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**Fashion Hint**



Here is an illustration of this year's fashion surprise — the box jacket. Whether it will last long or not is anybody's guess, but certainly many of them are shown for sale. Some of the match box suits are not much different from the regular slim skirted ones we have been used to, except for the loose waist. But this suit is really different. It is a two-tone, double-breasted version, with a solid jacket and checked skirt. The box jacket will not likely have too many advocates at first, as wise shoppers keep their eyes open to see how long the new style is going to last before they invest any Easter outfit cash! We recommend making sure the skirt fits well if you buy a box suit, for it can be worn even if the new trend does not last.

**Chronicles**



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

I don't intend to do more than mention in passing the outstanding event in last week's news. That is the death of Stalin. Abler pens than mine have, and will continue to deal, with that world-shaking event. To me, of the most extraordinary significance, is the fact that twice in our generation a man has risen from the ranks and become sufficiently powerful to upset the balance, not only of his own country, but of practically the whole world. With that I leave the subject.

Turning now to ordinary, everyday affairs—have you ever realized how many odd accidents occur that could not possibly be foreseen? The other day I noticed an account in the daily press of a child being hurt by the explosion of an egg! It was in the process of being boiled; the saucpan boiled dry; the egg exploded, and fragments of shell flew in the face of a little girl who was standing near the stove.

That same night I was nearly brained by a dead hen! It happened this way. Two days previously Partner had killed a hen and hung it in the back porch. That was during our last zero spell. The bird froze solid. The back porch is where I also feed the dogs. That night I went out with the dogs, supper as usual—a dish in each hand. I stooped to put them on the floor—at a strategic distance from each other. As I straightened up again... wham!... something hit me like a sledge hammer. I backed away and looked up. It was the hard-frozen head and sharp beak of our dead hen. It almost knocked me out—but not quite. I still had enough strength to sit down on a chair and laugh and laugh, even though I was quite alone. It struck me as being too ridiculous—to be come on the head by a dead hen! And then I put my hand to my head, which was by this time aching considerably. I felt a steadily rising lump which finally reached the size of a walnut, although the skin was not broken. My head ached for the rest of the evening—and it is still sore to touch even after six days. Today we ate the hen. "He who laughs last laughs loudest."

I hadn't thought of it until this minute but maybe that bump on the head affected my grey matter. Anyway I was trying to start the car next morning, but it failed to oblige—so I left it. After dinner I went out to try it again. This time it was hopeless... I had left the ignition on. The battery was as dead as the hen that brained me. The next step was to send for a man to come up for the battery—for a slow charge—much easier on the battery. This was slow all right—so many batteries waiting to be charged that I had to wait five days. And then Bob came home from the north—and he took over from there.

Yes, Bob has come back to the banana belt. He has had all the cold weather he wants for awhile. The week before he left Matheson it was fifty below. This has been somewhat of a record winter up north for snow and cold—and a record mild winter for us. One day, while he was working outside, Bob had an orange freeze solid in the back pocket of his pants. He also mentioned one house, unoccupied, that had twenty inches of snow on top of the roof. As for driving, he hadn't driven his car ten miles in the two months he was up there. He made up for it on the way home. He left Matheson at 4 p.m. Friday and arrived home 3.30 a.m. Saturday—about 500 miles. When he came to bare ground south of Barrie I guess it looked pretty good to him. So now Bob is at home again night and morning, but working at his old construction job down at Oakville during the day.

It's nice to have the days getting longer—actually there seem to be more hours in a day when we get more sunlight. And there can't be too many hours as far as I am concerned. On the wall of my den I have a decorated card pinned up—an inspiration to me but a worry to Partner. It features an hour-glass, and the inscription reads thus: "Lost—Yesterday. Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with 60 diamond minutes. No reward is offered for they are gone forever!" What exactly is "lost time"? Actually, we're none of us lose time, we all of us have 24 hours to spend. But I suppose time is lost when we do nothing that is of benefit to ourselves or other folk. Some people think reading is wasting time. I don't. Right now Partner is reading "The Incredible Canadian" and I am halfway through "A Sense of Urgency". I think we shall both find our time has been well spent.

**JUST DESSERTS ?**

New Cook: "Didya heah 'em say anything 'bout mah cooking?"  
New Maid: "Nuthin' directly, but ah notice dey done prayed afore-day stabled eatin'."

**Crippled Children Goal is \$475,000**

The realization of the tremendous number of uncared for cases of crippled children in Ontario and the appreciation of the miracles of modern orthopedics were brought to focus at an important meeting 31 years ago in Windsor, Ontario. When the representatives of 10 service clubs met and formed the Ontario Society for Crippled Children.

To-day over 200 service clubs—a new high—participate in the work of the Society and help with the sale of seals during the Easter season. Among these is the local Rotary Club. But the purpose of the original 10, who met in November, 1922, remains—to aid crippled children, wheel chairs and transportation to clinics and to help them enjoy as normal a life as possible under their peculiar circumstances.

Easter Seals are the media which help to finance all the various aspects of the Society's work. This year the Ontario goal is \$475,000. As one official of the Ontario Society for Crippled Children put it: "The service clubs are the backbone of our work. Without them we could not function."

At the time of the 1951 census, for every 100 Canadian households there were 92 radios, 73 washing machines, 42 electric vacuums.

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**Poet's Corner**

SONG FOR A LITTLE BOY  
By Mary Ellen Varley

Come, my little lad,  
It is time to cuddle down  
And have a lovely dream  
In the hush of sleepy town.  
  
The fairies dance in Sleepy Town,  
The fairies dance in gold and brown.  
  
Here's your pyjamas—  
With Rudolph on the tummy,  
Come, my little boy,  
To hug and kiss your mummy!  
  
The fairies sing in Sleepy Town,  
The fairies sing. Come, cuddle down!  
  
"Your father was a great western politician, you say? What did he run for?"  
"The border."

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