

HINT TO THE FAMILY

Don't buy me candy, Mother's Day, I would only make me fat. Don't buy me bloom and foliage, I'm a garden-imp of that.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, May 12th, 1915

The fine new residence of Mr. J. B. Mackenzie at Georgetown is nearing completion. Mr. Mackenzie will remove to that town early in June.

Mr. David Russell, of Ballinacraig, Vice-President of Equestrian Sunday School Association, paid an official visit to the Methodist Sunday School on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Harold S. Nicklin and Mr. Howard M. Black both passed their final examinations in civil and electrical engineering with honors.

German torpedoes tend the Lusitania, the Atlantic's greatest liner, to the bottom, with a loss of 1394 lives, off Kinshale Head, Ireland. The passenger list, which was overcrowded, included many persons of note in all spheres of life.

Several of the Acton boys were wounded, but fortunately no fatalities. The complete list is Sgt. Harry Harwood, Ptes. James Robertson, John Riley, David Douglas, Wm. Ward, Fred Willis, Fred J. Coles and Richard Singleton.

BOEN

BOEN in Acton on Wednesday, May 5th, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. Joel H. Leslie, a son.

DIED

SHORTILL—At Ballinacraig, on Tuesday, May 11th, 1915, Richard Shortill, aged 80 years.

PYFE—Suddenly, at Victoria, B. C., on Wednesday, May 5th, 1915, Joseph Pyfe, aged 62 years.

A Corroder of Pulmonary Trouble—Many testimonials could be presented showing the great efficacy of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in correcting disorders of the respiratory process, but the best testimonial is experience and the Oil is recommended to all who suffer from these disorders with the certainty that they will find relief. It will allay inflammation in the bronchial tubes.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Well, it has certainly been no hardship to stay in the house this week—the hardship has been for those who have had to be out, rain or shine. And what bitter east winds we have had! One day, when it was fine but cold, Partner was out riding the disc all the afternoon, and came in just about chilled to the bone. The next day I was glad he had to work with the hawfers and walk behind the team instead of ride.

I need hardly say how much we have appreciated the radio this week, and I have purposely put off finishing this week's "Chronicle" so that I might include a few impressions of the Jubilee celebrations—by next week it would seem such a long way back.

We started in on Sunday afternoon, and "discussed" the preparation service, attended by the Royal Family, and at which the Archbishop of Canterbury gave an inspiring address. Sunday night we made sure the alarm clock was accurately set and at 5 a. m. Partner, Daughter and I listened in to what I believe is one of the most memorable programs we are ever likely to hear over the radio and I don't believe there was any one more thrilled than the announcer himself, who, from his vantage point of sixty feet above the ground level of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, described to us each detail of the Royal procession as it moved slowly from Temple Bar across London to the Cathedral. His description was perfect—just a few words at a time—so that listeners might miss nothing of the wild cheering, the tramp of horses' feet, the ringing of the church bells—how I loved the sound—and the word of command, "Slope arms"—and then again—"Present Arms," which gave Partner a bigger thrill than anything.

Surely it must have been an impressive broadcast to anyone in Canada sufficiently interested to listen in, but can you realize what it meant to Partner and me, or to any other Old Country person—moving London as we do, recognizing, as it were, each step of the procession, visualizing the crowded streets, with a line up of soldiers on either side of the street, making a roadway for several miles for the procession to pass through. And the decorations—there would be hunting-litely miles and miles of it, flags from every window and gateway. Fairy lights strung across the street, little children laughing and shouting, and waving miniature flags.

And then the Royal carriage appeared! Of course only about one out of every hundred is able to catch a glimpse of the King and Queen, but enthusiasm is infectious, and when one shouts, they all shout, and cheers and applause are deafening.

London—Cockney London—is hard to beat for enthusiasm, and in a crowd you would hear many examples of Cockney wit and humor—the most unconscious humor in the world. Something like this would be heard on every side: "Er comes 'is Royal 'ignness! Come on boys—give 'im a cheer—long live the King—Glad bless 'im!" "Old George ain't 'alf a bad sort, that wot I say!" "Er, move over a bit, and give us a chance to use me blinkers—on d'yer think yer are—er's not your bling-bling uncle, is 'e?" "Course—yes—but do you doubt their boyalty? Listen to their cheers—'ere's your answer."

Realizing by the broadcast the denseness of the crowds, we were not surprised to hear the announcer say, "Many people have been standing here all night, there have been many casualties, and people are still being carried into the Law Courts," presumably being used as a casualty station.

We enjoyed the service in St. Paul's, and even over the radio we recognized that queer reverberation which is peculiar to any service—or, in fact, any voice spoken within St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE QUEEN'S PARK ARENA

Toronto, May 5th.—When the Dionne Quintuplets celebrate the first anniversary of their birth on May 28th, the Ontario Department of Welfare will seek to focus attention on children much less fortunate than the famous babies of Callander, the children who have to spend their childhood in Ontario's Children's Shelters.

Hon. David Croll, Minister of Public Welfare, is not forgetful of these children and the week in which falls May 28th will be known as "Adopt a Child Week." In the midst of the celebration which will mark the first birthday of the quintuplets, Mr. Croll will urge childless couples and those whose children have grown up to adopt a child.

There are nearly 1,000 children in the Province who lack the love of a father and mother. While they are given excellent treatment in the institutions, they are not living normal, natural lives, and it is the wish of the Minister of Welfare that they be given an opportunity to develop mentally and physically in the proper environment.

"Adopt a Child Week" is a unique experiment and it is hoped the results will be gratifying.

"What these children need are mothers and fathers," said Mr. Croll, in discussing the problem. "There are plenty of childless couples who could supply this need. The birth of the Dionne Quintuplets brought world-wide attention to these babies, who are growing into healthy, beautiful children. That interest is greater than ever to-day, but we must not forget the children whose pictures have never appeared in the newspapers, whose everyday life is not recorded minutely in the press. Those children should be given a chance. Let us try to take these children out of the shelters and make them sons and daughters instead of wards of the Government."

Plans for the birthday party of the quintuplets are approaching completion. A radio broadcast throughout Canada in which the babies themselves will take part, has been arranged. In the opinion of Mr. Croll no better time could be found to interest the public in the homeless children than when the five babies of Northern Ontario are recording the first anniversary of their extraordinary birth.

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KING OF WHEAT KINGS

In recognition of his contributions to agriculture in Western Canada, Dr. Seager Wheeler, wheat grower extraordinary of Roathern, Saskatchewan, has received a gift trip to England through a number of his friends and the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Famous throughout the world for the championship wheat that he has grown, the story of Seager Wheeler's life in Western Canada is one of successfulness and pluck, not unaccompanied by disappointment and temporary failure, and finally rewarded with a large measure of success. Emigrating to Canada from the Isle of Wight in 1885, when but a boy of sixteen, his achievements in producing strains of wheat adapted to Western Canada conditions have made him one of the Dominion's outstanding settlers. He is the only man who had the distinction of being crowned "world wheat king" five times, having won the title for championship wheat in 1911, 1914, 1915, 1916 and 1918. In addition to wheat awards Seager Wheeler has captured many prizes for oats and barley, and has also taken many awards with exhibits of various grasses, fodder crops, potatoes, etc. In honor of his accomplishments a doctorate was conferred on him by Queen's University.

NO IMMEDIATE DANGER

Mrs. McTavish: "My little boy has just swallowed a two-shilling piece." Neighbor: "Dear me, is he in any danger?" "No, thank goodness, his father's out for town."

far to any service—or, in fact, any voice spoken within St. Paul's Cathedral. This afternoon we listened breathlessly to the King's reply to his people; his voice husky with emotion as he responded to the tremendous ovation given him from all parts of the world. Partner even stayed in from the field to hear the broadcast—something quite unheard of for him—and if at any time he spoke it was only to tell our young son to be quiet.

And what can we glean for our comfort from these Jubilee celebrations? Surely, even though we may possibly be on the brink of an international crisis, surely there is some comfort in the thought, that hard times notwithstanding, the loyalty of His Majesty's subjects is still, as ever, undeniably beyond question.

By the way, I have started a new hobby—I am making a scrap-book with pictures of the Royal family. If occurred to me there was no better time than the present.

Wanted—An Uncle

By VIRGINIA GAY

SIX-YEAR-OLD Peggy dug her bare brown toes into the cool green dampness of the grass where the dew was beginning to gather. "Auntie Jo, why'n't you get you a husband?" she asked of the woman who was reading on the porch above her. "If you did I could have a really truly uncle like the rest of the girls and boys in our crowd. Didn't you ever know any body that wanted to be your husband? Didn't you ever think about getting married?"

Josephine Lawlor came down to where her niece was playing in the grass, to stem the tide of eager questions.

"Peggy, of course there are men I would like to marry. Don't you worry about getting an uncle. Maybe some day I'll surprise you. And now there are some good cookies in the big stone jar in the kitchen," she said, "don't you want some?" The handful of cookies succeeded in diverting the thoughts of Peggy's aunt, and when she returned with the cookies, she curled up in the porch hammock and soon was off to sleep. But she had started the train of forbidden memories for her aunt.

In the lot at one side of the house a baseball game was in progress; but as darkness fell it resolved into blind-man's buff, crack the whip and a general melee. Light appeared in the windows of the other houses on the street and in the little church across from Miss Lawlor's home, the choir had met for practice for the Sunday services.

Josephine could hear the voices singing a familiar hymn—My Redeemer and My Lord. Through the open windows of the church came the familiar strains and she listened reverently, as she took her small niece in her arms. Then the spell was broken by a voice from across the street. Peggy's mother called for her daughter.

Josephine's voice was carefully pitched as she answered her sister's call—"Let her stay with me tonight. She's asleep now." She held the warm little body close and gave herself up completely to the memories that sometimes would not be denied. Swiftly before her eyes was unfolded that pageant of long-gone dreams. Once she had thought about a husband and about marrying. About holding her own child as she now held her niece.

No wonder Peggy had asked. For Peggy had never known that gay lad whose gray eyes laughed into Aunt Jo's darker ones. Peggy had never heard that deep and tender voice that had sounded no more other in Josephine Lawlor's ears. Peggy did not know what it meant to find one's heart's desire—only to lose it.

Over and over again the choir sang the familiar lines of the anthem. Vaguely Miss Lawlor noted the constant repetition, but she did not know that the song was being repeated at the request of a stranger who had dropped into the rehearsal with the choir director and professed a special pleasure in that particular song.

Through years of waiting in the inevitable shiftings of the sands of time, through change of scene and loss and gain in friends and family, Josephine Lawlor had stayed—waiting. Not she to forget, to find solace in a lesser love even if the best were gone forever. Though the long-ago sweetheart knew no more where to find her now, he still waited for him. And kept her light burning in the window. Even six-year-old Peggy knew the oddity of Aunt Jo's lamp that was always the first to flash through the twilight of evening.

The choir voices rose to a last crescendo when his lamp well trimmed and burning. The organ rattled out the final chord. The lights flickered out as the choir members slipped, through the vestry and out to the porch and walk.

The stranger strolled into the street, and stood looking about. A gleam of orange light shined from the house next door and struck across his face. "Who lives there?" he idly asked his host.

"Queer sort of dame," was the reply. "Sorta cracked, most everybody thinks. Came here to live near her brother several years ago; just after the war, I guess. I don't remember just when, as it's been some years back and I wasn't home at the time. She has a funny habit of fighting her lamp every night sooner than anyone in the neighborhood. Harroun, she is at that. Maybe I shouldn't have called her that. Jim Hargrave, her brother-in-law, would break every bone in my body if he heard me."

"Hargrave?"—the stranger leaped the hedge at a bound, and sped across the grass, now wet and sparkling in the moonlight with the heavy dew, to where a woman sat in the radiance of the yellow lampshade, a half-awake child slumbering from her lap.

"Eminence," said Peggy, as she crept up the steps of her aunt's porch a few minutes later, "I bet Aunt Jo's going to get a husband. There's a man over to her house, an' he's got her in his arms an' she's laughin' 'im ery'n' like everythin', all at once. He'd be an uncle for me, wouldn't he?"

Emerald Bigger Than Diamond An emerald weighing a carat is bigger than a diamond of the same weight.

MAPLE SYRUP RECIPES

No product of Canada is so typically Canadian as maple syrup. To most of us it is a treat when used with hot breads, but its use as a sweetening agent, as well as a flavor, is not general. Try some of these recipes:

MAPLE SYRUP FIZ 2 cups maple syrup 2 egg yolks 1 cup milk 2 tablespoons corn starch a pinch of salt

Boll milk and syrup together, add starch which has been blended with a little cold milk, cook in double boiler, stirring constantly for five minutes. Pour over the beaten eggs and return to double boiler. Cook five minutes, pour into baked pastry shell. Cover top with meringue made from two egg-whites.

MAPLE SYRUP SAUCE

(For ice cream of puddings) 1 cup maple syrup 1 teaspoon butter

Melt butter, add flour, cook until frothy, slowly add syrup and boil one minute. Serve hot or cold.

Use one-quarter cup maple syrup to replace granulated sugar in apple pie—an entirely new flavor is developed.

REAL MAPLE CREAM

Two and one-half cups maple syrup One tablespoon cream

Boll the syrup until it thickens when dropped into cold water, then add cream, stir until blended. Cool slightly and beat until thickened. Walnuts may be added.

MAPLE OATMEAL COOKIES

2 1/2 cups fine oatmeal 1 cup maple syrup 1/2 cup water 1/2 cup flour 1 cup shortening 1 teaspoon soda

Boll water and syrup together, add soda, then shortening. Cool slightly. Add to dry ingredients and allow the mixture to cool thoroughly before rolling out.

CLIMATE AND SUGAR BEETS

From the data collected during the past twenty years by the Chemistry Division of the Dominion Experimental Farms, a good general idea of where sugar beets can be grown successfully has been obtained. Of the two main factors considered, namely soil classification and climatic conditions, the latter appears to be the determining factor for both yield and sugar content. A real wet spring prevents good germination, and a poor stand is the result. A hot, dry summer retards growth, giving small roots and a low yield, and a cold dull autumn often with frosts before harvesting, prevents the proper maturing of the beets at a time when sugar formation is taking place. Thus, the ideal seasonal conditions are a warm spring with sufficient precipitation to ensure good seed germination, a growing season with plenty of rain and a mild, open autumn with considerable sunshine. These conditions vary every year and explain why one district produces good beets of high sugar content one year and beets of poor quality the next. A dark loamy soil seems to be best for sugar beet growing. Beets are very susceptible to soil acidity and liming of the soil is necessary. It is now recognized that for best results plenty of fertilizer must be used and phosphoric acid seems to be the most important element.

WAS HIS FACE RED?

"How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring me those lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I believe there is some dew on them yet." "Yes," stammered the young man, quite taken aback, "but I am going to pay it off to-morrow."

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TIME TABLES

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

AT ACTON

Going East Daily, except Sunday 10.07 a.m. Daily, except Sunday 6.13 p.m. Sunday only 8.34 p.m.

The Chicago flyer, that passes through here at 9.25 p. m., eastbound, stops at Georgetown at 9.44 p. m.

Going West Daily, except Sunday 8.58 a.m. Daily, except Sunday 2.20 p.m. Daily, except Sunday 7.00 p.m. Sunday only 11.19 p.m.

STANDARD TIME

For Your Convenience

ARROW BUS SCHEDULE

EFFECTIVE MAY 5th, 1935

LEAVE WESTBOUND

9.45 a. m.—12.15 p. m.—2.15 p. m. 4.15 p. m.—4.15 p. m.—9.15 p. m. 11.35 p. m.

STANDARD TIME

LEAVE EASTBOUND

5.30 a. m.—8.10 a. m.—11.20 a. m. 2.10 p. m.—4.10 p. m.—6.00 p. m. 9.00 p. m.

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