

VACATION WILL COME

It's mighty nice that nine times nine... Make eight-one forever... For bathing, in the river!

NO SURRENDER

Yes, Dr. Brown, I want to go to Africa as much as ever, but I'm afraid there are too many obstacles in the way. I'll have to give up.

BILL MORNING

When the children were off to school at last, Mrs. Bristow dropped into a chair and cried. It had been a long day.

DEBTOR MUST CARRY LANTERN

One of the many quaint customs common among the Chinese is thus explained by Nora Wain in a recent magazine article.



THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER

THOUGHTS OF HOME

Oh, ye who bear our name in roaring... Or plant it on the prairie lone and wide... What dream of this blue vale to you in dearth?

THE LANDMARKS ARE PASSING

When I took a stroll up Main Street last week on bright afternoon my attention was attracted by activities on the old lawn of Dr. Shook.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

With Christianity came a new civilization, and a new order of ideas... Taste, views broadened, and nature spiritualized.

NOTHING TO SUIT

A preacher complimented Bishop William Hurt one day on his good disposition.

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER

Dear Friend: I wonder if you have ever heard this fearful threat—The 24th of May is the Queen's birthday; if you don't give us a holiday, we'll all run away.

Weekly Fashion Hint

The old village of Acton. Whether it was just voting their need of a holiday to the minister, McPhee, or just for the fun of making a noise, certain a little of both, I don't know.

FASHION'S FLAIR FOR PLAIDS

To express the last word in chic, a frock should be developed in plaid. This motif, belted, only at the neck, is the latest fashion.

"PEACHES OR PINKIES"

Every member of the Aid Society, with one exception, had her some complaint to make about the dry season—the blackberries drying up, the tomatoes rotting down, the sweet corn falling in, all over the security of potatoes.

"SHE NODDIT TO ME"

I am but an old body... I'm a bit of a hilt-blee... I'm a bit of a hilt-blee... I'm a bit of a hilt-blee.

THE OLD MAN

A RECITAL IN THE TRENCHES... When the battle lines extend continuously for three or four hours, miles almost anything may happen somewhere along the way.

HOW PAT KNEW

Mike was working diligently in his potato patch when he saw the postman coming up the road, bringing a black-edged envelope.

NO WONDER SHE WAS LATE!

A little girl, on arriving late at school for the third time, was scolded by her teacher and told to write a composition on "punctuality."

KEATING'S KILLS

BURN IT TO KILL MOSQUITOES AND FLIES... KEATING'S KILLS MOSQUITOES AND FLIES.

ACTON, ENGLAND, NEWS ITEMS

Events and Incidents Vary Similar to Our Own Daily Life... The following interesting local items were gleaned from the columns of the Acton, England, Express for May 1.

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DO YOU EVER THINK

What Your Town Would be Without a Good Newspaper?

No matter how good your other establishments and improvements were they would accomplish for your town about ten per cent. of what they do now were there not a good newspaper to "tell the world" and to further every move towards progress.

The Acton Free Press Aims to be such a newspaper and is proud to be ranked by those who are qualified to know, as one of the best weeklies in Ontario.

FATTED CALVES FOR BRITISH BUTCHERS



A particularly fine collection of sheep awaiting a train.



Western steers with J. H. Pierpont, manager of the Market, in the centre background.

The market, in all its branches, is owned and operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway and is Government inspected. J. H. Pierpont, the manager, says that the present consignment, of which only a few are shown above, is one of the finest that has ever passed through his hands.

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The Acton Free Press Prints the News