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EDITORIAL

A Balancing Point

That the educational costs are a matter of study by many citizens was evidenced by the report of the Halton Educational Association meeting. None will deny the benefits of educational privileges and that they should be accorded every child. But the ability to pay for all that we desire is another part of the story that needs consideration and at the present moment is undoubtedly receiving this attention. To be faced by the fact that Halton County's share of educational costs has increased by almost six times the amount in a ten year period, is to say the least, startling. All public bodies are more or less blamed with increases in tax assessment, and yet it would seem that they are but the medium between of rate-payers demanding the impossible—greater advantages for less money. It was pointed out at this meeting that half of the elementary school teachers hold first class certificates. The causes of the higher costs were summed up as three, viz.: the increase in pupils due to compulsory attendance; higher standards adopted and the general upkeep of the schools. Anyone who has listened to School Board difficulties knows full well that to tackle any of these problems with a view in mind of decreasing educational costs will have strenuous opposition and have little effect in lowering costs. The problem seems to be one to find a balancing point where our requirements are in keeping with our finances.

We All Have the "Gimme Blues"

Speaking at the convention of the Association of Canadian Advertisers in Toronto last week, Mr. H. Napier Moore, editor of McLean's Magazine, gave a warning on the Government expenditures that are being made these days. Mr. Moore warned lest in the revival of business, efforts to prevent a recurrence of depression be lessened. And the first of these efforts, he said, should be Government economy. While every business was practising economy, the biggest business of which Canada could boast, her Government administration, was increasing its expenditures day by day, he declared. Since 1913, governments of Canada, Federal, Provincial and municipal, had increased their expenditures from 200 1/2 millions of dollars to 984 millions; one-fifth of the entire production wealth of Canadian industry had been paid in taxes last year; whereas a man, father of three, paid, in 1913, \$105, in taxes, or, estimated upon salary, worked for the Government one day out of ten, in 1930 he paid \$508.25 in taxes, or paid one day's salary out of five. Governments were not alone to blame for these enormous expenditures, said Mr. Moore. "Two of the commonest expressions of the day were 'There ought to be a law' and 'the Government ordered.'" The public that demanded the services which these expenditures made possible shared responsibility. To illustrate the magnitude of the "Governments' business," Mr. Moore pointed out that 15 per cent. of the people of Canada were engaged in working for one government or another. Governments had the biggest payroll of any business in the Dominion. The Dominion Government, he said, had 188,000 employees, with an annual payroll of \$275,840,303. "In Canada we have one federal government, nine provincial, and 4,181 municipal governments," he said. "And all of those governments are empowered to pass legislation and the right to impose taxation. And having the right, do they? And how! Yet the blame is attached to us as much as to governments; we've all got the gimme blues."

4,590 Accidents in a Month

There were 4,590 accidents reported to the Workmen's Compensation Board during the month of October, as compared with 4,436 during September. The fatal accidents numbered 33, as against 30 during September. The total benefits awarded amounted to \$575,076.25, of which \$487,715.56 was for compensation and \$87,360.69 for medical aid, as compared with \$441,431.30 awarded during September. This year's record to date shows a total of 44,408 reported accidents, as again 9,865 for the same period of 1930, and total benefits awarded \$4,906,795.43, as compared with \$6,199,700.26 to the end of October, 1930.

Paying Attention

Statistics show that the largest number of automobile accidents result from inattention. The driver's who run their cars while under the influence of liquor are responsible for some horrible accidents, but these are only a small fraction of the accidents due to this other cause. Accidents result too because people attempt to drive a car before they are sufficiently skillful, but they are not so serious a problem in traffic as the people who know what to do, but fail to do it, because they are not paying attention. The drivers who turn to talk to some one in the back seat or are so interested in the scenery that they drive on to a railway track in front of an engine, are representatives of a large class of failures. Few of us would claim to have too great intellectual powers, but we fail to use the brains we have. Half the time our thoughts are wool-gathering. None of us would say that we knew more than we needed to know, and yet we do not use our knowledge, because we are generally thinking about something besides the matter in hand. We make a fizzle of our daily work and of our lives for the same reason that we run down pedestrians and destroy valuable property, because we are more interested in something else than in the task we are doing because we are not paying attention.

EDITORIAL NOTES

None seems to be regretting that the price of wheat is ascending, even if it does mean a slight increase in the cost of some commodities.

Port Credit's new \$40,000 Government building was opened last week. This thriving community is to be congratulated on the fine addition this building makes.

Guelph has passed a by-law prohibiting the distribution of dodgers and handbills. In other communities it isn't only handbills and dodgers that make a nuisance of themselves by promiscuous distribution.

Nomination Day for municipal offices is but two weeks away and with its approach some rumors of candidates are heard, but the day will bring its own surprises and likely the rumors will prove in many instances without foundation.

Custom seems a more deciding factor than proclamation or act of Parliament in the observance of a holiday. The first Remembrance Day may well be characterized as confusion so far as a matter of uniformity of observance was considered.

Reeve Mason hasn't been called upon to visit any of the unemployed in the northern camps from Acton and district yet. So far as we know, Mayor Stewart, of Toronto, is the only one who had found such a journey productive of renewing acquaintances.

The Kincardine Review has apparently corroborated the fact that the Civil Service Commission operates on political lines in the matter of appointments, much the same under the Conservative regime as the former administration, only a little oftener and thicker.

Production from the group of 24 plants included in the miscellaneous non-metallic mineral products industry in Canada amounted in value to \$4,174,602 during 1930. In this miscellaneous group were included six plants making gypsum products, six plants making foundry facings and supplies, three making carbon electrodes, three mica trimming shops, and one plant for each of the following lines: magnesite stucco, asphalt emulsion, sani-onyx tables and counters, enamel frit, crayons, of wax or chalk, and milled slate for electrical purposes.

For the first eight months of 1931 butter production in Canada shows an increase of 20,280,660 pounds, of 15.1 per cent. over the corresponding period in 1930. The output of creamery butter in Ontario showed an increase of 20.63 per cent for August, 1931, and an increase of 16.45 per cent. for their eight months period as compared with last year. Manitoba reports an increase of 32.8 per cent. in fat received by creameries for September, 1931, as compared with last year. Saskatchewan shows an increase of 1,797,475 pounds or 30.5 per cent, in production of creamery butter for 1931 as compared with last year. Alberta figures show an increase in receipts of fat for the first nine months of 1931 of 30.1 per cent. over the same period last year.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

We are back to our old job again—putting up stove pipes and wrestling with stove pipes and strange to say we don't like it any better than we did a year ago. Familiarity is said to breed contempt—dear knows stove pipes are familiar enough but I have yet to see the person who can treat them with contempt. I know anything about it! However, we have got a little heat in the front part of the house, and it is something of a treat to be able to get away from the kitchen and still be warm and comfortable. What is more, the stove pipes are up and we are still alive to see the balance is golden. Now, at last, I can do my weekly spell in peace, without having to eat my typewriter around to wherever the warmest spot happens to be.

I have just been looking over last week's "Chronicles," and discovered such a funny printer's error. I am quoted as saying how nice it would be if farmers could go to their granaries and take out a bushel of oats to pay for their scholar's supply of coal. Of course it should have read a "hundred bushel of oats." Only one word left out, and yet what a difference it makes. Little errors like that make one realize the value of words. I suppose anyone reading it would understand there was a mistake somewhere. Of course I am naturally optimistic but for a bushel of oats to equal a winter's supply of coal even exceeds my joyful expectations.

Speaking of coal reminds me of a little pleasure trip I took yesterday. Our wood supply is almost reduced to nothing. Partner, of course, is busy with his plowing, and all our neighbors are too, so it would be unthinkable to have a wood-pee until freeze-up. And I would not want to interrupt anyone in their fall work, but at the same time I have got rather tired of looking at every bit of wood before I put it on the fire and wonder how long it will last and whether it is really necessary to put it on at all. So yesterday I put a sack in the back of the buggy when I went to town, and brought back a hundred and a half of coal. Where there is a will, there's a way, but oh dear, that coal is loaded in the buggy so tight I can't move it and Partner declares he won't take it out. "No, that's your coal—you must see to it yourself," says Partner. Trust a man to seize every opportunity to take a ride out of a woman! Pretty soon I must go to town again, and if the coal is still in the buggy I shall have to take it for a ride again, and on the way I shall be busy thinking of some way in which to get even with my good man. But I don't suppose it will be necessary—probably when I get out to the buggy the coal will be gone, so I may as well let him get on with the teasing, as I know he will keep it to the last minute.

One day this week we had a man in to repair the chimney that was struck by lightning. He came on one of those awful windy days and if you'll believe me he sat on the top of that roof most of the time, and he was taking no more notice of the wind blowing than if he were sitting on the solid earth, while I, in the kitchen, was keyed up to concert pitch, waiting for the thud which I thought surely must come.

Why is it that some people take to "high life" so naturally? Neither Partner nor I are much good from a "siddy" height, although Partner will climb around in the barn, when he has to, but as for me, I would not go three rungs up a ladder if it could be avoided. A few weeks ago I was doing the chores when Partner was away threshing. It was before we had threshed ourselves, and straw and bedding was getting scarce. On this particular day I looked around and saw there was a little straw on top of the straw loft. "Now that's just very high," said I to myself. "You just scoot up there and scratch up what straw there is." Fork in hand, I climbed the ladder. The last rung was a steep one, and there being nothing to hold on to, I very gingerly climbed the beam on my hands and knees until I reached the loft, which is only a few planks laid down like scaffolding. Getting the straw was like getting the straw. I tried to get rid of the idea but I couldn't; every time I set foot on the ladder I seemed to hold a nameless terror for me, and at last, rather than descend it, I jumped—quite a distance—from the straw loft on to the hay below—and my ankle has not got better yet. So that's what happens when mother does the chores!

EDUCATION

A teacher lately passed on to us the following information, gleaned from her charges: "That British subjects have the right to partition the King, that the Pope lives in a vacuum, that the Puritans found an insane asylum in the wilds of America, that nothing is whither than the driving snow, and that a palmetto is a child of black and white parents."

DEPRESSION AND PRAYER

By Arthur B. Rhinow

"How is business?" I asked a merchant in the bank. The next moment I almost apologized for the platitude. Besides, the question must be annoying in these days.

The merchant, however, did not seem to think so. In fact, he became confidential; as we stepped outside and stood at his car. He did not gloss over conditions with the cheap optimism that is so common. "Business is fine," he said. "It's a fine time to be in business."

"Do you know," he said, coming a little closer, "I prayed last night?"

After that, we had a talk that lasted longer than five minutes.

Well, if the depression will make us pray, then let us be thankful for the depression. We are gifted with no faculty more precious than prayer, but we never really use it until we feel the need of God's help. How well the Hebrew singer understood the human heart when he chanted, "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord."

Men that live with God always feel the need of God, and they always pray. But many do not think of Him until they are in dire distress. Then they pray, and as they pray new fantasies are opened up within them. Hidden resources are revealed to them, and they look at life with new eyes and new courage. They begin to say, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

Man comes to himself as he comes to God, and he comes to God as he comes to himself. We are most real when we pray. We must be, for only the honest heart can come in touch with the heart of God. And when we are our real selves, we are mighty, for then we are one with the Almighty.

We shall gain immensely through the depression if it will make us pray, and we shall lose immensely if it does not make us pray.



"—and now he eats breakfast"

"Junior did worry me. It was hard to get him to eat my 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. It is especially fond of Shredded Wheat with hot milk on cold mornings."

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