

THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1933

The Community's Social Side of Life

Visitors To and From Town during the Past Week, as Gleaned by The Free Press

Mrs. Ruby Clark was home from Toronto for the week-end. Mr. Stanley Coy, of Galt, visited Acton friends over the week-end. Mr. D. Robertson, of Toronto, called on Acton friends last week. Mr. Charles Landsborough spent the week-end with friends in Toronto. Miss Mary Abraham, of Stratford, visited in Acton during the week-end. Mr. Wilfred Sutcliffe, of Oakville, was a week-end visit with Acton friends. Mr. Wm. Hawthorne celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Eric Hill, of Boston, Mass., visited Acton friends last week. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Warren, of Toronto, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Wood. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Sutcliffe, of Shriley, Detroit, visited at Mr. G. H. Lantz's. Mr. Thomas Morton is visiting at the home of his son, Mr. Charles Morton, in Detroit. Mr. Ray and Miss Lillian Gordon, of Toronto, spent the week-end at Mr. G. H. Lantz's. Miss Barbara Warren, of Toronto, is visiting this week with Mr. and Mrs. John Wood. Miss Bertha Brown, of Toronto, spent the week-end with her sister and other Acton friends. Mr. Hubert McPherson of Toronto, visited Acton relatives and friends over the week-end. Mrs. J. C. Matthews is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. (Rev.) J. W. McLeod, Toronto. Mr. A. W. Wright, Editor of the Mount Forest Confederate, called on The Free Press on Saturday. Mrs. V. B. Rumley and Joan visited in London at the home of her brother, Mr. R. P. Johnstone. Mrs. R. McMillan, of Bosman River, Man., is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Crawshaw, at Speyside. Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Warren and Mrs. J. L. Warren, of Toronto, visited during the week with Acton friends. Mrs. Ada Bell and Mr. Charles Bell and Miss Helen Hynds, of Toronto, visited Acton friends over the week-end. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone Husband and son, of Rochester, N. Y., visited this week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Husband. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gordon and Harold, of Dundalk, visited over the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Lantz. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beavers, Mr. and Mrs. John Lambert and family visited friends in Kitchener and Preston on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Anderson, of Toronto, visited over the week-end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Husband. Mr. and Mrs. A. Kannawin attended the Torrance-May wedding in Trinity United Church in Toronto, on Saturday, at 3.30 p. m. Mrs. J. K. Brown and son, James, of Winnipeg, spent a few days this week visiting at the home of Mr. R. N. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Brown and other friends. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Babcock and Miss Eunice Babcock, of Milton, and Mrs. Will Anderson and Betty, of Galt, spent Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Landsborough. Mr. J. P. Scarrow, Mr. and Mrs. W. Kelly, Miss Gladys Scarrow, Master Norman and Master Wilbert McKellen visited with Mr. and Mrs. T. Morris during the week-end in Toronto. Mr. John McClure, Miss Jennie McClure, Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Hurst, Miss Vera Hurst and Mr. Newton Hurst attended the Dale Church garden party, held at Glenmore, Westmount, Weston, on Saturday.

A CURE

A young man from the south went to spend his holidays with some friends in Yorkshire. He caught a chill in travelling and was confined to bed. His hostess thought she would give her visitor a treat during his confinement, so she baked a Yorkshire pudding and took it upstairs. "Just try this," she said, "it'll shift your cold." Then she left him. Going up some time later she inquired, "Well, have you eaten it up?" "Eaten it? Eaten it?" gasped the visitor. "No. I'm wearing it on my chest."

JUST SO

Talmadge says that "The man who can sing and won't sing should be sent to Sing Sing." That would be to sever. It is the man who can't sing and will sing who should be sent to Sing Sing.

A Selection of News Items

Normal Child Injured by Truck Gordon Reid, aged 17 months, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Reid, Normal, was badly crushed about the legs when a truck, driven by M. F. Fullerton, of Brampton, backed over him in the yard of the Reid home. Fullerton was loading cans and did not know that the child was playing under the wheels of the truck and drove out of the yard and knew nothing of the accident until he reached Brampton. The child was rushed to the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, where his condition is reported as serious.

Lord's Day Alliance Work The Lord's Day Alliance is making its annual canvass of this community for funds to carry on its work. The leaders both in church and state are emphatic in their opinion that its work must go on for the good of the church and country alike. If this is to be done, there must be a somewhat larger income than last year. Consequently each is urged to do his or her best and make whatever contribution they are able, a larger one if possible; if not, a small one will be acceptable. Miss Ann D. Pope, one of the Alliance's efficient canvassers, will call on you shortly and the Alliance urges "please do your best."

Graduation of St. Joseph's Hospital Quite a number from Acton attended the graduation exercises of St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, last Thursday afternoon. Miss Mabel Harrop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Harrop, Acton, was among the graduates. Dr. J. A. O'Reilly addressed the graduates and his Worship Mayor Robson offered congratulations. A group of very lovely vocal numbers were offered by Miss Ann Jamison, accompanied by Mr. Clifford McLeod, and another very fine group by Mr. James Gallaher, who was accompanied by Miss Grace Lansing, A. T. C. M. After the recitation of the Florence Nightingale Pledge, by the graduating class, the diplomas were presented to the members by Dr. H. O. Howitt and the pins by Dr. W. V. Harcourt. Following the recessional, the singing of the National Anthem concluded a very impressive and interesting ceremony. Members of this year's class include Sister M. Gabriel, Hamilton; Kathleen Helen Kelly, Elora; Margaret Josephine May, Breslau; Dorothy Grace Auty, Guelph; Maude Eleanor Ashley, Walkerton; Mabel May Harrop, Acton; Henrietta Mary McGillivray, Guelph; Emily June Dickinson, Swastika; Genevieve Anna Sauer, Midland; Ruth Martin Best, Watford; Hazel Viola Harding, Guelph; Margaret Mary Bennett, Guelph; and Frances Marcella Westgate, Guelph.

Storm Damage in Eramosa Included in the list of further damage done in this district by the bad storm of last week, there comes a remarkable story from Eramosa Township. A bolt of lightning, which struck the barn on the farm of Thomas A. Forsyth, three miles north of Edgewood, pursued a freakish course, and spent itself in five different places. Five cattle were killed, the barn was badly damaged and a wooden cistern was completely wrecked by what was possibly the most unusually queer freak of lightning seen in this district for some time. Oddly enough, the cattle killed were in the barnyard, but those in the building escaped unhurt. The bolt first struck the barn and ran around the eavetrough, coming back again and landing in the yard, where it killed the cattle. After that, it dived into the cistern, wrecking it entirely, and then followed the course of an underground water pipe for about two hundred yards. Apparently striking some obstruction below the level of the ground, the bolt shot up through the surface of the earth, not far from the windmill, and left a neat hole in the ground about 8 inches in circumference. Oddly enough, the barn wasn't set on fire, but this possibly, was the due to the fortunate fact that the owner had, only a few days previous, cleaned out all the hay in the section of the building struck.

ERRORS

The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has shined and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsation of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hand it came.—Longfellow.

NO CAUSE FOR EXCITEMENT

Young Mrs. Scott was attending her first ball game. The home team was doing well that day and for a time she patiently endured her husband's transports and his brief explanations. But when, amid the cheering, howling crowd he sprang upon the seat, waving his new straw hat three times around his head and almost shattered it on the fat man in front, Mrs. Scott exclaimed, "What on earth's the matter, John?" "Why, dearie," he answered, "didn't you see the felder catch the ball?" "Of course," said young Mrs. Scott, disgustedly. "I thought that was what he was out there for."

A Fish Story of a Fishing Trip

(Continued from Page One)

less than two hours, and Henry's cabin was made ready for serving dinner. Set up high on the shore of the lake was our home for the next two days. A screened-in porch was part of the exterior. At least it had been screened-in until a bear undertook to go out the end which hadn't a door in it and the wind stripped the roofing off the top. Naturally several places were thus made available for the entrance of flies and mosquitoes. But the cabin windows were well screened and protected.

The cabin had one large room—a combined dining and living room—with two bunks partitioned off to one side. A small kitchen, with a stove and cooking utensils, was annexed. Four chairs and a soap box, a cork fishing tackle on the ledge, a strong table against the wall, a camp bed along another wall, a chest and a few etc's, completed the interior furnishings. A couple of homemade chairs adorned the verandah. And, believe it or not, the place looked good, and surrounded in its natural and majestic environs, looked comfortable and home-like.

Henry knew his home and his house-keeping. The fish were promptly prepared. The fire was soon kindled and the dishes appeared from some place, on the table. The chest in the corner brought forth the provisions that had been toted in. A spring buck in the bush a couple of hundred yards supplied clear, crystal water and in short order Henry enquired, "Tea or coffee, gents?" Tea was the verdict and then, from Henry, the inquiry, "Sergeant-Major or just tea?" The first mentioned variety required two handfuls and that was the kind we had. The brand was known as "Cosmopolitan." It was a special blend secured by dumping each portion left by the various parties into one can.

Such a dinner! Henry explained that he had never been chef at the Royal York, but this or any other hotel, with all the modern arrangements, never prepared a banquet that tasted better. A big plate of fresh trout, browned to a turn and cooked in plenty of butter, pork and beans, bread and butter, and jam, nobody could reach the jam stage, Sergeant-Major tea, with condensed milk, and fine spring water. With a few "la la's" quite a menu would have been boasted by a modern hotel.

The dishes were left and we were fishing again at 2.30 p. m. A further effort, with Henry assisting the farmer and printer, brought nothing, so a trip to Stoney Lake was prescribed. That required a short paddle and a ten-minute bush trip, with a climb that was both steep and long.—Henry had no pack to carry and the pace he set had our eyes fairly popping out. Our only reason for maintaining the pace was that we didn't know the road. Another boat is hailed, they were splendid samples of the speckled beauties and a fair catch was taken from these waters.

With the shades of evening came the mosquito. An occasional one and then all were invited to the party. Plastering the exposed parts with recommended preparations, supposed to scotch or scald the pests were tried. These fellows had never heard tell of this method of extermination. We left the bottle in full view for them to see the guarantee. The mosquitoes won and we left the fishing waters. It was getting dark, anyway. It was darker in the bush—much darker.—Henry never got over four steps away from us on that return journey. The fishermen on Trout Lake had the fire lighted but were driven out of the cabin by the mosquitoes.

On the return trip a beaver was seen in the lake and boats were quite noisy. A spraying of the cabin by one of the standard preparations made it quite comfortable from the point of view of the pests. Bacon and eggs, tea, bread and butter and cake for supper. The fish cleaned and put away and the reels repaired. A few games of euchre and preparations for bed.

We had heard of brush beds previously. This was our first contact. To thoroughly appreciate them one must be so absolutely weary that rest could be secured at any cost. Pillows? No! We won't describe a brush bed. Try one, some time, but be sure you are good and tired.—We were ready for sleep, and sleep we did, until 6.00 a. m. Then the mosquitoes came on duty again and a spraying of the cabin was necessary.

Breakfast shortly after seven and fishing by eight-thirty. The luck was good for all parties and the total catch was well up after sixty when dinner was called. Another sumptuous feed of trout was the main article of diet prepared, "a la Henry." The beans "a la can" were not deemed necessary. The dishes had to be washed following this meal and the baggage made ready and camp prepared for leaving. The afternoon's fishing was in Trout and Stoney Lakes and was not as large as the morning catch. The grand total was sixty-five, not including the ones that got away and about half the catch was packed for home.

To add a realistic touch of the wilds with which we were surrounded, a cow moose came down to the lake to drink and started to swim across the lake. Henry shouted to call our attention to the sight, and with an answering shout from our boat the animal retraced its steps and went back through the bush. More beaming of fly ointment, and packing of equipment on Henry's back, and the return journey through the bush back to the sawmill was commenced, about five-thirty. Deer tracks and a bear track in the trail, pointed out by Henry duly impressed us with the wildness of our surroundings—and the mosquitoes and flies kept pace, with arm swinging to the accompaniment of the trot. We got out in less than the hour. Maybe the mosquitoes were responsible for the speed. Maybe it was the lure of getting back to civilization. Nothing had been left behind except a jar and a pan and a fishing rod case. The car had gas and the drive over the thirteen miles to Sundridge was accomplished without mishap. The road seemed fairly alive with rabbits. They popped out from the bush all over and it was, with difficulty that they were avoided. Supper was late at the hotel, but was relished immensely after a good wash and the scraping away of a couple of days' beard growth and the application of plenty of ointment to soothe sunburn and mosquito bites. One member of the party had full blooming ears, about twice normal size; the bald-headed were sore-headed; and the long necked had collected a quota of sunburn on that part of the anatomy. All suffered one common complaint, which was, without a doubt due to reposing the body in a sitting posture on the plank boards of the boats, which were minus any semblance of springs or upholstery. Sundridge provided a dance that evening, in the Agricultural Hall. There were those in the party who still had sufficient ambition to patronize the event. We were content to call on some friends of the family that evening.—What wasn't slept the two previous nights was made up for that night. Breakfast and dinner in Sundridge, and a start for home at four o'clock. A late supper in Orangeville; no car trouble and a very efficient driver landed the party back in Georgetown shortly after eleven o'clock. The fish division followed, and home before midnight. The mileage read 2,300. There we close with this quotation from Herbert Hoover, ex-President of the United States: "Fishing is not so much getting fish as it is a state of mind and a lure to the human soul into refreshment." And we might add to this observation, congenial and jolly companionship. We had it all. We might have added a few of the "droll sayings of Henry in our story," but it would have lengthened it considerably. At any rate they wouldn't sound the same in print. One has to actually experience all these things to secure appreciation. That's our story, and we stick with it, no matter what the rest of the party have told.

ANNUAL MEETING OF HALTON CONSERVATIVES

Officers Are Elected at Milton Last Week W. S. Davis, Oakville, is President

An Executive Meeting of the Halton County Liberal-Conservative Association was held in the Milton Town Hall on Wednesday evening, with every polling subdivision in towns and townships represented. LeRoy Sargent, President, occupied the chair, and after routine business the election of officers for the ensuing year took place, as follows: President—W. S. Davis, Oakville. Vice-President—Samuel Kirk, Georgetown. Secretary—Geo. E. Elliott, Milton. Treasurer—Lloyd Dingle, Burlington. Vice-Presidents and Ward Chairmen were named for every subdivision. An advisory committee, consisting of Arthur Allen, Burlington; Arthur Beaumont, Glen Williams; LeRoy Sargent, Bronte; Dr. Cox, Acton; with the President and Secretary, was appointed.

Dr. R. K. Anderson, M. P., briefly reviewed the recent session of Parliament and commented upon the almost doubled trade with Great Britain since the Conference held in Ottawa. Dr. Anderson was optimistic in his outlook for the future, with trade developments increasing steadily.

WESTERN FAMILIES SETTLE IN EAST

A generation or so ago Western Canada was the goal of settlers but recently the process was reversed when a special car was attached to a Canadian National Railway train conveying two families from Mountain Road, near Eden, Man., to Grimsby, Ontario. There were 19 persons in all, comprising the families of Wasy Laba and Mike Romak, who will take up fruit farming near Grimsby. It was the first train ride any of the children ever had. Both fathers came from Austria, Laba coming with his father in 1898 and marrying a woman Canada four years later. Romak's wife is also an Austrian. Relatives of both families are already settled in the Grimsby district.

RE MULES

A Galveston man, who had a mule for sale, hearing that a friend in Houston, wanted to buy a mule, telegraphed him: "Dear friend: If you are looking for a No. 1 mule, don't forget me." A man advertised a donkey for sale, and someone called. The door was opened by a small boy. "I've come to inquire about the donkey," began the caller. "Father, you're wanted," said the boy.

Being told to write an essay on the mule, a small boy turned in to his teacher the following effort: "The mule is a harder bird than the guse or turkie. It has two legs to walk with, two more to kick with and wears its wings on the side of its head. It is stubbornly backward about going forward."

A preacher who was not well acquainted with the elocutionary art placed the inflection on the wrong word following the literal italic in 1 Kings 13: 27, and read "And he spoke unto his sons, saying, 'Saddle me the ass, and they saddled him.'"

All possible precautions are being taken by the Dominion Entomological Branch to prevent the introduction of insect pests and plant diseases into Canada through the World's Grain Exhibition and Conference to be held at Regina in July; also precautions against breaks of cosmopolitan species of stored product insects during the period of the exhibition.

GREGORY THEATRE

FRIDAY, JUNE 16 "THE WHITE SISTER" With incomparable Helen Hayes and romantic Clark Gable together for the first time, in a powerful story of love and devotion. Sports novelty, Mickey Mouse cartoon.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17 "HALLELUJAH I'M A BUM" With Al Jolson as a happy-go-lucky vagabond. Color-tone Musical-Revue, "Wild People." Fox News.

MONDAY, JUNE 19 "THE MAN CALLED BACK" Adapted from the story "Silent Thunder," starring Conrad Nagel and Doris Kenyon. Charlie Chase comedy, "Now We'll Tell One." Novelty, "Desert Regatta." Dinnerware night.

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COMING "42ND STREET" "CAVALCADE"

This Week's SPECIALS NELSON & CO.

Table listing various food items and their prices, including matches, sugar, jam, flour, and pickles.

NELSON & CO. WE DELIVER

BARGAIN SALE! OF R. O. P. SIREED GOVERNMENT APPROVED CHICKS FROM BLOOD-TESTED BREEDERS

Table listing prices for various types of chicks, including barred rocks, white rocks, and leghorns.

J. G. Tweddle FERGUS ONTARIO

Large advertisement for Keith's 5c to \$1 Store, featuring a cartoon illustration of a man shouting and a list of various household goods and their prices.