The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1929

A HOME SONG

I turned an ancient poet's book,
And found upon the page
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage

Yes, that is true, and something more,
You'll find wherever you roam
That marble floors and gilded walls
Can never make a home

But every house where Love abides
And Friendship is a guest
Is surely home, and home sweet home,
For there the heart can rest

Henry Van Dyke

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by
JUDY O'GRADY

When I first started out to write these weekly "Chronicles," Partner asked me what I thought I was going to write about and to tell you the honest truth I did rather wonder myself, but up to the present I have never yet been at a loss, for as surely as week follows week something always turns up.

You will remember last week we had almost reached a state of liquification through the heat, but now we are having delightful weather- delightful but no rain. Over the week-end skies certainly did look very threatening or rather promising but all we got was only a small shower. When it seemed practically certain rain really was coming, we thought the hour had come to clean out the soft water cistern. Ever since we have been here the cistern has never gone dry but this week it seemed as if there couldn't be very much water left, so we proceeded to pump it out. Well, I pumped and pumped and pumped and then my arm grew tired and I called Partner to the rescue and he pumped and pumped. After about fifteen minutes the pump, at any rate, went dry, but there was still a good foot of water in the cistern and the inside measurement is about ten feet by six, so you can imagine there was still plenty of water to be carried out. It must surely have been a thin man who built the cistern, for by the time Partner had dropped the ladder through the trap-door there was not much room for him and it didn't help matters when he got hung up by the seat of his pants. You know some people think a sense of humor is a great asset, but I can tell you at times it's an awful nuisance. You see, in Partner's predicament he wasn't exactly in the mood to see the funny side of things, but, unfortunately, I did. However, he managed to get himself unhitched and we got on with the work, and at the last we dished out the last of the sand and slime, cleaned the floor and walls, connected the pipes and were all ready for the rain that didn't come. But still we were almost prepared to be fooled as we had filled up every available tub and boiler with soft water before pumping it out. All these vessels the flies have since used as a swimming pool and Pat as a means to float his motorboats, which he has made for himself.

To-day we had a little more excitement. Brother-in-law has been burning brush for several days and to-day it got away. Such blazing and crucking there was as it reached the bed of the creek and the rail fence. There was Partner and his brother running around with wet sacks and pails of water, while I ran to the 'phone and called in two of the neighbors. It looked pretty serious for a while, as the wind had got up and the creek was in line with the barns. However, by the time everybody had got nicely warmed up and looking as black as niggers, we began to think the fire was pretty well under control, so the neighbors went home, Partner got on with his cultivating, brother-in-law took charge of the smouldering embers, and I went back to my interrupted cake-making.

I surely think that sometimes there is an evil genius dodging a farm woman's footsteps. I am particularly anxious to go down to the city on business this week, and have endeavored to arrange things accordingly. This afternoon I made a special trip to town to get money from the bank for my intended journey but, owing to our fire-fighting operations, I was two minutes late. The manager, however, gave heed to my persistent tapping and let me in. This evening I had everything nicely planned and now, if you please, we get word that two of the neighbors will be threshing to-morrow, so now I don't know whether I can get away or not.

But still nice things have been happening this week as well as the reverse. The mail each day has been one beautiful surprise packet. Three cheques have come rolling in, which met with a very cordial reception, but best of all was a programme of the Exhibition Chorus, which I had been so anxious to see. It was sent anonymously, so I can only take this means of thanking the sender for his, or her, kindly interest in what interests me. Such an act of spontaneous friendliness is very welcome in this matter-of-fact, work-a-day world, and I certainly appreciate it far more perhaps, than the sender could realize. Not only that, but I was able to pat myself on the back because during the music I said to Partner, "That sounds remarkably like Gilbert & Sullivan," and sure enough, it was Gilbert & Sullivan! The very name opens up a flood of memories. Years before "Ginger Farm" years before the war my brother and I used to spend hours in the living-room at home going over selections from the various operas. My brother was almost tune perfect and, although he did not know a note of music he would come home and play over anything he had heard.

Then, later, in Cambridge (Eng.) I cycled twenty-eight miles just to hear "Patience." It was well worth the trip and the last opera I ever saw but I am still living in hopes that some day I shall manage to visit Toronto when the D'Oiley Carte Opera Company is there. It is also my great ambition to hear the Mendelssohn Choir, but these things don't seem to fit in with farming operations, so I must needs contain my music-loving soul in patience and wait until the opportunity presents itself.

Neighbors, as I live, I do believe it raining! Good night. I must hurry and run out to see, in case it stops before I get there!

THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO ARE AT THEIR BEST IN SEPTEMBER

You'll like the hazy warmth of September days in the Highlands. You'll like the breath of pine and cedar that is heavy on the air. Everything you do will seem just right. All the Summer sports are in full swing: wonderful golf and tennis — boating — hiking — riding. You can't choose a better time than a few Autumn Weeks in Ontario's Lakelands. There is excellent accommodation at any of the resort territories — Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Kawartha Lakes or Georgian Bay. Any Agent of Canadian National Railways will gladly help you make your choice, make reservations, etc. 12-2

THE GREAT UNTAUGHT

Stranger: "How do you know there was a picnic in this grove yesterday?"

Ranger—"I can see by the papers!"

The Free Press' Short Story

THE RUNAWAYS

P. E. C. ROBBINS

MRS. BARSTOW had invited some of her friends to dinner at her house; after dinner, they were to go berrying on Woodcock Hill. Her menfolks were away, building a fence in a distant pasture, only Ellis, her fourteen-year-old son, was at home, and he, for the most part, kept out of sight.

"Now, Mrs. Barstow," said one of the ladies, after dinner, "we must all take hold and help you wash the dishes."

"No, indeed," Mrs. Barstow replied. Ellis will do the dishes, as soon as he has eaten his dinner. We will start right away."

"Oh, does Ellis wash dishes?" piped Mrs. Tryon, a rather effusive little matron. "How nice. I've often wondered how you managed your work so well without a hired girl, and your family all boys."

"Well," said Mrs. Barstow, "I could have a hired girl if I wanted one. But I don't. Ellis is as good as any girl I should be likely to get. Washing dishes isn't all that he can do. He can sweep, and make beds, and wash and iron, and even do some plain cooking. When Ellis was born," she went on, confidentially, "I was terribly disappointed that it wasn't a girl. I should have called her Ellen, after my mother. But I said to Mr. Barstow, 'Now you have three boys to work with you on the farm, and I am going to bring up this one to be some help to me.' And I've done it."

Ellis Barstow was never intentionally an eavesdropper, but as he was coming from the barn, the sound of his own name was borne to him through the open window, and he stopped almost involuntarily within earshot of the conversation.

"But aren't you afraid it will make him a little effeminate?" suggested Mrs. Tryon.

Oh, not a bit. He helps his father, too, and I guess he likes farm work better than he does housework."

"I guess I do!" muttered Ellis, under his breath.

"I must tell my Johnny about Ellis," declared Mrs. Tryon, "though I'm afraid I could never interest him in housework. Johnny is all boy, you see."

Ellis had heard more than enough, and he started back to the barn, with burning face and clenched hands. "If Jack Tryon every does say a word to me," he muttered, fiercely.

Soon his mother called him to the house. "Come, Ellis, now you can eat your dinner. Wash the dishes nicely, don't you, and have supper all ready for father and the boys. I shall be back before dark."

"Ladies," she called, beckoning to her guests in the sitting room, "this is my little maid of all work!"

Ellis, who did not at all look the part, for he was tall and strongly built for his age, blushed furiously, but politely bobbed his head.

After his mother and her guests had gone, he sat down at the table, but he had little appetite, for his soul was rising in revolt. He wanted to be just a boy, and to work in the pasture with his father and brothers, he was tired of working in his mother's kitchen a poor substitute for that little Ellen that should have come in his place. He looked out of the window toward the farm of the nearest neighbor, Mr. Glynn. There were five girls in the Glynn family, and no boys, which was hard for Mr. Glynn, however, Norah, the youngest daughter, did help him a good deal with the farm work. Mr. Glynn had said jokingly that he and Mr. Barstow ought to swap.

There was Norah now, out in the field near the road, digging some early potatoes. That did not seem just the sort of work for a girl, and he wondered whether she felt toward it as he did about washing dishes. The impulse came to him to go and have a chat with Norah.

He went out, and for a while talked with Norah on various subjects. Then he approached the thing that lay upon his heart. "Norah" he faltered, "don't you wish sometimes that you lived in a family where they needed you inside, so that you wouldn't be doing work like this?"

She tossed her tousled head. "No, I don't!" she answered, sharply. "I hate fussing in the house. Outdoor work for me every time. Anyone may call me a tomboy that wants to," she added, almost spitefully, "but I'd rather be a tomboy girl than a sissy boy!"

"I didn't call you any names," said Ellis, and turned away with an air of unconcern.

But in reality, Norah's words had been another cruel stab to his pride. He stood irresolutely for a minute after he left the field, and then walked rapidly away, but not in the direction of his own house.

The mad desire to run away from home had suddenly come to poor Ellis. Whither he was bound he did not know, but it was somewhere out into the wide world where he could find a man's work to do, and where the womenfolks wash the dishes.

He had gone a mile or more, when he saw a little girl running into the road from a footpath a short distance beyond him. When she saw him, she stopped, as if uncertain what to do. She was bare-headed and poorly clad, and her little frame shook with sobs. Ellis noticed her tangled yellow curls, her pleading eyes, and her delicate, tear-stained face.

"What is the matter, little girl?" he asked, as he came up to her.

At the sound of his friendly voice, her look of fear slowly vanished. "I'm running away," she answered.

"Running away?" echoed Ellis. "Whets from? Where do you live?"

I've been living in the big house with Mrs. Grout. She slaps me and shakes me and says I'm bad, and I'm not. So I have run away."

Ellis knew that Mrs. Grout was the wife of the keeper of the poor farm, and he had heard that she was cross. He had also heard about a poor widow who had worked in the mill at the Falls until she had been taken ill, and who then had been carried to the poor farm with her little daughter. He remembered that the poor woman had died.

But where are you going?" he asked.

I don't know," she replied, with a bewildered look, as if she had not thought of that before. Ellis reflected that it was that way with him, too.

What's your name?" he said, after a moment.

"Nellie Mason. I'm nine years old."

Nellie!" he repeated, then his face lighted up. "Why, that's just a nickname for Ellen! Ellen is your real name, isn't it?"

"Yes, I guess so," she answered, a little doubtfully.

"Of course it is!" he insisted. "Now listen, Ellen. Do you want to go to a nice lady's house, and perhaps stay with her and be her little girl?"

"Yes, I guess so," she answered again this time with more confidence in her tone.

"Come on, then," he said, and taking her hand, turned his face in the direction from which he had come.

When Mrs. Barstow reached home that night, she found everything in order, with the table set for supper, and the kettle singing on the stove. But instead of her youngest son, waiting to greet her, she saw, sitting demurely in the big rocking-chair, a strange little girl with wonderful violet eyes, and hair like tangled threads of gold.

"Why, child, who are you?" she gasped.

I am your little girl. I've come to stay with you always, if you like," answered the child. "My name is Ellen," she added, as if that explained everything.

But how did you get here, deary?" demanded Mrs. Barstow, in growing astonishment.

"The big boy that used to live here came with me," she replied. "He stayed a while, and we did the dinner dishes, and got supper ready. Then he went away, and he isn't coming back. He wanted me to be a good girl always, and help you all I can."

At a long cross-examination, Mrs. Barstow was finally able to get at certain facts that, when put together, gave her a pretty clear notion of the matter, she waited impatiently for the return of her husband. He came at last, with his three stalwart sons, and Rose, the old hound.

Mr. Barstow was interested, but not unduly excited.

"Now, mother," he said, "don't you cry or worry a mite. It's nothing uncommon. Why, I ran away myself once when I was a boy. It took father two days to find me," he continued, with some pride. "But I'll do better than that. Just give me a bite, and you boys run out and hitch up the gray mare, and I'll be moving. No, I don't want either of you to go. You stay and do the chores, and keep mother company. Come here, sis," he said, stretching out his hands, almost bashfully toward the child. "Can't you give me one little kiss, just for good luck?"

Then he drove away, accompanied by the hound, Rose, whose actions seemed to show that he realized the importance of the expedition.

When Ellis had finally left home that afternoon, he had taken with him some doughnuts, and the two dollars in silver that he owned. His plans for the future were still vague, but he had thought of an old wreck of a farmhouse that stood a quarter of a mile from the highway, and that had long since been abandoned, upon which he had once come when out hunting. He decided to spend the night there, and to continue his journey in the morning. He had no trouble in finding the way, but before he reached the house, he came upon an unexpected obstacle. Halfway from the main road to the old farm, a brook of considerable size, spanned by a rotten bridge, barred his way.

As Ellis stepped upon one of the loose planks of the bridge, the board tilted, and then, springing back into place, caught his foot and held it tight. Ellis struggled in vain to free his foot.

There he stood, for what seemed to him hours, while the darkness gathered around him, and there, at last, in the old house and barn Barstow found him, a homesick, and tearful, fugitive.

You're not hurt any to speak of, are you, sonny?" said his father, as he released him from his uncomfortable position. "Well, then, I guess we might as well jog along back, or mother won't know what's become of us."

The conversation with which Mr. Barstow beguiled the return journey had no bearing whatever on the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, and the warm welcome that Ellis received at home was equally free from embarrassing question or comment.

But after Ellis was in bed, and all the lights were out, and his mother, following her habit, had stepped into his room to see that all was well, there was some unburdening of souls.

"I suppose," he said, "that you don't want to keep little Ellen, now that I have come back, but I hate to think of her living with those Grouts. I wish it were so that she could stay here."

"Well, maybe she can," said his mother. "Mr. Grout was here while you were gone, but I sent him away without her, and father is going to see the directors to-morrow. I think we've room for one more. She is a dear little thing, and it almost seems as if she belonged here.

"And Ellis," she continued, in a voice that trembled a little, "I shan't expect you to help in the house any more. I didn't realize it, but you are getting to be almost a man, too big for such work. Seems as if you had grown up all of a sudden. With Ellen to help, I can manage finely, and you can be a real boy now."

It was surprising how well a mother understood, when once you gave her a hint, Ellis reflected. He could see her gentle face bending over him now in the semi-darkness, and he reached upward with both hands, and drew it down to him.

THE FRUIT CUP HABIT

Add to the health of your family by adopting the habit of serving a fruit cup once a day. The contents may vary as the seasons succeed each other but serve a fruit cup of some kind from January until December.

Fortunately oranges may be used as one of the fruits all the year. They add to the flavor are decidedly alkaline in their reaction, and combine with any other fruit used. Lemon juice should also be added, to give additional piquancy to the fruit cup as a whole.

Usually you will have sufficient juice from the fruits, and the lemons used to properly serve each fruit cup. If not, squeeze the juice from two or three oranges and one lemon, dissolve sugar in this and use as a syrup. Occasionally a bit of cold water may be added. Serve the fruit cup ice cold, preferably in a bed of crushed ice.

WE WISH YOU

It is a world wide custom of mankind to wish each other "A Merry Cahristmas," so why not "A Happy Vacation" for that segment of the year known as vacation. It is a high event in the even tenor of our lives.

It may be your good fortune to gaze upon the blue-hazed, snow-crowned majesty of the Rockies and from them to draw inspiration.

Perhaps the whitecapped blue-green of the Great Lakes or of the old ocean itself may bring physical cooling to your body and spiritual blessing to your soul.

Possibly the fat rolling green of the Ozark hills with their blue misted valleys may bring you the change and rest and benison your vacation dreams have visioned.

It may be the long trek to forest, plain, lake or distant city that will fall to your lot adding your vacation days.

Or your vacation may be spent in the restful peace of your old home village or in your home and after all this is real vacation.

Wherever and whenever those high days "vacation" may be spent, we wish you "A Happy Vacation." May you come back to us safe, sound, alert, and strong, tanned of visage and clean of eye, body filled with vigor and strength, and heart and spirit filled with renewed courage, new inspiration and higher purpose! The Fidelity Spirit.

The Prize Winners at Acton Fall Fair

The Additional List of Prizes Awarded, Carried Forward from Last Week's Free Press

LADIES' WORK—Continued
(Continued from Last Week)

Specimen Fine Cross Stitch Miss Pearl Wallace

Embroidery, Italian Cut Work W R Watson, Mrs J B Adamson

Baby's Knitted Jacket Mrs. Victor Kelley, W. R. Watson

Baby's Bootees, knit or crochet Mrs J B Adamson

Child's Nightingale Miss Lucy Edwards, Mrs. J. B. Adamson

Baby's Bonnet, knit or crochet Mrs J. Adamson, Mrs. George Musselle

Child's Knitted Suit Mrs. Wm. John Milne, Mac Macdonald

Girl, dressed by girl 15 or under Leslie A. Pearen, Mrs. W. J. Hall

Ladies' Embroidered Night Dress, white W. R. Watson

Ladies' Embroidered Night Dress, colored—Mrs. J. B. Adamson, Mrs. W. R. Watson

Applique for quilt Mrs. J. B. Adamson.

Pair Curtains, fancy Mrs. J. Bell

Five Articles, suitable for Christmas gift Mrs. Vida Ramsdew, Mrs. J. B. Adamson

Lamp Shade, silk Miss Pearl Wallace, Miss Lucy Edwards

Lamp, Shade, other variety Miss Pearl Wallace

Bed Lamp Miss Pearl Wallace, Miss Lucy Edwards.

Baby Basket Mrs. George Musselle.

Boudoir Cushion Mrs. George Musselle, Mrs. M. C. Overholt

Baby Pillow and Carriage Cover Mrs. J. B. Adamson

FINE AND DECORATIVE ARTS
Miscellaneous

Bouquet Waxed Flowers Mrs. M. C. Overholt

Three Articles made from crepe paper—Mrs. M. C. Overholt.

Wicker Sandwich Tray Mrs. W. J. Hall

Wicker Flower Vase Mrs. W. J. Hall

Wicker Flower Basket Mrs. A. Neal, 12 Kodak Views, S. E. Griffin and Son, J. H. McComb

Hand Painted China

Cream and Sugar Set Mrs. M. C. Overholt, Mrs. J. B. Adamson

Cups and Saucers, assortment of two—Mrs. Victor Rumley.

Cake Plate—Mrs. Victor Rumley, Mrs. M. C. Overholt.

Flower Bowl, low type—Mrs. Victor Rumley, Mrs. J. Bell.

Collection Small Pieces not listed Mrs. J. Bell, Mrs. M. C. Overholt.

CHILDREN'S WORK

Penmanship, by Pupil Fourth Book Vera Rawlings, May Bruce.

Drawing, by Pupil in Fourth Book—Mae Chisholm, Vera Vickers.

Water Colored Sketch by Pupil in Fourth Reader Jesse Wardlaw, Mary Tone.

Penmanship, by Pupil in Third Reader Vera Coxe, Audrey Chalmers.

Drawing, by Pupil in Third Reader Bessie Vickers, Harold Barber.

Water Colored Sketch, by Pupil in Third Reader James McNabb, Jack Wardlaw.

Penmanship, by Pupil in Second Read er Gordon Savage, Robert Footitt.

Drawing, by Pupil in Second Reader Myrtle Maud Gordon Savage.

Collection of Weeds George Switzer Larry MacArthur.

Collection of Cut Flowers, 6 varieties Dorothy MacArthur, Dorothy Babcock.

Collection of Vegetables Gordon Savage Harry Savage.

Collection of Native Woods and Barks Leonard Brownlow.

18 Picture Post Cards Evelyn Pearen, S. E. Griffin & Son.

Best Birdhouse Hollie Anderson.

Collection of Leaves Leonard Brownlow, Laura Hall.

Piece of Fancy Work, by girl under 14 years Irene Flowers, Dorothy Coxe.

Darning on girl's own Stocking Nelson Anderson, Ruth Jennings.

Baking, by girl under 14 years Isabel Switzer, Vera Vickers.

SPECIAL PRIZES

HORSE SPECIALS

Best High Stepping Horse Roger Reid & Lindsay

Best Single Turnout Fred Wrigglesworth, W. H. Hortop

Best Light Express Horse W. P. Laidlaw

Best Lady Driver W. C. Bessey, Rola Kerr

Best Three-year-old Colt M. Given

Best Colt, two-year-old W. W. Matheson, W. J. Ritchie, F. E. Wrigglesworth

Best Colt, over 1 year W. W. Matheson

Best Team of Horses, Draught, Agricultural or General Purpose W. P. Laidlaw

Best Draught, Agricultural or General Purpose Animal on grounds W. P. Laidlaw

Best and Fastest Road Horse D. Robertson & Co., Clarence Gunby, Henry Deveraux

CATTLE SPECIALS

Baby Beef G. McAllister, Robert Elliott

Herd of Beef Cattle, 1 bull, 4 females G. McAllister, Robt. Elliott

Herd of Jersey Cattle 1 bull, 4 females W. J. Alexander

Dairy Cow John Graff, Marion McDonald

SHEEP SPECIALS

Pair of Fine Woolled Ewe Lambs exhibited by a boy or girl under 14 years J. P. Robertson

Best Sheep, any breed J. P. Benham

HOG SPECIALS

Boar and Sow most suitable to produce bacon type J. P. Robertson, W. O. Brownridge

Pair of Bacon Hogs J. P. Robertson, W. O. Brownridge

POULTRY SPECIALS

Pen of 12 S. C. W. Leghorn bred-to-lay Pullets H. McComb, George Musselle

Pen of 12 bred-to-lay Pullets J. H. [illegible]

Pen of 5 S. C. W. Leghorns, 1 cock 1 hen, 1 cockerel 1 pullet W. J. Alexander

ROOT AND VEGETABLE SPECIALS

Bag Gobbler Potatoes S. E. Griffin & Son

Bag Potatoes J. B. Watkins

Bag Potatoes J. B. Watkins

Half Bushel Early Potatoes S. E. Griffin & Son

Peck Yellow Globe Onions H. H. Hunter

Collection of Roots and Vegetables W. Talbot, H. H. Hunter

FRUIT SPECIALS

Collection of Apples H. M. Pettit

Collection of Fruit H. M. Pettit, F. R. Findley

Bushel King Apples F. R. Findley

Bushel King Apples F. R. Findley

DAIRY AND DOMESTIC SCIENCE SPECIALS

Pair of Chickens, dressed Berniece Bracken, Mrs. T. John Bird

Pair of Chickens, dressed Mrs. T. John Bird, Berniece Bracken

Pair of Dressed Chickens Mrs. T. John Bird

Chicken dressed Mrs. T. John Bird, Berniece Bracken

Spring Chicken dressed Berniece Bracken, Mrs. T. John Bird

Pair Ducks, dressed Mrs. A. Neal

Pair of Dressed Chickens Mrs. T. John Bird, Berniece Bracken

Dressed Duck G. A. Smith, Mrs. A. Neal

5 lbs. Butter in rolls Miss Jean McLean

10 lbs. Butter in crock D. McDougall

5 lbs. Butter, in prints Miss Margaret Brown

(Continued on Page Five)

AUTOMOBILE SERVICE COMPANIES —WARNING

One of the commonest membership plans promoted in recent years is that followed by the so-called "Automobile Service Companies." Many of these operating in Canada, it is believed, have been driven out of the United States or the better business houses, and judging from complaints received by Canadian Bureaus, they are finding this field a profitable one. Many representations which have been made as to the actual benefits to be derived from membership in these "Service Companies" have been misleading. Usually implication is made that the service-contract includes a complete insurance policy indemnifying the holders against all liability, property damage, loss from fire, theft, etc., and that discounts can be obtained on purchases of accessories, gas and oil. Statements concerning legal services furnished by certain of the companies to members have led many prospects to believe that the company could be responsible for all damages caused by the contract holder's car. In fact it is that the policy given to members usually consists of a personal accident policy of very limited coverage, which does not protect the holder against liability, property damage or loss by fire or theft. The legal services generally represent that legal advice and assistance will be given, but usually do not cover the contract-holder in the event of a suit for damages caused by his car. Although the contract sold by these organizations includes as a general rule towing services and a discount on accessories, these services and discount are not obtainable at all garages and filling stations, but can be obtained only from those with which the service companies have such an agreement. In many instances the number of such garages and filling stations have been very limited and there has often been actual misrepresentation regarding the stations giving such service.

Sales agents of some of these companies represent that they tender "Automobile Club" service. This statement might be construed as indicating a connection with a recognized and established organization. These service companies are as a rule, in no way connected with such organizations and are purely and simply commercial projects for the profit of those at the head.

The Toronto Better Business Bureau urges all persons who are solicited to join these service companies to read their contract carefully. This will safeguard against misunderstanding as to what services they may expect to derive by paying the membership fee.

The Better Business Bureau at 45 Richmond Street West, Toronto, will be glad to furnish the facts regarding membership schemes of this nature.—Better Business Bureau.

HOW BOWLERS DO

The lead is expected to put one bowl just in front of the Jack and the other just behind, which he may do once in a lifetime. He is then supposed to go back and sit down but never does, as the seat of his cream trousers will testify.

The second is merely included to complete the quartette. Not much is expected of him and if he doesn't take your nearest bowl out it won't be his fault. If he happens to put in a good one the Skip will ask him why he doesn't always do it.

The third he has forgotten more about bowling than the Skip ever knew. Is certainly an all-round good bowler, for he admits it himself.

The Skip should be portly and bow-legged, so when he runs after his bowl it will amuse his opponents and divert their attention. If he loses what would you expect, being supported with such dubs. If he wins, his cheat will dislodge the three top buttons of his vest. Ch well! Exchange.

"THE CONFEDERATION" OFFERS PLEASANT TRAVEL TO THE WEST

You'll enjoy your Western trip via the Confederation. The high standard of service, the modern equipment, the famous cuisine will make your journey a real remembered.

The Confederation leaves Toronto every evening at 9:00 p.m. for Vancouver, stopping en route at Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton and Jasper. It is equipped with Compartment / Observation - Library Car (Radio) Valet Service, Standard Sleeping Cars, Tourist Sleeping Cars and Dining Car.

Full information reservations, etc. from any Agent of Canadian National Railways. 12-2

THINKING

Thinking is something that is not always indulged in and quite frequently is omitted when most needed. Dr. Frank Crane does some thinking and has arrived at some interesting conclusions. Cite these. Thoughts are things. A thought is as real as a brick, but a thought can make us cry. A thought can make us happy. A thought can keep us awake all night. If you can use a thought to your advantage it may be as valuable to you as a piece of money. Think! It is the people who think that get on. The more you think the more you improve your outward resources of efficiency and contentment.

Telephone Accounts

dated October 1st, which local subscribers will receive within a few days, will be accompanied by notices explaining important changes in future accounts.

To simplify and expedite our billing work, we have divided our exchanges into six groups. Each group will receive accounts under one of six different dates. In that way the work of preparing thousands of accounts will be spread evenly over the whole month.

In future the accounts of local subscribers will be dated the sixth of each month.

You will appreciate the new form of account we are introducing at the same time which will have all the figures clearly printed and accurately totalled by machines. In addition, charges will be shown right up to the date of the account.

The plan is explained more fully in notices which accompany October 1st accounts. Our Business Office people will be pleased to give you further information.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

THIS IS NO JOKE

In these days of the high cost of living the following story has a decided point: The teacher on a primary class: "What do you think is the most wonderful thing man ever made?"

A little girl, whose parents were obviously harassed by the question of ways and means replied: "Automatic ma, in the central park." A thing for a family.

ALL OUT

Number one is not popular in the parish to little girl at door: "Is your mother in?"

"No, she's out."

"Is your father in?"

"No, he's out."

"Oh well I'll just come in and sit by the fire till they come in."

"Ye mustna bother it's cod tae."

FALL FAIR DATES

The Fall Fair dates for this year have been announced. Among the ones for this district which will be of interest to Free Press readers are the following:

Aberfoyle	October 2
Acton	October 8 and 9
Ayr	September 25 to 27
Cookstown	October 1 and 2
Erin	October 1 and 2
Fergus	September 26 and 27
Galt	September 27 and 28
Milton	September 27 and 28
Shelburne	September 26 and 27
Streetsville	October 9

CORN

is the one grain native to America. One of nature's most healthful cereals. To know how delicious it can be, just sit down to a bowl of crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk or cream!

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES

★Great for the kiddies —easy to digest.

Preserving...
Pickling.....
Baking.....
School

Busy Days in Your Kitchen!

Lunches

A NDed during the rush you're often glad of suggestions for a quickly-prepared meal. Your Carroll Store teems with such suggestions... quality prepared foods to convert into delicious dishes in the shortest time. Note these special week-end prices!

Special—Eagle Condensed MILK 12-oz. Tin 17c

Special—Campbell's SOUP Tomato 3 tins 29c

Special—Clark's or Libby's BEANS With Pork 2 No. 2 tins 21c

Best Yellow CORN MEAL 6 lbs 25c

Special—Choice Pink SALMON For Salmon Loaf 2 1-lb. tins 31c

Special—The Health Food Roman Meal Per Package 25c

Finest Shrimp, Palm Brand, tin 21c
Corned Beef, Libby's, per tin 22c
Sliced Bacon, Sweetest Mild, lb. 35c
Summer Sausage, Slice and Serve, lb. 36c

Special—Aylmer Jumbo Sweet PEAS Fancy Quality Extra Flavory 2 tins 29c

PASTRY FLOUR Sheaf, 24-lb. bag 95c

Special—Carroll's Creamery BUTTER Choicest Pasteurized 2 lbs. 85c

Special—Paterson's Crisp Sodas 2 lbs. 29c

Special—Chateau or Velveeta CHEESE For Sliclag or Spreading 2 ½-lb. pkgs. 33c

French's Mustard 25c
Salad Cream, 2 jars
FLY SPRAY, Tanglefoot, 8-oz. tin 23c

CARROLL'S

Where Quality is as High as Prices are Low

Have You Tried Our BREAD Tastiest in town. Flavor really different. 24-oz. WRAPPED LOAF 10c

FRUIT JARS Small, doz. 97c; Medium, doz. $1.07; Large, doz. $1.39

JAR RINGS Best quality Zinc 2 doz. 29c

XXX VINEGAR Our XXX Quality produces perfect results in pickling. XXX Pure Spirit or Blended, per gallon 40c

Mill Street — Acton, Ontario

For Your---

AUCTION SALE
---BILLS---

---Try---!

THE ACTON FREE PRESS

THE AUCTIONEERS AND OUR CUSTOMERS ALL LIKE THE STYLE AND THE PAPER