TIME TABLES

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

AT ACTON

Going East

Daily except Sunday 10.07 a.m.

Daily, except Sunday 6.13 p.m.

Sunday only 7.34 p.m.

The Chicago filer, that passes through

here at 9.31 p. m., eastbound, stope at

Daily, except Sunday 8.55 a.m.

Dally, except Sunday 273 p.m.

Daily, except Sunday 7.04 p.m.

Daily, except Sunday 12.31 a.m.

Sunday only 9.06 a.m.

Sunday only 11.26 p.m.

STANDARD TIME

ARROW BUS SCHEDULE

LEAVE WESTBOUND

9.45 m. - 11.45 m. m. (except

Saturday) - 2.15 p. m. - 3.15 p.

m. (Saturday only) - 5.15 p. m.

- 7.15 p. m. - 11.15 p. m. -

1.05 a. m. Saturdays, Sundays and

Holkinys

LEAVE EASTBOUND

7.00 a. m. (daily, except Sunday)

- 9.10 a. m. - 12.45 p. m. - 4.30

p. m. - 6.45 p. m. - 9.00 p. m.

ITINERABIES PLANNED TO

ALL POINTS IN CANADA

UNITED STATES & MEXICO

Consult Local Agent

WILES' RESTAURANT

Central Ontario Bus Lines

' Gotne West

Daily, except Sunday

Georgetown at 9.40 p. m.

GRATIFUDE

Thanks be to God for the trees. And the whispering of the leaves, Thanks be to God for the beauty My innermost soul perceives. Thanks be to God for the sun. And breezes that come and go, Bringing to me a message From out of the long ago.

Thanks be to God for His Love For music of Love Divine, Thanks be to God for the sky Where the stars so brightly shine Thanks be to God for the peace, Which these things in nature bring. For they seem to me a glory Dropped down from an angel's wing

Thanks be to God for the light Dancing among the leaves Making the little sparkks In the web the spider weaves. Thanks to God for His Power. It shines over all I see, Over the hills and valleys Over the land and sea.

Thanks for the drops of dew A'gleam in the glistening grass, Thanks for the bird-choir's singing Their anthems, as we pass; Thanks for the light of morning. Thanks for the evening aky. Thanks for the lovely rainbow Shining screne on high.

Thanks be to God for all All we receive, joy or pain: Thanks be to God for the harvest. Thanks be to God for the rain. Thanks be to God for His mercy. May He bless and protect from above, And in us may He, of His bounty. Produce and bring forth flowers of love

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of November 4th, 1915

Tender references were made in the churches on Sunday to the late heroid Nurse Cavell, so foully murdered by the Germans in Brussels.

Mr. James Carnahan has sold his farm, lot 25, concession 5, Nassagaweya, to Mr. J. A. Willoughby.

Mr. James G. Moffat has leased the at St. Clair, one nice little woman, going brick residence of Mr. Charles H. Stevens and will remove to town.

At a meeting of the Council it was decided to discontinue ringing the Town Hall bell morning, noon and night, as by many.

he had 2,400 pounds of Early Norman hours were spent strap-hanging in oats from 32 pounds sown.

The interdenominational men's bany street corners. quet held last Thursday evening was n evening. Addresses were given by Mr.

of Millerdale, Sask., says there has been a bumper crop in Saskatchewan. Wheat has yielded from 30 to 68 bushels per acre and graded mostly No. 1 Northern, and all sold at 760 to 84c.

GUTHRIE-On Sunday, October 31st 1915, at "Ardmay," Guelph, Donal Guthrie, K. C., in his 76th year. BWACKHAMER-In Acton, on Tuesday, November 2nd, 1915, Mary E. Chisholm wife of Hirum Swackhamer, aged 53

ASHAMED TO GIVE UP

hard blows, he has dropped like a stone and given up trying to regain his feet. Other people who have experienced

the hardest kind of knockdown blows, still have climbed to their feet and gone on fighting. They have seen their hopes time and 'I did several of the things I trying. There is no room in our hearts interesting and decidedly amusing. There to plty such as these. We feel for them was just one thing that I objected to an admiration which becomes inspiramaking us ashamed to give up.

THE GREATEST SERVICE

fine or commonplace.' A mother, caring for a sick child, may put such tenderness into each little service us to make

It does not matter so much what your of a magic lantern show at a Sunday to mother, that's what I ought to do!" chosen work is as what' you put into school concert! I wanted the pictures it. The great service is that which is to take up the-whole of the stageinspired by loving kindness, in which which, of course, was quite impossible the doer loses sight of himself and thinks at the Royal Alexandra. Then again I only of those he is serving. Judged by had a seat in the second balcony and this standard, the factory worker may looking down at a picture all the time outrank the statesman, and the girl who is not so good-which, of course, was buts her heart into making the invalid's nothing to do with the picture, tray appealing, may be nearer becoming rather the result of my depleted finances. m great artist than another who spends However, on the whole I was very glad ber days minting pictures.

TERRIBLE

man over there?"

Yokel-"That be the squire. A powerful excitable man, 'e be, too They say tion-then second best is preferable to and she bent him to the first word by 'ow 'e once burst a blood-vessel watching a chess match."

VERY ORDINARY

Clerk-"There are especially strong whirts, madam. They simply laugh at the laundry."

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for Acton Free Press GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

I have been away for a holiday-four whole days away from Ginger Parmand I have had one lovely time. Not until I was actually on the bus could I be sure my holiday had really started, because first I thought I would go and then I thought I wouldn't, and then I would change my mind all over again. Tuesday night I went to bed determined to catch the nine-thirty bus next morning—that is, Wednesday. At five-thirty I wakened to find it raining. "Guess I had better stay at home," I decided drowsily-and turned over and went to sleep again. At six-thirty the rain had stopped, at seven-thirty-the sun was shining, and at eight-thirty I was packing things into my grip as fast as I could get them there. Here were two dozen eggs for my sister-in-law, and here was my bottle of horrible medicine, which has to be taken, hall, rain or shine. Now supposing, thought I, the eggs medicine should get smashed and mixed mixture it would be. thought of it made me particularly careful in my packing of these two articles However, I really managed to keep everything intact and eventually reached my destination, after inquiring directions from the bus-driver, several street-car conductors and various passengers. never know where I am in the city, but, nevertheless, I always manage to get wherever I want to go. People, I find, are always so very friendly and ready to help out in any little difficulty. Just imagine, when I got off the street car

on carrying my grip part of the way. My waking hours in the city were divided between meeting friends, visiting plenty of competition, so don't sit up an oculist, going to a matinee, shopping for me for it may be leven; even the clock in the government building expeditions-most of which were of the is considered sufficient. The silvery window-shopping variety, because I went "broke" the second day I was thereand taking Baby Anne for long walks. Mr. Robert Sprowl, third line, found while the remaining and intervening street-car, or else waiting for cars at

One, two three and a half days I spent splendid success. About 140 men of the away from home, with a perfectly easy churches participated and enjoyed the conscience, as I had left enough baking and cooked meat at home to keep J. Reynolds Johnston and Mr. D. M. Partner and the children from suffering Rose, of Toronto. The menu was pro- the pangs of starvation in my absence wided by the ladies of the Red Cross for a few days, at least. But on towards Bociety, and was excellent in all res- the end of the fourth day I began to wonder how the food supply was hang-A letter from Mr. Stafford Z. Bennett, ing out. Would Daughter remember to buy more meat and would she think to leave word for the baker if she were away to town? Had Purtner got over his cold-or had it got worse? Had it invaded the bronchial tubes or could it possibly have settled on his lungs? Was it really all right for me to have come

away for these few days? "Stay until Monday," my brother-inlaw said, and his wife added-"Yes, we would love to have you stay."

"Goo-gurgle-goo," sald Haby Anne, diplomatically, not wishing to commit herself. But I couldn't be persuaded. The call had come; home-ties were dow seat. Everything sang of peace eagerly as Y left it, so I returned once with a light heart. line when he wants something to eat. more to Ginger Farm. I found there We are sorry for him but we cannot was still a ple left and Daughter had some ten minutes later and opened admire him. Because fate has dealt him bought enough eatables to see them over the breakfast-room door with a bright the week-end. Partner showed no signs "Good morning, darling!" But the of incipient pneumonia and no one had. broken any bones but young son had fallen his wife's face told Bill that she knew through his clothes as usual. Of course I really had a wonderful

blighted, their efforts thwarted. With really wanted to do. I spent hours in success in their grasp, they have found the book departments of the stores and it turning into failure; yet they have I also went to see "Midsummer Night's not lost hope. They have not stopped Dream." It, was very beautiful, very and that was the characterization of tion, faming our courage into flame, Puck. Puck, I have always imagined, to be a light, elfin, mischievous little rancal, but Pick on the screen, looked to be a boy about ten or twelve, with a coarse, rasping voice and loud laughter. It is the motive that makes the action The laughter wasn't so bad, but the voice was terrible. Another thing rather bothered me. The pictures, as they were running around everywhere, while you flashed on the screen, looked to small, were out carousing with that awful A As a matter of fact they were not small Fred Lawrence. Drinking his vile nurse of the "Salrey Gamp" type, giving at all, it was really the stage being so the same service, with a purely mer- big that one was conscious of a wide that gang of cut throats he runs with, cenary motive, makes it repellent and expanse of curtain on either side of the picture. One rather got the impression

I'r went to see it and if I ever have the chance to the it again in a smaller theatre I shall certainly go. I understand there is to be another Shakespeare "Visitor-"And who is that red-faced comedy put on the screen-the more the better. I would say-if we can't have the real thing-that is a stage produc- ful little ear-full through the keyhole nothing at all. But of course it all de- two breaths and a snort. pends on the reception it is given. The public is siways the deciding factor in what we must do!

Douglas' Egyptian Linkment is recommended for sore necks, galls, distemper, tah lilli got home-- I was too busy get Customer-"I know that kind; I had callouses and spavins. Removes proud tin' my brekins ready to look at de some which came back with their sides flesh and Hoof Rot. Stops bleeding in-

The Morning After

By LILIAN OAKLEY

ATHEN Fred Lawrence decided to boys how much better his home-brew Bill Hay was the first man he called.

playing, and since his marriage. Bill failed, and been forced to go contract. But I business is not always business when It keeps a man downtown late, if you know what I mean. Anyway, Bill said: "Okeh old boy, old boy. I'm dry as"

my middle name." Then Bill called his wife. "Hello, darling," he said in a voice beavy with business worries. "I just phoned to tell you not to walt dinner. From the way things look now, I won't be able to get away from the office

before nine or after." "Well, that's funny," his wife told him, "I thought you said at breakfast that you didn't have any business and that you just kept the office open to

up together, what a terrible appalling ing. But I've flushed a covey of orders period of 1934 shows, according to traffic and I've got to stay with 'em until I'get

"I don't believe one word you say. Bill Hay, not one word. I think you're just trying to get out of going to Mudge Cook's reception with me to-

"No, honestly, darling, I'd forgotten all about the reception. But this thing may break big for me and I've got to stay with it. And if things turn out as I expect them to I'll buy you the prettiest hat in town." "Well, of course. . . . But I still think it's queer that you have so much

business tonight after saying what you in the same direction as myself, insisted did at breakfast." "I told you that all of this came up since noon. And I'm going to have

> twelve, before I get home." When Bill got to Fred's house the party was on. And what a party it turned out to be! The home-brew had a kick to it and the cards ran high. wide, and handsome. Kings consorted with kings and the four aces clung closer than the Marx brothers. is except when they were in Bill's hand. Bill had lots of luck but it was

o'clock, Bill was seventy-five dollars in the hole and had a cramp from writing I. O. U's. He borrowed twentyfive dollars from Fred to stem the cur rent of his wife's wrath if the worst happened and started for home.

When Bill reached his house the moon had called it a night and gone to bed, the sun was shaking out its rays and Mandy the cook was in the kitchen starting her breakfast Bill gave Mandy one of his borrowed dollars not to tell his wife what time he got home. Then he crept allently up

the stairs to bed. The next thing Bill heard was the -clock striking seven. He opened a cautious eye and looked across at his wife's bed. She was gone, the covers were neatly folded buck, the room was warm, the cat was purring on the wintugging at my heart-strings and just as and amity. Bill bounded out of bed

He went whistling down the stairs words froze in mid air. One look at all. Bill did his part but he didn't get

"Oh, stop lying to me, Bill Hay. know exactly where you were and what time you got home," she said.

"I don't see how you know what time got home," Bill said. "You were sound asleep, snoring loud enough to

"I was not. You're just making that un, for I don't snore. I know what time you got home because Mandy

"Mandy? What does

"Yes, what does she know about it? She knows that I lay here all night by myself with thieves and murderers home-brew and playing poker with And telling me it was business! I ought to pack my trunk and go home Bill knew when he was beaten.

"Well, to tell the truth," he said, "we dld play a few rounds of poker after we got through our business. I was feeling pretty lucky, and I thought you could use a little sugar money."

Bill pushed one of the borrowed tens across the table to his wife. She eved it with scorn. With an inward sigh of resignation he fished the other ten out of his pocket. Still hol words and cold looks. Then the telephone lingled. His wife went to answer it, pocketing the two tens, before she left the table. Bill made a becaline for the kitchen. He'd tell that colored Mandy a thing or two. But Mandy had gotten a cheer

"Don't you come in here blandn' me Mistah Bill, cause I never tol' vo' wife these things. In that case you know what time yo'all got home. Hones' to Cawd. I never. She come to here axin me an' I said, 'No, mad'um, I don't 'now nothin' atall 'bout what time M's

THE DIFFERENCE

You hear so much of the extraordinary successes of that great American, Thomas Edison, that many of you probably think that he was always successful. He knew what it was, however, to lose the result of years of work and all the Then: "Well, look here. I'll say I was immediate prepossession in favor of the money he possessed. He knew what it was to struggle, month after month, V have a party and prove to the trying to perfect some invention and not." meet with nothing but failure. Somewas than the pale anemic liquid they times he performed fifty thousand exbought over the counters downtown, periments before completing a single invention. If he had stopped with Bill's wife was a hyena about poker forty-nine thousand, he would have

The difference between success and failure is not the difference between good luck and bad, not alone the difference between ability and lack of it. but the difference between sticking to a cotton batting camel and lucky is an undertaking and giving up.

NEW ZEALAND GETS FISH FROM CANADA

New Zealand is buying from Canada increased quantities of motor vehicles, tires, newsprint, canned fish, allk and artificial silk piece-goods, flour, gum boots, iron wire, leather footwear, agricultural machinery, cardboard and similar board, and adding machines, a comparison of figures for the first six months "Yes-yes, I did say that this morn- of this years as compared with the same officials of the Canadian National Steamships, a great portion of the products enumerated being carried in vessels of the line in the direct Canada-Austaralian-New Zealand service. Canadian canned fish represented 59.1 per cent. of the total imports. More Canadian radio receiving sets and electric stoves were also sold.

MUSIC AND LITERATURE

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, discussing the difference between novels and plays, says that his system of writing plays is founded on music.

"My method and tradition," he says. "is not founded on literature at all. Y was brought up on music when I was young. I did not read plays very much because I could not get hold of them except of course, Shakespeare, who was mother's milk to me. What I was really interested in was musical development

"If you study operas and symphonics you will find a useful clue to my particular type of writing. If you want to produce anything in the way of great poetic drama you have to take a theme, as Beethoven did in his symphonics, and They called the party of at four keep hammering at the one theme,"

> Time is as the body, and eternity the spirit of existence.—Barley.

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ON A HONEYMOON

They were on their honeymoon, and had just had their first disagreement. Said he: "Perhaps I was a little cruel.

"Yes, you were!" she replied. "I wasn't!" he said, in a hurt tone.

cruel if you'll may I wasn't." "Very well, peach-blossom, you were

"Then I'm sorry if I was."

SPECIE

A_woman entered a bank to make deposit. She had some bills and cheques to deposit, so the procured a deposit slip which required the listing of bills, specie and cheques.

She listed her bills and cheques in their respective places, but was in doubt

what to list under specie. After a few moments' thought she wrote after the word specie "Female. and handed in her deposit.

EVERYTHING DATES "FROM THE FLOOD"

In the State of Vermont, and particularly in the Wincoski Valley, everything dates from the Plood. Not the deluge that made Noah famous and put Mount Ararat on the map, but the Plood o 1927, when many lives were lost and millions of dollars worth of property destroyed," says Robert Ayre in the Canadlan National Rallways Magazine. Rallway bridges and line were washed away but in three months trains were again steaming through the State. The residents of towns in the devastated area thought it would take a year, and the return of the engine whistle was a neverto-be-forgotten sound. To-day there no sign beyond "high-water marks" station buildings and in the farmhouses of the beautiful Winsooski Valley.

PROOF

Young Wife: "Pierre is perfectly wonderful to me, mother. ewrything I ask for." Mother: "That merely shows, my dear,

that you are not asking for enough."

EQUIPPED

Pather-"How's your ball team making

out, Jimmle?" Small Son-'Great, pop! We've got bats, balk, masks, uniforms and an imitation diamond ring that we take turns wearing!"

THE DIFFICULTY

Jlugs: "What happy people you mus be to have eight nice daughters! What resources for your old age!"

Juggs (very sadly): "Yes. Resources enough! But the difficulty nowadays consists in husbanding one's resources!

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THE BEAUTIFUL

Beauty has been the delight and torment of the world ever since it began. There is something irresistible in the beauteous form. The most severe cannot pretend that they do not feel an handsome. At the same time the handome should bear this in mind-that not any can bestow this gift on themselves, not retain it when they have it .- Steele.

DOUBTFUL

Mrs. Pigg: 'Does your husband ever pay you compliments?" Mrs. Pagg: "Well, sometimes he save 'You're a nice one!"



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