

GROWING

Mother says I'm little.
Father says I'm small.
But the birds all tell me,
"You are tall!"
You are tall!"

Brother calls me baby.
I don't believe he knows.
For the frogs sing at twilight,
"How she grows!"
How she grows!"

Sister says I'm tiny;
But once I heard a bee
Buzzing, buzzing, and he said,
"Bigger! Bigger!"
Bigger! Bigger!"

—Loula Parr Young.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the issue of The Free Press of
Thursday, March 15th, 1917

The members of Miss Little Frank-
um's Sunday School class spent a social
evening at her home and presented her
with a handsomely bound volume of
Whittier's poems.

The ladies of the Red Cross Society
made a canvass for funds for the pur-
chase of materials and received nearly
\$150.

The reception of Mrs. A. E. and Mrs.
Harold Nicklin was a most interesting
and largely attended function.

Rev. George A. Little, B.A., of Chal-
mers Presbyterian Church, Quilp,
gave an excellent address at the King's
Orderlies Bible Class open meeting on
Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Bishop and family
have removed to Welland, where Mr.
Bishop has secured a position in the
nurseries as gardener.

Owing to the removal of Scoutmaster
Coles on military duty, the troop held
a re-organization meeting and new of-
ficers were elected. Mr. A. C. R. Beard-
more addressed the Scouts, impressing
on them the principles and benefits of
the movement. Assistant Scoutmasters
appointed were N. Y. Moore and T.
Savage. The Scoutmaster appointment
was deferred till later.

Mr. Henry Horlop has sold his flour
and chopping mill at Eden Mills to
James Barden & Son, of Acton.

DIED

CAMERON—At Dinuba, Cal., on Mon-
day, 25th February, 1917, Charles
Cameron, formerly of Acton, aged 76
years.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES
WORKING TO CAPACITY

British industries are busy and ex-
perts are showing continuous increases,
according to P. A. Clews, European
manager of the Canadian National Rail-
ways, who is on his annual business
visit to Canada. Not only are the en-
gineering industries busy with re-arm-
ament contracts, but all industries are
working to their limit of capacity, with
the result that more persons are em-
ployed in England to-day than for many
years past. Shipbuilding yards are
working to capacity in the construction
of merchant marine vessels, as well as
with naval contracts. The result, stated
Mr. Clews, is that prospects are brighter
in England than for many years. Ex-
ports have been showing steady gains
week by week for the past five years
and present indications are that these
increases may be expected to continue.
At the present time London, and Britain
generally, is preparing for a new tourist
influx on account of the forthcoming
coronation. Plans are being made to
handle the largest influx of visitors the
British Isles have experienced in many
years. Apart entirely from impending
coronation visitors, said Mr. Clews, Lon-
don and England generally appear to
have displaced continental areas as
tourist centres, with the result that
England tourist business at present
might be described as "booming."

The average Briton's interest in Can-
ada is on the increase, Mr. Clews said,
and it is anticipated that this interest
will be heightened with the visit, during
the coming summer months, of the
thousands of Canadians who plan to
witness part of the coronation cere-
monials in London.

ENGLISH COURTS EXPECT
CORONATION LAW SUITS

Law suits based on contracts made in
expectation of the coronation of Edward
VIII. may be expected to arise as a
result of the recent constitutional crisis.
Reference is made in the January issue
of The Canadian Chattered Accountant
to two cases which came before English
courts in 1902 when the coronation of
Edward VII. was postponed.

In one case, Krell v. Henry, the de-
fendant had agreed to hire the plain-
tiff's flat for the days on which the
coronation processions were scheduled
to pass it. Although no reference to
the processions was contained in the
contract, the court held that both
parties were discharged from further
performance when the processions were
abandoned.

In the other case, Chandler v. Web-
ster, the circumstances were similar, ex-
cept that the whole of the rent was pay-
able in advance and the plaintiff had
paid £100 on account. In this case the
plaintiff failed to recover the £100 al-
ready paid and was made to pay the
balance of the agreed rental.

The point in the decisions, which at
first glance seem contradictory, is that
the contracts are not rescinded from the
beginning, and that any payment
previously made, or rights accrued, will
not be disturbed.

Judge: "Just what were your reasons
for stalling this case of whiffery?"
Witness: "I was hungry!"

Chronicles of
Ginger Farm

Written Specially for
The Acton Free Press
GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

Supposing you were, writing these
Chronicles week in and week out, what
would you write about? Maybe you
don't know, just off-hand—but I am
quite sure a lot of you could make a
better job of it than I do at times.

There might be occasions when you
would wonder what to write about but
if you were in my shoes just now, one of
these occasions would certainly not be
this week, because when a thing obsesses
you to the exclusion of everything else,
when you work at it and around it, think
about it, dream about it and when the
whole family finds itself subservient to
it, that naturally is the only one thing
that you can write about. Of course,
you will understand I am referring now
to the QUILT—spelt in capital letters.

Let's take the past week day by day.
Monday, Partner and I made a bad
start for the day. We intended being
up extra early, instead of that we were
up extra late. There was the living-
room "to be specially arranged for the
quilters. Fortunately the Quebec heater
had behaved itself and did not go out
during the night. There was also a
chicken to prepare for the oven. I know
I should be "all in" if I got in a fluster,
so I took care to make haste slowly.

Partner washed the dishes for me while
I got on with other chores and when
the ladies arrived at ten-thirty the liv-
ing-room was all ready for them—the
comfortable chairs taken out and hard
chairs collected from all over the house
for the convenience of the quilters—you
would think they were coming to do
penance!

The frames were set up and the quilt
put in. The job was hardly begun be-
fore the thing began to dip in a queer
way. The ladies looked at one another,
each wondering what the other was do-
ing. Then, one of them looked under
the quilt and gave one yell and that yell
was, "Scat!" for there was our Mitchell
sitting on one of the chairs and clawing
the quilt down every time he saw the
shadow of a hand moving across the
top. It behaved me to keep an eye on
Mitchell after that. One lady said a
cat with a name like that naturally
needed looking after.

About one o'clock that same day party
No. 1 arrived—eight of them—and
promptly fell to work. I stood watching
for a while. Presently I said—"I be-
lieve I could do that"—meaning the
quilting.

"Why, of course you can," said one
woman, "just sit right in and try." So
I sat myself down and commenced to
quilt—and I've been quilting ever since.
And are they laughing at me! About
once a day someone says—"Here's the
woman who knew nothing about making
a quilt. Look at her blocks—see her
quilting—you don't put that one over
us again!" We worked that day until
6:30 p.m.

Tuesday, the second party of quilters
arrived at 12:30 and worked steadily
until six.

Wednesday the first party returned
again and worked the same length of
time.

Thursday was supposed to be a holi-
day as I had planned to go to town.
However, it rained, and the lane was so
soft I did not want to take the car
through it. One or two neighbors came
and not wanting to waste time, we went
on with the quilt.

Friday, party No. 2 was back again
and there was still plenty of quilting to
do, so we went right on working until
10 p.m.

Saturday, party No. 1 was on the job
again and we worked with dogged per-
sistence and a grim determination to
have the quilting done that night. At
8 p.m. we joyfully put in the last
stitch. By this time there was just one
worker left besides myself, and we had
the longest-for pleasure of removing the
quilt from the frames. We spread it out
on my bed and we did think it looked
like a nice piece of work. Then we took
it off the bed and wrapped it around
in a flannel sheet and we laid it
away in its glory.

Presently my friend took her leave.
The rest of the family settled down to
hear the hockey match but not I—I took
to my bed, with the idea of listening to
the hockey match as I rested. I heard
the middle of the second period, at
which time there was no score. During
the middle of the night I awakened—m-

(Continued from Page Three)

In the eyes of the world by excavating
for ruins in one of the small lakes north
of Lake Teien.

The knowledge given her by the air-
port operator now awoke a whole new
chain of reasoning. If the amphibian
which had landed at that lake where
her father had been was Yandell's, there
was new reason for apprehension.

"Can I do anything else for you,
senorita?" asked the airport operator.
"No, thank you," she returned in
Spanish. "You've told me what I want-
ed to know."

"And what was that?" demanded
demanded Bradley.
"Where we can find Dad."

He looked puzzled, then, "You think,
Yandell—?"
Helen frowned. "I won't accuse him
without knowing. But it looks rather
as though we had a clue."

The next morning the two set out
early toward the northeast, flying over
the rugged crags of the Cordilleras, over
blue, white, and red painted adobe
houses and small sleeping towns, and
finally buzzed over the undulating sea
of the jungle.

Finally they found the little lake
which Helen had designated on her
map, and searched for a landing field.
Fortunately there was a narrow strip
of beach where they could land.

Two ragged, bearded figures came
funning toward them. For a moment
Helen shifted uneasily until she recog-
nized the fine, broad forehead of her
father and saw the twinkle in his eyes.
"How did you ever find us?" he de-
manded exultantly.

"We knew Yandell was excavating
here, and we saw the pontoon marks of
an amphibian where your plane had
landed," Helen explained.

"Yandell is keeping us prisoners here,"
said Mr. Watson. "Searching for that
same legendary Mayan city, he found
us there. We hid our treasures and
cameras upon recognizing his plane. Nat-
urally he was furious to be preceded to
what he'd hoped to be his first big
discovery. He tried to force us to
promise to say nothing of our find.
Falling in this, he brought us here and
left for England to exhibit his photo-
graphs before the society."

Helen laughed shortly. "They won't
believe Yandell, anyway, after his last
fiasco. And he has nothing to show
but photographs. We brought the relics
you'd cached in the bush, Dad. That's
the proof the world will recognize, to-
gether with your photographs to back
them up. Yandell will finish himself
this time!"

Mr. Watson was thoughtful. "I'll
cable him that we're free and that he
may save himself the embarrassment of
further exposure. There's a little good
in the worst of us, and I'm going to give
Yandell another chance."

Bradley laughed. "I guess I've light-
ened my load of gas sufficiently to take
two passengers back to Puerto Barrios—
it's closer than Guatemala City. And
I'll come back later for you, March."
As they prepared for departure, Mr.
Watson remarked, "Sometimes the
jungle seems to mete out a grim sort of
justice. There was a great civilization
here once. Then the people followed
false gods. The jungle punished them
by destroying their cities. To-day we've
again seen the jungle mete out its grim
justice in yielding the treasures I'd hid-
den that you might find me."

First thought was the quilt and then the
hockey match. I couldn't resist giving
Partner a dig in the ribs and inquiring
the score. "Three-one, for the Leafs,"
he answered sleepily. "Thinking he was
just talking in his sleep, I didn't ask
any more but I was so glad to find next
morning that it was really true."

The end of the quilt story will not
be far a few days yet, when one or two
ladies will be here to bind it.

The foregoing is, of course, my story
of the quilt—Partner might have a dif-
ferent version. For instance, one lady
left a book of quilt patterns, over which
I was enthralled. I asked Partner if he
wanted to look at them.

"Look at them—not!" he replied. "And
you don't want to either. This quilt
making is all right for the Institute,
but don't you try making one yourself—
if you do I know where you will finish
up! You can't tell me sitting for six or
eight hours a day is good for anyone."

Do I hear a chorus of "Hear, hear!"
from the male members of THE ACTON
FREE PRESS?

P. S.—I forgot to say that one of the
non-quilters took pity on my family and
came in one day and did a whole lot of
baking for us. This same Good Samar-
itan sold 110 tickets on the quilt!

A LOST WAGER

There was a tramp who had the re-
putation of being the most successful
beggar on the road, and he was ego-
tistical enough to swagger that he could
go to any part of Scotland and not be
refused alms.

He happened on one occasion to talk
thus bumptiously to an Aberdonian, and
the man from Aberdeen said: "I'll bet
you anything you like you can't beg in
Aberdeen successfully."

The tramp was so confident that he
could make a success of begging in the
Granite City that he took on a bet that
he would. So he hid himself thither to
the noted Northern City. He decided
that he would not touch the small houses
but made straight away for the villas.

At his first call the maid answered the
door, and he asked to see the mistress.
The mistress duly appeared at the door,
and the tramp said: "Will you give
twopenny for my bed?"

The mistress looked at him and then
said: "Will you bring it in till I see it
first?"

ALMOST

Friend: "Each night before I go to
bed I write my favorite thoughts down
in my diary. It's so interesting, don't
you think?"

Woman: "Indeed, and how long have
you been doing that?"

Friend: "Oh, about three years."

Woman: "Then you must have the
front page nearly filled."

PRETTY CANADIAN SKATERS TO PERFORM IN U. S.



One of the feature attractions at the International Ice carnival to be
held in New York will be the figure-skating of the Caley sisters, Hazel,
(left), and Dorothy. These two lovely ladies from the Granite Skating
Club of Toronto, are pictured here as they went through a few of their
whirls and turns at the Rockefeller Plaza Rink in New York in prepara-
tion for the carnival.

BILL-OF-FARE

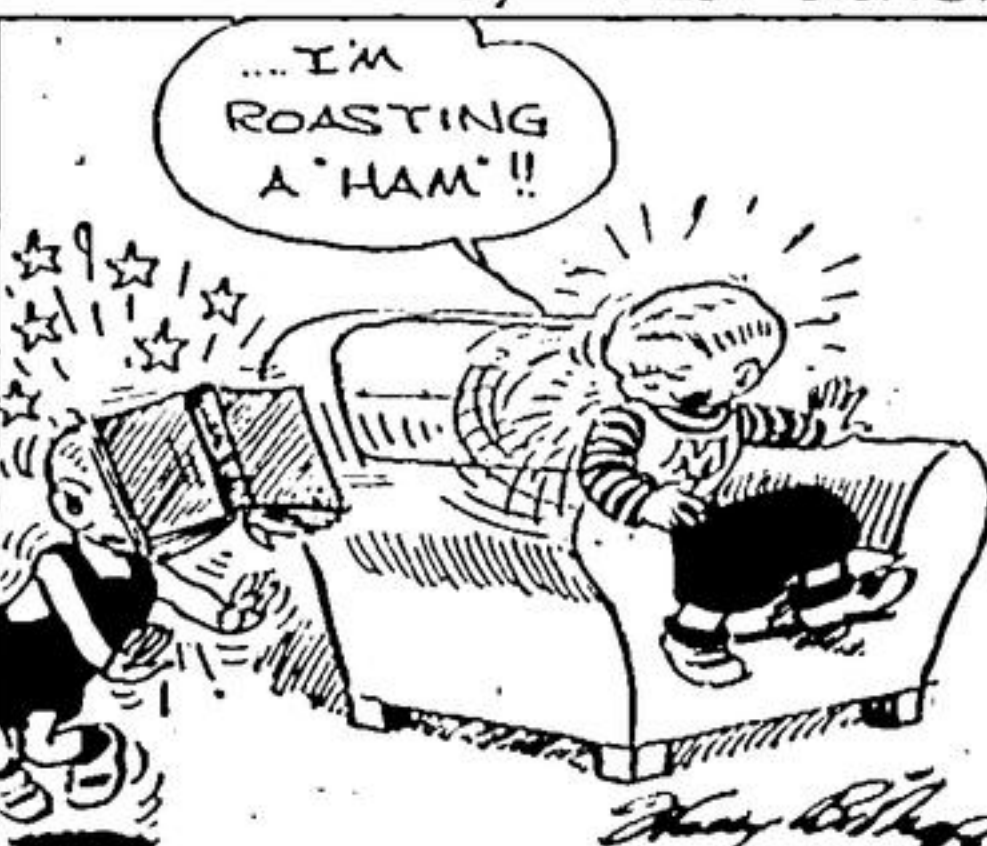
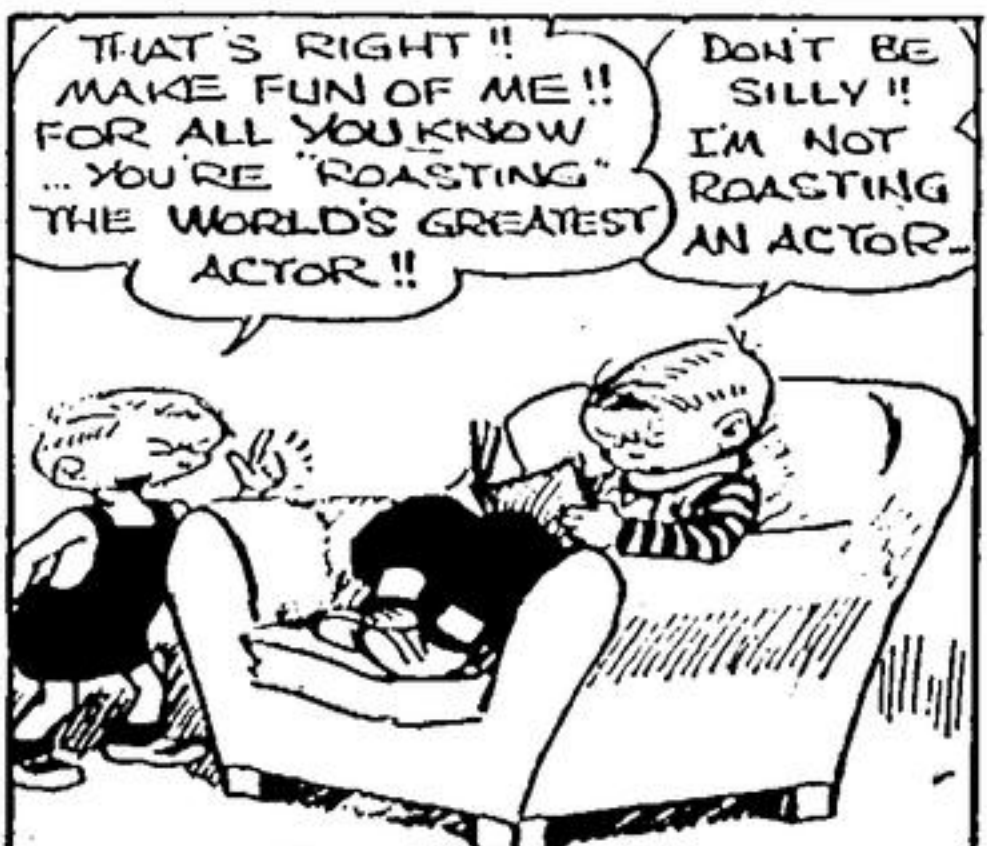
Only the stoutest heart enters a res-
taurant and proceeds to order filet of
beef, lobster Thermidor or even ham-
and-eggs without first consulting the
menu card. For here are suggestions to
set the taste-buds a quiver . . . and prices
plainly marked.

Shopping for merchandise can be
pleasantly conducted in the same manner.
The advertising columns are in effect a
bill-of-fare, with prices that protect as a
bill-of-rights. In the leisure of your
home, at the breakfast table, you may
check and choose before starting to town.

And what a varied bill-of-fare it is!
Everything your heart may desire, your
home may require, and your budget may
permit. Presented in a readable and in-
teresting fashion. Sponsored by a mer-
chant whose name you know, whose ser-
vices you have come to rely upon.

Get the advertising-reading habit.
It saves time, temper, and shoe-leather, to
say nothing of your hard-won cash. The
advertiser's word is as good as his bond.
On no other basis could he hope to win,
and hold your custom.

MUGGS AND SKEETER



By WALLY BISHOP

TIME TABLES

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

AT ACTON

Going East

Daily, except Sunday 7.05 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 8.59 a.m.
Daily, except Sunday 2.23 p.m.
Daily, except Sunday 7.05 p.m.
Daily, except Sunday 12.40 a.m.
Sunday only 11.32 p.m.

STANDARD TIME



ARROW BUS SCHEDULE

EFFECTIVE SEPT. 27th, 1936

LEAVE WESTBOUND

Daily 9.45 a.m.
Daily, except Saturday 11.45 a.m.
Daily 2.15 p.m.
Saturday only 3.15 p.m.
Daily 5.15 p.m.
Daily 7.15 p.m.
Daily 11.15 p.m.

LEAVE EASTBOUND

Saturdays, Sundays and
Holidays only 1.05 a.m.

Daily, except Sunday 7.00 a.m.
Daily 9.10 a.m.
Daily 12.45 p.m.
Daily 4.30 p.m.
Daily 6.45 p.m.
Daily 9.00 p.m.

INSURANCE

FIRE, CAR, ACCIDENT
SICKNESS, ETC.

E. HARROP

REPRESENTATIVE

Gore District Mutual

Norwich Union

Canadian Fire Insurance

Company

The Alliance Assurance Co.

The Casualty of Canada Assurance

Company

The Merchants Casualty Co.

The Portage-la-Prairie Mutual

What's the
News?..

News is changing con-
stantly. Events happen fast
and things change over-
night.

Only an alert newspaper
can keep abreast of these
happenings on many local
fronts.

The Acton Free Press
offers its readers a complete
service in news reporting and
editorial features—it answers
the question, "What's the
News," regularly every
Thursday.

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with the Times.

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