



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 \$2.00 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.

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G. A. DILLS, Editor and Proprietor.

TELEPHONES—  
Editorial and Business Office . . . 154  
Residence . . . 152

## EDITORIAL

### Increase in Canadian Farms

There were 17,574 more farms in Canada at the time of the 1931 census than in 1921, according to figures issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The total for 1931 was 728,664 and for 1921 it was 711,090. There were decreases in the eastern provinces from Ontario to the sea, but increases in all the other provinces. Saskatchewan showed an increase of 17,021 in the decade, Alberta 14,454, British Columbia 4,106, and Manitoba 947. There were 41 farms in the Yukon. Prince Edward Island had a decrease of 836, Nova Scotia 7,988, New Brunswick 2,630, Quebec 1,662 and Ontario 5,879. There was a total of 586,229 farms owned by their occupiers, 74,382 tenanted and 67,942 partially owned. Full ownership of farms decreased 4 per cent. in the decade, while tenant farmers increased 32 per cent.

### No Famine at Least

The 1932 Canadian wheat crop is estimated as 467,150,000 bushels—the fourth largest in Canadian history. Too often we are prone to bemoan the fact that a bigger price is not obtainable for this immense volume of food and forget that plenty has been provided by nature and that any fault which may be laid in the distribution is that of man. There is no famine. Plenty of all the necessities of life are to be found on every side. Prices for farm products are not as high as they should be to give to the producer a fair return for his labor. But nature has done her part. There is plenty for all and no one need starve. A willingness to assist in the garnering of all that nature has provided is necessary on the part of everyone. Possibly payment for labor will be needed to be taken in produce but for all there is enough. Famines does not face us and for this all are truly thankful.

### Another Step Backward

Premier Henry announces a new plan for allowing the drinking of government purchases of intoxicating liquor, to be consumed in hotel dining rooms. Of course the hotelkeepers are not satisfied and never will be satisfied until the open bar returns. Even then they would not be content to abide by the rules governing bar-room sales. The greed for revenue from the sale of intoxicating liquor it seems is like some appetites for it—never satisfied. But most folks can see just another step toward the open bar in this move. The Liquor Control Act was supposed, by its advocates, to promote temperance and sobriety but such has not been the case, and we have the boot-logger and moonshine in the midst of community life yet. Now another step is being taken in this measure toward hotel sale. The hotelkeepers are not satisfied because they expected something more. But at the present rate of changes in the Government attitude a more modern adaption of the old nursery song might be made to run, "Hush, baby, do not cry, you'll be a bartender by and by." The example of the United States and its lack of enforcement of prohibition is often held up. But is any law held in respect by the citizens of the republic to the south of us? Its gangster methods, laws against murder and all crime are evidently treated with the same flippancy as its prohibition laws, and yet there is no strong advocacy of repealing them. The more stringent prohibitory laws are put on the liquor business, the sooner it will be repealed. It is no time for a loosening up of the liquor business.

### The Local Touch

Acton will feel the result of the policy of financing that has been adopted by the Provincial Hydro to the extent of approximately \$1,400 to \$1,600 the next year. Rates have not been raised and neither have they been reduced to the consumer. With this added amount necessary, though, the next thirteenth local power bill may have a different story to tell. The reason given for the added amount found necessary is the rate of exchange on Hydro bonds payable in New York. It has been a costly lesson, and after this we will surely learn to sell our bonds at home. The issues that have been put on the market in Canada have been readily subscribed by Canadians and the wonder seems to be why such a plan of selling at home was delayed until a tight place came. While the exchange rate is undoubtedly responsible for this raise in power rates to the municipalities, there is a feeling abroad that the lavish purchase of private power developments and unexplained fees or gifts or something, must be met from some funds. Two inquiries started to allay public feeling in this matter have regrettably been unfinished. It is to be sincerely hoped that the one now under way may be able to give a full and understandable explanation in order that this great public enterprise may not go down in the public's estimate.

### Will We Continue to Grow?

Next week will witness again the annual Fair that Acton has become famous for each year. Directors and Officers have been busy ever since the event of last year preparing for the fair of 1932. Plans have been made to keep the standard of the event even higher if possible than that which has characterized past years. One may ask what is all the effort worth. It is just such events that keep a community alive and in its place with other centres. Once let these events die out and the interest of the people of the centre is soon lost and they go to other centres where attractions are provided. From a small beginning Acton Fair has developed in a few years to be recognized as one of the best in the smaller centres. Like other fairs, it will this year undoubtedly feel the same circumstances that other events have met. Loyalty of the residents of Acton and the district has always been high. No doubt the thought of lowered wages and prices was in the Directors' minds when a decision was made to lower the admission charges this year. The Directors have made an effort to meet the circumstances. This year, as in the past, they need the encouragement and support of everyone in maintaining Acton Fair as an institution in the community. Let's see that we all give our stamp of approval of their work by attending in larger numbers than ever this year. Acton Fair needs an increased attendance of 2,000 this year. Come and bring your friends.

### Into the Wilderness

The policy of getting residents of communities back to the farms and establishing them in rural life and agricultural activities seems to be coming popular for the cities to help unload their surplus population. Just why they should be sent into the northern wilds for a start seems hard to understand. Acres of good tillable land are available in the older settled parts of Ontario and being unworked because of lack of help or low prices. Many a farm in this district of a hundred acres or more might well be broken up into smaller parcels and provide a means of livelihood for one or two families. Fifty acres intensively cultivated and close to a ready market would be a much greater incentive toward giving these people a good reception into farm activities than placing them on land that has to be cleared and broken up for the first time. True, it is one method of developing new farming areas. But, until the areas in these parts of Ontario are more populous and worked to a greater extent is there any need of developing new farm lands? Many a farm in this section could be bought to-day for the price of the buildings that are erected thereon. It is somewhat like the other power policy of the government, buying power from private concerns while we are still unable to use that which we already own. Just how long will the public pocket-book stand the strain of such uncalled for expenditure?

### EDITORIAL NOTES

And now before hibernating for the winter, we have yet the Fall Fairs as an outdoor attraction and an opportunity of visiting—Acton's is next week.

Now the exhibits of the big products and phenomenal examples of vegetables will give place to the big fish stories. Unlike the fish, though, the proof is never lacking.

An inquiry for a crew of local men to go to work on Monday morning was so unusual a thing that one was lead to believe that conditions had actually taken an upward trend.

It is rather a remarkable co-incidence that Hon. Mr. Ferguson was visiting in Ontario when Premier Henry announced his new proposal for serving intoxicating liquors in hotel dining rooms.

A total of 3,222,000 bushels of wheat has been bought this season in Saskatchewan for shipment via Churchill, the seaport terminus of the Hudson Bay Railway, which was opened for business last year.

## Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for  
The Free Press by  
GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

Peter the Pup has a new name, or perhaps I should say a new addition to his old name. "What's in a name?" Personally I think there should be a lot. What's the good of a name if it doesn't convey some meaning—denote certain characteristics? Of course there are many misnomers among the human species. The trouble is that when our parents, or our godfathers and godmothers in our baptism, wished our name upon us, it was generally to conciliate a dotting aunt or uncle or maybe grandparents. Failing such obligations, idolizing parents think of their infant child as something entirely different in the way of babies and think he should have something very special as a name. That being so, what better name could be given to a girl baby than Mary? Mary—a name symbolic throughout the ages for everything that a woman should be. But—as we all know, there are Marys and Marys!

And if the baby be a boy, why there are so many striking and inspiring examples to choose from, all the way from David to Horatio. But then again there are all kinds of Davids and Horatio be- jongs, unfortunately to a certain re- spected gentleman called Bottomley, as well as to Lord Nelson. So there you are.

But I started out to tell you about Peter.

Peter is now about six months old, and during his short life he has been the ruin of a good many things, both animate and inanimate. Once in a while he manages to get into the house and his joy knows no bounds, particularly if he manages to push open a door when no one is in the house. Such a time as he has. My wooden mixing spoon is treated as a bone, shoes are bitten and chewed. Overalls, a cap, or a tea-towel, if anywhere within reach, were certainly meant to be carried outside, and if a bathing suit should be left flapping on the line in the breeze, it was assuredly meant for a puppy to play with. And then again, if hens and chickens weren't meant to be chased, why should they grow such inviting tail feathers, that can be snapped up so easily by a doggie's mouth?—And surely upsetting the pigeon box and chasing the children's pet pigeons should be looked upon as legitimate sport, even if they do get a trifle mauled? As for cats—why a cat's only excuse for existence is to make sport for a dog. If only they couldn't climb trees.

I am sure the foregoing sentiments are exactly what Peter feels, because when he is scolded he looks so pathetic and bewildered, and his tail—what there is of it—wags so vigorously, and his big brown eyes are so appealing, that it is really very hard to be as stern as the occasion demands. So far he has not learned in what way a stick can be used. The other day I threw a short stick at him because he was chasing a hen. He turned round as quick as a shot, left the hen and played with the stick instead!

The only thing that has power to strike terror to his doggie heart is the sound of the trains. Oh dear, how he does howl! Sometimes we wake in the middle of the night to hear his long, mournful, blood-curdling wail until I become almost afraid that a chorus of spooks will take up the cry in unison. But the terrors of the night are less in the light of day. Peter, because of his many scrapes and capers, has had added to his name that of "Ruiner," but because "Ruiner" doesn't run with any great ease off the tongue, we have altered it to "Rooney"—Peter Rooney, who deserved his name long before he got it.

This has been our first week without a man. The children also being away at noon, Partner and I sit down to our mid-day meal like a regular old Darcy and Joan. It seems so strange to be alone after having a full table all summer but I suppose we shall get used to it.

Such glorious weather we have had just lately. I simply revel in the cool mornings and evenings and the warm sunshine during the day, but Partner scans the sky anxiously each day for some sign of rain. The what grows in so hard and dry to plough that Partner finds it practically impossible to make any headway at all and warns me I may be without wheat for my chickens next fall. Apparently we may expect a late autumn this year, as the leaves, as I write, have not started to turn color and so far, we have not had any frost at all. But yet there is a subtle change—a difference in the light and shade. The shadows are softer and move more swiftly and there is a sharper outline to buildings and trees. All this I have had time to observe this week as I have had a very bad cold and my best cure for a cold in warm weather is not any kind of drug but sunshine—God's wonderful, health giving sunshine. And so I have been doing as little work as possible in the house, in fact some of the inside work I have managed to do outside and each day I have sewed and read and written somewhere in the garden. Have you noticed how much more one sees that is beautiful when one is alone and quiet? It always seems to me like a compensation for solitude. And what a tonset!

Worms in children, if they be not attended to, cause convulsions, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.



CANADA'S

## Permanent Character

There is iron and rock in the veins of Canada, as well as gold and silver. The stern and heroic qualities that conquered a wilderness and built a Dominion, united from Ocean to Ocean, still predominate in Canadian character. There is a permanency in this country that grows out of that character. It is expressed in institutions as well as individual craftsmanship and frugal industry.

The Bank of Montreal was the first permanent Bank in Canada. Having successfully co-operated with this country's people and business through the ups and downs of 115 years, the Bank today faces the future firm in its faith in the permanency of Canada's progress and the character, and resourcefulness of the Canadian people.

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**CRISCO**

1-lb. tin 23¢

**FLIT FLY SPRAY**

8-oz. bottle 33¢

**TANGLEFOOT PAPERS**

6 for 10¢

**LIFEBUOY SOAP**

cake 8¢

**CASTLE SOAP**

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**PRINCESS FLAKES**

2 packages 29¢

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3 cakes 23¢

**PRESERVED GINGER**

28¢

**WHOLE CLOVES**

2 ounces 5¢

**BLACK PEPPER**

Pure, pound 30¢

**WHITE PEPPER**

Pure, pound 40¢

**PURE MUSTARD**

pound 28¢

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3 ounces 10¢

**SWEET PICKLES**

Mixed 33-oz. jar 23¢

**PICKLE RELISH**

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**McLAREN'S PUNCH**

bottle 23¢

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bottle 30¢

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