



The Acton Free Press

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G. A. DILLS, Editor and Proprietor.

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EDITORIAL

Back to School

The school bells will ring again on Tuesday and the pupils will resume their studies in higher forms for another term in the process of becoming fitted for life's duties. The school year just passed is one that you may remember with pleasure or regret. If success has crowned your achievements, a continuance of application to studies will undoubtedly be your resolve. If, on the other hand, failures were met with, and the year was not one which you will remember with pride, the time is now to make a resolve to rectify the mistakes and make this term one that will obliterate the failures of the past year. Everyone at some time falls short of the achievement they have aimed at, but constant failure without a desire for improvement can make only for a life of failure. Now is the time to buckle in. A year's course of study can not be absorbed in less than a year.

Employment Measures

Locally and throughout the country the task of registering the unemployed is now being carried on and will be completed before the end of the month. Measures to cope with the situation are engaging the attention of governing bodies. Whether the application is merely a sedative or a cure for the ill remains to be seen after a trial of the experiment. To the average mind it appears peculiar that in the midst of plenty, bounteous crops and apparently enough for all, want should exist alongside. Wherever the fault may lie, it is man's blunder, and as such it is quite apparently man's duty to find a remedy. It is commendable also that the remedy takes the form of employment rather than a dole. No Canadian that is worthy of the name would desire to accept a dole and remain idle. He will desire to be busy and not a burden to the country and while the wages may not be as large as the past few years have seen, he will be anxious to give value for measures which are calculated for his betterment in a time of stress. It is a time when all must do their share in relief and however small that share may seem, it is equally important. There is no place for the drone at this or any other time.

Part of the Dominion's Life

To-morrow will usher in the season of exhibitions and fairs, when the Canadian National Exhibition opens its doors to the world and all may gaze at many of the wonders of the world. From the largest to the smallest fair, each has a place in the building and shaping of the Dominion. Think back a few years of what constituted the attractions and exhibits of any of these exhibitions and in their growth is portrayed the development of Canada. Many will say that the larger exhibitions so far eclipse the smaller fairs that they fade into insignificance. And yet, there is a different interest and atmosphere about the small fair that makes it hold a lure that is missing from the big exhibition. To get a reflection of Canada in a broad sense it may possibly be best obtained at a large exhibition, but to get an intimate mirrorage of the life and endeavors, and a renewal of acquaintanceships it can only be found at the rural fairs. Both are decidedly different in their coverage, both are essential in the life and entertainment of the people of all classes. The season is here, let it take its place in the pleasure and profit it affords. In a few weeks its activities will be over and the late fall and winter season will follow.

At the Right Time, Anyway
To the average ratepayer the news that the County rate will be lower this year than last year, will be welcome. It may be somewhat difficult to understand that this is the fact in spite of the statement that expenditures of the County body are the same this year as last. Each year it seems has its own methods of financing and thus it came about that a certain debenture amount was provided for twice in the same year. New methods of accounting and bookkeeping bring about careful checking up in many lines of business and apparently the County Council has proven no exception. If there ever was a year when the rebate will be appreciated by the municipalities and the ratepayers it is this year, when all bodies are experiencing financing difficulties.

Immigration to Canada

Immigration to Canada during June, 1931, showed a decrease of 76 per cent. compared with June, 1930, the figures being 3,169 and 13,171 respectively. According to a statement issued by Hon. Wesley A. Gordon, Minister of Immigration and Colonization, the total immigration to Canada in the three months, April 1, to June 30, 1931, was 10,188 compared with 40,890 in the corresponding three months a year ago. The greatest decrease this year is shown in immigration other than that from the British Isles and the United States. The present small movement from Continental Europe consists almost wholly of wives and minor children of Europeans already permanently settled in Canada. Total immigration for the first three months of the present fiscal year—April 1 to June 30, 1931, compared with the same period a year ago, consisted of British, 3,826, compared with 16,587; United States, 4,807, compared with 9,516; other countries, 1,555, compared with 23,701.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Third party candidates did not receive much encouragement in the Quebec elections on Monday.

Those who never do any more than they get paid for, never get paid for anything more than they do.—Elbert Hubbard.

Non-metallic minerals manufactured in Canada in 1930 were valued at \$216,043,078. These minerals were fabricated in 1,189 factories and gave employment to 20,632 workers.

It is quite apparent that it takes more than a depression to shake the faith of Quebec in its political traditions. After thirty-four years of continuous power the Liberal Government was returned to office again on Monday.

The Globe on Tuesday gave the Quebec elections the main headline and the British Government change second place. The Mail and Empire had the headings reversed. It all depends on one's interest as to judgment of importance of things.

Statisticians generally seem of the firm belief that an upward trend in business is just around the corner. Many of them predicted the present conditions and we did not want to believe them, but now everyone seems desirous of listening to their message.

The Aylmer Express takes the local band to task for only playing the first few bars of the National Anthem and says it should never be abbreviated. On certain occasions it is not proper to render the whole selection, such as the reception of the Lieutenant-Governor or Governor-General.

Since the Royal Canadian Air Force made its first experimental flight in connection with aerial mapping over Lake Winnipeg in 1922, the total number of photographs taken from aeroplanes in Canada is close to a half million. The science of aerial-mapping has been developed to a high degree.

The Liquor Control Board is to be commended on their prompt action in refusing to allow a man sitting at the top of a flagpole to drink beer publicly. Some people and newspapers seem to take a particular delight in trying to create embarrassing circumstances for those in charge of law and order.

John Aird, Jr., is truly a forgetful chap. He neglected, it seems, to make mention of those paltry amounts of \$50,000 and \$125,000 which he received for services from the Provincial Hydro Commission and the Beulahmills Company in his city income returns. These big business people sometimes become big by various means which look just queer to us ordinary folk.

Among the leading industries of Canada slaughtering and meat packing is near the top of the list. There are 76 plants in the Dominion devoted to the industry which last year had a total output valued at \$164,029,953. There are 24 plants in Ontario, 17 in Quebec, nine in British Columbia, eight in New Brunswick, six in Manitoba, six in Alberta, three in Saskatchewan, two in Prince Edward Island and one in Nova Scotia.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

Every year we feel a sense of gratitude when the last sheaf is safely tucked away in the barn, the last load of hay in the mow and nothing, saving accidents, can hurt the product of a year's growth, but this year—well, gratitude is too mild a word to express the sense of relief that comes to us at the completion of harvest. The week-end storms have made of harvest a very long drawn out affair indeed, and even now we cannot say it is all in the barn, because the barn simply would not hold it so a stack of barley had to be built outside to await the coming of the threshing. We have had two men working for us this week except one day when neither of them came, so I had to take a turn in the mow. It was barley we were getting in that day, and after stacking away each load, I came out of the mow, sat down on the first thing that came handy and spent the interval between loads removing barley beads from my stockings and shoes and thistles from my hands and feet. One time I went into the house and a neighbor phoned to tell me the lost news that our cows were in another neighbor's oat field. Away I went after those cows, the pasture field was hard and lumpy and as I walked or rather stumbled along, the fact was brought home to me that I had by no means extracted all the thistles from my pedal extremities. I would willingly have paid a dollar for a needle on that trip, so that I might have sat down in the middle of the pasture and extracted those minute disturbers of the peace. I seem to remember in the dim past reciting a poem called "The Pilgrim and the Peas." It was about a man who wished to do penance and went a long journey on foot with peas in his shoes. Now, if there is any one of our readers who is anxious for original methods of doing penance, I can thoroughly recommend thistles, especially the very fine variety which cannot be seen, or even felt at times, but which lie nicely embedded under the outer skin and can irritate as much misery as our worst enemy could wish upon us.

But away with unpleasant thoughts—I have got something really beautiful to write about.

One morning this week at a time when town people were just rolling over in bed for their last snooze, I was out in the garden picking tomatoes—I am not taking any chances especially when one old hen has found they are particularly pleasing to her palate—and on the way out I stopped to pick a few dead blossoms off the petunias, when, on the very plant from which I was picking, there was a little blue and black insect. It made the slightest attempt to fly away and I plucked it up very gently in my hand. In the house I let it go in the sunroom and found it could fly a little bit but not enough for its own protection. The thought of a cat getting such a tiny bit of undefeatable loveliness was more than I could stand so I kept my little birdie in the house nearly all day. It would perch on my finger while I held it near a vase of gladioli and its long thin tongue would dart in and out of the satiny blossoms, sucking the juices from the beautiful flowers. Then it would rest for awhile, still perched on my finger and chirp away as merrily as a cricket. Its long thin beak was about half an inch in length and its peacock color body about two inches from head to tail. It seemed to be a mature bird and I think either it had got stunned in some way or the morning air had chilled it, because by five o'clock there did not seem to be anything the matter with it, so the children and I took it out to the flowers and let it go. For quite a while we watched it as it flew happily from blossom to blossom, then it seemed to tire and perched on the nearby fence, chirping, chirping all the time. And to our surprise there was a whirring and humming and two more little humming birds came and talked to their lost brother. For about half an hour they darted in and out among the flowers and the sunshine and then they all flew away out of sight and have not since returned. I am afraid I wasted quite a lot of time with my little birdie, but I do not regret it. If we cannot take time to delight in the beautiful things which God has created, what is the use of living? We create for ourselves and take time for other pleasures, which are not half so beautiful as my little humming bird, and after often blind to the sights and sounds of every day life, which, if we will, can fill our lives with a peaceful happiness not found in the pursuit of artificial pleasures.

One day this week I had a friend come to see me who has experienced great sorrow—sorrow which is greater than losing someone we love. For awhile we sat outside in the cool of the evening, for their last snooze. I was out in the garden and presently she said, "How beautiful the sounds are here!" I looked at her and noticed her habitually worried expression had given place to a sad yet peaceful look, and I was glad, so very glad, that her receptive soul could see and hear Nature's message to her.

There is no sorrow so great, no trouble so overwhelming, but Nature has some message for us—if we are attuned to hear it—and many are the instances of a person's greatest work being accomplished after forced inactivity—retirement from active life which has given them time and greater opportunities to appreciate the wonder of natural life.

There is no depression in Nature. Casualties yes, but flowers that are left bloom as brightly, birds sing as sweetly and animals that belong to the open do not slacken in vigilance in their fight for existence.

A NEW ST. JOHN MS.

A new manuscript of the Gospel of St. John was discovered at Qau-el-Kebir in Egypt. The manuscript, says the Living Age, is believed to date from approximately the year four hundred and is therefore one of the oldest manuscripts of the New Testament. It is also the earliest manuscript extant of St. John in the Coptic language.

It was dug up in an old Christian cemetery excavated by Mr. Guy Brunton, representative of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt. The cemetery contained Coptic and Roman graves that appeared to have lain undisturbed for at least thirteen hundred years. Inside a rough jar was found a small bundle about the size of a man's fist; it was wrapped in linen and obviously contained some Christian scripture in Coptic. Examination of the packet was begun in England by Sir Pinchers Peirce, who found that it contained a full, narrow book of papyrus that had been doubled across and tightly tied, thereby seriously damaging the manuscript. After a fortnight's careful treatment, however, Sir Pinchers was able to separate the fragile leaves from one another. He found that there were forty-three leaves, most of them in good condition, written on both sides in Coptic letters. The numbers of the pages indicate there must have been nearly a hundred. The book is beautifully written, and the height of the page and the condition of the book suggest that it was a church copy.

Coptic is written in Greek characters with half a dozen extra letters, so that the manuscript can easily be compared with the oldest of the Greek Biblical manuscripts. These are the Codex Vaticanus, now at the Vatican in Rome, which is assigned to the fourth century A. D., the Codex Sinaiticus, now in Petersburg, or Leningrad,—although, thanks to Prof. Kirsopp Lake's pains, photographic copies are now available,—and the Codex Alexandrinus, now in the British Museum.

AN OLD FAVORITE

"Is May at home?" George asked the maid.
"May who?"—he had her guessing.
"Why, Mayonnaise." And then she said:
"Oh, Mayonnaise is dressing."



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