

Those were the days



Remember when Grandfather kept a cow for his milk... often made shoes for the family? In those days, his cash requirements were small because he bartered his services for his family needs.

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Good management and sound budgeting are the keys for smooth finances. Occasionally the pattern breaks, however, due to illness or emergency. This is when wise borrowing can then protect one of the greatest assets enjoyed in family life—good credit standing in the community.

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25th Anniversary As Superintendent

Following the regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Children's Aid Society Tuesday, March 9, the members of the Board were entertained at the home of Mrs. M. E. Nixon, where in a pleasing ceremony the 25th anniversary of G. F. Thompson as superintendent of the Society was recognized. William Deans, in presenting Mr. and Mrs. Thompson with a beautiful Kundo clock, on behalf of the Board, paid tribute not only to the Superintendent, but the valuable contribution made by Mrs. Thompson to the Society's progress since its inception in 1929.

Mr. Thompson expressed his appreciation on behalf of himself and Mrs. Thompson.

The meeting was held in the Society office in Milton, with Mrs. W. A. Weaver, Mrs. Louis J. Lee, Mrs. Velma Norris, Mrs. Orland E. Robbins, Mrs. M. E. Nixon, William Deans, J. Murray Mahon, R. Marshall, W. G. MacKenzie Robinson, Dr. H. V. Cranfield, and G. F. Thompson, Superintendent, being present.

Robt. R. Hamilton
OPTOMETRIST
58 ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE
GUELPH
(Formerly occupied by Mr. E. P. Head)
COMPLETE EYESIGHT SERVICE

Acton Delegation Welcomed by L.O.L.

At the last meeting of L.O.L. 2385, held in the Oddfellows Hall, Milton, on March 8, a good turnout of members welcomed visiting delegations from Acton L.O.L. 467 and Georgetown L.O.L. 245, including W. Bro. Jack Fox, County Master, and Bro. A. Carter, County Chaplain.

The Royal Blue Degree will be exemplified by district officers after the next meeting in April. Candidates from Acton, Georgetown and Stewarttown lodges as well as from Milton are expected to be present.

SILVER-WOOD

St. John Ambulance Work Told to W.I.

The Silver-Wood Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Henderson Sr. on March 12 and Mr. F. D. Blainey of the St. John Ambulance was their speaker. The work of this great organization is well known but it was brought very close to all members to hear of tragic fires and accidents and of the wonderful service given by the volunteer members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

Mrs. H. Marchington was in charge of this meeting on Home Economics and Health; the roll call being to give a hint on home nursing, and the motto by Mrs. Bell "Eat wisely but not too well" was well written. Mrs. W. Norton gave the current events.

Donations were made to the Mental Health Penny Round Up, and the St. John Ambulance; plans are being made for a euchre in aid of the Korean project for relief. The annual birthday party is also being planned.

Layettes made by the members came in very handy for neighbors with a new baby who lost their belongings in a recent fire.

The president, Mrs. R. Corbett, is to attend the Conference early in May at Guelph. Hostesses with Mrs. Henderson were Mrs. George Henderson, and Mrs. Batkin.



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Chronicles of Ginger Farm

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

At six o'clock in the evening this is what happens at our house. I generally have supper ready and waiting. The kitchen door opens and in comes the partner, with the day's supply of eggs. Mitchie-White, honey, cat tail in the air. Black Joe, honey, and cat except at meal-time, tail drooping. And bringing up the rear in an orderly, leisurely fashion. Tippy, our 10-year-old collie.

Honey tears around from cat dish to dog dish hoping to find a crumb of something somewhere, or perhaps a wee drop of milk in one of the cat's dishes. Finding there isn't, she gets as close to the stove as she can get, but nose almost touching it. Tippy thops down under the kitchen table. Mitchie-White and Black Joe are soon engaged in a wrestling match. Partner looks at me with a grin and says "Well, I guess we are all here—supper ready?"

During supper peace reigns supreme. But after supper... Partner goes out to milk. I start to clear the table, fall over one cat while the other walks around my feet. Honey rushes anxiously back and forth. Tippy comes from under the table and the wag of her bushy tail creates as much draught as an electric fan.

I open the kitchen door. Honey goes out to the woodshed, bringing back her tin supper-dish in her mouth. She drops that, goes back again and this time returns with Tippy's dish. I mix up the dog-feed and take it out to the woodshed. For the cats there is bread and milk and scraps, in a big flat soup plate so that both may eat at once. Now, at last, there is peace in the family. Perhaps for half an hour or so, I might even get a little typing done.

Unless the telephone rings a few times or some of our family drops in for a late meal. But I don't think that will happen tonight.

Bob and Joy phoned in great glee this morning their first call after having telephone installed. "So now," said Joy, "we are in contact with the outside world." I think I must give them an egg-timer to warn them when their three minutes is up.

For that three minutes goes faster than any three minutes I ever knew. Faster than three minutes by the egg timer. That I know because I checked my egg-timer by our electric clock.

Three minutes... such a little while out of a 24-hour day. And yet much can happen in three minutes. During the last war two air force officers were returning to their base after a raid over Germany. One motor was dead. The other had been hit and gave out just as they crossed the coast. Another three minutes flying time would have saved their lives.

Saturday night there was a hockey game between the Leafs and Boston. Three minutes left for the Leafs to even the score. But three waiting. The kitchen door opens and in comes the partner, with the day's supply of eggs. Mitchie-White, honey, cat tail in the air. Black Joe, honey, and cat except at meal-time, tail drooping. And bringing up the rear in an orderly, leisurely fashion. Tippy, our 10-year-old collie.

Last Tuesday I was in Toronto. Just before train-time I was talking to Dee from Art's office on Wellington Street. "What time did you say your train was due out?" Art interrupted. "Five-forty." "You'll never make it. It is 5:30 now." "Oh no," I argued. "Your clock is three minutes fast." I made it with two minutes to spare. If the lights hadn't been against me it might have been a different story.

Speaking of a "different story"—here is one. I discovered I have something in common with Ernest Hemingway. We have both been presumed dead! Only with this difference. Hemingway was presumed dead by the whole world by only one person. It happened this way. Two weeks ago I had occasion to call on a lady whom I had met quite frequently at W.I. affairs some years ago. I noticed she seemed a little strange. Last week I had to see her again. This is what she said to me.

"You must have thought I was rather queer last week when you called, but really your coming was quite a shock. You see, I thought you passed away a few years ago. I think I still have the clipping I cut out of the paper." Just another case of mistaken identity, of course. One thing I must say. It was really very nice to find the lady quite pleased that I am still very much alive.

By the way, how did you like my jig-saw column last week? It is to be hoped the printing press doesn't break down too often! Just to set the record straight here is the correct version of the jumbled paragraph in case anyone wants it for reference.

Thanks to the generosity of rural families, students enrolled for the four-day course are generally guests at a farm house, but in addition to house students, every day car loads arrive for one or more sessions and take an active part in the discussions and entertainment. There were short observation tours of antiques and model farms. However, this is not meant to be a press report. The rest of the column was as I wrote it.

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FROM THE GREAT LAKES to the Arctic Circle, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Canada is on the march. Developing its tremendous resources, harnessing its colossal electric power, fashioning a story of progress more exciting than that of any other nation in the world today.

Across the land, Canadians are marching ever forward, hand to the rein of the motor, the mill, the hammer and the machine.

Vast iron ore deposits in Labrador, vast uranium in the East and in the West, new prospecting potentials in the far north—oil flooding from the Prairies and the pipe lines to carry it—more precious metals... mountains...

moving developments in B.C., great new chemical plants, new factories, new industries, new products, new roads from farm to town, new fish from farm to market, new power plants, new highways, new homes, new schools, new hospitals, new stores, new cities, new towns, new villages, new life in the world today.

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If you have a savings or business account at the B of M you may rest assured that your money has been working regularly for you and for Canada. Depositing your money in any one of the Bank's 600 branches means that you are moving ahead as the world moves ahead. It's the exciting story in the world.



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You see, certain important medical research projects are supported wholly or in part by funds from all the life insurance companies in Canada with their millions of policyholders. As a result, skilled scientists in many Canadian medical research centres can carry on their task of attacking some of mankind's deadliest enemies. Their names: cancer, heart ailments, tuberculosis and poliomyelitis.

Other vital studies are supported in a similar way. These focus on processes of ageing, cellular growth, dental hygiene, pregnancy complications...

thyroid hormones, blood clotting and asthma, to mention but a few.

Will all these efforts help you and your family to live longer, healthier lives?

Yes! Thanks chiefly to the advance of modern medicine, babies born today can expect to live about 20 years longer than those of 50 years ago. Many dread diseases have been banished or controlled. Ahead lies further progress that will surely benefit you and yours.

And, if you are a life insurance policyholder, you also have the satisfaction of knowing you have participated in this program designed to bring the blessings of good health to all.

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