



THE HOME OF
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G. A. DILLS, Editor and Proprietor.

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EDITORIAL

Back to School

To-day the pupils start back at their studies again after the long summer vacation. New teachers and new pupils will take their places in various forms. Higher studies and advanced problems will have to be met by scholars. Many of the little tots have their first taste of settling down to school routine and class order. The streets will be quieter at certain hours during the day, when the four hundred children are at school and mothers will note a difference in the homes. There is a lot implied in that common phrase, "Back to school." And as applied to each child it has a different meaning. Acton Schools have a little change in the teaching staff this year. It is regretted that former teachers will not be present this year. The new faces to fill their places will find a welcome in the community and at the school. This is the commencement of the term. Now is the time to lay the foundations for the examinations which may seem so far away.

Newspapers Are Read

In the fast-changing world of to-day, newspaper reading by the general public is even more intense than in periods of economic and political calm. Merchants and business men who doubt that newspaper advertising is as effective as in the "Good Old Days" need only consider the remarkable results of the recent survey made of the productive power of newspaper advertising. In that survey it was conclusively shown that outstanding firms which had increased their advertising budgets reaped rich benefits in increased business. Another demonstration was given also by two large departmental stores in Chicago, in which hundreds of thousands of dollars of merchandise was sold in a few days' time through the sensibly courageous use of newspaper advertising. Newspapers are still semi-public utilities. The local newspapers are close to the communities they serve, and they reach every class of buyers, from the greatest purchasing power to the lowest. Newspaper advertising to-day speaks in an atmosphere of action, for it is coupled up with the news of stirring events the world over. It is part of that virile thing which the public eagerly seeks—second only to food and shelter—news.—Cobourg Sentinel Star.

A Very Complete Plan

The report on the Provincial policy on Administrative Method in the matter of Direct Relief in Ontario has just been issued. It is most complete in its recommendations and deals with all phases of relief activities. It is recommended in the report that each municipality organize a Public Welfare Board, and arguments in favor of this plan are set forth. The plan appears to be much the same as was carried on in Acton last year, only much elaborated upon. A feature that all communities felt very necessary has been included, regarding the residence and registration of those out of employment. One provision states that all persons over eighteen applying for direct relief would be required to carry a residence certificate. Plans for checking up many of the faults found in the administration of the past year have been recommended, and it would seem that many of the loop-holes found for evading provisions formerly have been closed. Plans for providing work for those receiving relief are also suggested. Schedules for the amount of food are also given for the guidance of committees, as well as clothing. It is quite evident that no detail has been overlooked in this report.

A Dangerous Practice

The serious accident which befel a young man on Saturday in Acton when he attempted to alight from a fast moving freight train, will serve as rather a forceful deterrent for other young folks who may be tempted to try the freight-riding plan as a sort of lark. If this young man lives he will go through life with only two stumps for legs. Too many young men in this and other parts have looked too lightly on the dangerous practise of riding freight trains. The unemployment question has made many young men drifters who take this method of seeing the country. The balance of the crowd who were with the unfortunate young man on Saturday were arrested and taken to Milton, charged with trespass. It is a punishable crime to trespass on railway property and jump trains for a free ride. While the practice has become quite common, it is, none the less, dangerous. Young men do well to reflect on the consequences that may result from that ride. It is a dangerous practice and the results may be fatal or be a handicap through life.

Going to the Ex.

The great Canadian National Exhibition opened its gates to the world last week and we often wonder if we, who live so close to this great annual event, have a full appreciation of this affair that lays claim of being only Canada's National Exhibition. We hear of the World's Fairs and while it has never been our privilege to attend one, we doubt very much if any of them excel Canada's annual event, which has been held for fifty-four years. While national in name, it is far wider in nature. Truly, Canada is very much to the fore, but every other nation, too, realizes the importance of placing before the visitors some conception of their countries. Growing as it has from year to year, and adding to its grounds and buildings, the Exhibition has reached a pinnacle that cannot be obtained by any event held only occasionally. Sometimes one may feel that there is little change in the nature of the event, but always will be found the newest developments in all lines of trade and industry. Viewed from an educational standpoint, it seems that if reasonably possible one cannot well afford to miss the event if you would keep pace with changing conditions. The Canadian National Exhibition is truly the show window of the world and might well lay claim to being a World's Fair, but, after all, what's in a name, anyway.

EDITORIAL NOTES

More than \$32,000,000 are invested in the silk industry in Canada and the value of the products in 1931 was \$18,187,492.

Every day it rains those believers in the St. Swithin's Day legend certainly do not fail to remind all that there must be some truth in the superstition.

September, the ninth month, is here. The Exhibition is on; the fall fairs are just ahead; school holidays are over and daylight saving ends this week. Summer must be nearly over.

Passengers carried on the electric railways of Canada in 1931 totalled 720,468,361. The 52 electric railway systems in the Dominion gave employment last year to 17,158 persons.

Canadian exports of wheat in the month of July, 1932, reached a total of 19,620,224 bushels compared with 12,060,817 bushels in July, 1931. The largest buyer was the British Isles. There was also a very rapid increase in the exports of rye, which increased from 122,000 bushels to 2,480,000 bushels.

The names of all those receiving Old Age Pensions in Victoria County were recently published. There was some objection to this, but the fact remains that those who pay these Old Age Pensions have a right to know who is receiving them.—Pembroke Standard-Observer.

Canadians, who are among the champion butter eaters of the world, are increasing their lead. From 1928 to 1931 the butter consumption in Canada per capita increased from 28.54 to 30.24 pounds. In the same period there was a slight decrease in the per capita consumption of cheese.

If milk and butter were as extensively advertised as cigarettes and autos, no producer would complain of the price, says an exchange. It's easy on the throat, it satisfies, and a person would walk a mile to get and take some. It has abundant power, pep and the perfume of health. It is the best food for the weak, and the best reducer on the market for the over-fat. It's cheap now, but price alone is a poor seller; it needs advertising.

A deputation of Toronto printers objected to the Board of Control of that city against the Toronto Transportation Commission, the Bell Telephone Co. and the Ontario Government having printing done outside of Toronto. Just what right Toronto printers have in particular to Bell Telephone and Ontario Government printing over the rest of Ontario is hard to understand. At any rate, Mayor Stewart told them the most that could be done would be "to make a political gesture that would be meaningless." They have some sensible folk in Toronto who know how to deal with silly requests.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for
The Free Press by
GWYNOLINE F. CLARKE

I have just been reading a really splendid article in a magazine, called "When is Husband too Peevish?" A bit of it is only applicable to city husbands, but the concluding paragraph applies to city and country alike—to the home of the city merchant or the country tradesman; to the home of the school teacher or the clerk in a store and also to farm homes throughout the length and breadth of Canada. Let me quote from the magazine:

"It is a wife's job—a wife's privilege—to make home a happy place and to keep peevishness from spilling it. It is not really difficult if she will use a little common sense. Above all, let her cultivate a sense of humor. Splashes and orange juice may be of use in helping to cure a cranky husband, but the best remedy for a grouchy is found in the Wise Book, 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones.'"

Of course the article was written by a woman—only a woman could hit straight from the shoulder—as did the writer of this article. A man might feel the same sentiments but it would never enter his head to express them. And then again, where would you find a man to admit that he possessed the undesirable quality of peevishness—most of them like to think of themselves as patient and long suffering. But yet there are peevish men, as every woman knows. A peevish husband is bad enough, but heaven help the family if he has a peevish wife!

It has been my lot to see Life's Drama in a good many walks of life, and I believe the man who is most likely to be peevish is the school teacher. I don't believe there is any other work that takes as much nervous energy from man or woman as does the noble art of imparting knowledge to juvenile intelligence. It is receptive or unresponsive as the case may be, and the more conscientious the teacher the greater is the re-action. And what a teacher most needs is a paragon for a wife!

And what about the farmer? Personally I believe the average farmer is less peevish than most other men. Not because he has less reason but because the outdoor life acts as a sedative, as it were. But I would not suggest farmers' wives trying any experiments. For instance, it would hardly be safe to make a habit of having dinner ten minutes late. Marital happiness has been jeopardized time and again by unpunctuality in meals—that is, until a farmer's wife learns from experience that there is more than one way of killing a cat than by drowning it in cream.

I read a suggestion in the aforementioned article that I thought was quite my own invention—that is, always to have the table set as though the meal were just about ready. It took me a year or two to make this discovery, and at that time I felt quite sure I was a budding psychologist, but now I know that strategy is part of the average woman's stock in trade. I found that dinner might be all ready to go on the table, but if my spouse walked in and saw the dishes were not on the table, it was useless to argue that everything would be ready by the time he had washed. No sir, it never worked, so now, if I think dinner may be a little late, the first thing I do is set the table, even if it still further hinders the cooking of the meal. And what happens—the same thing every time! Partner walks in—there is no question as to whether dinner is ready. He washes leisurely and good-temperedly, picks up the paper, scans the headlines, while a timely suggestion will sometimes start him reading a particularly arresting piece of news, whilst I, in the kitchen, make the most of my time, trying as only a woman knows how, to make haste without hurrying, thus successfully eliminating one cause for peevishness.

Occasionally there are complaints about a meal for no apparent reason, and which generally follow each other in quick succession. Meat is tough, tea too strong, pie too sweet and bread too fresh or too stale. Such peevishness, I know has generally nothing to do with the meal but is probably an aftermath of trouble in the field or barn. I hold my peace and later on I am ever surprised to hear the Pittman rod is out of commission or the tongue on the binder or mower has snapped in two.

Dear me, I seem to have written an awful lot about nothing at all, but in case you should think I have done nothing this week except read and theorize, let me hasten to tell you I have made two boys' blouses, one girl's blouse and three dresses—in fact, I have sat at the sewing machine so much that when I sat down to my typewriter I felt as if I ought to be turning a handle.

Horror!—where has the time gone? Half-past five and supper not started yet. I must fly—but I shall get the table ready first—sure thing!

CULTIVATING BRUSQUENESS

Some people think it businesslike to be brusque. They give short answers, and are rough-and-ready manners, and somehow feel that this shows their superiority to those who are punctilious in the matter of courtesy. It is true that brusqueness is excused in some people because they have certain good qualities which balance the lack; but young people who cultivate brusqueness, supposing that it will prove an asset, are making a serious mistake.

PROTECTS STONES AGAINST DISINTEGRATION

There has been some doubt concerning the value of applying to stones a preservative in an effort to prevent disintegration. The preservative employed most generally consists of a wax stearate dissolved in a volatile fluid, which is applied either with air spray or brush. The theory of the application is that the solution will penetrate the pores of the stone, and that thereafter the solvent will evaporate leaving the wax behind to form a more or less effective seal against moisture and, incidentally, against the harmful action of frost. Those opposing the use of a treatment argue that the frost action will destroy masonry far more rapidly when the surface pores are sealed or partly sealed, but permit water to enter either from the front or the back, than when the pores are left open.

To get at the truth of the matter, the United States Bureau of Standards has recently completed experiments with parallel series of stone specimens treating one set with a ten per cent. solution of paraffin in benzol, and leaving the other untreated. All specimens were then water-soaked for fourteen days and thereafter repeatedly frozen and thawed until completely disintegrated. The results showed that the preservative was effective in reducing the stones' rate of absorption, and that the treated stones resisted frost much better than the untreated ones.

WONDERFUL CHEDDAR CAVES

The caves of Cheddar and Wookey Hole are beautiful beyond words. Beneath the rugged slopes of Mendip, in a vast network of subterranean passages, may be seen stalactites and stalagmites of wondrous shape and color; translucent pools, crystal clear and cold, curtains of dazzling whiteness, hanging folds of coral-plant—all hidden there in the ice-cold depths, now lighted by electric light! The drive to the caves through Cheddar Gorge is a remarkable experience. At the bottom of the steep road, in the little white village of Cheddar, a rushing stream comes bubbling from the very heart of Mendip. At Wookey Hole, too, there are some wonderful caves. The story goes that the caves were once inhabited by a witch who was turned into stone by an ancient clerk of Glaston.

QUITE OBVIOUS

Where I spent last Christmas the thermometer dropped to zero. That's nothing. What's nothing? Why, zero.

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SAVINGS

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<p>Choice Australian Peaches 16-oz. tin 14c</p> <p>Special—Neville's Devilled Lobster 2 tins 15c</p>		

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