The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1929

TWO ROADS

In winter time it's straight and hard,
The road to Knowledge Land,
By Study Lane and Schoolbook Place
With pencil in your hand;
Your eyes must see, your ears must hear
The things there are to learn,
And never to the right or left
Your little feet must turn.
When the summer time is here, oh, then
You'll find the Greenfield Way
And Woodsy Path and Sunset Hill
Will lead you day by day,
If you will look and listen well
And read on every hand
The open books Dame Nature leaves,
To that same Knowledge Land.

Neighborhood News

GEORGETOWN

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Moore, of Acton, visited in town last week.

Mr. C. B. Goodwin, Dominion Apiarist, Ottawa, was the guest of Mr. Pettit, last week.

Mrs. H. C. Schreiter, of Kitchener, spent Saturday, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Moore.

Mr. George T. Saunders, of Edmonton, is spending a few weeks with friends in Georgetown and vicinity.

Mrs. R. M. Wilson, of Calgary was called home last week owing to the death of her mother, the late Mrs. Mary Claridge.

Among those from out of town who attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Mary Claridge, on Sunday were Mrs. Harry Elliot, Mr. Hugh Graham, Mrs A. Bunker, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. McIlerihen, Toronto; Misses Pickering, Guelph; Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Campbell, Moffat; Mr. A. G. Claridge, Acton.—Herald.

BURLINGTON

His Honor Judge Elliot held Division court in the town hall here on Monday, when a number of cases were heard and dealt with.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Coleman, and daughter, Semina, and Mrs. Riches left on Saturday by motor for Florida, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. Louis Jeffries has received news from his home in England telling him of the death of his brother, Charlie, who was accidently killed while out shooting.

Mr. Stanley Coates, of Orillia, was in town last Wednesday to attend the Firemen's annual meeting and renew old acquaintances.

The Young People's Society numbering over one hundred enjoyed a skating party at the rink on Monday evening, following which they met in the Sunday school room and [illegible]

On Friday evening a Pure Milk delivery truck overturned on the slippery road at the corner of the Guelph line and Water Street, and it required a service truck to get the milkman out of the ditch. The truck was only slightly damaged, and the driver escaped with a cut hand.—Gazette.

ERIN

Mrs. P. Grant, of Toronto, is visiting with her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. D. Glassford.

Mrs. H. Theobald attended the funeral of the late Mrs. A. W. Ledger, at Inglewood, last week.

Mrs. Pearey, of Toronto, is visiting with her brother and sister, Mr. Matthew and Miss M. Overland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cheeseman left for Toronto on Tuesday, where Mr. Cheeseman has taken a position.

Dr. and Mrs. Hutchinson and little daughter and Mr. Carter, of Brampton, spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. W. Hull.

Mrs. H. Frankham and little daughter, of Harriston, are visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hull.

Miss Margaret Bingham has returned to Georgetown after spending a month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Bingham.

Miss Nellie Miller, R. N., has returned to Wallaceburg, after spending two week's holidays with her brother and father, Mr. John Miller.

Prom funds raised at various entertainments, the teachers and pupils of Erin school recently purchased a piano which is now in the school.—Advocate.

OAKVILLE

Miss Mazo de la Roche, well-known authoress in this locality sailed from New York last Thursday and will spend the next three months in Sicily and Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Melville Munro will occupy the splendid home of Mrs. C. P. Chisholm in Oakville during the latter's absence for several months in California.

Dr. W. E. Gallie, well-known to many Oakvilleites has been appointed consulting surgeon to the Department of Pensions and National Health in Toronto district to succeed the late Dr. C. L. Starr.

The heavy iron beams to lengthen the Toronto-Hamilton Highway bridge at Oakville have all been placed in position and the big crane was placed on a low specially constructed truck on Tuesday morning and removed. There has been a big force of men at work all winter and quite a number are still employed.—Record.

A. E. Earle and Misses Earle left last week for Florida where they will spend the winter.

Councillor and Mrs. Jarvis have taken an apartment in Toronto for the balance of the winter.

Alex. McDonald, a boy of nine years, slipped on the ice at the Brantood school on Wednesday afternoon and falling on his face two upper teeth were knocked out. Peter Thompson hurt his knee while tobogganing at the Central school and Miss Hilda Smith fell while returning home from the high school.—Star.

MILTON

Miss Gemmell, of the public school teaching staff, is down with an attack of the prevailing epidemic of colds and the flu.

Mr. John Henderson, of Winnipeg, an old Milton boy, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Henderson, has been spending a few days looking up old friends in town. The old town is always glad to welcome back her sons who have gone out and made good in other fields.

Fire destroyed a large barn, the year's crop of grain and 90 tons of hay on the farm of Joseph P. Broechel, near Milton, on Thursday night. Neighbors saved the stock and farm implements, but the loss occasioned by the destruction is estimated at $5,000.—Reformer.

Miss Lillian White visited friends in Toronto and Acton this week.

Miss Margaret Tilson, of Toronto, spent the week-end with her friend, Miss Alice Tickner.

Mrs. J. King has returned to her home at Westover, after spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Fred Markle, Robert Street, here.

A Gray Coach of the Toronto Transportation Co. brought an orchestra and thirty people here on Monday evening, when the Torontonians surprised Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ehler, at whose home they held an enjoyable party. On account of the snow drifts the merry-makers did not return home until early Tuesday morning.

Dr. R. K. Anderson, M. P., left this morning for Battle Creek, Mich., where he will take a rest and undergo special treatments at the sanitarium to regain his health, which has been very poor since the time he suffered from the flu, about two months ago. His numerous friends will hope for a speedy and complete recovery. He expects to be away for two or three weeks.—Champion.

The Free Press' Short Story

A DOUBTFUL RESCUER

BY ROE L. HENDRICK

MR. WADE was neat and methodical almost to the point of whimsicality. As he stood in the doorway of the store, with his overcoat half on, he paused even in his hurried departure for a final injunction.

"Don't forget to sweep the last thing to-night, Ben!" he called. "And see that Dickie has plenty of seed and water before you leave. My goodness! I've got just seven minutes in which to catch that train! Good-by! I'll be back on the 2.14, Monday, sure. Good-bye, Ben!"

"Good-by!" Ben Griswold shouted from behind the grocery counter, where he was weighing half a pound of tea for a farmer's wife.

It seemed to Ben that trade never had been so brisk as it was between half past eight and eleven o'clock that night, with only one pair of hands to wait on both villagers and country people. But finally the last customer departed, and Ben, switching off the lights from the front windows, prepared to close the store.

"Always sweep the last thing at night," was Mr. Wade's standing order, and one that a clerk in his employ was not likely to forget, for he repeated it almost daily. "When you do that," Mr. Wade would explain, "the dust settles during the night, and the next morning you can take a cloth and have everything clean and bright as a new pin in fifteen minutes. Nothing disgusts me more than to go into a shop in the morning and see a broom stirring up dust that settles over everything in the place. I don't care how much of a slovenly proprietor. Sweep at night and dust in the morning, is the rule of cleanliness."

Ben sighed, for he was very tired and still had a four mile walk before him, for he was going home to remain until Sunday night. He had told Mrs. Wade—he boarded at his employer's house in the village—not to expect him, and had planned to surprise his parents.

"I can get Steve up to let me in, by rattling his bedroom window," he said to himself. "If we're quiet, father and mother won't know I'm there till I come down to breakfast. [illegible] putting away the money and locking the safe, busied himself in caring for the canary.

Then he hurried to the cellar, shook down the furnace, threw on more coal and, leaving the drafts temporarily wide open, in order to clear off the gas, ran up the stairs and seized the broom. In spite of his weariness he swept vigorously, and in half an hour had finished his work.

"Almost midnight," he muttered, "but I'm through!"

Drawing on his overcoat and cap, he turned off the rest of the lights and started for the door; then he stopped abruptly.

"That furnace!" he exclaimed. "I've forgotten to close the drafts! It's lucky I remembered, or there wouldn't have been any fire by to-morrow night, or perhaps the building would have burned down in the meantime."

The chains that operated the front damper of the furnace and the check draft came up through the floor at the rear of the dry-goods counter. As he hurried toward them, Ben tripped over something that leaned against the counter, and nearly fell headlong. Recovering himself, he reached down and grasped the broom that he had placed there a minute or two before.

"I'll forget my head next!" he cried, in vexation. "If Mr. Wade knew I'd left that broom outside the storeroom, he'd give me a lecture."

Chuckling at the thought, he forgot his momentary irritation. The storeroom was in the corner toward which he had headed, and he quickly made his way to it. Reaching inside, he tossed the broom behind the door, and heard it topple over and fall.

Again he chuckled. "That's not up to the Wade level of orderliness," he said to himself, and he stepped inside to pick up the broom. He had just touched the handle with his extended fingers, when his foot struck the brush end and he stumbled forward and bumped his head against a shelf. The blow hurt, and as he straightened up, dazed for the second, his arm came in contact with the back of the door, and the impact slammed it shut.

Still rubbing his head, Ben set up the broom properly, brushed the knees of his trousers, and then reached for the door to open it. His hand swept nothing except the bare wood, and then he remembered that there was neither knob nor latch on this door; it fastened from the outside with a snap lock! He was a prisoner by his own careless action, and, moreover, he did not at the present moment see how the prisoner was going to get out.

The store room was a mere closet, not more than seven feet square, and shelves along two sides still further reduced the space in it. On those shelves were ranged rolls of wrapping paper, piles of paper sacks, a box of tools and a quantity of unmarked goods. Very seldom was the door closed during the day, but upon leaving the store Mr. Wade, if he were the last to go, invariably pulled it shut. Ben was not so particular. He could not remember ever having closed it before; and certainly no one had ever shut it from the inside.

The young clerk paused and tried to think out the situation clearly. Mrs. Wade certainly would not expect him before Sunday night, and would not begin seriously to wonder at his absence before breakfast time on Monday. Even then, unless some one happened to notify her that the store was not open, she might not become sufficiently alarmed to start an investigation before noon.

His parents knew nothing of the visit that he had planned. Very likely, when they went to church the next day, they would drive directly past the place where he was imprisoned. He had sometimes passed Sundays at the home of one of his friends who lived a few miles out from the village, and so his family would not be surprized if they did not see him at church. Therefore, unless some one tried the unlocked door and walked in, —a very unlikely proceeding on Sunday, —he saw no chance of his getting out before Monday.

Of course a person could survive without food or water for much more than that length of time; but would the air hold out fresh in such confined quarters? As the thoughts flashed into Ben's mind, it seemed to him that already he was beginning to breathe with difficulty. A moment's reflection convinced him that that was merely a trick of his imagination; but he realized that in several hours he should be facing real peril.

Was the lock of the door as strong as it seemed? Ben clutched at the door with his finger nails, but he could find nothing to grasp; then he hurled himself against it two or three times. But the stout door, which opened inward, scarcely quivered under his attacks.

Turning to the box of tools, he groped for it, hoping to find a hatchet; but the only tool he found that could be of the slightest use to him was a light tack hammer. The heavier tools, Ben now remembered, were in the back room, where he had opened a box that evening.

As the boy swung about, almost in despair, his glance fell upon a feeble bar of light that seemed to penetrate the closet from above the door-frame. Then he remembered that above the door was a narrow transom, placed there more for an ornament than for use, apparently, for he had never known it to be opened.

Hurriedly throwing several bundles of paper and goods on the floor, he stepped upon the pile and fumbled for the catch of the transom. The iron was so rusted that he could not move it with his hands, but a few blows with the tack hammer loosened it; then Ben turned the little sash at right angles in the frame.

Now he no longer felt in danger of suffocating; but he was no nearer getting out of his prison than before. The opening of the transom was so narrow that even if he could get the sash out, which was doubtful, he could not force his body through it.

Thrusting his face against the slit, he filled his lungs with the outside air. For some reason it seemed singularly unrefreshing. Again he drew in his breath, and then, raising his hand, held it before the opening. The air was almost as warm as if it were coming through a register.

He reflected that at the height—only two feet below the ceiling—the air would be much warmer than the floor; and then another reason for the unnatural warmth flashed into his mind. The furnace, piled with coal, was drawing at full head, and must already be getting red inside the asbestos filling. What if it set fire to the building while he was a helpless prisoner, and when probably every member of the volunteer fire company was in bed and asleep? Ben felt his scalp prickle; he was sure that his hair was beginning to stand on end.

At that moment the single street lamp within his range of vision through the store windows showed a hurrying figure —probably that of some belated villager on his way home.

Ben shouted wildly, and the walls of the storeroom reverberated; but evidently the passer-by did not hear him, for he disappeared without eevn turning his head. The store was so long and thickly [illegible] have been heard in the street.

There was no longer a night watchman in the village, for the trustees had abandoned that means of protection as too expensive a luxury. Ben could only depend on chance way-farers' bringing him relief, and he doubted that another person would pass the store before morning, for it must be after one o'clock now. However, he determined to watch and to do his best to give an alarm if anyone should come near.

He had the tack hammer, and he decided that if anyone passed he would hurl it at the front window. If he succeeded in throwing it that far,—even if it did not break the glass,—a person outside could hardly fail to hear it strike.

Suddenly Dickie began to twitter plaintively and to flutter about in his cage. He was evidently getting restless in the heat. Ben thought the temperature would raise for an hour or two longer. Then, if the old furnace held out, the store would slowly cool off.

"Poor Dickie!" Ben said to himself. "It's smother or freeze for you, I'm afraid, and I guess I'm not much better off!"

What was that? For a second Ben thought he heard the crackling of flames in the cellar, and he held his reath to listen. No, the sound came from outside, and probably it was only the wind, or the footsteps of a stray dog or cat prowling about the building.

Then the boy saw some one standing near the corner of the front steps. How he had got there Ben did not know, for the second before the sidewalk had seemed utterly empty.

"Hi!" Ben shouted. "Hi!"

The figure disappeared, and Ben in desperation hurled the hammer, toward the window. But the light missile traveled scarcely half the distance; striking a pile of dress goods it dropped almost noiselessly on the counter.

Although he felt almost sick with disappointment, Ben continued to stare intently at the window. Five minutes passed, and then he suddenly saw a face peering in at the lower corner of the pane in the front door. How long the face had been there before he saw it he could not tell, but he recognized the features instantly. The rays from the street lamp, streaming across them, showed the broken nose, the low forehead and the thick lips of Jim Burns. Jim was the local "bad man," and had been released from jail less than a fortnight before; indeed, Burns had passed much of his time in jail for various offenses. Everyone in the village thought him utterly abandoned and worthless. Ben was uncertain how to regard the appearance of this rescuer; he almost preferred to stay in his prison and to take a chance with the fire. He watched the man in silence for several minutes.

Burns had evidently heard something and was suspicious, but he had not identified the source or nature of the sound. At last he produced a chisel or some similar tool and began to work at the wood about the pane of glass. To steady the door, the man presently clutched the handle with his other hand. His grasp released the latch, and the door swung in.

Ben had decided what course of action he should adopt, and as the man stole into the room he shouted:

"O Jim, I'm so glad you heard me! I didn't think anyone ever would hear! Set down the cage first, please; the canary's smothering.

"What's the matter—you afire in here?" the man asked. But he quickly unhooked the bird cage and placed it on the floor where the cool air was rushing in.

"I don't know for sure," said Ben, "but I'm afraid so. Come over here and push back this catch."

"You locked in?"

"Yes, here in the storeroom. Hurry, Jim, so that we can see to that fire! I thought I heard it crackling once!"

Burns ran to the storeroom, felt for the catch and quickly shoved it back. Ben's first act, when he got out, was to turn on the lights. As he did so, he saw Burns slip something hastily into a pocket, but he pretended to notice nothing.

"Come on down cellar," the boy said, when he had regulated the draft by means of the chains.

With all the seeming unconcern that he could master, he led the way downstairs; he carried himself bravely enough, but as a matter of fact he half expected any moment to receive a blow from behind. The "bad man," however, was so surprized by the situation in which he unexpectedly found himself, and so deeply interested in the possible fire that he had no idea of injuring anyone.

They found the door of the furnace and the first length of the smoke pipe cherry red; but when Ben had given the fire another shaking and had banked it with fine coal, all danger was past.

"It's a mercy that you heard me, Jim," Ben repeated.

"I guess you would 'a' been burned up if I hadn't," the man declared. "I thought I heard somebody a-yelling and a-yelling, but I couldn't tell where for the longest time. I was just going home, but I hung round to try and find out who was in trouble. I expected to have to break in the door, not knowing it was unlocked; in fact, I guess I did start to."

"Well, you got me out; I'll never forget that, Jim."

When all was in order, Ben put up a basket of groceries, laid a ham on top, charged the goods to his own account, and then pressed them upon his rescuer, who accepted the gift with singular reluctance, although with many thanks. When they parted it was at a point more than halfway to the Griswold place, where Burns turned off to go to his own shanty among the hills. He was walking with unwonted erectness when Ben last saw him, and with a sprightly step quite new to him.

Ben told the story to his parents the next morning.

"What, Jim Burns!" his mother cried. "Oh, I'm so glad I didn't know about it at the time! I should have expected him to murder you!"

"Jim has his good points," Ben replied, smiling. "I think so much better of him than I ever did before that I'm going to putty up that front sash and stain it before Mr. Wade has a chance to look it over and draw his own conclusions."

AN OLD MAN'S MEMORIES

The delights of our childhood is soon passed away,
And our glorious youth it departs—
And yit, dead and blighted, they's bloassoms of May
Ore theyr medderland graves in our harts.
So, friends of my bare-footed days on the farm,
Whether truant in city or not,
God prosper you, same as He's prosperin' me,
While your past hain't despised or forgot!

Oh! they's nothin', at morn, that's as grand unto me
As the glory's of Nachure so fare,—
With the spring in the breeze, and the bloom in the trees,
And the hum of the bees ev'rywhere!
The green in the woods, and the birds in the boughs,
And the dew spangled over the field;
And the bah of the sheep, and the bawl of the cows
And the call from the house to your meals.

Then hot for your brekfast, and hot for the toil,
That waiteth alike man and beast!
Oh! it's noon with my team I'll be turnin' up soil,
While the sun shoulders up in the East
Ore the tops of the ellums and beeches and oaks,
To smile his godspeed on the plow,
And the furry and feard, and the wun in the feather,
Shall share the joys of the sweet of his brow!
And the joy of the swet of his brow!

—James Whitcombe Riley.

MAJOR LACHLAN GRANT APPRECIATES "THE OLD MAN"

THE FREE PRESS editor handed me the following note the other day from my esteemed friend of the early days, Lachie Grant, now of Georgetown. Lachie spent some of his very happiest days in Acton:

"Tell the 'Old Man of the Big Clock Tower' that I very much appreciate his resume of the life of my old and very dear friend, the late Alexander Waldie. I was well acquainted with him since 1864. The biography calls to mind many old friends of over sixty years ago.

"Nearly all of them are gone, but there still linger fond memories of the evenings after a barn raising, or a logging bee, or the quilting and paring bees, or the old-fashioned raffle for turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens.

"It was quite evident in those days that the Irish liked the Scotch, and the Scotch liked themselves, at least so far as liquid refreshments represented them.

"I was quite interested also in 'The Old Man's' notes respecting the old Sons of Temperance and their activities. I wonder if you know that those old stalwarts—John Speight, John Warren and others—advocated just about what we have now in the Liquor Control Act, so far as personal privileges are concerned. Their proposal, to be exact, that that every man who wanted a drink should have a license and wear a button to show where they stood in the matter of liquor for a beverage. Those opposed to them said this would never do, for all who wanted drinks under these conditions would either go to Dunc. Stewart's bar, at Speyside, or to the "Teapot Inn" at the corner of the second and check lines.

"But I must bring this rambling note to a close. When I begin to think about old times, and tell what I know about them, you'll be calling me an old fellow. But I am only 83. Look at some of the other really old fellows: Alex. Waldie, Billie Edge, John Walters, and others. John Walters still goes about, slowly, it is true, but sure. I was talking to my camp cook, Billie Edge, the other day. I said, 'How old are you, Billie?' Ninety-four,' I think he said. 'How do you account for this great age?' I asked him. 'Well,' he said, 'I ham an Hinglishman, a Horangeman, hand a Torrie, why should I not live a long time?'"

Speaking about the old Acton Sons of Temperance, I wonder if Major Grant remembers that he was elected Assistant Recording Scribe, in September, 1870 with his old officer, Lieut. Alex. H. Brown, as Recording Scribe, and his brother, John Grant, as Financial Scribe, at the same meeting. Does he remember that at the next meeting he preferred a charge again James Wardrope, for violating Article 2 of the Constitution; or, in other words, "with getting tight while he was a Son of Temperance"?

Eli Snyder, Edward Moore, Charles Dean, Benjamin Nicklin and Alex. Brown were appointed an Investigating Committee, and at the next meeting brought in a report to the effect that the charge was sustained, and the delinquent brother was expelled.

In October of the same year this resolution was moved and carried: "Moved by Charles Symon, seconded by Lachlan Grant, that we purchase the lot next to the Wesleyan Methodist Church, on Church Street, as a site to which to move the Temperance Hall, for $35.00, and that this Division pay for the conveyancing."

Our friend, the Major, was evidently a young man ready to work when work was needed to be done. On November 15, the cold weather having set in, and the hall not yet having been moved to its new location, it was moved by John Warren, seconded by Charles Dean, "that Bro. L. Grant be a committee to bank up the hall foundation and fix the platform in front." Lachlan promptly set to work and completed the job assigned him, and at the next meeting, on the 23rd. inst., it was moved and seconded, "that Bro. L. Grant receive from the funds the sum of $4.20 for banking the hall and fixing the platform," and Lachlan was so paid.

The Major was evidently interested in the young folks away back there in 1870, as he is now. At the same meeting it was moved by Lachlan Grant, seconded by John Speight, that a public meeting, under the auspices of this Division be held next Monday evening for the purpose of organizing a section of the Cadets of Temperance—boys of fourteen years and over.

This junior order was instituted and numbers of present day stalwarts among the ranks of prohibitionists of this community became members of the Cadets, which were under the supervision of the old Division of the Sons of Temperance of Acton.

In those early days the Sons of Temperance had two annual public functions which appealled to the countryside. One was the strawberry festival, held on Dominion Day—July 1—and the other a Soiree, held some time during Christmas week. On December 6, 1870, the following resolution was carried:

Moved by Bro. L. Grant, seconded by Bro. B. W. Nicklin, and resolved, that this Division hold a Grand Soiree on the evening of Monday, December 26, 1870, and that speeches, singing, and such other entertainment as will be profitable to the interests of temperance, be secured for the occasion, and that committees be appointed forthwith to carry on the same.

The Soiree was held on the date fixed; the admission fee was 25c for the supper, the speeches, the singing, and all the other entertainment, and the total receipts of the evening were $51.02½. The cost of the provisions, the literary and musical entertainment and $3.03 paid to James Innis, of the Guelph Mercury for bills, totalled $20.68, leaving a net financial gain of $22.34½.

But there were other entertainments in addition to the two fixed events referred to, and Bro. Lachlan Grant seems to have had his finger in these as well as the others. On January 17, 1871, it was moved by Bro. L. Grant, seconded by Bro. Edward Nicklin, that we hold an anniversary gathering on February 21, to commemorate the organization of the Sons of Temperance, and that the Division supply the provisions.

The motion was carried, but a rider stipulated that the provisions for the function consist of sandwiches, bread and butter, one kind of cake, and tea. It was also provided that the members of the newly-organized Cadets of Temperance be admitted for ten cents, and that children not Cadets be admitted for 15c.

The anniversary gathering was held, and was quite successful, but I can find no record of the success in the weekly Kitchen Scuff this function and the Christmas Soiree.

Au revoir, for another week.

The Old Man

Praises this Asthma Remedy.—A grateful user of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy finds it the only remedy that will give relief though for thirteen years he had sought other help. Years of endless suffering may be prevented by using this wonderful remedy at the first warning of trouble. Its use is simple, its cost is slight, and it can be purchased almost anywhere.

Bladder Weakness Getting-Up-Nights Quickly Relieved!

Pleasant Home Treatment Works Fine; Used by Doctor For Many Years

What a wonderful comfort it is to sleep all night and not get up once from Bladder Weakness and Irritation.

The daily annoyance, restless nights of misery, backaches and nervous irritability that result from Bladder Troubles are wrecking the lives of thousands who might otherwise be in the best of health.

To be at your best, you must have peaceful, health-giving sleep and freedom from daily irritation—that's why Dr. Boudreault's URATABS give such wonderful satisfaction.

Made from a special formula and used in the Doctor's successful private practice for nearly 50 years—URATABS, now obtainable from your druggist for inexpensive home use, have brought quick help and comfort to many thousands.

No matter what your age may be or how many medicines you have used without success, if you want to forget you have a Bladder and enjoy the rest of peaceful, unbroken sleep, try URATABS to-day. Your druggist will refund the cost of very first box if you are not well pleased!

No Doubt About this famous Cereal

SHREDDED WHEAT

High value at low cost
Ideal for Winter with hot milk
Proved by 34 years of growing popularity

Made by The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Ltd.

Constant daily testing and blending of the world's choicest teas give Red Rose Tea its inimitable flavor and never-varying goodness. Every package guaranteed. 64

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE is extra good

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

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NATIONAL NORVAL For Pastry
KING'S CHOICE CANADIAN WONDER For Bread
BRAN SHORTS MIDDLINGS
Chopped Wheat Barley, and Chicken Feed At the Mill

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

CONSULT OUR NEAREST DEALER

Free Press Ads Will Sell Your Goods Let Us Convince You

A Hole in Your Budget?

One-third of an average household budget consumed by groceries . . . . Do you watch carefully this big slice of expense? Is your week's grocery account a list of savings thoughtfully planned—or does each item carry a margin of unnecessary expense?

Saving on groceries doesn't mean curtailing on either variety or quality. It simply means buying where your dollar regularly buys the most—at Carroll's.

Carroll's Creamery **BUTTER** Freshly churned, pasteurized, No. 1 Creamery, per lb. .. 45c
Eggs, graded firsts, per dozen 38c
Cheese, finest full-cream June, lb. 28c
Lard, finest fresh-rendered, 3-lb. pail 53c
Crisco, 1-lb tin 24c

Carroll's Wrapped **BREAD** Makes you have bread and butter Enjoy this better-baked loaf 24-oz. loaf 9c

Rolled Oats, finest fresh-milled, 5 lbs. .. 23c
Corn Meal, heart of the wheat, 5 lbs. 23c
Corn Meal, yellow gold, 5 lbs. 25c
Pot Barley, best quality, 5 lbs. 25c

Springbank Club **DRY GINGER ALE** Doctors prescribe it for children and grown-ups. A fine Dry Ginger Ale at exceptional low price. Carton of 6 bottles for 25c

Corn Syrup, Beehive, 2-lb. tin 14c
Golden Syrup, Lyle's Imported, 2-lb. tin 24c
Pure Maple Syrup, bottle 32c
Pancake Flour, Aunt Jemima, pkg 17c

In your Puddings Use **SUNMAID NECTARS** The delicious grape-like seedless raisin. 2 pkgs. 27c

Boys! Girls! Scribblers FREE! A big, five-cent, lined Scribbler absolutely free with every tin of Day & Martin's English Shoe Polish. One scribbler with one tin for 15c, two scribblers with two tins for 25c. Black, tan, brown, redtone.

Choicest Bulk **MACARONI** Sweet - flavored, tender-cooking Macaroni, ready-cut, shell, or alphabet. 3 lbs. 25c

Special—Upton's Red Plum or Greengage **JAM** 40-oz. Jar Reg. 29c **26c**
Iceberg Lettuce, 3 for 25c — *Spanish Onions, 3 lbs. 21c*

Schapp's Fancy Medium Shred **Cocoanut** 2 lbs. **29c**
Seedless Grapefruit, 4 for 25c — *Navel Oranges, Dozen 27c*

Special—Aylmer **Catsup** 2 Bottles at Reg. Price of 19c Bill. and 1 Bottle **FREE**
Durham Corn Starch, Package 9c — *Skinless Figs, Altex, Tin 17c*
Lushus Jellies, 3 Packages 22c — *Stewing Figs, Fancy, 2 lbs. 19c*

Special—CHOICE VALENCIA **Raisins** 2 lbs. **23c**
Loganberries, No 2 tin 25c — *Grapefruit, No. 1 tin 15c*

Special—Comfort, Somme or N. P. **SOAP** 10 Bars **44c**

CODFISH Acadia Boneless, 1-lb. 17c — *GRAPES* Fancy Emperors lb. 19c — *HONEY* Pure Clover, No. 5 Pail 61c

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OFFICE—Mill and Frederick Streets
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