



The Acton Free Press
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
Member Ontario-Quebec Division C. W. N. A.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS is published every Thursday evening at The Free Press Building, Mill Street, Acton, Ontario. The subscription price is \$100 per year, in advance. Postage is charged additional to offices in the United States. The date to which subscriptions are paid is indicated on the address label.

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G. A. DILLS, Editor and Proprietor

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EDITORIAL

Truly the County Town

The Inspector's report of Halton County gaol reveals the fact that the Town of Milton has no town lock-up, and uses the County gaol to house vagrants. The favors granted a municipality as a result of its being situated in the centre of the county, at the expense of the rest of the county, make one wonder how far it would get if it had to stand alone. Milton Agricultural Society received five times as much as others in the County by way of a grant; its park is County owned; the County provides its village jail accommodation. Yes, Milton is truly the County Town.

All Acclamations

The municipal nominations and elections have come and gone almost before the average citizen has seemingly realized the end of the year was drawing to a close. True, they were earlier this year than any time previously, but the atmosphere seemed hardly ready for their entry at that. The meeting on Friday evening was quiet, but the half hour brought forth sufficient of good material to fill all the vacancies. There were explanations asked and given very satisfactorily on the various phases of municipal life. But it was quiet, with an air of general satisfaction. It was small wonder then that acclamations were the order of the day. There was no contentious issue in the public mind, and possibly this was accountable for the general attitude. The work of the coming year can now be planned and carried on with a good degree of continuity. The Council and Public Utilities Commission have exactly the same personnel. The School Board has three of last year's members and three new faces. Acclamations are usually considered the ratepayers' complimentary way of satisfaction with work done and if such is the case here, the Reeve, Councillors, School Board and Public Utilities Commission may view with satisfaction the work of 1930, and face the next term with a real inspiration to continue their activities.

Hard Times in Ontario

Hard times? When Ontario has 122 liquor stores, 105 brewery warehouses and 52 wineries? Hard times? When Ontario has 416,185 resident liquor permit-holders? Almost one for every four adults, and more than one for every second home. Hard times? When the total income of the Ontario Government for 1930 will be \$58,000,000, or just a little more than the gross income of the Ontario Liquor Commission? That the Government receives \$18 per capita in legitimate taxation, while the Liquor Commission harvests \$17 per capita? Think of its neighbors! Hard times? Unemployment? Canadian industries requiring protection against American competition? Hard times? When \$56,000,000 is spent in intoxicating liquors? Hard times? When the nation multiplies Ontario's liquor bill in every Province but one, in direct proportion to its population? Hard times? When the people can afford not only the \$50,000,000 for liquor, but the added cost of combating the steadily mounting crime wave, of increased jail accommodation, of the increasing numbers of abandoned and illegitimate children, of the relief of poverty, of the destruction of property, and most appalling of all, the wanton cutting off of human life at the hands of drunken drivers? Truly, Premier Ferguson has spoken well in his text-book authorized for use in the public schools of this Province: "It is surely foolish in the extreme to have anything to do with alcohol." "Pedagogue," in the Toronto Globe.

The Wonder Grows

After almost a year's deliberation the County Council has advanced another scheme of assisting the County Clerk and also the Treasurer. An assistant to these two officers will be appointed, at a salary of \$500 per year, and their salary reduced to allow for the paying of the assistant. It is said that some members of the present Council will be applicants for the position. As a matter of fact, an amendment was introduced at the meeting to appoint Reeve H. M. Pettit, of Nelson, to the position at a salary of \$750 per annum, and the amendment was only lost on the casting vote of the Warden. They take truly strange and long ways of doing things at the County Council, but Halton seems just typical of all such bodies. Small wonder the average ratepayer considers this body an unnecessary wheel within the forms of government.

To-morrow

A few weeks ago we received a little circular folder, entitled "To-morrow's Newspaper," which was given as the quotations of somebody from a monthly magazine. With such an alluring title, we read the whole article. And to boil down the whole thing, what do you think this individual said: the newspaper of to-morrow was going to be like? Why, just this, that every one of them was going to be, so standardized that they would all be alike. This writer went on to show that many news services actually edited the material that went into many dailies and it could not be changed. The article contains the following paragraph: "There is automatic composition; perhaps that will bring about a great central office where all general—not local—news, all editorials, all features, will be gathered and edited, to be punched on a tape and sent direct to typesetting machines in a score of cities." And when such a standardization is reached, won't it be glorious? All the view points of one individual or set of individuals will be expressed in one and the same way. In fact, there will be one standardized view point. There will be only one side of politics, in fact, just one side of everything. When the newspaper of to-morrow, as set forth by this writer, is an accomplished fact, there will be a new to-morrow, and people vastly different from the people of to-day. Both of these to-morrows seem very remote at the present day. There is more than the mere matter of mechanical accomplishments back of the production of newspapers in various communities. And when this thought is all standardized the to-morrows will have come.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Brandon Sun says: "Some leading citizens are merely those who sit tight, while others build a town around them."

The municipal political turmoil is over for another year, and after all there wasn't really any turmoil at all this year.

Every drop in temperature these days is viewed by the hockey fan as just that much less time until the great winter game can get going.

It is estimated that the Ontario Government will collect \$10,000,000 this year from the gasoline tax. There is one consolation for the fellow who still walks that this is one tax he has legally evaded.

Whether Ontario's Premier will go to London as High Commissioner for Canada seems to depend on two things—the salary and whether his colleagues wish him to remain in Ontario. The final pronouncement, it is said, will be given at the Conservative banquet on December 2.

A rather extensive and expensive change in the highway is the one west of Rockwood. It will eliminate a very scenic curve and not be necessary to raise the foot off the accelerator, and provide three months of work, but surely there are other activities where the work would be better done.

When a drug addict was sentenced to fifteen years and ten lashes at Portsmouth penitentiary for holding up two drug clerks, he pleaded, "Brokers come before the court and get only two years. They are men with millions. I am only a poor drug addict." These things are difficult to understand. But doubtless an investigation will be held for the brokers.

Who will be Warden for 1931 in Halton? Well Reeve Mason, of Acton, will be a member of the County Council this year, and he is the member who has been in the Council the longest who has not received that honor. But if it is necessary to pull strings and play sides to secure the honor, we doubt very much if Acton's representative will be the recipient.

A group of brokers, recently sentenced to penitentiary, have been granted permission to appeal their sentences. The grounds of appeal stated are, "that the sentences were under all the circumstances, excessive." And most everyone else seems of the opinion that they were not big enough sentences. Just a difference of opinion, that's all.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENOLINE P. CLARKE

"Held a lady to me one day this week, 'Are you not having wonderful weather?' I looked at her somewhat surprised, as the fog hung like a shroud on everything that was more than fifty yards away. 'I am sorry,' I answered, 'but I am afraid I cannot agree with you, because I don't like this foggy weather, even if it is mild.' Then I caught a twinkle in her eye as she said, 'How very strange, when this is typical English weather; I naturally thought you would like it.'"

Probably most people think the last week has been very much like the English climate, but as a matter of fact I have never yet seen a Canadian fog bad enough to equal a good old London fog. We have been able to breathe quite comfortably even through the worst of it, but if one gets out to a bank, London fog it gets right down to a person's hinges until they feel they will choke with it. My first experience of a London fog was during the War. Partner and I were spending his last day of leave in the City. It was pretty thick after dinner and to get out of it we went to a theatre—I think it was "Mr. Wu." When we came out we found the traffic was absolutely tied up in knots, and although every pedestrian knew exactly where he wanted to go, no one was quite sure whether he was getting there. Buses for a while crawled along the street—one could not see them, but through the denseness two dim lights might be seen. Partner and I moved cautiously along the streets and stopped for tea at the first restaurant we came to, but after that our trouble began. I had to take my train from Liverpool Street station, and he from Charing Cross, so of course nothing would do but he must take me to my station first. I forget now just how long it took us to get there, but I know we had to walk all the way, and barged into someone or other about every few yards. There were men with flaming torches at every corner and intersection, so we did get a little help in crossing the road. We eventually reached the station very late, but there was no fear of missing the train, as no one knew when it was coming or if it was coming at all. Partner had to hurry away, because, being a soldier, he had to report on time, fog or no fog, but I think he had an even worse time, alone than we had together. And there was I left alone to put in the time as best I might. I suppose I should have been miserable but I wasn't, because it was a new experience and such I was enjoying it. There were hundreds of people waiting in the waiting rooms, on benches, sitting on trunks, strolling up and down, but there did not seem to be any complaining. The air was melodious with the strains of "Pack Up Your Troubles." "I'm Afraid to Go 'Ome in the Dark," and a few other choice selections.

Along the three in the morning a train crawled in—one that was due at 4.30 p. m. the previous evening. It was not the train I should have taken, but it was going part of the way in the right direction, so I got into it, and went as far as the junction, which was about fifteen miles from home. Here I had to wait in a miserably cold waiting room for another two hours, until another train came along, and finally reached home in time for a late breakfast.

So that was my experience of a real London fog; of course there were others, but quite mild affairs, compared with that.

So far as I can see, there has been nothing very thrilling about the fog we have just been having. It was not bad enough to be exciting and yet miserable enough to be inconvenient. Of course it has not held up the work at all. Partner has been busy plowing, and to vary the monotony we picked a bunch of chickens. Stump, the collie, was running around and getting in everyone's way while the plucking was in progress, and when I happened to look at him I wondered whether some prehistoric animal had dropped from the blue for there was Stump, as much like a four-legged chicken as anything you can imagine. He had evidently been rolling in the wet grass, and his coat was absolutely plastered with feathers, which did not appear to worry Stump in the least.

By the way, to get back to the weather—it must be awful to be out in the West. Just imagine having the weather man predict the day "would be 'andromerately cold'." Of course one can get accustomed to cold but "andromerately cold" must be a terrible variety of

weather. No doubt you wonder what I mean, but you must puzzle it out for yourself or else write to the "Globe." Perhaps it isn't a printer's error, but a cycloptic disturbance as a result of the last election, and just beginning to shake itself. Let's hope Mr. Bennett does not get mixed up in any of these phenomenal disturbances although he thinks the way things are looking just now he may find on his return that climatic conditions are "andromerately hot!"

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BANK OF MONTREAL

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ANNUAL STATEMENT

31st October, 1930

LIABILITIES	
LIABILITIES TO THE PUBLIC	
Deposits Payable on demand and after notice	\$697,395,742.54
Notes of the Bank in Circulation Payable on demand	39,724,450.50
Letters of Credit Outstanding Financial responsibilities undertaken on behalf of customers for commercial transactions (see offsetting amount [x] in "Resources")	8,723,863.80
Other Liabilities Items which do not come under the foregoing headings	4,367,780.52
Total Liabilities to the Public	\$750,211,837.16
LIABILITIES TO THE SHAREHOLDERS	
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits & Reserves for Dividends	76,757,700.45
Total Liabilities	\$826,969,537.61
RESOURCES	
<i>To meet the foregoing Liabilities the Bank has</i>	
Cash in its Vaults and in the Central Gold Reserves	\$100,047,419.79
Notes of and Cheques on Other Banks Payable on demand or presentation	41,634,155.54
Money on Deposit with Other Banks Available on demand	35,118,848.74
Government & Other Bonds and Investments (Charge Securities practically all of which mature at early dates)	181,592,610.56
Stocks Railway and Industrial and other stocks at or below market value	1,057,042.59
Call Loans outside of Canada Secured by bonds, stocks and other negotiable securities of greater value than the loans and representing money quickly available with no disturbing effect on conditions in Canada	60,921,712.69
Call Loans in Canada Payable on demand and secured by bonds and stocks of greater value than the loans	17,840,690.03
TOTAL OF QUICKLY AVAILABLE RESOURCES (equal to 59.32% of all Liabilities to the Public)	\$438,192,479.94
Other Loans To manufacturers, farmers, merchants and others, on equitable conditions with usual banking	359,705,270.35
Bank Premises These properties only are carried in the names of holding companies the stock and bonds of these companies are entirely owned by the Bank and appear on the books at \$1.00 in each case. All other of the Bank's premises, the value of which largely exceeds \$14,500,000, appear under this heading	14,500,000.00
Real Estate and Mortgages on Real Estate Acquired in the course of the Bank's business and in process of being realized upon	1,803,552.09
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit Represents liabilities of customers on account of Letters of Credit issued by the Bank for their account	8,723,863.80
Other Assets not included in the foregoing	4,046,562.43
Making Total Assets of	\$826,969,537.61
<i>in exact payment of Liabilities to the Public of</i>	\$750,211,837.16
Leaving an excess of Assets over Liabilities to the Public of	\$ 76,757,700.45
PROFIT and LOSS ACCOUNT	
Profit for the year ending 31st October, 1930	\$6,919,091.51
Premiums on new Stock	51,450.50
	\$6,370,491.01
Dividends and interest on investments paid or payable to Shareholders	\$3,047,588.99
Credited to Trust Account	31,450.50
Provision for Taxes Dominion Government	492,979.43
Reserve for Bank Expenses	800,000.00
	6,339,028.94
Balance of Profit and Loss 31st October, 1929	\$ 211,465.07
	755,582.31
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	\$ 947,047.38

CHARLES B. GORIKON, President
W. A. BOG, JACKSON DODDS, Joint General Managers

The strength of a bank is determined by its history, its policy, its management and the extent of its resources. For 113 years the Bank of Montreal has been in the forefront of Canadian finance.