



THE HOME OF
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G. A. DILLS, Editor and Proprietor

TELEPHONES—
Editorial and Business Office 274
Residence 282

EDITORIAL

A Good Starter

Sometimes you have seen the car that glided off so smoothly the morning of the holiday, stranded by the roadside by ten o'clock, while the unhappy driver lay on his back and struggled to remedy the difficulties. This perspiring individual did not think of the car's good start. Indeed, he would probably have preferred that it had not started at all, rather than to have carried him fifty miles from home and then stopped. Some people pride themselves on being very good starters. They are always the first to be interested in any innovation. Their enthusiasm is always called out by that which is new and untried. This same enthusiasm, however, is as easily quenched as a fire. These people have an astonishing way of "petering out," losing interest. It is worth nothing to start well unless you can hold out to the end.

Party First

My, what a blustering time our statesmen are putting up for us in the legislative halls these days. Was there ever a time when the country's business needed more and received as little attention as at the present moment? Down at Ottawa Mr. Bennett and Mr. King are settling their differences and calling each other names, while the business of the country seems to be set aside. Mr. Hepburn gets under the skin of Premier Henry, in the Provincial House, by long range shooting, and the head of the Government goes on at some length to show what insignificant individuals Mr. Hepburn and all his associates are, as compared with the Government in power. Surely there are issues that need adjustment and supervision rather than these party differences. Small wonder that an exasperated electorate grasps at anything offered as a way out of the dilemma. One individual aptly put it thus: "If a despised yellow dog was to run for office by any name other than Grit or Tory, his election would be assured." Rather bluntly put, we will admit, but quite a bit of truth packed into that ordinary phraseology, too. The country's problems are apparently not being solved by Parliaments only in so much as the parties are being benefitted or their interests furthered.

A Test

It would appear that the smouldering fires of war, that have been a menace for some time, have broken out into open conflict. Just how far the rest of the world will be involved in the affair remains to be seen. When nations continue to get ready the implements of war and distrust of each other is rampant, but on the surface is apparently healed over by treaties and pacts, there is bound to be a test of strength sooner or later. It was hoped that the last conflict was a war to end wars, but two nations who participated little are bound not to see the lessons and have plunged into a settlement of their disputes by might. Many other nations who suffered much in the last great war are still struggling under its burden of debt and will be tardy about joining in another conflict. The Japanese election was an overwhelming victory for the war party. Apparently they have the mandate of their people—no matter under what circumstances the verdict was secured. Possibly a political victory will be as satisfactory as a battle won and without a doubt fewer innocents will suffer. It is to be hoped that the forthcoming session of the League of Nations will be able to arrange satisfactory terms of settlement that will end hostilities. It will be a real test of the value of this institution.

One Way Out

Toronto evening newspapers carried 23 solid pages from two department stores one day recently. One store used seven pages in each paper, the other used 16 in each of the two papers. The stores were crowded. Neither the volume of the advertising nor the crowds in the stores suggested depression, although some of the prices did. What net profit was made on the enormous business turnover enjoyed following this massed advertising attack is a business secret. But both stores have a well earned reputation not only for good merchandising methods but for business judgment, and it may be assumed that they have not gone in for such extensive advertising simply to put the newsprint industry on its feet nor even to support the hospital that is the chief beneficiary of one of the newspapers. Capable department store executives find that depression makes more and not less advertising desirable. —Financial Post.

A Strapping Needed

One sometimes wonders where some individuals store the atom of grey matter they are supposed to be endowed with, and why it is not used for some good instead of conjuring up means of committing foolish deprecations. On Sunday some person or persons on mischief bent entered the Arena and opened the water hydrant used for flooding the ice surface. It was left running and when discovered, several inches of water covered the ice, and a hole was made to the ground where the stream had fallen on the surface. It took the officers seven or eight hours endeavoring to repair the damage done. The weather has been handicap enough this season, and with a game scheduled for Monday night, when some revenue was possible, it is hard to conceive of the thought in the individual's mind when the prank was committed. Surely it was not the young people who are responsible for this act, as the Arena was built for their amusement. That same day or evening, some one with a like mentality, applied matches to the thermometer that is placed on THE FREE PRESS building for our own and the public's convenience and destroyed the instrument. It will not be a costly article to replace, but just what was gained by breaking the instrument? It is too bad an example cannot be made of such foolish individuals and if the pranks continue it is to be hoped the persons can be taken to court and a good application of the old-time strap applied to impress the culprit with the error of his ways.

Game to the Last

When one and the same individual must needs be sports writer as well as editor of a journal, it is next to impossible to keep the train of thought from running into the various channels whether they conflict or not. Consequently each year the sports creep into the editorial utterances when enthusiasm runs high in this field of activity. For the third year we have followed the Acton team through their encounters that have each year landed them at the head of their group. Each year this team has not started any too brilliantly but each season they finish up with an unconquerable spirit that is commendable. It was our good fortune to be in the Acton dressing rooms the night of the game in Elora. There was no goal lead, and Acton was playing on the other team's rink, where they had been defeated before this season. It was actually unwise to mention a possibility of defeat; it wasn't allowed to be spoken about, and the outcome of the encounter is well known. Acton may well feel proud of its hockey representatives, who have each year carried the Acton colors far into the higher places in the hockey world. They can be depended upon to give of their best until the last game, and the last chance of victory. At this writing (on Monday) it cannot be prophesied how far the Acton Intermediate Hockey Team will go toward the highest honors, but every fan who follows their games knows that when they are put out of the running it will not be for lack of effort or perseverance. We hope they will win the O. H. A. championship this year, and they will be worthy holders of such an honor. Acton is proud of their victories and proud of their conduct in the sport. We only express the feelings of all citizens when we say Congratulations Boys! and good luck in further encounters.

EDITORIAL NOTES

University officials' salaries will be reduced and tuition fees will be increased. Everyone seems to be joining in the struggle to make both ends meet.

Nina Moore Jamieson sees no sense in horse racing at the country fairs. We think it was a former Shah of Persia, on the occasion of a visit to England, being asked why he did not go to see the running of the Derby, replied to the effect that he had always known one horse could run faster than another, but it was a matter of extreme unconcern to him which one it was.—Farmers' Sun.

The Mail and Empire says: "William Gibbs McAdoo, leading American politician, proposes that the profits of bootleggers shall be taxed up to 100 per cent. It might be more sensible for the Government to incorporate the bootleggers into the civil service, and then regulate the price of their wares as it saw fit." The Mail and Empire has always been a staunch supporter and advocate of the Ontario Liquor Control Act.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for
The Free Press by
GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

This is Friday—my holiday night. The children are away to the barn, presumably helping with the milking and chores but when they come up they will probably have far more to tell me about the fun they had in the hay than the work they did. Perhaps that is the secret of contentment—to be able to combine work and pleasure. It comes natural to a child but it is a habit which requires cultivation if we would continue it in our more mature years. And it is surely a habit worth cultivating. Just think of some of your own work days and remember the difference temperaments has made to your work upon occasion. Did you ever find work progress very satisfactorily when you were indulging in the bluest of blue Monday moods? I am quite sure I have. Never had any success on those occasions but thank goodness there are others. There are the "treading on air" days—times when you do your work a-singing. Have you ever realized that singing is the involuntary expression of a soul at peace with the world? Can you make yourself sing when you are not happy? Yes, of course you can, if you put your will behind it, but it is hard work, isn't it? But you know it is really worth the effort. There is something queer about singing, quite apart from varying degrees of harmony and discord, in fact it might almost be called a paradox. We sing if we are happy and we are happy if we sing. Just try it—force yourself to sing when you are in the mood to feel there is nothing left worth living for. Sing, just sing, and before long you will find that in spite of yourself there comes a rift in the clouds. We don't need to be hilarious—happiness is often set to a minor key. The other day I came across this little piece in a book—I thought it very true and very beautiful.

"In some minds sadness is nearer akin to happiness than is joy, perhaps because the heart has been so wrung and torn with sorrow that joy seems a mockery and the keynote of rejoicing will not start the tune; in some weary souls it requires rather the minor key of sweet sadness to bring forth true melody."

—M. K.

A few weeks ago I went to a funeral and in the dining room where I sat there were two little cherries, each in a separate cage. One flew about in his cage from perch to perch and made a sound; the other flew less wildly and during the service he was singing—singing all the time. As I listened to the sweet little songster I thought of the days to come; of the loneliness and sorrow that my friends were called upon to face and it seemed to be a beautiful thing that this little song bird would sing to them each day; sing his song of cheerfulness and hope—so sweet yet so persistent that it would be almost impossible for them not to take heed.

"Sing? Why yes, to be sure; We shall better endure If the heart's full of song All day long."

This has been another hectic week for us—every minute of each day taken up and yet nothing much accomplished. Partner's wounded finger is beginning to heal but still hinders him considerably but in case we might be getting along too fast one of our horses had to get sick and we have been late to bed every night because Partner did not want to leave the horse any longer than he could help. The cooking stove has been in use all the time for cooking great pots of 607ed oats and a big kettle of water for drinking purposes. It has kept me busy even find a space to boil a tea kettle. Fortunately I got my washing done before the horse decided to get sick, otherwise I might have been dabbling things out yet. The horse, I might add, has now recovered—at least he has reached the convalescent stage, and does not any longer require the services of a night nurse.

One afternoon this week I went to town and besides going to about six different places with farm produce which had been ordered, I had a piece of the cream separator to get soldered, also a call to make. It was the first call I had made since Christmas, so I guess it sort of went to my head. The only reason I took time this week was because the friend upon whom I called was a "shut-in." That night when Partner went out to milk he was back again to the house inside of five minutes. "Did you get the separator piece fixed?" he inquired. "Did I? Sure I did, but I forgot to bring it home!" There was nothing for it, but for Partner to get on with the milking while I walked to town after the repair. I wouldn't like anybody else to say to me the things I said to myself as I trudged wearily along over the hard rough ground. A three mile walk at the end of the day is hardly the pleasantest form of recreation. Of course it might have helped matters had I started singing, but since I was on the open road I did not want the idea to get abroad that I possessed bats in my belfry. It is bad enough to have them there without letting everyone know about it!

LADY STALIN IN COMMAND

Mistress—"You will cut and roll the lawn, weed the gravel path, pull some chrysanthemums, plant all those rose bushes, clean out the greenhouse and see to the heating apparatus, and—"

New Gardener—"Excuse Me, madam, but is this a day's work or a five-year plan?"

Quality has no substitute



Tea "fresh from the gardens"

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK?
By Edson R. Walte, Shawnee, Oklahoma

That if you read the ads to-day, you will find some exceptional bargains. You will find efficient and courteous service at the stores that advertise. These merchants will make shopping both a profit and a pleasure for you.

"They say it" with value in their ads. You can make your money buy the best by buying from them.

It will always pay you to avail yourself of the opportunities offered in the advertising columns.

Every day is a bargain day for the shoppers who read the ads before they shop.

TIME ENOUGH FOR THEM

Gertie—Did you think that I would marry you without any arguments?
Bertie—Yeah, I thought they came later.

BLOW TO AGRICULTURE

"Were the farmers out your way hard hit by the storm?"
"Were they? Filling station receipts fell off 50 per cent."

TWEET! TWEET!

Mrs. Greene (at her first football game)—"Oh, isn't it awful? Why, they will kill that poor boy underneath."

Daughter—"Don't be silly, mother! He doesn't mind it; he's unconscious by this time."

AND LIFE INSURANCE!

Husband—"You accuse me of extravagance. When did I ever buy anything that was useless?"

Wife—"Why, there's that fire extinguisher you bought a year ago. We have never used it once."

THE MODERN ECONOMIST

The modern economist, as described by Dr. J. F. Booth, Commissioner of Agricultural Economics at Ottawa, is a very practical man. He studies the details of international and external trade, the tariff and its effects on business, taxation and how the money is spent, banking and monetary matters, rail rates and transportation problems, price trends and their relation to the gold supply and many similar subjects. In some instances men devote their attention mainly to the study of particular economic questions, as, for example, the subject of banking.

WHERE IT BELONGS

A lady once sent the MS. of a book she had written to Dr. Johnson, asking him for his opinion of it, and mentioning that she had several other toms in the fire. "Put this with the other toms," was Johnson's reply.

THE HAPPY WAY TO THRIFT SHREDDED WHEAT



TWO BISCUITS WITH MILK MAKE A COMPLETE SATISFYING MEAL
Made in Canada with Canadian Wheat
THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD.

"Quality First - Economy Always"

Carroll's Canned Fruit Sale!

Butter Carroll's Own Creamery pound 19c	Pineapple Aylmer Luscious Tid Bits No. 2 tin 17c	Prunes New, Sweet, Tender 3 pounds 25c
Biscuits Special! Perrin's Mince Pie Sandwich Regularly 25c lb. pound 21c	Cherries Aylmer Red Pitted No. 2 tin 10c	Soda Special! McCormick's Jersey Cream BISCUITS 2 lg. pgs. 17c
Plums Aylmer Greenage Buffet tin 5c	Apricots Aylmer Golden 2 No. 2 tins 35c	Peaches Libby's Rosedale Sliced No. 2 tin 18c
Dried Peaches Del Monte 2 lb. 35c	Apricots Del Monte Dried pound 25c	Pears Aylmer Bartlett No. 2 tins 27c
Tender Peas Green Valley Sieve 2 No. 2 tins 15c	Tomatoes Nature's Best Choice Quality Aylmer Choice Golden 2 No. 2 tins 15c	Grapefruit Aylmer Sweetened No. 2 tin 19c
Pork & Beans Clark's Canadian 2 No. 2 tins 19c	Bantam Corn Keen's English No. 2 tin 9c	Fruit Salad Aylmer Delicious No. 2 tin 24c
Mustard Keen's English 14c, 24c, 48c	Carroll's	
Large Navel Oranges Special, per dozen 49c	Marmalade Oranges special, per dozen 38c	GELERY large frosh head 25c
Medium Navel Oranges per dozen 45c	LEMONS special, per dozen 23c	2 Head Lettuce large firm heads 19c
Small Navel Oranges Special, per dozen 30c		RIPE TOMATOES per lb. 20c

Mill Street Phone 158 Acton, Ontario