ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?

The darkness falls, the wind is high, Dense black clouds fill the western uky: The storm will soon begin; The thunders roar, the lightnings flash, I hear the great round rain-drops dash-Are all the children in?

They're coming softly to my side; Their forms within my arms I hide-No other arms are sure: The storm may rage with fury wild, With trusting faith each little child With mother feels secure,

But future days are drawing near-They'll go from this warm shelter here Out in the world's wild din: The rain will fall, the cold winds blow I'll sit alone and long to know Are all the children in?

Will they have whelter then secure, Where hearts are waiting strong an

And love is true when tried? Or will they find a broken reed, When strength of heart they so much To help them brave the tide?

God knows it all; His will is best, I'll shield them now and yield the rest In His most righteous hand; Sometimes souls He loves are riven By tempests wild and thus are driven Nearer the better land.

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes: Household Ideas and Suggestions

LIFE BEGINS AT BREAKFAST By Barbara B. Brooks

"I save time by giving myself thirty minutes for eating breakfast," was, the startling contribution of one busy, busineis man to a discussion of pet time gavers. He went on to explain that he had not always allowed himself a lei-

words to be the second of the a coffee and fruit juice anabcher. That was plenty of breakfast, he argued, he never Yelt hungry until lunch time. The fact that he was usually restless and often found it impossible to concentrate on the word at hand, he attributed an the strain of modern living.

Prom time to time, this man took stock of his habits. He occasionally made a few resolutions—things were going to be different in the future. He finally asked himself, "Why am I a slow starter? Why does it take me most of the morning to get, into the stirde of the day's work?" Was more sleep needed, a "daily dozen u half hour in the open? What about breakfast? There was an idea. He like ed to eat breakfast when there was time. He enjoyed cereals, eggs, ham, breads. He would have to watch his waist-line, he supposed, if he began eating a good old-fashioned breakfast: but he remembered that his luncheon was a heavy meal that could well be cut.

The something-for-breakfast program began with the full co-operation of his wife. She refrained from any Y-toldyou-so advice and furthered the plan with attractive, varied menus day after A ready-to-eat cereal was the breakfast mainstay. She kept several kinds on hand and served them with different kinds of fruit to give plenty of variety. Cereal and fruit with rich whole mlik and coffee made a substantial breakfast. Incidentally, it was an easy one to prepare. Eggs, ham, bacon, other meats, fish, waffles, hot cakes, murins or toact were some of the surprise items which appeared one at a time, but at are getting ready. I still have a copy of came one of the shining lights of the regular intervals.

"Perhaps it is the surprise element that does it, but," says our business man, "I find myself wide awake when it is time to get up, wondering what we are having for breakfast. Strangely enough I don't get up much earlier now than before, but have ample time for a lelsurely breakfast. That seems to get the nace for the entire day. I um ready to work when I get to the office and mind stays on the 1:b until someon suggests knocking off for a bite lunch."

Many of us have learned the wisdom of starting the day with an energygiving breakfast. Here are some wholefamilf menus which make good begin-

Bowl of Mixed Cereal (Corn flakes, bran flakes, rice krispies) wood between Toronto and Stratford, Sliced Bananas Brown Sugar

Bacon Bran Blacuits Coffee or Cocoa Fruit Juice

Whole Wheat Ready-to-eat Cereal Whole Milk or Cream Eggs Scrambled with Dried Beef Cinnamon Buns Coffee or Cocoa

Berries or Other Fruit in Season Corn Plakes Whole Milk or Cream Bran Waffles or Griddle Cakes

> Honey Coffee or Cocoa

- BACON BRAN BISCUTTS 34 cup all-bran
- 3. cup buttermilk 144 cups flour
- 1 tempoon baking powder is traspoon soda
- tenspoon salt -- .
- 3 tablesprone crisp, dried bacon 4 tablespoons cooked bacon fat

Soak all-bran in buttermilk, door, baking powder, sodu and salt to- intended to build himself a home there gether. Cut in dieed bacon and bacon in fact went so far as to put in the fat until mixture is like coarse corn- foundations, but his plans were changed meal. Add souked all-bran; stir until and he removed to Oloversville. When dough follows fork around bowl. Turn Mrs. Cameron became Mrs. R. B. Wood. onto floured board; knead lightly a few and went to reside in Guelph, Mr. John seconds; roll or put to 1/2 inch thickness Gibbons bought the property. He resided and cut with floured cutter. Bake on in Hose Cottage for a number of years. lightly greeced pan in hob oven 6450 until he purchased a farm in Esquesing, where he passed away. Mrs. Gibbor degrees P.) about 42 minutes.



Just to leave in His dear hand Little things:

All we cannot understand. All that stings: Just to let Him take the care Sorely pressing: Pinding all we let Him bear Changed to blessing. This ki all; and yet the way Marked by Him Who loves thee best: Secret of a happy day,

Secret of His promised rest!

When I read the news last week that the Kenney boys had sold their shoe store and were retiring, it brought back many memories. They were the oldest business men on the stret and well deserve a few years of lelsure. Jack started out to be a printer as a lad, but the roller making and all night work on the newspaper of those days proved too much

He found the shoe business more his liking and was quite successful, and a good citizen. Bill has stuck with-his last well and found time to devote to Fall Pairs, church work and things about the town. They'll both have a bit more time now to gather with some more of us old chaps on the corners and I hope they'll be spared many years of enjoyment in the town that has known them so well.

kirk sixty years ago. I'll be, of course, went wrong with drink; Jack Lanceley the one of Knox Church, back in 1895, church. He died in March, 1900, at the when their new church was completed, age of fifty-two years, greatly mourned I'll have to plan leave of absence to by thousands to whom he had ministerattend one or more of the services in the ed after preaching for thirty years. Mr.

ide of Mill Street, west of the G.T.R. the lip." gards, between Guelph and Fellows Mr. Ahern was succeeded by Thomas

Whole Milk and Melvin Zimmerman, descendents of our man, who seemed almost afraid to tannery erected here, built the house now believed the station was haunted with Hugh Campbell and her daughters. They lived there for a time, but were umon, those who were attracted by the boom, of the western towns and sold out and went. out to Portage la Prairie, Man.

Mr. Paul Jarvis and family lived here for a time. After the marriage of their daughter to Mr. William Shaw, miller, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis removed from Acton. The next purchaser was Mrs. Jennie

B. Cameron. She enlarged and improved

the residuce and, by skillful arrangement of flower beds and shrubs and a wellkept lawn, made Rose Cottage and Its surroundings a beauty spot, which attracted every visitor to town as they left the G.T.R. grounds and stepped on to Mill Street. The residence was always kept neatly and attractively painted and was for years one of Acton's "show places" among our pretty homes. The rear lot, on Church Street, wan secured by Mrs. Cameron's son, Mr. John B. Sift Cameron, now of Gloversville, N. Y. He and her daughters now reside there. The was a character. His cronies called him | market of the Accoustic Telephone, and rear lot was sold as the site of the shoe "Bob." He appeared to have the notion during the old Scott Act campaign, nearfactory building.

Grand Trunk line was being constructed official paymaster paid his salary in full unti-temperance journal, calculated to from Toronto to Sarnia, the station early days the convenience of the rail- manufacture and placing upon the way, its sidings and switches, were evidextly carefully considered, but any consideration of the comfort or convenience of the public was manifestly never in the modles of the projectors of the road. The station was planted about midway between Mill and Queen Streets. At the cost-end were cattle yards and oll sheds and tool house and freight shed, with no passageway to the station except on the rallway track itself. At the west end there was the big woodshed, with a capacity for three or four thousand cords of wood, with woodracks beside the track and between them and the track lines the semaphore lines were stretched. No place but the track on which to get to the station from Mill Street. Then, to make matters more inconvenient and dangerous, the watertank was located near Mill Street. In winter time there was a glare of lee for ten feet around it, and In summer time a constant drip of water to spoll the spring millinery and delicate costumes of passengers who inadvertently passed in or out to the station by that route. Later the tank was moved in to he end of the station platforms Many a tumble took place there by unwary pasngers who were unfamiliar with the slippery places, where poor sinners were supposed to stand. Finally, when the present station supplanted the old shack, which had done duty for half a century. fine new tunk was constructed on a netal frame on property outside the railval limits and hydrants adopted for supplying the engines.

But even water tanks for railway ngines had their day and a couple of years ago this tank was torn down and The big engines no langer get water a

And that old station. What a place it was and what memories cluster about it! A little low frame building severely rectaingular in its outlines, painted a dirty drab, about once in every score of years and smoke-colored and dirty inside and out between times. What a place it wast There were living quarters at the west end of very limited quarters, for the agent and his family; a seven-by-nine waiting room for passengens, a baggage room about big enough for a couple of good sized Saratoga trunks and a pair of old-fashloned carpet bags, and access to only through the passenger waiting room. The agent's office, ticket room and operators' quarters had a room about lox12, and behind this was the lamp and

The first agent I remember was Johnnie Ahern. He retired finally and bought the Royal Exchange Hotel, which stood where the bank block and creamery now ctands. Johnnie was a good station agent, but not a marked success as a landlord, for Johnnie had too many friends who patronized the bar. He died here enjoying general esteem and was mourned by many friends.

At the station, Johnnie Ahern had notable staff. Patrick Kelly and Luk O'Reilly ran the switches, the baggage, I was also interested in the anniversary the wood racks and carried the mail. arrangements at the United-Charch, The John Euard, of Montreal, was for a time ranks are getting pretty thin of those also on the job. At the operators' table who, were at that opening of the new were Tim Rue and Jack Lanceley. Tim interested in the historical booklet they entered the Methodist ministry and be-Lanceley was a great favorite when in Acton and came pretty nearly marrying But I must get on with my own history one of our brightest maidens, but f Acton. The last block on the south "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and

Streets, was in the early days of Acton's Gunn, a thorough business man and history, after the subdivision of this sec- popular alike with shippers and passention of the Adams' farm into lots, a gers. When he left sixty years ago, to woodyard when Ransom Adams piled take the agency of the G.T.R. at Bellethe wood he sald annually to the Grand ville, the head of that division, our Trunk Railway for fuel for their locomo- citizens gave him a farewell banquet at tives. For thirty years after the road was Agnew's Hitel and presented him with built through Acton all trains were a fine gold watch. It was during his hauled by wood-burning engines, and term is agent that Isaac Francis made Acton was the largest source of supply his advent in Acton. He was a switchof the splendid beech and maple body man and came here from Montreal, a sprightly young Englishman. After Mr. About sixty years ago Messrs. Stafford Ounn came little Willie Jones, a timor-Acton's early agitters, who built the first hear an engine whistle, and whose wife occupied by Mrs. John Gibbons and Mrs. ghosts. Then came Robert Rae, and he



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About eighty-five years ago, when the not all belong to the O.T.R., though the duty to publish the Scott Act Review, an yards for Acton were laid out. In those graph poles, had an interest in the Prez Parss and public speakers in favor,

that his time during business hours did ly sixty years ago, conceived it to be his every month. He contracted for teld- combat the arguments put up by THE



Manitoba's "Burbank" May Change Prairie Diet From Prunes to Pears

Frank Skinner wins wide renown as horticulturist

. By J. F. C. WRIGHT

Central Press Canadian Writer Dropmore Manitoba, May . -Pears may oust prunes rrom prairie farm-home tables if Frank Skinner, Manitoba's "Luther Burbank", gets his way.

Rancher, farmer, horticulturist, Skinner has experimented with plant breeding in Manitoba ever since he came from northern Scotland and had his first taste of prunes and range-riding on the western slopes of the Riding Mountains here, 41 years ago. Eighteen years ago he brought the first Siberian pear tree into-Manitoba. In Manitoba's climate it felt at home from the beginning

but the fruit . was the same as in

Si serla-too tough and thorny for

the table. Grafted on a Branch Skinner scratched his head and wondered how he could get his Siberian pear tree to have eatable pears on it. Then he heard of Alex Young and his pear trees near Brooks, Alberta, Alex Young, farmer, while in town one day, some years ago, bought himself some pears. Alex ate the pears and planted the saeds on his farm. Theygrew-into-trees-blossomed-and-borefruit. So Skinner got a branch

grafted it on to his own best Siberian pear tree at Dropmore. . graft came through the severe winter in fine shape and this spring it looks as if it will bear fruit in the fall. If so, it may mean the beginning of a specie of pear hardy in Manitoba, and the prairie provinces generally.

from one of Young's pear trees and

Pears occupy only a part of Frank Skinner's time. A 60-acre tract of his two sections of farmland is dethis year he has four acres of lilles. that anything other than the native the Royal Horticultural Society, in London, for the best hardy hybrid shown in 1931. It was the first time

either southern California or horticultural department in Len-Florida, but his hardy hybrid roses ingrad. look like Pasadena and Tampa se- The University of Manitoba pre-





Frank Skinner, 54, is founder of the Manitoba Hardy Plant Nurvoted entirely to horticulture. He sery and originator of many new varieties suitable to the western Canugrows lilies on a larger scale than dian prairies. He is shown ABOVE with his beautiful Tiger Lily and most Manitoba farmers grown corn; with the Siberian pear tree with which he is now experimenting.

uriant varieties from England, Lakes to the Rock Mountains. he won the Cory Cup, awarded by it ever since days of the Indians.

Because of climatic conditions for the Cory Cup to come to Can- similar to the Canadian prairies he imports many seeds and plants His farm-home and nursery is from northern Asia. He exchanges more than 1,500 miles north of seeds and bulbs with the Soviet

hothouse in Manitoba. But Skin- Europe and Asia. And his rose Mis hobby-which began at five ner has produced many luxuriant trees come through Manitoba's 45 years of age in Scotland when his and hardy lilies. With his Max- below zero winters to bloom in mother found him transplanting

scores of different varieties. A few lections. He "bred" them, crossing orary diploma, and his plants are years ago, it was thought unlikely the native prairie rose with lux- sought by growers from the Great

will lily-produced by crossing- summer, just as if they'd been doing her geraniums-expanded in Manitoba until he was forced to turn it into a business to defray the cost of upkeep. Now he employs a staff

Only One Miss and This Lad is an Orphan



Foster, seven years old, of Sheldon, Ill., picks off bulbs which outling his father's figure against a target. The youngster's accuracy with a rifle, despits the fact that he has only five months' experience under his father's puidance, amazes experts.



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