The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1929

A SONG OF SNOW TIME

Singing song of snowtime,
Now it's passing by,
Million little fleecy flakes
Falling from the sky.
When the ground is covered
And the hedge and trees,
There will be a gay time
For the chickadees.

Boys are in the school house,
Drawing on their slates,
Pictures of the coasting place,
And thinking of their skates.
Girls are nodding knowingly,
Smilingly about,
Thinking of a day time
When the school is out.

Three o'clock, four o'clock!
Bang! goes the bell!
Get your hats and coats and wraps,
Hurry off pell-mell.
Bring along the coasters all
If you want some fun,—
Up the hill top,
Jump, slide and run.

Health Service of the Canadian Medical Association

YOU—YOURSELF

Last week it was pointed out that the beginning of the year is, according to custom, a natural time for stock-taking, and that it would be a good idea for each family to devote the time necessary for a health-stock-taking of its members.

This week, we speak to ourselves. What we say is meant for the person who is reading this article, not for someone else in the family. Do you know in what condition your body is? During the past year, did you go to your doctor and ask him to give you a health examination, or are you one of those who wait until they are sick before they think of their doctor? How many of your friends died during the past year, who thought, until a short time before they were stricken, that there was nothing wrong with them?

We do not wish to cause you to worry about yourself, but we do wish to make you realize you are not able to say that, just because you feel well, there is nothing wrong with you or with any part of your body. It is good and desirable to feel well, but if you want to keep right on feeling so, the thing to do is to have yourself examined and so make sure that there is not something gradually developing which will temporarily put an end to your feeling well.

Go to your doctor, not because you think you are sick, but because you want to keep well. It requires the skill of a physician, the knowledge gained by years of experience and training, to detect the change which are the earliest signs of disease. It is at this early stage that treatment is so effective and that good results are secured, but treatment cannot be secured unless the doctor is given the opportunity to judge of its need.

Be a health client of your family physician, not a patient. Start the year with a health examination, which is the best insurance for a year's health and a year's well-being.

Questions addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, concerning Health, will be answered personally by letter.

Your home Medicine Chest—Among the standard household remedies that should always be on hand in your home medicine chest, none is more important than Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Its manifold usefulness in relieving pain and healing sickness is known by many thousands throughout the land. Always use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for relieving rheumatic and sciatic pains, treating sore throats and chests, coughs, burns, scalds, cuts bruises and sprains.

IMPOLITE GUESTS

The Irish reformer, Father Mathew, used to tell of a remarkable visit made to his grandfather by Dean Swift. Mr. Mathew lived near Dublin, and invited the eccentric dean to dine and spend the night at his house. A large party of the neighboring gentry were bidden to meet him.

The dean drove up to the house, and summoning the butler asked the names of the guests.

"Tell your master," he shouted, "I will meet no such people," and drove away in a fury. Before he reached the lodge gates, however, he changed his mind, returned, alighted and demanded to be shown to his room.

When his host came to him, Swift said, "I am willing to accept your hospitality, but I will not meet your guests."

He was told that his meals should be served in his room, as if he were at home. He remained thus isolated for two days, then came down in high good humor, joined the party and extended his visit for four months.

Our ancestors were more indulgent and respectful to the eccentricities of men of genius than are the present generation. Byron was accepted and patiently tolerated when he chose to sit in moody silence throughout a dinner-party given in his honor, scowling contemptuously at the delicious plates before him, while he sipped vinegar and munched a cracker.

Many of the leading people in English society regarded Thomas Carlyle with a feeling almost akin to reverent delight when he chose to behave like an ignorant boor in their drawing-rooms, even taking his seat, it is said, unbidden, in the presence of the queen.

This generation, however, has little patience with such eccentricities. It was an English bishop that is still living, who, when the historian Freeman had worn out his patience with his rudeness, introduced him to a waiting audience as "the distinguished scholar that so admirably describes and illustrates the savagery of our ancestors."

Another English historian visiting America was tendered a reception by a literary club in New York, and formally received in a speech of welcome by a venerable clergyman.

Finding the speech too long the guest yawned in the bishop's face, turned his back on him, and walked to a window. There was a quick interchange of amazed glances, then the men fell into groups, and the underbred visitor was left to the care of one man for the rest of the evening. The rebuke was silent, but keen and keenly felt.

The Family Physician.—The good doctor is always worth his fee. But it is not always possible to get a doctor just when you want him. In such cases, common sense suggests the use of reliable home remedies, such as Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which is wonderfully effective in easing inflammatory pains and healing cuts, scratches, bruises and sprains. The presence of this remedy in the family medicine chest saves many a fee.

HARSH BUT TRUE

The friendly guest who says jovially, "Never mind the napkins," seldom, if ever, sees one on his table at home. The one who accepts the snowy square but insists upon folding it again after the meal is over, knows little of table etiquette. Never laugh at the chap who tucks his napkin under his chin, if you fold your own after using. You can be judged by your napkin knowledge more quickly than you may suppose. Seems silly to make these statements, but watch the guests at the next large banquet you attend and see how necessary it is.

The Free Press' Short Story

THEIR ANNIVERSARY

MARY E. MITCHELL

THE Rev. John Sills sat in his study, while his two-year-old daughter crept about his feet. He was in a particularly easy mood: it was only Wednesday, yet his next Sunday's sermon was finished and put away; no calls of duty disturbed his mind; his parish was in a prosperous condition, and his family rejoiced in the best of health. Everything seemed in tune with the bright day, especially the fact that it was his wedding anniversary, and its celebration was to be a pleasant one. Simple, perhaps, in the eyes of the world, but an event in the lives of two busy people whose means did not much overlap the stern limits of necessity.

A horse and carriage had been engaged and the minister and his wife were to ride thirty miles, lunching in true picnic fashion, to the former home of Mrs. Sills. The next afternoon they would return in the same delightful manner. It would be their first real holiday, taken by themselves, since the little trip eight years before, at the end of which the young husband had brought his bride to her new home.

Mr. Sills dreamed in happy anticipation, as he arranged his desk, sorting and tearing up letters, and throwing handfuls of scraps into his waste-basket. Baby smiled with him as she tipped over that receptacle and scattered the torn bits far and wide.

"O naughty baby!" said her father.

"John, come here a minute!" called Mrs. Sills from somewhere, and the minister left the room.

While he was gone, young Jack came in with the mail. Not finding his father, he laid a letter and a paper on the table, and with seven-year-old haste, ran out to his play. The letter balanced a moment on the edge of the table, then slid to the floor, and baby pounced upon it. There was a delicious tear, and the envelope was in two.

When Mr. Sills returned, he sat down, opened the paper Jack had brought, and was soon lost in its contents. It was almost time for the carriage to appear when, glancing up, he spied among the debris of baby's riotous hand, a conspicuously large and recent-looking scrap. "Why, he exclaimed, picking it up, who did she get hers? This is an unopened letter. Baby, where did you get it?"

But baby did not commit herself. Jack was summoned and questioned.

"I put the letter right on the table, papa. It must have fallen off."

The whole family began a search for the rest of the missive—all but baby: she sat by and laughed and gurgled. Nothing could be found.

"Perhaps you can make it out from what you have," suggested Mrs. Sills.

Mr. Sills opened the mutilated epistle. With its jagged tear indenting the edge, the sheet read:

Hillside, Ju

Rev. John Sills:

Dear Sir: In the absence of our past I write to ask you to perform the services of our only daughter, Sarah Edith takes places at my house Wednesday at t Henry will meet you at the arrival of the was suddenly called away this morning to you. You perhaps remember our dau only eighteen years of age, young to lea exceptionally mature and lovely chara grief at parting with her, but we trust she life. Yours very sincerely,

J. B. Thaxte

"This letter has evidently been delayed,"—remarked Mr. Sills, looking grave. "I must go to Hillside on that twelve-thirty train to attend a funeral.— I'm afraid we'll have to give up our trip."

"Oh John! Can't some one else go?"

"No, dear. Mr. Thaxter has appealed to me, and I cannot fail him in his grief. His only daughter is dead."

"That pretty girl! What was the matter?"

"He doesn't say, unless in the missing part. I'm so sorry, dear."

"I know, John. I was only selfish for a moment when I thought of our holiday. You must eat some of our picnic lunch, and start right off."

As Mr. Sills sat in the train during his half-hour's journey, his thoughts were of the bereaved family and the words that he was to speak to them. What was he to say to those parents, sorrowing over the loss of their only daughter? His own disappointment seemed too petty a thing to think of in the face of such grief.

A shy and awkward boy of fourteen came up to Mr. Sills when he stepped off the train, and inquired:

"Are you the minister?"

"I am. And you are Henry Thaxter?"

"Yes, sir. Here's the wagon."

Mr. Sills clambered in, followed by Henry, who seemed stiff and bashful in his best clothes. The minister was embarrassed himself. He hardly knew how to speak to the lad who had just lost his only sister. They drove in silence for some time, then Mr. Sills turned to the oby."

"Henry," he said, "this must be a great grief to you. I am very sorry for you."

Henry flicked a fly from the horse's back. Then he answered with the shy gruffness of youth:

"Yes, sir. A girl's handy to have round. But pa says what's our loss is her gain."

Mr. Sills was not prepared for so philosophical an answer from the lips of youth, but he replied gravely:

"That is true. We must remember what it means to her, and forget our own aching hearts."

When Mrs. Sills heard the six-o'clock train whistle, she went out on the porch to meet her husband. She had worked all day with a sense of dreary monotony. Beside the green fields, pine woods and the open air that had comprised her inward vision for weeks, the dull reality of daily routine, housework and noisy children seemed unendurable. And John needed a vacation so! Also, the thought of the saddened household oppressed her.

Presently she caught sight of John coming up the street. His step was brisk, and he smiled and waved his hand cheerily as he entered the gate. Then he sat down on the step and took off his hat.

"Tired, dear?" asked Mrs. Sills sympathetically.

"Oh, a little. These things are a bit tiring. I wish you had been there. It was very jolly!"

Mrs. Sills gasped.

"Jolly!"

"Yes, I don't know when I've had so much fun."

"John Sills! Are you crazy?" cried Mrs. Sills. "Fun at a funeral!"

The minister leaned back against the porch pillar and burst into laughter.

"I forgot," he said. "Come into the study and make one more search for the missing part of the letter. That will tell you better than I can."

The remainder of baby's mischief was found at last, blown under the big lounge. Mr. Sills fitted the two parts together, and Mrs. Sills read the whole:

Rev. John Sills:

Dear Sir: In the absence of our pastor, Mr. Smith, I write to ask you to perform the services attending the marriage of our only daughter, Sarah Edith. The wedding takes place at my house Wednesday at two o'clock. Henry will meet you at the arrival of the noon train. Mr. Smith was suddenly called away this morning and I appeal to you. You perhaps remember our daughter. She is only eighteen years of age, young to leave us, but she is of an exceptionally mature and lovely character. You can imagine our grief at parting with her, but we trust she will be happy in her new life. Your very sincerely,

J. B. Thaxter.

Mrs. Sills' eyes filled with tears. It was for this she had grieved all day, for this her anniversary had been sacrificed! Somehow the humor of the situation did not strike her. Her husband put his arm about her.

"Never mind, dear," he said. "Our good time is only postponed. The bridegroom has been most generous in the way of a fee, and we will take our journey to-morrow, and stay three days instead of two. Only," he added, "hereafter I think we'll keep baby out of the study when the mail comes in."

Neighborhood News

ERIN

We are sorry to report that Mr. Thos. P. Barbour is quite seriously ill.

Mr. Wesley May spent the week-end with relatives in Albion Township.

Mrs. Kenneth Leitch, of Detroit, Mich., is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Baird.

The friends of Mrs. George Ramesbottom, who has been ill, will be pleased to know that she is improving.

Mr. Wesley Graham has leased his farm to Mr. Edward Murray. Mr. Murray will get possession in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Yearsley, of London, and Mrs. Ecclestone, Sr., were recent visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ecclestone.

Mr. Geo. Anthony left for his home at Calgary, Alberta, on Thursday last, after spending ten days with relatives here.

Miss Maggie McMillan returned to North Bay last week, after spending a few days with her sister and brother, Miss Mary and Mr. Frank McMillan.—Advocate.

GEORGETOWN

A number of the girls at the High School Matrimonial Institute are to be the grave of their late schoolmate, Edna Linnan, to-day.

Judge Moore, of Acton, was in town on Monday, and made the Herald a pleasant call.

Mr. Harold McClure, who has been quite ill during the past three weeks, is improving nicely.

Mr. Dave Dick, of Cleveland, Ohio, spent last week at the home of his brother, Mr. Clayton Dick, Esquesing.

Mrs. W. C. Bezzey, who has been confined to her bed for some weeks with pneumonia, is now improving nicely.

The Dominion Store have leased the premises now occupied and owned by Mr. A. Restivo and will move there the first of February. Mr. Restivo will move his fruit store next door.

The firemen had a run last Friday evening to Georgetown Lumber Co.'s mill, but there was no fire. The steam from the boiler caused some one to turn in an alarm.—Herald.

OAKVILLE

E. M. Paynter attended the Bank of Commerce dance in Toronto on Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kilgour, with their son, Arthur, and the Misses Marjory, Joan and Nora Kilgour, left town last Saturday to reside in Toronto for the remainder of the winter.

Ex-Mayor and Mrs. W. E. Peathyes, of Hamilton, and Jas. Coote, of Montreal, were among those attended the funeral of W. H. Tuck on Tuesday.

Mr. Jas. Ryrie and Miss Christine Ryrie sailed from New York last week for California, where they will spend the balance of the winter. On the cruise they will pass through the Panama canal. —Star.

The skating rink was being made ready for opening on Saturday evening, but it rained instead.

J. M. Denyes, of Milton, Public School Inspector for Halton, was in town on Tuesday to attend the funeral of his friend and co-worker in the Oakville United Church, W. H. Tuck.—Record.

BURLINGTON

Miss Jean McIlwraith and niece, Miss Marjorie McIlwraith, arrived at Savannah, Georgia, where they intend spending the winter months.

James Keedwell, of Detroit, has been renewing acquaintances in town during the past few days.

Miss Mabel Breckon, R. N., who has spending the festive season at her home here, has returned to St. Luke's Hospital, New York City.

Magistrate Barr is confined to his home with the "flu." His many friends will hope for a speedy recovery.

Miss Gertrude Robb, Chief Occupational Therapy aide at the Military Hospital, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec, was a guest of Mrs. Rhynas during the holiday season.

Judge Moore, of Acton, was in town on Tuesday presiding at the Juvenile Court, and was a guest at Ye Editor's. Mr. Moore was formerly proprietor of THE ACTON FREE PRESS and still retains his warm friendship with the newspaper men of the county by favoring them with a brotherly call while in the discharge of his duties.—Gazette.

MILTON

E. C. Featherstone, of Toronto, formerly of Milton, has been spending a few weeks here with his daughter, Mrs. C. McArthur.

The new Town Council will meet for the first time this year on Monday next at 11 a. m., for organization purposes. The only changes in the personnel of the Council from last year will be: Reeve Byer takes the place of Mayor Maxted; Mr. Jas. Blain takes Reeve Byer's place, and J. Brush succeeds Councillor Nixon. —Reformer.

Miss Vera Brooks, of Canboro, formerly of Milton, visited friends here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Biddle, of Milton, visited friends at Rockton last week.

High School started on Monday, despite the fact that two teachers were absent.

Miss Ina White, of Oshawa, spent part of last week with her aunt, Mrs. J. A. Waldie.

John Wallace left on Monday for Florida, where he will spend the winter.

The Spring Assizes for Halton County will be held in Milton on Monday, March 25. Justice McEvoy will preside.

Mr. E. E. Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hartley and Mrs. John Burch, of Erie, Pa., visited friends in Milton on Saturday morning last. They were returning home from Corunna, Mich., where they attended the funeral of Rev. Eustace D. Hartley, formerly of Nelson Township, who died on January 1, aged 87 years.—Champion.

A survey of current publications places the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal in the lead for variety and quality of reading. Always recognized as a steady guide and counsellor to the farmer the survey proclaims it almost as equally popular in urban homes.

THE IDEAL WOMAN

Come, Artist, with pencil and color reveal
On the easel thy dream of the woman ideal.
See, o'er the pale canvas there mantles a blush,
At the whispering low of the magical brush.
And out of the multo-tint cloud grows a face—
The fairest, the sweetest of all the fair race.

Romancer, in this thy ideal as well?
"No; beauty and passion together must dwell
In the perfect conception. That forehead so fair
Is meaningless; give it a shade of despair;
Let a tragedy lurk in the depth of those eyes,
Now tranquil and blue as the fair summer skies."

Oh, Poet, rapt, gazing, speak! What sayest thou?
"This woman I worship has marble-white brow.
As there; she has beauty as perfect I ween,
But no dimples, no laughter, no blushes are seen;
'Tis the soul of the woman illumines the face,
And gives my ideal unmatchable grace.

Man—Man universal, humanity's voice—
Here, render decision; come utter thy voice.
"Nay; cover the picture—no marvel of art
Can show Woman's soul in her beauty of heart
Of the being most near to the Father above,
In purity, gentleness, pity and love.

"Her face, tho' all wrinkled, is radiant with truth,
And has an expression more lovely than youth;
Than Romancer's, or Poet's or Painter's ideal;
'Tis the beauty of goodness—a halo divine;
The ideal woman your mother and mine."

—J. W. Bengough.

THE WIFE AND MOTHER ON THE FARM

I sometimes wonder, when I notice that the wife and mother on the farm is called to her eternal rest, when she is between fifty and sixty years of age, if her household and family duties are as trying now as they were half a century ago.

I recall a case which occurred in this community back in the seventies, which made me think seriously then, and often since, and it seems to me that, with all the modern improvements to lighten labor, the mother of the home on the average farm has just about as hard a time as was experienced by her mother or her grandmother.

In the case I refer to, the wife and mother had passed away, the undertaker had performed his simple duties of that day in preparation for burial, and the hour set for the funeral had come. The hearse, with its old-fashioned black feather plumes stood at the farmhouse door. It seemed a strange and foreign thing, among the bright-colored hollyhocks, the common-place sunshine, the lowing of cows in the barn-yard, and the chickens that moved about upon the green lawn before the house. The buggies and wagons of the neighboring farmers filled the road, for the Browns were much respected.

Mrs. Brown, who had just died, was a "home body" and saw but little of her neighbors, but her husband had grown well-to-do by his industry and close saving, and had pushed his children on in the world.

John, his only son, had been to college, and the girls to a boarding-school, and they were so improved that they seemed to belong to quite another class from their mother.

They had stood with their father at the coffin, to look for the last time at the woman who lay there.

"Your mother was a pretty woman when she was young," the farmer had said.

It had startled him to see how thin and withered her face was under the white hair.

"Sarah's only fifty," he continued. "She hadn't ought to look so old," he said. He had not thought of her looks when she was alive.

There was a certain sullen resentment under his grief that she was dead. How was he to do without her? She was a master hand at cooking and butter-making and laundry-work and sewing. He had never thought to ask her if she needed help. She had never complained, and to complete her work she had risen at five and had gone to bed late at night. Things always ran smoothly. She never spoke of being ill. It stunned him when she took this cold and sank under it in two days. The doctor said that all her strength was gone. "Sarah had the strength of ten women," the husband said. "Where had it gone?"

He was amazed and indignant. Was this the justice of God, to take away a woman so useful in the world? It was not just!

Her daughters sobbed vehemently. She had always been so tender! She did so much for them! They did not, it is true, feel well acquainted with her since they grew up. But between their music, and their studies, and their young companions, and other social occupations their lives had been filled! They smoothed the folds of her merino gown, a little ashamed that the neighbors should see that she had no silk dress. She had insisted that each of them should have silk gowns, and had helped to make them.

Jack, her son, like his father, was shocked to see how tired and worn his mother looked. He had talked for a year or two of taking her for a week to New York. She had never seen a great city. But he always had some engagement. He remembered now that she had made enough in the dairy to keep him in his spending money at college. He wished he had contrived that little holiday for her! They all felt now how good and unselfish she had been, and how dear to them.

"Why should she be taken from us?" the old man moaned, bitterly. "It is cruel. Why has God done this thing?"

And the dead woman lying there, her lips closed forever, could make no answer, save that which toil had stamped upon the thin, worn face, that seemed pleading for rest.

Perhaps we are selfish in making this singular case for this community. Over and over again in the past sixty years have homes been similarly bereft of wife and mother when she was just past her prime in life. Was God unjust and cruel in such cases? Would it not have been more just and reasonable for those who thus complained to have made a little unselfish inward reflection as to who had really been unjust in the case.

I have always been thankful that early in life my Mary and I came to learn the comfort and benefit of carrying life's basket together, and sharing each other's hard times. When I found it desirable to reduce my hard work with some labor-saving device, I am glad to say I was always able to find some improvement by which Mary was relieved of some of the drudgery of her share of the work. As a result of this thoughtfulness we have been spared to one another in our declining years, and now that we are living on borrowed time, life still has a large amount of joy and satisfaction for us.

The Old Man

Every careful and observant mother knows when her child suffers from worms. She also knows that if some remedy be not speedily applied much harm will result to the infant. An excellent preparation for this purpose is Miller's Worm Powders. They drive worms from the system and set up stimulating and soothing effects, so that the child's progress thereafter is painless and satisfying.

MARRIAGE POSTPONED

I went with my sweetie to dinner,
Thinking perhaps a good feed would win her.
It did. She consented.
But my bankroll was dented,
The price of the wedding was in her.

Speedy Relief

IS GIVEN TO COUGHS, COLDS AND BRONCHITIS WHEN TREATED WITH THAT WONDERFULLY EFFECTIVE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

ROBERT'S OF THE EXTRACT OF COD LIVER AND TAR SYRUP

For Sale by
W. D. TALBOT, ACTON, ONTARIO

Most Men Past 40 Break Down Easy

Seven Out of Ten Are Victims of Bladder or Prostrate Weakness.

Tells How Dr. Southworth's "Uratabs" Bring Quick, Amazing Relief

Overworked, sluggish Kidneys, Bladder Weakness and Prostrate Gland trouble bring on so many distressing and often serious ailments—that every sufferer from Lameness, Pains in Back and down through groins, Scanty but frequent and burning Urination, Getting-Up-Nights, Nervous Irritability or Weakness and Lack of Vital Force—should test the proven value of Dr. Southworth's URATABS at once!

Amazing testimony of Physicians and users gives convincing proof of the remarkable power of URATABS—a special prescription successfully used for more than 40 years in the private practice of Dr. H. C. Southworth. After only a few days' use, a startling improvement is often noticed—as a multitude of alarming symptoms begin to disappear.

Through special arrangements and to benefit those who cannot personally call on the Doctor, URATABS can now be obtained from any good, local druggist on a positive guarantee of money back on first box purchased if not fully satisfied. So if you need a medicine of this kind, try URATABS to-day.

Every tiny leaf is a storehouse of flavour

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

'Fresh from the gardens'

W. B. BROWNE & Co.

Millers and Grain Merchants—Norval, Ontario

NATIONAL NORVAL For Pastry

KING'S CHOICE CANADIAN WONDER For Bread

BRAN SHORTS MIDDLINGS

Chopped Wheat Barley, and Chicken Feed At the Mill

Agents for WHEAT POOL Bring Your WHEAT OATS BARLEY Here — Take FEED Back—We Will Truck if Preferred

CONSULT OUR NEAREST DEALER

Now You Can Get Delivery On
The Famous "Four-Twenty"
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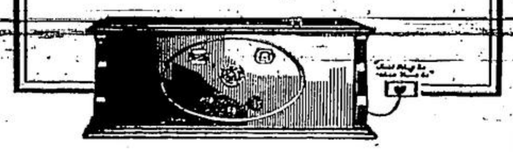

Only $165 Complete (except Speaker)

The Biggest Value in the Whole Field of Electric Radio

IT would have been nice, of course, to have had a Rogers in time for the Holidays—but even some of the folks who ordered sets early were disappointed this year. The flood of orders from those who wanted Batteryless Radio was more than the Rogers factory—even with its enlarged facilities—could cope with, temporarily. *Now*, however, you can get delivery on practically any of the new, 1929 Models—including the famous "Four-Twenty" Model shown above.

This Model "Four-Twenty" Rogers is, just as our headline states: "The biggest value in the whole field of electric radio."

The model that preceded it was first introduced to the public in 1926 and outsold all other electric sets in 1927 at $225! The present price of $165 is only possible because of Rogers greatly increased production and you can rest assured that if any other comparable electric radio *could* be sold at this price you would soon hear about it.

Ask Us To Show You . . .

Test this famous model as to distance, selectivity, volume, tone-quality (any way you wish) in your own home at our expense. If it doesn't perform to your *entire* satisfaction send it back. If it does—and it will—we'll make it easy for you to keep it.

H. A. COXE---Garage

MAIN STREET - - ACTON, ONT.

Are You Losing Money Every Day?

Buying your Groceries at our prices you are obtaining the best value for your money. Paying higher than our prices you are not getting the most for your grocery dollar—you are losing money. Common-sense brings thrifty people to Carroll's Stores—savings on everyday needs—quality that satisfies particular people

Carroll's Wrapped BREAD
Makes every meal a feast. Unequalled for its fine, light texture and sweet, appetizing flavor. Keeps its freshness longer than ordinary bread. 24-oz. loaf for 9c

Carroll's Fine TEAS
Early pickings from the most famous gardens. By securing first-crop pickings we conserve a finer quality for our customers. Unequalled good values at per pound
60c, 65c, 75c

Springbank Club DRY GINGER ALE
All that you get in the high-priced Ginger Ales—except the high price—made from pure filtered Springbank Club Dry spring water and choicest ingredients. Carton of 6 bottles for 25c
(12c deposit for bottles).

Sliced Breakfast BACON
You'll enjoy the very mild sweet-flavored cure of our Bacon. Sliced very thin, wrapped in parchment. 1-lb. 32c
Tender Smoked Cottage Rolls, per lb. 27c

Blue Goose Navel ORANGES
Preferred for their fine appearance, weight of juice, and extra sweetness. Blue Goose Navel Oranges, dozen
27c, 33c, 40c

Texas Seedless GRAPEFRUIT
A larger content of juice, no tough core, no nest of seeds. A finer Grapefruit, easier to prepare.
Medium size ..... 4 for 25c
Larger size ..... 3 for 25c

Carroll's Creamery BUTTER
Fancy Creamery per pound 46c
Full-Cream June Cheese, lb. 25c
Pure Lard highest grade, 3-lb. pail 53c
Eggs, Firsts, doz. 38c

Infants-Delight SOAP
Special—1 tin Taylor's Talcum Powder 1 Washcloth and 1 cake Infants' Delight Toilet Soap, reg. 45c value for 25c
Fairy Toilet Soap, ... 4 cakes 25c

Special—Aylmer Fancy Quality Orange
Marmalade 48-oz. Jar **26c**
Iceberg Lettuce, head 9c, and 13c — Cabbage, per pound 3c

Special—Paterson's Fresh Crisp
SODAS 1-lb. pkg. **13c**
Burford Peas, 2s, 2 tins 21c — Aylmer Tomatoes, 2½s, 2 tins 25c

Special—Upton's Finest Quality, Pure
Strawberry Jam 48-oz. Jar Reg. 65c **41c**
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CATSUP Large Quart Bottle **18c**

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To Be Continued Next Week