

# Real Estate MARKETPLACE

## Eden Mills

### Jake Burnett dies Thursday

by Mrs. W. MacDougall  
The Youth Group held a movie night in the hall last week for the youngsters and teens of the village.

Please keep in mind, the Ladies Craft Club show, sale and tea on April 21 from 1 to 4 p.m. Plan to attend and you may be the lucky winner of the door prize to be given away.

Sympathy of this community is extended to the Burnett family in the sudden loss of dear husband and father, Allen (Jake) Burnett who was one of the faithful Erasmus councillors.

Rev. Carrie Doehring of the Presbyterian Church held a special candlelight service on Maundy Thursday evening and 40 people gathered.

ed.  
Just as Jesus and his disciples did on their last evening together, all shared in the Lord's Supper and the minister used the original church communion pitcher and cup which are over 100 years old. Lessons were read in candlelight on how Jesus was left alone. Following the different readings, candles were extinguished. At the conclusion there was one lone candle burning.

Customers from Burlington, Milton, Acton and Guelph came to enjoy the Good Friday morning breakfast which has been a tradition for 20 years. Folks enjoy the informal atmosphere and the tasty food served by the Presbyterian Women.

## Limehouse

### Travellers return home from afar

by Mrs. A.W. Benton  
Mr. and Mrs. A. Breckon and Mrs. Bullcock are home after a pleasant winter at their home in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. George Book, Christian and Lori enjoyed a recent trip to Vancouver.

Mrs. Wayne Lister and Miss Joanne Lister had a week in Grantham, England recently.

The second of the bi-weekly series of Marathon euehres sponsored by Limehouse

Women's Institute was held in the Limehouse Memorial Hall Wednesday evening with eight tables in play. High scores were held by Wm. Thompson and Miss Ethel Brownridge and lone hands were won by Glen Scott and Glad Inglis.

Excess weight makes your heart work harder and causes three times as many heart attack deaths, says your Ontario Heart Foundation.

## Chamber of Commerce happenings

BY Janet Fleming

Acton is in a mood for change. With the plaza turned down for the present, the downtown has made a new commitment to change and to addressing itself to the public. Our population is changing in number and make-up. And the Chamber of Commerce plans to keep pace.


The Community Calendar in this paper will help the public see what is happening in our town. This column will be another way for our citizens to be aware and concerned.

New activities and involvement are being planned by the Board of Directors. We are busy with the Citizen of the Year and Candidates Night at present. Area residents will experience "Summerfest" in June and our own "Back to Acton Days" comes to town on the July 1 weekend.

Organization has begun on a new Map and Directory for Acton. Possible seminar sessions and further cooperation with our schools should be a good way to unite the business community with the students. And other ideas are under consideration.

The Acton Chamber of Commerce hopes to have a productive and successful future. With cooperation and participation from our members and the public, this hope can become a reality.

FEATURE HOME OF THE WEEK



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## April indeed is the cruellest month

April is the pits

"April is the cruellest month." So said T.S. Eliot, a transplanted American who spent most of his adult life working in a bank and writing poetry in England.

As far as England goes, he was full of baloney. April in England is delightful. It rains only every second day, and the countryside is green with grass and as colorful as a patchwork quilt with flowers.

Now, if he'd been writing about Canada, I'd agree. April is no bargain in these parts. It's one of those nothing months, like November.

You have staggered through the last of the March blizzards. Barely. And suddenly, in theory, it's spring. In reality, it's the dirty bottom end of winter, and the weakest possible whisper of a hope for summer.

April is mud, treacherous, piercing winds that give you that racking cough you avoided all winter, rusted fenders, changing snow tires, and surveying your property and all the detritus deposited on it and around it by the recent winter.

Just checked mine today. On the side lawn there is a dirty brown hump that resembles something from the paleolithic age, eyeless, shapeless, but somehow menacing. It is made up of one part ice, two parts sand, and one part salt, all courtesy of the snowplowing department. This lump will have melted entirely by the fourth of July and will leave a 30 square foot patch of pure Sahara.

Scattered about the back porch are bits and pieces and whole shingles, removed, without charge, from the roof when the man was knocking off the ice at the end of January.

Mingling with the shingles are portions

by  
Bill  
Smiley



a soft spot to gnaw through and deposit her kits in the attic. Chasing her is a dog, probably the same one who left his calling cards all over the back yard during the winter, which are now melding nicely with the mud and the stench of dead earth coming back to life.

And the clothes-line is sagging like an ancient stripper. The back stoop is just that. Stopped from the ice falling off the roof onto it.

All this is normal enough, a typical April scene, and I'm not complaining. But wouldn't it be nice if you got through one April without your tail-pipe and muffler suddenly starting to sound like a bull breaking wind?

It's enough to break a man, were he not a sturdy Canadian, who has been through the same performance in the same arena year after year.

But this April is going to be the one that broke many a man stronger than I. On top of all the usual crud of April, will be piled the even cruddier crud of an election campaign.

It won't be so bad for the kids who don't mind April at all, as it gives them a chance to get soaked to the knees and covered in mud with some excuse. They don't care about politicians.

Nor will it be too tough for the elderly, who greet April with a kind of jaunty, triumphant grin, because they've made it through another bone-buster of a winter. And they are perfectly aware that politicians are pernicious, whatever their outer coloring.

But for the honest, decent, middle-aged Canadian, who sees no more difference between the parties and their promises

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of brick, knocked out of the wall by the man who removed some of the shingles while he was removing the ice.

Lying on the back porch itself is a pile of glass, shattered from a storm window that didn't quite get put on last November, and was leaning carefully against the house to wait for a nice day for installation. A December wind caught that one.

Leaning limply is the storm door, which will no longer close, because the ice got in around it, and it was forced shut so many times it lost its shape and all desire to keep out the weather, and the mosquitoes, a month from now, when it becomes a screen door.

Lying in the back yard, leaning on one elbow, is one of the great old cedar chairs, looking as though it had just been mugged in a back alley by a particularly vicious gang of punks. Beside it stands the picnic table, practically sway-backed from the load of snow and ice it carried all winter.

But all is not drab. There's a nice touch of color here and there. A green wine bottle tossed over the fence by some passing contributor. Here, frozen into the ice, a newspaper wrapped in yellow cellophane. Over there, another paper, wrapped in blue, emerges from its winter retreat. Both bear December dates.

There's a frisky grey squirrel, scuttling up the dead vines on the house, looking for