

PERSONAL FINANCES CAN BE TAILORED TO MEASURE, TOO

B of M Joint Accounts Fit All Kinds of "Figures"

A lot of people nowadays buy suits or costumes, even houses, tailored to meet their personal requirements. But, too often, the equal need for a "tailored" bank account is overlooked.

In many cases, for instance, married couples, clubs and social groups, do not realize the convenience of operating a Bank of Montreal joint account. Such an account is held by two or more persons. Withdrawal arrangements can be made as desired. Sometimes, it is agreed that any one of the parties can draw independently to any amount. In other cases, it may be stipulated that two or more signatures are required on every cheque.

It's easy to see how valuable these "tailored" joint accounts are. For household financing, for encouraging family savings projects and for keeping association funds "on top," there is no sounder method.

Orme Hunt, accountant of the B of M Acton branch, will gladly explain all the details of a joint account "tailored" to your needs. Why not consult Mr. Hunt next time you're passing?

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—of—
ACTON PEOPLE AND ACTON PLACES THROUGH MANY YEARS

In the course of time the original plot for cemetery use behind the Knox Church became filled up and an addition to the graveyard became necessary. This was purchased by the late John Speight and the late Alexander Grant, who paid the purchase price and were to be repaid from the sale of plots and graves.

Before they were fully repaid the agitation for the new cemetery took shape, and eventually Fairview was opened and the old graveyard closed, further burials being prohibited by law.

When Fairview was opened over 50 years ago many members of the old families secured plots and the remains of numbers who had slept for years in Acton's first graveyard were removed and re-interred in the new plots in Fairview. (To be Continued)

OPEN THIS WEEK

We will be on call for 24 hour service this week from Saturday night until the following Saturday. More about the 1953 Plymouth. It's new from tip to top. The new 1952 of yesterday is the old of today. See the 1953 Plymouth now. A nice choice of colors and 2-tone effect. Also the economy feature overdrive. Come in and see for yourself. Orders taken for November 15 and Dec. delivery. See them now.

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NASSAGAWEYA TOWNSHIP NOMINATIONS

For Reeve and Four Councillors for the Municipality of Nassagaweya, and Two Trustees for School Area No. 1 in the Municipality of Nassagaweya

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1952

AT THE TOWNSHIP HALL

BROOKVILLE

at one o'clock p.m.

In the event of a poll being demanded the Balloting will be held on Monday, 1 December, 1952, at the following places:

Polling Subdivision No. 1, comprising lots 1-10 inclusive across the Township—in the Orange Hall, Campbellville. Charles King, Deputy Returning Officer.

Polling Subdivision No. 2, comprising lots 11-21 across the Township—in the Council Room, Brookville. Cyril Elliott, Deputy Returning Officer.

Polling Subdivision No. 3, comprising lots 22-32 across the Township—at Knatchbull Hall, Knatchbull. Clarence Wilson, Deputy Returning Officer.

L. W. McMILLAN, Clerk

Nassagaweya, October 15th, 1952.

The Tax Collector will be in the Township Hall prior to Nominations to issue tax certificates.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for the Acton Free Press by Gwendoline F. Clarke

Another week gone by and no rain. And so mild. This time last year we were pretty well snowed in and not liking it one bit—but at least there was moisture in the snow. Of course if one doesn't have to worry about water it is wonderful weather—and last Saturday was a perfect day for the Santa Claus parade in Toronto.

That is something I have always wanted to see and never have—until this year when I saw it on television. Television? Oh no, not on our set. I just happened to visit one of the stores down town at the right moment. It was remarkably clear—no flickering at all. In fact I was almost persuaded that television might be all right after all. But I wasn't enthused to the point of wanting to spend \$400 on a set—although I am sure Partner would enjoy watching the hockey matches.

We have lots of company again now and sometimes I feel as if I am talking myself as the name of one of our visitors is "Gwen". The gentleman of the party is a farmer so he got himself a job down at the farm with a tractor and spreader. At his own request, of course. Sometimes I wonder why people ever come to see us at all for they are never treated as guests. And, as a means of getting out of work this column provides me with a wonderful libel. For instance we have an extra couple staying here until tomorrow so I quite calmly announced that I had to write and would they call me when supper was ready? they did.

We have been having quite a time with cars just lately. The visiting car developed starter trouble. While it was in the garage I wanted to go down town with our car but the battery was as flat as a deflated balloon. "Oh dear, there goes another \$30," I thought. (batteries for English cars are dearer than others). But I was wrong. It was just a matter of corroded connections. I was so relieved I felt then as if I had been given \$30 so I was really much happier than I had been before.

This afternoon we were driving through a rather hilly part of the county and it was heart-breaking to notice how terribly dry the fields looked. But one particular field we passed was more heart-breaking than all the rest. The field was just one big hill. It had been ploughed and the ploughing was a straight and down job. If ever a field called for contour ploughing, that one did.

Sometimes we are bound to get some heavy rains and when they come the rain will run down that hill like water down a rain-pout. By contrast, when I was on the train going to Ottawa last summer I noticed contour ploughing in a field that was perfectly flat. Now what was the reason for that? I have often wondered.

There is plenty of arguing going on around here these days. Our visitor is a Guernsey man. Partner favors grade Astor-shires—the other man pure-breds. So, various arguments are tossed back and forth like shuttlecocks, neither man giving in to the other—as so often happens when two stubborn Englishmen get together.

The same thing applies to the woodpile. The men brought down a load of sawn logs from the bush—red oak. One chunk in particular was about thirty inches in diameter and full of lovely big knots. Our visitor said he would split it during the day. Partner said, "I bet you don't!"

The would-be wood-splitter waited until Partner had gone to milk and then he took up the challenge. He worked for over an hour on that one cut, and all the time it was a tussle between the toughness of the knotted oak and the will and strength of the man. The man won out. When Partner came in he was treated to a graphic description of the contest. It brought forth many scathing remarks but in the end Partner grudgingly admitted— "You are darn near as stubborn as I am!"

Another argument concerned rubber boots and a dead chicken. Partner had killed a chicken and hung it in the woodshed. Our visitor came in from the barn and placed his boots under the chicken, which was still dripping from the back. There was no place for it to drip except into the boots. Then followed the argument—which was put there first—the boots or the chicken? Our visitor naturally insisted that his boots were there first and that Partner deliberately hung the chicken strategically above them.

Total number of pellets landed at St. John's NFtd. from the 1952 seal hunt was 85,245, compared with 183,000 in 1951.

H. S. HOLDEN

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Seeking Pen Pal, Letter Goes Astray

This week a letter arrived by air mail in Canada addressed to "The Free Press Weekly, Ontario, Canada." A blue and brown New Zealand stamp and an air mail sticker were the only other clues on the blue envelope.

At some Canadian post office, a clerk—whether one who knew this town or one who looked up Free Press in a big book, we don't know—wrote "Try Acton, Ont." in red ink on the envelope.

Received by the Free Press here, the letter was opened, but unfortunately did not belong to this Free Press. Some letters, even from the other side of the world, could be thrown away and forgotten, but not this one, since the writer hopes for an answer—or answers.

Here is what he said: "I wonder if you would kindly oblige me, by putting my name in the Pen Friends column of your paper. My description is as follows: I am 17 years old, 5 ft. 10 ins. in height. My hobbies are playing the guitar, swimming, fishing, camping, hiking and trapping. I would like girl pen friends of my own age in Canada.

Yours truly, "Ronald F. Briggs." Young Mr. Briggs, whose letter for a pen friend went astray, may find his name in the wrong Free Press has just as much success, if not more, than in the right Free Press.

If any reader of this paper should find eventually just where the letter was intended to go, the Acton Free Press would be interested to know.

His address was given as follows: 100 Waddington Drive, Nae Nae, Lower Hutt, Wellington, New Zealand.

NO MENTAL TELEPATHY

A minister, paying his usual visit to a mental hospital, noticed one patient writing briskly. He asked, "Oh, writing a letter, eh?" The patient answered, "Yes," and went on writing. "To whom are you writing?" the minister inquired. "To myself," replied the patient. "Oh, how very interesting," said the visitor. "What are you saying?" "How would I know?" snapped the patient. "I don't get my mail until tomorrow."

KEEPING POSTED

One of the RCMP's plainclothes men, on duty at the Canadian International Trade Fair in Toronto, writes Napier Moore in The Financial Post, observed a representative of a large, well-known manufacturer of safes doing a stout selling job on a man who is quite well known to the Force. Before the salesman went into

too much detail about the intricacies of his firm's latest model, the mountie stepped up and gently enquired of the "buyer" whether his interest in the product was quite the same as that of other prospective customers. The "buyer" took a quick look at the RCMP man and departed. He was one of Canada's most outstanding safe-breakers, just keeping abreast of the latest developments in his field.

Pollock and Campbell

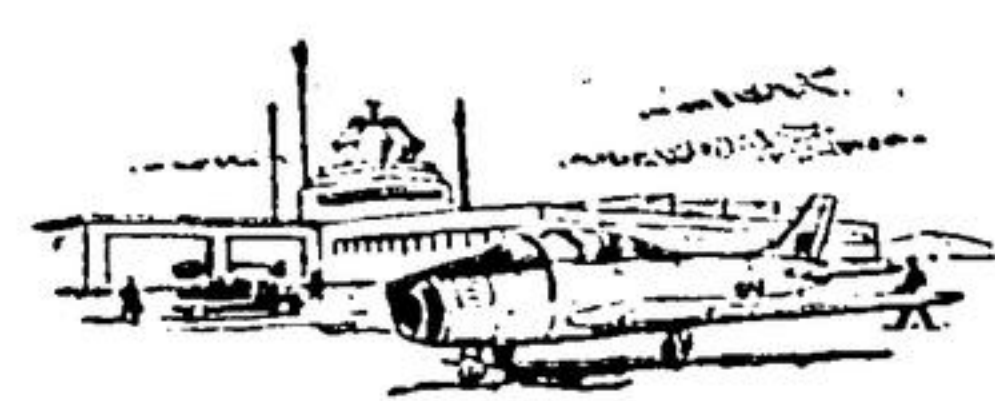
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