

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths are inserted in this column without charge...

BORN - At the General Hospital, Guelph, to Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Forco, a daughter—Mary Jane.

WILLIAMSON - At Guelph, General Hospital, on Tuesday, June 17th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. David Williamson, (nee Annie Stewart) a daughter, Diane Clare.

AGNEW - At the Private Patients' Maternity Home, Guelph Street, Acton, on Monday June 23rd, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Agnew, the gift of a son Robert Ray.

MARRIED - At the Manse of Knox Presbyterian Church, Acton, Ontario, on June 21st, 1941, by Rev. H. L. Bonnie, M.A., Marguerite Jean Currie, younger daughter of Mr. Archie C. Currie and the late Mrs. Currie of Acton, to John Brush, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brush of Milton, Ontario.

DIED - McCUTCHEON - At the home, Lot 9, Second Line, Erin Township, on Monday, June 23rd, 1941, Mary Lindsay, widow of the late Thomas McCutcheon in her 71st year.

IN MEMORIAM - JOHNSON - In loving memory of a dear husband and father, Basil Johnston, who passed away June 25th, 1939.

WIFE and FAMILY - This and that

-Haying is underway and the crop is very light in this district. -Public Schools close on Friday for the long summer vacation. -Saturday is Army Day. Visit the camps. The boys will be glad to see you. -While rains in this immediate district were of varying degree all of them were welcome.

-A fine deer was noticed in the fields last evening in Nassagaweya Township just off the road to the big elm tree corner.

-Workmen have this week been putting the telephone line to the Wool Combing plant underground from Agnes Street to the plant office.

-Will soldiers and friends of the boys from Acton and district, please furnish THE FREE PRESS with their correct address promptly. We hope enquiries every week from local organizations for these printed lists.

-Miss Mary Chalmers of Acton, has recently graduated from the Secretarial School, Toronto. She is now the private secretary to Mr. Baxter, president of the Baxter Construction Company, Toronto.

-A group of six little girls, Joan White, Lorraine Pallant, Phyllis Robertson, Loretta Howes, Jill Merner and Betty Willis, sold lemonade and cookies in a booth on Mill Street on Saturday afternoon. They were able to forward \$7.12 to the British War Victims' Fund as a result of their effort. Better than a dollar apiece for these little girls, and all on their own initiative.

TAKE A HOLIDAY - And spend a pleasant and exciting day at Waterloo on Saturday, June 28th, at the big Band Festival and Highland Camp. Hundreds of dancing classes. Thrilling sights and sounds. Monster evening performance at no extra charge. Free picnic facilities. Visit the most beautiful natural park in Ontario and spend the most pleasant day of the summer.

40,000,000 Rashers a Year - From Britain's Table Scraps

Britain's householders, laughing at Hitler's threats to starve them into submission, are joining Pig Clubs in which members keep their pigs mainly on household and garden waste. In less than a year, over 800 of these clubs have been formed, and 30,000 pigs, representing about 1,500 tons of bacon, have been produced largely on food which would otherwise have been wasted. If all the bacon were sliced into rashers it would give 40,000,000 of them a year. There are two types of clubs, those in which each member owns a pig and those in which all pigs are owned cooperatively. Although the former type, with arrangements for mutual insurance and other services, was in-past years a feature of English village life, the co-operative club is a wartime innovation. This is essentially a domestic scheme, and not more than four pigs are kept per member. Two of them may be killed for household consumption and the other two are sold to the Ministry of Food to go into the general pool. This Britain's small pigkeepers are not only supplying their own bacon needs from the scraps they collect but they are contributing a useful amount of additional meat to the nation's larder.

The Continuation School Results In The Four Grades

(Continued from Page One)
Prac. 2; Geog. 1; Sc. 2; Art 1; Read. 2; O. Comp. 2; Writ. Comp. 2; Lit. 2; Br. Hist. 2; French 3.

GRADE X
Edna Aitken - Math. C; Geog. 2; Sc. 3; O. Comp. 3; Writ. Comp. 3; Lit. 2; Can. Hist. 1; French 2; Lat. 1.

Dorlene Atkins - Math. 3; Com. W. C; Geog. 3; Sc. 3; O. Comp. 2; Writ. Comp. 2; Lit. 3; Can. Hist. C; French 2; Lat. C.

Evelyn Braids - Math. 1; Com. W. 1; Geog. 1; Sc. 1; O. Comp. 1; Writ. Comp. 1; Lit. 1; Can. Hist. 1; French 1; Lat. 1.

John Bruce - Math. F Com. W. F; Geog. F; Sc. 3; O. Comp. C; Writ. Comp. C; Lit. 2; Can. Hist. 2; French F; Lat. F.

Frank Burgess - Math. C; Com. W. 3; Geog. 3; Sc. 1; O. Comp. 3; Writ. Comp. C; Lit. 2; Can. Hist. 1; French 3; Lat. 2.

Mabel Burkholder - Math. F; Geog. C; Sc. C; O. Comp. 3; Writ. Comp. 2; Lit. 2; Can. Hist. C; French C; Lat. E.

Dorothy Clayton - Math. C; Geog. 3; Sc. C; O. Comp. 3; Writ. Comp. 3; Lit. 2; Can. Hist. C; French 2; Lat. 2.

Herbert Dron - Math. F; Com. W. C; Geog. F; Sc. C; O. Comp. C; Writ. Comp. C; Lit. C; Can. Hist. C; Lat. F.

Shirley Duval - Math. 3; Com. W. 2; Geog. 1; Sc. 3; O. Comp. 2; Writ. Comp. 2; Lit. 1; Can. Hist. 3; French 1; Lat. 1.

George Hollinger - Math. 3; Com. W. 3; Geog. 3; Sc. 2; O. Comp. C; Writ. Comp. C; Lit. 3; Can. Hist. 1; French F; Lat. 2.

Isabelle McLeod - Math. C; Com. W. 2; Geog. C; Sc. 2; O. Comp. 3; Writ. Comp. 3; Lit. 1; Can. Hist. 2; French 3; Lat. C.

Wanda Rutledge - Math. 2; Com. W. 1; Geog. 2; Sc. C; O. Comp. 2; Writ. Comp. 2; Lit. 1; Can. Hist. 3; French 1; Lat. 1.

Margaret Smith - Math. 2; Geog. 3; Sc. 2; O. Comp. C; Writ. Comp. 3; Lit. 2; Can. Hist. 1; French C; Lat. 1.

Wannetta Smith - Math. F; Geog. 3; Sc. 3; O. Comp. 3; Writ. Comp. 3; Lit. 2; Can. Hist. C; French C; Lat. F.

O. Comp. 2; Writ. Comp. C; Lit. 3; Hist. 2; French C; Lat. 3.

GRADE XII
Gordon Beatty - Alg. 1; Phy. 2; O. Comp. 2; Writ. Comp. 3; Lit. 2; Hist. 1; French C; Lat. C.

Keineth Hines - Alg. C; Phy. 3; O. Comp. 3; Writ. Comp. C; Lit. C; Hist. 1.

Marie Chlyton - Alg. 2; Phy. 3; O. Comp. 2; Writ. Comp. 3; Lit. 2; Hist. 1; French C; Lat. F.

Inn Grant - Alg. C; Phy. 3; O. Comp. 3; Writ. Comp. C; Lit. C; Hist. 3; Geom. 3.

Francis Lamb - Alg. 2; Phy. C; O. Comp. 2; Writ. Comp. 3; Lit. 2; Hist. 1; French 3; Lat. 2.

Erwin McKewen - Alg. 1; Phy. C; O. Comp. 3; Writ. Comp. 3; Lit. 3; Hist. 1.

Margaret McPhail - Alg. 3; Phy. C; O. Comp. 3; Writ. Comp. 3; Lit. 2; Hist. 2; French 3; Lat. 1.

Ruby Smith - Alg. C; Phy. F; O. Comp. 3; Writ. Comp. C; Lit. C; Hist. C; French F; Lat. 2.

Dorothy Steele - Alg. 1; Phy. C; O. Comp. 2; Writ. Comp. 2; Lit. 1; Hist. 2; French 2; Latin 1; Geom. 2.

EVERTON (Continued for Last Week)
Relatives and friends of Mrs. Laura Black, who visited in this community last summer, will regret to learn of her death, which took place recently in Schenectady, New York, after a short illness.

Mrs. Black was the daughter of the late John Black. Her funeral was attended by her niece, Miss Lois Black of Rock Hill, South Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wilson and daughter of Toronto spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Will Head and son, Kitchener.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse McEnery and daughter both of Ballinacraig spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. R. A. Dampier.

Miss Lois Black has arrived in Everton to spend the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Black.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Benham attended the funeral of the latter's uncle, Mr. Charles Gamble of Kenmore, N. Y. last Friday in Acton.

Mr. Robert Patter of Valerter, Quebec, spent the week-end with his wife and other friends.

Mrs. Miss of Hamilton, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. H. Parker and family.

The Letter Box

H. V. Dron, A.B.-A.2016, R.C.N., A/L.R. 3, S. S. Scandia, C/o Capt. Skillen, Anglo-American Oil Co., 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.1, England.

Mr. Dills - Editor and Publisher, The Acton Free Press, Dea Sir: Congratulations Acton on going over the top on the Victory Loan, that is much better than some of our so-called 'fair citizens' have done as yet. I really do think that for a village, and taking into consideration that wages are not as high as in the cities, Acton has really done very good, not only in a financial way, but also in a fighting way. I believe you have a good 'quota' for your population, of course there are still some that well I don't know why, but they seem to be satisfied to let others carry the battle for them.

I've expected to leave Halifax - in convoy, but on our engine trials we developed marine engine trouble, and will be here in the basin at least another week. I find it a bit hard to get the time in so I have started fishing the last couple of days, and though I have been very patient my luck as yet has been 'Nil'. Next week I think they are lowering a boat over the side, and if they do I'm going to hunt the fish. I'll see if I can get up to the Sackville river, which runs into the basin, and try the salmon.

As yet I have not met any of the 'Lorne Scots' down here, and I do not believe I will, maybe I'll be passing them some of these days, or maybe they'll be passing me, anyway any of you boys read this letter I'll tell you that I believe I passed you all last - but you didn't know me, if you even seen me, but I'll be seeing you all later on, if I am in port long enough.

We have been having grand summer weather down here the last week or so, but until then the weather was all rain and cold.

Me. Dills I am enclosing a few verses I picked up aboard, which I believe was written by some one ashore, and by the copy I have got I believe it is mostly amateur, I do not know if it has ever been published or not, but I am doubtful, anyway it is very good, and very true, as far as I can find out, I mean, in the way the Merchant Seaman is treated, or looked on ashore, especially (I hear), in England. As far as conduct goes in a way, I cannot see any difference between the Navy, Army, Air Force and Merchant Seamen, of course there are all kinds in all services and the same goes for civilians, but you will get the drift on reading the few verses enclosed. Now I must really close, any of you boys serving 'over there' drop a line to my new address, I might possibly drop in to see you, if in a port in your vicinity.

Yours Sincerely, H. V. DRON, G.I.

THE MERCHANT SEAMAN
You have seen him in the street, Rolling around on groggy feet. You've despised him when he's been 'out on the spree'.

But you didn't see the trip on - A dark and lonely slip - Through a submarine and mine-infested sea.

You have cheered the Navy lads In their heavy iron-clads. You can spare a cheer for Tommy Atkins too.

You may have a touch of 'funk' When you hear 'big mail-boat sunk' But do you think of the Merchant Service ever?

You have mourned about the cost of every vessel lost. It puts you in a pessimistic mood; But you've never said 'well done' or congratulated one.

Who helps to bring your wife and kiddies food. He has brought your wounded home - Through a mine-infested zone. He has ferried all the troops to France by night.

He belongs to no brigade, is neglected, underraid. Yet is often in the thickest of the fight.

He has fought the lurking Hun with an ancient 4" gun. And does his bit to get them on the run. You've never heard him boast To folks who need him most. In fact he's sort of reticent and glum.

Wouldn't you feel that way too? If, no matter what you do, You're still another 'Merchant Service Bum'.

He can collar Huns and 'smite' them. To the real 'ad infimum'. And for 'cents' he doesn't care a darn His social standing's nil. You regard him as a pull. But you got to hand it to him. He's a Man.

We've Been Fishin'

"If you would laugh; real pleasure gain; Hear music in a sweet refrain. If you would be a kid again, Go Fishin'."

Yes, once a year we tell you of a fishing trip. Fishing trips don't as a rule stand telling any offense. Trips close at home like all things at home, lack the enchantment and so we choose to write of the trips further away.

They say that when you are doing all right and the fish are biting in one spot, there is no use wandering all over the lake waiting time. Let's quit Paris again. We in this case include Messrs. Hartley Harrison, Toronto; Harold Clave, Georgetown and Amos Mason of Acton and the editor of 'The Free Press'. It's a company that fish together at least once a year.

Roads are better each year as you visit fishing grounds. Some twists have been removed, but plenty left to make them scenic. We found on reaching the thirty-three mile point in Algonquin Park that the three miles into Joe Avery's place were better. In fact the last part of a mile could for the first time be negotiated with a car instead of travelling via motor launch.

Game continues to be plentiful. We spotted at least a score of deer along the road into camp last Thursday night. On one of the bridges a mother Porcupine and a young one jumbled along the edge. Reaching camp we found a bear was in the habit of paying nightly visits. He destructively results to a refrigerator box and the foodstuffs he robbed. The men at the fishery station were gunning for him but when we left camp on Sunday morning the bear was still wearing his hide, without any holes in it.

First man we met on going into camp on Thursday was Bill Cluyton. He introduced himself as the guy who let the big one get away the last year. Right then and there we decided Bill and the editor had to redeem themselves and get a big one this year and he seemed as willing as we were.

Just didn't feel so confident when the party started out on Friday morning for the ten miles up the lake, but because Bill Cluyton and 'Alec Parker' out guides told us the fishing in the lake had been absolutely rotten for the past week and if we had no luck we might as well portage over to Red Rock and get some.

We went to the usual good places and fished. Since it hasn't been the custom to name those who have the best success with the catch, it would be poor policy on our part to start such a precedent this year. Anyway when the boats drew in for dinner the catch had been ten. Four of them went down with the beans, bacon etc. that Bill and Alec prepared for dinner.

Those inland lake trout are always good. But for perfection they are best served only an hour out of the water and fried in a pan swimming with butter to a deep brown over an open fire. To add to the pleasure of the meal the breeze was off the lake driving the flies and mosquitoes into the bush instead of out. We had a rough table to spread the food, hold the plates and cups. That's usually more comfortable than ground seats, and balancing the plates in one hand while the other is used for eating.

Fishing resumed about four o'clock after an afternoon nap on the camp ground. The catch that day was seventeen and since that was only three short of the limit, it was considered pretty fair. Let us hasten to explain that seventeen were caught by the four and not by one of the group.

You may ache from bringing into play unused muscles; your face and neck may have a heavy sunburn and you may shift often to find out just how you can possibly sit with comfort in that boat seat for another hour, but there is really pleasure as that little motor that has buzzed all day drives your boat through the waters past hills of ever-changing color and over which the sun slides further down in the west.

Saturday's fishing was still in the North Arm of Lake Opinicon. The catch was light in the morning but we ate of all the fish wanted at noon. The big one had still eluded us but we were due for some thrills that afternoon. First Thrill came to our boat when Amos Mason hooked a three and a quarter pound speckled trout. It was a beauty and measured sixteen inches. It was the fighting-sting thing yet tanded. Back and forth over the sleeds and the fishing was good. The boats met and decided on one more trip up and down.

That was a lucky last trip. A tug on our line told us that it wasn't bottom that we had struck but one of the bigger size trout. He came in heavy and he stayed down deep and we could see Bill making sure he had the gaff hook nearly as we reeled in and pulled. It was lucky he had. In he came to the boat on the hook and our line dangled free with the fish hook broken off in his mouth. It weighed six and a half pounds and measured 27 inches.

But the elation was not to last. Bill was positive that the one Amos Mason nearly had in the boat but got away was much bigger. When Harold Clave brought in his catch he had one the same length and a quarter pound heavier. This fishing just keeps you going all the time to keep up.

But companionship, new acquaintances and the inseparable games of euchre are important as well as fishing. Seated at our table for meals was an American couple who proved very congenial. This business was selling mushroom spores but he was taking a few days off from business and enjoying the lay off immensely. This fish story was voted the best he told.

Then there was a party of 'teen age boys who came out with canoes after spending a week in two or three other lakes and really camping out. There was also the technical school teacher from down in the U.S. who had a boat built by himself and a camp up on an island four miles up the lake. He was spending most of his time around camp until more of his party arrived. American cars were more numerous than Canadian among the guests.

It takes all kinds to make up a world. We hadn't been away long enough to lay aside world interests. Missing the papers and radio broadcasts was losing a very important part of our daily life. But we met one chap-up there who hadn't heard any war news for two months and wasn't particularly anxious to know any of it. Some way we evaded him.

The party was deeply interested in a section this year seventy-five miles this side of Lake Opinicon. Hartley Harrison had a new summer cottage under construction on Lake Boskung. We visited it on the trip in and again on the way out. It is one of the finest we have seen in any of these summer spots, even to many town conveniences. Many friends here of the ex-teeve will wish him many happy summers with his family in this spot he has selected. Knowing the hospitality of the home one would realize over his surroundings may be found inadequate.

We've been on our biggest fishing trip of the year. Now we're set to take it for the summer.

Johnny - My uncle is coming to-morrow.

Jimmy - And what side of the house does he look like?

Johnny - The side with the bay window.

There was a tramp who came to a lady's door, and said: "I am so hungry I am eating the grass in your front lawn."

Lady - Why, you poor man, go around to the back lawn, where the grass is longer.

Mark Every Grave

Manufacturers of Distinctive Monuments, Cemetery Lettering, Corner Posts and Markers. No Agents to Bother You. No Salesmen's Commissions to pay. Designs Submitted. LARGE ASSORTMENT IN STOCK. BUY DIRECT FROM US.

Oakville Monument Works 19 COLBORNE ST. W. (On Highway) OAKVILLE. A Card or Letter will bring our service to your door. Open Evenings.

Britain Calls Technicians To Colors



The Rt. Hon. William Maxwell Aitken, P.C. (left), 1st Baron Beaverbrook, of Beaverbrook, N.B., and Clerkley, Surrey, Eng., at his desk at No. 12 Downing Street, London, immediately following his recent appeal for the support of Canada's Victory Loan Campaign.

It was from this same office, in the capacity of Minister of State, that Lord Beaverbrook a few days ago issued a stirring appeal for the assistance of the Empire's men of knowledge, men of technical skill and men of vision, as heard over CBC's National Network.

The United States has increased wartime sales of watches and clocks in South Africa by about 50 per cent.

ROYAL Guelph's Comfortable Theatre

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY Charlie Chaplin

THE GREAT DICTATOR

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY James CAGNEY Olivia DE HAVILLAND

Strawberry Blonde

See "Your Men" in Camp

ARMY DAY June 28