The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1926

A BOY'S COMPLAINT

Gee whiz! I'm tired o' bein' a boy,
It's jest like bein' in jail.
In school, that darn'ole minute hand
Jest traves like a snail.
'N when I'm home it's even worse
I never have no fun.
Whenever there's a baseball game,
There's something to be done.
I have to haul the ashes out
And fetch things from the store.
When I go out somebody yells,
"Come back and shut the door."
When I come in, it's "Wipe yer feet"
Or, "Didja wash yer ears?"
Sometimes I wish I wuz a girl
So's I cud shed some tears.
And in the evenin' when my pa
Tunns in the radio,
You'd think I'd get a little rest
But I do not, oh, no.
They's always homework to be done,
Arithmetic and spellin',
And all the time I'm doin' it
The radio is yellin'.
When I get done, I like to set
'N hear what's on the air,
But I get shunted off to bed,
Doggone, it isn't fair.
Well, I'll grow up some day
'N run for Parliament.
'N then I'll make a law—
They'll have to treat
The boys like growed-up men.

—Margaret Salmon.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, November 1, 1906

Grain is being marketed freely now.

Large quantities of turnips and sugar beets have been shipped at Acton station the past week.

St. Joseph's Church and the Disciple's Church are being installed with fixtures for electric lights.

The first train over the Grand Trunk Railway passed through Acton fifty years ago last Saturday.

Mr. J. B. Mackenzie is moving into his new cement block residence, corner of Church and Main Streets.

Mrs. James McLam is offering her fine residence on Church Street for sale. It is a splendid property and in good repair.

Mrs. Peter Macdonald and family are removing this week to their fine new residence at the corner of Park and Lake Avenues.

H. P. Moore has sold to James McIntosh his former residence at the corner of Bower Avenue and Frederick streets.

Mrs. Alex. Fawcett has disposed of her property at the corner of Church and Frederick Streets to W. J. Gordon, harness dealer.

Reeve Swackhamer is engaged in enlarging his residence on Main Street, and when completed it will be a commodious building.

Last Friday about a score of the members of Acton Lodge I. O. O. F. No. 204, under the leadership of Bro. I. Francis, D.D.G.M., and L. Williams, N.G., paid a fraternal visit to Streetsville.

MARRIED

LAIRD-GAMBLE—At the residence of the bride's parents, Church Street, Acton, on Wednesday, October 31, by Rev. G. W. Barker, Wm. Laird, son of Samuel Laird, to Mary Vello, eldest daughter of Thomas Gamble.

FRIEND ROBINSON'S REASON

The story of the courtship of a Quaker spinster of demure manners but definite matrimonial convictions is by no means the only true tale that goes to prove that a poke bonnet may cover a head both willful and clever. So, for that matter, may a broad-rimmed hat. Perhaps the most pleasing of recorded Quaker woolings is one that reveals both perseverance and persuasiveness in man and maid, and an admirable, if disconcerting, candor in the gallant lover, even though he was not yet pledged to the yea, yea and nay, nay of the Friends. The two were Katharine Hollingsworth, "a beautiful and delicate Quaker maiden," and George Robinson, her stalwart neighbor in a little colonial settlement in Delaware.

Of her many suitors, Katharine preferred George, in spite of the fact that he was "of the world's people;" but her elders were unwilling that she should be married "out of meeting." George was a member of the Church of England, but at Katharine's plea he consented to join the Society of the Friends and be married in meeting or anywhere else that she desired, so only as they were married. Therefore, according to Quaker custom, he and she made their first declaration 5th day, 1st month, 1683.

But his conversion had been sudden, and the elders were still dubious. They had scruples, and finally put them in the form of a direct question: "Friend Robinson, dost thou join the society of Friends from conviction or for the love of Katharine Hollingsworth?"

Thereupon George also developed scruples. He could conscientiously join the sect to which his good and lovely sweetheart belonged, but he could not lie about his reason. Reluctantly, but honestly, he answered: "I wish to join the Society for the love of Katharine Hollingsworth."

It is certain that his questioners esteemed him none the less for this confession; and there were probably shrewdly twinkling eyes beneath their sober broadbrims when, after due consideration, they gravely counselled "delay, and that Friend Robinson should be gently, persuasively and instructively dealt with."

Gently persuasively, instructively and successfully Katharine took him in hand; and at the end of the year they were permitted to marry. Their wedded life was long and happy, says the ancient chronicle from which Anne Hollingsworth Wharton takes the story, and they were "for many years an example of piety and goodness to those around them, and they retained their love of truth, and their loyalty to the Society to the last."

COURTESY REWARDED

Not the least of the virtues is courtesy, and it is encouraging to see it suitably rewarded now and then.

I know a young New York fellow, one of our great business men likes to say, who has built himself a big business. He used to be a clerk in a department store. One rainy day, when customers were few, the clerks had gathered to discuss baseball. A woman came into the store. The baseball "fans" did not disband; but this young fellow stepped out of the circle and walked over to the woman.

"What can I show you, madam?" he courteously asked.

She told him. He got the article, laid it before her, and explained its merits intelligently. When the woman left, she asked for his card.

Later, the firm received a letter from a woman ordering complete furnishings for a great estate in Scotland. "I want Mr. ——," she wrote, "to supervise the furnishing personally." The name she mentioned was that of the clerk who had been courteous.

"But, madam," wrote the head of the firm, "this man is not one of our most experienced clerks. Hadn't we better send Mr. ——?"

"I want this young man, and no other," wrote the woman in reply.

Large orders impose their own conditions. So our courteous young clerk was sent across the Atlantic to direct the furnishings of a great estate. His customer that day had been Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. The estate was Skibo Castle.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31

ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES A MENACE

General Lesson Title.—The Evils of Strong Drink.

Scripture Lesson.—Prov. 23: 29-35.

Golden Text.—At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. 23: 32.

Devotional Reading.—Ezek. 34: 17-22; 28-31 (beginning with "as").

The Text Explained

29. Woe — Groaning, complaints. Sorrow—Lamentations. Contention—Quarrelsome, arguments. Wounds without cause—The cuts and bruises which the drunkard acquires without remembrance of the circumstances. Redness of eyes—Red eyes, bloodshot eyes.

30. Mixed wine—Wine that was mixed, to increase its strength, with either other kinds of wine, or with spices.

31. When it is red—When it appears alluring. Sparkleth. . . . goeth down smoothly—Making it all the more attractive. Beautiful and seemingly harmless.

32. Biteth like a serpent, stingeth like an adder—Poetical parallelism. No particular meaning.

33. The drunkard "sees things" and talks nonsense. Heart—Should be translated "brain" or "mind."

34. Everything is "going round." He falls, reeling because his equilibrium is destroyed. He has no sense of security. As he that lieth upon the top of a mast—Like the man who clutched the grass to keep from falling off the earth.

35. He comes to and finds himself battered and bruised—he knows not how. But—alas—the temptation is too strong. The fool returns to his folly!

Lesson Themes

Woes of the Drunkard. The lot of the man who drinks to excess is a sore one. The alcohol at first is under his control, but not for long. Gradually, as he takes more and more into his system, it gets the upper hand and soon is the master, merciless and unyielding. First the health (God's most valuable gift to us) is destroyed, and then the mind (Prov. 23: 33), and at last death comes to the body poisoned as with the deadly virus of the snake (Prov. 23: 32). Not a pleasant picture, but nevertheless a true one which may be seen wherever strong drink is still in common use.

The Grip of Evil Habit. In this chapter we see a vivid picture of a man who is in the grip of an evil habit. He has been made a physical wreck from his drinking; yet his only desire is to recover to such an extent that he may be able to commence drinking again. Many a man has been ruined because he made a practice of taking a drink, to brace him up for or after a hard day's work. The practice soon became a habit, and, like all habits, became fixed in his daily life. He could not do without the alcohol and had to increase the amount, as the Chinese proverb says: "First the man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, and then the drink takes a man."

Let it Alone. Alcohol has not much in its favor. Its use brings sorrow, unhappiness, poverty, misery and premature death. It is a habit-forming drug and man cannot measure its effects on the human system. When we are dealing with an article that can be as deadly in its effect as alcohol frequently is, the best motto is, "Let it alone!" It can't do you any good and may do you irreparable injury. Don't take a chance. Let it alone! The question at issue in America just now is whether alcoholic beverages after having been prohibited by constitutional amendment and legal enactment shall be permitted to continue in use illegally to the greater temptation of the weak and the undermining of law and order in general. The motto "Let it alone" must become "Put it beyond the reach of all." In that policy alone lies national safety and honor.

For Study and Discussion

What evil effects does alcohol have on a man's mind? What does it do to his body? How does it effect his willpower? Is it safe to trifle with it? Is the risk worth while? What is the best policy for the individual to use toward it? What is the present issue in America? How great is the responsibility of the individual citizen for law enforcement in his community?

Daily Readings for Next Week

Monday—Josh. 6: 1-11.
Tuesday—Josh. 6: 12-20.
Wednesday—Josh. 10: 12-21.
Thursday—Josh. 10: 28-33.
Friday—Josh. 11: 16-22.
Saturday—Heb. 11: 30-40.
Sunday—Psalm 66: 1-9.

TOMMY TO THE RESCUE

How Tommy—by no other name known to fame—came to the rescue of a hungry infant and a distressed mother in a metropolitan subway car is the theme of an incident described in the New York Herald. Somewhat condensed, it runs as follows:

The mother opened a small wicker bag and drew forth a bottle, the very slightly gray color of which indicated that it had formerly contained milk. She gave it to the infant, who, after two lusty intakes, discovered the deception that had been practiced upon him and went up two octaves in his roaring. On all sides looks of distress began to appear in the eyes of the passengers.

At about this time a young man of eleven years came into the limelight. All that is known of him is that his name is Thomas. He broke the side of a large paper bag that rested between him and an eight-year-old companion and drew forth a pint bottle of milk. He looked bashfully at the troubled mother opposite, and when she glanced at him he held the bottle up and nodded the question:

"Want it?"

Two minutes later the only unusual noise in the car was a gurgle; the baby was still "going strong" when the car reached Ninety-sixth Street.

No sooner had the older boy regained his seat, after doing his good turn, than his little companion whispered in awe:

"Say, Tommy, you'll git kilt!"

The answer to that was immediate. An elderly man at Tommy's right turned the boy's hand and put a quarter into it, and the smiling mother tossed ten cents at his feet. The boy immediately returned the ten cents to the infant's mother, but, for some strang psychological reason, he kept the elderly man's quarter.

A REASONABLE COMPLAINT

"Well, George," said the president of the company to one of his old teamsters, "how goes it?"

"Fair to middlin', sir," George answered; and he continued to curry-bong a bay horse.

"Me an' this here hoss," George said suddenly, "has worked for your firm sixteen years."

"Well, well," said the president of the company, thinking a little guiltily of George's salary. "And I suppose you are both pretty highly valued, George, eh?"

"H'm!" said George. "The both of us was sick last week, and they got a doctor for the hoss, but they docked my pay."

HUMAN FLIES SCALE C. P. R. CHIMNEY

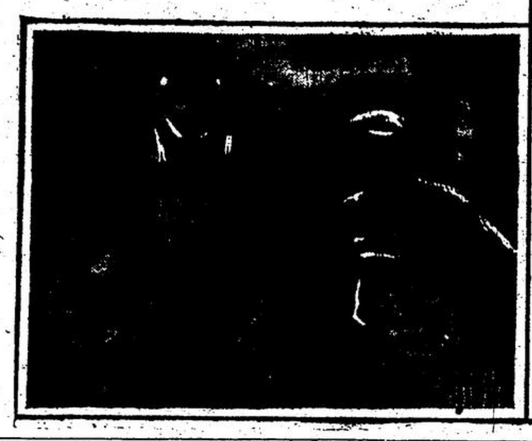
Walking around a two-foot-wide platform that encircled the top of the 218-foot-high chimney at the end of Windsor Street station train platforms, Henry Held, of New York, and Richard Boucher, of Three Rivers, drew many eyes from the neighboring streets and from the windows of the C. P. R. offices. The men had been engaged by the company to repoint the bricks, clean the surface and repair the lightning rods on the huge chimney.

The work of getting the platform to the top of the chimney occupied the men for eight days. Every upward movement of the platform was to a height of six feet and at the last minute of completing this work one of the men would be standing on a single plank, the rest having been raised to the upper position. This ticklish work was to the onlooker dangerous in the extreme, but the men thought nothing of it.

Asked if he ever suffered from attacks of vertigo, Held laughed and said he never had. "I feel just as safe up there as I do on the ground." He is a man over sixty years of age and has been doing this kind of work for the past forty years. "I feel right at home on the C. P. R. chimney," he added, "for I built it in 1912." However, he is thinking of quitting in another couple of years, although his nerve is as good as ever it was. He owns a half-section of land in Alberta and it is there that he says he will settle down.

Both men moved with the same ease at the perilous heights as though they were walking on the street. At times, when hauling a plank upwards, one of them stooped over the edge of the platform looking sheer down the drop of 200 feet. At other times they swung out from the walls of the big chimney perched on a tiny cradle. At all times they appeared to have complete mastery of the situation.

Although it took them eight days to hoist the platform to its present position, they glide from it to the ground on a cradle in slightly less than a minute.



GEMS OF THOUGHT

The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story, and writes another; and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it.—J. M. Barrie.

One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of desire to duty, is worth more than all the good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves.—J. H. Newman.

It is a pleasant sight to see anybody thanking God, for the air is very heavy with the hum of murmuring, and the roads are dusty with complaints and lamentations.—C. H. Spurgeon.

It is wonderful how many ways there are of bringing people to Christ if we are dead in earnest about it and care more about that than anything else.—Dr. L. A. Hanks.

He that will not live by toil has no right on English soil!—Kingsley.

Prosperity is not without many fears and distates, and adversity is not without comforts and hopes.—Bacon.

Give what you have. To someone it may be better than you dare to think. —H. W. Longfellow.

The measure of service is the mark of greatness.

Corns cripple the feet and make walking a torture, yet sure relief in the shape of Holloway's Corn Remover is within reach of all.

WHERE THE WOL COMES FROM

In addressing a group of smal children recently, one of the workers of the American Humane Education Society tried to impress on their minds the fact that they obtain a great many of the necessaries of life from the animal kingdom. Her difficulties are told in Our Dumb Animals.

"Where do you get your milk and butter and cheese?" she asked.

"Cows," answered most of the children, although some replied, "From the store."

"And eggs?" demanded the instructor.

"Hens," answered those who did not answer "Store."

"And wool?" asked the instructor.

There was only one answer to this question—"The Store."

"Well, yes," said the instructor, "but how does it get into the store? Now think, wool—wool, you get wool from the back of—what?"

Expectantly she waited the answer; presently it came from a small girl in the front seat:

"Back of the counter!"

Sleep is the great nourisher of infants, and without peaceful sleep the child will not thrive. This cannot be got if the infant be troubled with worms. Miller's Worm Powders will destroy worms and drive them from the system, and afterwards the child's rest will be undisturbed. The powders cannot injure the most delicate baby, and there is nothing so effective for restoring the health of a worm-worn infant.

ONE FOR TEACHER

The Bishop of Manchester, who was at one time a school master tells the story of a teacher in an elementary school who was trying to impress on the children how important had been the discovering of the law of gravitation. Sir Isaac Newton was sitting on the ground. An apple fell on his head; and from that he discovered gravatation.

"Just think, children," she added, "isn't that wonderful?"

A small boy replied, "Yes, miss, and if he had been sittin' in the schoolroom lookin' at his books, he would not have discovered nothin'."

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS

In one column of an ordinary newspaper, explains the Kingston Standard, there are 10,000 pieces of type used; there are seven possible wrong positions for each letter; there are 70,000 chances to make errors, and millions of possible transpositions. In the sentence, "To be or not to be," 2,759,022 errors can be made by transposition alone, and yet you hear people kick about the number of mistakes which actually occur.

With the high rate of speed at which a modern newspaper is produced, the wonder is that errors are the exception rather than the rule.

The Oil of Power.—It is not claimed for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil that it will remedy every ill, but its uses are so various that it may be looked upon as a general pain killer. It has achieved that greatness for itself, and its excellence is known to all who have tested its virtues and learned by experience.

THE POINT OF VIEW OF THE HAREM

Few travellers have had the opportunities to learn the circumstances and the views of life characteristic of the secluded women of the Turkish harems that Miss Grace Ellison, the English writer, has enjoyed. She declares that she has never seen an "old maid" in Turkey, and does not believe that such a thing exists. Then she goes on:

I have talked with many Turkish brides and have received many confidences; the whole question of marriage in Turkey has always interested me immensely. The first Turkish bride I ever met, long years ago, had never seen her husband before the marriage and had detested him from the first. "There was nothing wrong with him," she admitted, "except that I didn't like him." Ultimately she managed to escape, married a man of her own choice, and was much more unhappy with him than she had been with the first.

Another bride told me that as a great favor she was allowed to see her future husband, and that she has regretted it ever since! "The dreadful imprudence seems to have robbed life of all its romance!" she said.

Yet one more confession! "I peeped through the lattice window to look at him as he walked past," said another. "Quite an uninteresting little man, but he was my fate, and I might have got something worse."

But at her wedding I found a tall and handsome bridegroom. "What does this mean?" I asked. "What has happened?"

And she answered quite calmly: "I must have looked at the wrong man."

Wretched from Asthma. Strength of body and vigor of mind are inevitably impaired by the visitations of asthma. Who can live under the cloud of recurring attacks and keep body and mind at their full efficiency? Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy dissipates the cloud by removing the cause. It does relieve. It does restore the sufferer to normal bodily and mental happiness.

ACCLIMATED

Harrigan was out walking with his new bull pup when he met a friend. Everybody's Magazine reports the conversation.

"That's a fine looking brute," his friend, who was an admirer of blooded dogs, said. "Where do you keep him?"

"Oh, up in my room," said Harrigan.

"Don't you know that it isn't very healthy to keep a dog in your room?" asked the friend.

"Oh, he's used to it now," Harrigan answered.

Worms cause fretfulness and rob the infant of sleep, the great nourisher. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will clear the stomach and intestines and restore healthfulness.

WHY SHOPKEEPERS GROW MORBID

A small boy, whose head hardly reached the level of the counter, says the Philadelphia Ledger, entered the shop.

"Please, sir," he piped, "father told me to get him some oak varnish."

"How much does your father want, my little man?" inquired the smiling shopman.

"Father said you was to fill this," replied the little fellow, handing over a pint jar.

The shopman filled it and handed it back.

"Father will pay you next Saturday," said the child casually. But the face of the shopman grew dark.

"We don't give credit here!" he said. "Give me back the jar!"

Meekly the small boy handed back the jar; the man emptied it and returned it with a scowl.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy. "My father said you'd be sure to leave enough round the sides for him to finish the job he has to do, and you have, sir."

Great Rejoicing by Rheumatic Cripples

If So Crippled You Can't Use Arms or Legs, Rheuma Will Help You or Nothing to Pay

Get a bottle of Rheuma to-day and wear a satisfied smile on your face tomorrow.

It's a remedy that is astonishing the whole country, and it's just as good for gout, sciatica and lumbago as for rheumatism.

It drives the poisonous waste from the joints and muscles—that's the secret of Rheuma's success.

But we don't ask you to take our word for it; go to E. J. Hassard or any good druggist and get a bottle of Rheuma to-day; if it doesn't do as we promise get your money back. It will be there waiting for you.

THE STOCKING BASKET

Mending stockings might well be thought a prosaic occupation, if not a dull one. The woman who sits down every week before twenty pairs, worn by active feet, big and little, often finds the pile discouraging, although she would not have it smaller by a single pair.

But there is a curious, half-mysterious charm in the work. It is as if it typified all wifely and motherly duty. Even the maiden aunt, with a darning needle in her hand, has the air of a matron. The coziest corner in the house is the most fit for the stocking basket and its presiding genius. An incontestible verdict against a gorgeous palace recently built by a rich man was pronounced by a woman, both refined and rich: "There isn't a spot in the whole house where I could darn a stocking!"

It is amusing or pathetic but true, that the modern stocking should have taken the place held by the medieval shield. To bide at home and polish the shield was then the sign of wifely devotion. The worn stocking may not lend itself so easily to the demands of poetry, but is none the less a beautiful and appropriate symbol.

There was a time within twenty years when it seemed as if stocking-mending were doomed. A clever writer, speaking of the fact, said it was the natural reaction from an age which worked wool parrots with beaded eyes to an age which hires outsiders to darn its stockings. But today the pendulum has swung back and my lady presides over the working basket—whether it is filled with dainty Parisian hose of silk, or with stout woollen socks, fit for tussle with thorn and wind and weather.

An Oil of Merit.—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is not a jumble of medicinal substances thrown together and pushed by advertising, but the result of the careful investigation of the healing qualities of certain oils as applied to the human body. It is a rare combination, and it won and kept public favor from the first. A trial of it will carry conviction to any who doubt its powers to repair and heal.

NOT ABOVE BUTTONS

The late Henrik Ibsen upheld the superiority of women in his dramas, but in real life he considered them inferior to men in many lines of usefulness generally classed as feminine. For example, his friend, John Paulsen, says in the London Times that one of Ibsen's maxims was:

"No woman could write a cook-book and no woman can sew a button on fast."

He lived up to the latter part of his dictum. When he detected a loose button on any of his garments, he retreated to his own den, locked himself in, and with elaborate preparations, sewed the button on.

He took as much pains with the job as he would with the final, fair copy of one of his plays. Then he used to brag about the performance, saying that he would not put trust in a button sewn on by any woman—not even his wife.

His wife used to laugh with a quaint expression on these occasions. She confided to Paulsen that she secretly resewed all the buttons that the poet had sewn, sewed them as only a woman can, she said. He always forgot to fasten the thread, and the buttons would come off in a few days if she did not look after them.

"But don't undeceive him," the faithful wife added, appealingly; "it makes him so happy to think that he does it."

McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets Fine For Thin Underdeveloped Kids

Children Love Them Because They Are Sugar Coated and as Easy to Take as Candy

It's your duty, Mother, to see that the frail, peaked, sickly youngster grows up to be strong in body, keen in mind and robust in health.

Extract from the livers of the lowly codfish are the health, weight and the strength producing vitamines that are found in McCoys Cod Liver Extract Tablets, which are sold by pharmacists all over North and South America.

Doctors know about them and so does the druggist, and if your children need building up ask for these tablets to-day if you want to give your loved ones a good appetite and put pounds of good healthy flesh on their bones. But be sure to get McCoy's.

They are not expensive—60 Tablets—60 cents, and if you are not pleased with the improvement after 30 days—your money back.

A very sickly child, aged 9, gained 12 pounds in seven months and is strong and healthy.

One skinny woman gained 9 pounds in 24 days.

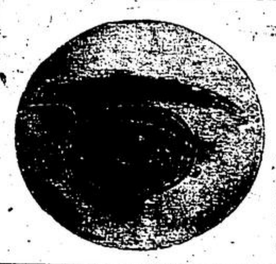
Superb in Flavour

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

T35

Every cup is a new delight. Ask for it.

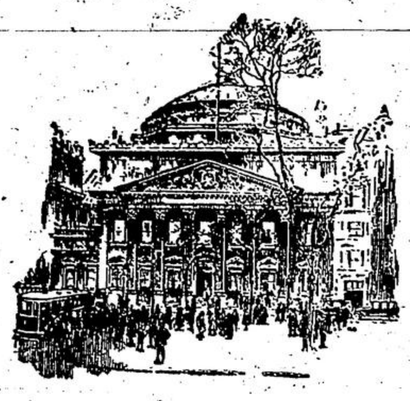


J. Cadesky
OF TORONTO
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
WILL BE AT A. T. BROWN'S DRUG STORE, ACTON
Monday, Nov. 1st
Anyone suffering from Eyestrain, Defective Vision or Headache should not miss the opportunity of consulting this eyesight specialist. Appointments may be made with Mr. A. T. Brown, Druggist.
CONSULTATION FREE
Office Hours 9 a. m. till 4 p. m.

HERE IS A SWEET that is DELICIOUS and NOURISHING

BENSON'S GOLDEN SYRUP

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED — MONTREAL



Bond Interest

When your interest coupons become due, or when you receive cheques for interest on registered bonds, deposit them in a Savings Account in the Bank of Montreal. The money you receive on your investment in bonds will then earn interest for you.

Acton Branch: L. B. SHOREY, Manager.

BANK OF MONTREAL
Established 1817

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.

TIME TABLES AT ACTON

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Going West		
No. 25	Sunday Only	10.41 a.m.
No. 31		7.45 a.m.
No. 33		2.39 p.m.
No. 35		5.09 p.m.
Going East		
No. 24	Sunday Only	7.08 p.m.
No. 26		7.02 a.m.
No. 30		11.48 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	7.55	a.m.
Daily	9.55	a.m.
Daily	11.55	a.m.
Daily	1.55	p.m.
Daily	3.55	p.m.
Daily	5.55	p.m.
Daily	7.55	p.m.
Daily	9.55	p.m.
Daily	12.24	a.m.
Eastbound		
Daily	6.58	a.m.
Daily	9.37	a.m.
Daily	11.37	a.m.
Daily	1.37	p.m.
Daily	3.37	p.m.
Daily	5.37	p.m.
Daily	7.37	p.m.
Daily	9.37	p.m.
Daily	11.35	p.m.

Toronto Terminal
Keele Street and St. Clair Avenue
Freight delivered by special express freight. Freight picked up at any address in Toronto.

TORONTO-KITCHENER BUS SERVICE

Luxurious T. K. L. Coaches Operate Over Highway

Leave Acton Going West		
a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
10.05	3.05	8.35

Leave Acton Going East		
a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
7.00	1.30	9.30

Arrive—Guelph 10.45 a.m.; 3.45 p.m. and 9.15 p.m.

Arrive—Kitchener, 11.30 a.m.; 4.30 p.m. and 10.00 p.m.

Arrive—Toronto, 11.30 a.m.; 3.30 p.m. and 9.00 p.m.

Extra Sunday car to Toronto leaves Acton at 8.30 p.m., arriving in the city at 10.30 p.m.

All coaches call at Wiles Cafe, Acton.

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Complete List of all Necessary Farmer's Goods

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