

NO WONDER!

Tinkle, tinkle, here and there in the pleasant sun and air, Hossy cows go wandering, with their tinkling bells that ring.

In the meadows they eat up many a fellow buttercup. On the hills they climb and eat all the grass about their feet.

Tinkle, tinkle, home they come. Somebodies about them hum: 'Tis no wonder, do you think, that their milk is good to drink?'

-H. C. Crew.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the issue of The Free Press of Thursday, July 22nd, 1915

The mercury got up as high as 82 degrees on Friday.

W. Sayers brought THE FREE PRESS samples of timothy which measured 5 feet 6 1/2 inches in length.

The entrance examinations at four centres of the County resulted as follows: Acton, candidates, 33; passed 27; Georgetown, candidates, 34; passed 24; Milton, candidates, 69; passed 44; Oakville, candidates, 63; passed 35.

Three rinks of Streetville bowlers played a scheduled game on Acton green last Friday. The visitors won the match by one point.

Berry picking excursions are now much in vogue. The wild raspberry crop is plentiful.

Mr. George Hardy of Remonding Township, has purchased a hundred acre farm from Mr. D. H. Storey in Nassaragweya Township.

A former Acton young lady writes an interesting overseas letter to a friend here, which is published. Miss Anna M. Oram, one of the Canadian nurses recently proceeded from England to one of the base hospitals in France.

BORN

FISHER—In Erin, on Saturday, July 17th, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fisher, a son.

MCDONALD—In Lamehouse, on Wednesday, July 17th, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. Angus McDonald, a son.

DIED

KING—At Moffat, Nassaragweya Township, on Thursday, July 15th, 1915, Benjamin King in his 74th year.

Cuts and Bruises Disappear.—When suffering from cuts, scratches, bruises, sprains, sore throat or chest and any similar ailment, use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Its healing power is well-known in every section of the community. A bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil should be in every medicine chest, ready for the emergencies that may always be anticipated.

AND NOW FOR THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS

Now that the schools have closed for the summer holidays, and books give place to bathing, boating and what not, no one would deny the youngsters all possible joy in the two months' recess. But so often a pleasant summer outing is marred by a severe accident or fatality that surely a word of caution is not amiss. Better be careful than be sorry. Read and act on these safety hints and thus make your holiday a more pleasant one than it might otherwise be:

Drowning and aquatic accidents exceed the traffic hazards in the months of July and August every year. Be careful and insist on others being careful and so help to break this record. Follow these rules:

Everyone should know how to swim.

Everyone should know how to rescue a drowning person.

Everyone should learn the Prono Pressure Method of Resuscitation.

Never dive in unknown, shallow or rocky waters. A deep dive even in clear water is dangerous.

Always wait two hours after eating before going into the water.

Avoid drinking any cold beverage before going in swimming.

If afflicted with heart trouble—do not go in swimming.

Avoid swimming alone in unfrequented waters, or at night.

Avoid teasing inexperienced swimmers. Teach them to stay in shallow water, to beware of hidden holes, sudden drops, heavy breakers and undertows. Be helpful.

Even a good swimmer should avoid taking foolhardy chances in the water.

Children— even good swimmers— should not be allowed to swim alone; particularly where there is high surf or danger of an undertow. Save the children.

ON YOUR WAY

You are on your way somewhere. It might be very pleasant if you could just stop at any place in life where you lived the scenery, but that is not the way matters are arranged. You are on your way to a prosperous, happy, respected maturity, or to one of failure and misery. You are on your way to friendships that will enrich life, or to those intimacies which will strip you of all that is worth having, and drop you when there is nothing more to give. You are on your way to a strong, vitalizing faith in God and the self-controlled, aspiring life that is the outgrowth of such a faith, or to doubt, despair, and moral collapse which is the fruit of doubt. You are on your way. What is the goal at which you hope to arrive?

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

One morning young Son came into my room with a very doleful face and immediately proceeded to air his troubles.

"Say, Mum, do you think you could mend my pants?"

"I expect I can—what's the matter with them?"

"I don't really know—I've mended them three times but they always break open again!"

The pants were produced, and were very soon mended—of course all they needed was a patch underneath to reinforce the seam.

It was funny, but it was pathetic, too—at least it was to me, because I thought how hard it must be for little boys who are suddenly bereft of their mothers. Pat, of course, might have asked his sister to fix his pants, but it was mother he was used to bringing things to, and without her I suppose he thought the only course open to him was to do things for himself. That, of course, didn't hurt him at all in fact I am beginning to think that it may be a blessing in disguise for children when the mother of a home is temporarily removed.

I suppose nine out of ten mothers are like mine. They shoulder too much of the responsibility of the family as a whole.

For instance, Alex, will always go to mother to fix his tie because she can do it so much better than he; and Beattie would much rather mother ironed her dresses than do them herself.

And mother, for all she knows Alex can fix his tie quite nicely and that Beattie would iron her dresses much better with practice, yet uncomplainingly does these small jobs for her children because—oh well, just because she's mother, I suppose. I cannot think of any better reason.

Mother is always quite happy in doing these little chores but the children are gradually robbed of their share of responsibility—and it isn't good for them!

Another thing—a mother is accepted at her own valuation by her children. If she looks for consideration and help from her boys and girls, she gets it. If she prefers to wait on them hand and foot, they let her!

It is easy to write like that, you will say, but how about living up to it? Yes, it is easy to write and not so easy to live up to—I know from experience, because I realize now wherein I have failed!

Illness is a great revealer of one's own sins of omission and commission—mostly I think of omission. The things we have done, either wrongly or rightly, seem of less importance as the years go by, but the things we haven't done come to haunt us like spectres in those retrospective days of convalescence.

Good gracious, whoever would have thought such serious thoughts could evolve from the mere patching of a pair of pants!

It is becoming quite a task these days to get "Ginger Farm" done at all. You would wonder why, wouldn't you, with nothing to do but stay in bed? But you see it's this way. For about three days I wonder what I am going to write about, although in the mornings I am always busy—looking after my room, supervising the dinner, reading the mail and paper and so on. After dinner, on the fourth day, I get out my pen and paper and my very best intentions, and start right in. After about a page is done one of two things generally happens, either a visitor drops in, or else I read what I have written, exclaim, "Oh, the dickens, that's no good!" and tear the page up into little bits. The next day, of course, I have to start all over again, with often the same result. And all because I'm so tired of being cooped up in the house!

But to-day I did get one step further along the road to recovery—I was allowed to have a cot outside in the garden.

Of course Partner came along with blankets and tucked me up and improvised a screen to keep the wind away until I wondered if I were outside at all. But after a while I was left alone, the birds got used to my presence, found I was quite harmless and they fearlessly hopped about from tree to tree. Presently came two little chipping sparrows and I was able to see them much closer than I ever had before. Their little "chip, chip" is so different from the house sparrow's chirp-up.

When I was in hospital I used to love to listen to the birds—there was a bush quite near, so there were plenty of squirrels and birds in the hospital grounds. I nearly always wakened about three-thirty and stayed awake for quite a while and so I soon learnt to know the order in which the birds welcomed the dawn. The very first one to raise his voice was the barn yard rooster. After him came the robin. I couldn't see him, but he must have been quite close to my window, as if he were bringing a special message just for me, and in that first week when a new day was not the earliest thing to face, it was lovely to hear his cheery song, "Cheer-up, cheer-up." Perhaps he pecked at all the windows, and wherever he saw a wakeful patient, perhaps he sang—"Cheer-up," I hope he did.

The next bird I heard was a blue-jay, but only once did I see the flash of his blue wings. For a time there seemed to other birds at all. Then, as the dawn was breaking, came a regular chorus of sparrows, starlings, crows and squirrels

THE ZOO IN WINTER

It will come as a surprise to many people to learn that the zoo polar bears detest the cold. During the winter months they are probably the dirtiest animals in London. Nothing will induce them to take a bath when the temperature falls below 50 degrees; and if the water bears a coat of ice, they gingerly make a circuit of their tanks with their backs towards it, trying the ice with their enormous hind feet. In winter all the elephants are caked from head to foot. Though an elephant can be acclimatized to an English winter, its tough, non-repellent skin quickly cracks in cold weather, dirt and insects find their way into the fissures, cause endless discomfort. A few buckets of oil obviate this, and until the lubricant soaks in, give the animal the appearance of a gigantic bronze statue.

ONE MAN'S LAND

What is the world's biggest estate? The question is prompted by the news that the Zamoyki estate in Poland has been reduced by half, the family having handed over roughly fifty per cent. of the lands to the nation. Before this was done, the estate was 250,000 acres in extent. Even now it is bigger than any estate in Britain. But the largest estate in the world is not in Europe at all. You have to go to Australia if you want to see it. There you will find the holding of Sir Sidney Kidman, famous as the Australian cattle king. It is over 30,000 square miles in extent, larger than Ireland, Austria, Hungary, or Portugal.

—and thus a new day was born. Each morning I thought of that little poem of Carlyle's:

TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning Another blue day; Think will thou let it Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity

This new day is born; Into Eternity At night will return.

SASKATCHEWAN FISHERIES IMPROVE

Saskatchewan fisheries showed an improvement of 18 per cent. during 1934 compared with 1933. Fish landed by the commercial fishermen of the province had a marketed value of almost \$219,700, while in 1933 the catch was valued at slightly less than \$186,500. In the preceding 5-year period, 1928-1932, the annual marketed value averaged a trifle more than \$376,000. Saskatchewan's commercial fishing is carried on in the northern part of the province—in the Saskatchewan River and numerous lakes of various sizes, such as Lake Athabasca, Jackfish Lake, Turtle, Waterhen, and Peter Pond. Eight or ten different kinds of fish are taken in these waters but the whitefish is by far the most important. Out of the total 1934 catch of 4,087,000 pounds of all species, more than half, or 2,330,500 pounds, consisted of whitefish, and their marketed value was something over \$162,000. Next to whitefish in importance come trout, with landings in 1934 worth \$27,850, and then pickerel, pike, tullibee, and mullie. Other species entering into the commercial catch include sturgeon, ling, and gold-eye. A good deal of the Saskatchewan catch enters into local consumption but there are also shipments to points outside the province, including some export to the United States. Exportation of trout and whitefish to the United States from areas as far north as Lake Athabasca was an interesting development of few years ago.

Persian Rubies—the peerless aid to love-liness. Delightfully fragrant. Delicately to use. Leaves no stickiness. A little gentle rubbing and it is swiftly absorbed by the tissues. Tonic in effect. Soothes and dispels roughness and chafing. Keeps skin soft and velvet textured. Unrivalled for "chafing," "dittention" and "verrucae." Used by lovely women everywhere to preserve and enhance their natural beauty.

The vicar operate like 'age; bringing on, disease before its time, and in the prime of youth they leave the character broken and exhausted.—Junius.

NOT YET

They had just become engaged. "I shall love," she cooed, "to share all your troubles." "But, darling," he murmured, "I have none." "No," she agreed, "but I mean when we are married."

The Oil for the Athlete.—In rubbing down, the athlete will find Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil an excellent article. It renders the muscles and sinews pliable, takes the soreness out of them and strengthens them for strains that may be put upon them. It stands pre-eminent for this purpose, and athletes who for years, have been using it can testify to its value as a lubricant.

The character of each one of us and the fortunes of the world are entrusted to our higher nature; this is our way out of moral chaos and darkness.—Rev. Rufus Ellis.

The average winter's day begins with struggle, the struggle of beginning it at all.—Miss Constance L. Smith.

FOOT AILMENTS TREATED

Fees very reasonable for both Ladies and Gentlemen. Fifteen years experience. Miss Allan Registered Chiropodist 27 ARTHUR ST., GUELPH

TIME TABLES

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

AT ACTON Going East Daily, except Sunday 10:37 a.m. Daily, except Sunday 6:13 p.m. Sunday only 6:34 p.m.

The Chicago Flyer, that passes through here at 9:35 p.m., eastbound, stops at Georgetown at 9:44 p.m.

Going West Daily, except Sunday 8:58 a.m. Daily, except Sunday 1:33 p.m. Daily, except Sunday 7:50 p.m. Sunday only 11:19 p.m. STANDARD TIME

ARROW Night Coach! To KITCHENER \$ .75 To TORONTO \$ .95 To STRATFORD 1.40 To OSHAWA 1.80 To LONDON 2.45 To PETERBORO 4.30 To WINDSOR 5.45 To KINGSTON 5.45 To DETROIT 5.45 To OTTAWA 7.45 To CHICAGO 8.95 To MONTREAL 9.20 Leave ACTON at 11:35 p.m. Standard Time. Leave ACTON at 5:30 a.m. Standard Time. FREQUENT SERVICE DURING THE DAY Central Ontario Bus Lines Limited H. WILES — PHONE 58

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.—6:15 p.m.—8:15 p.m. 11:35 p.m. LEAVE EASTBOUND 8:30 a.m.—11:20 a.m.—11:50 a.m. 2:10 p.m.—4:10 p.m.—6:00 p.m. 9:00 p.m. ITINERARIES PLANNED TO ALL POINTS IN CANADA, UNITED STATES & MEXICO Consult Local Agent WILES' RESTAURANT Central Ontario Bus Lines TORONTO

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