



The Acton Free Press

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EDITORIAL

The Honors Divided

Perhaps it is just as well that Acton did not win the baseball championship of the County, and has kept honors distributed in Halton. With Acton having the group-winning hockey team, Dominion tug-of-war champions, and Musical Festival championship, the community is fairly well represented in the County, where each town seems to have something for which it is particularly noted. Georgetown has its C. N. E. prize winning Band. Milfon has its Champion Ball Team. Burlington has its Firemen's Drill Team, which wins consistently and Oakville had a Hockey Team that made good headway to winning the Provincial honors. The towns of the County seem to have the honors fairly well divided.

Advancement

According to the Halton County Council proceedings report, a movement is on foot by the County Councils opposing the proposal to abolish these bodies. The ground taken seems to be that abolition of the County representatives would only mean centralization of more power in Toronto and the inference is taken that this head has not dealt in the best interests of the Counties. In other words, we need the county institution to check up on the province. We sometimes wonder if more centralization would not be good. For instance, the Oakville subway has had the Railway Board, County Council, Oakville Council, and we believe the Trafalgar Council and Provincial Government all dealing with its disposal for months, and it is still unsettled. Each body seems to be trying to oust the cost to the other—or a bigger proportion. And in the meantime the ratepayer pays the piper for the cost of all bodies meeting in session that could be settled by a half dozen men. The County Council decided at the same meeting to inquire into the increasing educational costs. This will mean a series of committee meetings, each with fees and expenses, and a final winding up for settlement with the Ontario Department of Education, which will finally pass on the matter anyway. We dislike changes as much as anyone, and the subsequent confusion, but in the case of the County Councils it seems that the power of the body is now centralized in Toronto anyway, and the rules for its procedure and the monies it shall raise and spend are pretty well dictated from Toronto at present. Educational costs are proposed to be passed on to the parents by a resolution from Alliston. Parents are already paying the costs, and by taxation some others are assisting. But County bodies grasp at anything to relieve the pressure that is being brought to bear for lower taxation. Our censure is not levelled at Halton County Council, but our examples are merely drawn locally. There isn't a County body of greater efficiency or more exacting in their duties in the Province than that of Halton. But frankly are we not over-governed? Would it not be well to ask the question if there is not an exaggerated emphasis placed on the importance of some of the institutions that are cluttering the wheels of progress? Is it merely a case of admitting a fact? The real need seems to be unselfish government, whether it be municipal, county, Provincial, Dominion or Empire, and who can say that the abolition of one cog would not be a movement toward centralization of this ideal.

There are a lot of questions concerning power deals of the Ontario Government that are very far unanswered. Looks as if they wouldn't be, too.

A Situation That Must be Faced

At the Halton County Council last week the matter that required immediate attention was the over-crowding of the Old People's Home. In fact, it was so urgent that if required the attendance of two County Councils—about twenty-five men—to conduct an afternoon of investigation. One naturally wonders just why there is all the increase in the upkeep from the taxpayer of so many assisting means. The Mothers' Allowance, the Old Age Pensions and the Old People's Home are worked to capacity and on the increase. Can it be that folks are not as thrifty as in former days? Each one of the above named institutions is a great benefit in the Dominion and worthy of support, but with the mounting costs and a knowledge of some of the cases, the question arises in the mind of many "Is the thing not being overworked?" Knowledge of so many deserving cases makes one a little hesitant about making any comment on this question, but it is quite evident that the issue is being forced on the attention of public bodies who have to deal with these matters. The vital point in the matter simmers down, to whether the great good can be continued, and it would appear to be the duty of all to assist in keeping the demands on the funds to as low a point as possible, so that extreme need may be met in those cases for which the institutions and laws were initiated. Children should spare parents the humiliation of public assistance when possible, and a strict adherence to the fifth commandment might do a lot to relieve the present situation. One man who recently visited one of the institutions for the maintenance of the aged made the statement that ninety-five per cent. of the inmates of the institution had been brought to that place through intemperate use of intoxicating liquors. Are we under the present freer sale of intoxicating beverages making for the alleviation of the things which are now quite a problem in the upkeep of the destitute? These are questions that are occupying the attention of those endeavoring to solve these problems. They are vital to every taxpayer who is called upon regularly to meet his share of the increasing costs of taxation. We doubt if the tax on intoxicating liquor is meeting its full share of the burden.

EDITORIAL NOTES

And now the Fall Exhibitions are commencing to loom up as the next diversions to occupy the spare moments of folks.

There are 372,296 more males than females in the population of Canada, according to a return just completed by the Canadian Government Bureau of Statistics.

Some movement seems to be under way by some individuals for improvement at the Old Cemetery in Acton. If this resting place of the pioneers were easier of access it would demand a more prompt attention.

Gold production in British Columbia increased by 25 per cent. in the first half of this year. Placer mining is active, with 5,000 men in search of gold. Production of all minerals in British Columbia in the first six months of 1932 was valued at \$14,336,000.

Each day seems to bring its new difficulties that appear to beset the path of the Imperial Conference, that the day previous seemed to be quite clear. Or is it that the headlines of some papers desire to give the impression of an impossible job being done by a superman?

An egg powder plant which will consume 180,000 eggs a day has been opened at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. During recent years China has had practically a monopoly of the egg powder business a share of which will now be sought by the Saskatchewan industry.

The subway at Oakville, which was proposed before money was quite so difficult to locate, seems to have plenty of willing backers but a great lack of funds. In this respect it is not at all unusual, and will, we presume, have to wait for the turn of the corner. In the meantime, motorists will have to exercise extra care at the crossing.

According to Roger W. Babson the folks in the smaller communities attend church more regularly than their city brethren. Here are his figures, computed from a careful summary: "In incorporated areas and villages under 2,500 population, the churches showed an average attendance of 71 per cent. This dropped to 66 per cent. in villages of 2,500 to 5,000 population. Towns of 5,000 to 10,000 showed an attendance average of only 46 per cent. In the cities of 10,000 to 50,000 the attendance was 42 per cent. Cities of more than 50,000 population could show an average attendance of only 30 per cent."

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

I think I have seen mentioned in a farm paper a variety of barley known as "beardless barley," and some day I hope to meet it. Just at present the only barley I know is the very much bearded species, and my acquaintance with it has been bitter and humiliating. On Thursday Partner started to draw in this stuff known as barley. He was very considerate—broke the news to me gently and then asked if I could lend a hand. Memories of last harvest had mercifully faded into oblivion and I agreed quite cheerfully to "lend a hand." The first load came in, and I decided I would rather pitch sheaves than place them, so I stood at the front of the mow and pitched them over to our man, who was working at the back. For a while all went well and then I started to talk to Partner, and then the trouble began. Did you ever try to carry on a conversation in a barley mow? If you haven't don't! A friend that clings closer than a brother isn't compared to a barley beard on your tongue. And try to locate it. . . . At one and the same time it is at the back of your throat; under your tongue, on the inner side of your gum and somewhere in the region of the roof of your mouth. And then when you get it out—if you ever do get it out—you still feel as if it is there. Oh, it's a grand thing is a barley beard—a grand thing to be without. But that's not all. Of course you can't get into a mow without using your feet, and when you do, there are thistles as well as barley beards to contend with. Five minutes in the mow means ten minutes outside picking beards and thistles from your stockings and emptying whole ears of grain from the inside of your shoes, to say nothing of the thistles that get firmly embedded in your fingers and thumbs. As a penance, working in the barley mow couldn't be beaten.

After all that you will understand how thankful I am to say that all the barley is in the barn, including the rakes, and all that I have to remind me of past tribulations is a festered finger from a thistle that I can't find.

And now Partner is talking about threshing in the immediate future, because we can't get all the grain in the barn. "Suits me!" said our son when he heard about it. Was there ever a time when threshing did not suit a small boy? There was a time when the thought of threshing used to fill me with dread, but now I don't mind it at all—except when the threshing machine comes chug-chugging up the lane, and the only reason I don't like them then is because I am half afraid of their enormous power. I never cease to wonder at the marvellous mechanism of modern machinery and the binder has just as much fascination for me now as it ever had. I would just love to see a Western Combine at work in the field—when we were cut West they were not yet in use, in fact, there were hardly any tractors in our district. I remember one of our neighbors had a twenty-four horse hitch on an eight furrow gang plow. His wife used to walk along beside the plow to work the levers. The last we heard of the man his wife had left him. Partnership is a great thing, but if it means walking up and down a field all day long—well, no wonder the woman left him.

One day this week I was away from home and I bought a book. Nothing wonderful in that, perhaps, except that years ago I promised myself to buy a book any time I went on a journey. I don't mean a light novel or a magazine, but some kind of book that I should be glad to have on my bookshelf and read or refer to over and over again. In this way I have made quite a collection of poetry, essays and classics. They are a real treasure store and worth far more to me than they actually cost. I remember in my teens going on a lengthy train trip (that is, for England) and my mother giving me fifty cents for my lunch. I bought a glass of milk and a bun and spent the rest on a book! Even if your hobby runs to other things, it is rather a good way to make a collection. This week my purchase was "Mingled Yarn," by Wilhelmina Stutch. It is just a small book, and I have read it and read it from beginning to end and each time I read it, I love it more.

For instance, who would not feel better after reading this little piece. It is called "Doctor Cheerup." "The Medical Dictionary is quite a noble size! Contains the names of doctors for your lungs and heart, and eyes. In fact there is a doctor for every known disease, and each specializes and no one ever agrees. But luckily each household (you will admit this true?) has got the only doctor who knows just what to do. He's the handsomest and kindest and the cleverest man on earth. There's not another like him; beyond rubies is his worth. Now this describes my doctor, he's the best I've ever known, and he cures me just by magic when I'm sitting all alone. He never takes my temperature; blood pressure makes him sneer; he just prescribes some common sense and draught of right good cheer. His name is Doctor Cheerup, call to him when you're ill, he will ease that knowing heartache with a laughter-coated pill." —Wilhelmina Stutch.

A DOLLAR DOWN

Mrs. Higgins had just paid the last installment on the perambulator. Shopkeeper: "Thank you, madam. How is the baby getting on now?" Mrs. Higgins: "Oh, he's quite all right. He's getting married next week."

SLATS' DIARY BY ROSS FARQUHAR

Friday—Ant Emmy cum pritty nigh bring a little hotel down close to the river the other day but the minister at are church told her the town was full of republicans and sinners and Ant Emmy sed she woodent mind the sinners so much but she goss she wood look a round a little bit longer before she bys a hotel. Saturday—Pa went to the barber shop today and the new Barber Shaved him & cut his hare and ma ast him what was the new Barbers name and pa sed he wassent sure but he thot it meby mite be Foid Gibens oney he diddent have nutthing over his eye oney a Wort.

Sunday—Mrs. Pirken sent Jimmy to the drug Store to get some Sandieewood Ori but he stutters so bad that when he cum home all he had was a sand wich. he had give up trying to tell what he rilly wanted he sed.

Monday—Ma & pa went to a wedding tonite where Mrs. Clutches dawter got married to her forh husband. Ma sed it was just like most weddings oney the bride got to yonning before it was over with.

Tuesday—Pa played a dirty trick on are neighbors today. they sed they wanted to clean there fonographs records and diddent no how so pa suggested they use heavy sand Paper. & they done so.

Wednesday—Mr. Triggie has redified the pitec on his antlebs becuz he says Laber and Mtterials is cheaper now sence we got a Depreshashun.

Thursday—Joe Hix says he cum near getting a job wiking for a wiskey runner but he cudent give very good Refrineses so, he diddent get the job.

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