

MASSAGAWEYA S.S. No. 7

Road To Peace Is Farm Forum Topic

The farm forum members met in the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. Henderson on Monday evening. It was decided to cancel the review night owing to the Christmas season. The next meeting will be in January.

The two groups discussed the questions on "Which Road to Peace?"

Mrs. D. Henderson entertained

the Busy Bee Institute for their Christmas meeting last week. The president, Mrs. S. Coxe, presided.

The roll call was answered by giving a gift for a hamper for a needy family. Donations of money are to be given to the Ontario Hospital at Woodstock and the Salvation Army in Guelph to help with their Christmas work.

Gifts of fruit and cards were to be sent to sick and shut-ins of the district. Mrs. Coxe read an address to Mrs. Tuck and Mrs. Allan presented her with two cups and saucers.

Mrs. Tuck thanked the ladies in a few well chosen words. She expects to soon move from this district to Crewson's Corner. The balance of material from the bazaar was auctioned off and a nice sum of money added to the treasury.

Final plans were made for the rug making course that is to be held early in January.

Mrs. McLean conducted a couple of contests. After closing the meeting with a Christmas hymn, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks," and the Lord's Prayer, a pot luck lunch was served.

Season's Greetings To All

The world's largest asbestos mine in Quebec, is an open pit a mile wide and as deep as a lofty skyscraper is tall.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

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

If this column seems a little disconnected the reason is not far to seek. Yesterday we were a family of seven and here is what happened. About 7:30 a.m. Bob took our two visitors to the train as they were spending the day in Toronto—that, of course, was after a mad scramble for early morning breakfast and going away preparations. Then Bob came back, finished his own last minute packing, which consisted of piling all his possessions into his car, and then he was ready for a long trip North. While this was going on Daughter and Arthur came down hunting breakfast and Partner came in from the barn where he had been wrestling with a fresh cow with a hard quarter. Almost immediately afterwards Bob set off on his trip and it is quite possible we may not see him again for six months.

The rest of the day was comparatively quiet—Partner, Daughter, Arthur and myself just talking—family talk, over this thing and that. After supper Dee and Art set out for Toronto and then the whole house was very quiet. I sat down with my thoughts and a needle and thread to mend a pair of pyjamas that Partner had fallen through. I wondered as I worked how soon Partner would be up from the barn and whether our friends would be late getting back from Toronto. And then the telephone rang. A friend that I thought was a hundred miles away asked if I would like a couple of tramps for the night! "But why... where are you?" I asked in surprise.

My friend laughed—"Well, as a matter of fact we have taken a house down here—only just at present we are here and the furniture isn't." Of course I said to come right along so inside of fifteen minutes Lillian and her daughter were on our doorstep, leaving the man of the house to wait for the furniture and look after things.

Of course we had to do a bit of hustling... beds, make and the furnace given an extra stoking against the cold north winds. A nice hot cup of tea completed our welcome. In the middle of things Partner came in from the barn, our other friends returned from Toronto, all of them wondering at the sudden flurry of activity and who the newest arrivals might be.

Now it is the morning after and we are still busy getting ourselves sorted out—and of course attending the baker, the dairy man, the egg man and the vet—all of whom seemed to arrive one after another. It is really a great life if you don't weaken—and if your supply of sheets doesn't give out, and if you can keep awake long enough to be properly polite. The trouble is what am I going to do after everyone is gone? Getting back to cooking for two after having been used to five or seven isn't going to be so easy.

One new arrival I haven't mentioned—and it has given us more fun than a picnic. This new arrival is in the form of a little clock-work bear. Wind it up and it ambles slowly across the floor, its head keeping pace with its heavy foot movements. Honey, Tip and Mitchie-White think it is a wonderful plaything, but their opinions are very different. Mitchie evidently thought it was some sort of kitten and was quite ready to play with it. But when his little motor ran down and it showed no more sign of movement, Mitchie lost interest although he did try licking it back to life. Tippy wanted to grab it and shake it like a ground-hog and we had to rescue the poor little bear.

It was Honey that caused the greatest fun. She whimpered at the noise of the motor. Then, greatly daring, she pawed the little bear with her foot and rolled it over. The legs still kept moving and Honey sat back in surprise. Partner said, "Fetch it here!" Honey wagged her stump of a tail in delight, nosed the bear this way and that, finally found that its tail was easier to grab than any part of its mechanical body, so she picked up the bear by its tail and bore it in triumph to Partner. Later on, tired of playing, Honey sat down beside the bear on the rug. Presumably Mitchie-White came in, and Honey growled as loudly and fiercely as if she were guarding a nice, fresh juicy bone.

Maybe, come Tuesday, I shall be glad to have Honey and the bear to amuse me, as after that day Partner and I will be all alone, that being the time when our friends will leave us, as they are crossing the border over to the United States. On the other hand, I may not have time for amusements—you know how sewing and mending has a way of piling up when one has company around. What with Christmas and everything, I have got so hat I look the other way whenever I pass my mending basket.

Canadian per capita consumption of butter remain fairly steady at between 19 and 20 pounds per year. During the present year there are indications that the amount is increasing. United States consumption is considerably less per person.

Year-End Business At Council Meeting

Erin Township Council met at Hillsburgh on December 15, with all members present and Reeve Albert Wheeler presiding.

A by-law for the purpose of adopting the assessment roll as revised for the year 1953 was introduced, read the necessary times and passed.

James Leitch was appointed to the Erin District High School Board for the coming term.

The treasurer was authorized to make adjustments of receipts and charges between the township and the police villages of Hillsburgh and Orton, interest payments and interest receipts between the township and the telephone commission to pay the county tax account of \$37,158.14 and also any township accounts that may be presented on or before December 31, 1953.

The clerk was instructed to write the secretary of the Erin High School Board "re the correction of a new high school," that this council would take no action at the present time.

The contract submitted by Mansell Nellis for plowing snow for the present season 1952-1953 was accepted.

The sum of \$25.65 was struck from the collector's roll, the same being errors in assessment.

Friday, December 26, "Boxing Day," was declared a public holiday in Erin township.

The Erin Advocate was paid \$250 on printing contract, plus \$25 sales tax.

The following accounts were paid: general accounts \$813; relief accounts \$145.12; livestock accounts \$170; road accounts \$2,011.18; road commissioners \$460; salaries and allowances \$1,435.

A. J. Lindsay, collector, tendered his resignation, to be effective at the end of the current year.

Council placed this resignation on file to be considered at January 1953 meeting.

Your Cheque Is A Double-Check

Every time you pay a bill through a Bank of Montreal chequing account you begin an "automatic" double-check on the expenditure. Many B of M customers finding the cost of living too high for comfort, think this assistance in spotting financial leaks is the best feature of paying by cheque.

The first check-up is a "before." Each transaction comes up for a last-minute review, as a matter of course, when you are making out the cheque for it. The second check-up is an "after." The filled-in stubs in your cheque-book, as well as the statements which the B of M provides you with once a month, also help you to re-examine your spending.

Paying bills by cheque is safer and more convenient than doing it by cash. Every cheque you send off comes back to you with proof positive that payment has not only been made but accepted. And the

postman makes the round of your creditors for you when you mail your cheques.

Gordon Oder, manager of the B of M's Acton branch, invites you to open your own chequing account. Drop into the branch tomorrow. You'll find, as tens of thousands of B of M customers have found, that a chequing account is a time-saver, a foot-saver, and — through its "automatic" double-check—a money-saver, too.

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1953

Here's to the New Year! May you welcome it joyously, live it happily, and look back upon it fondly as a year of progress and achievement... of good health enjoyed... of hopes realized... and dreams come true.

MANNING ELECTRIC

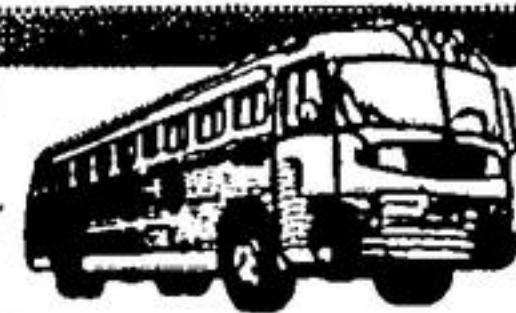


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