The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1923

OUR BLESSINGS

Sitting in the evening, by the fire-
light's glow,
Counting up our blessings, how the
list does grow;
Oh, we'd never get them put together
right,
First there's home and loved ones;
what joy can compare
With the bliss of knowing they are
here to share
All our trials and troubles, all our
doubts and fears
Which are bound to come to us
through the coming years;
Then, there's health aplenty, in a
boundless store,
Having that, who of us would dare
ask for more?
Looking to the future, there's the hope
of Heaven
Which He to His loved ones has the
promise given,
I will not forsake you, will not pass
you by,
I have always harkened to My chil-
dren's cry;
O Lord, for all Thy blessings, we
praise, Thee and adore,
Grant we sing Thy praises on the
other shore.

—Georgiana Miller.

MANY USES FOR SAW DUST.

The doll trade could hardly do without saw dust. Thousands of dolls are stuffed with it each year.

It is the best thing there is for packing oranges for export, and chilled saw dust is sometimes used in preference to ice for packing fish.

Saw dust makes a splendid manure, especially for young trees. Dug into the garden it will enrich the soil amazingly in much the same way that pine needles make excellent mould.

Saw dust is much used in the building trade. Rammed in between hollow walls, it makes a first-class sound deadener. It is also used for the walls of cold-storage rooms to prevent the passage of heat from outside to the store room.

As a cleaning agent, saw dust stands very high. It is used for spreading on floors of butchers' shops, while damped saw dust, if swept up with dust, will prevent the dust blowing about.

The saw dust of mahogany wood is used for smoking fish by burning it slowly when damp.

Woodstone is saw dust mixed with magnesia cement compressed under enormous pressure. This woodstone is very like ordinary wood, save that it has no grain. It is made in planks which can be cut with a saw and planed, and has the advantage of not being inflammable. Bricks are made of saw dust by mixing it with mineral substances and subjecting it to great pressure.

The army uses saw dust extensively for the cavalry riding schools. Mixed with tan bark it makes an ideal floor for the horses' hoofs. While saw dust mixed with tar and pressed into briquettes makes an excellent substitute for coal to feed the open fireplaces in the home.

BLOWING OUT FIRES BY DYNAMITE

Many great fires which water could not quench have been put out by the use of dynamite and other explosives. When the great fire raged in London, threatening to destroy the city, King Charles II. himself directed the measures which were being taken to check the flames. He saw that the only way to stop the conflagration was to create gaps which the fire could not cross. He ordered that blocks of buildings in the path of the fire should be broken up, and the debris cleared away. When the flames reached these barren areas, they died out for want of fuel. Quite recently an oil gusher which had burst into flames was extinguished by an ingenious and even more vigorous method. A new well was being bored in the middle of a great oil field. As the drill struck through a great column of oil and gas shot 150 feet into the air. In attempting to get the spouting oil under control, a crowbar striking against a stone, threw out a spark which set fire to the rearing column. The glare from this gigantic torch lit up the oilfield and could be seen for miles away. Every well in the field was in imminent danger. There was little time to lose. The expert consulted, determined to blow out the burning oil column just as one would blow out a match. But the breath for blowing in this case was to be the draught provided by the explosion of a hundredweight of dynamite. The plan succeeded, and a fire which threatened to do millions of dollars worth of damage was quenched in a moment.

CANNED FOODS SAFE AND WHOLESOME

Sir William Willcox, scientific advisor to the Home Office in the British Government, said recently, "I never (it would have been brought to my notice if cases had occurred) during the war, saw a single case of food poisoning where the poisoning had arisen from the food being poisonous when it was in the unopened tin." This statement was based on experience obtained during the late war, when millions of troops were fed for years largely on canned foods. Evidence on such a gigantic scale should convince the most sceptical that, when proper care is taken in connection with the putting up of canned food products—such as is required, in establishments operating under government supervision—nothing but a sound, wholesome product can enter consuming channels. It is well to bear in mind that when unwholesome material is excluded from canned foods during manufacture, no subsequent laboratory test test will ever reveal its presence in the finished article.

WEAVERS' SIGN LANGUAGE

Among Lancashire weavers there is a soundless system of communication which has been in use for generations. Amid the crash of the machinery when no human voice could be heard the workers converse easily with one another by means of lip movements and signs made by the hands. Knowledge of the weavers' language is a necessity to a craftsman and the little "tenters" study it along with their lessons in weaving. Usually the first thing learnt is the time of day. A forefinger crooked and held up, then four fingers held up, signifies a quarter to four. If the crooked finger moves to either side it means a quarter past four. The pupil watches the movements of the lips. At first he can only comprehend their meaning when the words are simple and the movements are exaggerated. In a surprisingly short time, however, he is able to talk to his fellow workmen with perfect ease, during the intervals when the looms do not need all of his attention.

HE WANTED BEEF-TEA

During his first visit to a farm, little Willie came into the house crying sadly.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked his mother.

"I went to see the cows, and they didn't give anything but milk," sobbed the boy.

"Well, what did you expect?" inquired the mother.

"I'm not sure," replied Willie; "but, mother, where does beef-tea come from?"

The Free Press' Short Story

On Green River Bend

RUBY RADFORD

"I WISH I could go with you fellows on your camping trip," said Julian Norris, as he picked up the mail sack and started on his long trip down the mountain side to town.

"I'm looking forward to it, I tell you. I've been steady on the job for a year," Kennard Ferris replied to his friend.

After Julian left, Mr. Gibson took his hat from the rack and started toward the door. Before going out he turned to Kenbard and said, "That will be all for to-night. I'm pretty tired after getting out that estimate to-day. If we get that contract from Willis & Company it will pull us out of a tight hole. Just finish up those two letters and straighten out those papers on my desk and then you may go."

"Shall I leave the letters on your desk?"

"No, you'd better put them in the drawer, for I'll not be in till late in the morning. I'm going down the mountain to spend the night with Mr. Dales."

When Mr. Gibson had gone out Kennard clicked off the letter on the typewriter in a hurry. His real work was checking lumber in the yards of the Green River Lumber Company, but for two months past he had been putting in several hours of the late afternoon in Mr. Gibson's office. He wanted to learn the lumber business from the ground up, so he gladly seized the opportunity of doing some stenographic work, hoping thereby to get a better insight into the business.

When his work was done he placed the letters ready for Mr. Gibson's signature in the desk drawer. In pushing the drawer back hurriedly, it caught and would not close properly. Impatiently he worked at it and suddenly the whole drawer jerked out, sending him backward to the floor. As he was picking himself up he saw a paper that had slipped back of the drawer. Taking it out he gave an exclamation of surprise. It was one of the sheets of the bill of goods on which Mr. Gibson had just been making estimates. Had Mr. Gibson made his bid without including this list of goods? A hurried glance of the lumber called for on that sheet told Kennard that it meant a difference of thousands of dollars.

With fingers that trembled Kennard searched through the papers on the desk for the duplicate copy of the bid. A comparison of the duplicate pages with the sheet confirmed his fears. What should he do about it? Mr. Gibson had left camp, and he could not consult him. What good would that do anyhow? Julian was probably on his way to Willis & Company with the bids before now.

For a moment Kennard was overcome with the magnitude of this oversight in his employer. Then he remembered Mr. Gibson's remark, "If we get that contract from Willis & Company it will pull us out of the hole." But suppose they got the contract and lost thousands of dollars on it? He must do something, and do it immediately.

At first thought, recalling the bids seemed impossible. Julian was probably miles away by now. Whenever there was any particular mail he went to town on the handcar. Suddenly Kennard thought he had a solution. About a mile from camp there was a spot directly across the river from Green River Bend, a dangerous curve in the railroad track that almost overhung the river. If he could reach there before Julian, he could hail him and stop him.

The firm had found it cheaper to construct a bridge two miles above the camp. Julian would have to cover a distance of five miles before reaching Green River Bend.

He made a rush towards the door, then stopped. What good would it do to stop the bid? The Green River Company seriously needed such a contract. Could he estimate the cost of the goods on that sheet, and add it to the bid? Dared he do it? Anxiously he weighed both sides; if he overestimated it could mean nothing more than the loss of the contract, but if the bid went in as it was it meant certain loss of thousands of dollars. But it would take at least an hour to estimate the lumber on that page, and before that time Julian would be almost to the city, and the bid beyond recall. The only possible way was to stop him first and then make the estimates.

Rushing across the room, he placed his little typewriter in the case, with stationary and lists of prices. How thankful he was now that he had studied lumber prices as carefully as he had in the last few months.

A few moments later he was running by the little shacks towards the river. Passing one of the lumber trainmen on the way he called out to him, "How long has Julian been gone?"

"Not more'n ten minutes. He stopped at my ole woman's shack for a cup o' coffee and some doughnuts before he left."

This was very welcome news to Kennard. Five minutes later he was climbing to the cliff that overhung Green River opposite the dangerous bend. There was a sharp turn in the river at this point and the water was rushing madly onward beneath him, brought almost to the flood stage by the rains of the past few days. The tracks on the opposite side turned at a sharp angle at that point, and there Kennard knew that Julian would have to go very slowly. More accidents had occurred at that point than any other on the track and workmen all feared Green River Bend.

How was he to stop Julian when he reached the bend? He knew that his voice could not be heard above the roar of the river. Then he remembered the flashlight he always carried in his pocket. To his disappointment, though he found that its light was too feeble to be of much service. If he attracted Julian with the light, he would have to climb down the embankment where he would be on a level with the track.

Leaving his typewriter on the cliff he began his dangerous descent. When he hailed flashed his light across the river, a cry broke from his lips. About ten feet below the track the rain had washed a hole, and the earth had landslided into the river. The track itself seemed intact, but Kennard knew that almost at a touch the rest of the earth beneath it would cave in. He must by some means reach the opposite bank and warn Julian of his danger.

Kennard was not an expert swimmer, he had not had the leisure for such sports as other boys had, and he knew that it meant almost certain death for him to attempt to swim the river at that dangerous point. But he must reach that other bank. A moment later he was scrambling up the cliff again.

He was on the concave side of the river curve. He knew that about a hundred feet beyond the river in its reaction from dashing madly under the cliff swung in its current to the cliffs bank. The whole bank below the cliff was strewn with logs. Pushing one of these into the river where the current was favorable, he sprang astride it, using a small board he had snatched up as an oar. He trusted mainly to the current, though, to bear him to the opposite bank. His experience in the logging camp up the river proved valuable to him, for there is no more capricious vehicle than a log in a turbulent stream.

Past midstream the log began careening and whirling madly, and Kennard had all he could do to keep to his position. In a desperate effort to regain his equilibrium he lost his oar, and was left clinging desperately to the log. He had underestimated the tremendous rise in the river and the swiftness of the current. It seemed to him that he had been hours on the stream. Had Julian already rounded the bend and been dashed to death with the falling track? He had no means of telling for the roar of the river drowned all other sounds.

Then as he was about to feel that all his risks and efforts had been in vain, the front of the log slammed into something, sending him gliding almost off the other end. Ah, it was the bank at last! The rush of the current sent the other end of the log whirling round and he sprang safely to shore. He was now at the base of the cliff on which the railroad track had been built and he was, he knew, probably two hundred yards from where the track hung so dangerously over the river. Could he make it around to the other side in time to save Julian? Running madly onward, he at last stumbled over the rails of the track, and then the way was easier. Would the curve bear up his weight so that he might reach the other side?

He tried to feel confident that it would, but his first step on the dangerous curve shattered all his hopes. Even that slight weight and jar sent another avalanche of earth hurling into the river. He dared not risk it; his only chance of saving Julian now was by climbing over the steep embankment through which the track had been cut. At last he found a part of the cut that was of shale formation, and in this he succeeded in getting a foothold and was soon over.

Then there came a sound through the night that sent his heart to his mouth—it was the steady rhythmic movement of the handle of the old handcar as it came along down the track. Then he could see a light flashing at intervals through the trees. Madly Kennard rushed across the intervening space to the other side of the embankment. He knew he could never reach the track before Julian, but he hoped to be able to attract his attention.

"Hold! Hold on there, Julian!" he called wildly rushing forward, waving his flashlight up and down, and back and forth.

In his excitement he did not look at his path, and suddenly his feet went from under him, and he slid down the side of the embankment toward the track. But even though he could not get his balance again or stop himself, his presence of mind did not leave him and he continued to wave the flashlight and yell:

"Wait! Stop, Julian! Stop!"

"What's the matter? What's all the excitement?" asked Julian as he neared Kennard's side.

"The track—it's undermined there at Green River Bend, and won't hold up a man, much less a handcar. I saw it from the cliff on the other side of the river."

"What in the world are you doing on the cliff at this time of the night?"

Then for the first time since his alarming discovery Kennard remembered what had brought him to the cliff. As quickly as possible he told Julian what had happened and of his daring plan of changing the bid.

"You've saved my life, Kennard, and you know I'll do anything I can to help you about that contract, but the thing looks impossible now. The track's so I can't get by with the handcar, even if you had the typewriter and papers here for making the change in the bid."

"We'll go back up here to the Fitzgerald house. Perhaps old Mrs. Fitzgerald's boy'll cross the river in his boat."

The Fitzgerald boy volunteered to go across the river in his boat for the typewriter.

When the typewriter and the bid were before him, Kennard did not end his task as easy as he had anticipated, and it was near midnight before Julian could resume his journey down the mountainside on old Jerry Fitzgerald's horse. Jerry himself took Kennard back to the lumber camp on the handcar.

When Julian returned from town he went straight to see Kennard.

"Well, did you get the contract in in time? Did you bring the answer back from Willis & Company?"

"Mr. Gibson is coming to see you when the office closes and he'll tell you about it," was all the satisfaction Kennard could get.

Kennard wondered if he had done a thing that meant ruin to his firm, and Julian had not had the heart to tell him. But when Mr. Gibson came in an hour later his fears were set at rest as he stepped and gripped Kennard's hand.

"Kennard, I can never express to you my appreciation of what you did last night. I learned the whole story from Julian when he returned this afternoon, bringing back the contract from Willis & Company. You've saved us thousands of dollars. You can count on our full appreciation of what you have done. When you have fitted yourself, there will be found a place for you in the firm."

A HARD HEAD

A cart containing several negro fieldhands was being drawn by a mule. The driver was endeavoring to induce the mule to increase its speed, when suddenly the animal let fly with its heels and dealt him such a kick on the head that he was stretched on the ground in a twinkling.

"Is he hurt?" asked a stranger, anxiously, of an older negro, who had jumped from the conveyance and was standing over the prostrate driver.

"No, boss," was the reply; "dat mule will probably walk kind o' tendah for a day or two, but he ain't hurt."

THE COW WOULD DO HER BEST

"Mr. Jones, do you want to buy a cow?"

"How old is this cow?"

"I can't say. Not so very old."

"Will this cow fit in with my herd? Is it a Jersey cow?"

"I don't know."

"How much milk does this cow give?"

"I don't know how much milk this cow gives, but I'll say this: She is a darn good natured cow, and she'll give you all she can."

TORONTO WIDE OPEN? HARDLY!

What Three Investigating Reporters Found in an All-Night Cruise for Liquor

Gregory Clark, H. R. Rutherland and Bryant Fryer, three members of the staff of Toronto Star Weekly, undertook to prove for themselves, one night recently, if it was really true, as so freely stated in certain quarters, that "you can get all the liquor you want, anywhere you want it."

This is their story, as it appeared in the Star Weekly:

"Prohibition! Pooh! Toronto is wide open. You can get all the liquor you want, anywhere you want it."

A pretty sweeping order.

Yet there are thousands of people who will bank on it.

Three of us decided to investigate the statement.

It is alleged, and there appears to be enough everyday gossip to substantiate it, that there are a considerable number of private bootleggers operating uptown amongst the better class people. To get the services of these bootleggers requires pull. You have to have an introduction to them. You have to be on the "inside."

Is Toronto wide open?

It decidedly is not.

Can you get liquor anywhere and everywhere?

You cannot.

You can get it in certain very restricted bounds.

You can get it freely under circumstances which should be enough to deter anyone above the class of high grade morons from asking it at all.

You can get it at a price only a congenial idiot or a dipsomaniac would willingly pay.

The traffic is very largely in the hands of one set of people.

And if it was so easy for us to get liquor within those limited bounds, there appears to be no reason why the police cannot do likewise and so clean up the dirty alcoholic fringe on Toronto which is the only blot on a law which to all intents and purposes is working much better than even its friends believe.

We decided to be strangers in Toronto, to use no information we might have of "inside" lines, and to find out what anybody might find out.

We called on Mr. Raney, the attorney-general, and advised him that in the public interest we were about to attempt to break the law, but assuming no obligation to divulge to the authorities the information we might obtain. He could not give us permission to break the law, but he could give us immunity from prosecution, since our acts were to be in the public interest, and the liquor secured handed over to the government analyst.

The analysis of the four bottles of liquor purchased in the adventure shows them apparently to be genuine, though they have brought moonshine to go expert a trade that even the experts are not always certain. Furthermore, in our tour, we insisted on having the real stuff, and paid for it, though we were offered cheaper goods at eight dollars the bottle.

At 5.30 the other evening, the three of us walked in the front door of a well-known downtown hotel, and out the side door.

"Taxi!" cried a squat individual on the sidewalk.

We stepped up to him, and in a normal tone said:

"We want to go somewhere where we can get a drink."

"Sure," said the squat 'un. "Hey, Bill, take those boys up to—"

Naming a street number.

"You take them," said Bill.

"Naw, go on, you take them," said the short fellow.

"All right," said Bill. "Jump in."

So we got in the big car and were driven into the Ward. The car stopped in a dark and shabby street.

"What do you want?" said the driver. "Scotch?"

"How much is it?"

"Ten dollars a bottle."

"Well, we don't much like the look of this part. Isn't there some place uptown you can take us? Some decent sort of place?"

"No," said the driver. "There isn't much choice in these places."

"Well, we'll go in with you."

"No; I'll slip in alone and get it. That'll be best," said the driver.

We told him we preferred to sample it before we paid ten dollars for it.

"I'll have to take you to another place then, for they won't let you in here."

So we drove one block north, to a street more dark and shabby than ever. It is one of the Ward's dirtiest streets, as a matter of fact.

Here we drew up, and the driver got out and walked six doors from where he left his car, and entered a small, evil-looking dwelling.

In a moment he came out, walked back to the car, and said:

"All right, gents."

We followed him in.

Down a dim hall we filed. As we passed the parlor door, we saw a dark face peering out at us from its shadow. The owner of the face, a tall, unshaven Jew, followed us, and we entered the dining room.

The place smelt of mildew, filth, cabbages and decay. All three of us had seen service in France, where we had enjoyed some pretty unsavory billets. But never before had we found quite so unattractive a little cosy corner as this house in the Ward.

On the table stood a vase containing some paper roses. There was greenish oilcloth on the table. Three large colored photographs of the bootlegger's family adorned the walls. Old greasy chenille curtains divided parlor from dining room, and the kitchen door stood open.

The driver sat in with us. We ordered a round of whiskey. From the parlor the tall, slow, amiable Jew brought a bottle, and with a grimy hand measured out the drinks in a little glass pitcher. Sutherland spilled his down the back leg of his dilapidated Morris chair. Fryer, while the bootlegger was replacing the bottle in the parlor and I had the attention of the driver, dumped his into a flower pot which gave no sign of narcissi in its parched earth. Under pretext of picking some cork from mine, I spilled it under the table.

However thirsty we might have been, we couldn't have tasted that oily stuff in its soiled glasses.

We talked about a bottle. He would sell "King George" at ten dollars. We left with assurances of our return later on, and as we rlled out he handed us his card, with his name and address, and the word "fruit" printed on it in pencil.

"But, surely," we expostulated, as we drove away, "there are better places than that in town! Surely that isn't the best Toronto can provide!"

"They're all the same," said the driver. "Not much choice. That's the only kind of people that'll take a chance."

"But I've heard the boys talking about the booze they can get—"

"Well," said the driver, "I take plenty of them out, and that's the kind of places they go to."

"Where does that fellow get his liquor?"

"He goes to Montreal once a week with a suit case," said the driver.

He deposited us at the hotel, and we walked up Yonge and took another taxi at random. Remember, we were strangers in town.

"Can you take us where we can get some liquor?" we asked the lad.

"Sure," he said, promptly, leaping to the wheel.

As we swung out headed for the Ward again, we said to him:

"Now, take us to some decent place. We have just had one man drive us up to the dirtiest dump in the world. Get us some place where we won't be afraid to sit down."

The lad slowed his car.

"Well, they're all run by Jews," he said. "They aren't anything fancy. But I can take you to a nice clean place."

He took us. It was in the Ward.

Again the car stopped several doors from the right door. The driver led us boldly up, without reconnoitring. As we went in, a fat Gentile was just coming out, and he greeted us with a friendly and understanding grin.

A middle-aged man let us in and turned up the parlor lights and pulled down the blinds. We were in another soiled little parlor, dusty, evil-smelling. A phonograph was playing an extraordinary Yiddish record. Soiled underclothing was draped over a chair back. A young man of twenty or so came in and took our order.

He brought in a bottle of "King George" whiskey and a bottle of Gordon gin. He offered to sell us the whiskey at eight-fifty, and when we told him another bootlegger had offered us the same brand at ten dollars, he said we were being played for suckers.

As we left the place, a family of negroes watched us from the head of the stairs.

"Look here," we said to our driver, as we pulled away, "can't you take us to some decent place uptown, where we can sit down and be comfortable? We've been told there are nice places uptown."

"There are—in somebody's imagination," said the lad. "I guess I know all the joints there are in Toronto. The only place that isn't Jews is over in an apartment, and a young fellow I know does a little business, but he dilutes his stuff. It's half water."

"Well, take us there. It will be clean, anyway."

(Continued on Page Three)

SURPRISE
A PURE HARD SOAP
SURPRISE SOAP

Save Soap Suds

Making Suds direct from the Bar Saves Soap. You rub the Bar Soap on the soiled parts and get immediate results with no fear of undissolved particles of Soap scattering through the clothes. Bar Soap is the safest and most satisfactory. 166

Fairbank's Bakery
ACTON, ONTARIO

There's Only One Way

Of finding out how desirable our baked goods are.

Take a cake—try a pie—and you'll say, "This is fine." When you're fed by our bread, you will say, "This for mine."

Try Our "Maltana" Brown Bread

Jas. Fairbanks
BAKER
MILL STREET - PHONE 116.

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

MARTIN-SENOUR
100% PURE PAINT & VARNISHES

Feet That Never Touch the Floor

A worn floor spoils the look of your home and is impossible to repair, but if you keep your floors painted, feet cannot touch them. Let the paint wear but save the wood. Save the Surface and you Save all.

SENOUR'S Floor Paint

MARBLE-ITE FLOOR FINISH
If your floors are hardwood,
Use Marble-Ite
The Floor finish with a money-back guarantee. It wears and wears and wears. It will not mar nor scratch white and is not affected by water.

is easy to use, dries very hard with a high lustre and will withstand a great amount of hard wear. No skill is required in using SENOUR'S FLOOR PAINT. Anyone can apply it. The result will greatly enhance the beauty of your home and much labor will be saved for the floors will be very easy to keep clean.

Come in and let us give you full particulars. We have a full range of shades in this and every other MARTIN-SENOUR Product. There is a MARTIN-SENOUR Paint or Varnish for every need. We will be glad to advise you.

W. D. Talbot - Acton

A Good Reason

A farmer who was carrying an express package from a city mail order house, was accosted by a local merchant.

"Why didn't you buy that goods from me?" he asked. "I could have saved you the express and besides you would have been patronizing a home store, which helps pay the taxes and build up this locality."

With characteristic frankness, the farmer replied: "Why don't you patronize your home paper and advertise? I read it and didn't know you had the goods I have here, nor do I ever see your name in the paper inviting me to come to your store."

Advertise in the Acton Free Press

Notice!
Fowl Wanted

We are buying Fowl and all kinds of Hides, and paying the highest prices. If you have anything, call Phone 61, and we will go to your place.

M. BROWN
Mill Street - Acton, Ont.

The Better to Serve You

More Room for your convenience and comfort—
New Equipment in our Examination Room and Lens Grinding Departments—
Greater Determination to give Patrons of this Establishment the Best in Optical Service.
We operate the only Lens Surface Grinding Machinery in this district.

A. D. SAVAGE
Optometrist & Mfg. Optician
Savage Optical Building, "Right at the Post Office," Guelph

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 1882

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher