s very interesting to know Eight furlongs make a mile And in a little week or 'so I'll prove it, barefoot style. I'll stride those furlongs, gay and free,

Nor care how many there may be. Those noble streams, the Rhone, the The Rhine, the Amazon-

They're great, of course; but all the

I keep remembering one Where minnows dart, from June And where I'm going fishing, soon.

Geography, arithmetic, And all the books are splendid But you will see me shut them quick. When school at last is ended, And range them in a solemn row, And give one jolly whoop, and Go! -Nancy Byrd Turner

NO SURRENDER

"Yes, Dr. Brown, I want to go to college as much as over, but I am afraid there are too many obstacles in the way. I'll have to give up." Rogret was evident in the young man's face as he spoke.

"Welh" replied the minister, "I never expected to hear that from you. It can't be that I have been mistaken in the opinion I have formed of you. remember the pluck your father showed at your age; how he fought his way grimly through difficulties that you will never have to meet. I have taken pride in believing that you, too, would refuse to be beaten after you had entered the fight."

The boy answered, sullenly, "If you are beaten, it's only common sense to

Doctor Brown got up from his desk to speak more forcibly. "Jack Graham never say you are beaten. You can be beaten until you give up and say so! At the Battle of Waterloo, the English were beaten by every test of warfare long before the end of the battle. But they kept on fighting untilthey gained what they fought for, and so can you! The only defeat possible

for men is to stop fighting!" "Do you mean to say that a man with enough spirit can never be downed?" Jack's tone showed that he thought ne had reduced his rector's argument to Tis when o'er the hill and absurdity.

"I mean exactly that," replied the minister, quickly. "There was once a man who wanted to be an orator, but every one laughed at him when he tried to speak, so great was his impediment. You have heard where Demosthenes' determination carried And o'er these clustered roofs him. You have seen that monstrously strong man. Sondow? As a child he was weaker than most children. I read the other day of a blind man who can repair the most intricate automobiles more skillfully than most mechanics with good sight. What do and dumb and blind, but off from almost every means of communication with the world, and yet to-day seeing and hearing and creating more than most of us with all our senses? Do not talk to me about obstacles! All of them together are little grains of dust in comparison with what that girl had to meet. The thing for you to decide, Jack, is whether you are going to be a man-or wether you are going to 'quit,' and admit that you are beaten. A.man enters every fight to stay until he wins or dies. No real men can do

anything else." The boy's mouth set more firmly. His fists were clenched, but a cheer- tention was attracted by activities on ful smile began to light his face. "I the old lawn of Dr. Shook, now owned am going to trample those insignificant by William Johnstone, the undertaker. obstacles under my heel!" he said.

BILL MORNING

When the children were off to school at last, Mrs. Bristow dropped into a chair and cripd. She knew that she the walk, had already been felled. It It was a miserable night. A heavy had been cross; the boys' subdued voices and Elsie's half-hurt, half- caused a pang of grief, because the out of the darkness came a voice. I frightened eyes pierced her memory; but she had told them so many times ed to me like losing two faithful and dando," and it was a fine tenor voice, not to frolic over the milk pitcher, and substantial old friends. I had known it was the cheeriest sound I had ever cloth! And Phil had been absorbed seventy years. I suppose the owner came down the trenches; but imagine and indifferent; and even Molly, usual- thought they had survived their use- our surprise to hear clapping for more, ly so affectionate, had gone off with- fulness and beauty: Perhaps they had; in-good English from the German out running back for a second goodsome of the lower branches were detrench. Thereupon the Welshman
bye, as she usually did. Girls did not
void of life, but they were all fresh and gave "Mentra Gwen." know what they were doing when they green at the top.
married. If she had ever dreamed of Well, they're gone, and what a vaall the endless strain and worry-.

trouble. Every month Mrs. Bristow to me. Think of it; between seventy with the Germans, that if the Welshworried over bill morning for days be- and eighty years since those spruces man would sing another song neither ally, what'll they sa fore. It was the endless strain of were planted. I think I can imagine side would fire any more until day; your own 'usband?" trying to make one dollar do the work Dr. Shook planting those trees, and light. of three. Phil said sometimes that it little Dan by his side holding each up she would like to have Phil change the roots and tendrils and carefully time that the stirring Wells anthem Halbert 'Owe," but not to the anxious places with her for one month. To sprinkled in the earth, and then tamp—was ever heard on this dismail Flemish mother's satisfaction: earn the money-a definite, stated sum, ed it firmly down about the saplings, morass, was one thing; to make that sum cov- That they were well planted was amply or-the-needs of a growing family was evidenced by the girth attained and the a very different thing.

The postman's whistle sounded outside. Mrs. Bristow sat waiting rigidly. In a moment Rosie came in with the cheeked, and had a lover; she handed home. Some of us can remember when

gayly; and then she ran downstairs, along educational lines. singing as she went. living-this endless, life-sapping strain. Helena. Oh, how tired she was of it all! Then suddenly she discovered that

one envelope—a small one—had alipped to the floor. She picked, it up, George Hynds now lives, and moved wonderingly-it looked like Molly's in here, in the shadow of those spruces. writing; at least, it could not be any And it was from here that Dr. Lowry bill, for it was on note paper; probably some one asking for a contribu- Acton. Then one night the old house tion to something. She opened the burned down and the McGarvins and envelope and drew out the note. "Dearest Mother," it read. "It.is bill morning, and I know how trouble- over, Eli Snyder, the carpenter, re-

dress. I can, easily. I don't need it a bit. Your loving daughter, Molly." twice; then softly laid her face against Both families were increased during the unformed writing. As if anything counted compared with a little daugh- Torrance Beardmore first say the light ter like that! How ungrateful she had been-how ungrateful!

One of the many quaint customs common among the Chinese is thus explained by Nora Wain in a recent magazine article: It was in the village of the Workers

in the Noonday Sun, where I spent two months in the household of the Wong family, that I first saw a man go the way with old folks. I'll diways about in broad daylight with a lighted miss the big spruces. Perhaps some

"Is Sing, the fish dealer, craxy?" asked a friend.

was the reply. "It means that he has not been able to pay his debts, and he must carry a lighted lantern everywhere until be has done so: Chinese Dear Friend? New Year began yesterday, but for him . I wonder if you have ever heard the New Year has not dawned—it is this fearful threat—The 24th, of May still midpight of the old year. He may is the Queen's birthday; if you don't exchange no New Year greetings until sive us a holiday, we'll all run away." the has settled up his old accounts, and as yelled, not sang, by a gang of the



THOUGHTS OF HOME

What dream of this blue vale to you is dearest When homeward turn your thoughts

spring weather lined river And hear the robins singing in the

or you may picture her in still October, When, one by one, the wagons home-And up the hill drift snow-white

When little rains come whispering and And wash the stains and sins of

carth away. But there's a dream of her that I would If life should bear me far from winding river Descends the benediction

Then all harsh forms are touched grace and beauty And nought remains but pure and fair; brooding spirit Of love and peace pervades the even-

Faint and far off the sounds of daylight 'Till last week the time dwindle. The blacksmith's forge flares out with-ruddy glow you think of Helen Keller, born deaf The mill wheel stops, the waters hush And the Queen laughed kindly, and whisper. The last sweet bells ring ho

> beam and beckon. Oh, should I wander far o'er Those rays of love would guide m roving spirit. And light me home, dear little town

> -By Clayton Duff. THE LANDMARKS ARE PASSING When I took a stroll up Main Street last week one bright afternoon my at-

friend, Hugh McLaughlin, busily en- somewhere along the way. The foigaged in cutting down one of the big lowing incident is one thing that haptrees which stood beside the walk, pened, according to a letter from a About half-way up the walk I noticed soldier in Belgium that is printed in that its mate, on the other side of the Tribune:

cancy they leave, and what a flood of ling the singing. We had forgotten ail It was bill morning; that was the memories their removal has brought about war. So a bargain was struck as hard for him as for her, but straight while, his father spread out Nhadau." It was probably the first and Mrs. Halbert 'Owe-Mr. and Mrs. lobby of the Institute.

fact that they had a healthy growth through all the years. I fancy the time when Dr. Shook moved from Acton and Samuel Smith letters. Rosie was young, and pink- and family chose this place for their Mrs. Bristow the letters with a beam- Miss Sarah, the elder daughter, was the assistant to Mr. Little, and when "The mail; ma'am," she announced she taught little minds to shoot ideas

Then we remember the Smith's re-Mrs. Bristow opened the letters; they moval to Guelph and William Sharp were all bills but one-milkman, butch- and family coming from Toronto to er, grober, telephone, gas, ice. Mrs. take their places, with his wife and Bristow added them up. As usual, the daughter and three stirring boys. Mr. total was nearly five dollars more than Sharp was in the lumbering business, she had counted upon. And this was and was interested in the mills at St.

And the Sharps removed back to Toronto and Dr. McQaryin and family pens; for I know that what God gave up their first home, where Mrs. commenced his successful practice in Dr. Lowry lost nearly all their possess. ions. And then, before the year was enough to touch Heaven's threshold. some bills are. - I've watched your face. built for Dr. McGarvin a bigger and So if they're hard this morning, please, better house on the foundations of the

dearest, I can go without a new white old Then among successive tenants of his home, under the spruces, were both Molly's mother resulthe note through Mr. Walter and Mr. Alfred Beardmore. their residence there. I believe Mr. Fuller of day in this home, and always speaks of Acton as his birthplace.

DEBTOR MUST CARRY LANTERN occupied this home followed: Dr. Uren. Dr. Auld, Dr. Springer, Dr. Macdonald and Dr. Nelson Mr. and Mrs. William Johnstone made their home here for quite a number of years, and they have hallowed memories of this old house and a the

My, how I have rambled. But that's others of our olderly citizens will also. Yours Reminiscently,

THE OLD MAN, OF THE BIG

he old village of Acton. Whether was just voicing their need of a holiday to the master, MoPhee, or Just for the fun of making a noise, perhaps little of both, I don't know.

In those days, holldays were not so plentiful as they are now. Easter was our first break after Christmas and the New Year, and then only Priday and Monday. Now there is a week or more. The fact is that days devoted to school and study seem to be just short periods between long rests. That brings to mind (referred to in this column some time ago) the attempt to force the master to give more than the law allowed at a certain Lime. Lithink ! the "Old Man of the Blg Clock Tower" can give some vivid details as to the success attending this movement and I don't recall that that method to win a holldny was ever repeated.

In connection with the date, "The Queen's birthday," I feel like recalling something of the lasting impression her personality left on so many of us Canadians. Those who are still to the fore will testify to the fact that she won staunch loyalty, not alone from her station as a queen, but from her high ideals as a woman, a mother and a Christian, as regards her ideals as to conduct in the life of those to whom she extended, her, friendship. She has been charged with being cruel in the punishment she inflected on those who did not come up to what she asked for and expected. The good old queen exerted, especially among the younger Perhaps you think of her in the sweet peared under her reign than from any. two-piece collar furnishing the neck. Clasped by her happy fields to tender to character or intellect. The fact re- and 1/4 yard plain 54-inch flannel. mains that she was one of the vainest of women that British history has

But Queen Victoria left a record that (I hope) will never be erased, and shall remain one of the brightest, and may Some calm, gray afternoon when life the name "The Victorian Age" be pattern for wise statesmen. I don't think I will transgress again to the length I have here, and I hope think the reading of the few verses calls the happy children from following may show that she was just "an ordinary body" although Queen:

> "SHE NODDIT TO ME" am but an auld body Livin' up in Decside, In a twa-roomed bit-hoosie Wie a toofa' beside Wie ma coo all my grumphy I'm as happy as a bee, But Tm far prooder noo

I'm aye trig and hale; Can plant twa three tawties An' look after ma kall; And when oor Queen passes, I'm oot and see If by luck she micht notice And' noddit to me.

But I've aye been unlucky, And the blues were nye won, O' her vesset came avon; I waved my bit apron. As-brisk-as-I-could dae; An' noddit to-me.

My son sleeps in Egypt lights And yet when I think o't. 'masair like ta greet; She may feel for my sorrow. She's a mother, ye see, And maybe she'll ken o't, When she noddit to me.

A RECITAL IN THE TRENCHES

When the battle lines extend con-There. I saw Mr. Johnstone and tinuously for three or four hundred but it is true, 'Peaches or punkins! Crewson McLaughlin, son of my old miles almost anything may happen I'll try to remember that."

was a surprise to me, and naturally rain had filled the trenches. Suddenly passing of these fine old spruces seem- was a Welsh ballad called "Hob deri

Meantime we realized that not shot had been fired by either side dur-

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Tastes were cultivated, manners refined, views broadened, and natures spiritualized,-Azarias.

live in the present life .- F. C. Mont.

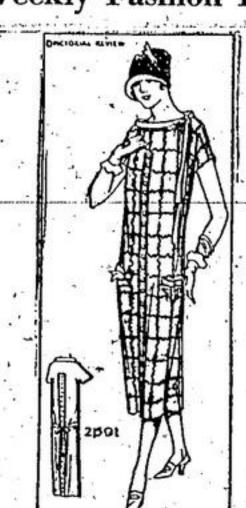
man," an infinitely wider kind of onic.

of judgment.-C. Kingsley.

-An exchange says: "Advertisements may not be read, as non-adver- dish. And the long line of doctors who tipers any, but every time we make a mistake in an advertisement, the ink said, laughingly. doesn't got dry on the paper before wel hear about it," Yes, the advertiso-



Weekly Fashion Hint



To express the last word in chic. complaints heard every day, it would buttons. Straight down the front, and seem as if some steadying hand is ditto the back, are stitched bands of needed at the present time. Queen plain flannel trimmed with buttons Elizabeth (Good Queen Bess) left her which may correspond either with the name on the annals of English history | color of the background, or the plaid. more from the famous names that ap- The closing is at the left shoulder, a thing notable that she left, either as Medium size requires 2% yards plaid

"PEACHES OR PUNKINS"

written as my feelings to the mamory have seemed inevitable to one who had of a successful variety entertainment, Pacific East End Cattle Market. istened to the gloomy talk. Finally, the president of the society turned to faultfinders. "Hasn't the drought hurt tops, are adding copper to copper in your fruit at all, Mrs. Bennett?" she the sure and certain hope of becoming their way to Europe. They belong to handling, branding, exporting, killing the others, less fortunate, will prob-

"Oh, yes, mine is just like all the ceivers. rest," was the calm reply. "And don't you ever worry over anything?" the president asked, almost impatiently.

her thimble down, and looking round sociation of Education Committees. the group of women at the quilt, answered, "I'll tell you what cured me of worrying. I used to fret over overthing, and one spring, when it was reported that a late frost had killed all the fruit, I sat down to have a good Mrs. Lucy Helen Davies, at the ago use of its manifold conveniences. cry, for our peach-trees had bloomed beautifully, and I had been so proud of the abundant crop I was sure we were to have.

Martha came in just then, and asked a lecture on the Salvation Army's work in Siberia, given in the Acton Salvame what the trouble was. I told here tion Army hall, on Monday evening. "'Child, what's the use of fretting over it? You'll not starve. I've lived The happy idea of having a matinee eighty years, and the world's crop of at the Crown Theatre on behalf of the provisions has never failed yet. If pensions fund of the Acton Philanwe don't have peaches we'll have pun- thropic Society was successfully realized on Wednesday afternoon, when a

"I have lived half as many years now crowded and representative audience as Aunt Martha had lived then, and assembled. The little woman glanced with a

all laughed rather sheepishly, and the president said, thoughtfully: "I'd never thought of it that way Park, East Acton, an ardent young

While two American ladies were staying in London recently, Ada, the pretty daughter of their landlady became engaged. The fortunate suitor's social station, it was explained, was considerably above his flance's. first the household bubbled with pride and happiness, but soon the sympaththen to have it upset on a clean table- them intimately for between sixty and heard. At the end, a round of applause, etic Americans became aware of a disturbing element. It was the letter H. "Hada, my girl," Mrs. Knight would daily plead, "remember Halbert's heddication! Remember 'is hemineut huncle! Remember his haunt, Lady 'is 'end hif you don't coe hup to their

hexpectations. What'll they say hif . The following commences the pro-Mrs. Halbert 'Owe don't 'andle 'er gramme for the opening of St. Saviour's haftches like a lady hought? Hespeci- Church and Institute, Oak-road, Acton, ally, what'll they say hif you miscall next Tuesday. 3 p. m., Princess Mary Upon her advice poor Ada obedient- ceived by the Mayor of Acton and Bir

much dignity, "Hi'll hadmit for hargument Hi'm careless with haitches myself; but my hears can be trusted You keep on saying 'Owe or 'Owe Now, then: 'Owe!" "'Owe! 'Owe! 'Owe," echoed Ade

'Ow was that?"

humored tolerance and resignation?" overheard helped me to learn to complain as little as possible," said Dr. vious year, partly owing to the engage-Burt. "While I was studying at ment of a weekly verger, in ylew of Do what thou dost as if the earth Wilbraham Academy I apent a few the thefts that had occurred at the were heaven, and thy last day the day days with this child's father, a good church, the balance was about the man but a chronic growler. Wo same. The people's Easter offering to were all sitting in the parlour one their parish priest had increased. night when the question of food arose The child, a little girl, told 'cleverly a warehouse in Acton-lane, known as what each member of the family liked the Morton Works, on Sunday, was best. Finally it came to the father's described to the Acton magistrates on Monday, when Charles White.

"And what do I like, Nancy?' he three boys under sixteen, who gave "'You, said the little girl, slowly- charged with being concerned together well, you like most anything that we in breaking into the premises with

ACTON, ENGLAND, NEWS ITEMS Events and Incidents Very Similar to Our Own Daily Life

The following interesting local items

were gleaned from the columns of the

The East Acton Musical and Dram-

atic Society closed the season by giving

On Saturday afternoon the women's

section of the Acton Labour Party held.

well-attended rummage sale at the

A summons against Thomas Parker,

Myrtle-road, Acton, for assaulting

John H. Hobbs, was dismissed at the

Mrs. F. C. Andrews has not main-

tained her progress toward recovery,

and she is still under the constant care

A special meeting of the Acton Town

Council was held on Wednesday night

The annual local horse parade, or

ganized by the R. S. P. C. A., will take

place by permission of the Town Coun-

ell in Acton park, on July 5. It will

be followed by the usual children's fete.

The Rev. W. Light, assistant priest

t St. Michael and All Angels, Bed-

Plans for the new Acton school were

submitted to the Education Committee

at its meeting on Thursday evening

in last week. They showed a neat-

looking building for the accommoda-

A large crowd of well-pleased friends

saw the annual-gymnastic-display of

the Acton Wesleyan Church · Boys'

Club, which took place in the church

"The law is hard occasionally. We

don't make the law," said the Chair-

nan at Acton Police Court on Mon-

day, to an applicant who was in-

formed that he could not take out a

summons for abuse inside the house.

Every school in Acton has now its

Much sympathy has been shown by

numerous friends with Mr. D. A.

Davies and Co., shopfitters and decora-

tors, 6 Derwentwater-parade, Horn-

That a suit of clothes cost £7 10s.,

and a pair of boots £6, in Siberia, was

The engagement is announced of

Miss Edies Lawrence, 32 Myrtle-road,

Acton, to Mr. Herbert Walter Butcher,

of 2 Acacia-road, Acton. Mr. Butcher

was the gold medallist of the Auction-

eers' and Estate Agents' Institute in law

Mr. J. S. McNish, Chatsworth-gar-

will arrive at the Institute, and be re-

get the goods was the statement made

to a policeman by two ten-year-old

boys, living in Colvilleroad, Acton, who

were charged at Acton Police Court

on Monday with stealing three pocket-

knives and a puzzle, of the value of

On Thursday evening last week a

collision occurred in Bollo Bridge-road.

bicycle ridden by Mrs. Eva Lillian

Buchman, 29, Abingerroad, Bedford

Park, and a motorcycle. Mrs. Buch-

man was conveyed to Acton Hospital,

suffering from fracture of the right

ing last week, Mr. C. Winter (church-

warden) pointed out that, although the

grocer's assistant, of Carlyle-road and

addresses at South Ealing were

Though the arrangements are said to

preclude anything in the nature of a

civic welcome, such as that which was

accorded-to the Prince of Wales on his

visit to the same spot about this time

last year, the informal public greeting

to Princess Mary when she crosses the

Acton border next Tuesday afternoon to open the new Deaf and Dumb

Church and Institute in Old Oak-road

likely to be none the less hearty.

A certain liveliness gave more than

wunt spice of interest to the annual

meeting of the Acton Conseruntive and

cleven o'clock. The liveliness was due

chiefly to some discontent in the

North-West and South-East wards with regard to details in procedure.

inionist Association, which was held at the Priory Constitutional Club on Friday night, and lasted until nearly

intent to commit a felony.

near Park-road-north between

Bluebird School of Dancing.

assembly hall on Wednesday night.

tion of 200 juniors and infants.

ford Park, is leaving Acton this month

to appoint a borough engineer at

salary of £1,000 per annum.

Acton Police Court, on Wednesday

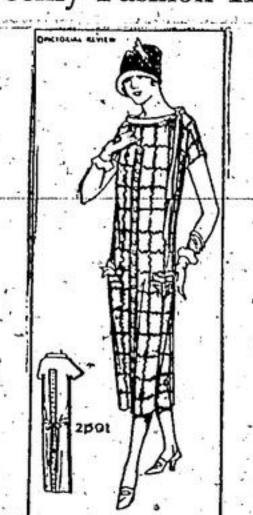
a run of three nights to "The Wrong

Number."

Priory Schools.

of her doctor.

Acton, England, Express of May 1.:



trocked bould be developed in plaid flan- to visit his son, who is farming in This model, belted only at the Canada, and he will be away about

Every member of the Ald Society, with one exception, had had some complaint to make about the dry seasonthe blackberries drying up, the tomatoes rotting from sunburn, the sweet corn failing to fill out or the scarcity small woman who had been quitting away cheerfully but silently through savings association, and the youngsters the afternoon, the one exception to the instead of buying sweets, marbles and

Mrs. Bennett stopped quilting, laid for a seat on the executive of the As-

disclosed by Field-major Edwards, in "Now it happened that my Aunt

I've found her philosophy sound. In A large party of the old friends of spite of all the late frosts and droughts his bachelorhood days gathered at the I don't believe any one of us has ever "Red Lion" Hotel on Saturday night, to celebrate with a parting dinner the coming marriage of Mr. E. M. Brough, smile round the circle of plump, well- a chief claims manager in the service fed women; and then taking up her of the L. M. S. R. Coy., 39, Herefordthimble, went to quilting again. They road, Acton.

HOW, INDEED?

School.

dens, Acton, left England this week for the United States and Canada. His busidess engagements will take him as fur as British Columbia, and he will be away three months. This will make the seventh time that Mr. McNish has 'Ell never be able to 'old hun made the grand tour in North America.

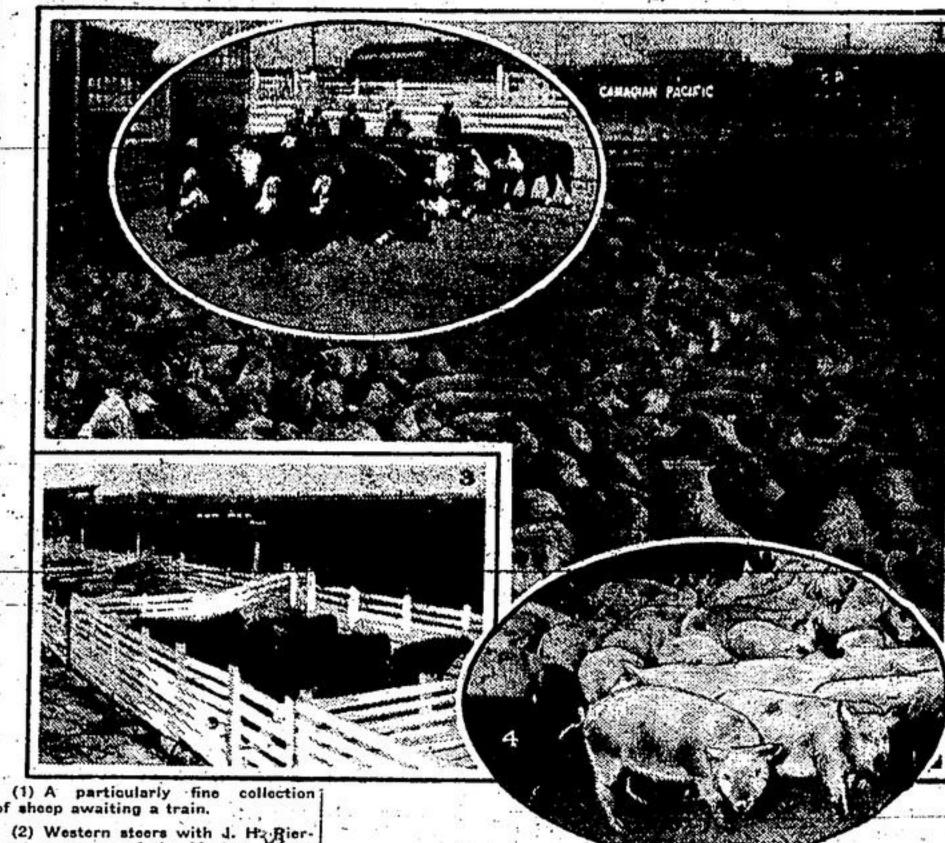
"HI can't 'elp hif." Ada protested, at on the off-foreleg, Joseph Ash, a wood length, in tears, "My hears hain't hedi- dealer, of Brookfieldroad, Acton, was cated like Halbert's. Hi say 'Owe, but charged at Acton Police Court on Friow am I to know whether I'm saying day in last week, with cruelty. Ash Owe or 'Owe?" said he did not notice any lameness, "Hada," was the reply, delivered with and the case was remanded for veterinary surgeon's report

"The first 'Owe and the second 'Owe was 'Owe," pronounced her parent, very 2s. 6d., from Woolworth's Stores,

NOTHING TO SUIT

A preacher complimented Bisho; William Burt one day on his good dis-'You never growl 'about anything.' he said. "No matter what kind of meal is set before you, you eat it cheerfully. If you are feeling poorly you conceal it. How did you manage the Easter Vestry at St. Thomas's to acquire such a fine habit of good-

FATTED CALVES FOR BRITISH BUTCHERS



pont, manager of the Market, in

centre background. close they were to an abattoir.

den, and other neighboring districts, to Glasgow.

that it exists at all is not nearly as most invariably of superb quality, be- vessels on which they were to travel, widely known as it should be, except ing equal to the finest stock in the their departure - has been delayed a among those farmers, drovers, butch- world.

(4) These splendid hogs wouldn't time. Its exports sheds (said to be J. H. Plerpont, the manager, says feel so contented if they knew how the finest in Canada) have 30 modern, that the present consignment, of which light, airy pens in which 1,000 tran- only a few are shown above, is one sient guests may be housed without of the finest that has ever passed crowding or difficulty.

creditors of the State and interest re- the Livestock producers of Canada, and chilling cattle, sheep, lambs, ably be converted into the roost beef and have been taken lodgings for the calves, hogs, milch cows, bulls and of Old England and grace the tables. The Mayor of Acton, Miss S. M. night at the Canadian Pacific East horses. There is, in the market of London, Leeds and Manchester, etc. Smee, has been nominated, with pro- End Market, Montreal, before continu- grounds, a modern and well equipped The consignment consists of 283 mise of support by Chiswick, Willes- ing their long journey from Winnipeg abattoir, where local purchasers may western steers, all fine, fat fellows, of have their stock killed quickly and which J. P. Kennedy, president of the The extent and the variety of the efficiently. Incidentally, the stock com- Livestock Producers of Canada, is activities of this Market, its value to ing from the western farms and ship- justly proud. Owing to some slight the community and indeed the fact ped to England or sold locally is, al- damage being done by fire to the

lane, Acton, in the death of his wife, ers, buyers and exporters who make Cattle is sold on the market four living on the fat of the land, philoso-The market has been in operation are held once a week, roping and present, without concerning themselves on its present site for 12 years. It has branding takes place weekly and the too much with the uncertainties of accommodation for 3,000 head of cat- slaughtering is a daily occurrence.

tle, 5,100 head of sheep, lambs and The market, in all its branches, is (3) Western steers in route for calves, 1,800 hogs and can provide owned and operated by the Canadian my readers will pardon me, for I have of potatoes. In fact, a famine might day evening last week, was the scene England, awaiting their train at the sleeping quarters, board and valet sec- Pacific Railway and is Government

through his hands. Some of them are These four-footed emigrants are on The establishment has facilities for show cattle, bound for Wembley, and days a week, auction sales of horses phically enjoying the comforts of the

HOW PAT KNEW Mike was -working diligently in h man coming up the road, bringing a black-edged envelope. Mike became uneasy and showed it "It is that," said Mike, looking at the address. "It's upset I am entirely.

NO WONDER SHE WAS LATE!

My brother Pat's dead. I can tell by

Much regret is felt in Socialist circles in Acton and Shepherd's Bush at the A little girl, on arriving late at school untimely death of Reuben Tipping, son of Mr. and Mrs. Tipping, 17 Hayden teacher, and told to write a composition on "punctuality." After a stronuou Socialist, and a promising pupil of the quarter of an hour she produced the Acton-Shepherd's Bush Social Sunday following-"Punctuality is -knowing where to make stops."

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