



The Acton Free Press

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EDITORIAL

Nature's Own Humidifier

A live tree is about one half water, by weight. An acre of maple trees evaporates about 2,700 gallons of water a day. Pine and spruce evaporate about a tenth as much. Such a constant discharge of water influences rainfall over the forest and area adjacent thereto. The soil beneath a forest lets loose its moisture only a third as fast as soil in the open country. Thus it comes that deforested land is a bad feeder of streams, giving off its water content rapidly and dangerously, whereas the streams fed by adjacent forests maintain their level and purity the whole summer through.

A Very Satisfactory Outcome

It will be a source of general satisfaction to all ratepayers of Acton that the vacancies of the Reeve-ship and School Trusteeship have been filled without the necessity of a mid-year election, and that men of experience on both bodies have been prevailed upon to complete the unexpired terms. Reeve E. T. Thetford has served six or seven years at the Council table and as Chairman of Finance, has an excellent understanding of the town's finances and their administration. Having been a member of the Council until last year, he has never really got out of the harness and will be able to continue the Council work without interruption. Mr. Norton who resumes his seat at the School Board, was a member last year, and understands well the routine and requirements needed in this body. The ratepayers may well feel gratified that these men have consented to accept the office. It was quite apparent that they were satisfied, since only these two names were placed in nomination. These two bodies can now carry on their work with a minimum of interruption.

Thankful and Optimistic

Another sigh of relief will be made by the ratepayers since the tax rate for 1932 has been set at the same figure as last year. About election time, and following that time, many wild conjectures were made of a 55 mill rate. Just why such a rate would be necessary, those who knew the town's finances could not understand. The saving of \$1,000 by the School Board prevented the tax rate raising, and showed a fine spirit of co-operation and assistance in town financing. The Council this year are assisted by this amount more than last year's body, and have, very wisely kept the rate at the same figure. The payment of taxes has also helped considerably. The man who meets his obligations in the financial upkeep of the town and pays promptly is, after all, the citizen who counts highest in settling the tax rate. With judicious expenditure and careful curtailment, Acton will find itself in a very happy position shortly. Just at present the debenture payment makes the uncontrollable expenditure very high. From now until 1937 each year a number of these debentures will be retired and by that time the tax rate will adjust itself to a lower rate. Next year is the final payment on the Hydro plant, and a few sidewalk debentures are retiring each year. The Main Street pavement and the shoe factory debentures mature in 1937. The auxiliary fire pump debenture will be paid in 1934. Thus Actonians have every reason to be thankful for the present and can look forward to the future with optimism.

A Community Feature

This week the merchants of Acton have undertaken a new departure in their plan to demonstrate that Acton is a shopping centre that is second to none. Individually they have shown that buying in Acton was profitable but this week their collective programme is unique in this community and district. The meeting together and discussion of problems of the business men have been interesting and informational to all. This event, which they term "Acton's Shopping Festival," is but the first effort to demonstrate to all and sundry that Acton merchants are alive to give their patrons the best values that are procurable in any market. Acton has always proven that in sports or community enterprise a co-operative spirit is helpful to all. Such, we presume from an advance perusal of the advertisements, is the principle that will commend itself to those of the town and district who make Acton a shopping centre on Friday and Saturday of this week. The collective values which are portrayed in every line of merchandise by the various stores will appeal to those who are careful shoppers and anxious to buy in the best market with the least possible exertion. The merchants willingness to offer savings to the public of Acton and district in these days when savings are important and vital will commend itself to the buying public.

The Farmers Should be Represented

The current issue of the Canadian Countryman, in a leading editorial, outlines a plan for a pilgrimage of farmers to Ottawa on July 15, to lay before the Government the requirements of agriculture, prior to the Imperial Conference, which convenes there on July 21. Since other industries have presented their requirements to the Government, it is only fitting of course that the farmers should lay before Canada's representatives the needs of the Dominion's basic industry. Any plans in considering Canada at the conference should be on a broad scale with the welfare of the whole Dominion and its people considered, and not for any particular class. Undoubtedly the Government would welcome a delegation of agricultural representatives, with a clear presentation of the needs of the farmers. It would be well for all lines of business and industry to not be too critical or expectant of the forthcoming Imperial Economic Conference. There is a danger that if all get grasping to see what may be secured for their own individual advantage, the great purpose of the gathering may be defeated. By all means let the government know of the needs of all sections of Canada, but let us not force our representatives to approach this meeting with a feeling of getting out everything. Let Canada and her representatives be prepared to put into this family gathering all that she is able and the getting out in the natural course of events will care for itself.

EDITORIAL NOTES

If the ball team can keep up their successes in the remaining games of the schedule, they will ultimately become as popular as the hockey team. Queer how we all like to see our choice win or head the list.

We haven't heard anyone complaining of the fact that up to the present this summer is not old-fashioned enough—heat, thunderstorms and the usual summer atmosphere have made the weather just what one might expect.

Nine deaths from drowning were recorded in the week-end casualties on Monday. A moment of thoughtlessness or disregard of danger may mean years of mental agony for the loved ones left behind. Take time to be careful.

One writer claims that the reason the depression is such a success is because it is so well advertised and talked about. It is quite apparent that bemoaning the fact that "times are bad" is not going to help right matters, so why not cease the free propaganda.

There are a lot of people who do not advertise, for they have nothing to sell. And there are merchants who have lots to sell, but keep their goods on the shelves because they do not advertise, and the general public know nothing about them. Funny world, this.—Aylmer Express.

The acreage sown to spring wheat in Canada in 1932 is estimated at 24,671,500 acres, a reduction of nearly one million acres, compared with 1931. Of the total the Prairie Provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—account for 24,446,500 acres. About the same acreage will be sown this year in the Dominion to oats, barley and mixed grains as last year.

During the eleven years ended September 30, 1930, the Forestry Commissioners of Great Britain planted a total of 32,330,000 Douglas fir trees on various sites in England, Wales and Scotland. All these trees were raised from seed furnished by the Canadian Government Forest Service, through its seed-extraction plant at New Westminster, British Columbia. A considerable quantity of seed of other western species was furnished to the British Commissioners from the same source. The New Zealand Government has also taken a large quantity of tree seed from Canada in recent years.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

As each week goes by, I think "Well, I shall have more time next week," but when next week comes, I never have. The middle of this week my chickens in the incubator hatched out and, it being my first experience, I could hardly keep myself away from it. It was quite a thrill when the first egg pipped and an even greater thrill when the first chicken wriggled its way out into the light of day. The incubator instructions say—"Be sure not to open incubator while chicks are hatching." No doubt the manufacturers know what they are talking about, but how is it possible for anyone with ordinary human kindness to see a whole lot of wildly struggling little chickens crawling about, over an even greater number of eggs and not do something for their comfort? I just felt very comfortable things to rest upon. I opened the incubator and took out all the poor little, yipping fluffy atoms and put them in a box with a sealer, filled with hot water, and covered with an old stocking. How the wee things did love the warmth and comfort of the hot water bottle. They all snuggled down as cosy as could be and waited quite contentedly until their brothers and sisters had found the strength and courage to face a world of competition—for there is competition—even among chickens. I tried to get on with my work properly that day but every little while I simply had to run and see how many more chickens were out. When all the hatched ones were hatched I had a total of seventy-five, and then the work began. First I had to find broody ones to take the chickens. The first one pecked at them, and had to be taken away; the second one sat too close and seemed liable to squash the chicks—she also had to be removed. Finally I found three biddies who mothered the chicks as carefully as an early Victorian matron chaperoned the innocent young damsels of a bygone age. The next thing was to keep the big chickens away from the little chickens, and the little chickens, who were not supposed to eat, from getting after the big chicken's feed. It meant I had to stay with them about ten minutes every time I fed them.

When I wasn't in the house or watching chickens outside, I tried to cut the lawn, but the lawn mower decided otherwise. It bucked and kicked and slid over the grass it was meant to cut and misbehaved itself generally as only a second-hand lawn mower knows how to do. The only thing to do was to take it into the—well, I don't know what you call him—but I mean the man that fixes mowers. It was nearly a week before we got it back. By that time the dandelions had bloomed and died and were very much in evidence above the grass. It was also quite obvious that our lawn was not pure unadulterated blue grass. There were sturdy plants of wild carrot, garden mignonette, which came from dear knows where, and even we poplar trees where there is supposed to be only a velvet lawn. I went to work with a scythe but the rain came again and stopped the good work—and then, because Partner was suddenly taken ill! He objected strenuously to being sent to bed but this time I was boss and to bed he went, with a most unhealthy temperature and the worst throat I ever saw. Next followed a visit from the doctor, and after that, I had to go down town and find a man to come in and do chores for us. To milk eleven cows was more than I could tackle, with a sick man into the bargain, so, after all, we have got one of the twelve men I was saying we would like to have. The doctor has just been again, and its the hospital and a tonsil operation for Partner as soon as he is able to stand it. I don't know which I am most sorry for—Partner or myself—as I said to the doctor, much to his amusement—I would rather have half-a-dozen children to deal with than one man. For instance, this morning (when I was out of the way, of course) Partner thought he would like to walk round the room, just to see how he felt. I heard a flop and when I ran in, I found Partner had fallen over on to the bed! Men are the head—absolutely the outside edge, why they can't be sensible once in a while is past my comprehension.

Partner is apparently on the right road to recovery, as he is taking sufficient interest in life to hope I will get him a nice, little nurse. I wish I could—she would be welcome to him—pro tani! Besides Partner getting sick, there has just been one hindrance after another this week, so it will hardly go down in history as a red letter week. I have not even mentioned such things as the cat getting into the pantry and upsetting two pails of milk all over the pantry floor, or the resumption of that heart-breaking experience—getting children away to school on daylight saving time, to say nothing of the scurry there is on Sunday morning to get them off to Sunday School.

I must fly—an odor assails my nostrils that tells me the kettle is boiling dry!

Miller's Worm Powders not only make the infantile system untenable for worms, but by their action on the stomach, liver and bowels they correct such troubles as lack of appetite, biliousness and other internal disorders that the worms create. Children thrive upon them and no matter what condition their worm-infested stomachs may be in, they will show improvement as soon as the treatment begins.

WOULD YOU BE READY FOR IT?

Henry Ford said recently that the time was coming when making a living would be the smallest of man's tasks, when by using a fraction of his time and strength, he could provide for his necessities. Everybody who thinks, realizes that too much time is devoted to making a living, and not enough is spent on making a life. How soon the prophesied time of freedom will arrive, nobody can tell, but the ones who will be ready for it are those who are using their leisure, now for the worth-while things. There are multitudes at present who if they could, earn their living by working two hours a day, would become a burden to themselves or else a menace to society. They would have no idea of what to do with fourteen hours of leisure a day. The most important question for some of you to consider is not how soon the human race will be emancipated from drudgery by labor-saving devices, but whether or not you would be ready for it if it came to-morrow.

THE END OF THE ROAD

A distinguished clergyman in a recent radio talk, referred to a California road which begins among olive groves and eucalyptus trees, and ends in Death Valley. Many of you young people take a road without stopping to ask where it ends. At the start there is gaiety, laughter, song, excitement and thrills. It is hard to believe that it ends with the anguish of broken faith and blasted hopes, with shame, tears and despair. The road you are taking seems very satisfactory to-day, but to-day is not all of life. Look ahead. Where does your road lead? Where will it end?

WHY NOT "VARIOUS"?

"Dude, come in dis-beah house!" called the mammy to the five-year-old pickaninny playing in the yard. "Da's a funny name fo' a boy," exclaimed her afternoon caller. "Hit's shawt o' Dubious," the mammy explained. "Sho' nuff? How come you names him dat?" "Ah named him aftah his pappy."

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12 Big Biscuits Made in Canada with Canadian Wheat THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD.

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Owing to Lack of Space This Advertisement Could not be Inserted in the Special Festival Shopping Section—This Store is Participating

Thrifty Shoppers-Shop Daily AT BARR'S

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PHONE 16— WE DELIVER

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Lard 3 lbs. for 25c Regular 11c Value	Bananas per Dozen 24c Regular 30c Value	Peas 3 Tins for 23c Regular 10c Value
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Soap 5 Gakes for 19c Extra Value	Tea 1/2 lb. Tea 23c Rubber ball 23c Combined, 35c value	MARMALADE Reg. to 35c value 27c

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