



THE HOME OF The Acton Free Press

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EDITORIAL

Nothing Gained

The Provincial loan, which was sold out in just a few hours last week, would seem to have been a gift to those who were fortunate enough to secure a share of these high interest bearing securities. Just why such a high rate of interest was offered is hard to conceive. The Dominion loan, at five per cent, was readily taken up and this last amount would surely have been likewise at that figure. In December the United States issued a \$1,300,000,000 loan for a short term, and the highest rate offered was 3 1/4 per cent. Surely Canada is in just as sound financial condition as our neighbor even if our money isn't as good when we go a-visiting. Municipalities who are forced to dispose of debentures at the present time will find themselves in a very unenviable position if the interest rates to be paid are to be gauged by the latest issue of Provincial bonds. The high interest will certainly not be a feature toward tax reduction, which would be appreciated by most everyone at the present time.

A Serious Situation

Acton Fair Society may well feel elated over the success that attended their efforts in the 1931 fair when a comparison is made with many similar societies. True, Acton Fair did not clear a large amount on the year's activities, but it paid a hundred cents on the dollar to everyone and wound up the year with a balance on hand of \$177. In Hanover, after paying 50 cents on the dollar, a credit balance of 33 cents was shown. Durham paid only half the prize money and had a deficit of \$70, while Chesley paid 90c on the dollar and had \$15.49 of a balance on hand. These are but samples of what has happened to many fair societies the past year. If these organizations are to continue it is quite apparent that additional revenue must be procured from some place or else the prize list awards will have to be lowered and this would seem a real hardship for the agriculturist at the present time when other prices are at such a low figure. This subject will doubtless come in for a good deal of discussion at the annual convention, being held in Toronto this week.

The Weekly Newspaper

The influence of the country weekly in relation to the metropolitan daily in the communities they serve is often a point of discussion. It is worth reading the comment on this topic contributed by Arthur Brisbane, the brilliant American columnist: "The smaller newspapers of the country are the most important newspapers, and incidentally in proportion to their circulation their advertising results are the biggest and their advertising rates the smallest in the country. They are read through from end to end. Every copy of circulation means an entire family, not a family that lives in one room with a can opener, but a family that owns its house, and land around it, at least ninety times out of a hundred; a family that buy everything from the roof on the house, to the cement on the cellar floor, from the hat on mother's head to the shoes on the boys' feet. The service that their publishers render to the public is, in my opinion, the most important service rendered by any class of citizens in Canada. The country editors are distributors of information; they reach the minds of the boys that leave the farms, and they are the nation's mental police force."

A Real Example of Sportsmanship

A few weeks ago it was announced that Brampton Fair would this year be held on September 20 and 21. These are the dates—the third Tuesday and Wednesday—that Acton has always held for the fair here. When the conflicting dates were noted, Secretary Akins wrote the Secretary of Brampton Fair, calling attention to what was an apparent misunderstanding. There was no argument put forth. The Brampton Fair Board held a special meeting and changed the dates and notified the Acton Board of the change. That was all. It was a real example of good sportsmanship and the instant rectifying of an error. With such good feeling both fairs readily realize that the success of each is dependent on the other. It is a commendable spirit and we congratulate the Brampton Board on their exhibit of real sportsmanship.

Pointed

The Financial Post, which is generally accepted as a voice of the ultra-Conservative financial and industrial interests, has apparently got to the point where it feels it should speak out—and it is. Here are its words, strong and pointed, it is true: "The country is tired of Mr. Bennett's generalities, his appeals to courage, to spiritual faith, to loyalty to the old flag, to unity and high purpose. These are so often the obvious appeals of the claptrap orator who is attempting to divert attention to his own failings. More informative speeches might be expected of the Prime Minister of a great Dominion." Had a Liberal said this it would at once be credited to political partisanship, soreness, meanness, ill-will or anything else that could be thought of in the same category. But coming as it does from a journalistic friend surely it cannot be subject to discount.—Collingwood Bulletin.

We Hope He's Right

Roger W. Babson, who is noted for his predictions regarding world business affairs, seems quite confident of the future. In a statement issued last week he says: "The depression is in retreat. The Babson chart, which was the basis for my forecast of the market break in 1929, is now with equal positiveness indicating that we have seen the trough of the depression of 1930-32, and that the present year will show an irregular movement towards higher levels. The chart is now turning upwards for the first time in more than two years, except for the temporary rally of last spring. For some years to come I do not expect to see the Babson chart below the depth reached last November. Of course, this does not mean any sharp rise back to normal conditions, but it does indicate the depression is in retreat. The long range outlook is that fundamentally better times are now definitely assured."

A Common Sense Message

The recent message of the Prince of Wales to the people to cease looking for doubtful good times and fight on under present conditions, carried more common sense than many of the hour, or so orations of statesmen who have spoken recently. If this were applied to everyone the conditions which are deplored would soon be forgotten in the activity of improving our surroundings. And this could apply to rich and poor alike. Political bodies and forms of government have been changed and altered in an attempt to accomplish that which can only be accomplished by ourselves. There is no magic way out of the present dilemma, but each must fight on and endeavor to solve the problems as they confront them. The laying back and waiting for the "breaks" will not pull us through. The Prince of Wales has the common sense solution. The statesmen and politicians have applied the salve and it has failed.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Well, January gave real evidence in the last two days that it was actually a winter month.

Guelph will hold a tax sale to realize on land valued at \$33,000. These are times when even taxes do not come without pressure.

That humanity may not be plunged into another world war would seem to be the devout wish of all who have recollections of the last world conflict.

Even the professions seem to be getting over-run. Unemployment among the nurses has caused a halt to be urged in the output from the training schools.

To be expelled for life from all amateur sport is the punishment that has been handed out to two Guelphites. It is said one of them is the sports writer of the Guelph Mercury. Guelph had three teams suspended last year. In the interests of amateur sport in the Royal City it would seem that a clean-up was overdue.

There are 37 establishments in Canada which manufacture rubber tires, rubber footwear and other rubber goods. These plants employ over 15,000 persons. In 1930 the value of the output of rubber products in Canada was \$73,752,673 of which rubber tires and tubes accounted for \$36,583,309, or 50 per cent of the total; rubber footwear for \$23,783,024, or 32 per cent, and other rubber goods for the balance of \$13,386,340, or 18 per cent.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

Come, friends, give me your sympathy, for I need it ever so badly. I can bear up under the reduced price of eggs, the drop in butter, Molly with a boil, Pat with a cold and myself with bronchitis, but I feel the line of the turn has shown my way the last straw that breaks the camel's back, when Partner gets a cold in his head! It's terrible, just terrible. I'm not sure that the cold is terrible—the terrible part is seeing Partner with it. Poor, dear, afflicted man—what he suffers no one knows—and yet if no one knows it is not for want of telling. Even if words are lacking, expression speaks volumes and the proverbial "morning after" appearance of a man who has indulged too strongly must be mild compared with Partner's liquid optics. So far he has been able to handle a pitch fork and use the stable fork and shovel for the purpose for which they were intended, for which I am more than thankful, to say nothing of milking the cows, but when he comes to the house his sufferings are obviously acute and it would seem that I am a mighty poor housekeeper. The tea is either too weak or too strong. There is too much salt with the meat and not enough sugar in the pie. One room is too hot and the other too cold—even the handkerchiefs are not right—the soft-ones are too small and the big ones are too hard. It is really awful what men suffer when they get a cold—the kind we women get is nothing in comparison. As I said to Partner this morning, I have never in all my life seen a man who has had a cold anything like bad as the cold he is suffering with right now. To see a man suffer so and get up about his daily work makes one realize that the age of martyrs is not yet past. But then what can you expect if a man will run outside in his pyjamas? Not that Partner is in the habit of running around thus attired, but it happened that one particular morning this week we got an awful fright. I opened my eyes to see the bedroom wall behind in a soft pink glow. Through the window we could see a red sky and oh dear, such a blaze there was when we looked at it properly. It was then that Partner ran outside to get a better view, because we thought at first it was a barn quite close, but afterwards we could see it was further away than it really looked. In a very short while nearly every man along the line was away to the fire, which was really about 20 miles away from us, but alas, so quickly did the flames spread that even the first man there was too late to be of any assistance.

During the afternoon Partner and I went up again to see if there was anything we could do but what could anyone do? Where there had been a huge barn was only smouldering ashes—nothing saved except a team of horses. Cows, three horses, young cattle and pigs all perished in the raging inferno. Tractor, car and every kind of implement twisted and writhed beyond description—nothing but a pile of scrap iron. Grain, roots and straw reduced to smouldering pulp. The hens and hen-house were saved and there were the hens and geese pecking about upon the edge of the debris—the only sign of animal life that night, the day before there had been many head of cattle and horses. The pity of it—such an experience must add years to a man's life. Fire has always been our greatest dread, and this experience in our own neighborhood is hardly likely to lessen it.

To-day I got an awful shock in the mail—a black-edged envelope addressed by my brother's wife in England. I was almost too scared to open it. Was it my brother who was dead or one of his children, I wondered. When at last I screwed up enough courage to face the worst I opened the letter and found that my sister-in-law had lost her father. Of course I was very sorry for my sister-in-law, but as I only knew her father very slightly I could not pretend to feel any great personal loss. But it did start me wondering as to the advisability of using mourning stationery. A shock like that might be quite dangerous to anyone with a weak heart, and what good can it do to the person who has passed on? Surely one would not be thought of lacking in respect if one used plain white stationery which could not possibly alarm anyone previous to knowing the import of the letter. People feel so differently about these things and it may be that some folk in their sorrow for the dead forget that consideration is also due to the living.

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POWER TO CLIMB

Anything can roll down hill. Give a stone a start, and if the grade is steep enough, off it goes rolling until it gets to the bottom. It takes power to climb hills, and the power must be applied as long as the climb continues. Be suspicious of the easy way. If you can do a task without half trying the chances are that it is better not to do it. No one ever falls into success.

Quality has no substitute



Tea "fresh from the gardens"

DANGER IN USING LIME

In discussing the use of lime in agriculture Dr. Frank T. Shutt, M. A., D. S. F. I. C., observes that there is a use and a misuse; it can be employed legitimately to increase crop production and it can also be so used that soil impoverishment must inevitably follow.

It has been shown that lime and its compounds may perform many important functions, in correcting acidity, in improving tilth, in promoting nitrification; nevertheless they are not fertilizers. It is true they must serve a useful purpose, in some soils by furnishing available lime; but they do not add to the soil's store of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, the essential elements that must be constantly returned if the soil's fertility is to be maintained or increased.

Lime and its compounds are to be regarded as amendments, materials that may improve the soil, chemically, physically and biologically, and thus make it more suitable for crop growth. They are not to be considered or used as substitutes for manure, for drainage or for tillage. The exclusive and excessive use of the more caustic forms (quicklime, slaked lime) must inevitably lead to exhaustion of fertility, for, as we have seen, they act as stimulants, setting free but not adding to the soil's stores of plant food.

The use of the milder forms (marl, ground limestone) is not fraught with the same danger to the soil's future, but even with these less active materials, it is incumbent that the soil's humus content be maintained.

DULY QUALIFIED

Magnate—"The man who marries my daughter will want a lot of money." Sutor (hopefully)—"Well, Sir, nobody wants it more than I do."

KNOWS HER JOB

Little girl (to playmate)—"So long, Elsie, momma's giving a party and I gotta go home and make preceous remarks."

INSIDE LOOKING OUT

"A bachelor has nobody to share his troubles." "Why should a bachelor have any troubles?" asked the married man.

YELLOW-JACKET SEASON

Wild—"Do you remember when a girl was proud of having a wasp-like waist?" Wedmor—"I ought to remember it; that was when I got stung."

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