

LOOK PLEASANT

We cannot, of course, all be handsome. And it's hard for us all to be good; We are sure now and then to be lonesome. And always do as we should.

To be patient is not always easy. To be cheerful is much harder still. But at least we can always be pleasant. If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly. Although we feel worried and blue, if you smile at the world and look cheerful, the world will smile back at you.

So try to brace up and look pleasant. No matter how low you are down; Good humor is always contagious. But you banish your friends when you frown.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, May 4th, 1916

Fish stories are now current. Mr. E. J. Liphardt, formerly of Guelph, has opened a jewellery store on Mill Street, next to Wiles' confectionery.

Mr. Fred Maclean, manager of the Merchants Bank, has been transferred to the management of the branch of Waterloo. Mr. R. L. Whitman, of Athens, is the new manager here.

The following market prices prevailed this week: Cattle, \$9.25; lambs, \$11.85; hogs, \$11.55; butter, 28c to 30c; eggs, 22c; wheat, \$1.04; oats, 50c.

A meeting of the ladies of Acton was held to organize a battalion auxiliary. The duties of this society are to supply the small comforts to the 164th Battalion after they go overseas. Officers elected were: President, Mrs. (Rev.) C. A. E. Smith; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. A. L. Wyant.

Forty years ago to-day Bevee Hynds commenced business in Acton. He had just completed his apprenticeship as a watchmaker in Orangeville. His brother, Charles, commenced business with him, but for thirty-eight years Mr. Hynds has had full charge of the business and has been faithful to business and has also given a liberal measure of time to the educational and municipal interests of Acton.

DIED

OBITUARY—In Guelph General Hospital, on Sunday, April 30th, 1916, Elizabeth Brown, wife of Daniel Currie; lot 5, concession 1, Erin, aged 56 years.

ONTARIO GOVERNMENT GIVES ROYAL ASSENT TO THE JACK MINER FOUNDATION BILL

In 1931 the Jack Miner Migratory Bird Foundation was incorporated in U.S.A. Last week the Ontario Government put through special legislation, known as "The Jack Miner Bill," giving Royal Assent which incorporates the said Foundation in Canada, and allows the said Foundation to do business such as soliciting contributions and bequests, and owning land in Canada as bird sanctuaries.

Jack Miner has agreed to give his home and bird sanctuary to the said Foundation, when men and women have contributed enough funds to The Jack Miner Foundation to assure him the place will be kept on a perpetual basis.

All moneys, such as gifts or bequests, are to be held in trust, and only the annual interest used to pay the upkeep and expenditure on The Jack Miner Bird Sanctuary.

The object of the Foundation is to raise one million dollars to be held in trust, so that there will be enough annual interest to also carry on educational campaigns in the Public Schools of Canada to educate the youth on the value of bird life to the Dominion. Jack Miner's motto is "Educate instead of legislate." More education and less legislation.

The Ontario Government giving its royal assent, assures the contributing public that the legal set-up is on a solid basis, and that there can be no money mis-used in any way, as all gifts and bequests are to be held by a Trust Company and invested in Government bonds.

Jack Miner's Bird Sanctuary is known the world over, and now the establishment of The Jack Miner Migratory Bird Foundation will make his place an international park, and his life work will be carried on by the interest from moneys contributed by donations or bequests to the said Trust Fund, known as The Jack Miner Foundation.

Jack Miner says "It is not as sane for his wealthy friends to leave a few hundred thousand dollars to The Jack Miner Foundation, where birds can always be seen alive and saved from extermination as it is to leave several millions to museums where only dead, stuffed specimens can be seen in glass cages."

Jack Miner being so well known to all, the men and women who perpetuate his home and bird sanctuary will become as famous as Jack Miner throughout the world, and their names will go down in history with Canada's well known bird lover, naturalist, philosopher, lecturer and author. The slogan among Jack Miner's friends is "When making your will remember The Jack Miner Migratory Bird Foundation."

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for Acton Free Press GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

What a week! As I look back I don't think I ever remember an occasion when time dragged so slowly or when one felt that one's anxiety was shared by so great a number of people. I refer of course to the mine disaster.

If ever our radio was used it was certainly used this last week. It was on all the time, with the volume turned low; I don't know whether that is how you describe it but you know what I mean.

As I went about my work my subconscious mind was listening for Jim Hunter's voice and when I heard it, whatever I was doing was left, while I listened to the latest news flash. Every little while Partner would come in and his spirits would rise or fall, according to the news I was able to give him.

Wednesday I was given the chance of a trip to the city. After we got the eight o'clock morning news and it really sounded as if Dr. Robertson and Mr. Scadding might be rescued any hour, I began to feel I simply could not leave the house and be out of reach of the news. But that, I hastened to tell myself, was ridiculous. What I did, certainly couldn't affect the news and wherever I went I could be quite sure of hearing about any further developments, so universal was the interest. So to the city I went.

It was about half past eleven when we first visited the stores and there were very few people around. I noticed it and thought to myself, well of course, it's nearly noon—business would naturally be slack just now.

But—after lunch and all through the afternoon, it was just the same. In fact, it was just as easy to walk around in the department store and in the ten and fifteen cent store as it would be in any small town dry goods store.

"Where are all the people to-day?" I inquired from one of the clerks. "Where are they?" she repeated. "Why they are all at home listening to their radios. I never knew anything like it," she continued. "The last few days have been like the day after Christmas!"

Down in the basement of the store a radio was broadcasting every half hour as the news flashes came in, and as every half hour what few customers there were made a bee-line for the basement.

"It's too bad," I said to the girl, "the customers can hear the news, but you can't, can you?" "Oh yes," she answered, "when the news is on there is no one to serve, so by taking turns, more than half the sales clerks get down to the basement, too."

When I left home that morning, Partner said he was going to clean grain. When I got back I found he had nothing of the kind. In and out of the house he had been, in and out—waiting for that long expected message that the men were saved. That night we sat and listened to the radio until at last came that soul-stirring, dramatic message, sent out by Dr. Robertson—"The boys are here! We shall be up in a few minutes."

We had sat up late so many nights, so after hearing the good news, Partner said, "Well, we know they're safe—I guess we had better go to bed and get some rest."

"No," I answered "I'm not going to bed until I know they're out!" "So we stayed up and as long as the radio was broadcasting the glad news, for which all Canada had been waiting, we sat and listened. People in this district were, of course, particularly interested in Dr. Robertson, as he was so well known, and everywhere one went there was always someone ready and eager to testify to the sterling qualities which made it possible for him, not only to keep his own courage from waning, but also that of his companions.

When the Moose River disaster was brought to a satisfactory conclusion, I thought we would be able to settle down again. But no, one of my neighbor friends was taken very ill and every hour I could spare was spent with her. Unfortunately she is no better, but they have a nurse with her now. Altogether it has been a very exciting and tiring week and I am just so tired I could sleep for a month. But it's on with the work—sowing has started!

Yes, and I have broody hens set in the barn. I let them off to feed a while ago; and if I don't get back to them very

AND SO IT'S APRIL

By Barbara B. Brooks

April is known as a month of changing moods and we seem to follow suit. At times we awake eager to begin dozens of things we have been planning; and there are other days that seem bitter for dreaming than doing. Of course, many good things come from a little dreaming in the springtime, but not if we spend too much time at it. If the first warm days find us just too tired to move, it is really time for a spring tonic.

Tonics come in many forms. A new hat, a short trip, rearranging the furniture, a bit of bright paint, new curtains are some of the prescriptions for arousing a sluggish body to action. To strike the root of the disease there are the tonics that are taken internally. Many of us squirm at this suggestion as we recall bottles of sticky, bitter, cold concoctions which came in several colors and flavors—all disagreeable. In this case a little knowledge has been a big help. Because of what we have learned about foods in recent times we can have our tonics in some of the best meals we ever ate. Simply let color be your guide. Bright new greens, some thing red and a touch of gold in the day's menu will do the trick.

Following the color chart you will add to your menu young beets cooked with their tops, kale, chard, dandelion and greens of all kinds. Carrots too good to cook will appear raw in salads and relishes. Radishes, rhubarb with its tender pink skin, and strawberries are some of the reds.

These colorful spring tonic foods are best when they are served very simply. A whole meal can be made of a large bowl of corn flakes topped with the first strawberries of the season, and a pitcher of rich whole milk. This is the kind of luncheon that puts into action some of the finest day dreams.

Even the vegetables we have the year round are different in spring: Try tender new spinach chopped raw in salads. Combine with diced carrots or apples mixed with mayonnaise. The early root vegetables that come from the south are rich in flavor, crisp and juicy. Occasionally a little dressing up of one of the green vegetables will make it the main dish of a meal. Here are two new spring luncheons or supper recipes.

SPINACH RING WITH CREAMED EGGS

- 2 cups cooked spinach
4 egg yolks (well beaten)
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon onion juice
1/2 teaspoon paprika
1/2 cup cream or evaporated milk

Combine ingredients and turn into a buttered ring mould. Place in pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) about 30 minutes. Turn out on serving plate and fill center with creamed hard cooked eggs. Hot buttered beets, creamed ham or salmon may be used instead of the creamed eggs.

ASPARAGUS SHORTCAKE

- Bran biscuit dough
Cooked asparagus
Cheese sauce

Divide biscuit dough into two equal portions and roll into rectangles about

REROOF REPAIR!

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Sole Canadian manufacturer and distributor of Jameson's Double E. Eastern Steel Products Limited, Guelph, Ont. Factories also at Toronto and Montreal.

FOUND ON A WATCH

1. What part of the human body do you note in a watch? Answer: Face and hands.

2. What is the most interest to a physician? Answer: Case.

3. What seasons of the year? Answer: Spring.

4. What indicates many? Answer: Number.

5. What the average person does six days a week? Answer: Works.

6. What belongs to us? Answer: Hours.

7. What part of a flower? Answer: Stem.

8. What is not of first quality? Answer: Seconds.

9. What infests cattle and sheep? Answer: Ticks.

10. What is the fifteenth wedding anniversary? Answer: Crystal.

11. What sign of honesty do many watches have? Answer: Open face.

12. What women like for adornment? Answer: Jewels.

6x12 inches. Spread one layer with softened butter; cover with other layer. Cut crosswise into 2x5 inch strips. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) about 15 minutes. Split shortcakes and put asparagus stalks between layers. Cover with cheese sauce.

BRAN BISCUITS

- 1/2 cup all-bran
3/4 cup buttermilk
1 1/2 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt

Soak bran in buttermilk. Sift flour, baking powder, soda, and salt together. Cut in shortening until mixture is like coarse, crumbly. Add soaked bran; stir until dough follows fork around bowl. Turn onto floured board; knead lightly a few seconds, roll or pat to 1/4 inch thickness and cut with floured cutter. Bake on lightly greased pan in hot oven (450 degrees F.) about 12 minutes. Yield 12 biscuits, 3 1/2 inches in diameter.

Note: Sweet Milk Recipe: If sweet milk is used instead of buttermilk, omit soda and increase baking powder to 3 teaspoons.

J. Cadesky OPTOMETRIST WILL BE IN ACTON ON Monday, May 4th Anyone suffering from Eyestrain, Defective Vision or Headache should not miss the opportunity of consulting this eyesight specialist. Appointments may be made with Mr. A. T. Brown, Druggist. CONSULTATION FREE Office Hours: 9 a. m. till 4 p. m.

Heroes Among Heroes at Mine



HON. MICHAEL DWYER and HAROLD GORDON. Heroes among heroes are "Mike" Dwyer and Harold Gordon, who showed scant regard for their own lives in the rescue of Dr. Robertson and Alfred Scadding from their prison in the depths of Moose River mine. Though he collapsed once and was warned by physicians several times, Hon. Michael Dwyer, minister of public works in the Nova Scotia cabinet, attired himself in miner's clothes and knelt at the pit head of Reynolds shaft, aiding and directing the rescue work. Harold Gordon, brother of Percy Gordon, Ottawa finance commissioner, who, as one of the reckless draughtsmen, led on his stalwart Stellanor miners, to super efforts in clearing a way to the entrapped men. Hour after hour, these draughtsmen clawed, scratched and dug by hand in the narrow passageway, working until human flesh could stand no more. Then they would be hauled out, revived, only to rush back again into the death pit.

Make Your Shopping Lists from the Ads.

Hope and Despair Her Lot in Mine-Head Vigil



Soaring hope and near despair were the lot of Mrs. D. E. Robertson, wife of the Toronto surgeon, trapped within the depths of the Moose River Gold Mine as she kept a shaft-head vigil while rugged miners fought grimly for her husband's rescue. Through all the frantic struggle she refused to leave the scene and talked through the diamond drill communication tube with her husband, by rescue workers, as she received a report of progress toward that 141-foot level where Dr. Robertson and Alfred Scadding were trapped. Her man Magill had already died. Joy replaced despair when the men were reached by rescuers.

TIME TABLES CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS AT ACTON Going East Daily, except Sunday 6:16 a.m. Daily, except Sunday 10:07 a.m. Daily, except Sunday 6:13 p.m. Sunday only 7:19 p.m. Going West Daily, except Sunday 8:55 a.m. Daily, except Sunday 2:23 p.m. Daily, except Sunday 7:04 p.m. Sunday only 9:08 a.m. Sunday only 11:26 p.m. STANDARD TIME

ARROW BUS SCHEDULE EFFECTIVE MAY 3rd, 1936 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 5:30 a.m. - 8:10 a.m. - 11:20 a.m. - 2:10 p.m. - 4:00 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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MUGGS AND SKEETER

WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'M GOIN' OVER TO SEE HOW LIL' CLAY SIMPSON IS. HE'S SICK IN BED!!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO OVER 'TIL WAS' OVER HIS FLOWERS AND ASK ABOUT HIM!

YEAH? -WELL, HOW IS HE TODAY?

OH - HE'S SORTA SITTIN' UP IN BED A LIL' -

AND HE SEEMS ANXIOUS TO GET BACK TO SCHOOL AGAIN!

OH MY!! -TSK!! -TSK!! -TSK!!!

STILL DELIRIOUS, EH?

Man: "Is your son mercenary?" Friend: "No, I can't say he is. He doesn't seem to love money enough to work for it."

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McLean—"Reducing? Why, you're not fat. Why are you reducing?" McClure—"Expense."

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