

CONCERNING IT

I bought gasoline, I want to show; I bought some new tubes for my old car. I bought candy and peanuts, nut bars and ice cream. While my salary lasted, life sure was a breeze.

It takes careful planning to make money go 'round. One's method of finance must always be sound. With habits quite costly, it's real hard to save. My wife spent "ten bucks" on a permanent wave.

The church came 'round, begging. It sure made me sore; If they'd let me alone, I'd give a lot more. They have plenty of nerve; they forget all the rest. For I gave them a quarter the year before last!

FROM THE ISSUE OF THE FREE PRESS OF THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1915

The farmers are still ploughing. Post Credit will be made an incorporated village on the first of January. The creek checker players of Acton and Stratton will try conclusions in the Firemen's rooms to-night.

Mr. R. L. Gregory opened a second motion picture establishment at Georgetown on Tuesday, with good prospects for success.

The first session of the Mock Parliament of the Epworth League was held on Tuesday evening. Rockwood League were visitors on this occasion and a splendid time was enjoyed.

Mr. W. D. Williamson, of Guelph, had a narrow escape at Acton station on Saturday evening. As the train slowed up for a passenger to alight he apparently thought he had reached Guelph and attempted to get off. He was thrown heavily to the ground beside the tracks. He was able to continue his journey on the next train but was painfully bruised. At the service in St. Alban's Church on Sunday evening, an altar rail, placed to the memory of the late Rev. R. P. Kelleman by his friends was dedicated.

WHERE RAIN PASSES BY

Up beyond Mount Margaret, in Western Australia, is the world's worst desert. On an average it rains once in seven years, but at the time of writing there had been no rain for eight years.

You would not believe that anything in the way of vegetation could exist in such a country yet there is plenty of scrub, a horrible plant, well named "spinefish" for it is all sharp spines. There is also the mulga-tree, which—so a gold-digger assured the writer—sends its roots down 100 feet into the soil to find water.

Rabbits do not actually live in this desert, but they do on its edges and they have learned to climb trees so as there—believe it or not, yet it is true—to graze on the leaves when there is no grass.

Most of Australia is subject to severe drought, and it is a very curious thing that after a severe drought in New South Wales springs break out in the sun-baked beds of dry rivers.

The driest place on earth is Payta, in Peru, about five degrees south of the Equator. In spite of the fact that this province is on the sea-board, there are children living there ten or twelve years old who have never seen a shower of rain.

Clouds are plentiful, and occasionally there are heavy sea fogs, yet as much as fifteen years may elapse between showers.

In spite of the "dryness," this country is inhabited, for small streams, coming down from the western side of the Andes, water it.

In Leiria, on the Mediterranean coast of Spain, there has been no rain to speak of for the past seven years, and more than 20,000 people have left for water latitudes. Why it should be so dry in this particular district is a puzzle which the weather experts cannot solve.

A month without rain in any part of the British Isles is a very rare occurrence. In June, 1921, there was literally not one drop of rain over the greater part of southern England, and the same thing happened again in June, 1926. At Ross-on-Wye, where records have been kept since 1818, June, 1925, was the first instance of an absolutely rainless month.

The driest place in England is a patch just south of the Wash, but Shoeburyness holds the drought record of England. In 1929 the rainfall for the first six months of the year at this place was only a very small fraction over three inches. That is below desert average. Any country with less than eight inches of rain a year ranks as desert.

In 1925 Margate had only two and three-quarter inches of rain in the first five months of the year. It is interesting to note that during these same five months mid-Wales had twenty-six inches of rain, which is rather more than London gets in a whole year.

The worst drought of recent years was in the United States and occurred during 1931. In the two great States of Kentucky and Kansas farmers lost a third of their cattle and hogs. Two million farming families were reduced to something very near starvation, and 130,000,000 dollars were spent in feeding them. The drought lasted fifteen months and was not broken until March last.

NOT SO DUMB

Mother (telling story of Sleeping Beauty)—So the maid did not duck, the coachman did not take out his carriage, the cook did not make the bread, everything was at a standstill.

Fris (aged four)—I know, Mummy, a general strike.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for THE FREE PRESS BY GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

Oh dear, I'm hot and tired and breathless—and old, so terribly old—at least I think I must be, because all these adjectives have become applicable as a result of my having shown the children a few of the old-fashioned dance steps, and it is years and years since I indulged in anything so frivolous. But now everybody has settled down quietly again—the children are playing patience, I am busy with pencil and paper, Mr. Kennerly stumfords on the gramophone, is asking Madam Clara Butt if she will walk and talk with him and Madam Clara Butt is declaring in no uncertain terms that she will do nothing of the kind. Patch the Pup, who has already had his sixth birthday, is curled up asleep on a cushion, and Scootle, the ginger cat, is purring contentedly beside the fire—the only one out of the family picture is Partner, who is busy at the barn, milking his beloved cows. There has been a fresh cow at the barn every week for the last three weeks, and, of course, fresh cows mean new calves, and new calves mean extra time and patience, especially when they are taken away from their mothers and milked. Incidentally at that time one almost needs a pair of ear-muffs down at the barn for the howling of three cows deprived of their off-spring is something that can be better heard than described.

There is a lot of extra work to be done outside when all the stock is shut up in the stable, but, of course, the cows and the calves and the horses and hens are not worrying one bit about how much work they give or how much food they eat, even though hay and oats do show signs of not hanging out through the winter. The horse-whimsey for their oats just the same, the cows moo for their meal, hens perk their heads expectantly every time the door is opened and pullets fly wildly about in their pen—and, like bats—they apparently have no sense of direction, for they land on my head, on my shoulder, in the palm, or flop in my face, as the case may be, whenever I go to feed them.

The roosters in the fattening pen are just as bad and make more noise than all the rest of the fowl put together, with their squawking and crowing, which, being interpreted probably means—"Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die!"

Sometimes I wish birds and animals never became tame, because one feels such a traitor every time it is necessary to cause death to one of these friendly dumb creatures. It seems like taking advantage of our greater strength and intelligence. For instance, there is one young rooster who always flies to greet me and every time perches so confidently on my shoulder as I mix the feed. He is just a common bird, of course, predestined by nature to make a roast or a stew for somebody's table and he would not fetch much on the market but yet he has that marvellous thing which we call "life," and life is something which I believe every right thinking person loathes to destroy. But that, alas, is one of the tragedies of farming.

When in doubt, talk about the weather—that's what the old saying tells us, isn't it—and surely if we follow that rule we need never lack a topic for conversation these days. Because the weather certainly gives us plenty to talk about. One day milk, the next day cold, after that wind, for a change, and then, perhaps, a day that makes every-one glad to be alive. Just such a day was last Wednesday—you can call it last Wednesday week by the time this gets into print. It had been thawing the previous night and when I went to the barn I found the snow had melted into big puddles. The air felt more like a spring day and everywhere, the birds were singing. A number of starlings were perched on a horse board on the side of the barn and from the noise they must have been holding a family conference, with most of the members in argumentative mood. And then I went up to the barn, and the guinea pigs were whistling like tin whistles. I gave them hay and oats, but the whistling continued until they got what they wanted—potatoes and apples. Near the fence outside the barn there was one big puddle, and what I saw there was as pretty as a picture. Fifteen pigeons were having a bath—more than that, they were having the time of their young lives. Not a bit of notice did they take of me but went on dipping and diving, spluttering and spreading their wings and all I could do was stand and watch them.

Farming is a busy life, but thank goodness—I yet have time "to stand and stare." And in most cases I can generally work better after "wasting" time.

Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother Graves Worm Exterminator. It is a standard remedy, and years of use have enhanced its reputation.

LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS

Key and Rachel took little Moses to the picture. The attendant warned them that unless the child kept quiet they would have to leave and get their money back.

Half-way through the principal film Key turned to Rachel and whispered, "Well, not do you think of it?"

"Rotten," replied Rachel.

"Yes," answered Key. "Pinch de baby."

SLATS' DIARY
BY BOGS PARQUHAR

Friday—Ant Emmy got a Postle card from a old friend of hers which is spending a few weeks in the Post House over in Adams county who has the Small Pocks and Ant Emmy thinks mobby she ain't suchy good friend after all becuz she sed on the Postle Card. I wish you was here.

Saturday—Ma had to go to the Dr. today having mashed her thumb and the Dr. painted it and charged her 2 \$ for painting her thumb and she remarked, at the supper table that she wood hate to have the Dr. paint her house at that Rate.

Sunday—Mrs. Ike Bruff tawked to ma after church this morning and she told ma 'she 'thot I was very bad Mannered becuz I was sitting at her in Church this morning. well it wassent my fault becuz I diddent want to go to church in the 1st place and I wish I cud paint a mustash on her pfecher.

Monday—Joe Ellis says times is getting very very much better. he told pa today that he went out to try to find a job for his wife and he found 1 the second place he enquired at.

Tuesday—I est Jane wood she go to the Boy scout school with me on Saturday nite and she sed yeh wood go and then she started to wandering how much ice cream and cake and hot dogs she cud eat at the school. well just among the 2 of us we will be able to eat Xactly 45 cents worth of what we eat.

Wednesday—Ant Emmy was a reading in the Paper that in England it was the law for a man to marry his Muthorn law. Pa remarked off hand that the people who passes the laws in England must of had very very little to do when they past a law like that.

Thursday—Pa says the Chamber of Commerce has sent out a warning to Watch your 100 \$ Bills. As far as he is concerned he says this ain't a going to help the Unemployment Problem none.

RED-BLOODED

A young Easterner who was killed while spending a summer in Arizona, was one of the modern young people whom the critics forget when they are denouncing youth. An ambitious student, a notable athlete, a worker in the Boy Scouts and the Young Men's Christian Association, he was as ready for clean fun as any youth who ever lived.

This young collegian left behind him letters, a diary, and other writings which give inspiring glimpses of his wholesome personality. Among these writings which he left, the following is especially commended to the attention of other young people. "If I can prove," he said, "that the matter of being a Christian is not a mollycoddie idea, but a red-blooded, two-fisted, daring scrap from start to finish, I shall feel I have accomplished a lot toward the ultimate goal."

Modern young people are not interested in the mollycoddie, wishy-washy type of religion, but they are interested in the red-blooded sort. They admire the moral athlete. They like a spirited fight for decency and honesty. They like young fellows such as this "Larry" who typifies the hope of the future. An sort that produces young men of this sort can hold up its head anywhere.

CANDID

"Have you read 'Freckles' Mr. Johnson?" "No, ma'am," he stammered, blushing; "mine are the brown kind."

Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

TELLS SAFE, SIMPLE WAY TO TREAT AND RELIEVE AT HOME

If you have catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises caused by catarrh, or if phlegm drops in your throat and has caused catarrh of the stomach or bowels you will be glad to know that these distressing symptoms may be entirely overcome in many instances by the following treatment which you can easily prepare in your own home at little cost. Secure from your druggist 1 ounce of Parmitin (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it ¼ pint of hot water and a little granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. An improvement is sometimes noted after the first day's treatment. Breathing should become easy, while the distressing head noises, headache, dullness, cloudy thinking, etc. should gradually disappear under the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell, taste, defective hearing and mucous droppings in the back of the throat are other symptoms which suggest the presence of catarrh and which may often be overcome by this efficacious treatment. It is said that nearly ninety per cent. of all ear troubles are caused by catarrh and there must, therefore, be many people whose hearing may be restored by this simple, harmless, home treatment.



Santa Claus Wants LETTERS

Santa Claus wants to hear from the little folk of Acton and the district. He wants letters from the boys and girls, and to help you in your letter writing THE ACTON FREE PRESS offers prizes for the Best Letters to Santa Claus.

This event is open to all the Public School Children in Acton and the Rural Schools within a radius of twelve miles of Acton. Just write the dear old chap a letter in your own way, Boys and Girls, and drop it in at THE FREE PRESS Office. You don't even need to pay postage on the letter unless you want to send it through the mails. Just send it to Santa Claus, in care of THE FREE PRESS.

Put your name and address at the foot of the letter and have it reach THE FREE PRESS Office not later than Friday noon, December 8.

Prizes for a Boy and Girl

For the best letter written by a boy THE FREE PRESS will give a hockey outfit; and the girl who sends the best letter to Santa Claus will receive a beautiful Talking Doll. The letters adjudged the best will be published and the winners announced in THE FREE PRESS Christmas issue of December 14. The prizes will be on exhibition in THE FREE PRESS window.

Just a Week!

Please remember, little folks, to have your letter reach THE FREE PRESS before noon on Friday of next week. Get suggestions from teachers, mothers, dads, big sisters or brothers, but write the letter yourself and not from dictated copies. We want children's letters to their old friend, Santa Claus. Get your letters in early. See the prizes in THE FREE PRESS window. Some boy or girl will win them for just a little effort, at no cost.



The Acton Free Press

Halton County's Largest Newspaper

TIME TABLES

AT ACTON

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Going East.

Daily, except Sunday 10.07 a.m.

Daily, except Sunday 1.13 p.m.

Sunday only 6.34 p.m.

The Chicago flyer, that passes through here at 9.35, eastbound, stops at Georgetown at 9.44 p. m.

Going West

Daily, except Sunday 8.55 a.m.

Daily, except Sunday 2.23 p.m.

Daily, except Sunday 7.00 p.m.

Sunday only 10.28 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS

Eastbound

Daily, except Sunday 7.00 a.m.

Daily 10.05 a.m.

Daily 2.15 p.m.

Daily 4.15 p.m.

Daily 6.40 p.m.

Daily 9.00 p.m.

Westbound

Daily 9.45 a.m.

Daily—except Saturday 12.45 p.m.

Daily 2.15 p.m.

Daily 5.15 p.m.

Daily 7.15 p.m.

Daily 10.45 p.m.

Special—Saturdays only 3.15 p.m.

Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays Only 12.15 a.m.



Savage & Co.

- WATCHES
 - DIAMONDS
 - CHINA
 - GLASSWARE
 - WEDDING
 - AND
 - ENGAGEMENT
 - RINGS
- GUELPH, ONTARIO
21 Wyndham St.

NEW BUSINESS

PRINTED salesmen will attract new business to take the place of the old that you are losing. Get our prices on printing.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS



Subscriptions for All Magazines Taken at The Free Press Office