NATURE IS AT ITS best along the Bruce Trail. These two woodpecker holes attract Free Press photographers. Or were they made by a brace and bit on the end of a Bill?-(Staff Photo)



walkers along a separate section of the Iroquoia section of the Bruce Freil which runs between the 6th Line Nassagaweya and the Campbeliville Sideroad (No. 5). Water in the fast flowing creek tumbles over the falls and continues down the scenic valley where it Nearby jaunts joins Kelso Lake at the well known Kelso Park.-(Staff Photo)

Bruce Trail unique right on doorstep

Others do push-ups. A few indulge in gymnastics. Exercise is in vogue. It takes

off pounds, keeps muscles fit and tones up the body. Combine exercise with fresh air, sunshine, blue sky and a well

beaten path through a veritable wilderness and it all adds up to a trek along the Bruce Trail, the footpath that meanders hundreds of miles from Niagara to Georgian Bay. And it is right on our doorstep.

The trail follows the Niagara escarpment through some of the most scenic country in Ontario-reaching heights just short of being mountainous in places. There are steep cliffs, deep fissures, caves, almost every species of Ontario wildlife, streams of pristine purity, a wealth of trees and fern families that defy description.

Three of us decided last Sunday would be a perfect day to test the trail before Spring is ushered in with its accompanying mud. We couldn't have picked a better day. The air was fresh, temperature just on the freezing point, the sun

With a choice of trails that follow the lip of the escarpment from Kelso, near Milton, to Terra Cotta and beyond, we chose the stretch between the Sixth Line, Nassagaweya, and First Sideroad that runs into Campbellville for our jaunt. Maps said it was downhill.

The trail is well marked and

trees and on this particular stretch a blue blazed trail that cuts off to Hilton Falls. The blue blaze is the ultra scenic route and we followed it.

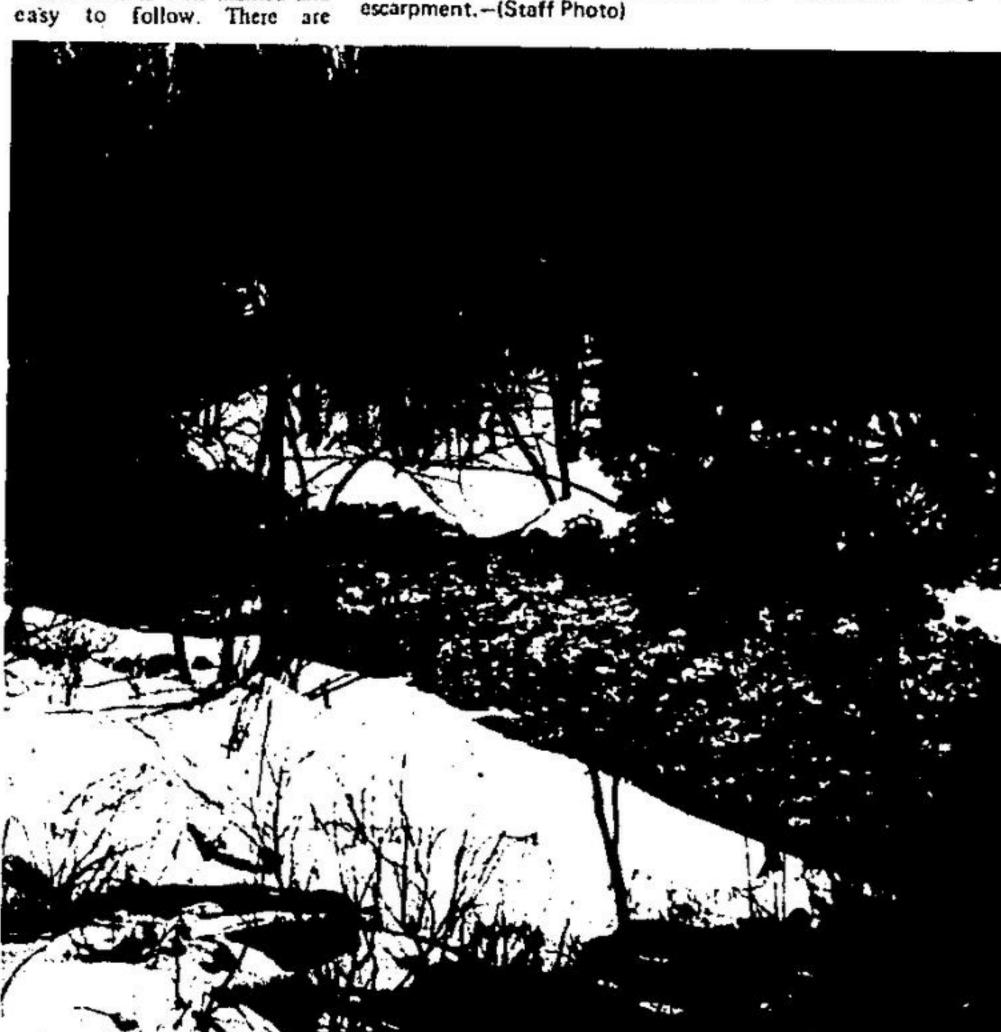
But we weren't alone. There was a constant stream of walkers

prominent white blaze marks on almost spectacular in places, breathing in the unpolluted air and exchanging pleasantries with other walkers along the route. It has to be experienced to be enjoyed.

A pleasant Sunday afternoon enjoying the scenery, which is experience the Bruce Trail.



REMNANTS OF A BYGONE age when living was not so expensive and much more primitive, lingers along the Bruce Trail in this area. Rocky fields that yielded would-be farmers only a harvest of more rocks soon killed enthusiasm for agriculture along the escarpment.-(Staff Photo)



DEEP IN THE HEART of the forest only a few miles from Acton the snow lies deep and creeks swollen by melting snow glint in the warm spring

sun. The trail follows the water for a distance, at one point passing a beaver pond and dam.



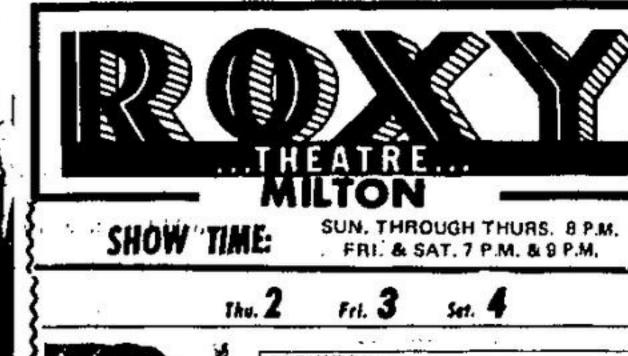
PERENNIAL BRUCE Trail walkers are the editor of the Bruce Trail News and the secretary of the Toronto Bruce Trail Association, right, who have a friendly word for those who follow the scenic route which extends from Niagara to Tobermory.-(Staff Photo)

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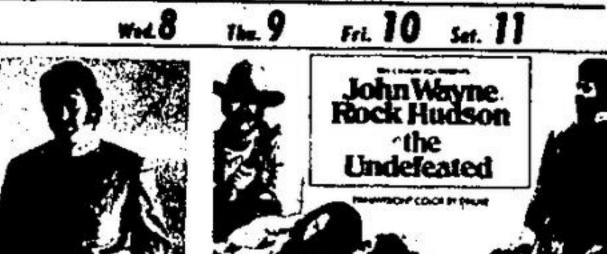
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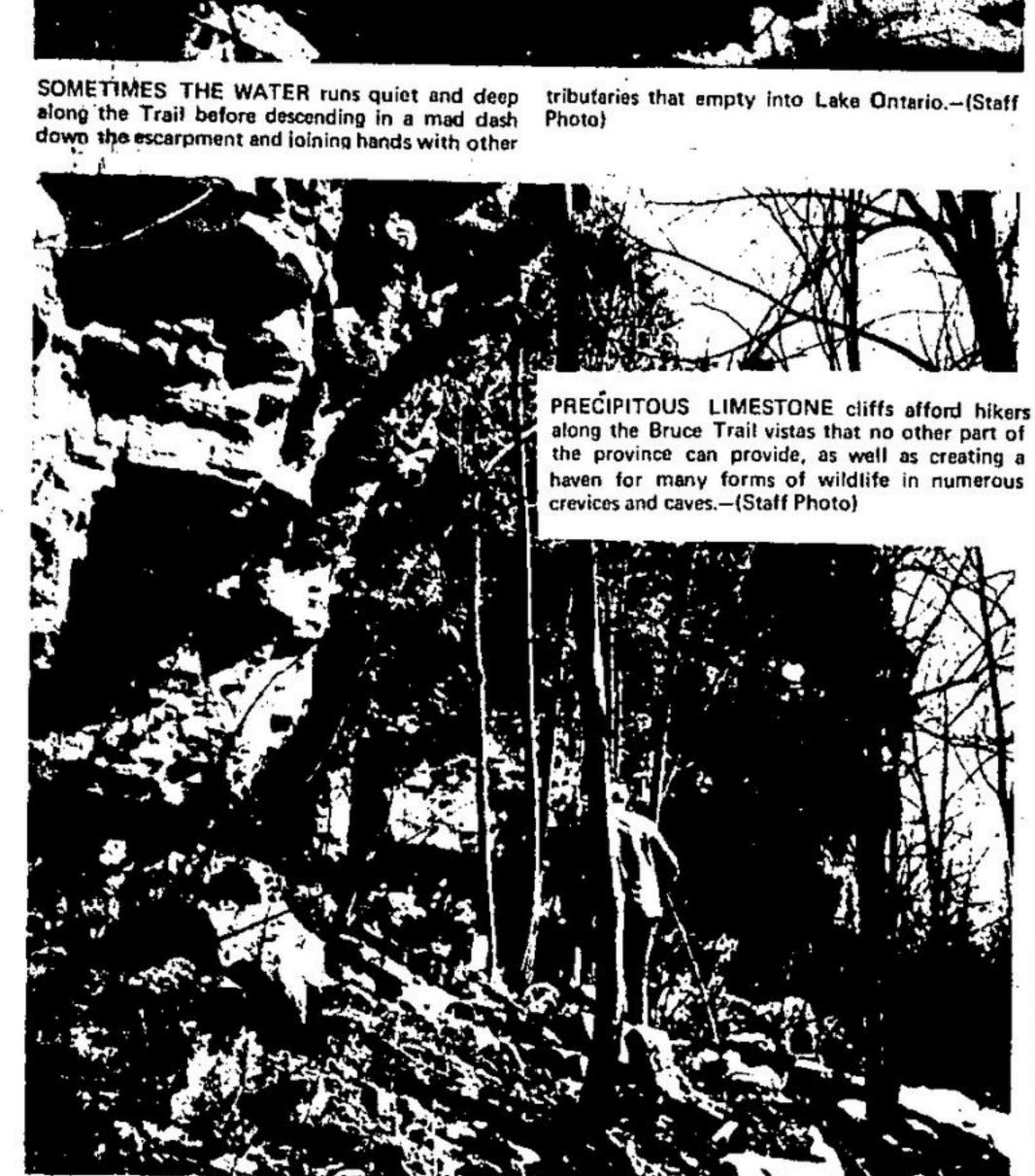
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THOUGHTS ON A WINTER WALK IN THE WOODS (apologies to Wm. Wordsworth)

I snow-shoed ionely as a cloud, By ways that winter woods conceals, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host of roaring snowmobiles. Beside the lake, beneath the trees, Chattering and bouncing in the breeze.

Relentlessly the engines' whine Resounded over hill and dale; They spluttered, smoking, in a line, Along the helpless woodland trail. There seemed ten thousand at a glance. They stripped the woods of all romance.

They drove the silence out, and worse

Made smog as far as eye could see; A quiet man could not but curse In such a raucous company. I turned and shuddered when I thought What double pain the show had brought.

For in the city, as I sit O'ercome by fumes of noisy cars, My thoughts may often northward flit To winter woods beneath the stars, But then my spirit only feels, The toaring of the snowmobiles,

> C. Abbott Conway Toronto