

HOBO BILL'S LAST RIDE

Riding on an East bound freight train, speeding thru the night, Hobo Bill, the railroad bum, was fighting for his life. The sadness of his eyes reveal the torture of his soul. He raised a weak and weary hand, To brush away the cold. No warm lights flickered around him. No blankets there to fold; Nothing but the howling wind. And the driving rain, so cold. When he heard a whistle blowing In a dreamy kind of way, The hobo seemed contented, For he smiled there as he lay. Outside the rain was falling, On that lonely box car door; But the grimy form of Hobo Bill, Lay still upon the floor. While the train sped thru the darkness, And the raging storm outside, No one knew that Hobo Bill Was taking his last ride. It was early in the morning When they raised the hobo's head, The smile still lingered on his face, But Hobo Bill was dead. There was no mother's presence, To soothe his weary soul, For he was just a railroad bum, Who died out in the cold.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press, of Thursday, June 22nd, 1916

Knox Church Young Peoples Guild held a very enjoyable picnic at Campbell's Grove, which was attended by Mr. Alfred L. Marshall, who has been a member of the office staff of W. H. Storey & Son for the past six years, has taken a position in Detroit and Mr. Martin J. Moffat has been engaged to fill the vacancy. 160 excursionists from Acton attended the Hutton Farmers' Institute excursion to the Ontario Agricultural College, at Guelph.

The memorial service in the Methodist Church on Sunday evening, in honor of Lord Kitchener, was largely attended. Rev. Mr. Avison gave an interesting biography and eloquent tributes were paid to his memory. Mr. A. E. Matthews, of Denver, Col., son of Postmaster Matthews, is spending a week or two at the old home. Among the soldiers honored with special mention by Sir Douglas Haig was Robert J. Hynds, of the 20th Battalion, son of Reeve Hynds. This is in recognition of Stretcher Bearer Hynds' rescue of a comrade under German fire.

BORN RIGBY—Al Skerrett, Lancaster, England, on Tuesday, May 9th, 1916, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rigby, a son—Thomas Richard. MARRIED HOLMES—SECOND—At Sunderland Villa, the home of W. A. Storey, brother of the bride, on Wednesday, June 21st, 1916, by Rev. H. W. Avison, M.A., B.D., Henry Sutton Holmes, agent G.T.R., to Mrs. Legare A. Secord, Acton.

DIED WARREN—At Toronto, on Thursday, June 15th, 1916, Jessie C. McKinnon, wife of John M. Warren, aged 36 years.

FUR FARMING IN CANADA Fur farming is playing an increasingly important part in the fur trade of Canada, and the industry has made great strides during the last fifteen years, the number of fur farms increasing from less than a thousand in 1920 to 7010 at the end of 1934. The total value of the fur-bearing animals on the farms was \$3,477,567, an increase of nearly a million dollars over 1933, and the revenue received by the fur farms from the sale of pelts and live animals was \$4,530,061 compared with \$4,066,905 in 1933. Sales of pelts represented \$3,966,016, of which the silver fox accounted for \$3,600,431. Next in importance came the mink, with pelt sales to the value of \$145,680. The principal source of fur farming revenue is now the sale of pelts, but in the early days of fox farming, when there were comparatively few farms and the supply of ranch-bred animals was limited, fabulous prices were paid for the live animals that were required as breeding stock for new farms, both at home and abroad. The price of a pair of silver foxes at that time went as high as \$35,000. The highest price received for a live fox in 1934 was \$255. Now that the fur farming industry is firmly established with large numbers of farms in all the provinces, the demand for live animals has diminished and the fur farmers have turned their attention to the raising of animals primarily for the sake of the pelts. In 1920 the value of pelts sold from fur farms represented only 34 per cent. of the total fur farm revenue, whereas in 1934 the value of pelt sales was 87 per cent. of the whole. While Canada has always been an important source of furs, the fur trade having been a dominating influence in the discovery and development of the country, the raising of wild animals in captivity for their furs is of comparatively recent origin. The practice of trappers in the early days of keeping foxes caught in the warm weather alive until the fur was prime gave birth to the modern industry of fur farming. The earliest authentic record of the successful breeding of the fox in captivity was in Prince Edward Island in 1878. After 1880 came a period of rising prices for furs and the fur-farming industry grew rapidly, spreading to the other provinces, and interest also developed in the value of other kinds of animals for their furs. To-day the fur farms account for almost one-third of the total annual value of the raw fur production of Canada.

NO! NO! NOT THAT! "I see a great loss—the loss of your husband." "But he has been dead five years." "Then you will lose your umbrella."

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for Acton Free Press GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

The summer season is creeping on—or should I say rushing on—certainly the work is piling up in front of us. Partner expects to start haying on Monday. The wheat has been out in head for nearly a week and the spring crops are looking better for the glorious showers we have had just lately. How grand it is to wake up at night and hear the rain pattering on the roof, and then in the morning to go out and find the grass and crops, the flowers and the growing vegetables looking so much fresher for the rain, while of course there is always a robin in a tree, singing his cheery song and sounding as happy as can be. I like to go out in the garden first thing in the morning. Sometimes to see how the recently transplanted flowers are weathering or perhaps to see what changes have taken place since the day before. Flowers are such surprising things. Plants, whose one's last inspection revealed only buds, come suddenly to the glory of full bloom over night. What a queer thing is the wind! I have been sitting in the garden for an hour and in all that time have felt only a gentle breeze blowing. And then suddenly, down the road comes a whirlwind; picks up the dust on the road by the gale, twists it round and round like a corkscrew, and as suddenly as the whirlwind started it stops and the dust slowly settles again. It looks very much like a quick change illustration of life. So often we may be feeling along quietly—contently—or it may be apathetically—when along comes a whirlwind, picks us up and away we go. It is not always the same kind of whirlwind. It may be one of pleasure, social activities, over-work, financial difficulties or ill-health. But whatever it be, it seems to hold us powerless for awhile and then, just as we are dazedly wondering how much longer we can stand the strain, we find ourselves released and allowed to drift gently back to earth, until we find ourselves again, as it were.

I have just been thinking—when I mentioned going out in the garden first thing in the morning—you might get the impression from that, that I have nothing else to do but wander aimlessly among the flowers—or where I hope the flowers will be—so perhaps I had better tell you I also go bug-hunting—on the potato patch. Our "early" potatoes were not planted until late, so as yet there is only a plant showing here and there, but the brown striped bugs are already there, patiently waiting for the potatoes to come through and wandering over the ground, searching for each tender leaf as it breaks through the earth's crust. I did not know until this year—when I found them—that the bugs came ahead of the potatoes, but now I do know—well, the potato patch will be a happy hunting ground for both of us.

Another morning chore is looking after my new chickens—about a hundred and thirty of them. Pity we bought and the others, the hens hatched. And here's hoping there will still be around a hundred in five months time. My first lot started with the eggs did not hatch well and then when the chickens were not more than three days old the barn cats took a notion they would like a chicken dinner. After that three more died a natural death, leaving me with a final count of thirteen chickens!

My new chickens are where the cats can't get them—incidentally, one of the cats is where it isn't likely to meet any chickens. I hope nothing happens to those little chicks. They are so cute. Baby chicks, like real babies, are just so sweet, one is tempted to wish they would never grow up.

And now let me tell you this. These wee' chickens, so small and helpless, were the innocent cause of my having one more new experience. The hatchery where we ordered the chickens is about twenty miles from here, just a nice little motor drive. It was a lovely day, a daughter and I started out directly after dinner to go after them. We did a little sight-seeing on the way and then collected the chickens and started for home. Two miles from the hatchery—bing—and there was my new experience—a blow-out!

Ever since I learnt to drive a car I have wondered what I should do if such a thing ever happened. Should I be able to keep the car on the road, I

THREADS OF LIFE

It's odd. A man thinks his own will guides his own life. But the world is full of human lives; a man is bound to blunder into some of them, weave his own with them indissolubly, or touch and drift away and touch again, or narrowly miss touching and maybe never know. The pattern is on the loom. And sometimes, looking back, you see a part of it. A thread weaves in and out and disappears; it is not broken but still weaving somewhere. Is it incidence when it appears again? Unknown or unconscious forces.

RECIPE FOR ICED TEA

For a cool, refreshing drink with a flavor that is deliciously different, try Iced Tea. It is very easily made: In six heaping teaspoons of Salada Black Tea in a pint of fresh boiling water. After six minutes strain liquid into two-ounce containers. While hot, add 1 1/2 cups of granulated sugar and the juice of 2 lemons. Stir well until sugar is dissolved; fill container with cold water. Do not allow tea to cool before adding the cold water; otherwise liquid will become cloudy. Serve with iced tea. This will make 2 quarts of Iced Tea or 7 tall glasses.

wondered, or would the sudden noise startle me to the extent of making me lose control of the car? I am glad to say I didn't lose my head. The blow-out happened just as I sat still for a minute, wondering whether I was capable of wrestling with rim-balls and spare tires. While I was still considering, along came a knight of the road, driving a baker's van, and my troubles, for the immediate present, were over. Some time or other I am afraid the "Optimist" and I are going to part company but the day is being postponed as long as possible. It's an awkward situation, this being between the devil and the deep sea—when one can't afford to buy a car nor can one afford to be without one!

YOUNG MAN: "What does your father think of me. He says he can read character." YOUNG LADY: "He read you and classed you as light fiction."



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BRITISH MALAYA WORLD'S BIGGEST RUBBER COUNTRY

The great rubber producing country of the world is British Malaya, which accounts for over half of the world's production. 940,000 tons of rubber it is estimated, were consumed by the world in 1933 and this year's consumption, at the lowest figure, is placed at around 950,000 tons. Of this quantity, British Malaya is expected to account for 569,300 tons. The total area planted with rubber in British Malaya is over 3,000,000 acres of which 60 per cent. is on estates of over 100 acres. During 1935, the United States took 303,383 tons. Tin, pine-apples, vegetable oils, pepper, rice, sago, tapioca, rattans, are other products. The United States is British Malaya's best customer, accounting for nearly half of the total exports of all kinds. Great Britain is next, followed by British Empire countries, the continent of Europe, Japan, the Dutch East Indies, Canada. Increased her purchases of British Malaya products 616.7 per cent over 1933 and 209.7 per cent over 1934. In imports, the Dutch East Indies tops the list with British Empire countries, supplying about half the quantity, closely followed by Great Britain. Japan ranks third, and is followed by the Continent of Europe and the United States. The big item in Canada's exports to British Malaya is motor vehicles. More than double the number of Canadian passenger cars were imported in 1935 as compared with the previous year and commercial vehicles by two and a half times, according to the Industrial Department of the Canadian National Railway.

HIS CLASSIFICATION

YOUNG MAN: "What does your father think of me. He says he can read character." YOUNG LADY: "He read you and classed you as light fiction."

Rankine Will Try Olympic Marathon



Robert "Scotty" Rankine, of Preston, Ont., one of the most durable and courageous distance runners Canada has ever sent onto the pavements, will devote his Olympic trial efforts toward the marathon, according to reports credited to Scotty himself. Rankine has ranged up and down Canada and United States, leading the amateur wherever he appeared, but has confined most of his work to 10,000 metres and 10 miles. He thinks he can make good at the marathon distance. He is shown here with one of his many trophies.

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TIME TABLES

Table with columns for destination (e.g., Going East, Going West) and departure times for various routes.

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., 11:20 a.m., 2:23 p.m., 7:04 p.m., 9:08 a.m., 11:26 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

Debts... Debts

If you haven't already sent your list of accounts or notes to KELLY & AIKEN, The Collector Specialists AT ORANGEVILLE, ONTARIO it would be wise to do so now. Remember—No Collection—No Charge. Established 1899.

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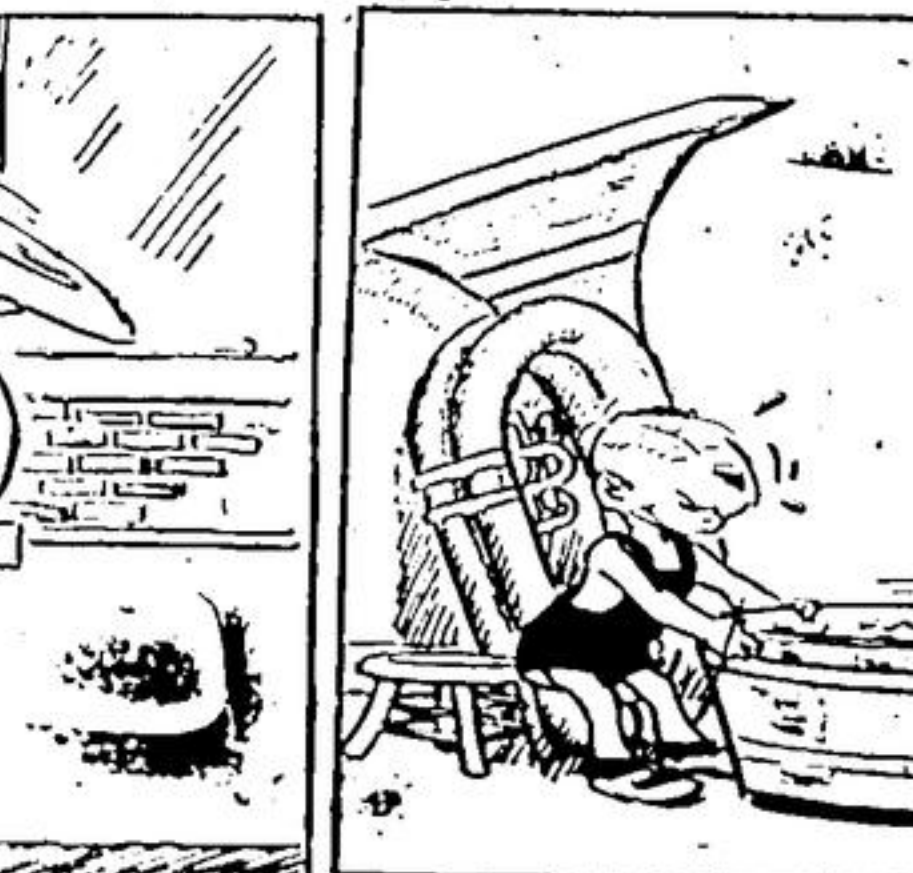
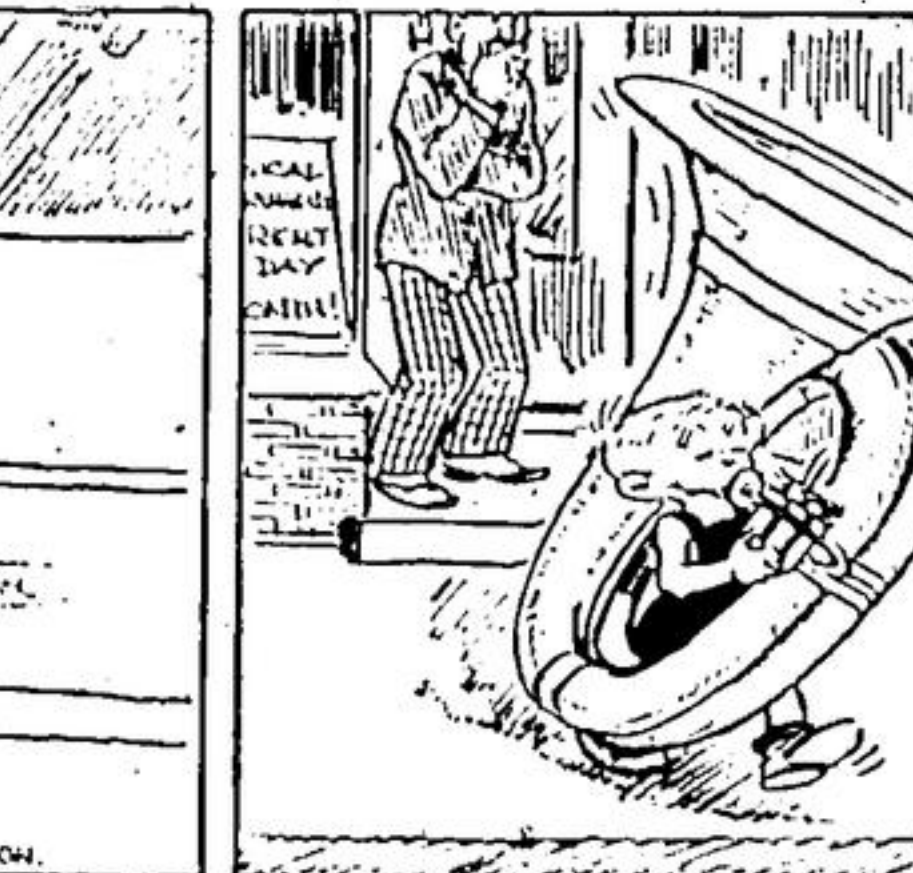
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