



THE HOME OF
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EDITORIAL

Mother's Day on Sunday

Sunday will be Mother's Day, a day set apart in which special honor will be paid to the mothers of the land. Just a pause in the usual things that are taken as a matter of course and mothers are remembered and honored. Wear the flower in her honor. To every man or woman and child it is a privilege that should not be neglected. If she is living, write her a note or see that she gets some special remembrance. The gift need not be expensive. What mother will value most is the knowledge that you remember her on this day and have appreciated just a little all she has endeavored to do for you.

The Small Communities Are Closer

While in many of the larger cities the police had a very active time guarding property and dispersing May day gatherings and preventing depredations that an irresponsible mob might attempt, the daily papers recorded no such activities in the towns and villages. May day doesn't mean demonstration day for unemployed labor in these smaller centres. Certainly there is a degree of unemployment in these centres, and the people are undergoing hardships, but they don't get out and make a street corner oration about their troubles. Everyone endeavors to help the other fellow a little bit. The intimate conditions of all are pretty much known to each other, and the result is that a street corner gathering would have no new subject for discussion. The chap in the smaller community is not as apt to have his head turned toward foolish riot as a city mob. He usually is so conversant with the facts that he realizes that everyone is doing all possible to meet circumstances over which neither of them have any control. Therefore of what avail would a demonstration be to the common good? But then, out in the smaller communities we get better acquainted and stay on more friendly terms with each other, and avoid a lot of the foolish demonstration characteristic of the city.

Better Unsaid

Viewed from any other point in Halton County except the County Town, the assertion of that community's representative at the County Council last week that the County received concessions and advantages from Milton, would have been better left out of the argument for a lower rate for its transient boarders. Looking back over history this argument does not hold. Just speaking from memory, it seems that all the transient guests that descend on the County Town have been housed and fed at the general expense of the County up to last year, while other municipalities cared for their own. Until last year Milton Fair received a grant that was at times three times the size of that given other centres, because it was the County Town. We believe that Victoria Park, which is situated across from the County Buildings, is owned and maintained by the County. Any other community would have to maintain such an attraction out of its own pocketbook. These are but a few of the advantages that Milton secures from the County by being the County Town. We doubt very much if Milton can balance up in the advantages it gives the County. There might be many more added to the County side if the argument were extended. The argument would have been better to have never been advanced at the County Council.

Anniversaries

Among our exchanges who observed anniversary occasions the past week were the Bracebridge Gazette, which completed sixty years of service; the Winchester Press, which had finished forty-six years' representation of the community; and the Pöwassan News, which was founded by Editor Jos. Lake, twenty-five years ago. To all of these bright newsy representatives of their respective communities, THE FREE PRESS joins in the wish of a continued growth and the measure of prosperity that a weekly journal may hope for. Times passes on but it seems but a few years since the editor of THE FREE PRESS was shown as example the pieces of typography left behind by Joe Lake, as foreman, as outstanding exhibits of the art. Anniversaries bring to mind the passing of the years, and it must be a quarter century since these exhibits were executed.

Private Schools in Canada

Private elementary and secondary schools in Canada, not including the Province of Quebec, numbered 292, of which 66 were girls' schools, 52 were boys' schools, and 174 were mixed. Almost a third of the pupils lived in residence. Of the total there were 19,890 in elementary grades, 11,223 in secondary grades, and 2,860 others, most of whom were doing special work at the high school level. Figures for Quebec are not yet available for 1931 but in 1930 there were in that province 524 private or independent schools with 57,841 pupils. The overwhelming majority of the younger generation in Canada attend the public schools which come under the direct administration and control of the respective Provincial Governments. In most of the provinces both elementary and secondary education is free, the secondary education in some cases being as advanced as the first year in a recognized university.

A Hope

The daylight saving contention is with us again. So far as Acton is concerned this year there will be no change to the daylight saving band, according to the Council decision at the last meeting. It has been tried in a variety of ways locally. Even the cities have apparently come to the decision that the period was previously too long and this year it started on May 1, and ends in September. The question has been argued without any seeming headway for a good many years. Acton and Rockwood will be the only points between Toronto and Guelph on Highway Number Seven that do not come under the new time. But west of Guelph it seems to have been pretty well decided last year that the old time was standard and would so remain. Whatever time the community may adopt during the summer time will be resultant in confusion under present circumstances, and it matters little, therefore, which confusion exists this year. Until either the Dominion or Provincial Governments get the backbone to deal with this question the confusion will remain. Surely however it is not too much to hope that some day city and town may come together in a mutual agreement to adopt a standard of time during the summer months that will be uniform.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Monday was another day that had added to its usual blueness the getting accustomed to new nuisance taxes.

This is the season when the euchre scores give place to the fish stories, but the proofs are not always witnessed by the other players in the game that is now seasonable.

If one cannot find anything else worth which to occupy the time, the present season is very favorable to spring cleaning up and other out-door occupations and allows the working off of the stored-up winter energy.

Exports of Canadian butter to the British Isles and other countries in 1931 amounted to 10,680,000 pounds, compared with 1,180,400 pounds in 1930. Of the total quantity exported in 1931 the British Isles took 8,657,000 pounds or 8,645,000 pounds more than in the previous year.

The musical part of our educational system is very much to the forefront locally this week. And none can say that its place is receiving too much prominence. No child's education is complete without the musical side being given a chance for expression and development.

The Senate squabble over what one side received and the efforts of the other side to keep the investigation confined give the average citizen another argument for the abolition of the whole outfit. It seems little more than a place of retirement for both parties to place their workers.

The total value of taxable real property in Canada, according to the latest official compilation, is placed at \$8,467,559,699. Property which is exempt from taxation, consisting mostly of government property, educational, charitable and religious institutions, had an assessed valuation of \$1,460,936,727 in 1930.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for
The Free Press by
GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

The only way to get any writing done these days is to make use of the odd half hours as my engagement book is filled right up. But yet, although every page is full, there is no mention of meetings or parties or afternoon teas—things like that get crowded out when one has a standing, twice-daily, engagement at the barn, and an open invitation to the henhouse at any hour of the day, to say nothing of the garden and the house, which wait anxiously for a little time to be spent on them. But what matter, cards and teas may be attractive in winter, but surely they lose some of their charm when God's great out-doors is calling.

The other day I was raking the lawn and borne on the breeze came a lovely perfume—it was delicious and unexpected—fore-runner of summer delight, and I looked about for its cause. I soon found it. . . just on the edge of the perennial border, nestled a root of sweet scented violets; and about half a dozen little purple blooms were shyly peeping. Imagine being shut in the house and missing such a sample of Spring's glad surprises! Strange how small a flower can emit so great a perfume. In a minute the sweet laden air had taken me, in imagination, back to England, "now that April's here," and my brother and I were rambling away out into the country, across Middleton Park, and into Henry Rye's Lane—a long winding lane with over hanging trees and high moss covered banks on either side. And there were the loveliest pale yellow primroses, blue and white violets and, perhaps, a few early blue-bells. The sunlight filtered through the trees and the air was moist from dense vegetation. The tinkle of a sheep bell could be heard in the distance and at an opening to one of the fields a donkey brayed inquiringly at the gate, and contentedly munched our offering of fresh green grass. Every once in a while a startled pheasant would break cover and make for the nearby woods. All this loveliness was before us and on our rambles we never, never hurried, my brother and I. The lane turned and twisted for about three miles, until one merged at a clearing by the lodgekeeper's house, standing at the entrance to the Drive—a long avenue of beautiful limes leading to "The Hall"—the ancestral home of one of the oldest titled families in the county—incidentally one of the poorest but the nicest, friendliest people one could imagine.

We should, I suppose, believe in progress and development, but yet there are some things which one would rather not see altered and I like to think that some time in the dim future, when the long sought wave of prosperity has engulfed us, we shall make a trip to the Old Land, and though we shall find new faces and new buildings and many other alterations, yet away out in the country we shall still find that in Henry Rye's Lane primroses bloom and the air is still sweet scented from the perfume of violets. At present it is just a memory of lovely thoughts—what a pity then, if we clutter up our treasure house with thoughts that are unworthy.

It may be a far cry from the poetry of flowers to chores at the barn, but even there it is possible to find interest in the individuality of animals just as we do in people. A casual observer may walk into a barn, see a row of cows lying down, contentedly chewing their cud, apparently all uniform in character and nature. But get working among them and it is quite a different story. With Partner in the field it is my job to see to the cows twice a day. I go to untie them—first there is Ruth—she stands with lowered head until the chain drops, then out she comes on the run, by which time I am generally safely in the manger! Then there is Daisy. Staid, inquisitive, she positively refuses to be hurried. She tosses her head about, makes up her mind moves forward and makes the job of untying her twice as long as it need be. Stella is so nervous her eyes are almost popping and she runs out of the stable as though pursued by a thousand devils. In reality there is only one and that one is Goldie—a helper with a truly Mephistophelian character and the most fiendish looking horns that any cow could grow. Her disposition will be her undoing as, sometime this year, her ultimate end will be the block Nigger is quiet and untroubled—the children can sit on her back and she treats them with placid indifference. The rest of the herd all have their special peculiarities and believe me, so have the hens. Come to the henhouse with me and let me introduce you to just one of our biddies. There are three partitions in the henhouse, and she is in the back pen. That she is sitting on that far nest box, and just wear her scold! You may have heard of Whitechapel fishwives in London, but they are ladies in comparison with this old biddy—it's a mercy she isn't a parrot. (What a thought—wouldn't it be awful to keep a flock of parrots instead of respectable hens?) As we advanced Cross Biddy stretches out her head and neck as far as it will go, and she scolding gets louder and louder. We must be quick to get the eggs from under her, otherwise her vicious pecking will draw blood before we know it.

Ochores dull work?—well, I should say not, when one can make a study of every bird and animal that breathes.

Self-love is the greatest of flatterers. Rochefoucauld.

DO YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF?

One day early last winter during a violent storm, a girl leaving a place of entertainment took off her hat and hid it under her coat. "I've just paid ten dollars for that hat," she said laughingly to her companion. The ice-cold water beat upon her uncovered head and rained in chilly trickling streams down her back. By morning she was coughing hoarsely. She had realized the importance of taking care of her hat, but not the importance of taking care of herself.

One hot day in summer a college youth rode into his father's country place, on a sweating mare. She turned eagerly toward the watering trough, but he checked her. "Sorry, old girl," he said, "but you're too hot for any water now. I'll see you get hot after you've cooled off properly." After he had stabled the mare, however, he went into the house and drank two glasses of ice-water in two minutes. "Tastes good," he said as he wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead. "I don't know when I've been hotter."

Some one has said that we take better care of our automobiles than we do of ourselves, but that is only one phase of a very common characteristic. Most of us would enjoy life better and have a longer life to enjoy if we took as good care of ourselves as we do of our belongings.

THE THINGS YOU ARE ASHAMED OF

The things you are ashamed of are a pretty fair indication of your character. A great many times people have good impulses they are ashamed to follow out. A small boy will not touch his cap to the teacher he secretly admires, because he is ashamed to have his schoolmates think him polite. In the company of the cynical, many of you are ashamed of faith and idealism. Some of you would like to be Christians if you were not ashamed to be true to the best in you.

How easy it would be to turn around, to be ashamed of cowardice, dishonesty, and meanness. It is important for you to find out that which you are ashamed of, for that is a revelation of all that you are.

HONEST

"I've just licked you because you played truant. Don't ever let it happen again."

"Aw, it didn't happen. I did it on purpose."

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