



THE HOME OF The Acton Free Press

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EDITORIAL

Competition Working to Advantage

The investigation into the bread-making industry brought out the fact that flour mill companies control 96 bakeries. These 96 bakeries now produce over a third of the bread sold in the Dominion. According to the report, there are factors in the present situation which are operating to prevent undue advantage being taken of the public in the matter of bread prices. One of these is chain store competition; another the competition of small, low-cost bakeries all over the country. These have made themselves felt. There are also the smaller flour mills and the possibility of bread being baked at home in the event of bakers' prices going beyond what are considered reasonable limits.

Only a Delusion

With the unemployment relief that has been given and the use and abuse of this offer of a helping hand to those in distress has come up many circumstances that bring thoughts to many a mind. It has been a quite common thing to refuse aid to those who are the holders of liquor permits in many municipalities. It is only fit and proper that relief money should not be squandered in liquor. The question arises, if many of the individuals who now seek relief had not squandered their money in liquor, would they find themselves in their present unfortunate predicament? The Provincial Government has made millions of profit from the sale and the question arises, should not this amount be put into relief measures without calling on the municipalities for assistance? And on the other hand, if this is done, a vast amount of taxes would necessarily have to be collected from some other source. Just how much bearing this vast expenditure on liquor has had on present conditions it is hard to estimate. But the balancing of the Ontario budget by means of liquor revenue, under the Liquor Control Act, has been a means only of deluding ourselves.

"Pack Up Your Troubles . . . and Smile"

After making a record that any team might be proud of in intermediate hockey, Acton was eliminated by Stratford on Monday night. The games have been pretty thoroughly dealt with in other columns. It has been the privilege of the editor to travel with the team to many games. It has been our opportunity to witness every game Acton has played this year. We have seen the boys happy in many victories. We have also seen them not down-hearted in defeat. The last two games with Stratford, when the locals were eliminated, have been real exhibitions of sportsmanship. They gave of their very best to defeat Stratford. They played the game clean and when they were forced to admit defeat, they were MEN. The example they have set for the fans is having its effect, and while Acton can be jubilant in victory, they can also give credit to the other fellow and wish him success when defeated. The sportsmanship is getting contagious from team to fans and with that spirit there, the game reaches a new higher level. We stood at the door of the Stratford dressing room on Monday night and one after another of the Acton fans passed by and wished them success in their continued climb to the top. And in the room the Stratford boys said they had never met a finer bunch of players, who were supported by a better bunch of sportsmanlike fans. We didn't win the round, but maybe games aren't the biggest things in hockey. Speaking as a fan—and we have every reason to believe other fans will share the same expression—we thank the hockey boys for their exhibitions of hockey and the example of sportsmanship they have shown.

Reverence for Law

During the month the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, on February 12, one of the greatest of Presidents, has been observed throughout the United States. In one of his immortal addresses, away back there in 1863, Lincoln said this to the people: "Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in the schools, in the seminaries, and in the colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books and almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpits, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in the courts of justice; and in short, let it become the political religion of the nation." The people of the United States, and every other nation, could with great profit obey this injunction perpetually.

The Warning Signs

Cobourg Town Council has applied for legislation permitting its withdrawal from the United Counties of Northumberland and Durham. If this enabling legislation is granted and the assent of the people is given the proposal, it is estimated that the municipality will be \$25,000 better off in taxes. Cobourg is not the only municipality that is looking for relief from the burden of taxation which seems to emanate from the County Council body. But if legislation is passed enabling any municipality to withdraw it would seem probable that the withdrawals would be so plentiful that none would be left to pay the levies. And since a considerable amount of these levies are made on the County Council by the Provincial Government, it would seem that it would be highly improbable that the enabling legislation would be forthcoming. Most municipalities would be very happy to sacrifice the advantages secured from the County body for the amount they cost, but the general levies must be met in some way. The trouble would seem to have been that each municipality has cajoled themselves into believing that magic treasure vaults existed with County and Provincial bodies, and they have been drawn upon pretty freely in the last few years. Each had his own municipality at heart in the demand for improvement. The illusion has gone. The realization is here that the treasury is just where it always was—in the ratepayers' pocket. A remedy will be sought. The progress of the case that Cobourg is making will be watched with interest. It points out at least that the ratepayers are demanding a curtailment of expenditures and all bodies will do well to heed the warning signs.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Queer how the papers of the opposite political color worry about the leadership and well-being of the other fellow's party.

Sales of wine show a decrease since the new restrictions came into effect. Therefore, the grape growers do not like the system. Even the Liquor Control Act doesn't seem to please everyone.

The unemployment fund has been exhausted and the requests of thirteen municipalities will have to go unheeded. There are no more funds to administer and the Provincial Relief Board is at the end of its task.

Alliston is facing a tax rate of over seventy mills this year. And it won't be the only municipality where an increase to meet the expenditures will be found necessary, but it won't be nearly that heavy in Acton.

It is predicted that television will be in general use in 1933. There are now two stations in Chicago broadcasting television concerts, and two New York stations are having television broadcasting equipment installed.

There is one thing about travelling about with a hockey team that gets fairly well along in the playoffs. An opportunity is afforded of forming the ideal in skating rinks from the standpoint of players and spectators, and also an appreciation.

Many have taken the occasion to speak appreciatively to the editor of THE FREE PRESS reports of the hockey games. With such a team to write about, the reports have been a work of pleasure. The boys made the writing easy. To them and their conduct the interesting reports are due. They were written as they were.

The big expenditure being made on the highway between Rockwood and Guelph, which will take out a beautiful scenic curve in the road, seems rather unnecessary to the average citizen. The work is being most efficiently handled by machinery and is therefore not employing any great amount of unskilled labor. Rumor has it that the work will entail an expenditure of nearly \$200,000.

It is gratifying to learn that the total number of industrial accidents in Ontario during 1930 showed a marked decrease over 1929. A portion of this decrease is due to the lessened number of employees, but the percentage of accident decrease is so much greater than the percentage of employment decrease that it is quite apparent that the work of the Industrial Accident Prevention Association is proving effective.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

Voice from the back kitchen—"Day, bring me a pair of over-socks, will you please? I'm falling through these ones I have got on." "You dear, all right. I'll bring them in a minute."

"Run to bedroom dresser—frantic search—no socks! "I'm awfully sorry, but there isn't a pair left. Plenty of cashmere ones, but no over-socks. Will it do if I have some ready for you after breakfast?"

All right, don't forget," says Partner and away he goes to the barn, leaving me to cut lunches, rouse the children and get them away to school. Whether it is because their brains have been refreshed by a good night's sleep or not I don't know, but certain it is those children of ours have more to talk about first thing in the morning than any other than during the day. Something like this always goes on:

"Pat, have you cleaned your teeth?" "Just going to. Stay, Mum, I won't five ally, at school yesterday." "Mummy, we saw a robin yesterday morning and coming home we heard a rook. Do you think Spring will soon be here?"

"No, not yet, but never mind Spring now—have you got your over-socks on? I am just going out to feed the hen—be sure you are ready for breakfast when I come in."

At the long hot breakfast in eaten, lunches packed into school bags, cod liver oil taken and five cents found for a suddenly-remembered scribbler and away they go at last, scattering down the lane as though they had the whole day to spare, until suddenly they see a team coming down the road. "Come on, let's hook a sleigh," he yells and off they go as fast as the slippery ground will let them.

With a sigh of relief I re-set the table. They are darling, of course, but from seven to eight o'clock is sure a hectic hour if ever there was one. Partner comes in from milking, and we have a peaceful breakfast.

"Kids get away all right?" he always inquires and laughs as I recount their doings and misdoings. Then I remember the socks. Hastily I look through the week's laundry pile and I find the pair that wants the least darning, and get Partner fixed up in double quick time.

"There you are, there's your socks, and for pity's sake don't ask me for any more—that's the third pair you have had this week. It isn't because they are not mended properly, because I'm a good darning—if I do say it as shouldn't—I suppose it is the rubber boots."

Another hour's work is put in and then I get the mail. Daily paper, magazine, two letters, a cheque and a bill—for twice the amount of the cheque, of course. Who are the letters from?—one from Cleo and I have not answered her last letter yet—"Dear Gwen, it is ages since I heard from you—"

With a guilty conscience I shove the letter down deep into my pocket and open the next one. "Dear Madam, may we remind you we have not yet received your annual report—"

Well, this evidently isn't my red letter day, I think regretfully and open the paper, hoping to find something more cheerful there, but the political news is obscure, the home team lost out in the hockey match, but glory be, eggs have advanced three cents a dozen.

After dinner I make a serious attack on the week's mending, and while I am on the job Partner comes in. He talks for a few minutes and then says, "What happened to that article you sent to Magazine, did you hear from them?"

"No, because I didn't send it." "Didn't send it—why not?" "Haven't got it typed for one thing." "Well, why haven't you done it—"

thought you meant to get it away last week?" "Look here, my dear, and I fix him with what I hope is a baleful glare. "There are eleven rooms in this house—no I know we don't use them all. There is also one woman to do the work and she has one pair of hands. There are four people to work, wash, cook and mend for, two children to get off to school, homework to see to at night and there is also a man who eats up cake faster than I can make it and who wears out three pairs of socks in a week, so now if you still want to know why I haven't—"

But Partner had had—"Soon after four o'clock Pat comes trailing home from school. "Hello,

Mum, can I have something to eat?" "Oaks in hand, he tells me the events of the day, which, however, have little to do with lessons. "Look, Mum, you got a hole in the knee of my pants. But I don't know how it got there," he adds hastily.

"Feeding hens, getting supper, helping with homework following in their natural sequence, and then I hear a pleading voice" say "Please, Mummy, we've been awful good kids, won't you read the "Hobbsy Twins?"

"Ask your Daddy." "Sorry, I've got to go, out to milk." Of course I snubbed and the "Hobbsy Twins" are read until seven fifteen and then away go our young hopefuls to bed. I collapse into a chair and wonder if I can get together enough energy to start work again. There are endless jobs I might do and about a dozen articles to be put down on paper. Of course it is a mass of too many irons in the fire but the thing is how to take any of them out. There is only the writing that can really be eliminated, and that is not work but pleasure and relaxation. Sometimes I think it should do, a natural death, but then again I feel everyone is justified in taking a little pleasure in their own way.

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WORKING BY THE CLOCK "Forget the clock" is good advice, if it refers to watching for the end of the day. Sometimes, to keep our eye on the clock is a means of unearthing our output is a good idea. A successful woman writes says of herself that she works by the clock and the calendar. "When I began," she told a young friend recently, "I spent six or eight hours on work that now I finish in three. I did not do it any better when I took a longer time. I dawdled over it, and sometimes for periods of ten or fifteen minutes, I almost stopped thinking. Now I am aware of the clock, and if my output between nine and ten is less than I think it should be I concentrate more closely from eleven to twelve." No employer will object to your watching the clock, provided your object is to be sure that you pack as much accomplishment as possible into their hours.

INHIBITED CURIOSITY Wife—"You don't love me any more. When you see me crying now you don't ask why." Husband—"I'm awfully sorry, my dear, but these questions have already cost me such a lot of money."



"—and now he eats breakfast" "Junior did worry me. It was hard to get him to eat any breakfast until I gave him Shredded Wheat—and now he cannot get down to breakfast quick enough. He likes the crisp, crunchy shreds of baked whole wheat with plenty of milk over them. He is especially fond of Shredded Wheat with hot milk on cold mornings."



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