The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1929

ABOUT THE PARTS OF SPEECH

Three little words you often see,
Are the articles, a, an, and the.

A noun is the name of anything,
As school or garden, hoop or swing.

Adjectives chew the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.

Instead of nouns, the pronouns stand,
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.

Verbs tell us something to be done
To read, write, count, sing, jump, or run.

How things are done the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.

Conjunctions join the words together,
As men and women, wind or weather.

The prepositions stand before
A noun, as in or through the door

The interjection shows surprise
As Oh, how pretty! Oh, how wise!

The whole are called nine parts of speech
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

About fifty years ago a woman who lived in Cape Colony, South Africa, and whose name was Mrs. Buchanan, wrote these lines about the parts of speech to make the study of languages easier for children, perhaps for her own children. Anyway, she sent the verses to London where they were published in a magazine of long ago.

After all these years here they are as good as new, for you to teach the little ones in your family.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, June 19, 1909

The street sprinkler is now putting in full time.

John Ritchie has opened a grocery in the Secord Block.

The hay crop this year will be a heavy one.

The cellar has been excavated for Mr. Jeremiah Bell's new brick house on Church Street.

Mr G A. Black received a carload of Frost & Wood machinery on Monday.

Prof. Peter Campbell, M. A., of McMaster University, Toronto, preached in the Baptist Church last Sunday afternoon and in the Methodist Church in the evening Rev. Mr Goit of the Baptist Church has been ill and Rev. G. W. Barker, of the Methodist Church was at Brantford attending Conference.

A highly intereating lecture on "Our Native Birds and Flowers" was given before the Epworth League by Mr. T. James Moore, of Guelph. Mr. Moore showed that Acton is one of the very best localities for studying the subject. There are in this vicinity over 200 native birds and over 1,000 wild flowers which bloom, and many other non-flowering varieties. He had found 22 varieties of ferns alone.

The first League game of base ball, was lost by Acton at Milton on Saturday, by a score of 11 to 4.

YOUR PAPER

In pursuance of our endeavor to give the people of Acton and Halton County and surrounding district a weekly newspaper second to none, the Free Press is continuing its policy of adding new and interesting features. The latest is "Slats' Diary" by Ross Farquhar which should have a real interest and provide genuine entertainment for our younger readers. This feature commenced recently.

Features that The Acton Free Press contain each week are numerous and include: The Local and General News of the District; Correspondence, a Weekly Short Story, "Chronicles of Ginger Farm", "Letters to the Editor" "The Old Man of the Big Clock Tower"; Menu Hints; Editorial; Health Article; Sunday School Lesson Summary; "Twenty Years Ago" and Selected Articles on Farming and General Interest. May we be permitted to borrow a familiar slogan for this week of a well known Metropolitan daily "Read It — Judge it for yourself."

A BOY HERO

At Sellwood, near Portland, Oregon, there was recently unveiled a monument to Arthur Venville, a lad who lies in an unknown grave in the Philippine Islands. Venville was born in England, but was brought to America at the age of ten months. When he was only seven years old his father died, charging the child with his last breath, almost, to "take care of the mother and sisters." The little fellow promised.

He was a quiet boy, of studious habits. He liked to go to school, and he wanted to go to college, but he had to take a place in a shop to help support the family. In 1897 his health began to fail, and he enlisted as an apprentice in the navy, still giving his people his wages. The other fellows called him a "girl sailor," he told his mother when he came home on furlough, a year later.

Venville was on the gunboat Yorktown in 1899. She went to the Philippines, and in April was sent to Baler Bay to rescue some Spanish prisoners. The young apprentice was one of the party of seventeen which, under command of Lieutenant Gillmore, was sent ashore to reconnoiter.

As the crowded launch approached the silent shore there suddenly burst upon it a storm of bullets. Several men were killed, others were desperately wounded, and all were drenched with the blood of their comrades. Lieutenant Gillmore has since told in McClure's Magazine of the behavior of Venville, the eighteen-year-old apprentice who had never before been under fire.

"Having no other weapon than a revolver, useless at the range," wrote the officer, "I reached for the rifle dropped by one of the dead. It had been hit in the lock and the clip was jammed in. Venville, one of the apprentice boys, attempted to fix it. A bullet went through the flesh of his neck.

"'Mr Gillmore, I'm hit,' he said. But he continued working at the rifle.

"A second shot ploughed through the boy's breast and came out in his armpit.

"'I'm hit again, Mr Gillmore.'

"He was still trying to pull out the jammed clip, when a ball cut a furrow in the left side of his head.

"'Mr Gillmore, they've hit me again!'

"He wiped the blood from his brown eyes with his coat-sleeve, and then returned to his task as calmly as if it were only a mosquito that had stung him. It was not three minutes until a ball crashed into his ankle inflicting a painful hurt. There was just a slight quiver in the lad's voice as he looked up to me and said:

"'Mr Gillmore, I'm hit once more, but I've fixed the gun, sir.'"

One wishes this true tale might have ended, as stories do, with the hero's recovery and return when the other survivors of Lieutenant Gillmore's party were taken into the interior. Venville, being unable to travel, was left behind, and some time later he was killed by the order of an insurgent general. Yet his eighteen years few though they were, had been spent to some purpose. The monument stands a fair and stately symbol of the boy's life.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, JUNE 8

THE STORY OF THE RECHABITES

Golden Text.—We will drink no wine. Jer. 35: 6.

Sunday: Preliminary

Read the entire chapter, which is one of the most famous in the Bible, presenting as it does such a conspicuous example of fidelity to temperance principles.

Consider what temperance passages from other parts of the Bible you would place alongside this one.

Place, Jerusalem.

Time, about B. C. 600.

Monday: The Test

V. 1. Jehoiakim, king of Judah, was a wicked son of the noble King Josiah. Jeremiah was bidden by the Lord to present one of the object lessons in which he frequently clothed his teachings.

V. 2. By "the house" of the Rechabites is meant the clan descended from Rechab. This clan was descended from Kenites, a desert tribe to which the father-in-law of Moses belonged. Some of them had settled in the south of Judah and others in Naphtali in the north of Palestine, but the Rechabites in question were a nomadic division of the clan which had come to Jerusalem because the Babylonian army then in Palestine made it unsafe for them to roam around. Jeremiah was bidden to take these nomads to one of the chambers which surrounded the sanctuary of the temple, and give them wine to drink.

V. 3.—Jaazaniah would seem to have been the head of the division of the Rechabites then in Jerusalem. His father, Jeremiah, was of course not the prophet who writes the account. The entire family was brought together in the chamber, and their unusual garb and appearance must have attracted attention.

V. 4.—The temple chambers were used as storerooms or meeting places or residences of officials. The chamber chosen was the meeting place of the "sons" (pupils) of Hanan, probably a school of prophets friendly to Jeremiah. It was alongside the chamber of the princes or clan chiefs, which was above the chamber of one of the three "keepers of the threshold," who had charge of the temple courts and entrance door.

V. 5.—The proffer of the wine could probably be seen by all in the courts, as the chambers seem to have been open to view. "Treating" is one of the worst habits connected with intemperance, doing much to spread the evil, and, of course Jeremiah knew that his offer of the wine would be refused promptly and emphatically.

Tuesday: The Refusal

V. 6.—The response was a flat refusal, with no apologies. Jonadab (Jehonadab), the ancestor who laid on his tribe the rule of total abstinence, was the man who nearly three centuries before had helped Jehu to overthrow Baal worship and the evil house of Ahab (2 Kings 10: 15-28). Jonadab wished to keep his tribe strong, and knew that there is nothing that so weakens men as intoxication.

V. 7.—They were not to settle in any one place, but were to be independent, living probably on wild fruit, wild honey, locusts and other food easily obtained, and dwelling in tents.

Vs. 8-10.—They had obeyed Jonadab partly because he was the head of the tribe and partly because they saw the wisdom of his rules.

V. 11.—It was only the pressing emergency which caused them to depart temporarily from Jonadab's requirement. The Syrians had been forced to cooperate with the Chaldeans.

Wednesday: The Application

Vs. 12, 13.—Jeremiah had made the truth very plain and pointed, but he was not content until his hearers received it.

V. 14.—Jonadab, a mere man, is far better obeyed than the Ruler of heaven and earth! and Jonadab had only spoken once, while God had repeated his urgent command, and had put back of it the entire force of Deity.

V. 15.—Moreover, Jonadab was but one man, and God had added to his entreaty that of all the prophets, but these also the people had spurned.

Thursday: Punishment and Reward

Vs. 16, 17.—Jeremiah's predictions of ruin were well known to his hearers. He takes this opportunity to emphasize and repeat them.

Vs. 18, 19.—One who "stands before" a ruler is a trusted officer, at hand and alert to do his bidding. It was a high honor thus to "stand before" a king, and that honor would be the reward of the faithful Rechabites from the King of glory.

Friday: The Rechabite Example

Total abstinence is best for the body. Even a slight use of alcohol dulls the faculties. The drinker thinks more slowly, reacts with less force and sureness, gives out soonest under muscular strain, and is more subject to every disease.

Total abstinence is best for the soul. Any amount of alcohol leads to a greater amount, and the drunkard cannot be admitted to the kingdom of heaven.

Total abstinence is the best for society. It means an enormous saving in money, in workman's time, in crime, and in all matters of prosperity.

Saturday: The Great Experiment

National prohibition is the most notable social experiment ever made. It is making our country richer than ever before and more prosperous than any other nation ever was. It is lessening poverty, improving family life, emptying jails, bettering trade, increasing savings, decreasing disease and pauperism and in every way is contributing to the welfare of the American people. Long live national prohibition!

Miller's Worm Powders not only make the infantile system unfeasible for worms, but their action on the stomach, liver and bowels they correct such troubles as lack of appetite, biliousness and other internal disorders that the worms create. Children thrive upon them and no matter what condition their worm-infested stomachs may be in, they will show improvement as soon as the treatment begins.

STRANGE FACTS ABOUT SNAILS

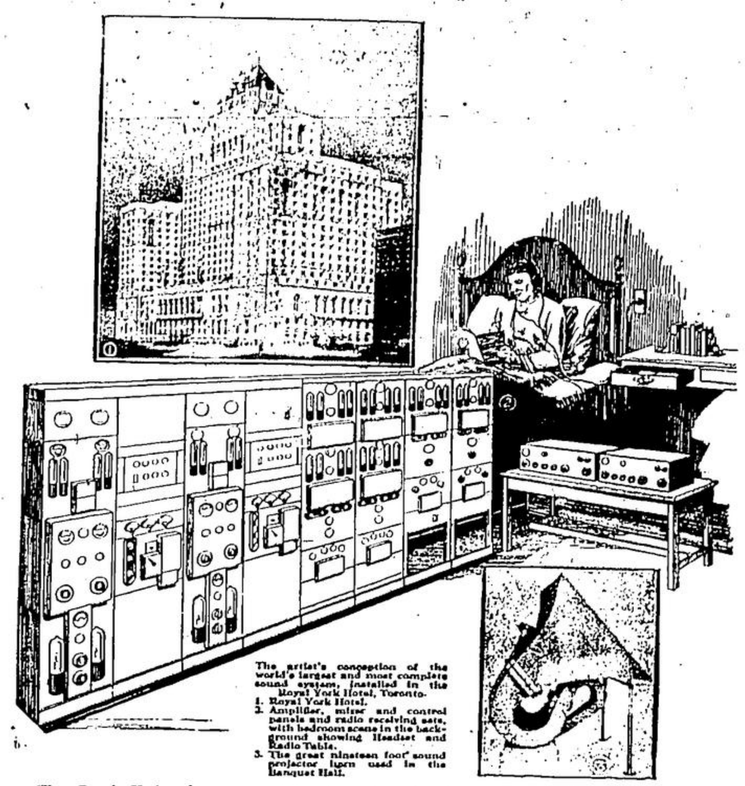
The eyes of a snail are on the ends of its feelers. The eye is small, barely discernible in fact, is far from powerful, as it recognizes little more than the difference between light and darkness, but it serves the snail's purpose very satisfactorily. Contrary to general belief the snail does not draw its horns straight back into their receptacles, what he does is turn them inside out—just as we do a tight glove in removing it.

The little creature has a sense of smell, also ears (which lie close to the ends of the horns), but his breathing apparatus is one of his strangest features. Observation will disclose that on the right side a distinct hole occasionally appears, remains open a few seconds, and closes again. This is simply a cavity in the snail's body into which at suitable intervals he allows a certain quantity of air to enter. When air has thus found its way into his interior, he keeps it there until the oxygen is exhausted by its vital process, and what remains, laden with carbonic acid, is allowed to escape by reopening the little trap-door, and the receptacle is again filled with pure air.

The snail's tongue is ribbon-shaped, but with a saw-like surface. Distributed over it are tiny teeth, often as many as 30,000. As fast as one set of teeth is worn away the incredibly long tongue uncoils and slips into position another set. No difference how old the snail becomes, he always has teeth. The snail's shell is a horny covering that serves to protect it against numerous foes.

Oil for the Athlete. In rubbing down, athletes will find Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil an excellent article. It relaxes the muscles and shows pliable. Its liniment out of them and strengthens them for strains that may be put upon them. It stands preeminent for this purpose, and athletes who for years, have been using it can testify to its value as a lubricant.

The World's Largest Sound System



The artist's conception of the world's largest and most complete sound system, installed in the Royal York Hotel, Toronto.
1. Royal York Hotel.
2. Amplifier, mixer and control panels and radio receiving sets, with bedroom scene in the background showing Headset and Radio Table.
3. The great nineteen foot sound projector horn used in the Banquet Hall.

The Royal York, the new Canadian Pacific Hotel in Toronto and the largest modern descendant of the Village Inn, beneath the Union Jack, is being equipped with the most extensive centralized radio and public address system installation ever attempted in any part of the world. The equipment was designed and manufactured in the Radio and Telephone Laboratories of the Northern Electric Company, in Montreal and is now being installed in the hotel.

When the Royal York is declared officially opened on June 12th, this year in each of its twelve hundred bed rooms will be a radio outlet on the wall to which headphones may be attached, so that guests may enjoy one or two programs originating from anyone of five different sources. The Vice-Regal Suite will be equipped with specially designed loudspeakers having the most pleasing tone quality and an artistic appearance in keeping with the decoration of the suite.

In the main dining room, ball room, banquet hall, convention hall, roof garden, and the private dining rooms will be located groups of both microphones and horns; permitting either the picking up of programs from these locations and the "broadcasting" of them to all parts of the house, or the distribution of a program to any one of these points from any other locality or via radio from outside.

Two highly sensitive and ultra selective radio receiving sets will be located in the control room on the fourth floor. There also will be found imposing "mixer" and control panels and five steel framed amplifier panels capable of boosting up the strength of the received signals one million, million (1,000,000,000,000) times, powerful enough to deliver good volume at the pointer in the morning, and yet may be tuned down to the softest tones desired for the most restful entertainment in the private rooms.

Five horse-power motor generator sets is used to convert the 25 cycles current supply into the 60 cycle power source necessary to operate these various systems. These function through some twelve hundred and fifty outlets conected together by a network of nearly ten miles of high quality rubber insulated and cotton covered, tinned, copper wire, supplying musical entertainment to every corner of this modern hotel.

THE APEX OF THE YEAR

For just six months now we have been climbing the long slope of the seasons. It was on December 21 that we set out from the gloomy plain of winter solstice, that land of long nights and short days, and the "low-circling sun." Ever since then the path has led upward. By intervals so slight that we have hardly been able to detect them it has taken us higher and higher; past the half-way house of the vernal equinox, with its reminiscent flavor of the classics and its actual murmur and babble of unfettered brooks, past the unspeakable liveliness of spring, with its everlengthening days, until now at last we have reached the summit and stand for our little moment at the very peak and climax of the year.

The longest day! Can it be possible? So soon, and summer only just begun! Indeed, the astronomers or meterologists, or whoever it is that does for the year what Atropos does for life, are always telling us that summer does not begin until now. Of course we know better than that. We know it begins three weeks ago, but that is only a little while, and now they tell us that from this time on the days will begin to shorten; that we have only this done day on the summit, and that then we shall tread again the long decline that six months hence will land us once more on that dark and ice-bound plain whence we started.

Well, so it must be. Let us make the most and the best of it. There was much that was lovely on the upward journey, there will be even more on the return trip. We still have left a little of youthful June. Then will come our long house parties with opulent and matronly July and August, and after that delightful days with wise late and wholesome old fellows, September, October and November, a little detached from the more absorbing business of middle life, softened and mellowed, but still full of mental and bodily vigor and willing to give themselves up a little to the chase, the hunt and the fruits of the field.

How closely the year approximates and epitomizes human life! It is as natural to personify the months as it is to breathe and we love these that symbolize the stages of life in which we anticipate that our capacity for achievement and ability to enjoy will be at their best. June stands to us for youth, for young womanhood, for the bride, and just as the summer solstice always fills us with surprise that it has come so soon, and with a certain haunting sense of disappointment that all beyond leads downward, though by steps never so slight, too, in life we face very early the dread fact that we have reached the zenith of our powers and have accomplished less than we have hoped to accomplish.

The answer is the same in both cases. Much lovely weather, many golden days lie between this and December 21, and most that is great and noble and worth while comes only when the first flush of youth has faded.

FOREST OF DEAN OAKS DYING

What might have been a great British navy is dying north of Bristol, England, of a mysterious malady. It is the famous Forest of Dean, planted shortly after the Napoleonic wars to provide oak for a gigantic fleet than the England of Nelson's time had seen. Now thousands of the great trees are shriveling, their trunks covered with moss and fungi. The planting seemed a splendid bit of foresight, but by the time the oaks were grown the armored fighting ship was beginning to crowd the frigate off the seas. Meant to resist the pounding of waves and battle the oaks of Dean have been transformed instead into wagon scantlings. As they matured they were cut down, about 300 acres a year, and more of them planted to make more wagons. Perhaps it is of disappointment and wounded pride that the forest of Dean is dying. Experts admit they are ignorant of the exact nature of the ailment, but they have advanced several theories. One is that the conversion of peats of the forest into coal and iron mining districts has caused atmospheric action harmful to the trees. Another is that a hitherto unclassified fungus causes the mischief.

A POOR SEINEFUL

"Why, James Perkins!" ejaculated Mrs. Perkins, as her husband entered the kitchen, dripping wet. "Where on earth have you been to, and what have you been doing?" The captain replied grimly that he had "been saving Hank," and then he began to collect a dry wardrobe. His wife, meanwhile, pursued her inquiries.

"Whatever do you mean?" she asked.

"Just what I say. Captain Hank was fool enough to fall off of Billy's wharf and like to drown himself. Me and Billy's been seining for him."

"Seining?"

"Yes'm, seining. And what's more, he was the poorest seineful I ever pursed up."

Mrs. Perkins made no further comment. The captain retired to an adjoining room and wiped the water from his hair and face and changed his clothes. Then he sat down before the stove to tell about it.

"Hank and Billy and me was a-setting in a row on the edge of Billy's wharf," he said, at last, "and Hank, as usual, set out to count up his money, to make sure he hadn't lost any of it sence he counted it last. He had as much as a dollar and a half in one hand, and his empty purse in the other, when crack went the railing and Hank went over into the ocean."

"Why didn't you and Billy go in, too?" queried Mrs. Perkins.

"Well, me'n Billy didn't happen to be engaged in counting anything, so we grabbed the edge of the wharf and saved ourselves. Hank, he went down plumb to the bottom, and come up blowing like a porpoise.

"I saw right off he wasn't swimming any, and when he yells for help I mistrusts something was up, so I jumped in an' grabbed him. I got a good holt and brought him up to the spilings on the end of the wharf.

"'Cotch a-holt,' says I, 'and me and Billy'll git you out in a minute.'

"'I can't—cotch a-holt,' he says, spluttering out a lot of water.

"'Why not?' says I.

"'I got my hands full of money,' he says.

"Well, that made me some disgusted, but Billy, he set on the wharf an' laughed till he like to bust.

"'I'll get ye out, ye old shark,' he says, and first thing I know there come a bight of his big seine over the edge of the wharf. I see the idea, and chucked the thing down under Hank. When we had him pursed up I climbed up on the wharf, and we put the line through the fall of Billy's davvies and slung him up to the wharf."

"Was he grateful?" asked Mrs. Perkins.

"Well, yes, fer Hank, I reckon he was grateful. He opened his fist and see he had the dollar and the half-dollar still safe. Then he went up to the post-office and had Hiram split the half into two quarters. That was the smallest change Hiram had. Hank gave one of them to Billy and one to me.

"Yes'm, I took it. It ain't often Hank has them moments of generosity, and, as Billy says, to refuse to give him the chance to work one of 'em would be cruelty to animals."

HERBERT HOOVER AND THE BIBLE

The high estimation in which President Hoover holds the Bible as a volume full of concentrated wisdom and knowledge, is the estimation in which practically all scholars and thinkers hold it, regardless of individual religious beliefs or disbeliefs. And this is true with respect to the erudite in non-Christian lands who have made themselves familiar with the volume. Those who affect to consider the Book "out of date," or who undertake to sneer at it, generally are persons who have an extremely sketchy idea of what is between its covers, or lack the mental and moral capacity to appreciate its contents. The young man or young woman who reads carefully the more significant portions of the two testaments and digests what he or she reads, gains the foundation for a liberal education in several lines. It is very difficult for any person to gain well rounded culture and background without becoming familiar with it, and a general neglect of the volume by mankind would result in a moral and religious retrogression which would be ultimately disastrous to civilization.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB

A bit of fun now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.

Therefore, when the question reached the office of The Free Press, from one of its esteemed subscribers, "Who is the author of the poem, 'Mary had a little lamb?'" it seemed quite worth while to trace that classic of childhood to its source.

Nobody offered helpful suggestions, but the writer evolved a memory from the "dear, dead days of long ago," in which, during a merry jaunt, a fellow tourist proudly claimed the little town of Sterling, Mass., as her home, protesting that it had an assured niche in the hall of fame, because it was the birthplace not only of Mary, but of her lamb as well. A line addressed to the postmaster of Sterling, brought a prompt and courteous reply from Mr Edward P. Bartlett, who wrote "Mary and the lamb story is all true, the old home of Mary is located here on 'Redstone Hill,' but the old schoolhouse is gone." In proof of his statement, Mr Bartlett inclosed a picture of the little home where Mary dwelt, and to him also we are indebted for the details of the pretty story which follows.

"Once upon a time," certainly seventy-five years ago, a little girl named Mary E. Sawyer lived and played and went to school in Sterling. One March morning, she found in the barn a tiny lambkin, which had been born during the night, almost perished with cold. So Mary carried it in her arms to the home fireside, wrapped it snuggly and fed it with warm milk. The little animal gained strength rapidly and soon became its adopted mother's inseparable companion and plaything. One day it followed her to "the old red schoolhouse," trotting confidently at the heels of its girlish mistress and tucking itself quietly away under the old-fashioned boarded-up seat. Alas, detection and disgrace soon followed, for when Mary's class was called, the patter of tiny hoofs followed her to the teacher's desk. Of course the children giggled what normal children would not?—and Miss Polly Kimball, who knew how to scold as well as to teach, gave an example of her ability then and there, while her new four-footed pupil was summarily ejected from the schoolroom.

It so happened that a Mr John Roulstone, a prospective Harvard student, was "visiting school" that momentous day, and he immediately proceeded to give evidence of his fitness for collegiate honors, by composing the rhymes which have given and will continue to give, far more pleasure than many an ambitious and heroic epic.

A cruel fate decreed that Mary's lamb should meet an early death by attracting the notice of an angry cow, who gored it in the home barn-yard, but it breathed its last in the arms of its little mistress. Mary fulfilled the law as old as humanity, grew to womanhood, married Mr Columbus Tyler, and died at a ripe old age. The ambitious young author has gone the way of flesh—even the old schoolhouse is gone, too—but the simple lines live on, affording by their pretty word picture a world of innocent pleasure to thousands of children who nightly gather at mother's knee, to listen with absorbed interest to the "bed-time story" of this exciting episode in the lives of "Mary and her little lamb."—Harriet W Stewart.

Cuts and Bruises Disappear. When suffering from cuts, scratches, bruises, sore throat or chest and any similar ailment, use Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Its healing power is well-known in every section of the community. A bottle of Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil should be in every medicine chest ready for the emergencies that may always be anticipated.

JUST WAIT

Two Scotsmen had just arrived on their first visit to London, and both were anxious to find the streets which by legend were paved with gold. One found a sixpence lying in the gutter of the station yard, and pounced on it with a triumphant glance at his companion's sour face. "Sandy," remarked the other, scathingly, "dinna waste yer time on that, mon. Wait till ye get in the thick of it."

Highest Prices Paid For Butter Fat

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MILTON AND ACTON

Chas. Thompson, Manager Acton Branch

SHEET STEEL CEILINGS

add the touch of prosperity to stores; give better light. Permanent also for schools, halls, kitchens and bathrooms. Easy to put up over old plaster. No dust or litter. Easy to clean and paint. Cannot crack or fall off.

GALVANIZED SIDING for Outside Walls

Attractive to look at. Inexpensive. Easy to put on over old walls. With building paper, warm, dry, windproof. Choice of Brick, Rock-face and Clap-board patterns.

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End the fire hazard. Put on over old roofs. Easy to lay. Good looking, permanent, inexpensive. Use NO Other.

"The permanent fireproof roof is the cheapest in the end."

GET PRICES FROM YOUR TINSMITH OR CARPENTER

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corn is one of nature's most appetizing and healthful grains. 12 million people every day enjoy the flavor of golden corn at its best . . . in crisp, delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

★Extra good with fresh or canned fruits.

SETTLERS *Guard your Slash Fires!*

Wood is the settler's winter harvest. When his own land is cleared he may still obtain employment in the neighbouring forest. By care with fire, the wise settler protects his own living.

Issued by authority of Honourable Charles Stewart, Minister of the Interior

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of

Constipation — Wind Colic — To Sweeten Stomach
Flatulency — Diarrhea — Regulate Bowels

Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiates

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

WHY A Merchant, to write an Advertisement, has to have something to tell about. That is why it pays to study these messages which contain items of financial interest to you.

TIME TABLES AT ACTON

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Going East

Sunday Only	7.12 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	6.03 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	12.01 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	3.47 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	6.17 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	8.18 p.m.

Going West

Sunday Only	10.41 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	7.40 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	10.43 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	2.20 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	5.00 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	6.17 p.m.

Stops only if passengers on board from Toronto.

CANADIAN NATIONAL ELECTRIC RAILWAYS

Westbound

Daily	8.17 a.m.
Daily	10.17 a.m.
Daily	12.17 p.m.
Daily	2.17 p.m.
Daily	4.17 p.m.
Daily	6.17 p.m.
Daily	8.17 p.m.
Daily	10.17 p.m.
Daily	12.17 a.m.

Daily, except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.—A car leaves Toronto at 6.00 p. m., arriving in Acton at 7.17 p. m. Saturdays and Holidays only—A car leaves Toronto at 8.00 p. m., and arrives in Acton at 9.17 p. m.

Eastbound

Daily—except Sunday	6.00 a.m.
Daily	7.30 a.m.
Daily	9.34 a.m.
Daily	11.34 a.m.
Daily	1.34 p.m.
Daily	3.34 p.m.
Daily	5.34 p.m.
Daily	7.34 p.m.
Daily	9.34 p.m.
Daily	11.34 p.m.

Toronto Terminal

Keele Street and St. Clair Avenue

Freight delivered by special express freight. Freight picked up at any address in Toronto.

TRAVEL BY BUS

ARROW

Westbound

Due at Acton daily at 8.35 a. m.; 1.05 p. m.; 4.05 p. m.; 6.35 p. m. Daily, except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays at 10.00 p. m., and Saturdays, Sundays and holidays at 12.05 p. m.

Eastbound

Due at Acton daily at 11.35 a. m.; 3.05 p. m.; 7.05 p. m.; 10.05 p. m. 7.05 a. m. daily except Sundays and holidays, and 9.35 a. m. on Sundays and holidays only.

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After 30 Years' Experience, We Still Lead the Field in Results, and Results Count

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No Collection—No Charge

—Offices—

Orangeville, Owen Sound, Guelph

Protection!

That is the word that best typifies what Life Insurance means to those nearest and dearest to you.

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