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Notice of Births, Marriages and Deaths... Additional for poetry.

BORN

MacRAE—At the Guelph General Hospital, on Thursday, May 30th, 1935, to Mr. and Mrs. D. A. MacRae, Acton, a son—John Angus.

MARRIED

MORRISON-MORRISON—At the Parsonage, Georgetown, on Saturday, June 1st, 1935, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Morrison, Georgetown, to Mr. Stanley Morrison, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Morrison, Acton.

COOPER-JACKSON—At Chalmers Presbyterian Church, Toronto, on Saturday, June 1st, 1935, by Rev. A. C. Stewart, M. A., Josephine Jackson, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. Jackson, to Earl S. Cooper, Toronto, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cooper, Acton.

WINTER-JOHNSTON—At the home of the bride's parents, Erin Township, on Saturday, June 1st, 1935, by Rev. C. L. Poole, B. D., Elva Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Johnston, to Alfred William Winter, son of Mr. and the late Daniel Winter, of Thistleton, Ontario.

DIED

BURNS—Suddenly, at Guelph General Hospital, on Thursday, May 30th, 1935, William Burns, 74 years old, beloved husband of Minnie Bush, in his 84th year.

HEZELWOOD—At Verdun, Manitoba, on Tuesday, June 4th, 1935, Mrs. Emma Holmes Hezelwood.

This and that

—June — the month of roses and brides.
—The dandelion season seems to be about over.
—More rains this week and still welcome—mostly.
—Seven cases were on the police court docket to-day.
—Things that seem "too good to be true" often are.
—The maples are beautiful just now, in their full foliage.
—A telephone pole never hits an auto except in self-defence.
—Some more loads of gravel at the crossings would be welcome.
—For best shopping values consult the advertisements first in The Free Press.
—Excavations are now almost completed for the new Byrnes block on Mill Street.
—It's school examination time again—but then only a few weeks until holiday time, too.
—A widower describes his second marriage as "The Triumph of Hope over Experience."
—The garden party season opened last evening with the event by Acton Citizens' Band.
—The Acton Ball Club stepped into second place on Saturday, There are two games this week.
—There have been many beautiful beds of tulips in the grounds at homes in town the past week.
—Why is an Electric Range Cleaner? is the subject treated in this popular campaign on Page Six.
—The chain letter racket seems to be on the wane. 'Too many trying to get a profit seems the weak link.
—Council made a tour of inspection of the streets and walks on Saturday to outline repairs and improvements.
—The Council plans this year to rebuild the sidewalk on Mill Street from Willow to Main Streets on the west side of the street.
—Admission of 5c is now charged for all children at local ball games. This charge is necessary to comply with the amusement tax regulations.
—A substantial and appropriate fence will be erected around the Pioneer Cemetery as a result of a meeting of the Cemetery Trustees and the Council.
—Miss Lorna E. McComb graduated this year as a nurse from the Toronto General Hospital, and received her diploma at the recent graduation exercises in Toronto.
—A special meeting of Halton Presbytery of the United Church is being held at Cedar Springs next Wednesday. A picnic and supper will follow the business of the meeting.
—Rev. C. H. Hackett, of Port Dalhousie, was the minister at the United Church last Sunday morning, and he and Mrs. Hackett were warmly welcomed on this visit to the former congregation.
—The new issue of stamps put on sale on June 1st have been on view in The Free Press window. They comprise all denominations up to \$1.00 and are now on sale at the Acton Post Office.
—The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.—Sir W. Temple.

Elsie Was "Doing Her Bit"

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

THERE were not many of Elsie's friends who had seen her when she was consumed by a mood of depression, but she certainly was in the midst of one of the darkest this bleak autumn.
Crowning her mood was the fact that she had been unable to obtain a seat for the concert of Greathart, the master violinist, at whose feet the entire universe threw its admiring tribute.
In the eyes of her friends Elsie was one of the most helpful, adorable and entirely to be relied upon girls whom it was their joy to know. But in her own estimation she was a mere slug—a weed growing by the wayside and posturing, nor the present generation would be ever the better for her existence.
It was drawing near the time when the great master would be smiling his quaint smile upon an adoring audience and Elsie was bumped out of her mood by the telephone ringing.
"Get on your bonnet!" ordered a masculine voice at the other end of the wire. "I've wangled a seat for you after all. No, don't tell me you're sorry I can't accompany you. You'd rather sit and listen in silence to Greathart than have a bundle of rubles tossed in your lap, much less having me sitting beside you chattering. Hush as you haven't much time."
Elsie was aglow from head to foot as she entered the packed concert hall and was shown to a tiny seat squeezed into the stage box on the very fringe of the stage itself. It was so great and unexpected a treat that Elsie almost felt as if she should reward the giver of the seat with the hand he had so persistently sought.
In the hush that marked the drawing aside of the curtains before Greathart stood before them hanging his violin to his breast Elsie fancied he would hear the thumping of her heart so close she was to him as he stood bowing.
Elsie suddenly felt a consuming power sweep over her. It seemed for a moment as if the universe spun in circles of light and great strength about her and then left her serenely calm.
That strength, sent her from another world, remained with her.
Greathart smiled and his audience burst into wild applause. His was a personality to claim the best of even the hardest of his critics. Quietly adorable, gently lovable was this great master. He gave the world freely of his wonderful gift and charmed with the swing of his bow across the strings of his loved violin.
Elsie found that to look at him and listen at the same time was too great a joy so she fixed her eyes somewhat unseeingly upon a small mirror that hung half-way up the proscenium arch and reflected the central entrance to the hall.
There wasn't a sound in the packed house during the moments when music, such as the world seldom heard, was drawn forth by Greathart, and Elsie, along with the thousands of others listening, was carried to realms that must assuredly be a fringe of heaven.
Then, without a moment's warning Elsie sprang onto the stage, flung her body straight in front of the master—even as a loud report rang out from the back of the house.
Then she fell in a faint at Greathart's feet and a thin stream of red filtered from somewhere in her body.
There was a shout at the back of the house and the man who had fired the shot was captured and held with his hands and wrists still in his grasp.
Behind the swiftly drawn curtains Elsie opened her eyes to look into those of the master. He held her gently in his arms and gazed down at her with a look of such intense wonderment that Elsie foolishly found a tear in her own eyes.
"My child, my child," cried Greathart, "why did you do it? You might have lost your life—for me." And still he held her gently in his arms while a quickly summoned surgeon attended the wound that the bullet had made in Elsie's side.
"I would gladly do so," said Elsie softly. "Gladly save you for the world. I am just a cabbage—a weed—while you—you—"

Letters to the Editor

The Free Press welcomes letters to this column on matters of general interest to its readers. Letters do not necessarily endorse the opinion expressed. All letters must be signed, but they will be published under a pen name if so desired and specified in the letter. Communications should not be over 500 words in length and must be received not later than Tuesday afternoon to ensure publication in that week's issue.

LETTER FROM MONTREAL

Dear Free Press:
It is possible that not everyone would subscribe to this extract, credited to G. K. Chesterton, but why does he confine his strictures to the circumstances mentioned? Of all modern phenomena, the most monstrous and ominous, the most manifestly rotting with disease, the most grimly prophetic of destruction, the most clearly and unmistakably inspired by evil spirits, the most instantly and awfully overshadowed by the wrath of Heaven, the most near to madness and moral chaos, the most vivid with devilry and despair, is the practice of having to listen to loud music while eating a meal in a restaurant.

While it may be true that "distance lends enchantment to the view," I fear that in the present instance, it will be a contributing force to the writer's denial of the privilege of attending the 60th anniversary of Leale School, in Erin, for which cordial invitation has been received. This would have been a privilege indeed, as each an occasion would be fraught with many precious reminiscences. Although never a pupil there, there was an intimate acquaintance with the locality, and many indeed of the people therein. The invitation comes over the names of President McKewen and Secretary Pearen. Little boys of an early acquaintance, now influential citizens.

It is a matter of interest that the present school in its opening is contemporary with The Free Press, both being of the date of July 1st, 1875. The teacher of that time was Mr. William Crewson, himself a son of one of the very earliest families of the school section at its extreme southern corner. An earlier teacher in the older school building was Mr. Macpherson, whose son, Hugh, became the well-beloved pastor of Knox Church, Acton, and later, of Chalmers Church, Toronto. Indeed, it would be related by one of the matrons of the community, about the time of Rev. Hugh's induction to Knox Church, that as she and some other companions were strolling up the first line above the old schoolhouse one day at noon, that Mrs. Macpherson was crossing the field between their small dwelling, and the larger home of her parents, she was overheard calling to a little lad running after her. "Run away back to the house, Hughie, and daddy'll give ye some more dinner."

I came across today, in my pocket-book, the accompanying clipping which I have treasured for some time, as being in some degree appropriate for some such remembrance occasion. If the editor judges it worthy of a place, perhaps some eloquent amongst the "reminders" might adapt the lines to the occasion and give it proper emphasis.
FRUSTRATED
So this, at last, is my old home!
Long years I dreamed how I would come
To visit haunts which well I knew
In distant childhood's days.
When paths I trod were pleasant ways;
In alien lands fierce yearning grew;
To see them once again.
My senses stir! The place seems fair,
The woods, the hills, the moor, the sea;
As when I viewed them last;
But, oh, I feel I cannot bear
These strangers' breath my father's roof,
And not one face amongst the throng
With loving smile, nor hand-clasp strong.
To greet me from the past!
All desolate I stand alone,
And, for the tears, of speech struck dumb!
Ah, vain for me to seek relief
In the whole world from this dire grief!
Scenes which I loved—of my life's blood
A part—
As headstones have become
Within that place of graves—my heart.
—Morag Maclean Bannatyne.
I am somewhat startled to find in the "In Memoriam" in The Free Press, to hand to-day, that the death of Mr. Joel W. Leslie, on whose farm the school is located, settled upon in the very earliest days by his father, Mr. James Leslie, is about exactly co-incident in May, 1834, with that of my own brother, William, at Hepler, who, with the writer, were "hands" together for him back just 50 years ago.
Cordially,
J. B. COLLEMAN,
4057 Wilton Avenue,
Montreal, May 31st, 1935.
R. J. KERRIE'S LIST OF SALES
Wednesday, June 12th—Clearing Sale, Thomas Clark, Rockwood.
Saturday, June 15th—Clearing Sale, N. P. McLain, Acton.
Tuesday, June 25th—Farm Sale, John O. Woodruff, R. R. No. 1, Oakville.
Anything which elevates the mind is sublime. Greatness of matter, space power, virtue or beauty, are all sublime.—Ruskin.
MISS DEVA KNIFE had blood-pokoning. Now she uses both Ores Corn and Lunan Salves. At Brown's Drug Store.

MRS. DUGAN'S DISCOVERY

By Ella Parker Butler (A story 30 years old)

Wah 'day whin OI, was afther rum-magin' in me cellar, OI found wad dozen champagne bottles goin' t' waste, an' 'twas a pity t' see thim, go t' waste. OI tuck a look at thim, an' OI seen they was all in good condition, except they was full of champagne water. Futtin' th' twilve bottles t' was sold, OI went into th' back yar—d, where the grapevine do be, an' from th' grapevine OI took wad av thim long curly tendrils. A friend av mine so happened t' be th' proprietor av th' United States Steel Company, an' OI sint him th' long curly tendrils from th' grapevine, an' OI said, "Wud he make me a duplicate av it in tempered steel?"

Shure, he was glad t' accommodate me, because wance me old man was afther buyin' a share av steel stock from him whin no wan seemed t' want anny.

'Twas not six weeks whin OI reoavaged back from the picknet av th' steel tindrils t' tempered steel imitation av th' curly tendrils av th' grapevine.

Onta th' upper ind av this, an' cross-ways, 'twas no thrick at all t' fix a clotheopin. OI thim pressed th' sharp point av th' lower ind av th' steel tindrils into th' cork av wan of th' champagne bottles, an' twisted th' tindrils around. Thim, by pullin' sharp upward on th' clotheopin, an' at th' same toime holdin' th' bottle tight, betwix me knees—which OI had covered wid rosin to prevent th' bottle slippin'—OI drew out th' cork.

OI laid th' cork t' wan side an' emplied th' contents av th' bottle down th' drain, except wan small tumblerful, which OI drank.

OI thim removed th' cork from another bottle, an' emplied th' contents down th' drain, except a small tumblerful, which OI also drank.

OI thim removed another bottle from th' cork, an' emplied th' drain down th' drain, except a small tumblerful, which OI drank.

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Boy Scout Notes

The 1st Acton Troop went on a hike last Saturday. The boys had better luck with the weather this time, and did not have their spirits "dampened" as on the former hike. The Crow Patrol turned up with every member present, and walked about with crow-like dignity, while the other "birds" brooded over the missing members of their flock. A ball game had just reached the peak of excitement (one team having 16 runs and the other side finally in a position to score) when Bev Arnold took a mighty swing at the ball and fell heavily to the ground. The boys dashed in from the field and huddled around the scene of the accident. The first aid kit was hurriedly rushed in. The Scoutmaster examined the break and asked for suggestions. The boys thought they had better buy the Wolf Cubs a new bat.

Jack and Dick VanGosen passed the 2nd Class signifying test.

Gerdon Billon received his scarf and was officially received into the Troop. During the summer months the Troop will meet on Friday nights.

JUNKET RECIPES

The following recipes are taken from the publication, "Milk Dealers," issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture:

Junket, the simplest of the milk desserts, is made by coagulating lukewarm milk with rennet and adding the desired sweetening and flavoring. Rennet or junket, as it is commonly called, is sold in both tablet and powder form, the latter containing sugar, flavoring, and coloring in addition to the rennet. Junket is delicious served with crushed fruits or with whipped cream.

JUNKET NO. 1

1 Junket tablet
1 tablespoon cold water
2 or 3 tablespoons sugar
pinch of salt
1 quart milk
1 teaspoon vanilla or other flavoring—coloring if desired

Crush tablet and dissolve in cold water. Add sugar and salt to milk and heat to lukewarm. Remove from heat and add tablet and flavoring. Pour into dessert dishes and let stand at room temperature for 20 minutes. Then chill.

JUNKET NO. 2

1 package Junket powder
1 quart milk
Heat milk to lukewarm. Remove from heat. Stir in Junket powder. Pour into dessert dishes and let stand at room temperature for 20 minutes. Then chill.

CARAMEL JUNKET

Follow recipe for Junket No. 1, omitting sugar and adding one-quarter cup caramel syrup. Caramel syrup may be made with one cup of sugar and one cup of water. Melt sugar in heavy saucepan, or frying pan, and when the sugar turns a light brown color add boiling water. Cook for 10 minutes, until mixture is slightly thickened.

SOME EXPERIENCE

A motor car had just knocked down a man, fortunately without injuring him. The young woman driver faced him determinedly.

"I am sorry it happened," she said. "You should take more care when you are walking. I am an experienced driver. I have been driving a car for seven years."

"Well," replied the victim, "I'm not a novice myself. I've been walking for fifty-seven years."

WHAT WERE THEY?

Mary: "If you please, ma'am, the cats had chickens."
Mistress: "Nonsense, Mary; you mean kittens."
Mary: "Was them chickens or kittens you brought home this morning?"
Mistress: "Chickens, of course."

Mary: "Well, mum, them's what the cat's had."

TWO NECESSITIES

"My boy," said the magnate to his son, "there are two things that are vitally necessary if you are to succeed in business."

"What are they, dad?"
"Honesty and sagacity."
"Is honesty necessary?"

"Always—no matter what happens, or how adversely it may affect you—always keep your word once you have given it."
"Is sagacity necessary?"

"Never give it."

We do not commonly find men of superior sense amongst those of the highest fortune.—Juvenal.

Watch the Window for Special Prices on MEATS

For the Week-end
LARD 14c lb. — 2 for 28c
Creamery Butter ..... 25c lb
2 lbs. Large Sausage ..... 25c
Clark's Tomato Soup 8c an 2 for 15c

S. FISK MEAT MARKET, ACTON

ROYAL THEATRE Guelph

Now 'Til Friday
"THE Mark OF THE Vampire"
LIONEL BARRYMORE
BELA (Dracula) LUGOSI
Sat. - Mon. Tues.
WILL ROGERS
IN HIS LATEST DOUBTING THOMAS

COMING NEXT WEDNESDAY, My Heart is Calling

A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL MUSICAL ROMANCE

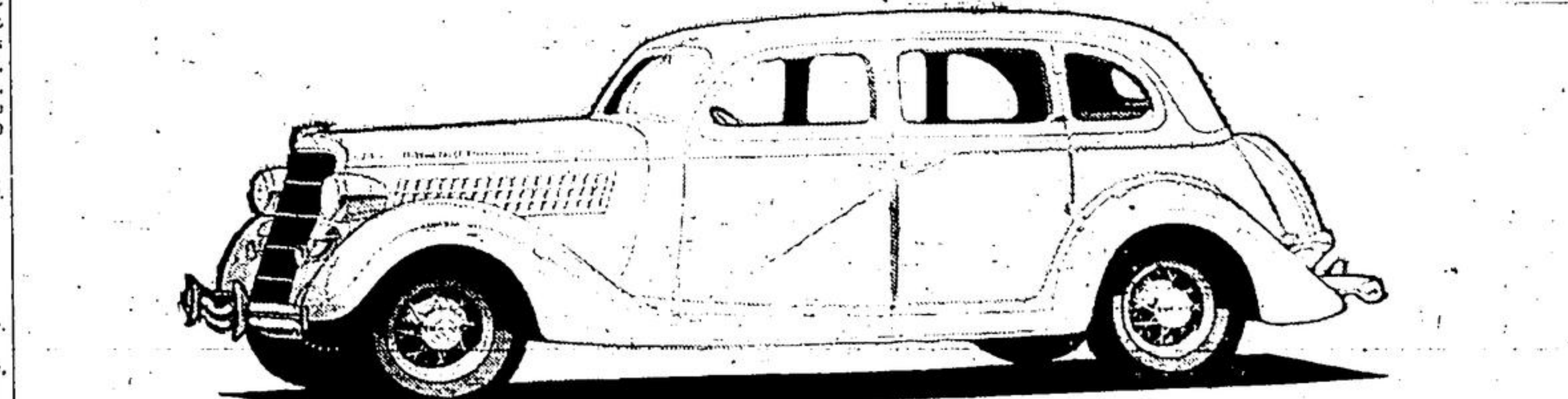
Daily at 2.15 - 7.15 - 9.15
Saturday 2 to 11
ALWAYS A COMPLETE SHOW AFTER 9.15 P. M.

Specials for this Week

- ANKLE SOCKS
Full range of sizes, colors, patterns, pair... 15c
Milk Chocolate Buds Special per 1/2 pound 10c
Fresh Salted Peanuts per lb. 15c
STRAW HATS—Men's, Boy's and Ladies' 15c
Men's Fancy Cotton Hose per pair 15c
MOSQUITO NETTING 10c
3 Yards for 25c
Ladies' White Puruses at 49c, 98c
Ladies' Fancy Vests, Dresses, organically trimmed, sizes 16 to 44, at each 98c
Kiddies' Broadcloth Overall, each 25c
3 in 1 White Liquid Shoe Dressing, for 15c
PLY COILS ..... 3 for 5c
Fly Spray, bottle ..... 20c
PLY SWATS, each ..... 10c
Huron Toilet Paper, roll ..... 5c 3 for 15c
Réxolium Mats, assorted patterns, each ..... 15c
Bathing Caps .... 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c
PAINT AND WALLPAPER DEPARTMENT
15% Discount on Room Lots of any Wallpaper.
In Room Lots we offer our complete range of papers at regular 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c and 50c roll at special, per roll .... 20c
House Paint, Floor Paints, Varnish Stain — A Real Special
Quarts, regular 60c, for ..... 50c
Pints, regular 30c, for ..... 35c
Half Pint, regular 25c, for ..... 15c
SILK HOSE
Lady Beth full fashioned pure Chiffon Hosiery. Latest shades. Regular \$1.00 value ..... 69c per pair

Hinton's 5c to \$1 Store

The NEW FORD V-8 FEATURES "A FRONT-SEAT RIDE" for Back-Seat Riders



The result of Ford pioneering. Three engineering principles have been combined: (1) more flexible springs of the time-proved transverse type, set farther apart, provide longer base for spring action; (2) weight of both car and passengers has been more evenly distributed over all four wheels; (3) all seats have been moved forward. Back-seat passengers now ride in front of the rear axle instead of over it.
Also New Brakes • "Easy-Action" Clutch • New Body Lines • New Ford-draft Crankcase Ventilation • Ford V-8 Performance.
Try the ride yourself... take out our demonstrator—drive the finest Ford ever built.
NORTON MOTORS
PHONE 69 ACTON, ONTARIO