

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1936

MY TASK

To love some one more dearly every day. To help a wandering child to find his way. To ponder o'er a noble thought, and pray. And smile when evening falls— This is my task.

To follow truth as blind men long for light. To do my best from dawn of day till night. To keep heart fit for His holy sight. This is my task.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, August 5th, 1915

Mrs. Thomas Scott has kindly favored The Free Press with the first bouquet of china vases this season.

Chief Scott and Secretary Dr. Cox are attending the convention of the Volunteer Firemen's Association of Ontario at Thorold.

Principal Stewart received a letter last week from a resident of British Columbia, who had heard of the success of Acton School, enquiring particulars as to entrance to the High School, as he wishes to send his son here.

Over 300 excursionists went to Guelph on Thursday for the annual Sunday School picnic of Knox Church, held at Riverside Park.

Pte. Fred Williams who home this week from Niagara Camp, to say goodbye to his friends here.

The brickwork of the fine new Ebenezer Methodist Church is nearing completion.

Roland Brownridge was the victim of a painful accident at Brampton, when the horse he was mounting swerved. In jumping to the ground he twisted his ankle and the horse kicked him, breaking a bone in the leg.

DIED

SINCLAIR—In Equestrian, on Thursday, July 27th, 1915, Jacob Sinclair, beloved wife of Gilbert Sinclair, aged 73 years.

AUGUST HOME SERIES AT MAPLE LEAF STADIUM PROMISES ACTION

The August home stand of the Toronto Baseball Club at the Maple Leaf Stadium on Fleet Street in Toronto will either make or break the Maple Leaf's chances of securing a berth in the International League play-off series that takes place immediately after the regular playing schedule.

Syracuse Chiefs, with an improved club, and a fine pitching staff, opened the August series with two games at the Fleet Street stadium on Civic Holiday afternoon, Monday, August 5th. A night game will be played with the Chiefs on Tuesday, August 6th. Single games are scheduled for Wednesday, August 7th, and another night contest on Thursday evening, August 8th.

Toronto and Baltimore staged a great series in Toronto during the July series, with the Leafs winning three out of four games. One of these games went down to a close finish under the floodlights before the Leafs were successful. Baltimore returns in August for a short three-game series packed into two days. The first contest with this pennant-contending crew from the State of Maryland will be a night contest on Friday, August 9th, with two games billed as a double-header on Saturday afternoon, August 10th.

Newark Bears follow Baltimore into the Maple Leaf Stadium, with single games scheduled on Monday, August 11th, Tuesday, August 13th, both night contests. Wednesday, August 14th, will most likely be a day game, with the series concluding under the floodlights on Thursday, August 15th.

The Bears are a much better club than their showing this past month when they ran into a disastrous losing streak. They have always given the Leafs plenty of trouble and this August series will be a battle royal as the Newark crew are keen to avenge the four straight victories claimed by Toronto in their mid-summer meeting.

A BREATHING SPACE

Immediately after breakfast, just sit still for a matter of ten minutes or so before plunging into the day's activities. This makes all the difference between being worn out and fresh at five o'clock in the afternoon. During the morning, don't say: "I haven't a moment to spare." Sit down and have a cup of tea or coffee at eleven o'clock. You will go on with your work with renewed vigor.

When travelling, if you can spare time, go into the refreshment room and have five minutes' rest and something to eat and drink. When shopping, don't tear from one shop to another without pausing, so that, at the end of the day, you are done up and ready only for bed. When reading a book, pause every now and then and think over what you have been reading. This will rest the eyes and make the book more enjoyable.

CHICKEN WINGS

At dinner Billy was served with the wing of a chicken. He struggled manfully with it for a little and then gave up.

"Mummy," he said, "please may I have another piece? This is all hinges."

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by Gwendoline P. Clarke

"Time was," when I first came home, that I thought it would be no joy to me to sit out in the garden, because it was not a bit like what I had planned and hoped it would be when I was working among the shrubs and perennials last year. And in the spring, week after week, I would think, "Maybe next week I shall be up and I can buy some bedding plants and put snapdragons, geraniums, too, for the little humming birds delight in the lovely perfume of the nicotine!"

But week after week went by and the bedding plants in the nurseries and stores were being sold and transplanted in their various permanent homes, while in my borders the weeds grew apace. With what time she had to spare, Daughter started weeding and transplanting and I can buy some bedding plants and put snapdragons, geraniums, too, for the little humming birds delight in the lovely perfume of the nicotine!

My first enlightenment was after sunset one lovely evening, when I heard Daughter calling, "Mother! Mother, come quickly, but don't make a noise!"

Quickly and quietly I went round to the front garden.

"Look!" cried Daughter, "a tiny humming bird."

"Oh no, my dear, that's not a humming bird—it's a night moth."

"No, it isn't—I've been watching it and I can see it's a hawk."

The little creature was fluttering round some phlox, and didn't mind our getting close to it at all. And sure enough, it was a bird, with a little body, not more than an inch long, and mostly brown in color. We provided a good meal for the mosquitoes while we watched the humming bird, until at last it flew away and was lost among the alfalfa bloom.

The next afternoon I had my chair under the trees and in front of me was a wild honeysuckle bush, with its bright orange color berries, with its bright and airy leaves. I noticed quite a chatter in the trees around me, but did not pay much attention to it until, to my surprise, four birds, with tufted heads, flew down to the honeysuckle bush. I almost held my breath for fear they would fly away again, because, as I watched them closer, I could see they were cedar wax-wings, a bird not very often seen at close quarters. I had the glasses with me and was amazed to find the waxwing can make his tufted poll move up and down as easily as a human can move his ears. One minute he had a look as if he were a sparrow, and the next he was a waxwing. Since then I have watched for them every afternoon, and not once have I been disappointed. They do not usually appear until after three o'clock—presumably birds take an afternoon nap—but any time after three I would hear their funny little call—ts—ts—on every side, and they fly about from tree to tree as if waiting to make sure that all their brothers and sisters, husbands and wives are assembled and ready to take part in the feast. And then, all at once, anywhere from four to a dozen birds will swoop down to the honeysuckle at exactly the same spot as if they were all determined to capture one particular berry. They are very interesting to watch and I notice their tuft goes up when they appear to be listening, and down when they are busy feeding. About six o'clock, whoever is responsible for this "pink tea" in the waxwing community, begins to round up his members. He flies to the topmost branch of the highest tree, and from this vantage point sends out one clear call after another until away over the field the birds come hurrying—swooping and circling in their flight, and then fit backwards and forwards from one nearby tree to another, but always within sight and sound of the master of ceremonies.

One afternoon there appeared a counter-attraction to the waxwings, in the form of a green and blue humming bird, and I didn't know which one I wanted to look at most. Another time, there came a bright green humming bird—much larger than the others I had seen, in fact, it looked more like a young love bird. This little thing was very fond of perching on trees. After fluttering around for quite a long time in front of the flowers, it would fly away and perch on the very end of an apple-tree bough, where not one in a hundred would ever notice it, because its plumage blended in perfectly with the foliage of the apple tree.

Another thing I can see from my garden is most glorious sunset—all kinds of animals. Sometimes quiet, peaceful acts in the "loveliest" pastime, seem just the kind of sunset to illustrate Browning's lines— "Now the quiet colored end of evening smiles— Miles and miles."

I like that line, don't you? I like to think of the sun going down smiling good-night.

"Then we have the stormy sunset—dark clouds rolling up with an angry,

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY

When choosing games for the party it is wise to remember that children love what is familiar to them. If the children insist on old games, the hostess should not introduce new ones unless they are likely to be popular and easily understood.

"Goodies" that are liable to upset the digestion of the little ones are best avoided, as the party cannot be considered a success if it is attended by ill effects. Cakes made by the hostess herself should predominate.

Furniture that is liable to cause accidents during games should be removed from the room in which the games are to be played. Bolsterous games should be avoided just before the party is due to break up, as these tend to chill the children when they get into the cooler atmosphere.

PROGRESSIVE

He: "Why do you call me 'Mlgrim'?" She: "Because every time you call you make a little progress."

What never stops to eat, or drink; never goes to bed, or sleeps; never rests, and yet is never tired; is too fast for some, and too slow for others? Time.

reddening sky going threateningly to bed like a huge apple with core and somehow we think of Shelley's "Clouds": "Sublime on the lovers of my sky bowers,

Lightning, my pilot, sit, In a cavern under is fettered the thunder.

It struggles and howls at fits . . . So you see now, don't you, that I really have got a beautiful garden? Nothing can take away the glorious view, the sweet-scented air or ban the lovely little birds that are so interesting to watch. Isn't it strange that some of the things that give the greatest pleasure we can never possess? Somewhere I have read this splendid advice, given in just a few words— "If the outlook isn't good, try the outlook!"

SLATS DIARY

By ROSS MARGUET

Friday—Rance Peit says he doesn't believe in Roman's any more because he went over to see his girl last week 1'nite and felt sure he was going to Win her hand but instead of winning her Hand he got her ole mans ft.

Saturday—Well Jake says this ole Slack is all the bunk tucus this after noon when we was out across the creek playing on Mr. Fidges hay stack Jake found a needle, he set on it.

Sunday—Eb Neff was a looking at the Callender today and he sed it cum out just like he Xpected. Labor Day cum; on Monday agen this yr. he sed he noticed it a 1000 times and it all ways cum on Monday.

Monday—Carrie Platz told ma today she was going to celebrate her twenty 9th birthday tomorra. Pa says if she keeps on getting young like that the nose paper where he wicks at is a going to half to print a peace about her Criszening.

Tuesday—Fanny Prullt witch does the warding for ma told Ant Emmy today that she thot metby she was a going to get a propoale of Marraygo before long becuz her boy friend went & Blacked her eye last nite while he was calling on her. I wonder why the because of it.

Wednesday—Pa went to the restaurant for dinner today and eat a hole of Mock Turtle soup and Ant Emmy sat him how did he like it and Pa replied and answered that he eudent see that it was emny better than Jenune Turtle soup.

Thursday—Clem Neff tried to borrow a 10 \$ Bill from pa today and pa sed. It seems funny that a man who has 2 ears wood be so hard up and Clem sed. Well if you ever have 2 ears you will no what it is to be rilly hard up.

Remove all callouses and enlarge nostrils from your stock with Egyptian Liniment, a wonderful remedy.

WELL NAMED

Teacher: "Harry, can you tell me what classical music is?" Harry: "Yes, ma'am. It's any kind a feller can't whistle."

TOOLS NECESSARY

Gentleman: "Can you go into any business more profitable than begging?" Beggar: "Well, sir, I'd like to open a bank, but I haven't got the tools."

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

He: "You are always wishing for what you haven't got." She: "Well, what else can one wish for?"

THE REASON

Neighbor: "Why did you send your son to the Air Force?" Father: "Because he was no earthly good."

ARROW Night Coach!

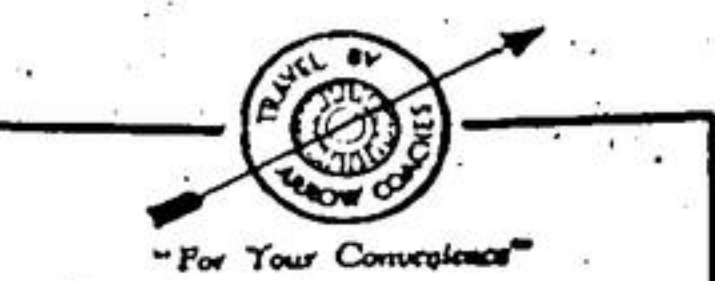
Table with fare information for various routes including Kitchener, Stratford, London, Windsor, Detroit, Chicago, Toronto, Oshawa, Peterboro, Kingston, Ottawa, and Montreal.

FREQUENT SERVICE DURING THE DAY Central Ontario Bus Lines Limited H. WILES - PHONE 58

TIME TABLES

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Table with train schedules for Acton, including Going East and Going West routes with times and destinations.



ARROW BUS SCHEDULE

Table with bus schedule information for Arrow Bus Lines, including effective dates, routes, and contact information.

W. T. PATTERSON R. O. Specialist in Eye Examination Orthoptic Treatment Prescription 108 Wyndham St. - Next to Loblaw's PHONE 2108 Quality - Accuracy - Service

Savage & Co.

- List of items: WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CHINA, GLASSWARE, WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RINGS

GUELPH, ONTARIO 21 Wyndham St.

Don't Be Sold Advertising Buy It!

Beware of "Clever Advertising," and free circulation mediums were two of the points made by Morgan Eastman, Vice-President, McConnell, Baxter & Eastman Ltd., Toronto, at the Rogers-Majestic National Convention of Retail Radio Dealers recently.

"When you advertise you are not desirous of securing praise for the advertising itself, but orders for the merchandise you advertise," said the speaker. "Eliminate cleverness and instill sincerity into your advertising by the use of simple, straight-forward language. Don't smirk and don't strain for dignity. The purpose of advertising is identical with that of selling, and you are perfectly entitled to demand sales results from your advertising. Criticize your own advertising, and the advertising we do for you, but criticize intelligently. Does the copy incorporate the real sales argument—does the headline arrest attention—does the artwork make the merchandise more desirable—is the layout legible and does it tell its message in natural sequence?"

"Be persistent in your advertising—few salesmen make a sale on their first call. Repetition and reiteration are two essentials in all advertising. You must call again and again until you strike the opportune time when the prospect is ready to buy."

"Don't be 'sold' advertising—buy it. Don't have yourself placed on a sucker list for every special edition, every program, every hither and your publication that some fly-by-night promoter gets you to underwrite. A publication with free circulation may safely be said to have no real value as an advertising medium. Your message must be placed in a medium that carries reader interest which will bring your message to the attention of the reader. If I were in your place, spending my own money, I would most certainly invest the entire budget in two forms of advertising—only—window displays and your local newspaper. And I would appropriate sufficient money to do a real advertising job. Advertising properly applied won't cost you one cent because it must lower your selling costs and your fixed overhead more than enough to absorb the money you invest in advertising. Your non-advertising competitor pays in less volume, increased selling costs, increased cost of overhead in relation to sales, and loss of profit."

Keep a COOL KITCHEN



WHAT could be simpler on a hot morning than getting a breakfast of Kellogg's Corn Flakes? Cool. Crisp. Delicious. Ready in an instant. Everybody loves Kellogg's. And they're a perfect food for hot days—breakfast, lunch or supper. Light, nourishing, easy to digest.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the world's largest-selling ready-to-eat cereal. Made extra-crisp by an exclusive Kellogg process, and kept oven-fresh and flavor-perfect by the patented heat-sealed WAXTITE inner bag. Insist on Kellogg's for genuine value. Quality guaranteed. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Kellogg's for COMFORT



OVEN-FRESH FLAVOR-PERFECT

Advertisement for 'READ' magazine featuring an illustration of a man reading and text describing the magazine's benefits.

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