The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1930

EASTER TIME

[illegible] upon the bushes, leaves upon the [illegible]
[illegible] the hillside, perfume on the [illegible]
[illegible] ringing; tuneful bells [illegible]
[illegible] looking upward—this is Easter [illegible]

[illegible] books rejoicing, sparkling in the light;
[illegible], with wings aflutter, in the sunshine bright
[illegible] up the heavenly ladder, hopes, like angels, climb;
Pearly gates are open—this is Easter time!
In the quiet churchyard early flowers appear;
Unseen joys and glories now are real and dear;
He who in Jesus trusting, throb with faith sublime,
[illegible] and resurrection! This is Easter time!

- Eliza Edmunds Hewitt.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, April 21, 1910.

The spring grains and seeds are peeping through.

Actona' population increased 8 per cent. last year.

Notwithstanding the muzzle by-law Assessor Harvey found eleven more dogs than were returned last year.

At the Normal School examinations last week the following Acton teachers were successful: Misses Ruby Clark, Jean Smith, Ena Pearson and Eva Smith.

The deposit of the street sceepings at the narrow section of Main Street, where the tile was put in at Mr. Ebbage's property, will widen and improve the roadway there.

Seven candidates were baptized at the Baptist Church in connection with the evening service last Sunday. Mr. McKechnie, the pastor, conducted the service and performed the solemn rite.

Bright and early Monday morning Municipal Officer Harvey, with the road scraper and a gang of men, commenced the work of street cleaning.

Councillor Alex. Bell has disposed of his saw mill property on Main Street to Mr. David A. Henderson, son of Mr. James Henderson, Maria Street. Mr. Bell intends taking a trip to British Columbia when he gets his business interests settled.

Mr. E. W. Grace has disposed of his meat business to Mr. John Gibbons, of the Station Hotel. Mr. Gibbons takes possession on May 9. He has had a wide experience as a drover and butcher and is qualified to conduct the new business. Mr. Grace intends devoting his whole attention to farming.

Mr. W. G. McKechnie, B. A., who has so acceptably filled the position of pastor of the Baptist Church since the beginning of the year, will cease his ministrations next Sunday. He will be succeeded by Mr. P. G. Burrell, also a McMaster University student, who will spend the whole of his time here during the long summer vacation.

District Deputy Grand Master W. M. Logan, of Hamilton, paid his annual official visit to Walker Lodge, A. F. and A. M., on Monday evening.

Mr. R. J. McNabb has negotiated the sale of the farm of Mr. John Cummings, west half of lot 2, concession 3, Erin, to Mr. David A. Henderson, who recently purchased Councillor Bell's saw mill property here. The farm is well timbered and will be a good source of supply for the mill.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cullen, Agnes Street, are removing to Guelph. They have been many years residents of Acton and vicinity, in fact Acton has been Mr. Cullen's post office for forty-five years.

At the regular meeting of the Municipal Council on Monday evening, Assessor Harvey presented the assessment roll for 1910, for the inspection of the Council. The assessment for the year aggregates $431,030, an increase of $8,815 over 1909. The population has increased by 131 during the year. Ninety dogs have been enrolled.

DIED

ROSS—At the home of his son-in-law, George H. Thompson, Stewarttown, on Friday, April 15, 1910, Henry L. Ross, formerly of Acton, in his 75th year.

WISE PRECAUTION

Among the frequent visitors at the shop of Mr. Vickery, a well-known taxidermist, was an old colored man who was quite a character in his way, and with whom Mr. Vickery used to enjoy talking. One day he happened in just as Mr. Vickery had finished skinning a bald eagle. "Would you like a goose to take home with you?" asked the taxidermist, pointing to the body of the bird, which lay wrapped in a paper on a shelf.

"Yes, sah," replied the unsuspicious negro. "I'd be mighty 'bliged to you, sah."

The package was handed over to him, and he departed rejoicing. Not long afterward the taxidermist met him on the street, and inquired how he had enjoyed his goose dinner.

"Dat goose war de toughest gobse dat ever I see," replied the darky, looking his questioner full in the eye without a shadow of a smile. "I biled him, an' parbiled him, an' bilied him again, but he was suttinly de chewin'est bird dat ever me or my ole woman seed."

With that the old man walked calmly away.

A few days later the darky called on the taxidermist again. As he was leaving the shop, Mr. Vickery said, pointing to a paper in which a snowy owl was carefully wrapped up, "Don't you want another goose to-day?"

"If you'll 'xcuse my plain speakin', sah," said the old man with dignity, "I'd like to see de feel on dat goose b'fore I carries him home to de ole woman!"

HE GOT THE DOLLAR

With a vain man hardly anything goes farther than a compliment handsomely, but not delicately, administered. This is the point of a Washington story told by the Detroit Free Press, about a member of Congress well known for his knowledge of his own knowledge about all questions of finance.

This wise statesman was approached by a reputable-looking man, who said with a deferential but not servile manner:

"Excuse me, sir, but are you not Mr. Blank?"

"I am," said the congressman with affable dignity.

"I believe you are well informed upon all financial questions?"

"My friends and the press are kind enough to say so."

"You have given much attention to the subject, I think."

"More than to anything else."

"And no doubt you could give a satisfactory answer to almost any question I might ask?"

The member saw that he was being "interviewed," and wished to say something that would look well in print.

"Perhaps I could if any man could," he answered.

"Well, I have a question in finances that I should be greatly pleased if you would answer to my satisfaction."

"Very good, what is it?"

"Will you lend me a dollar for a day or two? I'm broke."

The congressman produced the dollar. "By George!" he said afterward, "he could have caught me for five just as well, if he had only known it."

Cheapest of all Oils.—Considering the qualities of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil it is the cheapest of all preparations offered to the public. It is to be found in every drug store in Canada from coast to coast and all country merchants keep it for sale. So, being easily procurable and extremely moderate in price, no one should be without a bottle of it.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, APRIL 20, 1930

JESUS TEACHING FORGIVENESS

Golden Text—Forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors. Matt. 6: 12.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 18: 21-35. Study also Luke 17: 1-5; Matt. 18: 16-20.

TIME—Autumn, A. D. 30. PLACE—Capernaum.

EXPOSITION—I. Seeking Forgiveness for Self, 21-27.

Peter's question is exceedingly important and practical. It is one with which we are all confronted, experimentally. We have all those whom we forgive, and who, scarcely have we forgiven them, straightway offend again. How long are they to be permitted to keep this up? Peter suggested seven times, as a possible outside limit. That is far higher than most of us go, or would think of going. But Jesus multiplied Peter's high figure by seventy, and said: "There is where you ought to go—seventy times seven." Here we have the perfect number, multiplied by the number of completeness, multiplied, again, by the perfect number. In other words, Christ said: "Never cease forgiving." Our patience is to be inexhaustible and our forgiving love infinite. At first glance, this seems to be a hard saying, but if we continue looking at it, we discover it be to a most sweet and gentle saying; for if Jesus bade us do this to our fellows, He certainly will, Himself, do it for us. The parable which follows emphasizes this gracious truth. I need, then, never fear again to go to Him, saying, "Forgive me," no matter how often, how seriously I have sinned. If my heart hesitate, I hear Him whisper: "Until seventy times seven" (Col. 3: 13; Eph. 4: 32; 5: 1.) The form of Peter's question suggested that the apostle took it for granted that he would have to forgive others, but that it did not occur to him that he, himself, might be the offender, and that others might have to forgive HIM. Peter was very much like the rest of us. Reckoning a talent roughly, at $1,200, the king's debtor was twelve million dollars in debt. And this, too, is a picture of each of us. We are hopelessly in debt to God, and we have nought to pay (Luke 7: 42; Ps. 130: 3; Ex. 34: 7; Ps. 40: 12). It is not before an abstract law, but before a Person, that we are guilty (Ps. 51: 4.) If we could only be brought to fully realize how great is our own unpaid debt—a debt that is freely forgiven—we would surely not find it hard to forgive others. The greatest wrongs done us would seem small, indeed, compared with the wrongs we have done God. It would be well if, every time a wrong is done us, we would read this parable, and learn to look at the wrongs done us in the light of the wrongs we ourselves have wrought to others and to God. The debtor was BROUGHT to the king; We, as sinners, do not come into God's presence of our own accord; the Holy Spirit brings us there (Jno. 16: 7-9.) Verse 25 pictures God's dealings with us, on the ground of law (Gal. 3: 10.) But it is only to bring us to sue for mercy and grace (Ro. 3: 19-24; Gal. 3: 22-24.) The demand of just payment brought this debtor down upon his knees, and that is where the full demand of law brings each of us—if we are wise. And yet this debtor fancied he could ultimately pay his debts—if he were given time. This, also, is true to human experience. When first awakened to a sense of our sins, we fancy we can fully repay—sometime. We think we can redeem the past with the future. After a while, it dawns upon us that we can do nothing at all—that salvation must be WHOLLY of grace (Eph. 2: 8, 9.) When we realize that, and, that God does not ask us to do anything (Ro. 3: 24; 4: 5.) our consciences are purged from dead works, to serve the living God (Heb. 9: 14.) In verse 27 we have God dealing in grace. Now, it is all grace, just as before it was all law. The Lord does not extend the time for paying the debt, but fully tenders it. God never mixes law and grace (Gal. 5: 24; 3: 10; Ro. 3: 28; 11: 6.). The basis of grace is nothing in us, but something in God—His own compassion. The CONDITION upon which God deals in grace is in us—that we acknowledge our hopeless indebtedness and sue for mercy.

II. Refusing Forgiveness for Another, 28-35.

The man just forgiven a twelve-million-dollar debt, goes right out, and tries violently to exact a debt of seventeen dollars from another. Though it may seem incredible, yet that is a scene enacted every day. God has forgiven us debts, the magnitude of which defies computation, and we go out and exact the paltry debts owing us by our fellows to the uttermost farthing. How many of us are harboring grudges over petty or slight offenses! We shall all ponder deeply over this parable. The man's debtor acted precisely towards him as he had acted towards his own creditor, but he remembered nothing, and had no mercy. This is true to life. Others sue us for mercy, just as we have made our suit to God, but we, too, have no mercy. "Pay—pay your debt," is our inflexible demand. The outcome is startling. "His lord called him." If we will not listen to the cry of our debtors, then we shall hear the voice of OUR creditor. God freely forgives us our huge debt, but if we truly accept it, we shall proceed to show it by freely forgiving our fellows. If we do not forgive others, it proves, simply, that we have despised the proffered mercy of God. We are now back on the law basis, and we shall be delivered to the tormentors until we pay ALL THAT IS DUE. That, however, we can never do; so our punishment will be—everlasting. There is no mercy for the man who shows, by refusing mercy to others, that he has despised it for himself (Jas. 2: 13.) The only way to be merciful is by believing in the mercy of God as revealed in Christ towards us (1 Jno. 4: 10, R. V.) Jesus points His own parable, and there is no mistaking His meaning of it (see v. 35.) There is, then, no hope for many a professed Christian, unless he repent of his attitude towards those who have wronged him. Here, the gate of the pit is opened wide, and many there be who go in thereat. By this standard we shall all be tried in the Great Day. There will be no forgiveness, then, for unforgiving people. Obviously they would be unfit for heaven. They would not be able to value a dwelling-place to which mercy is the only title, and forgiveness the only song.

LOOKING AHEAD

Much has been said of late years about the inappropriate names with which thoughtless parents too often burden their children. A negro mentioned by Harper's Bazaar has laid the matter to heart.

"What have you named your baby, Rastus?" asked a visitor.

"Samuel Pro Tem Johnson, sah."

"What is the 'Pro Tem' for?"

"To show that the name is only temporary, sah. We kind o' thought Sam might like to choose his own name when he growed up, sah, so we put 'Pro Tem' in as a warnin' to de public."

THE GUILTY CONSCIENCE

A certain young bachelor who has rooms in a quiet West-End square, says the Tatler, keeps himself fit by donning his running shorts in the evening and going for an hour's trot round several quiet streets. One night, while attired in this abbreviated athletic garb, he was hailed in anguished tones by a female voice, and on slowing down he discovered it was his landlady, who gasped out:

"Oh, I'm sorry I'm late this week, sir, but if you'll go back home at once I'll promise you your washing home to-morrow morning first thing."

Over $600,000 a Week

THE people of Ontario and Quebec are amongst the most persistent 'talkers' (by telephone) of all the earth's inhabitants. The outlook for coming months shows no let-up in the programme for providing the facilities which the two provinces demand. They must have always at hand adequate means for reaching anyone, practically anywhere, with whom they may wish to talk and to meet their needs the Bell Telephone Company will spend in 1930 over 31 million dollars—upwards of $600,000 every week. Even long distance wires in certain conditions are being buried in cables underground.

SYLVA'S HAPPY EASTERTIDE

"I do think it is the most dreadful thing in the world to be poor," said Sylva Seabrook.

"Why, what now?" asked her mother.

"You can have nothing or be nothing without money," and she threw herself down on the couch and covered her face with her hands.

"I beg to disagree with you. Some of the very best people I know are poor, while some of the richest are so proud and lazy that they are no good to themselves or to anyone else. Poverty is oftentimes a blessing—an incentive to goodness and greatness."

"That is all right to talk about, but when you have to go through it it is not so pleasant. It seems to me so hard that I can't have a new Easter hat and buy Easter flowers like the other girls of my set."

"Oh, that is it, is it? Shall I tell you how to have a happy Easter?"

"If you know any way without having money."

"Forget yourself entirely and think only about making someone else happy."

"How can I forget myself?"

"By beginning to work for someone else at once."

"What have I to work with, without money?"

"There are your old hen's eggs you have been saving for Easter."

"Yes: I have fifteen."

"And there are enough dyes to color them all, red, blue, green and purple."

"Yes: I will have that much fun any way."

"And there are jonquils and daffodils in full bloom out in the back yard—almost as pretty as Easter lilies."

"Yes. I almost forgot them."

"Why not weave some baskets out of strips of pink and white cardboard, line them with paper napkins and fill up with eggs and flowers, to distribute among those who are more needy than yourself?"

"Who, mother?"

"Why, there is poor little lame Bessie Hitchcock, lying on her bed from one year's end to the other. Don't you think she would be glad to get a pink and white basket filled with dyed Easter eggs"

"D'pect she would. Who else?"

"How about poor little Bennie Button, the newsboy, who has to give every cent he makes to his mother to help support the family? Why, just one red or blue rug would set him almost into a spasm of delight."

"I will give him the very prettiest one I have."

"Now hunt up others for yourself and go off and be happy."

Sylva took her mother's advice, and the next two weeks were very busy indeed.

She not only made the baskets and dyed the eggs, but hunted up some scraps of white Canton flannel, out of her mother's piece-bag, and with a pattern out of a paper she cut out and made very creditable-looking English rabbits.

This so occupied all of her spare time that, for the time being, she forgot herself entirely.

Easter morning bright and early, she took a basket of daffies and jonquils to an old, old lady who had not been out of the house for more than five years.

She took a basket of red, blue and green eggs to poor little lame Bessie Hitchcock, with a white rabbit sitting on them, and another one, just like it to Bennie Button; and they were all received with such a spirit of gladness that Sylva's eyes filled with tears more than once.

"Gee! Ain't he nice, though!" said little Bennie Button, as he picked up the white rabbit by its long ears and poked at its shoe-button eyes with his forefinger. "The baby shall have this and the algs I'll be afther dividin' with my mother and sisters. You're most as nice as them Easter angels I've heard tell on. May you have all the rabbit and algs you need for the rest of your days!"

As for little Bessie Hitchcock, it was enough just to see the pale little hands take the rabbit and eggs in and out of the basket so many times, with such a pretty, satisfied smile on her lips.

When Sylva went home and found her teacher had left an Easter lily for her, she said, very quietly: "Did she leave that for me? How very kind! But, indeed, I have been so happy thinking of others that I forgot all about myself."

"And you are not a rich girl, either," smiled her mother.

RUSSIAN SUPERSTITION

Ignorance is seen in its true colors when it interferes in the practical affairs of life, and strikes a death-blow to prosperity and happiness. A traveller in Russia writes, in the English Illustrated Magazine:

One village through which we passed was the embodiment of filth and squalor. A destructive fire was raging at one end of it, and round this all the inhabitants were gathered. One house was already burned down, a second was one mass of flames, and the fire was rapidly spreading to a third, yet not a hand was raised to arrest its ruinous progress. Oaths, prayers, the wailing of women and whining of children filled the air.

"Why on earth don't you put out the fire?" shouted my companion to one of the peasants, who approached with a servile and wistful look, as if he expected an offering of money. "Have you no buckets?"

"Surely your Excellency deigns to know that it isn't buckets we need!"

"Well, it isn't strong arms, either, I fancy. Why don't you go to work?"

"Your grace wouldn't have us fly in the face of heaven! We've sins enough on our souls without adding that black crime to them. Wasn't it God's own lightning that set Petroff's house on fire, a couple of hours ago? And did we, we are, there's not a man in the village that would raise his hand to undo God's holy work."

My friend raised his hand, waved it despairingly, and we drove on.

"It's a mere waste of time to reason with them," he said. "They would be soon commit suicide en masse as put out a fire that God had kindled with His lightning."

Douglas' Egyptian Liniment is without a rival. Stops bleeding instantly. Cauterizes wounds and prevents blood poisoning.

RECENT INFORMATION ON TREATING SEED POTATOES

The aim of all potato growers is to produce the biggest and best crop at the lowest possible cost. This highly desirable condition is dependant upon a number of factors such as good soil, quality of seed, spraying and cultivation. However, while the importance of these features is unquestioned, very often the prospect of a good crop is ruined through neglect to practise seed treatment which is aimed to reduce the enormous losses and inconvenience caused by scab, black leg and rhizoctonia; all of which occur in every province in Canada. Failure to treat for these diseases may result in soil contamination, poor stands, weak plants and a diseased crop. Where time and labor are the main objections to treating seed potatoes, products known as organic mercury compounds are now available. They are used as dips and at the concentrations recommended by the manufacturers. Besides destroying the disease producing germs, organic mercury compounds have the added value of protecting seed-pieces from destructive rots which are largely responsible for poor stands, particularly when the early season is not favorable to the growth of young roots which establish the potato plant.

While the foregoing method has its merits, corrosive sublimate (bi-chloride of mercury) remains the standard disinfectant for seed potatoes. Investigations conducted by the Division of Botany, Experimental Farm, Ottawa, have demonstrated the efficiency of this method when the directions are followed carefully.

The bi-chloride treatment constitutes soaking seed potatoes for 1½ hours in a solution composed of 4 ounces of bi-chloride of mercury in 25 gallons of water. After each lot of four bushels has been soaked, ½ ounce of bi-chloride is dissolved in 1 quart of hot water, and added to the original solution and water added to replace any loss. This is necessary to maintain the strength of the solution. In the past it has been customary to treat as many as eight lots, adding an extra ½ ounce of bi-chloride after each soak. It has been demonstrated that the solution has no killing effect if used eight times, and even where the necessary precautions have been observed it is advisable to discard the solution when four lots of potatoes have been treated. Certain precautions will aid in preventing deterioration and render seed treatment more valuable. These are as follows:

1.—Dissolve the bi-chloride in not less than one gallon of boiling hot water.

2.—Wash the potatoes before treatment to remove dirt. (This is very important).

3.—Have two clean casks with drain plugs at the bottom. When one soak is complete drain the solution into the second cask, and clean the sediment out of the first. Use these casks alternately throughout treatment.

4.—Dissolve all bi-chloride in boiling hot water.

5.—When 12 to 16 bushels of potatoes have been treated make up a new solution.

6.—Do not treat in bags.

7.—If possible use rain water, or water known to be soft.

8.—After treating put seed in a clean place to dry quickly.

9.—If weather does not permit rapid drying, wash the tubers off with water immediately after treatment.—R. H. Hurst, Plant Pathologist, Laboratory of Plant Pathology, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

A DISTINCTION

"Yes, I suppose you may call Eben a successful man. He does a good business, but in my mind he isn't prosperous." He said Mrs. Tracy to her sister, who had congratulated her on the purchase by her husband of a mill which he was thought to have bought at a bargain.

"Well," returned her sister, "it seems to me everything he touches comes out just right. He's the busiest man in town."

"That's just it," retorted Mrs. Tracy. "He's busy and he succeeds in his doings, but that isn't prospering—not as I understand it. You see," she continued, "when we were first married he leased the little woollen mill down on the stream, and got along first-rate. He wasn't overbusy, and we used to ride around together every afternoon and have lots of company and good times.

"But he began to make money and buy more wool, and more mills to take care of it and more storehouses to put it in, until it takes about all his time to get from one mill to the other. Sometimes I see him on a Sunday, but he is generally busy resting up to start again. He's about as much a slave as if he was chained in a galley."

"Yes, but he does make money," said one.

"Well, perhaps so, but it all goes to buy more wool. If anybody hankers for lots of wool in this world, that's one thing. Eben has any amount of wool, but when it comes to getting the real solid goodness out of life and enjoying it, he's forgotten how to do it. Really, as I look at it, Eben is the most unprosperous man in town."

WHAT THEY ASKED HIM

Bishop Pilpper in an address attacked bigotry. "But, dear friends," he ended, "the best setback the bigot ever got was at the hands of old Cal Clay. Cal was asked one day by a missionary what denomination he belonged to, and the old fellow's reply was this: Brass ye, sah, dah's fo' roads leadin' from hyah ter town—de long road, de hill road, de cho' road and de swamp road—but when Ah goes ter town wid der load er grain dey don't say ter me, "Uncle Calhoun, which road did yo' come n hy?" but "Cal, is yo' wheat good?"

DO NOT WORRY

The world is wide,
In time and tide,
And God is guide,
Then do not hurry.
That man is blessed who does his best
And leaves the rest;
Then do not worry.

PUMPS AND PEOPLE

Joe burst into the kitchen and dropped his pail. "Well's dry," he announced. "I've pumped and pumped, and no water comes."

Uncle Len, waiting for Agnes to get breakfast, rose and laughed genially. "Not quite a country boy yet, are you, Joe? There's plenty of water in the well, but the pump's dry. When that happens you have to pour water down to get water up. I'll show you." He took a dipperful from the pail by the sink and went out with Joe.

Presently Joe returned with a brimming pail of fresh water. "What else have I got to do?" he asked Agnes shortly.

"There's the woodbox," she answered in the same curt tone.

"Sure, there's the woodbox," muttered Joe, "and after that a porch to sweep and after that something else. It's nothing but jobs all day long!" He stamped out to the shed.

"I should think Joe might see," said Agnes to herself, "that this new life is harder for me than for him. I work without stopping for him and Uncle Len day in and day out, but Joe never says a word of thanks or affection. I don't believe he loves me at all. And he's my only brother."

She filled the pitcher from the fresh pail, and just then she remembered Uncle Len's words, "There's plenty of water in the well, but the pump's dry. You have to pour water down to get water up!"

With the pitcher in her hand Agnes stood gazing across the fields to the hills beyond. Was that the trouble, a dry pump? Perhaps the well was full of brotherly affection, and all it needed was a little sisterly love poured down to bring up a brimming pail. Could it be that?

Joe came back with his arms piled with wood, which he dropped into the wood box.

Agnes put down her pitcher, curved her mouth into a genuine smile at the thought of her experiment and crossed to her brother. She put an arm round his neck and kissed him. "Joe," she said, "you're such a comfort and help I don't know what I'd do without you!"

Joe wriggled free, but the flush on his cheek was not all embarrassment at the unusual caress. "That's nothing," he said, "you do lots more than I do, Agnes. You're all to the good."

"I love you lots," Agnes said with a soft little laugh.

"Give me a dish, and I'll pick you some strawberries for breakfast," Joe offered and went off, whistling, to do it.

Uncle Len, who had heard it all, nodded his wise old head. He knew a good deal both about pumps and about people.

A MAGIC WORD

There a little word below, with letters three,
Which, if you only grasp its potency,
Will send you higher
Towards the goal where you aspire,
Which, without its previous aid you'll never see—

NOW!

Success attends the man who views it right;
Its back and forward meanings differ quite;
For this is how it reads
To the man of ready deeds,
Who spells it backward from achievements height—

WON!

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To Renew Friendships

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Call by number and tell the long distance operator "anyone there will do." This gives you the low station-to-station rate.

If you call after 7 in the evening the cost will be about 25% lower than the day rate; and from 8.30 p.m. to 4.30 a.m. the rate is about half the day rate. (These reductions apply on "anyone" calls only.) Long distance today is quicker, cheaper and more dependable than ever before.

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Sunday Only	7.12 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	7.07 a.m.
Daily—Except Sunday	*11.52 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	*6.17 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	8.18 p.m.

Going West

Sunday Only	10.21 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	*7.38 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	†9.00 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	3.29 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	6.17 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	*7.39 p.m.

* Denotes Mail Train.
† Flag stop to let off or take on passengers.

CANADIAN NATIONAL ELECTRIC RAILWAYS

Westbound

Daily—Except Sunday	7.36 p.m.
Daily	9.56 a.m.
Daily	11.56 a.m.
Daily	2.16 p.m.
Daily	4.36 p.m.
Daily	6.56 p.m.
Daily	9.16 p.m.
Daily	12.16 p.m.

Eastbound

Daily—Except Sunday	6.53 a.m.
Daily	9.13 a.m.
Daily	11.13 a.m.
Daily	1.33 p.m.
Daily	3.53 p.m.
Daily	6.13 p.m.
Daily	8.33 p.m.
Daily	11.33 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 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 4.05 p. m. and daily, except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays, at 7.00 p. m. On Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays only at 10.05 p. m.

Eastbound
Daily at 9.25 a. m., 12.05 p. m., 2.55 p. m. and 7.35 p. m.

Special Notice

Highest market prices paid for Scrap Iron, Metals, Rags and all kinds of scrap material. We also sell Pulleys, Belting, Hangers, Shafting, Piping, etc.

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PHONE 733

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