The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1936

SIR CHICKADEE

Sir Chickadee came in a swirl of snow,
And he brought his wife—as of course you'd know—
And he brought his children four;
All of them fluffy as fluffy could be,
And all of them "Chick-a-dee-dee-ing" in glee,
They perched in the old Sweet Pippin tree,
Outside the kitchen door.

"Chick-a-dee-dee, dee-dee, dee-dee!"
That's what is sounded like to me!
But Dot knew, quick as wink;
And she declared, "They all of them say;
'It's a very delightful dear of a day,
And makes us Chickadees fell right gay,
But hungry—you can't think!'"

And this proves well that Dot knows bird talk;
When she threw some crumbs on the flagging walk,
Down flew each fluffy elf!
And they ate—oh, how they ate! Dear me!
Dot couldn't have understood, you see,
One little wee small bit better, if she
Were a Chickadee herself.

—Minnie Leona Upton.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 29, 1906

Mr. J. W. Humphries' little four-year-old daughter, Gladys, fell off a chair the other morning and had her right collar bone fractured.

Mr. Charles Ebbage is negotiating for the erection of a first-class chopping mill on the property on Main Street.

The four days of sleighing last week was a time of special good fortune of the mill men and wood dealers. At Bell's saw mill on Main Street there was delivered 356 loads of saw logs and shingle bolts from Wednesday morning until Saturday night.

Miss Daisy Nicklin, daughter of ex-Reeve Nicklin, is making her mark at the Toronto Normal School. At the annual election of officers of the Literary Society last week, Miss Nicklin was elected President for the year.

Prof. Green and his biograph and vaudeville entertainments in the three nights' engagement by the Fire Brigade, was very successful. The moving pictures and illustrated songs were the very best ever shown in town.

At the meeting of the Municipal Council on Monday evening, a by-law was passed adopting the metre system whereby all consumers of electric light must have metres installed on or before the first day of October, 1906.

BORN

NELSON—In Acton, on Wednesday, March 14, to Mr. and Mrs. John C. Nelson, a daughter.

JIGGINS—In Acton, on Monday, March 19, to Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Jiggins, a son.

NO BUSINESS OF HERS

An interesting dialogue between a woman and a railway conductor—in which the woman got the best of it—is reported by the Philadelphia Press:

"I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am."

"I guess not."

"He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat, and the car is crowded. There are people standing."

"That's all right."

"I haven't time to argue the matter, ma'am. You'll have to pay for that boy."

"I've never paid for him yet, and I am not going to begin to do it now."

"You've got to begin some time. If you haven't had to put up any fare for him, you're mighty lucky, or else you don't do much travelling."

"That's all right."

"You'll pay for that boy, ma'am, or I'll stop the train and put him off."

"That's all right. You put him off if you think that's the way to get anything out of me."

"You ought to know the rules of this road, madam. How old is that boy?"

"I don't know. I never saw him before. If you want a ticket for him, you'd better ask that old gentleman down the aisle. He got on with him."

UNFORTUNATE

James Payn gives, in the Independent, two examples of the things which should have been said, but indeed "otherwise," but never at all.

At an English dinner-party there were some peaches which were what is commonly called "woolly"; that is, having little taste and less juice.

"My dear," said the host, addressing his wife from the other end of the table, "I don't think these peaches are a success; if the fruiterer had no better than these it was a pity he sent us any."

Then the Lady Bountiful of the Parish, and the quest of the evening, who, unknown to the host, had presented the peaches, observed plaintively:

"I am so sorry, dear Mr. Jones, but they were the best I had."

On another festive occasion Mr. Jones, who is by nature courtesy itself, complimented a middle-aged lady upon her dress, the upper part of which was of black lace.

"Nothing," said he, "to my mind is so becoming as black and yellow."

"Yellow!" she cried. "Oh, good gracious! That's not my dress; that is me!"

A WELSH WEDDING

In writing of Welsh scenery and of the customs of the Welsh people, Mr. Edward Thomas finds occasion to notice many characteristics of social life that are as strongly marked as are the features of the landscape. None of the curious usages described in his recent book is more characteristic of primitive Wales than is the one mentioned in the following paragraph:

I passed through a village in which I found that the old-fashioned bidding marriage was not dead. For a printed sheet with this announcement, in the Welsh dialect, fell into my hands:

A bidding to a marriage. Inasmuch as we intend entering the state of wedlock on ——, we invite wedding gifts, which will be repaid with thanks on a like occasion. T. Williams, Elizabeth Jones.

It is expected that gifts due to them and to their parents and brothers will be paid on the wedding day.

There are many Canadians who know by experience that practice in this country often differs from the customs in Wales only in the greater frankness with which the Welsh state the case.

AMPLE QUALIFICATIONS

A certain musical director was organising a philharmonic orchestra. An Italian acquaintance, says the Canadian Courier, strongly recommended to him an old man, who played upon an antiquated and wheezy flute.

At the first rehearsal, however, it was very evident to the director that the new candidate would not do. "He can't play the flute at all," he explained to the Italian who had recommended him.

"What!" gasped the sponsor. "Thata man no can playa da flute!"

"Certainly not," the director replied.

The Italian rolled his eyes heavenward, and appeared beside himself. "He no can play da flute!" he repeated, beating his breast in indignation. "Why, thata man he fights with Garibaldi!"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, MARCH 28

GREAT TEACHINGS OF JOHN'S GOSPEL

General Lesson Title.—Review: the Gospel of John.

Golden Text.—These are written, that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye may have life in His name. —John 20: 31.

Devotional Reading.—Luke 19: 29-38.

An Interpreter of Jesus

"Shall we see John Wesley in heaven?" asked one of Whitefield's disciples of his master. "No," was the reply, "for he will be so near to the Source of Brightness that we shall not be able to discern him." A similar embarrassment confronts the student of the Fourth Gospel. There are times when identity of its author seem to be lost in the supernal radiance of his theme, and when for awhile one cannot determine whether it is the voice of the Master or that of the disciple which he is hearing. A pedantic young man once said that he had so saturated his mind with the sentiments of Emerson, that he was frequently unable to distinguish his own thoughts from those of his favorite philosopher. In the Fourth Gospel, just where Jesus ends and John begins is sometimes apparently an insoluble puzzle. But it need not disturb one's peace of mind, since John is so impregnated by the spirit of Christ that whatever he writes falls into perfect harmony with the character of the Master as He is known to us through the testimony of the other evangelists. . . . . John was "that disciple whom Jesus loved," and his close companionship with his Master nourished and developed those spiritual susceptibilities which best qualified him to reproduce both the essence and the form of Christ's teachings with remarkable fidelity. He is perhaps our finest example of an inspired writer. . . . His wonderful facility in dealing intelligently with the profoundest themes of our Lord's ministry makes John's Gospel the one book of religion in the whole range of devotional literature best adapted to the needs of universal humanity. The commonest mind sees a clear vision of Christ in this Gospel. However deep the thought it conveys, there is nothing vague or indistinct about it. Lucidly and depth alike characterise the work of John. Though the wayfarer need not stumble at his lines, the philosopher cannot hope to exhaust their meaning. . . . Eckman, in Studies in the Gospel of John.

For Inquiry and Discussion

How much of the Gospel of John have you read during the past three months? Have you read any portions of it more than once during this period? Which portions? Why these? How much of the Gospel, if any, have you committed to memory? Quote any part of it that you have remembered. Quote John 3: 16. What is the evangelist's theme and purpose in writing this Gospel? Under what familiar figure of speech does he present the Saviour? Which one of these figures—bread, door, light, way, etc.—is most helpful to you?

A Personal Question

Coming to the close of this Gospel, we cannot but most seriously ask ourselves whether in our case it has accomplished its object. John has none of the artifice of the modern teacher who veils his didactic purpose from the reader. He plainly avows his object in writing: "These signs are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through his name."—Marcus Dods.

Daily Readings For Next Week

Monday—Mark 16: 1-10.
Tuesday—Luke 24: 13-27; 25-31.
Wednesday—John 20: 24-29.
Thursday—1 Cor. 15: 12-23.
Friday—1 Cor. 15: 50-58.
Saturday—Romans 6: 1-11.
Sunday—Rev. 1: 9-18.

QUEER NAMES FOR CHILDREN

Thousands of people go through life cherishing a "grudge" against their parents for giving them absurd or incongruous names. The London Chronicle has collected several instances where there seems to be ground for a legitimate grievance.

It is little wonder that a demure and pretty girl in a north London suburb feels resentful when she has to answer to the name of Busybody, given to her in honor of the winner of a race, fifteen years ago; and among the names registered at Somerset House in 1933 are Airs and Graces and Nun Nicer, which are innocently borne by two little girls who may find them embarrassing fifteen years hence.

The appalling name of Wellington Wolseley Roberts is borne by a young man, who, in disposition and appearance, is anything but militant, and as little likely to win fame on the battlefield as his predecessors, Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo Cox, and Napoleon the Great Eager.

Even these names, inappropriate as they may be, are to be preferred to Anna Domini Davies and Boadicea Basher.

To parents of large families the advent of another child is not always welcome, but it is scarcely kind to make the unexpected child bear a token of disapproval. It must be a rather terrible ordeal to go through life, for example, as Not Wanted James, What Another, Only Fancy William Brown, or even as Last of 'Em Harper, or Still Another Hewitt. And yet these are all names which the foolish caprice of parents has imposed on innocent children.

ASPIRING HIGH

Uncle Jasper was a colored man of very devout intentions, but his knowledge of the Scripture was of a somewhat uncertain character. He lived in "single-blessedness" a good many of his years, but finally, in the evening of life, he married, and in due time an heir was born to him. The next day after the advent of the little one, a gentleman met Jasper in the street:

"I understand you have a baby at your house, Uncle Jasper?"

"Yas, sah; we has dat," Jasper replied with a broad grin and a satisfied chuckle. "We'se got a boby dar, sho'."

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Hit's a boy, sah. Yas, sah, hit's most sho'ly a boy."

"Have you named him yet?"

"Yas, sah; we has."

"What name have you given him?"

"Wah, sah; you know I'se done allus been a pow'ful han' for dem folks in the Scripture, 'cause I'se allus been a mont'ous strong believer in de Bible. So I 'lowed I'd name him arter some o' de big officers what de Bible talks ob, an' I studied 'bout which un' I'd name 'im arter, an'-at las I settled onto Beelzebub, sah.

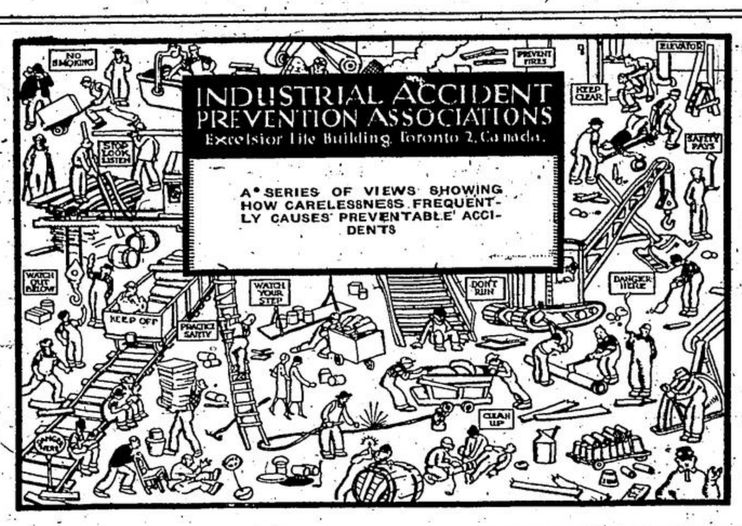
"Hit's a mouty fine name, sah; an' hit 'pears lack I'se 'spirin' powerful high, but I 'lows dat chile'll sho'ly do credit to hits namesake, sah. Hit most sho'ly will."

HE NEEDED HELP

A celebrated wit, coming from a bank which had been obliged to close its doors, slipped down the steps into the arms of a friend.

"Why, what's the matter?" said the later)

"Oh," was the quick reply, "I have only lost my balance."



IT DID NOT WORK

Mr. Martin was exceedingly neat and precise in all his habits, and when, at an age when most of his friends had consigned to bachelorhood, he brought home a young wife, it surprised and distressed him to find her respect for system and order not nearly so great as his own. Knowing that her disposition, while most engaging was not of that unfailing meekness which assures amiability under reproof, he pondered how, without appearing unkindly critical, he could effect an improvement in her methods, or lack of methods.

Finally the idea of suggestion occurred to him, and he formulated a little object lesson which he felt sure would be sufficient to work the reformation of this charming criminal.

The top of the dresser was divided into two drawers, one containing his small articles of dress, the other hers. Drawing open the former as they were completing their toilets one morning, he indicated the methodically arranged contents, saying.

"Look, Helen; that is the way you will always find my things."

His wife paused in the arrangement of her hair to look at the neatly-grouped collars, cravats, gloves and handkerchiefs. She gazed for some moments, and Mr. Martin felt his hint was making its due impression. Then she pulled out the companion drawer, displaying a tangled mass of stocks, veils, belts, ribbons, handkerchiefs, gloves and sachets, struggling with each other in mad confusion. Looking up into her husband's face, she said sweetly, but emphatically:

"Look, Harry; that's the way you will always find mine."

NOT PIETY, BUT PORK

The following bit of non-conformist humor is taken from "The Farringdons," an English romance. The speakers are Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hankey, worthy wives, but not altogether above feeling a certain pleasure in showing up the ways of husbands.

"They've no sense, men haven't," said Mrs. Hankey. "that's what's the matter with them."

"You never spoke a truer word, Mrs. Hankey," replied Mrs. Bateson. "The very best of them don't properly know the difference between their own souls and their stomachs, and they fancy they are a-wrestling with their doubts when really it is their dinners that are a-wrestling with them.

"Now take Bateson hisself," continued Mrs. Bateson. "A kinder husband or better Methodist never drew breath, yet so sure as he touches a bit of pork, he begins to worry hisself about the doctrine of election till there's no living with him. And then he'll sit in the front parlor and engage in prayer for hours at a time till I says to him:

"'Bateson,' says I, 'I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer, when a pinch o' carbonate o' soda would set things straight again.'"

It Will Prevent Ulcerated Throat.—At the first symptoms of sore throat, which presages ulceration and inflammation, take a spoonful of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Add a little sugar to it to make it palatable. It will allay the irritation and prevent the ulceration and swelling that are so painful. Those who were periodically subject to quinsy have thus made themselves immune to attack.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

O Word that broke the stillness first,
Sound on! and never cease
Till all earth's darkness be made light,
And all her discord peace.
Till selfish passion, strife and wrong,
Thy summons shall have heard,
And Thy creation be complete,
O thou eternal Word.

—H. W. Longfellow.

"The man who writes an immoral but immortal book may be tracked into eternity by a procession of lost souls from every generation, every one to be a witness against him at the judgment, to show to him and to the universe the immeasurableness of his iniquity."—G. B. Cheever.

I have never known a satisfied Christian, I confess. Indeed, I should take satisfaction as a poor voucher for Christianity. But I have known several contented Christians.—George MacDonald.

Patience is a beautiful trait, but it is not worn oftenest by those who walk on life's sunny side in silver slippers. It is the product of days of adversity. "The trial of your faith worketh patience."

There is a magic in that little word —Home. It is a mystic circle that surrounds comforts and virtues never known beyond its hallowed limits.—Southey.

All love greatens and glorifies
Till God's aglow, to the loving eyes,
In what was mere earth before.

—R. Browning.

SHOTT AND NOTT

The story of these gentlemen and their duel—a famous one formerly—is revived, and the tale is thus repeated:

A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Shott was not shot, but Shott avows that he was not, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shott, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding.

It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original element, and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not.

We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot, not Shott, but Nott. Anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.

GOLDEN KEYS TO THE CIBLE

When in sorrow, read John 14.

When men fall you, read Psalm 27.

When you have sinned, read Psalm 51.

When you worry, read Matthew 6: 19-34.

Before church service, read Psalm 84.

When you are in danger, read Psalm 9.

When you have the blues, read the 34th Psalm.

When God seems far away, read Psalm 139.

When you are discouraged, read Isaiah 40.

When you want to be fruitful, read John 15.

When doubts come upon you, try John 7: 17.

When you are lonely or fearful, try Psalm 23.

When you forget your blessings, be sure and read Psalm 103.

For Jesus' idea of a Christian, read Matthew 5.

For Jesus' idea of religion, read Jas. 1: 19-27.

When your faith needs stirring, read Hebrews 11.

When you feel down and out, read Romans 8: 31-39.

When you want courage for your task, read Joshua 1.

When the world seems bigger than God, read Psalm 90.

When you want rest and peace, read Matthew 11: 25-30.

When you want Christian assurance, read Romans 8: 1-30.

For Paul's secret of happiness, read Col. 3: 12-17.

When you leave home for labor or travel, read Psalm 121.

When you grow bitter or critical, read 1 Corinthians 13.

When your prayers grow narrow or selfish, Psalm 67.

For Paul's idea of Christianity, read 2 Corinthians 5: 15-19.

For Paul's rules on how to get along with men, Romans 12.

When you thing of investments and returns, Mark 10: 17-31.

For a great invitation and a great opportunity, Isaiah 55.

For Jesus' idea of prayer, Luke 11: 1-13; Matthew 6: 5-15.

For the prophet's picture of worship that counts, Isaiah 1: 10-18; Mic. 6: 6-8.

Why not follow Psalm 119: 11 and hide some of these in your memory? —Prof. Harris Franklin Rall.

Worms in children, if they be not attended to, cause convulsions, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.

DISCOURAGING A HEN

The propensity of some hens to sit, in season or out, on eggs, stones, door-knobs or anything that comes handy, is one of the most grievous afflictions of the poultry-keeper. In his interest is reprinted the description of a "sure cure" discovery.

The cure consists of a cheap watch that ticks loudly, and is enclosed in a white, egg-shaped case. When a hen manifests a desire to sit at the wrong time, the poultryman gently places her on this bogus egg, and the egg does the rest.

Cheerfully it ticks away. The hen soon begins to show signs of uneasiness. She stirs the noisy egg with her bill, thinking perhaps that it is already time for it to hatch, and the chicken in it wants to get out. She grows more and more nervous as the noise keeps on, and finally she jumps off the nest and runs round a while, to get cool.

Generally she returns to her self-imposed duty; but things get worse and worse with her. She wriggles about and cackles, ruffles her feathers, and looks wild, until at last, with a frenzied squawk, she abandons the nest for good and all. The fever of incubation is broken up completely.

The Lesueur poultryman declares that he has never found a hen that could stand the strain of the conversational egg for more than three hours. In much less time than that, as a rule, the hen is ready to return to her legitimate business.

Your Asthma, Too. The efficacy of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is not something that is merely hoped for; it is to be expected. It seldom fails to bring relief, and, in your own individual case it will do the same. So universal has been the success of this far-famed remedy that every one afflicted with this disease owes it to himself to try it.

HIS TITLE

A new boy had come to the school.

"What is your name?" asked the teacher.

"Billie Jones," was the reply.

"You must say, 'Sir' when you are talking to me. I will ask you again. What is your name?"

The boy answered, meekly: "Sir Billie Jones."

ANY MAN'S BIOGRAPHY

Chapter 1.—Born.
Chapter 2.—Bred.
Chapter 3.—Caught.
Chapter 4.—Wed.
Chapter 5.—Worried.
Chapter 6.—Dead.

Wife and Husband Both Ill With Gas

"For years I had gas on the stomach. The first dose of Adlerika helped. I now sleep well and all gas is gone. It also helped my husband." (signed) Mrs. B. Brinkley. ONE spoonful of Adlerika removes GAS and often brings astonishing relief to the stomach. Stops that full, bloated feeling. Brings out old waste matter you never thought was in your system. This excellent intestinal evacuant is wonderful for constipation. A. T. Brown, Druggist.

THE CLEANING OF SEED GRAIN

The objects of cleaning seed grain are (1) to remove other kinds of grain, weed seeds, dirt, chuff, pieces of straw, and other foreign matters and (2) to remove all small, shrunken and broken seed, leaving only the very best of the kind of seed cleaned.

It has been observed at the Dominion Experimental Station, Kapuskasing, Ontario, that large, plump, well-matured seed germinates more evenly and gives a more uniform and higher yielding crop than seed of inferior quality. This is particularly true if early sowing is practised which practice is very essential in this section of the province.

A good fanning mill, if properly equipped with riddles and screens, and with a suitable control over the air blast, may give very good service in the cleaning of seed grain.

It is rather difficult to give definite instructions for equipping and operating a mill, which would be applicable in all cases, as both the grain and the mills may vary considerably. It is pointed out, however, that each part of the mill should have a share in the cleaning process if best results are to be obtained. The air blast should remove all light material; the riddle or top sieve should remove the large sized impurities, and waste matter while the lower sieve should remove the small impurities, as well as the smaller seeds of the kind being cleaned.

Rapid cleaning should be avoided as this is very liable to prevent the sieves from functioning as they should.

Old mills often may be properly equipped with new screens by submitting samples of the seed to be cleaned to the manufacturer, and asking him to furnish suitable sieves.—H. L. Hanjan, Assistant Superintendent, Experimental Station, Kapuskasing, Ont.

Sores Flee Before It.—There are a great many who have been afflicted with sores and have driven them away with Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil. All similarly troubled should lose no time in applying this splendid remedy, as there is nothing like it to be had. It is cheap, but its powers is in no way expressed by its low price.

WHAT A BILLION MEANS

The following remarkable calculation on the length of time which it would require to count 1,000,000,000,000 recently appeared in an issue of an English periodical:

What is a billion? The reply is very simple. In England a billion is a million times a million. This is quickly written and quicker still pronounced. No man is able to count it. You will count 160 or 170 in a minute. But let us suppose you go as high as 200 a minute, hour after hour. At that rate you would count 12,00 an hour, 288,000 a day, or 105,120,000 in a year. Let us suppose now that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so, and is counting still. Had such a thing been possible, he could not yet have finished counting a billion!

To count a billion would require a person to count 200 a minute for a period of 9,512 years, 343 days, 5 hours and 20 minutes, providing he should count continuously. But suppose we allow the counter 12 hours a day for rest, eating and sleeping. Then he would need 18,025 years, 219 days, 10 hour, and 45 minutes in which to complete the task.

Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Remover, which is entirely safe to use, and certain and satisfactory in its action.

CHANGE IN THE WIND

There had been a number of occasions on which Mr. Halloran had regretted his too prompt offer of neighborly services, and had grown wary. He hesitated now and looked thoughtful.

"Was it to-morrow you were axin' me about?" he inquired of Mrs. Leahy, with one eye on a pile of rubbish in his neighbor's yard. "Well, now, I'm not sure if I'll be coming home or where I'll be. 'Tis a Friday, you mind, an' that's called an unlooky day by most, an' I niver like to lay me plans too firm, an' so—"

"You can take yure eyes off that hape o' roobish," interrupted Mrs. Leahy, tartly. "Timmy'll be home tomerror an' he can, carrt it away. 'Twas because he'd be home I was planning a grand turrkey dinner, an' as you've been so handy—but if you've anny fears—"

"Don't shpake of thim," and Mr. Halloran swept off his hat in a gallant bow. "I'll cast them from me—it's a poor thing to be giving up to superstitions, Mrs. Leahy, annyway. At what time would you like me to be here, rain or shine?"

A NATURAL REMEDY

That the remedy is sometimes worse than the disease is again shown by an incident chronicled in the Times. A prominent politician has a wife who is a model of domestic carefulness. She has a talent for making bread, and takes great pride in having her loaves turn out well.

One evening she had set the batch of dough to rise in the kitchen, and was reading in the parlor, when her six-year-old boy came running to her crying, "Mama, mama, there's a mouse jumped into your bread-pan!"

The good woman sprang from her seat.

"Did you take him out?" she asked, frantically.

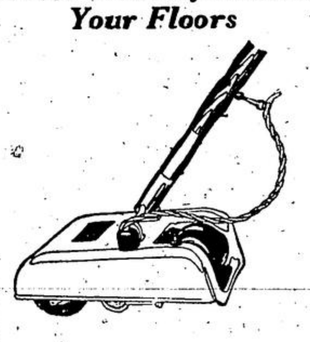
"No'm, but I done just as good. I throw the cat in; and she's digging after him in great style!"

When a mother detects from the writhings and fretings of a child that worms are troubling it, she can procure a reliable remedy in Miller's Worm Powders which will expel all worms from the system. They may cause vomiting, but this need cause no anxiety, because it is but a manifestation of their thorough work. No worms can long exist where these Powders are used.

Your Grocer Sells
"SALADA"
GREEN TEA
H872
Have you tried it? The tiny rich-flavored leaves and tips are sealed air-tight. Finer than any Japan or Gunpowder. Insist upon SALADA.

"Long Distance has reduced cost of buying—now costs us only 2 cents to buy 3 hogs"
—Writes a Meat Packer
The telephone is on your pay-roll. Make it work for you!
THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

THE OHIO
Electric Floor Polisher
Will Positively Polish Your Floors



Ohio Electric Floor Polisher Attachments

FREE DEMONSTRATION IN YOUR HOME ON REQUEST TO
The Hydro Shop

J. Cadesky
OF TORONTO
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
WILL BE AT A. T. BROWN'S DRUG STORE, ACTON
Monday, April 12th
Anyone suffering from Eyestrain, Defective Vision or Headache should not miss the opportunity of consulting this eyesight specialist. Appointments may be made with Mr. A. T. Brown, Druggist.
CONSULTATION FREE
Office Hours 9 a. m. till 4 p. m.

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.
To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Free Press Job Printing is Always Neatly Done

Railway Time Tables

AT ACTON

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Going West

No. 25	Sunday Only	10.41 a. m.
No. 29		8.09 a. m.
No. 31		10.45 a. m.
No. 33		2.29 p. m.
No. 35		5.09 p. m.

Going East

No. 24	Sunday Only	7.08 p. m.
No. 26		7.21 a. m.
No. 30		11.43 a. m.
No. 34		3.35 p. m.
No. 36		6.17 p. m.
No. 38		8.13 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.
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