

FARMERS ATTENTION!!

WANTED: A number of progressive farmers in western districts who would like to set out a commercial block of Red Raspberries, either for your local trade or for shipping to recommended city dealers. Recent Ontario-Quebec production figures, prices at 30c-50c per quart and dealer reports would indicate short supplies everywhere.

To encourage a limited planting of new high yielding patches, a well-known nursery is sending a special representative of many years experience in commercial production to personally interview and educate interested farmers in raspberry culture. This should result in higher unit yields, longer patch life, less labor and when translated in dollars, a high ratio of profit is assured. Because of the present shortage of good planting material, bookings can only be made for Fall planting 1953, limited to one acre. If genuinely interested in berry growing as a sideline to farming,

WRITE BOX 400, CAMPBELLFORD, ONTARIO on or before August 10th, giving location of your farm. Our specialist will call later and completely analyze the business, soil requirements and preparation, up-to-date cultural practices, home markets and surplus shipping, cost of planting, estimated yields and profits per acre. Late replies cannot be covered.

Chronicles



of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for the Acton Free Press by Gwendoline P. Clark

Well, right now I am wondering if coming events really cast their shadows before. Remember last week I was referring to the ease with which accidents can happen on a farm? It must have been a premonition, or something of that sort that prompted my remarks, as last Thursday, just as the last load of baled hay was leaving the field, Partner lost his balance, turned a somersault over the bales behind him and landed on his right shoulder on the hard, bare ground. Result—a compound fracture of the collar-bone.

That is certainly bad enough but it might have been worse—it could have been his back or his neck that was broken. As it is he is practically helpless. The strapping across both shoulders makes the right arm completely useless, and the left arm nearly as bad.

Under those conditions, we were faced with nine cows to milk—and I am about as useless with cows as an office clerk, mainly through nervousness, so the two of us had a great time getting the milkers on the cows.

Partner would explain exactly what I should do and do it quickly. But I was too slow. I would get one or two invitations on the cow and then fumble around, thus letting the air out of the tubes and the whole thing would drop off again.

We tried it again next morning and then realized that to keep it up was more than we could manage and that struggling along by ourselves might even result in a more serious injury to one or the other of us. If we had needed help only for a day or two we knew any one of our neighbors would have come to the rescue, but this business will be a matter of weeks, not days.

So we put in an SOS to Bob to come home until we could get ourselves organized. We certainly cannot expect Bob to do the chores indefinitely as he is already working twelve hours a day, one way and another—besides that, he has other plans ahead of him for the coming month. However, we have been very fortunate in getting promised help after the holiday week-end from a young fellow whom we both know and like very much indeed.

This seems to be a season for casualties around here. First Betty with her shoulder in a cast; then Mitche-White having her leg almost severed by the power mower; and now Partner with a fractured collar-bone. I think I shall have to get a food-cutting machine for the injured folk who cannot cut up the food on their own plates.

Betty was here again this week-end, just about as good as new. When she was here before, Partner teased her quite a bit about the things she couldn't do and how nicely she was getting out of washing dishes and other little chores. Now it is Betty's turn to tease her uncle—and she isn't missing the opportunity.

This is August 3 and lovely weather for the bank holiday. We used to call it "August Bank Holiday" over in England and in Sturbury where we lived it was always a big day—a day we looked forward to for weeks. For as long as I can remember, we always had a regatta on that day, on the River Stour. There were all kinds of sculling races—singles, doubles and fours. Also ladies' boat races and a game of water polo. There were also competitive sculling races and it was a great day if our boys won a championship against the Ipswich team.

It was all good, clean sport, but I suppose the most hilarious fun was right at the end of the afternoon when the greasy pole was set up. Actually there were two poles one in a horizontal position across the river and the other at right angles immediately above it. At the extreme end of the angle pole hung a square tin box with a trap door that could be opened by the cord that hung from it and which when pulled, would release the ducks that were enclosed inside

DESIGN FOR SLAVERY



the box. The trick was to reach that cord.

Men and boys in swimming trunks and with bare feet, tried to walk the greasy pole, trying to keep their balance so they might reach the cord.

One or two of them did it, but again they made the attempt, sometimes getting only a little way, other times almost reaching their goal, but invariably the end was the same—a vain attempt to regain their balance on the slippery pole and then over they would go into the water—backwards, head-first, any way at all—it all added to the fun.

Eventually the grease would wear off a bit, someone would be successful in pulling the string and the ducks would drop into the water. Then there was a mad scramble to dive in after the ducks as every duck was a prize for the one who caught it.

When I think of it now the only thing that worries me is wondering whether it was hard on the ducks.

Poet's Corner

A HOARDER OF BEAUTY

By Mary Ellen Varley
The moon has dropped her duster on the sleeping earth,
The pine trees frayed the edge of it and now their needles hold
All through the quiet darkness a tangle of gold,
While the bright stars shine with conspiracy of mirth!

Down where the dreaming willows by the small brook lean,
Their young leaves held in waiting for the stir of dawn,
Only a puff of breeze, and like a fairy's yawn
Trembles but a moment along the aisles of green.

Often have I gone here while other people slept,
To hold against my heart the lovely calm of night,
To feel against each hurt an easing of delight . . .
Yet, too long within me such beauty have I kept!

THE EASY WAY

Pick the best time to travel by car, drivers are advised. Sometimes an hour or two makes a great difference in traffic volume. Drive only when you feel rested. If you become sleepy or tired on a trip, pull off the road and rest. It's surprising how refreshing a catnap of five or ten minutes can be . . . what a severe hazard you eliminate by taking a little rest when you need it.

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AFRICAN ZOO TRAIN

Llamas, Pythons, Tigers, Lions, Kangaroos to be an attraction of a Fine Animal Collection
Coming to ACTON



Who doesn't like to see the animal at the zoo?

Well, now the Acton Y's Men's Club brings the zoo to you, good people of Acton and district, and there is fun and educational entertainment for kiddies and grown-ups alike, to be had by visiting the Howard Y. Barry, African train. The Zoo train will be at the C.N.R. Station of Acton from 12 noon until 10 p.m. Tuesday, August the 11th.

Now on a trans-Canada tour, the three-car zoo will make its appearance in Acton next Tuesday. Included in this collection is the world's largest Python ever captured. It weighs 380 pounds and when stretched out is 31 feet in length. Methuseliah is his name.

The exhibit also features "Thailand", a Bengal tiger, flown from Siam last fall, tapirs, llamas and an assortment of other interesting animals.

There are no games of chance or concessions in connection with the zoo. It has been described as a showing of a fine collection of animals gathered the world over by Howard Y. Barry, famed explorer and wildlife collector.

The touring zoo, which appeared at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto two years ago has been given acclaim in western provinces where it has appeared. Its trans-Canada tour started in British Columbia. In Alberta it was ruled that because of its educational value, it should not be subject to amusement tax. The zoo is brought to Acton through arrangements between the Y's Men's Club and George de Belfre of Montreal, advance manager for the zoo train.

Want Ad Page: Where Old Friends Meet

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Murray McPhail

Halton County Liberal Association



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STAN ALLEN - CCF

The Farmer-Labour Candidate for Halton

Electors of Nassagaweya Township are invited to meet Stan Allen who will be at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. George Robertson, R.R. 1, Acton, Lot 25, Con. 6, on Thursday, August 6th, 8.30 p.m.

EVERYONE WELCOME

"What we desire for ourselves, we wish for all." — J. S. Woodsworth, founder of the C.C.F.
Sponsored and paid for by the Halton C.C.F. Association



For the convenience of the citizens of Acton and district we are

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