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**DeForest-Smith Vows Said at Stewarttown**

**In Summer Ceremony**

With white roses on the altar, white gladiolus and chrysanthemums in the church, St. John's Anglican church at Stewarttown was the setting for a lovely mid-summer wedding on the afternoon of August 1. The bride was Evalonne Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil E. Smith of Stewarttown, and the groom Ralph Carlisle DeForest, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold DeForest, of Acton.

Rev. J. E. Maxwell officiated and Mrs. Ernest Price played the wedding music.

The bride chose a floor length gown with a bodice of Chantilly lace over satin and bouffant skirt of nylon tulle with lace inserts over satin. This was topped by a jacket of lace with a Peter Pan collar and lily pointed sleeves. A coronet of lace, trimmed with iridescent sequins and pearls, held her fingertip veil of sequined tulle illusion. She carried a bouquet of white roses and chrysanthemums. The gold cross was a gift of the groom.

Her father, Cecil Smith, gave her in marriage.

She had four attendants, all wearing floor length gowns of tulle over taffeta. The maid of honor, Lois Bessey, wore lilac and carried yellow roses. She was followed down the aisle by two bridesmaids. The bride's niece, Ruby Tennant, wore yellow and carried pink roses. The groom's sister Anne DeForest, wore green and carried pink roses. All three wore matching feathered headdresses and pearl necklaces and earrings, gifts of the bride.

Susan Smith, niece of the bride, was flower girl in a long dress of pink tulle over taffeta and a head-dress of pink tulle with pearls and rhinestones. She carried pink roses and sweet peas.

The groom's brother, Hartley DeForest, was best man. Ushers were Harold DeForest, brother of the groom, and Roy Smith, brother of the bride.

**KEYS MADE WHILE YOU WAIT**

Hinton's 5c-\$1 Store



**ST. JOHN'S ANGLICAN church, Stewarttown, formed the setting for an attractive summer wedding. The bride is Evalonne Rosalie Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Smith of Stewarttown, and the groom is Ralph Carlisle DeForest, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold DeForest of Acton. Rev. J. E. Maxwell officiated.**

Guests gathered in Esqueving community hall following the ceremony. Mrs. Smith wore for her daughter's marriage, a dress of grey nylon lace over pink taffeta and pink accessories. Mrs. DeForest chose a dress of light blue mesh with beige accessories. Both wore corsages of pink roses.

The young couple left on a trip to northern Ontario. For travelling, the bride wore a dress of white and mauve nylon with matching accessories topped with a white shortie coat. Her corsage was of yellow roses.

The bride is an employee of the Georgetown Hydro Electric Commission and the groom is with Smith and Stone in Georgetown. They are making their home in Stewarttown.

Guests were present from Georgetown, Toronto, Noranda, Quebec, St. Mary's, Scarborough, Milton and Acton.

**LETTER TO THE EDITOR**

**Urges Police Lead Juvenile Projects**

Georgetown, Ont., 31 Byron St. Editor, Acton Free Press.

Dear Sir:

The old adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure" is certainly applicable in the case of policing and the law.

In police training it is recognized as being the best deterrent to law breaking, and where a determined effort has been made by police to take an interest in the welfare of juveniles in regard to how they spend their spare time, the results have been very encouraging and worthwhile.

Lack of a definite interest in a worthwhile project by youth can lead to disorderly thinking with its resulting disregard for law and order.

Sunday School and church does not occupy the place in many lives that would give the basic foundation for a clear conception of the position and responsibility that each must assume in his relation to society. From homes that have little regard for the highest concepts of life come most of our young people who run foul of the law. True, there are the occasional ones who come from the best of homes, but they comprise a very small minority.

It has been found that where police departments have taken a real interest in the youth of their communities, there has been practically an elimination of juvenile delinquency, a great respect for the officer and his uniform and an awareness of the friendship and helpfulness that exists when both co-operate.

We should remember that police work is a very demanding job and requires a great deal of the officer's personal time apart from his scheduled hours of work, and any effort lent to benefit the young people results in the curtailment of his leisure time.

Where an officer or officers subscribe to such a program, the population owes a debt of gratitude to the men responsible for it and should stand behind them in the work in the interests of safe, law-abiding conditions that will not be realized any other way.

Sincerely yours,  
Ed A. Peters

**Chronicles of Ginger Farm**

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

We have come to the end of a perfect week weatherwise and a very busy one I have been trying to keep ahead of the garden, and Partner has been busy cutting hay, all among the stakes set out by the Department of Highways. More about that later.

Beets and carrots are growing fast too but the peas are not quite so rewarding. The apples also keep me busy although it is a sort of race between the twin heifers and myself to see who gets the apples first.

Early in the morning, the heifers are around the harvest apple tree gobbling up the windfalls. When they retire to a shady spot to chew their cud, I sneak out and get in my innings, shaking the tree by the branches until I have enough apples to fill a pail, which gives me about five quarts of applesauce when they are canned. I cook the apples with the peels on and then put the pulp through a rotary colander. That way we have applesauce all winter, whether we have apples or not.

Some people wonder why I bother with canning at all when there are only the two of us now. I wouldn't if we had a deep freeze, but we haven't, and I am not sure that it is really necessary now. If I can fill a few dozen sealers, I am sure of having enough stuff for our own use and something on hand for week-end homecomers.

Each day, when I am through with canning and other work, I like to get upstairs to my room. And how I am enjoying it. I am away from everything and yet not away. For three days last week I was looking down on the field where Partner was cutting hay, which was such an advantage because I was afraid all the time he might run into a stake and get thrown off the mower if he had well, with a power mower anything could happen.

The field where he was cutting is one where the highway has expropriated land for Highway 401. It has iron stakes, wooden stakes and steel fence posts here and there across the field. Partner didn't want the hay but the field was so weedy so he felt it had to be cut. He knew he would have quite a job although he thought he knew where every stake had been put. He was wrong there were a few, not properly marked, that he didn't know anything about. He knew where they were when he ran into them, even buckling one of the guards.

Steel stakes were not the only trouble in that field. Earlier in the season, one of the heifers escaped from the pasture. Partner couldn't think how she got out until he went along by the fence. At one spot last winter the surveyors had been cutting brush and made a hole in the fence. Partner fixed it by using the brush to fill the gap. Some time later, unknown to Partner, the surveyors were back, evidently to do some work at the same spot. They pulled the brush away and left the gap exposed. No wonder the heifer got out! If Partner had not seen her, the rest of the cattle would no doubt have followed.

We have a notice from the Department to the effect that compensation will be paid for any damage done. Fine, but how can a farmer assess the trouble he goes to in getting a heifer back to pasture? Or how can we put in dollars and cents the worry it was to me having Partner on a power mower weaving his way in and out among the stakes and finally having to finish the job by cutting around the stakes with a scythe.

The trouble is the fellows that come around are not deliberately careless, they just don't understand the things that are important on a farm. When the men were around driving in the stakes, Partner said to them, "What's going to happen if I want to plow this field?" One man answered, "I guess you won't want to do much on this land by the time we get through!" That, true, the only trouble is surveying the land doesn't keep the weeds from growing in spite of the fact that there is plenty of agitation from various quarters to keep the fields clean.

Well, it's Monday now and our nice weather seems to have forsaken us. It is very dull and very humid. But if the weather is dull the news isn't. A conference regarding the crisis in the Middle East—what will happen afterwards is anyone's guess. Political controversy still active over Marilyn Bell's swim, and an international convention of Entomologists in Montreal—in our language a discussion about insects. I wonder if it will be brought to light that the increase in insects is probably due to the decrease in birds. And the decrease in birds could be they are being destroyed by chemical weed-killers now so much in use.

And now the power has gone off—that doesn't make typing any easier, so I am glad I have come to the end of my copy.

Bye until next week.

Thinking of travelling? If so, remember there are 44,000 miles of railway line and 30,000 miles of paved highway in Canada.

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**Chicken Beef Burgers**

1 pound ground beef  
1/2 cup chopped onion  
1 tbs. prepared mustard

1 10 1/2-oz. can condensed chicken gumbo soup  
1 tbs. catsup

Brown meat and onion. Add other ingredients, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer over low heat about 30 minutes. Spoon into 6-8 toasted, buttered buns; garnish. Serve at once with ice-cold Coke! Coca-Cola puts sparkle into all your summer meals. Its delicious taste makes food more fun. Bring home the Coke today!

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