

Recognition for Rock Ella cattle

Rock Ella Jersey Farm, Hornby has again won recognition by the Canadian Jersey Club, at the Canadian Jersey Cattle Club annual meeting in Cornwall.

Rock Ella Prince Gen was presented with a certificate for leading production in the senior two year old class, and Rock Ella

Designer's Berti received the same certificate in the junior two year old class.

In an all Canadian pictorial contest, sponsored by the Jersey Club, Rock Ella Jersey Farm had three winners, mature cow Faithful Sparkle, three year old Rock Ella BSV Natasha, and junior heifer Rock Ella Beauty of M Gem.

A Growing Church For A Growing Community
 Phone (416) 877-2788

Halton Gospel Temple
 West of Georgetown on Hwy. 7

REV. D. MURRAY GRIFFIN, Pastor

SUNDAYS

9:45 a.m. Christian Education Hour
 Phone for Bus Transportation
 11:00 a.m. Worship Service
 Nursery and Children's Church
 7:00 p.m. Sunday Night Alive!

WEDNESDAYS at 7:30 p.m.
 Bible Study and Prayer
EVERYONE WELCOME

ACTON CHURCHES

THE CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN THE MARTYR
 Rev. Arthur Tribe
 B.A., M. Div.
 Mrs. Betty Oakes
 Organist
 Sun. April 24, 1983
 9:00 a.m. - Holy Eucharist
 10:30 a.m. - Holy Eucharist
 Guest Speaker Mr. Frank Larue of Guatemala.
 Church School & Nursery
 Wednesday 10:00 a.m. - Holy Eucharist

ACTON BAPTIST CHURCH
 The Rev. M. Jean Stars
 Mus. Bac., M. Div.
 Sun. April 24, 1983
 9:30 a.m. - Church School
 11:00 a.m. - Morning Worship
 Junior Church and Nursery facilities available.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA
 Mr. Andrew J. King
 B.A., M. Div.
 Dr. George Elliott
 M.A., Ph.D.
 Organist
 Sun. April 24, 1983
 10:00 a.m. - Morning Worship
 Sunday School, Baby Fold and Nursery Care.
 For any need call Andy King 853-1340

CHURCHILL COMMUNITY
 Rev. E.M. Jenkins
 (416) 820-8022
 Sun. April 24, 1983
 11:00 a.m. - Morning Worship and Church School
ALL WELCOME

SALVATION ARMY
 Gospel Service every Sunday at 7:00 p.m. at Trinity United Church, Acton.

KNOX PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
 44 MAIN ST. N.
 Sunday, April 24, 1983
 Service & Church School at 11:00 a.m.
 Thought for the Week - "As the trees fill out and ready themselves to explode into newness at any moment, we are led to consider the mystery and power of life and to ask, 'WHAT IS ITS SOURCE?'"
GET TO KNOW US

GEORGETOWN CHURCHES

ST. ANDREW'S UNITED CHURCH
 Minister: Rev. Dr. T.G. Bandy
 B.A., M. Div., Th.D.
 89 Mountainview Rd. S
 877-4482
 10 a.m. - Morning Worship
 - Sunday School
 - Nursery Facilities
 "Building Tomorrow's Church Today"

ST. JOHN'S UNITED CHURCH OF GEORGETOWN AND GLEN WILLIAMS
 Guelph St., 877-2531
 Rev. Jeffrey C. Davison
 B.Sc., B.D.
 Services of Worship and Sunday School
 9:15 - Glen Williams
 11:00 - Georgetown
 Nursery Facilities

BALLINAFAD UNITED CHURCH
 Minister: Rev. Dr. T.G. Bandy
 B.A., M. Div., Th.D.
 Morning Worship: 11:45 a.m.
 "A Hundred Years of Worship"
 "A Century of Service"

MAPLE AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH
 177 Maple Avenue
 Pastor Edwin H. Mitchell
 877-6665 / 0320
EVERY SUNDAY
 9:45 a.m. - Family Bible School
 11:00 a.m. & 6:30 p.m. Biblical Preaching
 Worship praise
WEEKDAYS
 Prayer & Bible Study
 Youth Recreation
 Boys - Girls Clubs
 Little Cherub Nursery
MONTHLY
 Adult Fellowships
 Ladies' Missions
 Senior Adults

CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH
 7th Line SERVICES
 9 a.m. & 11 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.
 Pastor Rev. J. DeJong
 Pastoral Assistant Mr. L. Batterink
 Listen every Sunday to THE BACK TO GOD HOUR
 7:30 a.m. - Hamilton CHAM 1280
 9:30 a.m. - GLOBAL TV CH. 6 & 22

MOUNTAINVIEW BAPTIST CHURCH
 102 Mountainview Rd. S
 877-5854
 Pastor Rev. Dean Tate
 Sunday School 9:45 am
 Morning Worship 11 am
 Prayer and Bible Study
 Wednesday 7:30 pm
ALL ARE WELCOME
 Nursery Facilities and Junior Congregation Available

KNOX PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
 Corner of Church and Main St., Georgetown
 10 a.m. Sunday School
 11 a.m. Morning Worship
 Nursery Facilities

LIMEHOUSE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
 Corner of 6th Line and No. 22 Sideroad
 Rev. Peter Barrow
 9:45 a.m. Morning Service & Sunday School

ST. GEORGE'S ANGLICAN CHURCH
 80 Guelph St.
 877-8044
 Rector: Rev. Jim Boyles
 Sunday, April 24
EASTER 3
 8:00 a.m. - Holy Eucharist (New Rite)
 9:00 a.m. - Holy Eucharist (Prayer Book)
 Nursery & Junior Church
 11:00 a.m. - Morning Prayer

THE GEORGETOWN ALLIANCE CHURCH
 14 Main St. S.
 Georgetown
 Pastor: Rev. Peter Ralph
 B.A., M. Div.
 Sunday, April 24
 11 a.m. Special GIDEONS Presentation
 Sunday School 9:45 am
 Morning Worship 11 am
 Evening Fellowship 8:30 pm
 Wednesday Prayer Service 7:00 pm
 877-9816 853-3823

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Students here help build Indian village

Students from all across Halton could be donating as much as \$30,000 to the \$700,000 Crawford Lake Indian Village and Conservation Centre campaign over the next month. They'll earn the money by selling seedling evergreen trees.

"Our students are anxious to take part in the campaign, because they know they'll be the ones to benefit from having such a unique educational facility developed for them," said Ed Domenichetti, the Halton Separate School Board representative on the Crawford Lake education committee.

The participants in the tree-selling program include schools in Halton Hills, Burlington, Oakville and Milton, about 150 classes in total. The seedlings will sell for \$2. each, with each class having the option of retaining \$1. for school projects, or donating the entire \$2. to the Crawford Lake project.

The Halton Region Conservation Authority will make up to 15,000 trees available for the school project, so the students could donate as much as \$30,000 to the campaign. The Halton Region Conservation Founda-

tion, representing volunteers from across Halton, has raised more than \$130,000 since last May.

Schools will complete their orders for trees by the end of April. Students will actually deliver the trees to purchasers during the second week of May. The Conservation Authority will provide a special sapling tree to each participating school in recognition for their assistance and support.

Crawford Lake, located at Guelph Line and Steeles Avenue, is the site of the most accurately-dated prehistoric Indian Village in all of Canada. Reconstruction of one of the Iroquois longhouses which made up the settlement between 1434 and 1459 will begin later this spring. The Crawford Lake Village will be just the second such settlement rebuilt on its original site. The lake is unique because it is so deep compared to its surface area, descending the surface water seldom disturbs the dense, cold, oxygen-low water at the bottom, so sediment is deposited in distinct layers.

Can humans equal bees?

by **Bill Smiley**

Humans, though not as tenacious and purposeful as the ant, nor as busy as the bee, have much in common with them.

Ants, of course, can't swim. Or they can, but they can't hold their noses when they go under, so they drown. Who'd want to be an ant?

Bees, on the other hand, can fly, and we can't. But they are unable to jump, even to a conclusion, and we can, so that evens out.

We don't have the single-mindedness of ants. They know where they are going, or what they are doing. We don't. We go wandering about and get squashed. They do too, of course, but at least they were headed somewhere.

Bees bumble, but never on the scale that we do. They zero in on a flower. We stagger into a cactus. They go, "Vrooom, vrooom!" We flood our motors and go, "Ka-whuck, ka-whunck, ka-a-glunk!"

There are other similarities and differences, none of which prove that humans are superior. Ants don't have sexual hang-ups. They know that they are workers, or soldiers or whatever. Humans don't, half the time, know whether they are punched, bored, or kicked in with a frozen boot.

Bees also know who and where they are. Like us, they have a Queen, but theirs doesn't have to consult the Labour Party before deciding what to do about unemployment. She wipes out the workers. That automatically creates new jobs.

Imagine a world in which bees had unemployment insurance. You'd not only have a bee in your bonnet, but a bee in your bum, your brain and your bra.

Unlike us, ants don't worry about their ants. We have poor ants who must be kept under cover, rich ants who must be toadied to, and crazy ants who threaten to come and stay with us.

Bees don't bother much about other bees. They just buzz about, sucking honey. What a life. They have no rotten kids, frigid wives, drunken husbands, goofy grandchildren, aged parents.

So far, it looks as though we've got the short end of the stick, and the ants and the bees are in clover. But there's one thing that drags them down to our level. We all live in cells.

You didn't know this? You say humans have free will? You think we can call the shots, be masters of our destiny, choose between good and evil, live as long as we like, go to heaven or hell, decide what to have for dinner?

Nonsense. You are sitting in a cell as you read this. I am sitting in a cell as I write it. Maybe your cell has a refrigerator and an electric stove, and mine has an ashtray and a filing cabinet. But they are cells.

At night, we move from the TV cell to the cell with the platform where we, for no reason, expect to go to sleep.

We wake up in the same cell, after nightmares about being in a cell, and proceed to a smaller cell where we peer at ourselves, shake our heads gloomily and remove various normal blessings. Can you imagine a bee shaving his God-given whiskers?

Then we romp down through a vertical cell with no windows to another cell with orange juice and coffee. Ants and bees get spilled sugar and honey. No coffee, no tea, no caffeine problems.

Next, we leave this cell for a mobile one, with FM radio, window wipers, and automatic knees, legs, windows. Meanwhile, the ants and the bees go about their business, getting exercise, fresh air and a keen curiosity about what's going to happen today.

We know nothing new is going to happen today. We go to a big cell, where ladies type in a little cell within a bigger cell. We pick up our little cellular pieces from the ladies and go off to our individual cells, where we spend the entire day convincing other people that they should be happy to even have a cell.

Sometimes we are happy. We go to a big cell and browse around, humming and snuffling things and touching the untouchables. But it ends all too soon. We are brought to a tiny cell, where a young woman punches out some tentacles that drag us back to the big cell, where the Queen Bee informs us that we have no taste, no common sense, and less intelligence than a bee or an ant.

While this tirade is taking place, what are the ant and the bee doing? Biting, stinging? No, they are anting around and beeing around, with no sense whatever that they are the lowest of the low, dumb slob, cretins. The words don't mean anything to them.

Some day, humans will rise to the level of the ant and the bee. They will accept their cells, instead of trying to kick the sides out of them. They will do what they are supposed to do, without a lot of ifs, ants and bees.

Someday, humans will stop gossiping about each other. Ants don't. Someday humans will stop stinging each other. Bees don't, except when you bug them.

Someday humans will stop asking, "Why?" The word is not in the vocabulary of ants and bees.

But humans must have a care. If they don't, the theme song of the Twenty-first Century might well be, "My cell is your cell. And our cell is our cell..."

On the other hand, perhaps we are not lost in the cells. Ants can multiply, but they can't divide. Bees can buzz, but they can't beem.

Maybe there's a future for us, if we can just get out of these cells.