeping them alive we should let no day go by that does not see us launched in the way of some great endeavor.

Of course New Year's Day is not different from other days except that the world's business is already adjusted to the habit of marking off an old year on the thirty-first of December, when the chill of winter lies heavily on the world and opening the gates to a new year and its promise on the first of January. The habits of the world are adjusted to this marking of time, and we cannot do better than to take the force of memory and the sentiment of hope and unite them every new year so as to make for ourselves brave New Year resolutions.

We may not keep them all literally, and, indeed, they may lift us up to a new vision so that we can see newer and better resolutions ahead of us; we may break them and in the breaking wring our own hearts with sorrow and repentance, but by all means let us make them. It is sad to make them and break them or fail of their accomplishment, but very far sadder not to make them at all. Nothing in life is sadder than never to feel the heart stir with faith and resolution—never to be thrilled with the impulse to reform and uplift the life that is ours.

Let's make our New Year's resolutions. Blot them with tears and stain them with blood if we must, but let's make them, anyway, for in making them we receive the impulse of power that puts us nearer to the final attainment of the goal we seek. No one in the world is unfortunate or unblessed who is striving to reach some goal of nobility; only they are unblessed and dead to blessing who have lost desire and who no longer strive.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

It is better to have resolved and failed than never to have resolved at all.

Resolve to "play the game" with yourself and others.

Shake hands with your competitor when you meet him. It will pay you both.

Be courteous to travellers. They are your best friends.

Get acquainted with your employees. Their good will means much to you and your business.

Be square with those who sell you goods in little as well as big things.

Do not speculate in outside ventures; and watch your step before taking chances in your own business.

Put business before pleasure, but don't be a business hound.

Smile, even when it doesn't seem worth while.

Work and don't shirk. There are more things accomplished by steady hard work than the final spasms of genius.

Set a business objective before you, and stick to it.

Cut out frills; concentrate on real things.

Tell your troubles to the Lord; make known your joys to your neighbors.

Stop the leaks; keep a full head of steam.

Think twice before you speak once.

Keep your tongue off your neighbor's reputation, as well as your hands out of his pocket.

MAKING HOME PLEASANT

A Washington woman on a visit to a pawnshop recently noticed a small girl who was eagerly looking at a mechanical mouse.

"Although we had never been introduced," said the woman, "the child spoke to me. Holding up the mouse, she inquired anxiously, 'Do you think it looks real?'

"I said I thought it did.

"'It is very expensive,' said the little girl, 'and I've been saving up for two weeks to get it. I want it to look real.'

"'Why not get a doll?' I suggested.

"'Oh,' said she, 'it isn't for me. It's for our cat. We brought him home from the country, and he isn't very happy in an apartment. I thought if he had a mouse that would run, to play with, it might make it seem more like home.'

"And the dear little soul's pennies went over the counter. I wondered what she had for herself."—Washington Post.

WHAT TO TAKE DURING THE NEW YEAR

Take The Acton Free Press.

Take comfort—if you can.

Take the girl you love to be your wife.

Take care of your health. It is the most valuable thing you have.

Take a hint when it is intended for you. Don't wait to be knocked down.

Take flattery as an insult, and an honest compliment as something to be grateful for.

Take pains to be faithful and conscientious in business. It will bring you success.

Take offence only at things worth being offended at. It is a sure evidence of a small mind to notice trifles.

Take hold of any work that comes to your hand rather than be idle. Luck always waits upon the busy man.

Take time to be polite and kind always. Rudeness never pays; the bear may think so, but he is wrong.

Take trouble like a man. Don't go whining about when it comes, but shut your mouth and stand up under it resolutely.

Take a trip now and then, and try to see something outside of the town you live in. Travel is one of the greatest of educators.

Take pains to do your work well. The conscientious worker is the one who gets to the front—and the one that never needs be idle.

Take care that you make this day a model for all the days to come—and then copy after it. Live this day so that it will bring you no regrets.

Take time, young man, to go out with your sister. If she is a good girl she is much more desirable company for you than the other girl who flirts with you so desperately.

Take the sunshine into your life as something to be grateful for; don't darken it with shadows of your own making. Trouble will come soon enough without your coining it.

Take your wife and children with you when you go out to be amused. That is not a proper amusement for you that you cannot take your wife to—and you know it.

Take as much care of your money as you can, if your means are limited; but don't try to save your smiles or your kind works. The more liberal you are with these the more you will have.

Take a walk—several of them. It is healthful to walk.

Take time, young woman, to be kind to your brother—and go out with him when he wishes you to do so. He is one of your best friends, sure. He will protect you always. Take time to be good to him.

Take pains to hear both sides of a story before you come to a decision. Jumping at a conclusion one time and another, has filled the world with enemies and deluged it in blood. Wait to hear both sides of a story before you speak.

Take heart, if you are cast down. Your luck will change ere the year is out. What though the clouds do cover you now, the sun will shine by and by. No life is made up altogether of shadows, and God never yet wholly deserted a resolute man or a brave woman. Fight on and victory will come at last.

We stand facing the New Year and we wonder what it will bring us. We are certain of one thing, that in our hands is vested the power to make the year one of character growth—if the old year has brought to us failures with the New Year the tide may turn. Failure is sometimes the stepping stone to coming success. The past is gone, but the present is left us in which to work. We must conquer difficulties and not let them conquer us, then what was considered a possibility may become a reality.

It takes what seems much like drudgery to do anything well. Let us during the new-born year take all the good that lies within our reach. The beauty and the glory of the world are close at hand but some see nothing but clay. Let us hold fast to duty. This will be of value in the storm or in the sunshine. The most successful life is the one that has done the most for his fellowman. Happy then is the man who has that in his nature that sets on others as the April sun on violets.

The days, weeks and years slip away like water in a running stream. Time's great clock never loses a moment. Relentlessly, surely, the moments pass. Our eager hands are not able to detain them. We cannot keep back the flying years, but we can and should keep the blessings they bring. Hold fast to the lessons they have taught. Keep the memory of joys. Enrich every day of life with the garnered wealth of the days behind. The years pass, but they leave their treasure with us, if our hands and hearts are open to receive them, so as with one hand we shake farewell to the last year let us stretch out the other hand to warmly greet and welcome the coming year.

THE TEACHER'S BOARDING PLACE

In rural school sections the teacher has very often considerable difficulty in securing a suitable boarding place—a home really. This should not be the case and trustees should endeavor to make provision for a new teacher coming into the section a stranger. In our opinion there is no more desirable person to have in a home where there are children than the school teacher if that teacher is the kind of person a teacher should be—models of demeanor and character. An exchange said on this question: Probably a great many teachers have acquired the happy faculty of making themselves so attractive and likeable that there is keen competition among rural ratepayers in the matter of who shall entertain or "board" the teacher. But this is not always the case. A new teacher, for instance, who is a perfect stranger in a school district cannot achieve popularity with the first word or smile. Only by some degree of acquaintance can a teacher's companionable qualities be discovered and appreciated to the extent that people will arrange perhaps at some sacrifice, to "take in" the teacher as a steady roomer, boarder and member of the family. In a family of children the teacher's influence for good should be equal to her board and lodging.—Townsville Statesman.

CARELESSNESS CAUSES MANY FIRES

A great deal is being said about the need for parents to be more careful in keeping matches out of the way of children, but, according to information given at the Mutual Fire Association Convention at Regina, a campaign against "playing with matches" by grown ups is badly needed. The experience of most of the companies represented pointed to the increasing hazard of careless smoking around farm buildings, and threshing outfits, and it is estimated that at least one quarter of the losses in 1921 and 1922 can be directly or indirectly attributed to the careless smoker and careless handling of matches. Cigarette smokers especially are becoming a public nuisance from a fire standpoint and far worse than children playing with matches.

GETTING PRACTICAL

"You know Boohins, the tenor, who used to sing to Miss Skeesicks that every morn he would bring violets?"

"Yes; did he?"

"That's what he did, and they got married and now they're living in the country, where every morn he has to bring her two buckets of water and help wipe the dishes."

"PUSS!"

It is most remarkable that, whilst some notable men, including Lord Roberts, have had a great aversion to cats, others have had a particular liking for them.

Cardinal Wolsey always held interviews with a cat by his side, and Cardinal Richlieu used to keep several kittens in his room. Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo and Edgar Allan Poe have been amongst the great lovers of cats. Even the great Mahomet is said to have cut off a portion of his robe because he wished to get up without disturbing the cat which was asleep on it!

From the earliest time, cats have given rise to many queer superstitions and beliefs. They have frequently been regarded as supernatural animals. The chariot of the mythical Freyja was drawn by cats, and Holda was supposed to have a bodyguard of mailions, mounted on cats. The domestic cat has been regarded for hundreds of years as a weather prophet.

Sailors are very superstitious regarding cats. To throw a cat overboard means an invitation to bad weather, and when a ship's cat is frisky, heavy gales are foretold.

In the Middle Ages cats connected with witches were called witch-cats. These were credited with a great liking for beer. One old countryman is said to have waited up one night to catch the stealer of his beer; and on seeing some cats approach, he called them around and suddenly doused them with boiling beer which he was brewing. In the morning his wife's scalded face is said to have betrayed to him that she was the culprit.

In Europe, also, cats have given rise to many superstitions.

In Holland a wet wedding-day means that the bride has forgotten to feed the cat. In Germany, we are told, the peasants who desire fine weather for their washing-day, must pay special attention to the needs of the cats.

Cats are supposed to have been first domesticated by the Egyptians; but the Greeks and Romans do not seem to have cared much for them.

It is not generally known that wild cats are still found in parts of Britain and are extremely fierce. They make their homes in rocks and hollow trees. At one time they were found all over England, but, like snakes, they have not been seen in Ireland.

RANDOM REMARKS

There is only one thing worth doing in every department of life, and that is the straight thing.—Viscount Grey.

We cannot all be men of push and go; if we were there would be nobody to be pushed and nowhere to go. —Lord Krule.

The only way to reform society is for each man to reform himself.—Henry Arthur Jones, the popular playwright.

Before my first appearance on the stage, I had been to the theatre but three times in my life.—Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

There is no goal worth reaching as near as it appears to the hopeful nor as remote as it seems to the timid. —Mr. Lloyd George.

You can't live through such a tremendous affair as life without sometimes wishing you were out of it.—A. G. Gardiner, the famous journalist.

For Both House and Stable.—There is a good deal of similarity, physically speaking, between human beings and the lower animals. Both are subject to many ailments arising from inflammation and to all manner of cuts and bruises. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is an entirely reliable remedy for such ailments and mishaps in both human beings and the lower order of animals.

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" TRADE MARK

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

Boys' Shoes

We have a good line of Boys' School Shoes at very reasonable prices.

REPAIRING

Bring us your repairing. Every job, large or small, carefully attended to.

AGENT FOR THE GLOBE LAUNDRY, GUELPH

T. E. Gibbons - Mill St., Acton

Acton Creamery Co.

Pays Highest Prevailing Prices for Cream and Eggs

Butter for sale, by the box at wholesale price, or by pound, 1c extra.

Open Evenings, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday; also Wednesday afternoons.

Very best prices for Dressed Fowl (clean and dry picked) to be delivered here up till Thursday Noon of each week during the season.

T. J. O'NEIL, Proprietor

"Quality" Our Motto Phone 53

The Time to Advertise

The time to advertise is---now and---all the time.

The reason for advertising---and the necessity for advertising---is the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. People have new wants, new babies are born every minute, old things are worn out and new things must be bought.

These things are going to be bought somewhere. Why not have them bought in your store or have your trade mark on them?

Your rent goes on, your store or your factory is open. Why not spread the overhead over as large as possible an output? By so doing, you can reduce your cost and you can serve the public by reducing prices or giving better quality or more goods for the same money.

Advertising is an economic and public servant whose benefits should be enjoyed by every manufacturer, merchant or consumer.

NOW is the time to Advertise in the Acton Free Press

Your First Watch

You Were Mighty Proud of It—Weren't You? Why Not Give "Your" Boy a Watch This Christmas?

"Pocket Ben" watches are good sturdy timepieces, and the double back makes them as nearly possible "boy-proof" as a watch can be made. Made by "Westclox," the people that make "Big Ben." Priced at $2.00.

"Big Ben" alarm clocks, on duty 365 days a year, for years. Plain dial, $4.50. Luminous dial, $6.00.

"Baby Ben" Alarm Clocks, $4.50.

"America" Alarm Clocks, $2.00 each.

"Ever-ready" Flashlights, in great variety, priced from $1.65 to $5.00.

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

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

HENRY AWREY, Manager

Nursery Stock

Fruit Trees, Berry Bushes, Grape Vines, Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Hardy Perennial Plants, etc. All the leading and best varieties to choose from, at reasonable prices. We have a representative in your locality, who would be pleased to call on you, and if you are interested, send for our descriptive catalogues, which will be sent free of charge.

E. D. Smith & Sons, Limited
WINONA - ONTARIO
Nurserymen Since 1866

Renewal Time!

The end of the year is at hand. Renewal time for The Free Press has come again. For the convenience of the hundreds of subscribers whose date of expiry comes with the close of the year we enclose this week Renewal Blanks and addressed Return Envelopes. Prompt renewal will be much appreciated and will avoid any disturbance in the regular appearance of the paper you esteem so highly in its regular and never-failing weekly visits.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas-tide and a Glad New Year,

We are, yours sincerely,

The Acton Free Press