

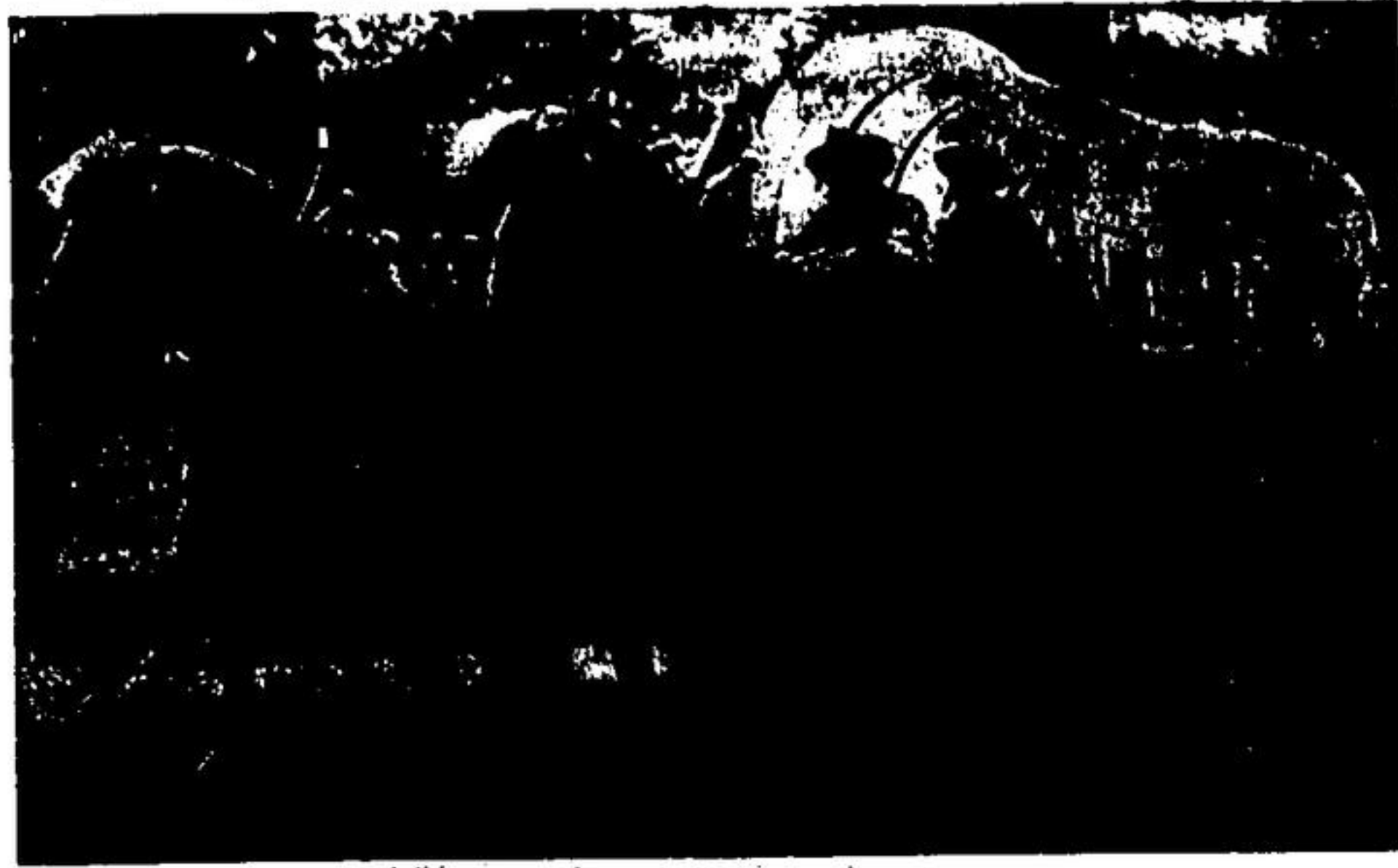
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Chronicles of Ginger Farm
Written Specially for the Acton Free Press by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Last week was just one thing after another Monday morning when Partner went down to the barn he found a neighbor's three-year-old bull in among our cows. To get the cows in the stable and keep the bull out without being gored in the attempt, was a nice little problem to face, single-handed. I can't explain how Partner did it except that he just stood around and watched his opportunity. At one time the bull and one or two heifers wandered through the gate into the back lane. That was the opportunity. Partner let Tappy go and she immediately started the bull on the run. Fortunately it didn't turn and of course Partner wasn't long in shutting the gate. I told him he should have come back to the house and told me so I could have helped him. But he didn't seem to think I would have been much assistance in dealing with a bull. Naturally that little episode called for an inspection of the fences at the back of the farm. It was nearly one o'clock and still Partner wasn't home for dinner. I had visions of the bull on the rampage and Partner being down. So I finally set out for the back of the farm just in time to find Partner starting out for home. "What are you worrying about?" said Partner. "I didn't want to leave this job until I had finished it."

"But where is the bull?" I asked. "Oh the bull . . . he jumped a fence and went back home."

So that was that. Then came Tuesday and Wednesday if you remember it was Hot and Humid. I had canned peaches ordered for Tuesday so I went down town to get them as soon as the stores were open. Came home and found I was to have three extra men for dinner and supper. Johnny had driven to cut and stook his field of oats. The thermometer climbed to 92 degrees and Partner was riding the tractor most of the day, which worried me quite a bit.

I looked the peaches over and decided they could be left until the following morning. I was at them by 6:30 next day and had one but done before breakfast. Two extra men for dinner that day, more peaches to do and a trip to town for supplies to feed the men, man or rather men. And it was getting hotter and hotter. There was rain all around us but none here. I guess there wasn't any left after what was dumped on Niagara.

Wednesday night was insufferable. But I slept like a log from heat exhaustion. I really believe. Anyway for a short while during the night there was heavy rain and a high wind with some thunder and lightning. Partner had been up and shut windows and doors against the storm. But I slept through it all. I could hardly believe it generally I am awake with the first rumble of thunder. It was a wonderful rain and glory by, by noon the air was delightfully cool and fresh.

Thursday afternoon I spent a considerable amount of time trading back and forth to the mailbox for a paper that wasn't there, which didn't please me too well. And this later in the day we were stunned to learn that one of our neighbours had passed away quite suddenly leaving a bachelor brother alone on the farm. She was an elderly woman in years but always alert and young in spirit, and one of the most interesting persons it has been my good fortune to meet. For us her death came as a climax to a decidedly hectic week.

Incidentally, last night we received two long distance calls, one from a friend and recently returned from a month's vacation in British Columbia. Why didn't I wonder was anyone sick or what was the matter?

The other call was from Daughter Arthur had tickets for Waterloo Day at the Exhibition. Would Dad like to come in for the train and go with them and they would bring him back at night? Right now there is nothing either of us want less than to spend a day traipsing around at the Exhibition. At present we are looking forward to Sunday and a visit from our grandson and his parents of course. Daughter says she and Art are just incidental these days!

Well, that's my tale of woe for one week. But don't take me too seriously, we all have three a hen, everything happens at once. And after all things could have been a lot worse. The bull episode might have had a different ending, the heat finally ended and we did get some rain. The oats were cut and stooked without incident, the peaches are in the jars, and we still have the memory of a kind friend and neighbor at home who through a stroke years ago is left in a bed. Add to all that and you have a week to complain about?

Language Teacher Likes New Method

CALGARY (CP)—Twenty-three years ago Catherine Barclay pawned the family piano and hiked off to the Sorbonne in Paris to learn to parler Francais.

"Bon jour," she piped when she returned in 1931 to her Calgary classroom. She was answered with laughter.

"My zeal was somewhat shaken by that response," she says.

But it doesn't show. Blanche Miss Barclay is putting a modern gap between the old school and her advocated methods.

"You know, it's a myth that after living in a country for six months one can speak the language. Oh yes, you can make yourself understood but that's hardly conversing; it takes two years at least, working as hard as you can, with reasonable preparation beforehand."

Pat's Speech First

She continues, "The only way one can learn a foreign language is to first hear it, then understand it, then make efforts to speak it. Reading and writing come after. I had been brought up to believe the reverse was the way."

Miss Barclay, whose first Alberta residence was a home-staying tent erected by her Ontario-born parents in the Gull Lake district north of Calgary, began teaching in 1926 after getting a Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Alberta.

In 1929 she started in Calgary and helped form the Association of Teachers of French, a group convinced that more emphasis was needed on oral study in the language of diplomacy.

The group brought enough pressure on the education department to have oral French offered as an option subject in Alberta junior high schools.

She and her sister Mary, a Calgary elementary school teacher, talked office-bound outdoor enthusiasts into helping to establish a small log cabin at Bragg Creek, Alta., which became perhaps the first youth hostel on the continent.

The rustic hospice grew to a chain of hostels between Calgary and the mountain-resort town of Banff and other points. In 1941 they saw the formation of the Canadian Youth Hostels with Calgary as headquarters.

"Miss Barclay's worth doing it's worth doing well."

Replica of Pioneer Times Wagon To Carry Challenge to Mayor Tyler

A Conestoga wagon, an exact replica of pioneer days in Waterloo county will appear on the streets of Acton next Monday to deliver a challenge to Mayor Tyler to play in the mayor's class at the International Plowing Match at Breslau Oct. 12.

It is expected the wagon will arrive at the town hall about 4 pm Labor Day afternoon.

The mayor's class has become one of the most popular events of the match, which is the largest annual event of its kind in the world.

This year the Mayor will of a fourth of mile 1 1/2 of the Conestoga match. Other attractions in that day will be the official opening of the match by Lt.-Gov. L. O. Jones, thought who will return to his native county to be present when the "big match" comes here for the first time in its 115-year history.

There will also be a monster parade through the streets of the half-mile long tented city.

Circuit in This Area

Driven by Bert Laekle with his spanking team of Pocher horses, the Conestoga wagon will carry the challenge on a week-long circuit starting at Kitchener, then going to Guilford, Acton, Georgetown, Brampton and will be in Toronto for Farmers' Day at the CNE. On return trip it will visit Oakville, Hamilton, Brantford, Paris, Woodstock, Stratford, London, St. Marys and Ingersoll.

While in Woodstock the wagon may carry a distinguished American visitor in the person of Mr. Eleanor Roosevelt, who is speaking there that day.

A. W. Sandrock, chairman of the Waterloo local committee, said he will be told that this wagon is an exact replica of the 1807 Conestoga wagon which carried Pennsylvania Dutch pioneers from Lancaster, Pa., up the famous trail of the Conestoga to Waterloo county.

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Elaborate Display Of Fireworks at Ex

A covered wagon being chased by Indians and a toy train complete with elephant engineer and giraffe brakeman are only two of the elaborate fire works displays that will conclude each evening's performance of this year's Grandstand Show at the Canadian National Exhibition.

Each night hundreds of thousands of fireworks will be electrically triggered to outline the various patterns and models designed by Mr. H. T. Hand, president of the company supplying the explosives. The fireworks will be touched off for three different positions—in front of the grandstand, on top of the scenery in the grandstand and on the lake front. Distances are carefully measured and the length of fire or explosion of each individual unit is timed.

The theme for this year's display is aimed at the children that will be in the audience. Mr. Hand is the sole designer for the show and he has planned a very elaborate exhibition for this year. His introduction is to be a barrage of low-bursting mines across the front of the grandstand, guaranteed to awaken anyone dozing in the back seats.

The workmen will be kept busy every day setting fireworks and wires in place for each show. And when the big moment comes each night, it is not just a matter of touching a match to a fuse.

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Modern Gadgets Common to Farmers

The farm some of the head-shaking veterans of an era passed will tell you is losing a lot of its appeal as modern gadgets narrow the gap between town and country. But as far as the younger generation is concerned, there should be little mourning for the passing of the dash churn.

This gadget, which was still around within the memory of some at least of today's farmers, was a blight on the lives of both the farmer's wife and her sons and daughters. It did a fair job of making cream into butter but it just about made a physical wreck of the operator.

The dash churn, says the Dairy Industry in Canada, was "an instrument of torture, still remembered by those who, as boys, had to operate them."

It was cooper-made and bore plenty of evidence to attest to this. As a matter of fact, it looked somewhat like a barrel. Through the lid there extended a handle, on the bottom of which was the "dasher" which churned the cream.

The operator, as long as his or her back held out, stood and pumped this gadget up and down until there was butter in the churn. And, although various types of churn were introduced from time to time, none of them did much to get rid of this device until the barrel churn came in. That gradually did the trick on most farms.

While the dash churn was its best most implement, and in handling butter were a bit. The butter was made with the wooden paddles in wooden buckets and even the cream separator was collected in wooden buckets.

But on a farm an operator generally was that dash churn!

Dutch Newcomers Make Good Farms

LONDON, Ont. (CP)—More than one-third of the 4,000 Dutch families who have come to southwestern Ontario in the last five years have purchased their own farms, reports Lloyd Hunter, supervisor with the settlements branch of the Immigration Department.

Since 1948 when his office opened in this area, 1,200 families have bought farms with an average first payment of \$3,000. Each farm is worth an average of \$17,000.

Some who took jobs in industry or as construction workers seem to be coming back to the farm. They appear to have gone on to other jobs just to get a quick stake to buy land, he said. He said the average Dutch-owned farm is 101 acres but said the average is getting smaller because of a tendency to do into vegetable and fruit farming.

TWICE SUCCESSFUL
WINNIPEG (CP)—For the second time in four years a vitch doctor from the Saulteaux Indians at Sandy Bay reservation is lead searcher to the body of a drowning victim whose hope was abandoned that the body would be found.

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