


THE HOME OF



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 \$2.00 per year, in advance. Postage is charged additional to office in the United States. The date to which subscriptions are paid is indicated on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—For small unclassified advertisements, and in other columns, the rates will be found at head of column. Display advertising rates on application.

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EDITORIAL

Stumbling Blocks or Stepping Stones

The only difference between stumbling blocks and stepping stones is the way you use them. The misfortune that means the downfall of one puts another ahead. The loss of a wise counsellor leads one young fellow into all sorts of unwise extravagances, while another realizes he must depend on himself and so develops good judgment and self-reliance. The loss of money makes some families life-long mourners, always wearing crepe for the dear, departed cash, while in numberless cases such loss is the making of the young people who, since they can no longer live on father's money, set out to earn it for themselves. If you have gone sprawling over some object lying in your way, do not lie prostrate, bemoaning your hard fate. It is not too late to climb to your feet and use the stumbling block for a stepping stone.

Appreciated if Unappreciated

In the desire for growth communities too often overlook the value of old and established industries and go clamoring after the new plants, offering assistance, and not a word of encouragement to the industries that are steadily expanding without any fuss or help. We have had examples locally just recently. Perhaps it is because the baby industry requires coddling along and helping past the creeping stage and the older children can care for themselves. The older industries grow and expand once they are established seemingly of their own accord until too often their growth is taken as a matter of course. Whether their growth is recognized or not, like the older child, they are none the less appreciated. And the hope is expressed that Acton's older industries may continue their expansion and be assured that their effort in their own growth are just as much appreciated even if we are a people not given to much applause.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

A total of 243,201 young Canadians were ushered into the world last year (exclusive of still-births), according to figures released by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. This represented 24.5 per 1,000 of population. The Province of Quebec retained the pennant with a percentage of 30.6, represented by 83,625 births, while Ontario, largest in point of population, reached only 21.5 or 71,182 births. British Columbia's percentage was low, 18.2. Infant mortality, under one year, claimed 10,045 of Quebec's births, however, or a rate of 120.1 per cent. for each 1,000 live births. The percentage for all Canada was 89.6, with a total of 21,734 infant deaths under one year. Ontario's total was 5,257, or 73.9 per cent. British Columbia was lowest with 51.7 per cent. The average of maternal mortality in Canada last year was 5.8 per cent. per 1,000 live births. Alberta led in this respect with a percentage of 6.5; Ontario had 6.2, while Quebec had 5.5. A total of 71,645 marriages took place in the Dominion during 1930, or 7.2 per cent. 1,200 of population. Alberta's percentage was the highest—8.1; Ontario came next with 7.7 and Quebec third with 6.8. The general mortality in Canada was 100.245. With 35,045 deaths Quebec had the highest percentage—13.1, or 2.1 per cent. greater than the average for Canada. Saskatchewan held the lowest percentage—7.2. Of these deaths, 13,089 were due to diseases of the heart; 9,268 to cancer; 7,333 to pneumonia, and 5,577 to tuberculosis of the respiratory organs.

A Fair-Sized Industry

A little booklet, published by the Statistics Branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture reached our desk the other day and proved a most interesting volume. For instance, the average temperature of Ontario for forty-nine years was given and we came to the conclusion that the weather is just about the same all the way through, according to records, and the seasons are not changing very materially. The facts of agriculture that pertained to our own County of Halton were naturally the most interesting. Last year in Halton there were 5,732 acres of fall wheat and it averaged 23.1 bushels per acre. The market value was \$91,802. Oats, to the value of \$310,887, were grown and barley of \$100,898 was also a product of Halton. Potatoes were also quite a crop in this County, amounting to \$76,934, and turnips yielded \$70,035 to Halton growers. The alsike, sweet clover, alfalfa and hay and clover crop had a combined market value of \$908,798 last year. Here are the values of stock given on Halton farms: Horses, \$712,898; cattle, \$1,670,270; sheep—\$141,180; swine, \$216,044; poultry, \$150,622. And here also are found values of farm equipment in all the counties, and Halton has a value of \$14,100,623 in farm lands; \$7,990,655 in buildings; \$2,461,368 in implements; \$2,891,914 in live stock on hand. A total of \$27,441,560. So that farming is quite an extensive industry in this County, with a pretty fair capitalization.

Just Sentiment

There was something just a little touching in that last trip on the electric car from Acton to Toronto on Saturday night. People all along the line seemed to feel that the passing of the final car on Saturday night along the electric line signalled a changing in the methods of transportation that was historical. Its regular toot-toots and service became a part of the every-day life of the community. When its severance came it was almost regarded as the passing of a friend. As editor, we took that ride to Toronto as a matter of history. There were gatherings at all the larger centres to see the last car go through and at a lonely cross road we noted a farm couple standing back fifty feet from the crossing and they waved a farewell as the car passed along. They were off the highway and the severance of this means of transportation meant undoubtedly quite a change in their lives. There weren't any tears—men are not likely to shed many—but a link of several years was severed apparently when the last car went over the electric line on Saturday night. The conductor came for our hat check as we neared Toronto and were in conversation with the Acting Superintendent, and we requested the pasteboard as a souvenir. We've had hundreds of those pink cardboards before, but there was an unusual significance to that one—the last to be issued from Acton to Toronto. Maybe it was that same foolish sentiment that made us be the last passenger to leave the last car, instead of being in the usual scramble to be among the first. Methods and various ages undergo many changes, but it's queer how we are often loathe to part with the changing times. Sure there are going to be more means of transportation for getting in and out of Acton than we can ever use. There will be no lack of facilities, it's just pure sentiment, but it's queer the way changes affect one.

But alas, pride comes before a fall. Yesterday I went out to the garden and I could see something had been nibbling away at my tomatoes, something that was neither hen nor chicken, and for a while I was completely mystified, but as I watched the mystery was explained. Grasshoppers were the culprits. There they were, three fat green fellows, digging their proboscis, or whatever it is that grasshoppers have, right into the ripest and juiciest of my tomatoes. I charged after them, intent on instant death—but there now, see what I have caught a grasshopper? It's awfully good exercise—guaranteed to be flesh-reducing!

EDITORIAL NOTES

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as think.—Emerson.

The six-cent gas tax and the \$10 auto licenses are under consideration carry no terrors for pedestrians, anyway.

The price of one-cent a dozen for corn on the Hamilton market is not very encouraging for the average tiller of the soil. It is to be hoped it will not reach that level in many other districts.

Acton municipal electric services got a rebate of \$22.41 from Hydro operations. Divided among 2,000 people it looks rather small in comparison with John Aird's \$50,000 gift. And we had to pay our bills promptly on time, too.

A splendid little booklet has recently been issued by the Ontario Department of Health, entitled: "1931 Health Almanac." It is well illustrated and contains a fund of knowledge that will be useful in any household in maintaining good health.

Wonder how often it ever occurs to any who view the wealth and bounty that are exhibited at the exhibitions and fairs of the year to give a word of thankfulness for what each year produces. The depression is certainly no fault of the wise Creator of all things.

The Mail and Empire points out that there is one class of taxpayers that make no protest against the impost on the products they purchase: "In two years the Ontario and Dominion Governments have taken \$40,000,000 profit out of the sale of liquor in Ontario. Yet we never hear of deputations of earnest drinkers going to Ottawa to ask for relief."

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

The scenery these days is not nice—not a bit. Whichever way one looks there are fields with stuff lying out that should have been in the barn long ago. Oats, barley, second-crop hay and in some cases seed alfalfa. Thank goodness we have our best alfalfa in but not very much of anything else. For a few days this week we got along fine, spring wheat was safely stored in the barn, good hay cut and colled and one night, Partner informed me that the barley, which had been rain-soaked over the week-end, was now ready to come in, and if I would give them a hand in the mow the next day he hoped to get the best of it in. Of course I was quite agreeable and several times that night when I happened to wake it was with relief that I noticed the weather was still fine. When the alarm went off at five o'clock the day was fine and we were quite sure the chance to see half slip unless away, but five minutes after five it was a different story. Rain—how it did rain, and every drop that fell quenched our smouldering hopes of proceeding with the harvest. For two plus I would have buried my head in the pillows and drowned my sorrows in sleep. But about there were cows to get and cows to milk, hens to feed and chickens to water, "no time for idle transports of despair," and so once again work and plenty of it comes to our rescue and prevents our brooding over Nature's capriciousness.

The scenery inside the house is much more cheerful. Wishing to make the use of my time during this moist period, I got busy with the preserving kettle and about time I did, as there wasn't a jar of fruit in the cellar but now I have some rhubarb put down, a lovely lot of black currant jelly and some amber-clear apple jelly besides some canned tomatoes out of our own garden. Oh boy, you don't know how pleased I am about those tomatoes. Every time I look at them I feel like running over to the henhouse with them and saying to those pernicious hens, "there now, see what I have caught that you haven't got"—in fact, as the fellow says in "The Geartie Pimpernel," "It's marvellous"—he said more than that, but you know the rest and it is all quite true when applied to hens and tomatoes.

Perhaps it is only fair that they should show us what they can do, because we have read so much in the papers lately about what insects have done in the district and it was only the other day I was remarking to Partner how strange it was that we had thus far been immune from their attention. We have not seen a cucumber beetle or a tomato worm or anything like that. True, the rabbits have eaten most of my cabbages, but they are such cute little things I wouldn't shoot them if I caught them right in the act. Of course there are endless potato bugs, which I dusted and smothered and watched them writhe in their death agony with the best of my conscience until at the price potatoes are to-day we concluded the bug poison was worth more than the potatoes and left them to their fate. Now the bugs are having a great time and have increased to the third and fourth generation but they apparently have a tacit understanding with the potatoes, because they also are increasing both in size and number, so I foresee a few backaches around here before the season is done.

Our mid-season chickens have started to hatch out. The other day a motherly hen was seen in the vicinity of the henhouse with one wee lone chicken—apparently it was the light of her eye as only children always are, and she showed her devotion by chomping dirt right from the henhouse to the barn when he approached too closely to her beloved offspring. Later on we saw another hen with three chickens, and a day or two after that a proud biddy walked out from a dark corner in the woodshed with thirteen fluffy chickens. Yesterday when I was feeding the hens I had my suspicions of another chicking hen and followed her to her nest. After reducing myself as much as possible I wedged my way into a place between the henhouse and pigpen, which was almost inaccessible, found my lady had a nest of sixteen eggs. As I tore my dress on a nail getting out and washed my hair out by the roots, I muttered things between my teeth which our dutiful biddy may have interpreted as a curse or a benediction—anyway, I left her in undisputed possession of her nest and may she hatch a family that will at least supply our table with fresh chicken for a time or two.

And now I suppose all eyes are on the North York Conference and I wonder what will be the outcome of it all. Dear knows we can all think out ways and means by which the agricultural situation might be relieved, but has any one group of farmers got sufficient push behind it to make itself felt with its powers that be? The trouble with farm-

TIGER-PROOF HOUSES

Some very unique and interesting buildings are found in the Orient. The ordinary Malay house is built on posts from five to seven feet high, but sometimes safety measures add considerably to the length of the posts, this being particularly true of tiger-infested districts.

As tigers have been known to leap eighty feet from the ground, a life of security for the occupants of the house for prospective builders in such sections. At best the Malay house is a frail and flimsy structure of sticks tied together with rattan, thatched with palm leaves, and walled with galvanized bamboo or tree bark. It is, therefore, an easy matter for a tiger to break into a house. Many tragedies, with a human tiger as the villain, have been recorded. In one case a whole family, with the exception of one man, was killed. He climbed to the roof and thus escaped the notice of the tiger, but was the horrified and helpless witness of the cruel slaughter of his relatives.

DO YOU WANT TO BE CHEERFUL?

Some of you young people cherish melancholy as though it were your dearest possession. A good brisk walk in the sunshine would probably cure you; so you lower the shades and sit indoors. An interesting book would throw your thoughts into a healthier channel; but even if such a book is lying at your elbow, waiting to be taken up, you will have none of it. If you tried half as hard to be plucky and cheerful as you do to be gloomy and miserable, you would be splendidly successful. For some strange reason, however, you regard your melancholy as something too precious to lose, and hang on to it until your friends' patience is worn threadbare. When you find yourself resenting another's attempt to cheer you up, it is time to take yourself in hand. There are few more dangerous states of mind than that which treasures melancholy.

ers as a class is that although we may have ideas, and sound ideas at that, yet when it comes down to brass tacks we haven't got the courage of our convictions. We are all ready to spur the other fellow on but not so anxious to take an active part ourselves.

"A light meal gives me a light touch"



"What do I eat for a light lunch in Summer? I eat two Shredded Wheat Biscuits in a bowl of half and half—sometimes I cover the Biscuits with berries or sliced peaches. You'd be surprised at the lightness of touch on the machine and the ease with which I can take dictation. The mind works clearly and the fingers deftly. It's easy to keep awake after such a lunch."

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