

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

If you have a gray haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit you down and write the letter
You put off from day to day.
Don't wait until her weary steps
Reach Heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her,
Before it is too late.

If you have a tender message,
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait until you forget it,
But whisper it to-day.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make your loved one happy
Before it is too late.

The tender word unspoken,
The letters never sent,
The long forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent;
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait;
Show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of
Thursday, May 10th, 1917

The farmers are pretty well on with their seedling now.

The Ryder and Mowat Olive Co. have removed to their new quarters, the Dominion Hotel property.

A splendid system for lighting the Beadmore tennis courts at the Little property has been installed.

The two fine campgrounds, which have graced the lawn of Councillor W. R. Kenney, J.P., Church Street, have been moved bodily to the commodious grounds of Mr. John Clarke, Guelph Street.

Mr. D. C. Russell has disposed of his bakery business to Mr. Wm. Woodcock, of Grand Valley.

Professor McLennan, of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, gave an illustrated address on growing vegetables in the home garden, at a meeting of Acton citizens in the Town Hall.

Mr. Philip Holmes, of the Army Service Corps, was here from the Exhibition Camp over Sunday.

Half a dozen of the students of Acton High School are at work on the neighboring farms, under the regulations of the Education Department.

DIED

MYNN — At the family homestead, second line, Exeter, near Acton, on Monday, May 7th, 1917, Lucy Mulholland, widow of the late Martin Myyn, in her 84th year.

SLATS' DIARY
BY OLIVER N. WARREN

Sunday: I have found out that preachers are not infallible no good. Ours are a talk of organising a church bus ball team for interesting the young people in church & S. S. work. I am in favor of it.

Monday: It was long now until school are out & I want to go to Jane & Elsie & sum other girls giggle all the time & the garden & ion mown is the only clouds on my horizon.

Tuesday: Blisters were a washer at the school play last nite & ast a man how fur down does he want to get & the man replide & sed all the way down. Blisters were so dum he cudent see the jack & tride to sed the man way up in front whair the seeds was already all took.

Wednesday: Cum to think about it, I aint so shure about that church BB team. The ? are wether or not it will inter fear with the team I were expecting to be Capt. of and etc. I preserve my deshen & take it underneath adviseryunt.

Thursday: Pa brot home some grass seed & I sode it & Ma ast are that seed guaranteed. Pa sed it shure are & if it dont grow all we haft to do is return it & get our munney back. Ma laft out loud & Pa thot a while & then he laft to.

Friday: At lunch Ma sed to Pa sed she that she are a goen down town this p.m. & when Pa ast if it are a shopping trip she sed no. She jest wants to get sun things she needs & diddnt have time to do no shopping. Pa lookt at me & winkt under his breth or sum think like that.

Saturday: I & Jake campt out last nite & had a camp fire & today Jake told Blisters a liden or sumpen snook up & blode its breth in the back of his neck we setting by the fire & what do you think I went & done & etc. Blisters thot a minnet or 2 & then sed sorta commickel like I suppose you jest roled up yore coat koller. Now I am shure Blisters are about 1/2 size beco he diddnt get to go out & camp all so.

MARKING OF HISTORIC SITES

More than a thousand sites of Canadian historic interest have been considered and over three hundred have been recommended for marking and preservation by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada—a group of eminent citizens who are recognized as authorities on the history of the different sections of the Dominion which they represent. This Board co-operates with the National Parks Branch of the Department of Mines and Resources in the work of selecting sites worthy of marking, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific stirring events in the history of Canada are being recalled by tablets and monuments erected by the government.

Canada has been fortunate in saving these memorials before it was too late. By the selection of sites commemorative of events of outstanding importance in the history of the Dominion, not only are they preserved for the education of future generations, but as constant reminders of the glories and sacrifices of the past they contribute to national pride and love of country.

Chronicles of
Ginger Farm

Written Specially for
The Acton Free Press
GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

This is Saturday. The day when all good housewives are either baking or cleaning house. Which have I been doing? Not either, to tell you the truth. I have been out in the garden the whole day long. In fact, we have all been out working as my enthusiasm soon became contagious. We have been working winter wearers, out of our souls and spring sunshine into our hearts.

Don and I were pruning young cherry trees and rotting out poplar seedlings—popular can be an awful nuisance if it isn't kept under control. Daughter has been raking and Partner was drawing away the brush in the wagon. We have also been adding to and building up the rocky garden. There is this trouble with rocks—one is never quite sure where they will look best until they are placed. For instance, Daughter found a nice stray rock in a ditch, which she brought along for me. And then she had to move it three times before I was satisfied it was in the best place. I'm not sure that Daughter likes rock gardens!

The next thing I attacked was a small flower bed at the back of the house. This bed had always grown better annuals than any bed in the garden and so I reasoned—if flowers grow well, why not any vegetables? Finding a spot for an early garden is, I believe, quite a problem on a good many farms.

Oh I went for a shovel—or is it a spade? My garden philosophy never seems to ring true. Anyway, shovel or spade, I went to work and dug up the bed. After hoeing and raking, in it went three rows of best seed. The lettuce will be broadest and can come up where-ever it likes.

Partner came along at dinner-time—yes, it was ready—sausages, potatoes, cabbage, sliced bananas and cream—what more could anyone want? I give you the menu, in case you might suspect I was leaving the family to starve! Working right outside the kitchen door, it was easy enough to garden and keep an eye on the kitchen stove at the same time.

Proudly I showed my miniature vegetable garden to Partner. "Isn't it just the finest spot for early stuff?" I asked. "Yes," he agreed, "until the hens start scratching all the seed out."

How like a man to put a damper on one's enthusiasm. I was annoyed. "They will do nothing of the kind," I asserted. "I shall cover the whole thing over with brush and the hens will know enough to keep off!"

The brush was procured—nice, spready tree twigs. The hens were kept off, sure enough, but alas, I forgot about Mitchell. Mitchell is always around whether we are working inside or out, and pops out from the most unexpected places. This time, so soon as the brush put down and tangled in such a way as to guarantee against intrusion, than Mitchell appeared from nowhere, took one flying leap and landed—plop—in the middle of the brush. After scattering it this way and that, she jumped off the garden again, bringing with her one piece of brush clinging to her tail. Of course I might have stopped it all, but I get a lot of fun watching to see what Mitchell will do next. Mitchell is well named—he is into everything. The other day he climbed on the roof, ran up the chimney and clung there, looking down on the inside!

Well, to get back to the garden. We worked until half-past three, at which time a rest and a cup of tea appeared to be one of the necessities of life. After being rejuvenated, Daughter and I got out the "Optimist" and off we went, away to a thickly wooded bush a few miles from here. We took with us shovel, trowel, and kindling axe, as our intention was to hunt evergreens. We found some real nice ones, just what I wanted for a wind break, and after supper Son and I put them in.

The foregoing was all written Saturday. Since then—what a head, what a back and what a temperature! The trouble?—Just a High School cold.

No, I haven't started to school again, but all the nice things I get are what Daughter brings home from High School. Last year it was "flu" and measles—this year it's this horrible cold. Oh well—I have managed to keep going so far, and this grand sunshine should surely chase anything away.

To-day, Monday, May 3rd, Partner started work on the land. Other events,

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG
CLOCK TOWER

(Continued from Page Six)

and after a few years' rest the old gentleman died. When he passed away his widow said she wasn't going to have her beloved husband referred to as "the late John Sharp," he was never late. They could call her the late Mrs. Sharp if they liked, but not John, with her consent.

Their one son, James, had a crippled arm, but he was one of the most industrious of men, and was successful in making money. He came to Acton after many years of farming and built the brick house at the corner of Young and Queen Streets, which Mr. Carl Hanson now owns. His wife was Miss Holts, of Creoson Corners. She was a luscious dame, a friend to everybody, and in times of sickness and trouble no one was more helpful in the community than Mrs. Sharp. Mr. and Mrs. James Sharp attended the Methodist Church and were generous in their support. I am told. The old gentleman had a great horror of debt. He found that the original cost of the erection of the church in 1875-6 had never been fully wiped off. Upon enquiring of the pastor, he found that notes of \$1,500 were outstanding. "Now," he said to the minister, "that should be paid off. If you can get the congregation to pay the rest I'll put \$300 in my will and the debt will be met." The old man died within two years and the \$300 was paid over. I understand the Methodist congregation at once went to work to fulfill conditions and in a few weeks raised the balance, and the church was free of debt. Both Mr. and Mrs. Sharp died within a few months of each other.

Well, here I am again at the end of my space allotment. I'll have to leave over good old "Dr." Johnston and his helpful career until next week.

The Old Man

MAKE IT A HOME

Any home that is occupied by more than two people will find plenty of use for an extra living room. Space in attics or basements may often be converted to this use and funds for the necessary work may be obtained from a bank or other authorized lending institution under the terms of the Home Improvement Plan. The loan may be repaid in instalments over a period up to five years if necessary.

Occasionally little work is necessary to create an attractive room. In one basement, a brick fireplace was built in, to make the focal point of interest. The walls were painted a soft shade of yellow and the floor a deep shade of brown. Composition board was used to close off the corner of the cellar that was being used for the room.

The ceiling gave the effect of beams, the floor beams being joined with false ones to carry out the effect. Curtains were hung at the sides of the small cellar windows, so as not to detract from any light that might enter, and to give the feeling of greater width.

Simple furniture was used in this room.

HANDICAPPED

Among the guests at a reception was a distinguished man of letters. He was grave and somewhat taciturn. One of the ladies presented suggested to the hostess that she seemed to be out of place at such a party.

"Yes," replied the hostess with a bright smile. "You see, he can't talk anything but sense."

And now for a timely money saving hint. If you have to wear last year's spring straw hat—us I must. And if your hat looks dull and uninteresting—as mine did—try this. Dip a soft cloth into a little olive oil and rub well and evenly into the straw. Then brush with a good hat brush and you will be surprised at the result. This isn't just a brain wave, it's an honest-to-goodness trade trick that I learnt in the millinery long years ago—and have forgotten nearly as long. Then the other day when I looked regretfully at my last year's hat, something stirred in my brain and I remembered. I pass the tip on for what it is worth.

CANADIAN STONE HIGH IN QUALITY

Canadian quarries are now supplying the domestic demand for building stones, whereas a few years ago practically all requirements were imported. This change has come about largely as a result of the knowledge gained from research that Canadian stones compare favorably in quality with those from outside sources.

Ontario is the chief stone-producing province, and is followed in order by Quebec, British Columbia, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. Limestone comprises 80 per cent. of all the stone quarried in the Dominion, and in addition to its use in the lime and building stone industry, enters directly or indirectly into many manufacturing industries. The typical limestone of Manitoba, Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and granite of wide range and color can be seen in many buildings throughout the Dominion.

A few years ago, in the course of a survey of limestone resources in Canada, the Department of Mines and Resources discovered deposits of impure limestone in the Niagara peninsula, Ontario, highly suitable for the manufacture of rock wool, one of the most efficient insulating products on the market. Since then an important industry has been established, five companies now being in production, and the product enjoys a steadily increasing demand.

THAT'S DIFFERENT

"What is the matter, my little man?" asked a sympathetic stranger of a small boy whom he saw crying in the street.

"Please, sir, my dog's dead," sobbed the boy.

"Well," said the man, "you mustn't make such a trouble of it. My grand-mother died last week, and I'm not crying."

"No," said the boy, "but you didn't bring her up from a pup!"

CANADIANS AND THEIR INDUSTRIES... AND THEIR BANK



CANADA'S TRADE WITH THE WORLD

In the last calendar year Canada had a foreign trade amounting to \$1,663,093,000, an increase of 19.7%, as compared with an average of 8.1% for 24 leading countries. In this exchange the Dominion had a favourable balance (including exportation of gold as a commodity) of \$393,000,000.

Another feature of international trade was the tourist business, incoming and outgoing, totalling \$355,568,000, the balance in Canada's favour being \$155,958,000.

With the figures for tourist trade added to those for ordinary commerce, our international trade rose to \$2,018,661,000, with a total balance in Canada's favour of more than half a billion dollars.

Banking plays a vital part in the upbuilding of the foreign trade of Canada, and foreign trade is the backbone of the native industries which are the foundation of Canada's economic structure.

In providing financial service for this enormous trade a leading part is played by the Bank of Montreal, which, with its 500 branches throughout Canada, its own offices in financial centres abroad, and its own banking correspondents throughout the world, carries through promptly and smoothly the task of financing the movements of an infinite variety of commodities.

The Bank's services include: Loans to importers and exporters; purchases of bills of exchange representing exports; providing commercial credits for purchases abroad; purchase and sale of exchange "futures" for protection against price fluctuation in foreign currencies; special wire facilities with the important exchange markets to speed transactions; reports of character and standing of foreign firms; commercial accounts; foreign currency accounts; safekeeping of securities.

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IDENTIFIED

An old man had visited the school and was talking to the pupils. "A long, long time ago," he said, "I was like yourselves—a very ignorant boy. Now, by working very hard, what have I become?"

A voice came from the back of the class. "A swanker!"

LOST AND WON

Hubbard: "Did you have a good game of bridge, dear?"

Wife: "So-so. We lost the rubber, but I think we won the argument afterwards."

JUST A SIMPLE MATTER

Patient (nervously): "I suppose the operation will be dangerous, doctor?"

Doctor: "Non-ense! You couldn't buy a dangerous operation for forty dollars."

CANDID ABOUT IT

A Scots laborer was slipping out of the yard during working hours for a drink when he ran into the boss. "Hullo!" said the boss, pleasantly. "Were you looking for me?"

"Aye," replied Macpherson. "I was looking for ye, but I didna want the find ye."

BOTH HANDICAPPED

"I started in life without a penny in my pocket," said Smith.

"And I," put in Jones, "started in life without a pocket."

ROUND TO SUCCEED

"The Utterly-Utters are just wild about society, aren't they?"

"Why, my dear, they're such climbers. Doctor—Non-ense! You couldn't buy a dangerous operation for forty dollars."

TIME TABLES

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

AT ACTON	
Going East	
Daily, except Sunday	6.00 a.m.
Daily, except Sunday	9.56 a.m.
Daily, except Sunday	6.22 p.m.
Sunday only	8.19 p.m.
Going West	
Daily, except Sunday	8.48 a.m.
Daily, except Sunday	2.38 p.m.
Daily, except Sunday	7.05 p.m.
Daily, except Sunday (May 2)	12.38 a.m.
Sunday only	11.32 p.m.

STANDARD TIME



Westbound	Eastbound
9.45 a.m.	5.50 a.m.
12.15 noon	8.10 a.m.
2.15 p.m.	11.20 a.m.
4.15 p.m.	2.05 p.m.
6.15 p.m.	4.00 p.m.
9.15 p.m.	6.00 p.m.
11.35 p.m.	9.00 p.m.

BUS INFORMATION
HAROLD WILES
Phone 58

Central Ontario Trailways

INSURANCE

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E. HARROP

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The Alliance Assurance Co.
The Casualty of Canada Assurance
Company

The Merchants Casualty Co.
The Portage-la-Prairie Mutual

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MUGGS AND SKEETER



By WALLY BISHOP