

**BLACK MOOD**

Little Audrey was riding in a cab and the driver told her to get out because he was going to drive over the cliff. Little Audrey just laughed because she knew the cab was yellow.

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**POET'S CORNER**

**A FARMER'S PLEA**

I'm just one of those country hicks Who comes from away out in the sticks. To voice my woe and make a plea For all the other boots like me.

We work like heck six days a week, And when we're done we'd like to streak To our home town to buy our eats And meet our neighbors on the streets.

We can't take off on working day, And if we do there's heck to pay; You folks in town don't do that way You do your buying every day.

And that's why I don't think it's right To hog the streets on farmer's night; You've got your cars parked on the street Before we hicks sit down to eat.

Then we must stop hogs and feed the sows, Coax all the juice from bossy cows, Pick up the eggs, coop up the hen, Shave off the whiskers (if we're men).

Dress in overalls and calico— Since wheat has got so gosh-darned low— Crank up the flivver, give her juice, Then start for town—but what's the use?

The streets are lined far up and down, With cars of folks who live in town, Who seem to think it's quite a treat To see us "rubes" stagger up the street.

With butter jars and eggs and cream— But say, it takes a lot of steam To lug that stuff six blocks or more! You walk until your feet get sore.

Your shoulders ache, you're seeing red, And wish that you were home in bed, And then you spy that yellow paint That's put just where the autos ain't.

There's two cars where there should be three, They've straddled that there mark, you see, It's our town too, so please be fair, We want to spend our nickels there, You've watched us long enough to see We need a parking place, by gee.

—Acton

**Chronicles of Ginger Farm**

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

With eggs selling at 85 cents a dozen the only food Mitchell-White will look at these days is a beaten raw egg! However, it isn't as extravagant as it sounds because in every day's take there is usually at least one egg that is very small, cracked or misshapen, so Mitchell is able to enjoy his convalescing diet.

The mower cut leg is healing beautifully and Mitchell is beginning to feel more like a cat again. His main worry now is that he still can't use his right foot to scratch his right ear. During the day he hides among the rose bushes or sleeps under the shrubs; at night he sleeps on a corner of the chestfield, over which is spread an old, folded sheet. He never moves all night. To-day he almost lost another life. A car came up the lane. Mitchell, crossing the roadway stood petrified. Fortunately the driver saw the cat and gave him time to limp his way home.

Oh dear, hasn't it been hot—and how badly we need rain! After all the rain we had a few weeks ago it doesn't seem possible we should be suffering from drought already. But so it is. From the appearance of lawns and gardens now you would hardly know we had ever had any rain. My poor garden! I have finally come to the conclusion that I must go back to perennials or go without a garden at all—except for shrubs and spring flowers.

Annuals and I don't seem to get along too well. Three dozen sweet alyssum plants that I set out so hopefully in the spring have completely disappeared. Bugs ate up the asters; snapdragons grew tall and spindly and the zinnias became brown and shrivelled after I sprinkled them with bug-death. However, nasturtiums and spider plants, also begonias, are doing fine so we have a few annuals anyway to brighten our desert-garden. There are also about a dozen thrifty geraniums, gaily blooming at the back of the house.

These geraniums were given me last spring, already potted but unknown and unmarked as to variety. Among the more ordinary kind there is one, which I believe, is a little uncommon. The small, double bloom is like a rose, white in the centre, merging to pink. It is the prettiest, daintiest one of them all but you have to be close to it to appreciate its beauty—it is not a showy, free bloomer like the deep pink ivy geranium.

The friend who gave me these geraniums, gives away dozens of unidentified slips each spring. This year after her own plants came into bloom she discovered that not one of them was the little double rose variety which I have just mentioned, and which she specially liked. So now my rose geranium is particularly valuable as it will provide slips for its generous original donor.

I often think that giving roots and slips away is like spreading bread upon the waters. They are given without any thought of return and yet so often the parent stock dies—it may get froshitten or ringed by rabbits—and then the loss is often replaced by someone to whom a slip or root had been given when the plant or shrub was in good health. Amateur gardeners are the most generous people; always ready to share what they have with other flower-loving enthusiasts, but they also like to follow the progress of what they give away, just as a benefactor likes to follow the career of a promising protegee. Sometimes the result is disappointing, which generally happens if confidence has been misplaced.

In the case of flowers, the genuine flower-lover cannot imagine her friends to be less enthusiastic than herself, so, when Lizzie Likert comes along, exclaims with delight, "Oh, your beautiful begonia!" her friend immediately says, "Do you like it?" I have another one like that, you can have it if you want it." So Lizzie goes home with a nice, healthy begonia, just coming into bloom, which she puts in the front room, and then only remembers it when it begins to droop. The plant gets too little sun and withers for lack of water. Asked a few weeks later how the begonia is coming along Lizzie answers carelessly—"Oh, I don't know what happened to it—just wouldn't grow for me and gradually died, I threw it out last week."

Poor Mrs. Flower-lover feels as hurt and grieved as if she had lost a friend—as indeed she had.

Well, we have young Betty back with us again—this time without her arm in a cast. The operation on her shoulder was apparently a success. At this minute she is busy washing dishes she is already finding out that having one's arm relieved of its cast has its disadvantages... but of course the arm needs exercise—and what better exercise could it have than washing dishes? Only she doesn't always see it that way. Yesterday, for instance, there were after supper dishes for seven, but Betty disappeared with a boy friend—perhaps for a different kind of arm exercise. Anyway Daughter and I managed very well.

Conservation is a matter of wise use, improvement and protection.

**BALLINAFAD**

**Edna Jacque Poems Read at Meeting**

The Women's Association met on Tuesday at the home of Mrs. F. W. Shorthill, the president, Mrs. Marshall presiding. The meeting opened with the creed, theme song and prayer. Mrs. Snow had charge of the Scripture study, taking as her theme "Obedience."

Several items of business were discussed, one on how members could raise money and the repairs to be done at the manse. Mrs. Stewart gave two readings of Edna Jacque's after which a lovely lunch was served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. Snow. The meeting closed with a hymn and prayer.

**Sunday Message**

Mr. Russ, the new student minister here, took as his text on Sunday morning "Life's extras" taken from Romans, Chapter 8, verse 28. If we face life's extras with your age, God will be with us to give us strength to face them. They are sent to test us, so let us remember that all things work together for good to them that love God. He also had a story for the children of two candles, "How to let your light so shine," which had a very good lesson in it not only for the children but all who heard it. His text for next Sunday will be "The Best is yet to come."

**Plastic Demonstration**

A plastic demonstration was held at the home of Mrs. Tom Gibson, on Monday night, sponsored by the W.I.

Mr. and Mrs. Russ of Hespeler visited at the home of their son, Norman Russ on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Russ of Galt also spent Sunday with his brother Norman.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kentner of Boissevain, Manitoba, are visiting with their brothers and sisters at Ballinafad and Acton.

Mrs. McCallum of Adanac, Sask., is visiting with her nieces, Mrs. Robert McEnery and Mrs. Henry Hills.

"What we desire for ourselves we wish for all"

—J. S. Woodworth, Founder of the C.C.F.

**Stan Allen says:**

**CAN THE TORIES CUT TAXES?**

Maybe they will but who'll get it?

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Big business supports both the old parties. That's why we say that a Tory is no real alternative to a Liberal.

**STAN ALLEN - CCF**

**THE FARMER-LABOUR CANDIDATE FOR HALTON COUNTY**

The issue is not an overall reduction of taxes but a redistribution of the tax burden from the low income groups to those who are best able to pay.

The CCF would: 1. Raise exemption levels for income tax 2. Abolish sales and excise taxes on the necessities of life. 3. Increase tax rates for corporations. 4. Tax excess profits and capital gains. 5. Pay full municipal taxes on all federal property 6. Abolish tax exemptions for income from dividends.

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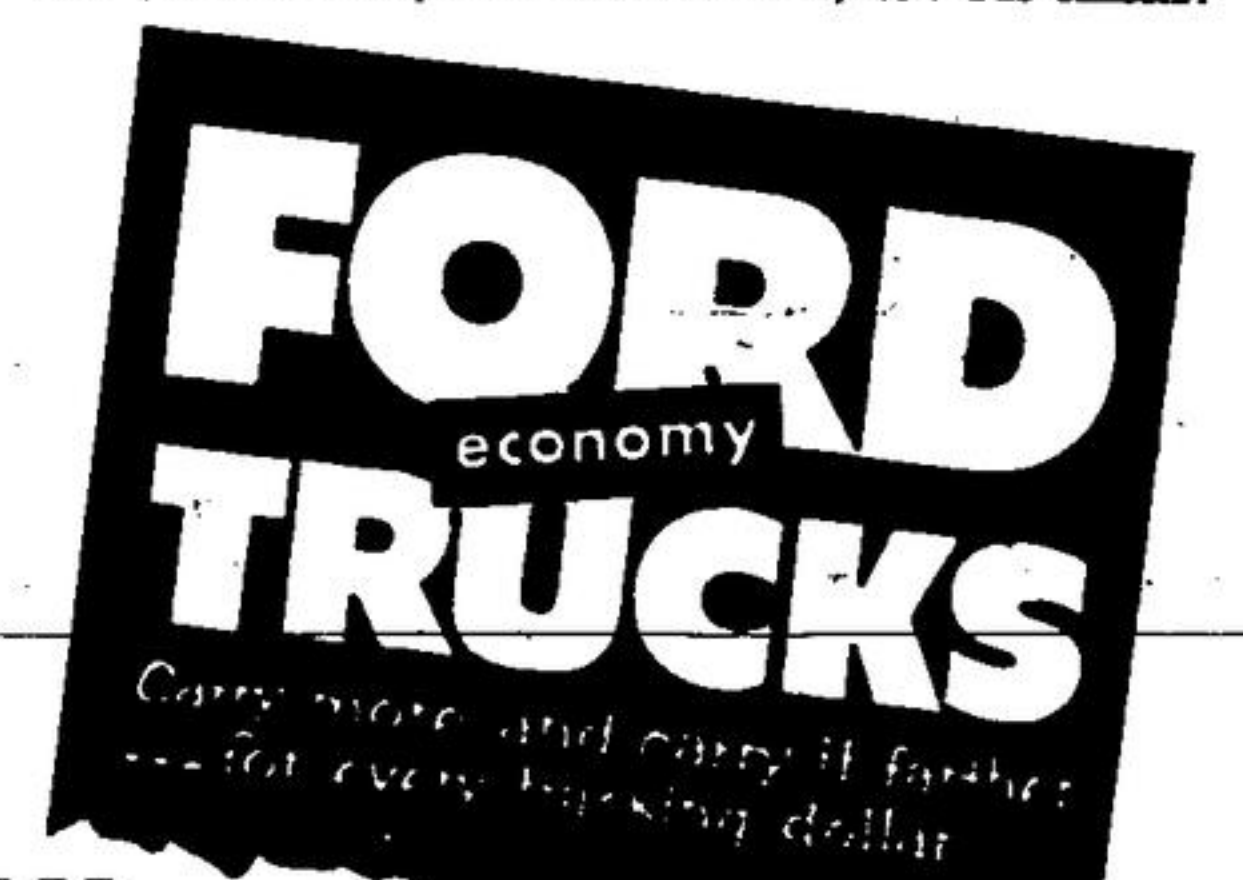
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6 TO 8 P.M.

REFRESHMENTS - 6 TO 6.45

Auspices Progressive Conservative Association of the County of Halton