



THE HOME OF The Acton Free Press

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A Poor Pun

A leading article, suitably embellished with drawings, in The Star Weekly last Saturday, in the magazine section, was "The Glebevit Free Press." We read it with a great deal of amusement and put it down as the recollections of a man who had learned his trade forty years ago on a country weekly, and was now capitalizing by writing the story for the consumption of city folk, who might still be deluded into thinking such conditions prevail in the average small town. Imagine our surprise, when the contributor's name was given as "Ephraim Acres," who is none other than Mr. Hugh Tomplin, Associate Editor of the Fergus News-Record; a country weekly that hasn't seen conditions such as described in the article in the past thirty years, and is equipped with modern equipment, like the big majority of other country weeklies. This associate editor must have been regaled with stories from older newspaper men than himself to have constructed the yarn. While the story may be a delight to the city man who still believes the country weekly hasn't advanced since he was a boy, it is a poor pun on the average country weekly.

On to Further Achievements

Acton's Fair is over for another year and the success attained has been the talk of the countryside where fall fairs are mentioned. Big crowds are essential to make fairs successful, but if a big crowd is assembled and a poor day's entertainment and outing is provided, the fair is far from successful. The directors of the local organization have each year been building on the plan of giving real value for the patrons' money and the result has been a feeling of satisfaction by all when the show is over, and real achievement and the reward has been gradually coming in ever increasing receipts based on this value-giving.

It has had an even further reaching effect. The directors and all interested in the fair have a constant desire to maintain this reputation and are just as enthusiastic after the event as they are previous to it. True, with most of them it is a hobby that finds its only reward in this satisfaction of a success attained. But in the height of success it is well to remember and adhere to that which has resulted in the achievement. To be termed as one of the outstanding fairs in the country by a man who has had experience and visited enough of them to register a fair opinion is a flattering compliment—but we must not get dizzy with such remarks—and lose the work of years.

Acton Fair has been running as such only seventeen years. It is comparatively young, as most fairs go. Its success, in our estimation, has been the enthusiasm of directors and citizens of Acton and the district around. It has been their fair. All have felt that they would willingly enjoy doing their share to make it a success. To some individuals has come honor of doing work of outstanding importance, and to others tasks that may seem trivial and unnoticed. All were essential in reaching the goal of success. All have been just as cheerfully performed. Each has had enthusiasm for his or her share of the task, and an interest that could mean nothing but success. As a community Acton has been making steady progress in community life. Acton Fair is just another example of the family success that can be achieved. Let us use the success achieved only as a stepping stone to greater achievements and go on. The hockey season will soon be with us again, and the fair of 1931 is the one for which preparation is now essential.

Some Reputation!

Dr. Clarence Truë Wilson, who has been touring Canada in company with Clarence Darrow, to study conditions in Canada, told a conference in Nebraska that Canada "is becoming one of the greatest drinking nations in the world." Denouncing our methods of control, he declared: "Surely a Christian Government should not be in the business of selling liquor. These two countries should join hands in prohibition; which would make this the greatest dry-continent in the world." Dr. Wilson doesn't realize that we are balancing our budget and what is the odds to some if it does stagger its people in the balancing process.

A Worthy Leader

At the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Convention in Halifax recently, a feature was the competition for newspapers of various sizes. It is divided into three classes, with a trophy for each class. The Simcoe Reformer, that splendid representative of Norfolk County, won the Mason trophy, for papers of over 2,000 circulation, and may be rightly characterized as taking first place in Canada's weekly newspapers. The High River Times, Alta., won the trophy for papers of 1,000, and under 2,000 circulation; and the Wolfville Acadian, N. S., won premier position for papers under the 1,000 mark of circulation. To all of these we extend congratulations. Only the Simcoe Reformer is intimately known by the editor, and it is indeed a credit to its community and the publishers, Messrs. Pearce. It is well deserving of the honor conferred upon it, and a model which any weekly newspaper might well pattern from.

What Will be the Outcome?

The fight—for it can be termed little else—between the Toronto Daily Star and Premier Ferguson and the Ontario Government will, to say the least, be watched with interest. Whether the publishing of the article in question was good judgment would be a debatable point among newspapermen, and a matter for the editors to decide. But the attitude of Mr. Ferguson, as head of the Ontario Government, in meeting this "tissue of falsehoods"—(as he terms it)—does not commend itself to the average man who likes to see big issues met in a bigger way. If the story is "a tissue of falsehoods," surely the Premier has faith in the courts of British justice to be assured of fair play. And it would appear that a greater good would be done to the Premier and the Province if the story were placed in its proper category by the courts. The attitude of furnishing news to papers that are favorable to the Government, and withholding such items of public interest from another, will only serve to strengthen the average Canadian's opposition to tactics that do not measure up to the doctrine of "fairness to all and favors to none." The rush for the sensational may have at first urged the carrying of the story. The refusal to retract would seem to justify the idea that there was some foundation for the story. The Premier's attitude in chastising the bad boy doesn't inspire admiration for the head of the household, but rather looks like retreat by father. The further moves will be watched with a great deal of interest, especially by newspaper men, and the public. The story that caused the ire has ceased to be the issue, but the right to withhold public news from one set of individuals and give it to another set looms as the big question.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The business-like brevity of the first session of the Dominion Parliament under Mr. Bennett will appeal to the average individual who enjoys action rather than argument.

The fall fairs are the big attractions these fine autumn days and, judging from the attendances at many of them it will be many a day before the fall fair will have had its day.

The dreaded infantile-paralysis epidemic is reported to be definitely on the wane. The Deputy Minister of Health believes the worst is over for this year. Acton was indeed fortunate that no cases developed here. It is real cause for thankfulness.

Hon. R. B. Bennett, Canada's Prime Minister, and Canada's representatives are off to the Imperial Conference, to "seek markets for Canadian wheat." That sounds a lot less war-like than the blasting process. The calmer methods of business, rather than the heated epithets of elections, are really the surer ways of accomplishment.

There seems to be a general tendency for each municipality to arrange for a grab at a portion of the \$20,000,000 voted by Parliament for unemployment. Nearly all the papers in this County are urging their authorities to look after a share for the municipality, and Oakville has delegated the Mayor to visit Ottawa to urge improvements at that town.

A Bracebridge merchant lost a dog. He put a 50c advertisement in The Gazette. Within a few minutes after the paper reached Milford Bay he got a telephone call: "Your dog is here." The Bracebridge merchant was "tickled to death." Came and told us how quickly the ad. brought results. Yet that same merchant, with thousands of things to sell, hasn't an advertisement even the size of a lost dog ad. Isn't that a dog-gone bright way to run a business?—Bracebridge Gazette.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

There, surely isn't any other time in the year when so many things want doing at once. Fall plowing, wheat seeding, threshing, picking, canning, to say nothing of school fairs and local fairs which one should attend. And then, at this season, various organizations renew their activities so that it requires a certain amount of ingenuity to get all these things fitted in with the week's work.

Personally I feel on a par with the early Christian martyrs as for a week I have wept copious tears, tears that only a housewife can know as she goes about her annual task of putting up such delicacies as pickles, chutneys and chili sauce. With me the martyrdom lies in the fact that I don't like pickle. No, no, not so much as a beet or a gherkin, so you will understand how virtuous I feel when I have amassed a goodly quantity of these things for winter use. There are times when I find my spleen disposes a distinct disadvantage because I never know when I have got a good recipe or not. Partner, poor helpless man, can only tell me whether he likes my concoctions or not. If he doesn't like them he can't tell me what is wrong and if he does like them he generally forgets to tell me at all. So like a man.

Yesterday I was hopelessly drift between the devil and the deep sea. Here were all the ingredients for mustard pickle here also a bushel of tomatoes waiting to be canned and a meeting in town I very much wanted to attend. As a woman, interested in outside affairs, I felt it was my duty as well as pleasure to go to the meeting as a housewife, alive to the needs of her family, it was clearly my duty to stay at home and get on with my work. But then, glory be, I found I had very definitely run out of sealer rings, so of course, to get sealer rings, I must go to town and if I had to go to town why not show up at the meeting? Acton was father to the thought. I went to the meeting, heard a very good speaker, spent a most enjoyable afternoon and escaped prof. from the aroma of onions, vinegar and spice.

The papers these days seem to use a lot of printer's ink in causing attention to the prevailing hard times and the coming. Certainly times are hard but I wonder does it do any good to stress the matter? It seems rather in the same category as a little boy with a tummy ache, who goes around letting everyone know about it. Discipline is good for the child, but there is no better discipline than going without things you want because you can't have them. There is a psychological as well as a practical side to the present state of economic depression. If we continually think times are terrible bad then it is not long before they seem a lot worse than they really are. "Put up" is only a relative term; \$5,000 per year would be penny to a millionaire, but a fortune to a \$15 a week clerk.

How about a little Come treatment for a change "Every day in every way times are better and better!" Suppose we say it and keep on saying it. We shall certainly feel better than if we shake our head dolefully and say, "Well, I don't know what things are coming to!" To talk cheerfully sounds better than to whine, don't you think so, neighbors?

This subject brings to my mind a little nonsense rhyme read many years ago and, as is often the case, there is underlying wisdom in the nonsense. "An optimist fell ten stories, And as he passed each window bar, He shouted, to his friends inside, 'All right, so far!'"

Well, you know, take it all in all, people in general throughout Canada have fallen a good many stories but still so long as we are able to get the real necessities of life, why are we all right? It seems very discouraging to farmers to get such splendid crops as we have had this year, and then know they must sell at a loss but then things are never so bad but what they might be worse and half a loaf is better than no bread. If one could parade some of the unemployed to look at things in the same light. So many of them will only work for a high wage or not at all. If only they will take what they could get then those of us who really need help might afford to have it.

Things have been happening in the barnyard this week. Life and death have practically gone hand in hand. Molly's cow, which goes by the name of Peggy, came home one morning with a brand-new calf. Then the next morning Peggy's daughter, "Dollie," also brought home a calf. Of course Molly wants to keep everything tidy and she had to be born, as her Dairy told her, if she kept on much longer she would have to buy a farm for her stock. Last Monday Partner was out-dueled, and there, in the corner of the field, was our poor old Jenny-cat, stretched out dead. She appeared to have gone some where, somewhere, but how or where we don't know. Only a cat, you will think, but Jenny was a super-cat, and we would have given a lot not to lose her. She was seven years old, and such a dear faithful old baby. She would be on the doorman every morning in the winter months, but how or where we don't know. Only a cat, you will think, but Jenny was a super-cat, and we would have given a lot not to lose her. She was seven years old, and such a dear faithful old baby. She would be on the doorman every morning in the winter months, but how or where we don't know. Only a cat, you will think, but Jenny was a super-cat, and we would have given a lot not to lose her. She was seven years old, and such a dear faithful old baby.

Yesterday, in the woodshed, we found Limpiey, she also, was dead. Limpiey is, or rather was, a motherly old hen who

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

REVIEW—THE GREATNESS OF THE GOD-FEARING

Golden Text.—"The fear of Jehovah is the beginning of wisdom; a good understanding have all they that do His commandments; His praise endureth for ever."—Ps. 111: 10.

Lesson I.—Abraham's call and great reward. Central truth: His was a faith that prevailed.

Lesson II.—Jacob's transformation. A crafty, selfish man, disciplined of the Lord, becomes a prince with God. Central truth: Emptied of our own pride, and strength, God gives us of His.

Lesson III.—Moses' call and reward. Central truth: God gives His gifts of grace without favor to men and woman alike.

Lesson IV.—Deborah, a brave and resolute woman. Central truth: God gives His gifts of grace without favor to men and woman alike.

Lesson V.—One of the loveliest and best-loved stories in Holy Scripture. Central truth: Constancy, such as Ruth showed to Naomi, should mark our constancy to God.

Lesson VI.—The study of Hannah, a godly woman, who desired a great boon of the Lord, is rich in His lessons. Central thought: God answers when the righteous cry.

Lesson VII.—In natural gifts and attainments, every inch a king, Saul comes to ruin because his heart is not towards God. Central truth: "The Lord saitheth not pleasure in the legs of a man," but looketh upon the heart.

Lesson VIII.—The story of Jonathan and David is that of one of the historic friendships of the race. Central truth: She divides the best-loved. Jonathan could not have David and Saul.

Lesson IX.—Amos called of God from the hill-farm of Tekoa, becomes His fearless messenger. Central thought: God always finds His servants, when He needs them.

Lesson X.—Judah, the good king, reforms a nation by the Word of God. Central truth: When a king rules in righteousness, his kingdom and people prosper.

Lesson XI.—Jeremiah fearlessly reproves individual sin and calls men to individual righteousness. Central thought: Each of us stands alone in the presence of God.

Lesson XII.—Jonah, first a disobedient and then a penitent servant, is reproved of God. Central truth: God's message and God's mercy are His and not ours.

Internally and Externally It is Good—The growing property of Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil is that it can be used internally for many complaints as well as externally. For sore throat, croup, whooping cough, pains in the chest, colic and many kindred ailments it has qualities that are unsurpassed. A bottle of it costs little and there is no loss in always having it at hand.

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