



THE HOME OF The Acton Free Press

Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association Member Ontario-Quebec Division C. W. N. A.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS is published every Thursday evening at the Free Press Building, Mill Street, Acton, Ontario.

ADVERTISING RATES—For small unclassified advertisements, and in other columns, the rates will be found at head of column.

G. A. DILLS, Editor and Proprietor.

TELEPHONES—Editorial and Business Office: 154 Residence: 152

EDITORIAL

Rural Residents Invade Ottawa

Rural Ontario will be heard from at Ottawa this week, when the monster delegation visits the capital to lay before the Premier and his colleagues the needs of the farming industry.

Crops and Crop Conditions

Crop conditions are of much concern these days, and the following bulletin, put forth by the Bank of Montreal, will prove of interest in a general summary as at this date: "In the Prairie Provinces cool weather and heavy fairly general rains have promoted good growth of all crops."

Other Essentials

A few days ago it was our pleasure to attend a function held in the school grounds down at No. 3 Section in Nelson Township. One could not help but admire the tidy ground and the flower beds about the building and bordering the sidewalk to the roadway.

The County Doing Its Part

The Halton County Council is to be congratulated on the permanent type of road work that is being done this year on the second line, between Acton and Milton. With the assurance from the Provincial Highway Department that this road will sometime be a provincial highway, the County has gone about to put whatever expenditure is available into the work of widening the road and preparing it for the day when it will belong to the system of King's highways.

Position of Railway Improving

A decrease in gross revenues of \$3,918,273 in May, 1932, as compared with May of last year, was more than offset by reduced operating expenses of the Canadian National Railways for the month, according to the monthly statement of revenues and expenses issued recently, showing gross revenues in May of \$11,686,354.

Another Tax Needed

The transient trader is getting told pretty plainly he is not wanted these days. The town of Timmins passed a by-law fixing the fee at \$500. Acton last week made the hawkers' and pedlars' fee \$100. There are altogether too many of these irresponsibles securing a consignment of goods and starting out to canvass from door to door to the annoyance of housewives and usually the disadvantage and detriment of the business houses established in the community who are paying taxes for community improvement.

EDITORIAL NOTES

It seems to be generally admitted that Acton Park should be designated by a sign on the highway, but just who or what is going to put it there?

The railways have surely struck the bargain weekend special plan with sensational offerings. It would appear that gasoline would have to decrease to keep pace with their travel offerings.

Up to the present indications from all over the Dominion seem to point to a bumper crop. That's a lot to be thankful for and while prices may not be high, there will be no necessity for anyone starving in a land of plenty.

The Simcoe Reformer had a splendid special Kinsmen edition. It comprised thirty-eight pages and was complete in its mechanical and literary make-up, and surely gave a welcome to the delegates who meet there in convention.

It is expected that a total of 4,000,000 bushels of grain will be shipped from Churchill, on Hudson Bay, this year, to British ports. At least 16 vessels will be required to transport this grain. The first incoming cargo to Churchill from Britain is expected about July 15.

The fact that railways are going through financial difficulties is appreciated by everyone, but surely a few new planks and a decent crossing for pedestrians could be provided on Mill Street. As it is at present the Company may be liable at any time for a damage action.

A year in prison and a thousand dollar fine was the punishment handed out by United States courts to John Curtis for the mental torture to which he subjected the Lindberghs during the search for their babe. About the same punishment as a bootlegger would get in Canada.

Once again Acton Public School has achieved success in having every one of the pupils who wrote the Entrance examinations successful. Twenty-nine pupils were graduated from the Acton Public School this year and Miss Bennett, the Principal, and her staff, are to be congratulated upon the success which has come to be the usual thing in Acton School. Seventeen of the pupils were passed upon the recommendation of the Principal.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

Several times this week I have found myself thinking about inventions. Not that I have invented anything—far from it—all I have done is to think how nice it would be if someone else would invent this, that or the other. Take hens for instance.

Why in the name of wonder can't someone invent—or breed, a species of hen that will go broody directly you give her eggs and that can be broken up by merely being deprived of the same. It sounds so simple and yet no one has ever done it. And so we have to go on with cluck when they ought to cluck, but cluck all the time when you don't want 'em to. The way we deal with our overzealous hens is to shut them up in a stock rack which Partner fixed up near the henhouse. They are given plenty of feed and water and kept confined until such time as they have learnt to function as a respectable hen always should.

But this week my biddies got the laugh over me—if I laugh they look at you sideways with their bright, beady eyes as if just as impudent. To shut up any hens I find on a nest, one night I shut up twelve, the next night an additional six, and the next night I went into the henhouse and what did I find but six more broodies! I was as mad as a hornet and also perplexed because what to do with them I did not know, as the stock rack would not hold any more. And then an idea struck me. I went over and counted the broodies, and lo! and behold there were only four. The persistent wretches had scraped and scraped until they scraped a hole big enough for them to get under the crate. It was then I thought I heard a hen laugh, or if it wasn't a laugh it might certainly be called a derisive cackle. Ah well, my biddies, he who laughs loudest laughs last. I blocked up the hole in the rack caught every hen that gave a cluck and, like that wicked old fox, I "picked her up with a cry of joy and hastily popped her in it."

Now supposing we consider potatoes. Wouldn't it be fine if there were some kind of potato which the Colorado beetle would find not quite to his taste? You hear of a "shoo-fly plant," then why not a "shoo-bug potato?" Perhaps it is that no one has ever thought of it, but after this I shall be looking for the results of experiments along that line. Why, I have gone miles and miles the last two weeks just walking up and down between the rows of potatoes, picking up insects, and spraying them with little snails and destroying their eggs.

Another invention which should be thought of is some kind of torture which might be invented for anyone who talks depression for more than ten minutes at a time. I don't care who it is, talking depression doesn't pay even if you have not a nickel in your pocket. If you talk depression you think depression, and if you think depression, you act depression, and then where are you? According to a famous psychologist, "we are sorry because we cry." And when you think it out, that is logic. A child who falls and cries, immediately feels sorry for herself because she knows if her fall was bad enough to make her cry, then there is reason for sympathy. The same argument applies to depression. If we feel that we have been hurt so badly that we have to make a song about it, then we naturally feel all the more sorry for ourselves than perhaps is strictly necessary. Far better to play "so-peep" with a friendly who, we know, is just around the corner. Never mind if Prosperity, that teasing little imp, cries out, "Bo," when we least expect him and then dodges back in high glee behind the corner. Let's play his game for once—we shall get plenty of fun out of it, anyway—and sometime or other he will get a trifle too venturesome—come out a little too far, and then, I say, we'll nab him! Yes, and we'll keep him, and if we could only catch him quick enough to lose at the Imperial Conference. Of course it would be an awful risk—he might get shut up at Ottawa and we might never see our darling any more.

While we are on the subject of inventions, might I venture to suggest that better use might be made of the ones we already have. Take sign posts, for instance. Their cost is almost negligible, yet on side roads they are most conspicuous by their absence. Last Wednesday was our Sunday School picnic. The children went by truck in the morning, and I followed during the afternoon. The road was strange to me and I missed one important turn, and landed at a place at right angles to where I wanted to go. "Not that it bothered me—I had a nice visit with friends and then went on my way rejoicing—it only made a difference of a mere twenty miles! A sign post along the road might have been of great assistance to an ignorant one like myself and, I might also add, I bought a map the night before, but it wasn't much use to me, because I left it at home!

Externally or Internally, it is Good.—When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil opens the pores, and penetrates the tissues, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally, it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will relieve affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

A LOST MIND FINDS ITSELF

When the New Year of 1927 came to Frank Burgess, who worked on a farm in Nova Scotia, it was only the twenty-fifth year he could remember, though he knew quite well he must be many years older than that.

For a quarter of a century he had been wandering about the world as a seaman. He had been to Australia quite a lot, where he was fond of relating his past strange experiences. He had also visited South America, and his life had not been an easy one. There had, always been something wrong with him. His messmates found him a simple-minded, rather strange old fellow, and in their kindly way made allowance for eccentric behavior from blame to blame. Yes, he was growing old, and his hard life had left its mark on him. Yet he could only recollect twenty-five years, for a quarter of a century ago Burgess lost his memory. He could remember being carried ashore at Gibraltar, dead, ill with yellow fever, but before that his life was blank. He had often tried to remember what happened to him before the attack of yellow fever, from which he had, to every one's surprise, recovered, and when, just before Christmas, that he had been put on his ship a sudden notice seized him to go to Nova Scotia. There he got some work, and while tree-felling a tree crashed down on him where he stood, and bore him senseless to the ground.

Past and present alike disappeared at that moment for Burgess. He lay alone for the better part of a day, and when he came to himself he could not see. But something stranger than that happened to his head. It was buzzing with memories. Frank Burgess remembered at last who he was, and what he had been before his illness at Gibraltar. By some mysterious recovery of brain-power after regaining consciousness his memory had returned.

He went to the police station at Truro and told his story to the police, asking them if they would telephone to Burlington, Hants County, where he knew he had been as a boy. They did so, and at Burlington an aged woman, over seventy years old, learned that her son Frank, whom she believed had died of yellow fever at Gibraltar, was alive, and was coming to see her. She had parted from him when he was a young man; now she met him again, a man older than she was when she had seen him when he left home.

Home was the sailor from the sea. There is no gain as certain as that which arises from sparing what you have.—Publius Syrus.

Lowest Price in 15 Years

"SALADA" TEA "Fresh from the Gardens"

QUALITY IS FEATURED IN HOG MARKETINGS

The quality of the hog supply was probably the best in the experience of the industry in Canada. At the same time there is considerable room for a more intelligent application of breeding principles and a better control in the matter of the usage of a plentiful and cheap supply of various pig feeding material.

It is most encouraging to note, observes the twelfth annual report of the Origin and Quality of Commercial Live Stock Marketed in Canada in 1931, issued by the Dominion Live-Stock Branch, that as compared with the supply of 1930, there were approximately 43,000 more select bacon hogs and 210,000 more bacon hogs, out of an increase in all grades amounting to 342,000 head. There was

some increase in the number of really good sows marketed, no doubt the result of the active demand for breeding stock. This is substantiated by the fact that the entire increase in number one sows went to stockyards, and the number of sows marketed for packing plants was less than a year ago. There was a very marked curtailment in the movement of number two sows, as compared with a year ago, and as well the number of stags was cut down to a low point. Butcher hogs and heavy hogs showed a fairly normal increase, considering the liberal volume of feed available, and there was a fairly normal increase in the number of lights and feeders marketed. As a matter of fact, the supply of that class could be considered as very moderate, considering that during the greater part of the year the prospects for finished hogs were not particularly encouraging.



J. Cadesky OPTOMETRIST

WILL VISIT ACTON ON Monday, August 8th

Anyone suffering from Eyestrain, Defective Vision or Headache should not miss the opportunity of consulting this eyesight specialist. Appointments may be made with Mr. A. T. Brown, Druggist. CONSULTATION FREE Office Hours: 9 a. m. till 4 p. m.

Carroll's Savings Crack Quality at Cut Prices. It's great to save while you shop, and at the same time get the best! And that's what Carroll shoppers do every day. The groceries they're buying are the finest procurable, and the prices they're paying net them immense savings. Special prices for July 14 to 20. CARROLL'S LIMITED Singapore Sliced PINEAPPLE 2 tins 25c New Australian Seedless RAISINS pound 16c Kraft Kitchen-Fresh MAYONNAISE 23c Brunswick Brand SARDINES tin 5c For Flies or Moths FLIT Fly Spray 3-oz. tin 33c For Cleaning Aluminum S.O.S. Scouring Pads 14c Special—Johnson's Floor Wax 1-lb. tin 49c Special—Carroll's CLEANSER 2 tins 13c Special—H.O. Powdered AMMONIA 2 pkgs. 11c Special—McCormick's Butter Ring BISCUITS pound 23c Special—Heinz TOMATO KETCHUP 2 large bottles 37c Special—Fancy SHELLED WALNUTS HALVES pound 39c Special—GINGER ALE 6 cans 36c Special—Quaker IRRADIATED MUFFETS package 10c

Table with 3 columns: Item, Price, Item, Price, Item, Price. BANANAS 8c per lb., WATERMELONS 49c each, NEW CARROTS 5c per bunch, LEMONS 32c per dozen, Small Sunkist Oranges, per dozen 23c, Large Sunkist Oranges, per dozen 45c.

Mill Street Phone 158 Acton, Ontario