

Births, Marriages and Deaths are now charged at the following rates: Births, Marriages, per Death, per Memorial Card, 5c, per line extra for poems.

DIED
BEATTY—At St. Cloud, Minn., on Wednesday, August 19, 1931, Archibald C. Beatty, aged 86 years.

McDONALD—In Georgetown, on Tuesday, August 25, 1931, Elizabeth Anne Burnside, widow of the late Alexander McDonald.

Open until 10
—The exhibition opens to-morrow.
—This is the last week of August.

—Labor Day—a week from Monday.
—Acton Fair in less than three weeks.
—Acton schools re-open on Tuesday, September 1.

—The man who pursues pleasure will never catch up with her.
—Daylight saving ends in Acton on Sunday night at midnight.

—The earth got a good soaking with the deluge on Monday night.
—Acton Fair for 1931 promises to set another record for attractions.

—The school children will be removed from the unemployment ranks on Tuesday.
—Everything points to another great Fair for Acton on September 15 and 16 this year.

—Inquires for information from Acton Fair indicate a wider interest than ever this year.
—Monday night's downpour taxed the catch basins and drainage system to capacity.

—Milton Juvenile Ball Team was eliminated by Hamilton by a 15-3 score on Saturday.
—J. H. Mackenzie & Son are erecting new cow sheds at the C. N. R. yards on Guelph Street.

—The foundations of Norton Motors' new garage, service and sales station are almost completed.
—The main business streets have been much improved by the cleaning and repaving of this week.

—A cabin and God's acre all your own are better than an imitation palace owned by the other fellow.
—Standing room in the paddock at the Canadian National Exhibition grandstand accommodates 8,000.

—Acton Citizens' Band will give a concert at the Park on Sunday evening at 7.30, daylight saving time.
—Canada's premier Horse Show will be held at night during the 1931 Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

—Don't forget to set your clock back on Sunday night and avoid being an hour too early for work on Monday.
—A merry crowd of young people from Toronto enjoyed a corn roast at Mr. Jas. Ramshaw's farm on Saturday night.

—The Acton schools will be open for inspection by the parents from three until five o'clock to-morrow afternoon.
—The rural Hydro line will be extended from Agerton to Drumming, and to Coyne's Schoolhouse in Trafalgar Township.

—The King Construction Co. have had a crew of men repairing the seventh line pavement, between Oakville and Hornby.
—Vinegar in neighboring city stores is advertised this week at 50c a gallon. You can buy it in Acton for 45c. Read the ads.

—Acton Legion and Acton Citizens' Band will attend the Exhibition on Saturday and join in the Warriors' Day parade.
—Some of the youngsters playing on the highway miss serious accidents by inches by their lack of attention to passing motor traffic.

—Canada's National Motor Show at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, occupies 120,000 square feet in the new Automotive Building.
—The Girl Guides went to camp at a beautiful camp just off the highway above Rockwood on Saturday last and will return this Saturday.

—From the garden of Mr. Emerson Anderson, Cameron Street, a carrot measuring ten inches in length was brought to the Fair Pass Office this week.
—On Tuesday evening the Acton Tuxis boys journeyed to Milton and were defeated there by the score of 8-6 in a five-inning game with the Milton Tuxis.

—Mr. Edward Kahrs, Evangelist, of Tilsonburg, called on the Fair Pass Office while on a trip to Guelph on Friday. Mr. Kahrs believes in the doctrine of fresh air and religion and wears abbreviated trousers and a boyish hair waist.

SHE WAXED PETULANT
A young lady entered the stationery store and asked for a pound tin of floor wax.
"I'm sorry, miss," said the clerk, "all we carry is scolding-wax."
"Don't be silly," she snapped. "Who'd want to wax a ceiling?"

THE BEACON

It was over. The little casket had been lowered to its final resting place; friends had come with expressions of sympathy and gone their way. Through it all the young mother had not shed a tear. Her eyes were hard, glittering. The hearing of her boom told of the pent-up storm within. Now she and Aunt Kate were alone in her little room in the gathering dusk.

"I suppose you think the minister's talk was beautiful," she said, "but I say it is all humbug! Don't talk to me about the love of God. I say life is cruel, cruel! Baby was all we had, Aunt Kate. We had dedicated our lives to him. He was so bright, so beautiful, so full of promise. And now, now—"

Aunt Kate said nothing in reply. If the minister's beautiful words of comfort had failed to reach a responsive chord, it seemed useless to her to try to add anything. She struck a match and lit the gas. Then she blew out the match and sat down.

"Poor little dead match," she said musingly, "where is the life that was within you? A moment ago you had the power to light a beacon of hope and I was cruel; I called your light into being only to snuff it out. Now you are only a little useless stick. What? What is it you are trying to say? That your life up there in the gas jet? Ah, I see! If I had not struck you, you would have remained useless. Now your light will live as long as I need it."

From the other side of the room came the sound of a sob, then another and another. The floodgates were opened. Presently Aunt Kate heard a rattle as of some one slipping to her knees. "I see it now, Aunt Kate," said the young mother. "Baby is not dead. He has only gone to light a beacon on the other shore—a beacon that, please God, will lead me back from the worldliness and selfishness into which I have been drifting. God is good, Aunt Kate. Henceforth I shall strive to live for Him instead of for myself."

INCIDENT IN A STREET-CAR

The city street was a mish of slush, and a young woman who wished to cross stood shivering on the curbstone, fearing to step into the slush. A rough-coated Irishman caught hold of her and carried her across. She, taking in the courtesy of the deed, said "I thank you, sir. I could not have got across but for your courtesy." "Heed, miss, I saw all that in your eyes before you spoke," said the Irish gentleman, in whose veins ran the courtesy of generations of noble Celts.

One day a beautiful young girl rustled into a cable-car and sat down with her companion. Her dress was fresh from the dressmaker's. Her gloved hands held a white parasol, tied with a knot of yellow ribbons. The car was crowded, and among the passengers were some foreign laborers, such as now largely do the rough work of our great cities.

Picturesque creatures some of them are if one sees them at a distance, with their shaggy heads and great, melancholy eyes, but malodorous and to be shunned if you are to sit next them for a half hour and that was what this bright-eyed girl had to do.

"I think it's dreadful," she whispered to her companion. "Why don't the company refuse to let such creatures on the cars? He will ruin my dress if I touch him. I know. Just see how his stares at me!"

Soon the man arose, and leaning forward to catch the strap, fairly bent over her.

"I am sure he is very impertinent," she said. "I have half a mind to call the conductor."

When the conductor came around, she motioned him.

"Won't you make that man move?" she said.

"Move up!"
The words were said in a sharp tone. "Yes," the Italian answered, "but see ze oil! Ze beautiful lady, see?"

The lady looked up. She saw the oil from the trolley beam on the top of the car, was leaking through, and would have dripped over her had not the man, stretching out his arm above her, formed an umbrella, which had protected her dress and bonnet.

A blush came into her face as she bowed her thanks to him, and murmured to her friend:

"It makes me ashamed to think while I was scolding him and he knew it, he should have taken such pains for me. It's a lesson I will not forget, that at least some of those poor laborers have bigger souls than I have. I'll never be scornful to one again, I'm sure."

"It makes me think of Longfellow's rhyme," replied her friend: "Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined. Oft in a wooden house a golden room we find."

BRIGHTENING UP OUR HOMES

Scientific experiments go to show that color has a decided influence on the mind. In some factories now, instead of blank, bare walls, lots of color is used and employers notice the effect in the cheerfulness of the workers.

The fondness for bright colors is especially noticeable in feminine dress, but too often the girl who wears red to a party and a pretty blue to work, slips into something drab and dingy when she comes home. That may help to account for the fact that at the home dinner table, conversation is likely to drag.

A dress of a pretty color costs no more than one of an ugly color. In the season of flowers, a few bright blossoms on the dining table or in the living room, may change a dull picture into a cheerful one. Since, bright, beautiful colors have such an influence on the mind, let us see that our homes are full of them.

A BOUQUET OF "HOWLERS"

We find in the London Times another amusing collection of "howlers," as the English call the ludicrously wrong answers that teachers occasionally find in schoolboys' examination papers. In translating from the Latin the most amusing blunders are these:

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum means 'There's nothing but bones in the head.'"
"No plus ultra is 'There's nothing beyond ultra.'"
"Optimum quid is a legal term meaning six shillings and eight pence."

The point of that last answer lies in the fact that in England "quid" is the slang word for a pound sterling, of course worth twenty shillings.

There are some excellent examples of miscellaneous misinformation. "A grass widow," we are told, "is the wife of a dead vegetarian." The author of "Drifted Under," "Optimum quid is a legal term meaning six shillings and eight pence."

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MAKE TO-DAY'S CUCUMBERS TO-MORROW'S PICKLES
(By Betty Barclay)

In some of our sweltering cities where modern housewives are highly colored dolls arrayed in beach pajamas, the art of pickling and preserving has almost disappeared over the domestic horizon. Were it not for the fact that a small percentage of the women still appreciate how delighted father and the children are with pickles and relishes in the winter time, the art would be a lost one in reality.

In the smaller cities and towns as well as out in the great open spaces the old preserve closet still bulges annually. No matter how long or how hard the winter families here are always sure of tasty relishes and appetizers, and visitors from the larger cities occasionally glory in a bite or two of those things that "mother used to make." Here there is no desire to lose the art of pickling. Instead, the women are constantly searching for new recipes so that their pickle shelf may contain new recipes as well as the old ones.

Most pickles whether purchased or canned at home are more than a mere relish. Those that contain sugar explain a quick energy fuel which is very desirable for the winter or summer diet.

This year with sugar selling at a more than reasonable price, pickling is a very economical pleasure. Here are two or three recipes that are a little out of the ordinary. Try them as additions to your pickle shelf or as your first attempt at pickling if you have never realized its possibilities.

SPICY CUCUMBER PICKLE
12 lbs. cucumbers
1 1/2 cups sugar
2 cups vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon cloves, whole
1 tablespoon allspice, whole
2 tablespoon cinnamon bark
1 tablespoon white mustard seed

Cut the cucumbers in slices one inch thick or in lengthwise strips. Place them in a bowl and sprinkle over them one-half cup salt. Let them stand overnight. Drain them and wash in cold water. Mix the sugar, vinegar, and spices, and boil for five minutes. Add the cucumbers. Cook them slowly until tender. When done the cucumbers should have a clear appearance and the liquid should be the consistency of a medially thick syrup. Seal in clean, hot jars.

CUCUMBER CATSUP
1 quart ripe cucumbers, large
1 cup white onions
2 green peppers, medium-sized
1 pint vinegar
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons white mustard seed
1/2 pint and cayenne pepper

Pare the cucumbers. Cut in quarters and remove the pulp. Put the cucumbers, onion, and peppers through a food chopper. Add a small amount of water to prevent sticking, and boil the mixture until the cucumbers are tender. Heat the vinegar, sugar, and seasonings together. Add the vegetable mixture and cook it until it is clear. Seal in clean hot bottles or jars.

GOLDEN RINGS
Select large yellow cucumbers. Pare and cut them in slices one-half inch thick. Boak overnight in salt water (one quart cup salt to one quart water). Drain and cook in clear water for twenty minutes. Drain again and add them to a pickling syrup made of the following ingredients:

2 pounds sugar
1 pint vinegar
1 pint water
1 lemon, sliced thin
1 tablespoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon allspice
1 teaspoon cloves

Cook the cucumber until the rings are clear and the syrup thick. Seal in hot, clean jars.

WHAT A CHARGE!
The president of the local gas company was making a stirring address. "Think of the good the gas company has done," he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I should say, 'Honor the Light Brigade!'"

And a customer immediately shouted: "Oh, what a charge they made!"

YES! GOOD POSITIONS FOR GOOD PUPILS
During the past few months scores of graduates of the Canada Business College, College and Spadina, Toronto, have secured positions ranging from seven hundred and fifty dollars to two thousand four hundred dollars per year. Two recent lady graduates started at Twenty-eight Dollars per week. Their names and addresses supplied to interested persons. One Huron County farmer's son, who graduated two years ago and has since remained on the farm, starts at Eighteen Hundred Dollars per year in Ottawa next month. Forget about the "Depression." "Depressions" never last long. Some will prepare and be ready. Others will whine. You may attend College or study all by mail. Pay when you like. For particulars write to George Spotton, M. P., Canada Business College, College and Spadina, Toronto.

COALS TO NEWCASTLE
Business Man—"Well, if I don't John Cororan, the man I met up in Malmo one rainy night six years ago at the Moose River Junction railway station."
Salesman (retreating to door)—"Good day, sir."

Business Man—"Aren't you going to try and sell me something?"
Salesman—"No, I sell memory courses."

Friday and Saturday
AUGUST 28 and 29
"THE PUBLIC DEFENDER"
With Richard Dix. Crooked trustees of peoples' money exposed. With Dix out to crush all indictments.

Monday and Tuesday
AUGUST 31-SEPTEMBER 1
"WOMEN LOVE ONCE"
With Paul Lucas. Story by Zoe Akiba, author of "Sarah & I," and "Anybody's Woman."

Wednesday and Thursday
SEPTEMBER 2 and 3
"SEED"
With John Holes and Genevieve Tobin. The dramatic thunderbolt of the season. Unlike anything you've seen on the screen in years.

THEATRE
GUELPH
3 SHOWS DAILY—2.30—7.00—9.00
D. McMULLEN, Manager



GIRL GUIDE NEWS

Tuesday, August 25
We are here! The ship is lying at anchor and the sailors have just completed their supper—the greater part of which consisted of corn. In the midst of it all arrived Mr. Harrison and our editor and at present they are wandering around inspecting everything.

It is sad that they could not have arrived this morning. Everything was perfect—every bunk-house was a picture of neatness. The Orchids were so perfect that they won the banner for to-day. The Bluebirds have won it twice. Meanwhile the Chaffinch and Popples gaze solemnly heavenward and plan a revenge in the way of glorious victories. What is it to be ambitious?

You should have heard the storm here last night. It growled and raged and rumbled. I probably about Gulliver, who replied in tongues of their own. The Bluebirds, with shrieking sarcasm sang, "Oh, how lovely is the evening." The Orchids added then, and the other two patrols asked sadly, "Oh where, tell me where, has my Highland Laddie gone?" The storm didn't know, and the Guides didn't care much. So it went until both were tired and the moon came out over a wet, silent world—silent, that is, save for a cow bell and a whinny horse. Dot Dubcock was sure that horses would come in and lick her nose. He did not, however.

Our swimming instructor, Miss Scott, is helping us with our swimming badge. We will soon have it, and some Guides are almost ready for Needlewoman's Badge—and this is not the end yet. Mrs. Buchanan tried us for our Athlete's Badge, and in a week or two most of us will have won that badge.

You will be glad to know we have done each day. Our Patrol has a certain work and that must be done. Sometimes we wash dishes, sometimes we peel potatoes, sweep the floor of the dining hall. Oh, we're a busy bunch!

Each Patrol sleeps in a bunk-house, which is considered as their home. We visit each other and discuss "cabbage and kings," but each is for her own bunk-house. That is our castle and we are the kings of it.

The mosquitoes must have departed in horror. There is a stray straggler and a few who play at nights and pierce with his spite. Still, he goes the way of all evil and ends in a harder way than he began.

There are the cutest squirrels, who dodge around the trees; some bird shrieks both night and day; a dog howls most of the night; and Edna Hinton has discovered a deadly enemy—namely a MOTH! That is in capitals, because it is that way Edna expresses it. "Moth."

To-morrow is Visitors' Day, and we expect a long, long trail of visitors. You will see more, than I can write. Besides, next week we will have heaps and heaps to tell—and we won't have to write on a bunk.

There are just a few more things I must tell. Beth Harrison is the accepted fair-dresser. She desires to perform on Esther, and is met with an emphatic refusal. The others are accepting her aids to beauty.

Dorothy MacArthur is the best in the running long jump; Ethel Woods and Edna Hinton are nearest to attaining their Swimmer's Badges—and we all can talk and laugh the best. You know, when one goes to camp, she finds something wrong with the English language—there are not enough superlatives.

In the case of our Cook—we can only say she's a "peach"—which is our highest expression of wonderful things. Probably Miss Wales often feels like dipping us in the kettle, till we receive our correct number of burns—that is sometimes—but oh, you know, we fare very well.

Everything's fine and we thank you all for the letters. Visitors' Day is Wednesday, and next Thursday there will be our Guide News of us many camp joys which we can gather.

SPECIALS
At McLean & Co.

WHITE BEDSPREADS
You can save money on these Bedspreads. Large double bed size. Satin finish. Easy to wash. Extra good value at \$2.50. Special this week for \$2.10

COLORED BEDSPREADS
White with colored stripes. Regular \$2.50. Special for \$1.90

BOYS' FANCY COLORED HOSE
With turned-down tops. In sizes 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2 and 10. Regular 40c. Special for 30c

MEN'S MERINO UNDERWEAR
Combinations. Sizes 30, 38, 40, 42. Regular price \$1.00. Special for \$1.50.

MEN'S 2-piece Merino Underwear. Regular 70c. Special for \$1.00.

MEN'S WORK AND FINE SOCKS
Men's Wool Work Socks. Regular 35c. For 25c
Men's Fine Socks. Extra good value. Sold at 35c, 3 pairs for \$1.00. Special, per pair 25c

Specials in Grocery Dept.
PEANUT BUTTER 10c 3 Pkts. Quaker 25c
8 oz. jar 3 Corn Flakes for 25c
4 JAR RUBBERS 25c 6 TOILET PAPER 20c
dozen for Rolls for
5 Surprise Soap 25c 7 PASTRY FLOUR 18c
Cakes for lb. Bag for

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY ONLY
VINEGAR, not less than 1 gallon lots. Per gallon 45c

McLean & Co.
MILL STREET ACTON, ONTARIO

Final Clearance of Summer Dresses!
MISSSES' AND WOMEN'S, SIZES 14 to 44, AS LOW AS \$1.95

We will not carry over any Summer Dresses and are therefore offering the remainder of our stock at prices which will make them move out in a hurry. The majority are of guaranteed washable Calanese in pretty pastel shades. Some are with detachable jackets. Among the lot are a few voiles and printed rayons. All are from our regular Summer stock and are attractively styled. Earlier in the season they sold up to \$7.95 and are now being offered at from \$1.95 to \$4.99. Remember, there are only a handful of them left so come early and get the choicest pick.

School Days are Here Again!
And we are prepared to outfit the youngsters from head to foot. Shoes and clothing that will spell real comfort and wear for them are now in stock and we invite you to come in and fill your needs.

B. D. Rachlin & Co.
Phone Us and We Will Deliver—Phone 145
MILL STREET, ACTON NEXT TO CARROLL'S

TAX NOTICE—1931
MUNICIPALITY OF ACTON

The Tax Notices for 1931 have been sent out. The place of payment is the same this year as last, and taxes are payable in two instalments at the Public Utilities Commission Office.
FIRST INSTALMENT — SEPTEMBER 15
SECOND INSTALMENT — NOVEMBER 16

Any ratepayer may pay the whole of his taxes on or before September 15, but one-half the amount must be paid on or before that date. Failure to comply with this arrangement entails extra expense and trouble.
An addition of five per cent. will be made to every tax rate or assessment remaining unpaid fourteen days after the said 15th day of September, for the first instalment, and the 15th day of November for the second instalment; and it will be the duty of the Collector immediately after the said several days appointed for payment, to collect at once, by distress or otherwise, under the provisions of the Statute in that behalf, all such taxes, or instalments of taxes.

PLEASE TAKE YOUR TAX NOTICE WITH YOU WHEN MAKING PAYMENT
R. J. McPIERSON, Collector