

MARRIED FOR LOVE

"Yes, Jack Brown was a splendid fellow, but married for love, you know; I remember the girl very well— Sweet little Kitty Duffau. Pretty, and loving, and good. And bright as a fairy elf, I was very much tempted, indeed, To marry little Kitty myself. "But her friends were all of them poor, And Kitty had not a cent; And I knew I never could be With "love in a cottage" content. So Jack was the lucky wooer, Or unlucky—anyway You can see how shabby his coat, And his hair is turning gray. "But I'm told he thinks himself rich, With Kitty and homely joys A cut far away out of town. Full of noisy girls and boys. Poor Jack I'm sorry, and all that, But of course he very well knew That fellows who marry for love Must drink of the liquor they brew." And the handsome Augustus smiled. His coat was in perfect style, And women still spoke of his grace, And gave him the sweetest smile. But he thought that night of Jack Brown. "And said: "I am growing old; I think I must really marry Some beautiful girl with gold." Years passed, and the bachelor grew Tiresome, and stupid, and old; He had not been able to find The beautiful girl with gold. Alone with his riches he dwelt, Alone in the crowded town, Till one day he suddenly met, The friend of his youth, Jack Brown. "Why, Gus?" "Why, Jack!" what a meeting! Jack was so happy and gay; The bachelor sighed for content As he followed his friend away To the cot far out of town. Set deep in his orchard trees, Scented with lilacs and roses, Cooled with the ocean breeze. "Why, Jack, what a beautiful place! What did it cost?" "Oh, it grew. There were only three rooms at first. Then soon the three were too few, So we added a room and then; And off in the evening hours, Kitty, children and I, Planted the trees and the flowers. "And they grew as the children grow, (Jack, Harry, and Grace and Belle); "And where are the youngsters now?" "All happy and doing well. Jack went to Spain for our house— His road is level and clear— And Harry's a lawyer in town, Making three thousand a year. "And Grace and Belle are well married— They married for love, as it best; But often our birds come back To visit the dear home nest. So my sweet wife Kitty and I From labor and care many cease; We have enough, and age can bring Nothing but love and peace." But over and over again The bachelor thought that night, "Home, and wife and children! Jack Brown was, after all, right. Oh! if in the days of my youth I had honestly loved and wed! For now I'm old and there's no one care, Whether I'm living or dead."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, April 26th, 1916
Miss Robertson, of Cloverdale Farm, Nussagaweya, very kindly favored The Free Press with a generous sample of prime maple syrup the other day. A strike of the tannery carpenters took place on Tuesday. A conference was held and an amicable settlement arrived at. Toronto University reports an enrollment of 51 students from Halton County. There are 3910 students at Varsity. Knox Young People's Guild held a very enjoyable concert on Tuesday, when Mr. Edwood Oakes, baritone, of Quaslo, and Miss Gladys Warriner, of Toronto, pianist, gave some very fine numbers. On Tuesday, Mr. Thos. Hurd received the sad message that Gunner Roy Hurd was officially reported killed in action, on April 16th. Corp. Hurd enlisted last June and went to England at Christmas time and was sent to France about the first of March. A memorial service will be held in the Methodist Church on Good Friday morning. A number of Austrians came to Acton from Bracebridge to work in the tanneries, but were not received with very kindly feelings. Several hundred citizens proceeded to the Crescent, where the Austrians were quartered, and demanded they leave town within twenty-four hours. Windows were smashed at the store of Mrs. Simkalo, but no serious outrages were committed. BORN ANDERSON—In Nussagaweya, on Wednesday April 15th, 1916, to Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Anderson, a daughter. DIED NIXON—In Ningsa, Man., on Sunday, April 2nd, 1916, Rebecca Arthurs, widow of the late John Nixon, in her 79th year.

WORLD'S LARGEST SOURCE OF IRIIDIUM IS NEW ZEALAND

When it comes to precious metals Iridium is in a class by itself; it is more than double the value of gold and a few years ago sold up to approximately \$350 per ounce. Iridium is obtained from Australia, and Tasmania, New Zealand, is the world's greatest source of supply, according to the Industrial Department of the Canadian National Railways. Only in the most inaccessible gorges of Tasmania is it to be found and its average composition is made up of 40 per cent. Iridium, 16 per cent. osmium, 10 per cent. of other platinum elements and the remainder consists of iron, sulphur and gold. The mineral, although rare, is widely distributed through river silt and difficult to locate in paying quantities. Iridium, among other things, is used for pointing nibs of fountain pens due to its hardness and non-corrosive qualities.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for Acton Free Press GWENDOLINE F. CLARE

If only I had had enough ambition this last week I believe I could have composed quite a good song called "Waiting for the Sunshine." I don't know whether it would have been tragic, pathetic or mournful, but it would have been perfectly obvious that the author was absolutely fed up with waiting for the sunshine. As a protest against the late spring I have a few twigs off most of the shrubs in a vase in the house, and now the forsythia is in full bloom, the lilac has lovely pale green leaves and the flowering almond is just coming into leaf. It is two weeks since I picked these twigs and how glad I am I thought of it, because now we can at least have a touch of spring in the house, whatever it may be outside. However, the promise of better times to come is at least visible in the garden. The tulips that I was so afraid were planted too deep are coming along nicely and there are lots of daffodil buds showing already, although the leaves are only about three inches above the ground. The weather has not been conducive to working outside but one thing I have managed to do is pull my rockery to pieces. To call it a "rockery" is paying it a compliment. To tell you the truth it wasn't a rockery, it was a failure. I knew nothing at all about building rock gardens—what I did, I did by the light of nature—and I guess the light wasn't very strong! The rockery was in one corner and I made it round—the rockery I mean, not the corner—leaving grassy spaces here and there where I found grass couldn't be cut, but where weeds could grow and multiply. Now I am rebuilding the rockery and this time it will take up the whole corner, so that it may be weeded and kept clean as far as my energy and enthusiasm permit. I don't know any more about rock gardens than I did before and I haven't any plants and don't know what to get, but I do know that if I can only make a success of it I shall have made a beauty spot out of an ugly corner. One thing that annoys me is having to ask for help so often. I do like to do things myself—it saves so much argument. Partner—like any other man I ever knew—has to have it explained to him why I want this and that and done and taught at me—which of course doesn't worry me at all—I am getting pretty hard boiled after nearly eighteen years of it. But I do wish rocks were not so heavy and that the axe wouldn't slip round in my hand wherever I try to use it. If I want a bit of brush cut down or the lower limbs taken off a tree it is a nuisance to have to explain my rather involved ideas of landscape gardening. Let me see, apart from adventuring in the garden, what else has happened this week? Oh yes, I know—I thought there was something I should remember. I have had a birthday. The children gave me a cream and sugar set and some Easter eggs and Partner gave me Nellie McClung's new book—"Clearing in the West." At least it is on order and I expect it here to-morrow. There isn't anything that could give me greater pleasure as I have wanted to read this book ever since it was published. There are some books that one would rather own than borrow from a library and from what I have heard of it I am sure this book of Mrs. McClung's is one of them. I already have Ethel Chapman's new book so I shall feel I have two literary treasures. Now let me tell you some of my indoor adventures. One thing I did was to wash Partner a shirt. Of course you think that is nothing out of the ordinary but that is because you haven't seen the shirt. It was made of greenish flannel, heavy and rather hard to wash up to make the job easier I tried putting washing soda in the water and left the shirt to soak while I went on with the next job. Next time I looked at it the green shirt was gone. In its place was one of a muddy, pinkish hue, with a green patch showing wherever a bit of shirt had stuck up out of the water. So now Partner is wearing a mottled shirt and after all, why not? Surely a mottled pattern is just as good as checks or stripes? It is a mistake to be so conservative that one is scared to wear something different from anyone else. Another adventure happened one day

when I was preparing dinner. We are short of potatoes and so I debated whether I would cook any on this day or go without. In the end I decided to have them but after cooking and mashing the potatoes I upset them all over the kitchen floor. It was Mitchie and Patch who had potatoes for dinner—not Partner and me. Now in case you should think me absolutely goofy, let me tell how really smart I am! I have taken to doing detective work when only half awake. It was this way, in the wee sma' hours, Mitchie jumped on the bed, and I thought, "Oh! bother the cat, didn't Partner put you out and have I got to get up and do it now?" I could hear it was raining and I remembered the window was open and without any screen, so I thought if Mitchie's coat is wet he's never been out. So I sleepily put out my hand and stroked Mitchie and his coat was wet! With a sigh of relief I turned over and went to sleep again and it wasn't until the morning I realised I had actually done a Sherlock Holmes' act.

OR SOMETHING The midday whistle had blown when Murphy shouted, "Has anyone seen me yet?" "Sure, Murphy, said Pat, "and ye've got it on." "Right and I have," replied Murphy, gazing solemnly at his bosom, "and it's a good thing ye seen it or I'd have gone home without it."

THE CANNA SCOTCH A Scoteman had to send an urgent telegram, and not wishing to spend more money than necessary wrote like this: "Bruises hurt erased afford erected analysis hurt too infectious dead." (Ten words.) The Scoteman who received it immediately decided it as: "Bruise is hurt. He roused a Ford. He wrecked it, and Alice is hurt, too. In fact, she's dead." (Nineteen words.)

SLATS DIARY BY OLIVER N. WARRLEN

Sunday: I & Pug Stephens was out in are back yd. this a. m. & was havin are rooster & Pug's Pa's rooster in a file & Ma went it & L. J. Pa & sed it was a awful brutle xablinn and a lotta etc. I thot Pa was a goin to take it up severely with me but he listened clost & sed witch whipped. Ma seemed regusted. Monday: They're a joak on Jane & am I glad. She run her Pa's otta over & kill a cat & when she sed to the old thought. "Oh! bother the cat, didn't Partner put you out and have I got to get up and do it now?" I could hear it was raining and I remembered the window was open and without any screen, so I thought if Mitchie's coat is wet he's never been out. So I sleepily put out my hand and stroked Mitchie and his coat was wet! With a sigh of relief I turned over and went to sleep again and it wasn't until the morning I realised I had actually done a Sherlock Holmes' act. Tuesday: The teacher seems to have a dents of youmer. Jake sat her how long can any I live without no braces & she replike & sed 9 yrs. Judging by yours case. I dont think Jake seen the pt. Wednesday: Bilaters gets away with a lotta cheep stuff. Aro-claus was to rite a essay on milk & all but him rote a lot they knode. He rote only 3 lines and got by when he sed it was about contented milk. Thursday: Got even with Jane for a lot of her wase crad. She was telen some other dames her Pa sed she k a wit- & I spoke up & sed hese 1/2 rite too Jane. Jane wassent so pleased when the girls al gigged. Friday—All the class was to pair a fraize some well knowed cotahen & I bung in "Laf & the world laffs with U—weep & yure a cry bable." The teacher sed Yme the greatest pair a fraizer she ever knode. Saturday: Mister & Mistree Schmitz has a very high bid for three girl bable & when Mistree Oederhaus ast Mrs. Schmitz why so replike & sed so as we can here the littel darlint when she falls out of her bed.

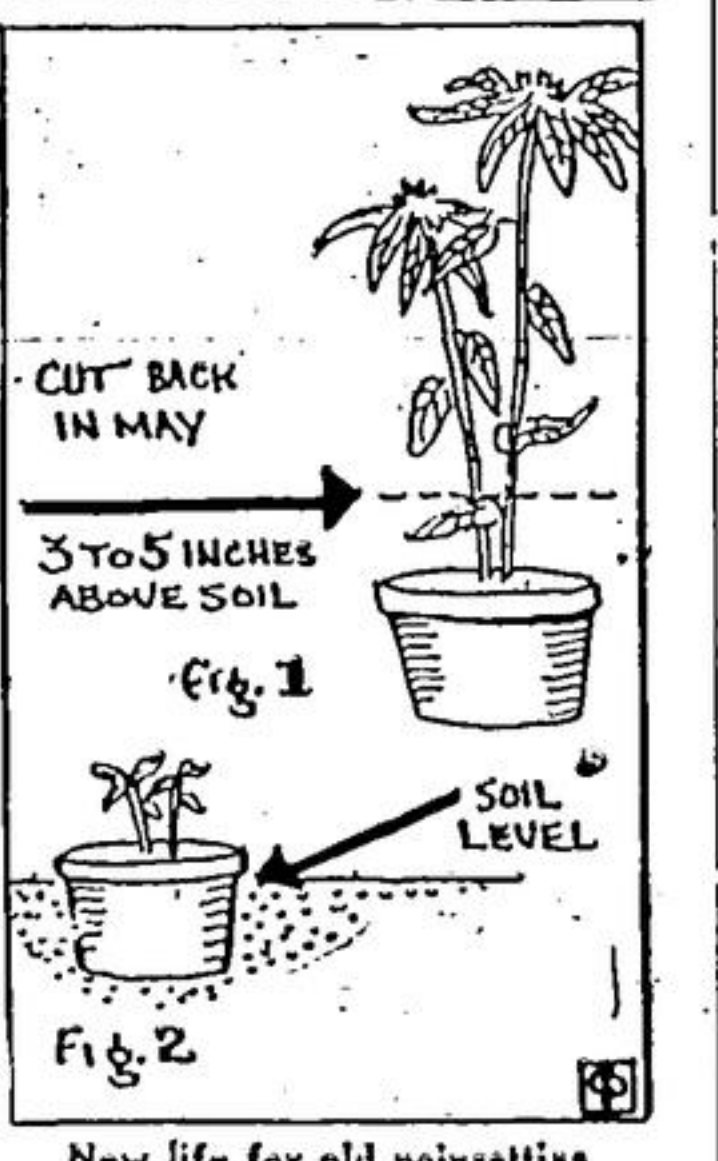
SOME SPEED Drummer: "Yes, old fellow, I'm the fastest man in the world." Violinist: "How come?" Drummer: "Times flies, doesn't it? Well, I beat time."



"I'm your Telephone, the best little runner of errands you ever saw. "When it's raining or snowing, or the children need attention, or anything else keeps you indoors, I'll save you time and discomfort. I'll do your shopping and your messages quickly, without any fuss or bother. "And what's more, my fee for continuous 24-hour service is surprisingly small; only a few cents a day."

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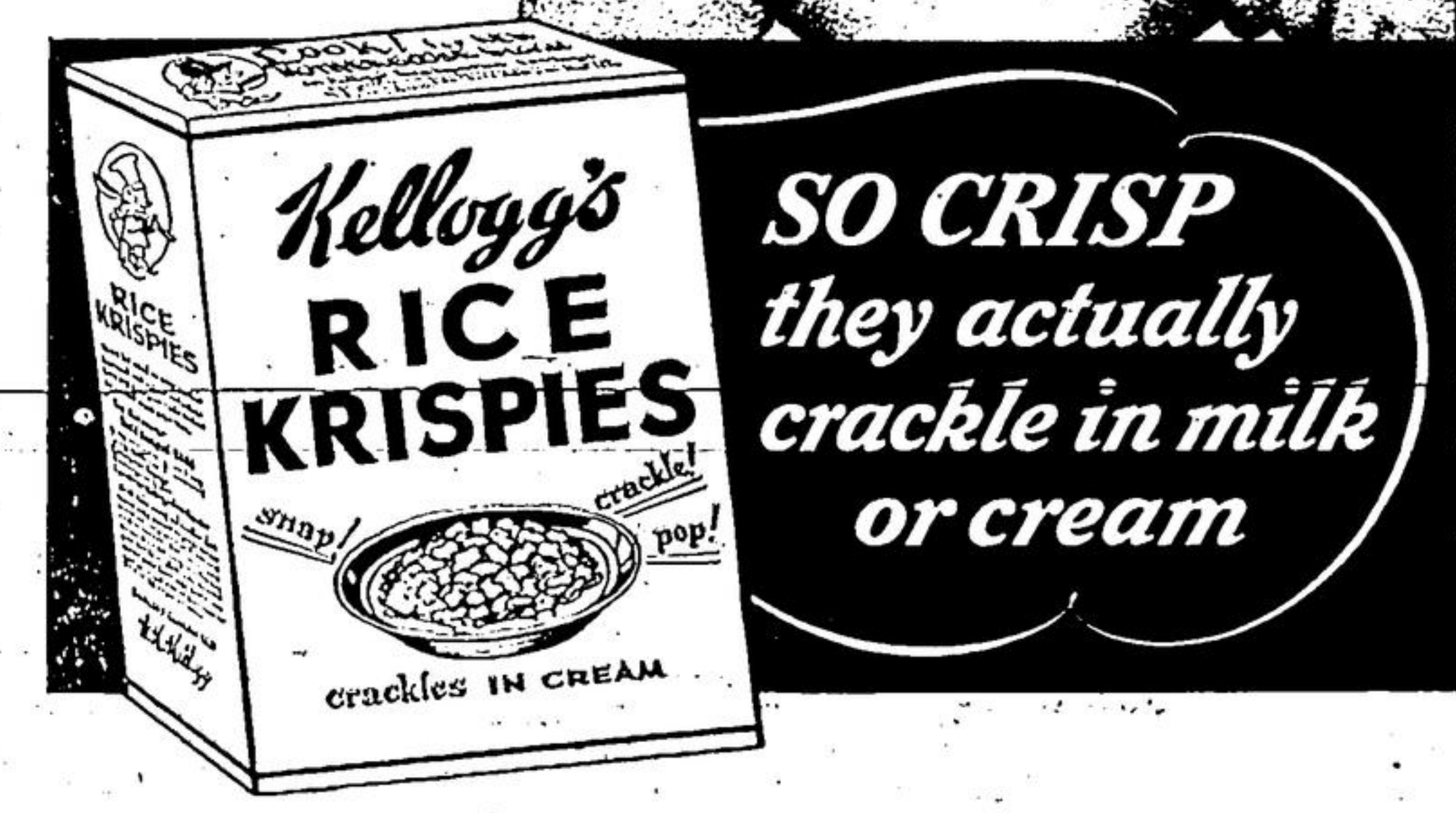
Good Gardening



New life for old poinsettias The poinsettia plant you received as a Christmas present probably is beginning to look a little weary of life at this time. Instead of throwing it out why not rejuvenate it as follows: After the leaves drop off, stop watering the poinsettia and put it in a cool place in the basement, but not where it is apt to get hot and dry out. In early May cut back the stems, leaving between three to five inches above the soil, as shown in Fig. 1. Next, loosen the soil about the roots and report in fresh, moist soil. After this is done bring it into a light warm place. In about two weeks it will begin to send out new shoots. The most important precaution is to keep the plant from becoming either too dry or too wet. In June get the pot outdoors in a sunny location, sunk into the soil, as shown in Fig. 2. About September, or before the weather becomes too cool, bring the plant indoors. Keep out of draughts, as poinsettias are very sensitive to them.

She's listening to CRISPNESS

LISTENING, yes, but not for long. While those crunchy Rice Krispies are still crackling in milk or cream, this little girl is going to get busy with her spoon and eat every one of those toasted rice bubbles "all up." It's a great treat to eat a big bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies. And with them, you get the wholesome goodness of milk—Extra delicious with fruits or honey added. Nourishing and easy to digest. Ideal for the nursery supper or bedtime snack because they promote sound sleep. At grocers everywhere in the Mother Goose story package. The WAXTITE bag inside the package keeps Rice Krispies oven-fresh. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. Quality guaranteed.



TIME TABLES

Table with columns for routes (e.g., Going East, Going West) and times (e.g., 7.06 a.m., 10.07 a.m.).



ARROW BUS SCHEDULE

Table with columns for 'LEAVE WESTBOUND' and 'LEAVE EASTBOUND' with corresponding times.

Collections

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