



The Acton Free Press
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EDITORIAL

Accidents and Compensation

During November there were 4,308 accidents reported to the Workmen's Compensation Board, a decrease of 282 from the number reported during October. The fatal accidents numbered 17, which is the lowest record for any month during the present year. The total benefits awarded amounted to \$540,861.11, \$407,661.10 of this being for compensation and \$73,199.02 for medical aid, as compared with \$575,076.25 awarded during October. The total accidents reported to date this year number 48,806, as compared with 64,573 for the same period last year, and the total benefits awarded amount to \$5,537,056.54, as against \$6,792,286.22 for the corresponding period of 1930.

The Mirror of the Town's Business

No less an influential and financial periodical than the American Banking Magazine is responsible for the following statement: "No business man in any town should allow a newspaper published in his town to go without his name and business being mentioned in its columns. This applies to all kinds of business or professional men. It does not mean that you should have a whole, half or even a quarter page ad. in each issue of the paper, but your name should be mentioned, if you do not use more than a two-inch space. A stranger picking up a newspaper should be able to tell what business is represented in the town by looking at a paper. This is the best possible town advertiser. The man who does not advertise his business does an injustice to himself and the town. The life of a town depends upon the live, wide-awake and liberal advertising business man."

The High Places

It was our privilege to attend what has been termed the largest indoor gathering in Canada last Sunday, and it was truly a magnificent spectacle. Sixteen or seventeen thousand people gathered into one building reverently worshipping on a Sunday. True, of course, there was the attraction of a two-thousand-voice choir and a fine military band, but throughout the service there was not a semblance of anything but quiet reverence, and the whole through taking part. The planning and organization of the whole meeting seemed perfect and the fact that the class leader, Mr. Denton Massey, had developed such an organization from a group of sixteen lads a few years ago to the present proportions was indeed a testimonial to his abilities and personality. But it was not done in one sudden burst of popularity. It took a period of years and undoubtedly much hard work. We, along with thousands of others, have enjoyed the thought and service of his energy through the radio and two years ago had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. Massey when he visited Acton. Somehow as we viewed that vast gathering, and we read that thousands of others could not gain admission, and the visitors came from as far north as Orillia, the thought of regret passed through our mind that on Mr. Massey's visit to Acton two years ago, there was not a packed auditorium in one of the churches that would barely accommodate four hundred. We expressed the regret in conversation locally and were told it would be different if the opportunity presented itself now. Just another lost opportunity and how often we pass such opportunities up until a man has surmounted the highest pinnacles and everyone is ready to acclaim him.

Santa Claus, Too

With but just one week until Christmas, time, and the ground in true winter garb, the spirit of Christmastide is about one everywhere. Undoubtedly the celebration of the event will be more confined in the amounts expended this year but after all that is not all that this joyous season stands for. The gifts may have less value as compared with former years, and the things that were considered necessary to the day may not be permissible this year. But do we always judge by the amounts? If we do, possibly—the lean year is a blessing in disguise. Christmas can hold just as much for us if we do not make comparisons with others that may have estimated higher. Count the many things we still have that will give just as much enjoyment and make the smaller things as truly symbolic of the Christmas spirit. Santa Claus can, and will come as usual this year, but it would seem selfish if it were taken for granted that the dear old chap had not suffered as everyone else from the period described by Eddie Cantor as the "smallest boom he had ever seen."

The Householder's Best Protection

If every householder would turn away from the door the peddlars that seem to be multiplying with great rapidity these days, not only would the community benefit but the average householder would be better off financially. There was the example just a few weeks ago when the two dollar deposits were collected for water heaters of a prohibited type, and nearly every week there are similar episodes. In every type of business there are to be found individuals engaged who have been there for some time and are firmly established. Taken in the long run it is safer and more economical to make purchases from these establishments. The hour-to-hour stranger may make an offering which looks attractive but all too often the goods on delivery do not measure up and all too often the delivery doesn't come at all. It is too late to complain after the money has been paid, and it is often impossible to recover. There seems likewise to be no effective method to stop these individuals who make a habit of "trimming" the public and eluding the police. The most effective method is for the householder to turn a deaf ear to all of them and buy from institutions that have some standard of reliability and usually the cost will be found to be the same, and quite often less, and the merchandise as specified.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The best Christmas spirit is not to be obtained in the liquor stores (so says an exchange).

Every time the thermometer is studied by the hockey fans isn't any indication that they are anticipating a trip south.

With just a mere week left until Christmas, that one day has seized and is holding more than the children's attention at the moment.

With the new calendars making their appearance these days, the fact is impressed that the last leaf of 1931 is now in use and a new 1932 pad must soon take its place.

The exorbitant exchange rate between Canada and the United States is certainly beneficial to only the money changers. It is not a stimulus to trade in either country.

If thirty-five miles per hour was safe on the highways during summer conditions, there should be an altered view of speed under the present icy condition of pavements.

Labrador has been offered to Canada at \$100,000,000. It would seem, however, that Canada had already sufficient territory and limited purchasing powers—abroad at least.

It seems peculiar and hardly fair that all other annual banquets should be staged at the end of the year, when the stomach is called upon to do justice to the Christmas festivities.

The annual meetings of the various institutions are interesting events these days, and some times the figures presented are just a little more than interesting—they are startling.

With all four Toronto papers unanimous in their choice of Mayor it would seem that a mayoralty campaign was impossible there this year—but you never can tell what may happen.

In the Workmen's Compensation investigation of the \$50,000 fraud, ten of the eleven doctors will not be permitted to attend Compensation Board cases in future. Their names were not given, so the workmen of Montreal, London, Toronto and Detroit will have to inquire of their doctor before attendance, we presume, in compensation cases.

The Northern News, published at Kirkland Lake, issued a splendid progress edition last week. In picture and story form the growth of this northern community was ably portrayed and its development in a few years, has been truly marvellous and a stirring example to older centres which have taken much longer in achieving much less.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for
The Free Press by
GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

Happy Christmas, everybody, and I hope you are all more ready for it than I am. I simply can't get it through my head that the time to Christmas is merely a matter of days—it doesn't seem possible. Even the children do not seem to have worked up as much enthusiasm as they usually do and the only way I can account for it is the weather. For this week for instance—the weatherman had said that the kind of stuff to make you feel you have boundless energy. Tuesday was an exception. Neighbors didn't you glory in Tuesday's frost and sunshine? That day I had been invited out to tea to a house about a mile and a half away. "If you want to go, I can drive you in," said Partner. "Drive me? No thank you, I'm not going to walk!" He said I did and every little while I looked back fearfully to see a car should come along and its kindly owner offer me a ride. "Times without number I have accepted most gladly free transportation from any male or female who offered it, saving my poor feet the agony of picking their way among the loose mud and scattered along the road. Road maintenance is all right for traffic but it offers small encouragement for walking. But there are times—like last Tuesday—when happiness or heart and lightness of spirit outweigh any weariness of feet, and not a soul in sight, I walked along feeling myself alone with God and His great shining universe. I sped along in a car and I defy anyone to feel that Oneness with nature that accompanies a journey on foot. It just can't be done. Life is made up of little things and the little things are invariably missed unless we take time to see them.

Sometimes I envy promiscuous people who can work just as well on dull days as in the brightest of weather. Envy them and wonder how in the world they ever do it. But I also think that if a period of gloomy weather affects them not at all, they must also miss the ecstasy of a day that is full of beauty and promise—a day when we realize how true are the words—"the blue of Heaven is larger than the cloud." And isn't that true, not only of the weather but of life?

Charles Kingsley says "Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower and thank Him for it, who is the foundation of all loveliness, and drink it simply and earnestly with all your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing."

And you know at Christmas time there is endless opportunity of finding beauty. It may be the fleeting expression of a stranger in a crowd or the joy of someone in reading an unexpected Christmas message. And what can compare with the beauty of Christmas music, of the familiar message of love and goodwill whose value is enhanced by repetition. Joy is mirrored in the faces of little children and of those who have tried to make them happy—there is even something pathetically beautiful in "Daddy happily playing with the children's toys!"

It is a splendid thing that the old holiday—depression—is not going to be invited to our Christmas feast. Of course his influence is with us yet, but we have not quite such a strong conviction of a step, or that of our neighbors, so that we may all wish each other a happy Christmas without feeling it to be a wish with a ring of hollow mockery.

The time before Christmas is a strenuous time with a good many people, and we can, if we will, do quite a bit to lighten it for store keepers and their clerks. Have you ever stood for a while in any local store and watched the people coming in one after another, many of them, only giving a small order and asking to have it delivered, more than likely walking out of the store themselves almost empty handed. Or an order will come over the phone for a small purchase and the request, "Please send it round as soon as you can," store keepers know very well what it means, but those of us whose only knowledge of a store is buying things over the counter, how should we like to be serving one person, taking orders over the phone and chasing the delivery boy all at one and the same time? Methinks by Christmas day we should be too tired to see any beauty anywhere or even be capable of doing justice to the Christmas dinner. Half the time thoughtlessness is at the bottom of the trouble but if you and I try to make use of some of the season's spirit of goodwill before Christmas, I think there will be more meaning in the words we quote—"Happy Christmas" or "the same to you," which ever it may be.

I can't think of any original message to send to my readers and so the best I can do is to close with the old, old wish, to all my friends—A Very Happy Christmas to you and all those whom you hold dear. The words are simple and in common usage but can't I wish be better expressed?

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NEW STRENGTH FOR OLD TASKS

In a recent article on "The Value of a Vacation," the author expressed the opinion that it was not in the getting away from all difficult tasks—that the value of a holiday lay, but in the getting away from our old difficulties and the meeting and overcoming of new ones.

The Indian believed that the strength of every foe vanquished entered into his own body and gave him that much greater strength to overcome the next one met. Is there not some truth in this in regard to our daily difficulties?

The fact is, we grow tired of meeting the same old difficulties and performing the same old tasks day after day, week after week, year after year. They become irksome and we cease to put the best that is in us into them. When this stage has been reached, we need to plan for some sort of a change; to give the tired muscles and tired brain cells a rest, not necessarily by seeking absolute inactivity, but by engaging for a time in some new and pleasurable activity that calls into play an entirely new set of energies. This will give us fresh courage and renewed strength for the old tasks.

DOWN-TO BRASS TACKS

Acknowledge you are whipped at almost the very beginning of the battle of life? Never! If you have one grain of courage, one dash of ambition, or one ounce of mental effort left within you, turn and challenge the whippers! If you have none of these qualifications, then hurl the challenge anyway, voice it with a who! then create the necessary ingredients for the formula mix them with your common sense, and get to work on yourself. If you are in dead earnest and really want to go ahead, no power on earth can keep you down.

This is a scientific and psychological truth, but it is up to you to get down to brass tacks and bring into action your own powers which you are allowing to lie dormant or idle.

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

"I hear you are going to marry that Mr. Gatsby."

"Yes, I've decided to accept him."

"You're making a mistake, my dear. He'll lead a double life."

"Well, if I don't marry him, I'll lead a single life, and that is worse."

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JELLY POWDERS Dr. Lauer, 5 pkgs. 25c	Cheese Kraft Valmont, 1/2-lb. pkg. 15c
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Large Navel Oranges, per dozen 56c	Lemons, per dozen 27c	2 CELERY bunches for 23c
Medium Navel Oranges, per dozen 38c	3 BANANAS, 3 lbs. for 23c	EGGS, storage, ext'ns, per dozen 32c

Mill Street Phone 158 Acton, Ontario