



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. The subscription price is \$5.00 per year, in advance. Postage is charged additional to offices in the United States. The date to which subscriptions are paid is indicated on the address label.

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

G. A. DILLS, Editor and Proprietor.

TELEPHONES—  
Editorial and Business Office . . . 124  
Residence . . . 128

### EDITORIAL

#### Always at Work

Evidence of activity on the part of the liquor interests is not wanting these days. A week or so ago a copy of the Moderation League paper, which was misnamed, "New Business," came to our desk. A brief scan of the headlines and articles showed it to run true to form of all previous appeals to the thirsty, who always clamor for more freedom to get drunk easier. Most everyone will agree that it is easy enough now for anyone to secure sufficient liquor to intoxicate thoroughly, but the Moderation League backers are apparently anxious for larger profits and more drunkenness and they hold out in this pamphlet the enticement of tourist trade and greater revenue from the easy sale of beer, etc. It's the same old story, gilded with figures, and held out as bait to defeat true temperance. The forces at work for temperance should never cease. The liquor interests are always on the job to promote their selfish ends.

#### Taking it on the Chin

"The United States is taking it on the chin in this conference," an official observer from Washington declared, in reference to the Economical Conference being held at Ottawa. "We haven't a leg to stand on in the matter of protest. The whole record of our tariff increases is distinctly selfish," he said. "Out of this Conference we expect to be hit not only on our major manufactured exports into Canada, but upon those of the other Dominions and Great Britain. Tobacco, fruits, barley, wheat, chemicals, meats, including bacon, cheese, butter, canned goods, lumber, copper and manufactured asbestos are among a few of the products for which we naturally expect to see our market not only upon this continent but abroad very materially curtailed." After all, who was it started this idea of living to themselves, and it is typical of British patience that it trusted the United States would see sooner the folly of its ways and possibly the measures now being adopted would not have been necessary.

#### Exports of Cattle and Bacon

Exports of live cattle to Great Britain up to the end of June, 1932, totalled an increase of 898 over the total shipped in the first six months of 1931. The prospects are that shipments in the next few months will show a greater increase over the corresponding period last year. The largest shipments this year have been made from the Provinces of Ontario and Alberta, a statement of the origins of shipments showing 5,204 head from Ontario and 3,338 from Alberta. Manitoba supplied 788 head, Saskatchewan 390 and Quebec 73. A substantial increase in the exports of Canadian bacon to the British market is also reported by the Canadian Government Department of Agriculture. From January 1 to May 31, 1932, shipments were four times greater or 10,500,000 pounds in excess of those in the same period a year ago, while pork shipments in the same comparison increased by nearly 2,000,000 pounds. During May of this year 3,855,500 pounds, out of total exports from Canada of 4,431,200 pounds, went to British buyers. For the same month a year ago the exports to Britain were 612,400 pounds out of a total to all countries of 768,200 pounds. Including exports to other countries, the total exports of Canadian bacon to the end of May in 1932 were 14,030,400 pounds against 10,700,000 pounds in the first five months of 1931.

#### Realities

In this materialistic age, we sometimes have the impression that the things we can see and handle are the only realities. Ideal, however is not synonymous with unreal. Loyalty is just as real as granite. Some realities can be measured with a yardstick and weighed on the scales. Others elude these gross estimates, but are not on that account, less real and powerful. Indeed, one school of philosophy has gone so far as to claim that all this material world is unreal, merely the creation of our thoughts. Common sense refutes such a philosophy, but it is as true as the things of the spirit are unreal. Part of us—the perishable part—is allied to the world of matter. Part of us—the indestructible part—is allied to the world of spirit. Both are real, but the reality of the latter is far more important than the reality of the former. Let us not slight these invisible realities for the sort we can put in a trunk or pack away in a safe deposit box; the last are transitory, while the first are permanent.

#### Amusing Ourselves

Acton's first Community Picnic last week was a revelation to many. Naturally the first attempt was approached with misgivings as to its ultimate success, but the gathering accomplished all that was aimed at—a real fraternal time for the community and district to mingle in one big community gathering. It brought us all closer together, and with a little better understanding. But the big feature was the knowledge we can have a real good afternoon without a great expenditure of money. True, the newly formed Business Men's Association put up the prizes and the funds for the affair, but even these were not burdensome when everyone assumed their share. The depression through which we have just passed has taught us that it isn't always necessary to spend a lot of money in order to have an enjoyable time. There were a lot of splendid prizes at the picnic and a lot of people came to the realization that they were worth striving for, and most everyone was delighted when they won their awards. We have all found out that it isn't necessary to travel miles and into strange surroundings to have the best of times. We predict that the next few years will see a greater appreciation of the fraternal gatherings in the smaller communities, where the sole object is not to see how much money can be spent, but rather how fine a time we can provide for ourselves.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES

Sir Henry Thornton retired from the C. N. R. on a \$50,000 bonus. Most any of us would retire from anything for a like amount and leave the railway and other worries for other hands to attend.

Justice Orde has passed away and the unfinished work of the Hydro inquiry remains. It is regrettable that two of Ontario's outstanding men should have been unable, owing to illness, to complete this enquiry, that seems bound to remain unsettled.

Looks as if Acton might reach the play-offs in baseball this year. The boys need further encouragement, and they can win the County Championship. They have broken even with Milton in their encounters this year.

The quantity of creamery butter produced in Canada in 1931 is the largest ever recorded by the dairy industry of Canada. It amounted to 225,000,000 pounds, an increase of about 40,000,000 pounds over the previous year. There are 2,696 dairy factories in operation in Canada.

Sixteen important minerals produced in Canada are listed by the Canadian Government Bureau of Statistics in a recent return. They include: asbestos, cement, clay products, coal, copper, feldspar, gold, gypsum, lead, lime, natural gas, nickel, petroleum, salt (commercial), silver and zinc.

It is announced that the Firemen's Convention will return to Dundas again next year. It's not every municipality that can adequately cater to the apparent needs of this gathering, or can it be that not every municipality appreciates the "celebration" that seems to go with the convention.

That splendid weekly newspaper, the Barrie Examiner, has been awarded the MaSOn Trophy, which is competed for each year by weekly newspapers having a circulation over 2,000. This is the third time the honor has come to Barrie, and Messrs. J. A. McLaren and W. C. Walls the publishers. Newspaper men will agree that the honor was richly deserved.

It is doubtful if the warning signals placed before the railway crossing just west of Brampton are accomplishing their purpose. The other morning a tourist, with his car loaded with equipment, was noticed anxiously examining his outfit after passing over the rattlebars, to see what he had lost. Supposing a lot of folks who didn't know about this contraption all stopped to inquire the cause, just what would happen?

### Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for  
The Free Press by  
GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

I have wondered several times whether this week's chronicle would record the passing of Nell, our ajak grey mare. But she isn't defunct yet, and there is apparently a very good chance for her ultimate recovery. But the time we have spent on her . . . Besides carrying water and mashes, two of us have looked after her three times a day while she stood in the water for half an hour at a time. And we have spent a small fortune in absorbent cotton for dressings. And then the veterinary bill . . . but we won't anticipate! The swelling is going down in Nell's leg, and the flesh is healing, but we understand she will have to grow an entire new hoof before she is through, so it won't be to-morrow or next week before she can be used for work. It has been a great hindrance to Farmer, as he is in a quandary as to use three horses on the blunder. However, the wheat is cut and stooked and very nearly ready to come in, so things might be worse.

Last Tuesday one of our young heifers brought home a quite little veal calf. Of course it wasn't exactly veal when it was born, but it will be after it is sold, and then we shall be in the happy state of wondering what we shall do with all the money!

The chickens, or rather what is left of them, are growing like weeds and able to scratch rice and vigorously in my flower beds. There were two hundred and thirty of them once, but rats have reduced them to the neighborhood of a hundred. We don't like using poison anywhere about the place, but we were finally obliged to try feeding the rats with strychnine, since when the rats have apparently been successfully exterminated.

I don't believe there is hardly a week passes without the children acquiring some new pet or pets—generally some thing that has been hurt or deserted. This time it is two baby pigeons, ten little chickens and an infant sparrow. Molly is also begging for tame rabbits, and I have a sneaking fancy for guinea pigs, but so far neither the pigs or the rabbits have materialized, but there is no telling when they will.

Our young son is not worrying about pets or anything else these days. His great ambition is to get down to the road and watch the steam shovel at work. "Papa, I am not at all fond of the steam shovel. It seems to me like a great inhuman monster, ready to crush and maim anyone with whom it comes in contact. It gives me the shivers every time I go by it. This very day I thought I was going to be reduced to pulp. I was going along the road behind the shovel and expected to pass it on the proper side. I was up close behind it when it started to back—I tried to back, too, and stalled the car. It was a horrible feeling. But the shovel stopped and then I saw a man in the car or the cab or whatever it is called, signalling for me to pass on the other side. I was conscious of a voiceless Te Deum that I was there to pass at all! Next time I shall know enough to give the steam shovel a wider berth until I know where it is heading—or rather, backing.

Since they started working on the road it is quite an adventure getting out of the lane and on to the road. It is very much like an abbreviated switchback ride. We have tried leveling the rough place over the culvert but so sure as we did it the grader would come along and tear it up again, so now it stays the way it is. One can get used to anything in time and now I have got to the stage when I can get on to the road without the eggs in the car bouncing about like so many balls, or the cream turning to butter in the can. Once in a while the children bash their heads on the top of the car, but they have come to look upon it as part of the regular business of going to town.

This morning I began to think I should never get to town at all. I managed to get my cream and eggs ready, all right, in spite of the perpetual jingling of the telephone bell, and then just as I was ready to go, in came the oil truck. I had not heard it because of the steam shovel, and by the time I got out there the man had put the barrel in the wrong place, and dumped out ten more gallons of oil than we wanted. I had to deal with him alone, as the men were out in the field. As the man was going out, I looked around, saw the cows were at the far end of the field and told him he could leave the gate open, as I was coming out myself in about five minutes. I wasn't longer than that and went careening gaily down the lane, thinking all my troubles were over, got on to the road, and there, all mixed up with the steam shovel and dump trucks, were our whole herd of cows! Back I came for daughter Molly, got the cows turned around, the car along the road behind them, and had the pleasure of seeing them turn into our neighbor's lane, instead of our own. Eventually we got them home—it was the heel flies that made them move so fast. After getting them nicely warmed up I went on my way to town, where I did not expect to be very long, but everywhere I went the people wanted change, the stores were all full, and the tiler at the bank unapproachable. It reminded me of the nursery rhyme—"And the pig won't get over the stile and I shan't get home in time to get my old man's dinner!" But in the end I was as fortunate as the old woman. The cars got away from the creamery, the girl in the store was able to wait on me, the tiler attended to my

business, I got my meat and groceries and got home at last, "in time to get my old man's dinner!"

#### ARMoured AGAINST HEAT

Capable of withstanding heat as severe as 400 degrees in the shade while it shuts cars of steel and hauls loads of molten metal about the steel plant, the new Diesel-electric locomotive Westinghouse engineers recently constructed for the American Rolling Mill, is entirely different from any locomotive as yet built. This rolling power generator, passing in and out of the steel-plant, and coming in close contact with the soaking pits, where the heat is four times as great as on the hottest summer days in most parts of the world, is protected in such a unique way that the single-operator feels no discomfort.

The new locomotive is remarkable in its protection against the fierce heat of the steel plant. It is armored against heat; its windows are of Pyrex glass like that used in the bake oven. Ray windows enable the engineer to look along the train without exposing his head to the heat. On both the inside and the outside, heat-resisting paint is used. The window frames are of bronze; the outside doors are metal sheathed. Equipment inside the cab, which might be damaged by excessive heat, is shielded with heat-insulating materials. By means of automatic signal lights outside the locomotive, switchmen and others know which position the engineer is operating—ahead or reverse.

The locomotive is a midget compared with the giant electric which now operate on our railroads; yet it is a powerful unit. Weighing seventy-two tons and measuring thirty-two feet in length, it can easily handle 2,500 tons or more while switching material about the steel mill and yards. A six-cylinder solid injection Westinghouse Diesel engine of 339 horse power propels the engine.

Miller's Worm Powders seldom fail. They immediately attack the worms and expel them from the system. They are complete in themselves, not only as a worm destroyer, but as a highly beneficial medicine for children, correcting weak digestion and restoring the debilitated system to healthfulness without which the growth of the child will be retarded and its constitution weakened.

#### PRUNES NEXT

Professor—"What is the most common impediment in the speech of American people?"  
Freshman—"Chewing gum."

Same Fine Quality—Lower Price

# "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

#### WHEN NERVES ARE RAW

His Wife—"It's about time to think about where we shall spend the summer."  
"Closeman"—"I wish you'd say 'pass' the summer, Helen; 'speep' is so confoundedly suggestive."

#### THE ONLY CASUALTY

Joe—"My wife ran the car into a fence the other day and knocked some paint off."  
Moe—"Off what, the car or the fence?"  
Joe—"Off neither; off my wife."

#### BY APPOINTMENT

The business man had died and gone to—well, not to heaven. But hardly had he settled down for a nice long smoke when a hearty hand slapped him on the back, and into his ear boomed the voice of a persistent salesman who had pestered him much on earth.  
"Well, Mr. Smith," chorried the salesman, "I'm here for the appointment."  
"What appointment?"  
"Why, don't you remember?" the salesman went on. "Every time I came into your office you told me you'd see me here!"

BUY THIS  
FOOD  
BARGAIN



AND BOOST CANADA

A few cents for Shredded Wheat not only buys a bargain but also boosts this country's greatest industry. Only Canadian wheat is used for Shredded Wheat. Do your part by eating this nourishing all-family food every day.

## SHREDED WHEAT

12 BIG BISCUITS IN EVERY BOX

MADE IN CANADA • BY CANADIANS • OF CANADIAN WHEAT

**We always have**

Our strong "Empire preference" is not a product of the Imperial Conference—we have ALWAYS favored Empire goods. And we shall continue to exploit them to the limit of public acceptance. Such Empire-mindedness becomes Carroll's—an organization conceived in Canada 40 years ago—now 115 stores operated and OWNED by Canadians exclusively. Realize on this week's special prices.

# CARROLL'S

LIMITED

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>SAVINGS</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Values, bargains here galore— You save on everything You purchase from your Carroll store— Oh boy! this makes me sing.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>—SPECIAL— Australian CHOICE PEACHES</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">16-oz. quart tin</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>2 tins 25¢</b></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>—SPECIAL— Singapore PINE- APPLE</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">No. 2 tall</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>2 tins 23¢</b></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>—SPECIAL— English H. P. SAUCE</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">"The one and only"</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>bottle 24¢</b></p>
<p><b>Australian Choice</b> APRICOTS No. 2 tin 25¢ Australian Choice Bartlett PEARS No. 2 1/2 tin 30¢ Australian Seedling RAISINS 2 lbs. 29¢ Special—Extra Fancy Rose Rice 4 lbs. 23¢ McLaren's Powdered JELLIES 4 pkgs. 23¢ Crown Fruit JARS pints doz. 99¢ Zinc Jar RINGS doz. 20¢</p>	<p><b>New Clover Honey No. 5 pail 39¢</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>SPECIAL—Canadian Nature's Best CHERRY JAM</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">40-oz. Jar <b>24¢</b></p>	<p>For Milk Shakes VI-TONE 1-lb. tin 51¢ Sandwich Cheese CHATEAU 1/2-lb. pkg. 15¢ French's Prepared MUSTARD jar 12¢ Special—King's Plate Sardines 2 tins 19¢ Baking Powder MAGIC 16-oz. tin 34¢ Silver Star Pastry FLOUR 24-lb. bag 52¢ Libby's Corned BEEF 2 tins 29¢</p>	
<p>For Floor Sweeps HAWES WAX 43¢ 1-lb. tin</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>SPECIAL—Empire Preferred Salada Tea 1/4-lb. pkg. 23¢</b></p>	<p>Try Colman Dry GINGER ALE 15¢ Large bottle Plus Deposit</p>	
<p>For Preserves BAB-O 2 tins 27¢</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>SPECIAL—A Summer Treat—Old City Pure Maple Syrup 16-oz. bottle 25¢</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Quality First—Economy Always</p>		<p>Large Sunkist Oranges, per dozen 35¢ Fresh Fruit and Vegetables at Week-end Prices Medium Sunkist Oranges, per dozen 28¢</p>

LEMONS: per dozen 35¢  
BANANAS: per lb. 7¢