



THE HOME OF The Acton Free Press

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EDITORIAL

How Much to Afford

In these days when unemployment talk still holds the sway so much that we may miss seeing the sunrise of better times, it might be well to consider just how really bad off we are. In Lindsay the Mayor was opposed to workmen, who are employed at thirty cents an hour, driving cars to work, and those who secure employment under the local scheme there must turn in their driving licenses. In other communities, it has been found necessary to cancel liquor permits of those receiving assistance under the unemployment plan. And often it is aggravating and the cause of a withholding of charity, to see a line of men waiting for a free meal, but with plenty of cigarettes about. Luxuries are splendid for those who can afford them. But when the non-essentials grow to demand a place above the necessities in the eyes of the individual it is time that the individual with this false conception should have his mistaken ideas pointed out, at least.

Lest We Forget

Reeve Mason has issued the usual proclamations for the Thanksgiving-Armistice service on Monday next, at ten o'clock, and the details in connection with the service are under arrangement with the clergy of Acton, in co-operation with the Council. Every year, since 1918, this service has formed part of the community life and after twelve years it arouses just as much loyalty and enthusiasm each year. It only occupies about an hour and a half, and yet what memories can be recalled and what a sense of duty can be carried out in that space of time. The renaissance of the desire for peace and the review of events usually emphasized in the service at the hall; the reverence and remembrance shown at the Memorial and at Fairview Cemetery in those simple, expressive acts are things which make for greater good that can easily be measured. The community meets in a bond of combined reverence and humility. It is a little thing in the lives of all, possibly, and yet it is a bigger thing than we know. Let us continue, next Monday, the gathering that means so much when every citizen joins in that service.

Improving

Sometimes we are prone to believe that the generations are not improving. But if Hallowe'en is any indication it would seem that Acton is making real advancement. Sure there was fun in Acton on Hallowe'en. The streets were alive with groups in grotesque costumes and other outfits that they do not wear regularly. There were parties in many homes and much merry making at school and at homes were parties had not been planned. But the damage committed was negligible. True, the police were on the lookout for those who committed property damage, but there were no promises of dire results put forth to scare them off or no police court cases which followed Friday night. Possibly the door-bell required more answering on Friday evening than was usual. But it was the subject of comment from many that when the froats were handed out they were invariably received with a "thank you." Yes, Hallowe'en in Acton is a big improvement over the old days, when property damage was common. And we think the young people of to-day are using better judgment in many cases than those of other generations, too.

Those Who Never Make Mistakes A responsible public board was charged with making errors in judgment by critics. It was charged that this board had over a period of years made a number of mistakes. To this, one of the men thus attacked, answered: "There are only three types of persons who never make mistakes: the liar, because he never admits them; the fool, because he doesn't know when he makes them; and thirdly, the oyster, because he never does anything. We do not think we are either fools, liars or oysters. No one engaged in a large enterprise can foresee everything. Sometimes hindsight is better than foresight." — Municipal World.

All in a Moment

The loss of three bright young lives in an aeroplane crash at Toronto Sunday afternoon has cast a gloom over the district in which these young people were well-known. According to reports it is not one of the calamities that meant the advancement of travel by air. And yet it cost the lives of three bright young people. It is regrettable that a moment of desire for a new thrill should overrule the good judgment of an experienced pilot and result in a fatality with such a terrible ending for all. It has often been thus. The desire to rock a canoe, or to step on the gas, or do one of a dozen things that better judgment says should not be done are just as dangerous and often as fatal. It all happens in a moment, and in that moment hours and days of agony are too often the outcome.

Canada's Youngest Provinces' Growth

It is just 25 years since the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan were created. At that time the population of Alberta was 185,000. It is now about 650,000. Saskatchewan in 1905 had a population of 195,000; now it is about 807,000. The total area under cultivation in Alberta 25 years ago was 660,000 acres; in Saskatchewan 2,000,000 acres. In 1930 Alberta had 15,000,000 under crop and Saskatchewan 30,000,000 acres. The dairy production of Alberta has advanced in value from \$2,000,000 in 1905 to over \$20,000,000 this year. Similar progress in dairying has been made in Saskatchewan. These two provinces, the youngest of the nine that form the Dominion of Canada, have certainly acquitted themselves well since their admission into the family group a brief 25 years ago.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Two minutes of silence, to be observed on November 11, at eleven o'clock is just a little thing to ask in commemoration of the closing of the greatest struggle in world history. We cannot afford to forget.

Indefinite suspension from his Government position was the only thing to do when a Deputy Minister is under suspect for theft of a \$15 dress. A man in public office must be above suspicion in big and little things or others suffer from the taint of public suspicion.

A heading in a neighboring daily recently read: "Mayor Returns from New York—Three Men Committed Suicide in Metropolis in Last Three Days." We wondered if the official were afraid the mania was contagious and he had better get back home, where the buildings weren't so high.

To reach a successful culmination, the hope of effective inter-Empire trade had a poor background. The bluffing of the idea throughout has been hardly successful. It is to be hoped the door to negotiations in the future will still remain open and be able of fulfillment at a more opportune time.

The central region of the C. N. R. will spend \$4,000,000 this year in a programme of construction. And it is estimated that only \$600 is required to properly grade and repair the Mill Street crossing in Acton of that railway. Acton is not asking for a big appropriation, and the repairs are certainly necessary.

Mr. John Atkins, of Toronto, has purchased the Oakville Record from W. J. Taylor, of the Sentinel-Review, of Woodstock. The Oakville News ceased publication this year. Mr. Atkins will be welcomed into the newspaper circles of Halton. He is an experienced journalist and announces that the Record will be run as an independent weekly.

A Typographical Union delegate to the Toronto Trades and Labor Council last week asked the trade union movement to protest against printing of public bodies being done in Oshawa and Pickering. Toronto printers have travellers continually canvassing for business all over the Province, but when some outside firm gets into the city and picks up some of the jobs, what a holler they raise!—Barrie Examiner.

The Milton Reformer this week enters its forty-sixth year of publication. And it has an experience unique in newspaper circles in the fact that Editor White, who launched the journal, is still in charge and has been all through the years since the journal was founded. That both the Reformer and its founder may long be spared to wield an influence and represent the County Town is the wish of THE FREE PRESS on this birthday occasion.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

How can anyone be expected to write a respectable, printable article on Hallowe'en night? It simply can't be done but of course one can make some attempt and produce the next best thing—a ghost, as it were, of the real chronicle and that after all would be quite applicable to the season.

The children have had a small party, and the noise and racket is still reverberating in my ears, although they are in bed and asleep at this particular minute.

Such a mad, merry time they had, which had been looked forward to and prepared for ever since the first of October. Every spare hour the children could get was devoted to drawing, cutting out and coloring weird-looking objects which they confidently described as cats, owls, bats and witches. No respectable looking bat or owl would ever recognize their caricature of himself and as for the cats—well, any cat that looked like the ones they drew would deserve to be "the cat that walked alone."

How to get Molly and Pat off to school this morning I hardly knew. They were far too excited to pay proper attention to anything they were told, and I had not the heart to be seriously annoyed with them. Whatever the teacher did with thirty or forty of them I can't imagine—I wouldn't want to be responsible for them and methinks lessons to-day would not bear the mark of over zealous attention.

After school the children put home in double quick time and our little visitors also arrived. The collection of paper hats, trumpets, clappers, rattlers and blow toys was divided among them and as soon as the pandemonium started Pat ran off in terror to his box behind the stove. I had a friend visiting me, and she and I emulated Pat's example, but not having a box to run into we shut ourselves into the pantry and proceeded to eat sandwiches. After awhile the noise subsided to a slight extent and we were able to get supper ready while the kiddies were hilariously competing for an apple on a string. Supper was a colorful but simple meal as I did not recall of unwholesome feeding. So we just had stacks of sandwiches, jellies, fruit, jelly roll, candy and chocolate with milk to drink. Nothing there, I think to upset little stomachs unless it be the candy but one cannot eliminate candy altogether on a festive occasion. Of course a Jack-o'-lantern decorates the table, but having a box to run into the night before, but the light from the pumpkin was not half so bright and twinkling as the little sparkling eyes on each side of the table.

There were games after supper and lots of fun trying to catch apples floating in a dishpan of water but this form of amusement came to a sudden end when one little boy almost got into the dishpan a few inches in his ready to be champion apple catcher. However, there were no casualties, and although we, who were grown up, developed headaches, there were no heartaches.

We knew our children were not on the streets and we knew they were not up to any practical jokes which snowed disregard for other people's property. There is a spirit of adventure in the air on Hallowe'en night and if children don't have amusement provided for them at home, they are going to find it elsewhere, and without guidance they are liable to develop a decidedly perverted sense of humor.

It takes so little to amuse children—that is if they are not already satiated with too much amusement in the way of shows, etc.—but of course we do have to spend a little time and thought on the matter and this, we think, is not the most convenient or perhaps worth while. Naturally it is far less trouble to give a child ten or twenty-five cents and send them off to the picture show. They are out of our road then and we don't have to worry about them. Don't we—ah, that's the question? Children sometimes come home to roost and children who don't only work and only work and recreation but amusement at home are the first ones to break away from home ties. You can never be exactly sure what even the best of children are going to do without supervision. I had quite a shock today with Pat and he is not the best of children, by any means. He opened the subject by saying, "Gee, I played a good joke on the teacher today."

"What was that?" I asked, with my heart in my mouth, as I well know the capacity of our son's fertile brain.

"I hid on the floor under my desk all the time the teacher was marking the register. Course she marked me absent, and then when she had finished I just popped up and said, 'Here I am!'"

Fortunately for young Pat the teacher remembered it was Hallowe'en and took it as the joke it was meant to be.

Partner and I have been busy on a job this week that was not half so much fun as the children's party, and that was picking chickens. I say "was," but my picking consists of pulling out the pin feathers. I can't make a good job of picking a chicken to save my life, which just goes to show I am not even yet an honest-to-goodness farmer's wife. Oh well, I'm not grumbling, there are things I would rather do than pick chickens, as I am not going to be annoyed if Partner does mention my efforts in uncomplimentary terms.

Canadian Poetess visits Jack Miner



Miss Molly Bevan, Canadian Poetess, whose timely verse appears each month in the Blue Hill, the Bell Telephone Company of Canada's Employees' magazine, recently paid a visit to Jack Miner at his bird sanctuary near Kingsville. These two people, kindred spirits, greatly enjoyed an hour's conveyance about the birds and the wild life of Canada's great out-of-doors. As Miss Bevan said: "Every good Canadian has heard of Jack Miner's Bird Sanctuary and the unique work he is performing in protecting the wild life of our country. His guiding principle seems to be Love—love of the out-of-doors with its teeming life—love of children and their frank trust—love of home and of the homely virtues, and, above all, love of God."

APPRECIATING MOTHER

It was once my good fortune to be a guest in a home on Thanksgiving Day when six married sons and daughters came home for the day and there were two unmarried children still in the home. The mother was a little, bright-eyed, happy-looking woman who looked remarkably young for one of her years. She was, as she said, "all keyed up" over the homecoming of her children, and each ring of the bell sent her hurrying to the door. Once when the bell rang and the mother was busy in the kitchen her son started for the door and his sister said: "No, John, let mother go. You know she wants to open the door herself. I believe she thinks that in some way it adds to the welcome. I think it is another Howard and his family and they would rather have mother be the first to meet them."

It was Howard, a tall, broad-shouldered man of about forty years. He lifted his mother up in his arms as if she were a child, kissed her on both cheeks and said:

"Looking fine, little Mother! And I smell the same spicy odor from the kitchen that I smelled in it when I was a boy! Never smelled quite such a delicious odor in any other kitchen! Did you make a special mince turnover for me, mother?"

"I certainly did, my son. Did you think I could forget to do so?"

"My Thanksgiving would have been spoiled had you forgotten it."

A little later one of the daughters said:

"Now, mother dear, you just sit here in the sitting room and visit and let us girls attend to the whole business of getting the dinner on the table."

"As if I could do that, child!" said the little mother. "It wouldn't seem like a real Thanksgiving dinner if I didn't help with it."

"That's so, mother," said another stalwart son. "You'll think of something else that none of the others would think of. Got any of your grape conserve to put on the table? I defy any other woman to equal you when it comes to preserves and about everything else one puts on a table. I guess my wife sometimes gets a little tired hearing me brag about your cooking."

"I think I brag about it quite as much as you do," said the good-natured daughter-in-law.

All day long these children of larger growth lost no opportunity of saying words in affectionate appreciation of their mother. As often happens on such family gatherings the children harken back to the days of their childhood in their talk and both mother and father were constantly referred to in the most affectionate way.

"Some smart little mother we had!" said one of the handsome sons from New York who had become a wealthy business man, but who had never failed to spend Thanksgiving with the "old folks" and there was no wish of theirs ungratified that he could supply. When the children and grandchildren had gone in the evening I said to the "little old mother":

"You must be a very happy woman to have such loving and appreciative children."

"I am," she said. "I think it has been their love and appreciation that has made it seem real easy to do all I have done for them. Father and I were pretty poor in the days when we were rearing our children, but it was then as it is now, they did seem to appreciate everything we did for them so that it was easy to do it. And just as soon as they began to earn money they began to make it easier for us. I did feel some tired out last night getting ready for to-day, even if two of my daughters came over to help me all day, but to-night I feel almost like a young girl. It's been such a happy day, and the children have seemed to enjoy all I made for them. I

don't know what I'd do if I had the kind of children that never seem to appreciate what I did for them." "There are some mothers who know what it is not to be appreciated, mothers whose children accept as their due or as a matter of course all that is done for them. The daily round of work that falls to the portions of most mothers is all the more wearisome when this happens, just as the burden of daily work in the home is lightened for the mother when her children show loving appreciation of all that she does for them. The appreciated mother is the mother who is apt to come up to the sunset years of life with fewer wrinkles and a happier spirit than the mother who lacks the appreciation that is her due from her children and her children's children.—Philip Harlow.

The wind is like people; it cannot always be at its best.

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