

**The Acton Free Press**  
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G. A. DILLS, Editor and Proprietor.

TELEPHONES—  
Editorial and Business Office 224  
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## EDITORIAL

### What Other People Think

To know all that other people think about you would frequently make you uncomfortable, but it does not follow that they are right. Too many people are inclined to accept criticism as though it were infallible. Some lose all pleasure in a new dress or a hat if a neighbor tells them it is unbecoming, even though their own verdict is the opposite. Why should you assume that your neighbor knows better than you yourself the clothes that look well on you? If other people's estimate of you does not agree with your own, it by no means follows that they are right. Of course if you are conceited, shutting your eyes to your own weaknesses, your neighbors are more likely to estimate you correctly than you are. If you are determined to be honest, however, to know the truth about yourself, instead of accepting the traits you want to have true, then you are more likely to be right than they are. With candor and intelligence, you should know more about yourself than anyone else.

### Anarchy in Time

And we use the heading advisedly because Webster, in his volume of words, describes anarchy thus: "Absence of government; the state of law where there is no supreme power; . . . absence of regulating power in any sphere; confusion or disorder, in general." And frankly doesn't that just about describe the present condition of affairs locally regarding the observance of standard or daylight saving time?

According to by-law we must keep our sidewalks shovelled in the winter; and our dogs tied up in the summer; the matter of building in the community is regulated by by-law, and business is, to a certain extent, protected by enactment of municipal by-law. The barber shops are closed at certain hours by by-law, and every year we are assessed for taxes by a certain by-law. With every one of these by-laws a certain penalty is provided for non-observance.

Then along comes another by-law by the Council, adopting daylight saving time for the community. We may not agree with the enactment. It is numbered, signed and sealed in the same manner as the other by-laws. A notice of its adoption is published in the usual course, and citizens are requested to comply with its requirements. There is no punishment if it isn't complied with. Like the taxes, the dogs and the other by-laws, some of us do not like this by-law, and since there is no penalty why observe it? Meetings are held at confusing times. The factory whistles blow at one hour and the town clock announces another hour behind that time. It may seem a harsh word to use, but it is nothing more or less than a state of anarchy as defined in the opening paragraph.

Personally we feel that the question in Acton has been given very fair treatment. Many communities adopt daylight saving time for five months in the year. We have always felt that the period was too long. There are advocates on both sides of the question and situated as Acton is, in close proximity to all other towns that have adopted this time, it is but fair that some ground should be given by both parties, and the Council has taken the middle course. We are not anarchists in Acton, and let us therefore, not tolerate a state of anarchy, but at least be law-abiding citizens. Nothing is to be gained by the free-love for one's own cherished time that rules now. Punishment is surely not necessary for the observance of our by-laws.

### Anniversaries

With this issue THE FREE PRESS completes its fifty-seventh year of publication and next week commences a new volume. Anniversaries always bring up memories and this occasion brings up the remembrance that it is just a year ago (on July 2) that the late H. P. Moore passed away. A year has rolled around since the death of this friend who was so long associated with THE FREE PRESS and an influence in other circles in the guiding of Acton along upward lines, and what many other changes have also transpired within the year just passed. Mr. Moore set high standards in all his undertakings and we who have followed in the newspaper work, have many times found these standards difficult to maintain. Wherein we have failed we ask your indulgence. For the many kindly words of encouragement that have been given to those who have followed, in our endeavor to publish a FREE PRESS for Acton that in some measure comes up to the standards always expected we express our deep appreciation. For our years of association with the late Mr. Moore we are indeed grateful, and with the continued co-operation of the residents of Acton and district and the many kind friends at a distance we will continue to give of our best in maintaining the standards that have characterized THE ACTON FREE PRESS. We take this opportunity of thanking you all for the continued loyalty through a period of difficulty in many ways, and may we bespeak a continuance of this helpfulness in the maintaining of Acton's newspaper representative and printing establishment.

### A Pen Picture of County Councils

There is much discussion, going on in the press and here and there in public gatherings respecting the merits and demerits of the system of County Councils. The Winchester Press is one that sees the usefulness of these municipal bodies long since passed. "Getting down to brass tacks," as the boys say," the Press continues, "there is very little real justification for the perpetuation of the County Council. Their deliberations, outside of road construction and collecting taxes to distribute to educational institutions, are practically nil and could be done just as easily, just as efficiently by two or three capable men, either at the County Town or Toronto. Candidly speaking, a week's session of the County Council is, from a business point of view, a picnic for those who enjoy it, and a farce, so far as any real benefit to the County is concerned. As a matter of fact, most County Councils are controlled by half a dozen clever wire-pullers who know when to slack and when to tighten their hold. The man who goes to County Council with independent and progressive views has as much chance of being successful in carrying out his ideals as Agnes Macphail has of upsetting the Government. Keep in touch with the "bunch" if you want to get anything through, and don't grouch if you find that the "bunch" have put one over on you when you were away." Our friend, the editor of THE PRESS, evidently is in the know respecting the practice and procedure in County Councils. "Stand in," it says, which, under the circumstances, seems to be good advice, though contra to the theory that public business is disposed of according to the best interest of all concerned. Down east is evidently much like other parts of Ontario.—Bowmanville Statesman.

### EDITORIAL NOTES

Almonte tax rate is 62 1/4 mills this year. We simply mention this fact in order that we may appreciate more our own rate of 49 mills.

The toll of drowning accidents that now headlines the news items of the day, demand extra care on the part of all when on holidays at the waterside.

Inquiry is being made regarding the observance of Acton's Diamond Jubilee next year. It's not too early to make the plans known for the folks away from home.

A veteran publisher, J. J. Cave, who founded and edited the Beaverton Express, passed away last week. Mr. Cave was a newspaper man of experience, active in his community, and a man whose life work will leave an impress.

A splendid volume, entitled "Health, 1932," has just been issued by the Department of Health of Ontario. It is almost complete and deals with the work being done by the Provincial authorities in maintaining the health of the citizens.

It is estimated that the annual income from wild life in Canada is \$53,000,000. This value includes the worth of pelts and carcasses of animals, the revenue from the trade in furs and ammunition, in supplies for hunters and sportsmen, and their transportation, guides and accommodation.

Another weekly newspaper has found difficulties in maintaining its field. The Palmerston Spectator, which has always been a live newspaper under Editor A. D. Anderson, announced last week that the plant would be moved to Guelph, and an office only maintained in Palmerston, in order to meet with the circumstances and thus that community loses another industry.

## Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

Having just completed housecleaning my work room, I can now proceed to work in it! I couldn't before, because if I tried to do anything all I could think about was how badly the room wanted cleaning. But now it's done—all except the frills, of which there are very few—so I can at least sit in it and write or darn or sew. I was particularly generous with the disinfectant so it has a nice, clean, hospital-kind-of-smell. Of course the door is open and through it I have a lovely view of the prettiest corner of the farm. I can hear Partner mowing and at the other end of the field our man is colling hay. Nearer to home I see hens and chickens picking their way. The mother hens are doing some frenzied scratching and the little chicks are trying to emulate their example. Once upon a time we used to speak of any farmer who was hard up as having to scratch like an old hen to make a living. Now I believe it should be the other way round. If we want to describe a good hen we might say—"She scratches for her living as hard as a thrifty farmer."

The other night I went to hear Miss Agnes Macphail for the first time. Irrespective of politics, I always like to hear a good speaker, and Miss Macphail was certainly fluent, witty and most interesting, but alas! not so very enlightening or encouraging. In fact, I came away with my impression confirmed, that while the farmer does the scratching, there is always somebody else along to pick up the worms. However, Miss Macphail did explain very satisfactorily the why and wherefore of the Gold Standard and since I heard her speak it has really begun to percolate my intelligence as to what the Gold Standard really is, but I hope I never have to explain it!

Thank goodness there are other things to think about besides the Imperial Conference. I know it is frightfully important, and I am sure we shall watch for the result with the keenest interest as being of vital and personal interest to ourselves, but I think I should go grey in the night if I tried to understand the half of it!

In the meantime there is the country. Sometimes I wonder what it is, I like best about the country but I never can decide because every season I think something different. Sometimes it is the greenness of everything, at other times the lovely tints of autumn or it may be the tang—the fresh crispness of a sunny day in winter. All these things in turn I think is the very nicest thing the country has to offer but now what I like best is the smell—scent, odor, perfume laden air or call it what you will. Which ever name you prefer makes no difference to its loveliness.

The other day we were out for a ride and we passed field after field of sweet scented clover. Sometimes we could see it, sometimes we couldn't, but always we knew it was there. And then came a different perfume. "Oh, what is it?" I cried, and stopped the car. On either side of the road was a dense bush, and in striking contrast to the pines and firs, there against the fence, was a lovely bush of pink briar rose. It was a picture and of course it was also responsible for the delightful perfume. For such pleasures we are increasingly thankful to the "Optimist," because besides being a very useful means of conveyance, it also has the ability to bring us new joy each time we take it out.

But for perfume we do not need to leave the farm—there is quite a variety right where we are—the delicious smell of fresh-cured hay, hollyhock and roses in the garden, and best of all, sweet scented honeysuckle. I am quite delighted with my honeysuckle creeper. It is sweet smelling, uncommon and revives memories of days that can never return. There were many places in England where honeysuckle grew wild and because my mother was so fond of it I used to walk many miles in search of it. How pleased she would be even if I were only able to find her just a small bouquet. And so, because my mother was found of it, I treasure my two-year-old root of honeysuckle. Last year it was too small to flower, but this year I watched with delight, first the wealth of buds, and then its opening into full bloom. What an added joy there is in a garden when each plant is dear to us by association. Plants that are given to us are so much more interesting than those we buy from a nursery. Flowers at any time are lovely, but there seems to me to be something so intimate, so delightfully informal, in remembering our friends by flowers that bloom. Sometimes it happens that a root or a plant has been given to us by someone who has since passed on, then it is that we treasure its flowers anew and, as time passes, it may be that it brings to us a message which is only possible through the medium of flowers.

How true it is—"A garden is a love-some thing. God wot!"

### QUITE A TRAVELLER

Mrs.iggins—That Mrs. Briggs was bonatin' as 'ow she comes from a fine family. An' you've come a good way, I says, pleasant-like.

### EVERYBODY KNOWS

Everybody knows many good things about the home city but only occasionally a few of them say something good about it.

### SLATS' DIARY

BY ROSS PARQUHAR

Friday—Ant Emmy was a reading man Heathen country wear they dround the Little girl babies and she ast pa why do they want to do suchy thing as dround the little girl babies and pa fe-olyer and sed he dident Nacky' no but at enny rate it woud be 1 way to put a stop to this infernal Petting anny ways.

Saturday—Geo. Grate is very very lucky. The Dr. sed he had to be operated on for a penditis and then after they had operated on him for a penditis why they found out the hole' trouble was caused by a bad Tooth so now all he has to do is go have a tooth pulled, meebly, a couple of teeth.

Sunday—Ant Emmy is very enquistive. she was wandering this morning who this fellow Gusto is that so menny people eats with. she says he must be a offly eye eater.

Monday—I ges pa has got h'gself in bad with the chief of Police on acct. of he put in the noose paper a hed line about Mr. Riley makes a Xcellent chief of the Force. 1 of these days pa is going to lose his Job or mebbly go to the Wirk house.

Tuesday—then pa made a nuther mistake when he rote up a add for the paper. he sed House for Rent. fine at- tick with-room for several drunks.

Wednesday—Mr. Gillem says he hates to eat in Restarants in the ery summer untill he gets his new straw hat and in the fall untill he gets his Fall hat & once an a wile a over coat mebbly.

Thursday—Ma was tawking about a yung cupple witch got married to each another last month and was a getting a divorce this month and she sed a yung man shud think Twice before he even asts a girl to Marry, him, and pa sed. Yes or even once. & then all you cud hear was the Sweeper in are house.

### SUN SPOTS AND COST OF LIVING

To the average person spots on the sun may be just sun spots, but according to the Canadian Government astronomer sun spots have a profound effect on the cost of living. In an official bulletin on the subject it is stated that farm crops in Canada, grains, hay, and potatoes, show on the average greater yields at the sunspot minimum than at the maximum in accord with the higher temperatures and greater precipitation occurring on the average at sunspot minimum. These fluctuations and those in other forms of life exert a great influence on economic conditions and it is consequently not surprising to find the eleven-year sunspot cycle. These fluctuations in the physical elements which control living conditions are great enough in some regions to affect profoundly all forms of life, micro-organisms, insects, birds, animals, plants and even fish, and in consequence, economic conditions.

Records kept in Manitoba since 1895 when examined in the light of the sun spot cycle show the relationship between the rise and fall in the number of sun spots and the maximum and minimum of grasshoppers, ruffed and sharp-tailed grouse, and rabbits. Records from other sources show similar effect for fish and fur-bearing animal.

### QUALITY INCREASES SALES

An increase of over 2,000,000 lbs., representing some 3,525 head of beef cattle, for the first four months of the present year is indicated in the latest issue of the Live Stock and Meat Trade Review prepared by the Markets Intelligence Service of the Dominion Live Stock Branch. Sales for the first four months of 1931 totalled 5,032,396 lbs., while for the corresponding period in 1932 they totalled 7,047,365 lbs.

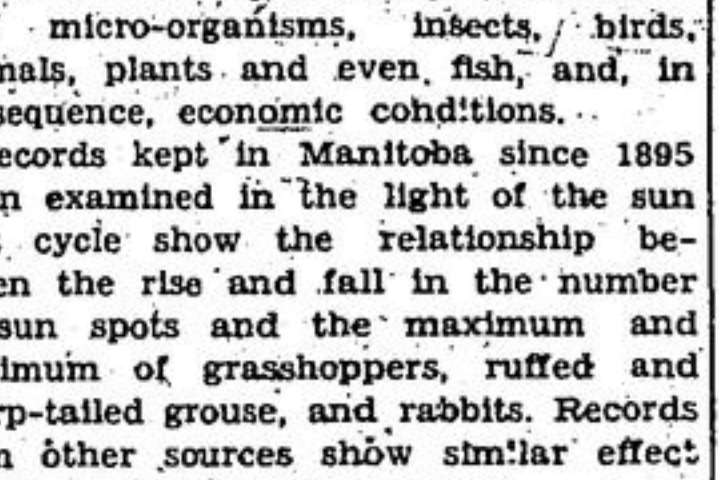
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Do you know what the unemployed in New York are doing?" shouted the speaker, as he pounded the table.

"Yes," a voice from the rear.

"What?" asked the speaker, taken aback.

"Nothing."

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"Yes," a voice from the rear.

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"Nothing."

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With July's bluest sky . . . with whispering breeze . . . laughing waters . . . green fields and trees. What an urge to go outing! Fill the baskets with good things from Carroll's. Lowest prices on highest quality foods. This week a bargain specially lined up for your picnic.

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