The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1925

THERE'S AN END

There's an end to all things—
To joy, to laughter,
To love and the tears
That follow after.
The house shall topple
From cellar to rafter.

Now that the idyl
Is crumpled and broken,
The cruel little words
So casually spoken,
Our hearts divested
Of love's last token.

This is a glad
Little phrase to borrow—
"There's an end to all things,
For even sorrow
Will melt into laughter
Some to-morrow."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, February 2, 1905

Rev. Father Feney has had a telephone put in St. Joseph's parsonage.

The chairman of the town Hall committee advertises for tenders for the new fire escape at the town hall.

At a meeting of the local Board of Health on Tuesday evening bills aggregating $60 for attendance and supplies furnished the recent diphtheria patients, were passed.

Mr. James McIntosh, foreman of the beam house at the tannery, met with a painful accident while working about a machine in the yard. The belt of the machine broke and the end struck him with great force in the face. Several painful cuts and bruises were inflicted, but no bones were broken.

Rev. D. Dick, who has been pastor of the Disciple's Church here the past two and a half years will preach farewell sermons next Sunday.

The Acton Fire Brigade held a very successful carnival at the King Edward Rink last Thursday evening. Following the awarding of a long list of prizes there was a hockey match between the men of No. 1 reel and No. 2. The score was 6-4 in favor of No. 1.

Knox Church anniversary services were held last Sunday. The sermons were delivered by Rev. H. A. Macpherson, of Chalmers Church, Toronto. On Monday evening an anniversary tea and entertainment was largely attended. A sumptuous tea was spread in the school room after which an excellent programme of addresses and music was listened to. The vocalists were Miss E. Gertrude Lowry and Miss Mazie Booth, both of Toronto.

BORN

FRANKLIN-BENTON—In Acton, on January 24, 1905, to Mr. and Mrs. Franklin-Benton, a son.

MARTIN—In Acton, on Saturday, January 28, 1905, to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. P. Martin, a son.

LAWN—In Acton, on Monday, January 30, 1905, to Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lawn, a son.

MARRIED

AGNEW-STOREY—At the Presbyterian Manse, Nassagaweya, on Wednesday, January 18, 1905, by Rev. A. Blair, B.A., Neil Keith Agnew, of Hartney, Manitoba, to Mary, daughter of Thomas Storey, Nassagaweya.

DIED

WALKER—In Guelph, on Friday, January 27, 1905, Celia Stafford, widow of the late George Walker, in her fifty-eighth year.

NO OTHER AVENUE OPEN

When the Great-Uncle Henshaw's letter brought the invitation to Jimmie to spend his vacation at Dovedale, there was great excitement in the household. Uncle Henshaw was the distinguished member of the family, rich, unmarried and old; and as Jimmie's mother said, "No one knew what might happen." Of course Jimmie's father laughed at that, and said that he hoped Uncle Henshaw might live forever. Whereupon his wife said she meant nothing of the kind, only—Jimmie alone remained calm. He had never seen Uncle Henshaw. He wondered whether he would like the great man.

"What kind in he?" he asked.

"Why, began his mother, and paused, at a loss for a description which should be impressive without being vulgarly snobbish, "why, he almost received the nomination for governor."

"Is that a kind by itself?" asked Jimmie, with unconscious irony.

His mother said Jimmie was so like his father that she did not believe it was a bit of use for him to make a visit at Dovedale. But despite the unpromising outlook, she spent the time before his departure striving to make him as unlike his father and himself as possible by words of admonition and caution.

Jimmie's parents saw him off. Great was their surprise to have him returned two days later with a note. The note was written on one of Uncle Henshaw's visiting-cards, and was brief:

"You're son will tell you why he was sent home."

"It must be something that you said," Jimmie's mother began. "After all I said to you, too!"

"No, honestly, mother, I never said a thing!" protested Jimmy. "I only asked questions."

"Then it was something you did," affirmed his mother. "What did you do?"

"Not much," said Jimmy, with reddening face. "I—I just caught the goldfish in his aquarium."

"How many?" asked Jimmie's father.

"I don't know. He got there before I could count up."

"Oh, how could you be so cruel?" said his mother.

"I don't know," said Jimmy, desperately. "I didn't feel cruel. Truly, I didn't. But that was the only thing I could think of that you hadn't told me not to do."

GENTLE HITS

What is home without a snow shovel?

An enterprising milk dealer advertises milk from contented cows.

When money talks there are a lot of people who see plenty of cents in what it says.

Now doctors say that onions are good for weak lungs. They certainly do strengthen the breath.

When that odorless onion is produced, how will we know that it is an onion? Tearful question that.

A current magazine is a small body of literature surrounded by an ocean of advertisements.

At school we were taught that Greece was south of Turkey—but recently we saw that turkey was bounded by grease.

Careful souls who hate to see anything waste are of the opinion that we should begin to see daylight as soon as it is turned on.

FOR-WIT

Hoist up the sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seize not time when time is past,
Sober speech is wisdom's leisure.
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy for-wit guide thy thought.
—A. Southwell.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1

Golden Text—He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth (beareth) much fruit. John 15: 16-25.

Time—Tuesday night, April 4, A. D. 30.

Place—Near Jerusalem.

The Text Explained

1. The fruit, more fruit, much fruit "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman;" this is the central truth of this lesson. All its wonderful teaching circles about, or is a development of, this great thought. Christ is the vine, we are the branches all our life and power and fruitage result from our union with Him, and God the Father, is the vine cultivator who by His wise care brings each branch to its highest possibilities, or if it has no real union with the vine, removes it. It would be difficult to find in the word of God a passage that on the one hand has more comfort and encouragement in it for those who really are in Christ, and on the other hand, has more solemn warning in it for those who have a more outward, formal connection with Christ, and into whose lives there is no real flow of the life of Christ showing itself in fruitage. Our life, our power to bear fruit, is from Christ, our training into highest fruitfulness is from the Father. Union with Christ brings Life and power to bear fruit, glad submission to the Father's pruning and training brings larger measure of fruitfulness. How glad we ought to be that it is the Father who is the husbandman. He will make no mistakes; for He is perfect in wisdom, and He is wonderfully tender and kind. If any true disciple of Jesus will meditate long and deeply on the words of Jesus, "My Father is the husbandman," he will find them filling his heart with rest and joy. The distinguishing characteristic of a true branch, of a branch that is inwardly and really in the vine and not merely outward and only apparently in the vine, is that it bears fruit. This is also the distinguishing characteristic of a true disciple. God alone is the final judge as to whether we are bearing fruit or not. If one has not that real vital union with Christ that results in fruit bearing, he is removed from his outward and seeming union, he is "taken away." It will therefore stand each one of us in stead to ask ourselves very earnestly and prayerfully, "Am I bearing fruit?" A very large number of professing Christians are not.

II. Power in Prayer, Fulness of Joy, Likeness to Jesus, found in Abiding in Jesus. 6-11.

If the branch bears fruit, it is not left alone; it is purged or cleansed "that it may bear more fruit." If then we continue under the ever-wise care of the heavenly Husbandman we may expect ever increasing fruitfulness. The form of cleansing specified in that context is cleansing "through the word." If, then, we desire the fullest measure of that cleansing that brings ever-increasing fruitfulness we should bring our lives into constant contact with the word, which is God's chosen instrument for cleansing us. Neglect of the word is the explanation of the small fruitage of many lives. Do you study the word as you ought? Is that not why you bear so little fruit? But the husbandman has also other methods of cleansing the branch described everywhere. God sometimes resorts to this severer method of cleansing of the branch because neglect of the word renders the gentler method of cleansing impossible. The cleansing process is not always pleasant, but if we shrink from it we should remember that it means larger fruitage. Another secret of large fruitage, is abiding in Christ and Christ abiding in us. What does it mean to abide in Christ? Many very mystical and misty explanations have been given of this that leave the average student of the Bible in a great fog. But, if one will carefully note just what Jesus dependent life of its own; it draws all its sap, its life and fruit bearing energy, from the vine. It simply lets this life and fruit-bearing power continuously flow in, and its buds and leaves and blossoms are simply manifestations, not of any independent life or power of our own, but of the life of the vine. So we abide in Christ when we renounce any independent life or power of our own and just look over to Jesus Christ for His life and let it flow in unhindered by distrust or disobedience, or the attempt to do anything or be anything as of ourselves. So that our thoughts and desires and purposes and acts are simply manifestations not of our own life, but of the Christ life in us. So far as we maintain this relation to Christ we shall bear much fruit. The utter failure to maintain this relation to Christ and the consequent attempt to be anything of ourselves means fruitlessness, casting forth, withering and burning. Are you abiding in Him and He in you? "If ye abide and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever, ye will, and it shall be done unto you." one of the greatest secrets of the prayer that is omnipent as found here What it is to abide in Him we have already seen. When we thus abide our prayer itself is a manifestation of the Christ life, it is Christ praying throug us and the Father heareth Him always. So He will hear all our fruit, power to get in prayer whatsoever not that there is something else mentioned in this verse besides our abiding in Him—"and my words abide in you." It is through the medium of His words that Jesus comes to abide in us. It is vain to talk of Christ abiding in us if we are neglecting His words. Meditation upon His word, laying up His word in our hearts, is one of the secrets of mighty praying. Three great things are mentioned in the lesson resulting from abiding in Jesus Christ—power to bear much fruit, power to get in prayer whatsoever we ask, fullness of joy. This joy that we thus get is Christ's own joy, ("my joy"). The world has no such joy as that to give. Everything in this lesson is related to Jesus—"My Father (1, 8, 10), "my words" (verse 7), "my disciples" (verse 8), "my love" (verse 9), "my commandments" (verse 10), "my joy" verse 11). The secret of loving one another is abiding in Jesus. His love to us is the standard and measure of our love to one another. How much He loved us is defined in verse 13. He laid down His life for us. There is no greater love than that possible.

Daily Readings for the Week

Monday, February 2—Christ's Intercessory Prayer. John 17: 1-13.

Tuesday, February 3—Intercession of Abraham. Genises 18: 23-33.

Wednesday, February 4—Intercession of Moses. Exodus 32: 30-34.

Thursday, February 5—Intercession of Samuel. 1 Sam. 12:19-25.

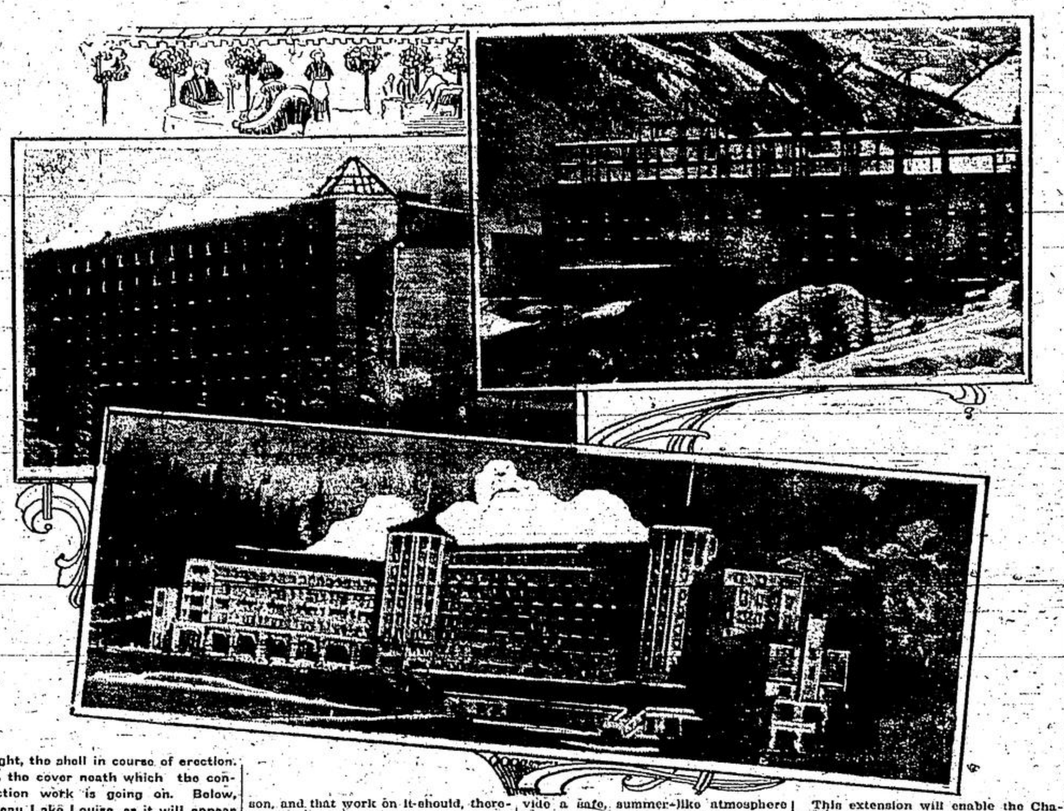
Friday, February 6—Intercession of Asa. 2 Chron. 14. 9-12.

Saturday, February 7—Intercession of the Church. Acts 12: 1-11.

Sunday, February 8—Intercession of Paul. Eph. 3: 14-21.

Corns cause much suffering, but Holloway's Corn Remover offers a speedy, sure, and satisfactory relief.

EXTRAORDINARY CONSTRUCTION FEAT AT FAMOUS MOUNTAIN RESORT



Right, the shell in course of erection. Left, the cover neath which the construction work is going on. Below, Chateau Lake Louise, as it will appear pear upon completion.

Architects and builders all over America are much interested in the progress of the re-building of the Canadian Pacific hotel at Lake Louise, Alberta. The site of this building is over a mile above sea level, and the thermometer frequently takes a sensational drop, there being winter days when 56 below zero is on record. It was imperative that the new wing, which is being built to replace that burned down last summer, should be finished and open for the coming season, and that work on it should, therefore, not be interrupted by winter weather.

Several architects and contractors from United States cities, who have visited the site, expressed doubts as to whether the job could be done during the cold weather, particularly in view of the fact that so much of the work consisted in pouring cement. This had to be safeguarded from freezing, and it was finally decided to build a huge wooden, tar-paper lined, shell around the entire space to be occupied by the new wing of the hotel. On the inside of this shell were hung thousands of feet of temporary steam coils, kept hot by 380 horse-power steam boilers, the effect of which was to provide a safe, summer-like atmosphere for the carrying on of the work.

The erection of so important a building in a position so comparatively difficult of access, as is the Lake Louise Chateau, is a matter calling for unusual engineering skill, the task of getting the materials to the site being by no means an easy one. With a night and day service, in spite of ice and snow, over 26,000 tons of material and coal are being delivered by the winding narrow-gauge tramwak on a four per cent. grade for a distance of 3½ miles from Lake Louise depot to the Chateau. Canadian Pacific forces are supervising the work, supplying steam and electricity and delivering material to the site.

This extension will enable the Chateau to accommodate seven hundred guests in a fireproof building, with every modern convenience, and one of its features will be the magnificent view of the lake and the group of mountains surrounding it from the ball room, rotunda, lounge and dining room through enormous plate glass windows which feature the whole length of the building. The extension was designed by Messrs. Barott and Blackader, of Montreal, who have done other important work in connection with Canadian Pacific hotels and the contract was undertaken by Messrs. Carter-Halls and Aldinger, of Winnipeg.

A REAL BEAR STORY

Czarina, the famous Russian brown bear at the Bronx Zoo, has adopted a Teddy bear. She stole the make-believe bear from Lillian, the six-year-old daughter of Mrs. Robert Page, of No. 785 East One Hundred and Forty-sixth street, last week when the child accidently dropped it in front of her cage.

The Czarina had two little bear children two weeks ago.

The cubs were lovely ones and gained the name of the Cream Puff twins in the short half month they were alive. Their color was a delicate shade of light brown and their hair was slick and fluffy.

Before they were two days old they were general favorites and the little folks talked about them, even in their sleep. The keepers planned great things for the Cream Puff Twins.

But it was not to be so. The cannibalistic Czar, their father, had not been reckoned with.

The grief of the mother grew from day to day. She would stand in the corner of the den and cry as bears cry, most pitifully.

The keepers fed her the choicest morsels for they were afraid she would die if they did not in some way wean her from her woe. When Mrs. Page and her children stepped before the iron bars to see the bears they remarked the unhappy appearance of the Czarina.

She did not notice them at first, but directly her gaze turned upon Lillian, in whose chubby hands was the Teddy bear. This Teddy bear was about the size of one of the Cream Puff Twins, and its color was somewhat similar. The Czarina espied it. Slowly the idea seemed to possess her, but for some seconds did not move. Her eyes glued upon Lillian's toy, and the old light was coming back into her face.

Lillian was fascinated with the eyes of the Czarina, for there was a strange glow in them, and she never took them off the Teddy bear. The child could not help feeling a peculiar sensation, perhaps hypnotic in its power. But when her mother at last abruptly broke the silence, saying, "Come, let us go on," Lillian was nervous. The Czarina seemed to know that her baby was bout to be taken away. The child's fright was such that she flew toward her mother and dropped the Teddy bear as she ran.

A growl escaped the bear mother. She dashed to the bars, threw her heavy body against them and rebounded: Seeing that this would not work she reached out with her paw—way out, farther and farther, until success crowned her effort and she held the Teddy bear which was to be her baby in her paw. Then she rushed to the den and wouldn't come out.

CHURCHYARD HUMOR

In the churchyards of England are to be found many peculiar and humorous epitaphs. Here is one from a Pembrokeshire churchyard:

Here I lie, and no wonder I'm dead,
For the wheels of a wagon went over my head.

In Westerham churchyard, Kent, is to be found an epitaph in which grammar has been neglected for the sake of rhyme:

Cheerful in death I close my eyes;
Into Thy arms, My God, I flies.

An epitaph on a man of the name of George Denham runs as follows:

Here lies the body of Geordie Denham,
If ye saw him now ye wadna ken him.

An epitaph in Wolverhampton churchyard reads as follows:

Here lies the bones,
Of Joseph Jones,
Who ate whilst he was able,
But once o'erfed,
He dropped down dead,
And fell beneath the table.

When from the tomb
To meet his doom,
He rises amidst sinners;
Since he must dwell
In Heav'n or Hell,
Take which gives best dinners.

Miller's Worm Powders not only exterminate intestinal and other worms, but they are a remedy for many other ailments of children. They strengthen the young stomach against biliousness and are tonical in their effects where the child suffers from a loss of appetite. In feverish conditions they will be found useful and they will serve to allay pain and graping in the stomach, from which children so often suffer.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

Be Good

Be good at the depths of you, and you will discover that those who surround you will be good even to the same depths. Nothing responds more infallibly to the secret cry of goodness than the secret cry of goodness which is near.—Maurice Maeterlinck.

At Shut of Day

If rest is sweet at shut of day
For tired hands and tired feet,
How sweet at last to rest for aye
If rest is sweet.
We work or work on through the boat,
Death finds us soon our labors lay
In lands where night and twilight meet.
—Arthur Symons.

In Praise of Her

Blessed is she, God made her so
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.
—J. R. Lowell.

The Aristocratic Principle

Amongst the masses, even in revolutions, aristocracy must ever exist; destroy it in nobility, and it becomes centered in the rich and powerful House of Commons. Pull them down, and it still survives in the master and foreman of the workshop.—Guizot.

Audacity

As knowledge without justice ought to be called cunning rather than wisdom; so a mind prepared to meet danger, if excited by its own eagerness and not the public good, deserves the name of audacity rather than of courage.—Plato.

A pleasant medicine for children is Mother's Graves Worm Exterminator, and it is excellent for driving worms from the system.

A WOMAN'S REASON

The laugh at the lack of logic in woman has been echoing down the the ages, and will doubtless be heard for yet one con or two. But what often seems her weakness in argument is really her strength in contrivance or in imagination. She refuses to crawl along the beaten path of syllogism when she may fly over the fences and arrive at a mountain top while a man is getting his breath. Still, it must be acknowledged that sweet woman is, sometimes unconsciously humorous when she is face to face with a militant argument.

Said Augustus to his young wife, "My dear, do you know that if there were but one potato left in the world, it would be of more importance to preserve that potato than to save the cities of New York and London from destruction by fire?"

"Why, Augustus, what do you mean? I never heard such nonsense!"

"No, Amelia, that is the simple truth. The loss of a great city could be met and forgotten in a life-time; but the potato is essential to the well-being of a large number of the human race. If the last one were gone, the people would skirmish round and find another potato somewhere!"

So great is the ingenuity of the modern woman that one is inclined to believe that Amelia was right, and that somebody—presumably a woman—would "skirmish around" and make good the irreparable loss—find a potato when there was none to be found.

DEFINITE ARRANGEMENT

A tailor had called to collect his bill frequently, but without success. Finally, in desperation, he said vehemently:

"Mr. Jones, I must insist that you make some definite arrangements with me."

"Why, surely," replied Mr. Jones agreeably, "Let's see. Well, suppose you call every Thursday morning."—Detroit Free Press.

ONLY A COHENCIDENCE

"Yes," said the dark man, "my name is Isaac Abraham Cohen, but I don't like it. It cost me £20 the other day."

"How on earth was that?" asked his friend.

"Vy, it vas this vay. I vas in court, and the judge said to me, 'Vat is your name?' and I said, 'Isaac Abraham Cohen,' and he said, 'Are you a Jew?' and I said, 'Don't be a fool!' and he fined me £20."

A HEDGE SCHOOL

Mrs. Elizabeth O'Reilly Neville, in her recent volume of Irish sketches, "Father Tom of Connemara," puts into the mouth of an old Irishwoman a vivid description of the "hedge schools" which so long afforded their only chance of an education to the peasant folk of the "distressful country," before the better days began.

"A hedge school," says Moll Mullaney, "was a cabin protected by a mountain and a hedge, and kept warm by the sods of peat carried by the childher every morning undher their arms. The hedge schools turned out some good scholars, too.

"I niver larned anything, but that was just me luck. I was always last, and there was only one book to each class, and that was passed round from hand to hand when we stood up to read; and before it reached me it was always time to ate the dinners; and when we started again in the afthernoon it was the same thing. Before me turn came round it was time to go home, for on account of the tree miles of a lonely mountain road before me, I had to lave airly.

"I often thought," she added, reflectively, "that the master might have started at the foot, to give me a chance; but I suppose he niver t'ought of it."

"But you must have larned something?"

"I did. I larnt to make ten different kinds of cat's cradles wid the aid of me knuckles and a string. I larnt how many laves there was on a daisy, and how many seeds in the heart of a wild strawberry, as well as how many times I could skip to the beat of a rope widout stopping, and how long I could hold me breath undher water.

"I could swim like a duck and climb like a goat, I knew where the blackest sloes and the reddest bottle-berries grew; and how to tickle a boy or a girl in front of me wid a bunch of nettles that would raise a blisther half an inch high, just before their turn came to read. And I knew how to run away from the rache of the master's cane when a complaint went in."

"Did your mother never find out?"

"She did, in time; but what cud she do to a cripple?"

"Oh, the master was a cripple?"

"And d'ye think any one but a cripple would sit all day and tache the childher, wid fish in the pay widin' a rod of him waiting to be caught, and kelp on the beach waiting to be gathered? But he was a great tacher entirely. He had the longest rache I iver knew, wid a cane at the end of it."

Don't Submit to Asthma.—If you are suffering without hope of breaking the chains which bind you, do not put of the purchase another day of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Remedy. A trial will drive away all doubt as to its efficiency. The sure relief that comes will convince you more than anything that can be written. When help is so sure, why suffer. This matchless remedy is sold by dealers everywhere.

ORGAN MADE OF BAMBOO

In the Roman Catholic church at Los Pinas, a small town, five miles from Manill, in the Philippines, is to be found a wonderful old bamboo organ. This quaint instrument was constructed by an old Spanish planist early in the nineteenth century. The bamboo of which it is constructed was buried in the sand for two years or more to season it before using. The organ is still in good condition after a century of use, and is used every week in his services by the Belgian priest in charge. Every part of the instrument is made of bamboo, and some very ingenious devices were included by its builder. While making this larger organ, the old Spaniard built a tiny model, a perfect copy of the big instrument. This he sent to the Queen of Spain, who, in appreciation of this unique present, sent a number of valuable gifts to the church. Some of these still remain, and are almost as much treasured as the organ itself.

For Scalds and Burns.—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is a standard treatment for scalds and burns. Its healing power quickly soothes the pain and aids a speedy recovery from the injury. It is also an excellent remedy for all sorts of cuts, bruises and sprains, as well as relieving the pains arising from inflammation of various kinds. A bottle in the house and stable saves many a doctor's and veterinary's fee.

OPPORTUNITY IN CANADA

In a letter written specially for the January issue of the "Farm News Letter," published by the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Joseph Marshall, of Yellow Grass, Saskatchewan, who came to Canada from England several years ago, states in part:

"I was brought up on a farm in the Old Land and have spent a number of years in farming in Ontario and several years in Western Canada. I think I have a very good idea of conditions as they were and as they are. There is no doubt in my mind that, for the amount of work we put into our land here, we are receiving more returns than any other place I know. If we knew the amount of labour, manure, fertilizer, etc., used in the older countries to produce yield of grain such as we get here with just plain ploughing, it would surprise us. With our methods of cultivation, their land would not produce a crop worth harvesting. In Holland, where there is some of the richest soil in Europe, all liquid manure is kept in tanks and hauled on to the land. They grow immense crops but they certainly spare no pains to feed the soil. A visit to some of their dairy farms is a revelation to one who is accustomed to our western methods. In France and Belgium where intensive cultivation is practised whole families work in the field from daylight to dark cultivating their sugar-beets and other crops.

I should like to say that farming conditions in Western Canada are better than they ever were and are steadily improving. There are so many opportunities for thrifty and energetic men that they cannot be enumerated. We are getting past the pioneer stage and gradually developing into more diversified farming and live stock raising."

Mothers Value this Oil.—Mothers who know how suddenly croup may seize their children and how necessary prompt action in applying relief, always keep at hand a supply of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, because experience has taught them that this is an excellent preparation for the treatment of this ailment. And they are wise, for its various uses render it a valuable medicine.

UNFORTUNATE "E"

Someone has expressed the opinion that the letter "e" is the most unfortunate letter in the English alphabet, because it is always out of "cash"—forever in "debt"—never out of "danger" and in "hell" all the time.

For some reason he overlooked the good fortune of the letter.

So we called his attention to the fact that "e" was never in "war"—always in "peace" and never in "prison."

It is the beginning of "existence"—the commencement of "ease" and the end of "trouble."

Without it there would be no "life"—no "heaven"—no "sleep" and no "eats."

It is the centre of "honesty"—makes "love" perfect, and without it there would be no "printer."

Railway Time Tables

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

AT ACTON

Going West

No. 29	8.00 a.m.
No. 31	10.35 a.m.
No. 33	2.39 p.m.
No. 35	5.00 p.m.
No. 39	8.39 p.m.
No. 25 Sunday	10.20 a.m.

Going East

No. 26	7.05 a.m.
No. 30	11.18 a.m.
No. 34	3.35 p.m.
No. 36	6.17 p.m.
No. 38	8.13 p.m.
No. 24 Sunday	7.02 p.m.

CANADIAN NATIONAL ELECTRIC RAILWAYS

Westbound

Daily (Except Sunday)	7.43 a.m.
Daily	9.43 a.m.
Daily	11.43 a.m.
Daily	1.43 p.m.
Daily	3.43 p.m.
Daily	5.43 p.m.
Daily	7.43 p.m.
Daily	9.43 p.m.
Daily	12.32 a.m.

Eastbound

Daily	7.43 a.m.
Daily (Except Sunday	9.43 a.m.
Daily	11.43 a.m.
Daily	1.43 p.m.
Daily	3.43 p.m.
Daily	5.43 p.m.
Daily	7.43 p.m.
Daily	9.43 p.m.
Daily	11.40 p.m.

Freight delivered by special express freight. Freight picked up at any address in Toronto.

T. E. Gibbons

EXPERT SHOE REPAIRING

PROMPT ATTENTION TO ORDERS LEFT

T. E. Gibbons

MAIN STREET - ACTON

Notice to Creditors

OF THE ESTATE OF JAMES MATTHEWS, DECEASED

The creditors of James Matthews, late of the Village of Acton, in the County of Halton, Postmaster, who died on the tenth day of January, A. D. 1925, and all persons having claims against his estate are required on or before the twenty-third day of February, 1925, to send by post prepaid or otherwise deliver to the undersigned solicitor their full names, addresses and descriptions and full particulars of their claims.

On and after the said twenty-third day of February the executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the parties entitled thereto; and they hereby give notice that they will not be responsible thereafter for any claim or claims of which they shall not have received notice.

Dated this twenty-second day of January A. D. 1925.

J. CHESTER MATTHEWS,
ANNA I. MADDOCK,
Executors.

By H. N. Farmer, Acton, Ontario, their Solicitor 30-3

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER! Fletcher's Castoria is a harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of

Constipation — Wind Colic
Flatulency — To Sweeten Stomach
Diarrhea — Regulate Bowels

Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiates.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

How Much Must You Pay For Style

TOO frequently people assume that style and smart appearance can only be obtained in high-priced motor cars.

A comparison of Chevrolet with many of the higher-priced cars will convince you that Chevrolet really offers "quality" at a low price.

For instance, there are such features as Fisher-built bodies, Ternstedt window regulators, velour upholstery.

You can be proud to park a Chevrolet anywhere.

Chevrolet quality, however, goes much deeper than outward appearance. Ask any owner about Chevrolet performance and Chevrolet economy.

Chevrolet may be bought on easy terms.

S. V. KING

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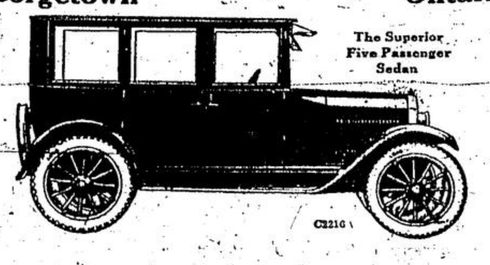

The Superior Five Passenger Sedan

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A New Service

We have established an up-to-date watch repair department, with five watchmakers at your service.

With these new facilities we hope to be able to create a repair service second to none in the province.

We invite you to submit your repairs for estimate. Quick service, competent service.

This is always our aim.

Savage & Co.

Jewellers

GUELPH — ONTARIO

"She Was Too Sick To Try Entrance Exams.'

Jeanne was one of the many children in New Ontario who travel miles each day to school. Fair weather or foul, they trudge along the rough roads eager for the little bit of education possible for them. Fifteen years had passed since Jeanne's birth and she had never enjoyed the best of health during that time. Six of these years she had spent in going to school, helping around the house and at odd times working here and there to earn a little money.

One day she was caught in a sleet storm on her way home from school. Before long a terrible cough set in, which finally ended in Consumption. Of course, it was impossible for her to try the entrance examinations. "Another year, perhaps, but certainly not now," said the doctor.

Now she is resting at the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives. Her pleasing shyness still remains, her curly, fair hair refuses to behave, while her blue eyes with the aid of her lips radiate cheer and hope. "Sure," says Jeanne, "I'm going to High School. Why not?" and we echo, "Why not?" and the doctor says "Why not?" because Jeanne is on the road to Wellville.

Will you help her and others to reach the goal, by contributing to the hospital funds? Gifts may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, President, 223 College Street, Toronto, Ontario.

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