



The Acton Free Press

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EDITORIAL

Not a Personal Matter

Success and failure are not altogether personal matters. Whether you fail or succeed, any number of other lives are affected for good or for ill. When a high school student fails in his finals, his family is grieved, his close friends humiliated. When a business man fails, his employees are thrown out of work. Nobody can fail anywhere without casting the shadow of that failure across other lives. That is the reason you young people should resolve to be a success in the true sense of the word. Just as your failures harm others, so your success holds help and inspiration for more than you dream.—Exchange.

Accidents and Compensation

There were 3,342 accidents reported to the Workmen's Compensation Board during the month of October, as compared with 3,268 during September, and 4,590 during October last year. The fatal accidents numbered 32, as compared with 16 in September, and 33 in October a year ago. The total benefits awarded amounted to \$317,506.31, of which \$262,732.26 was for compensation and \$54,774.05 for medical aid, as compared with \$422,115.92 awarded in September and \$575,076.25 awarded last October. The total accidents reported to date this year numbered 35,283, as compared with 44,408 for the same period last year, and the benefits awarded amount to \$4,247,773.52, as compared with \$4,996,795.43 for the corresponding period of 1931.

City Agitation

The agitation for the Middle Road construction still emanates from the city. On Monday night a headline in the Toronto Star proclaimed that Halton and Peel favored the construction of this road. A perusal of the item proved to be the opinions of a Reeve in Peel County and a Councillor in Trafalgar Township, who is not even a member of the County Council. If an opinion is wanted for Halton County it could have been secured at the County Council session, where the members have some conception of the debenture debt under which Halton is now laboring. Halton cannot afford for years to assume any share of this Middle Road construction scheme. Let Toronto and Hamilton bear these extra costs or let the freight traffic it will accommodate be taken care of by the Government-owned Canadian National Railways.

Emergency Landing Fields

Twenty-five emergency landing fields are to be constructed across Canada at a cost of \$300,000 as a part of a plan to improve the trans-Canada air route. These emergency fields are to be located in what are referred to as "blind spots," or wooded or sparsely settled sections of country where at present facilities for safe landing of aeroplanes do not exist. The necessary work of clearing and grading the selected sites will be carried on during the winter months under the direction of the Civil Aviation Branch of the Canadian Government Department of National Defence. It is planned to establish four of these emergency landing fields in New Brunswick, two in the Province of Quebec, eleven in Ontario, three in Manitoba and five in British Columbia. The highways, at the present moment, seem of utmost need and importance, but the need of the future will be landing fields in every community when this travel becomes more general.

A Chance to Speak

It may seem a long time until the daylight saving question will be a serious factor, but provision is made for the public to express their views on the matter at the municipal elections this year. Elsewhere in this issue the synopsis of the by-law is given and the details explained to the voters. The Council is giving all the voters whose names appear on the list an opportunity of expressing their view. Whatever mandate is given to the Council it is bound to be unsatisfactory to those who held the opposite viewpoint. But order must prevail and it is to be sincerely hoped that the vote at the elections will settle the issue permanently insofar as Acton is concerned. The provisions of the by-law make for a moderate course. The daylight saving time will be in force for only two months of the year if the majority give assent to this by-law. The opportunity is given to all to voice their opinion on this question. It seems like a case of "speak now or forever hold your peace."

Remember!

To-morrow is Remembrance Day and a public holiday proclaimed by the Dominion Government. It is set on that day—November 11—which all the world has cause to remember. It marked the cessation of hostilities in the greatest war the world has ever known. That day, fourteen years ago, was the occasion of much rejoicing. It marked the culmination of a hope that had been in the hearts of many for the years of the war. There was every reason for joy. The war was over. There is to-day every reason for thankfulness that the intervening fourteen years have been years of peace. But to insure peace we must remember the lessons of the Great War, and the sacrifices that were made at that time in the hope that a lasting peace would prevail. To-morrow is the fourteenth anniversary of the signing of the Armistice. To-morrow we are asked to remember. A service has been planned for Acton in the Town Hall and at the Soldiers' Monument. The Dominion Government has now named November-11 Remembrance Day. Others performed a great duty during the days of the war: To-morrow it is our duty to remember.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Remember Remembrance Day to-morrow.

The total yield of potatoes in Canada in 1932 is estimated at 69,575,000 bushels. The yield this year is 20 per cent. below that of 1931.

While conditions are still far from boom times an improvement is noted locally and it is hoped that the coming winter will not see the hardships as severe as was experienced last year.

The commercial production of apples in Canada this year is placed at 3,157,000 barrels, a decrease of 17 per cent. compared with the 1931 crop. The 1932 crop, however, is well above the average in size and color.

Hydro has been found blameless by the Royal Commission investigating several transactions. Well that is at least another argument lost for those in favor of private rather than public ownership of public utilities.

The close of the Presidential election campaign will clear the air considerably and permit hearing some entertainment over the radio or possibly leave more time for praising somebody's cough drops, toothpaste or cigarettes.

A judge in the Supreme Court has laid down the principle that a pedestrian does not have to hurry out of the way on the sound of the motorist's horn. The court room, however, and not the highway is the best place to argue this point.

If the amount of advertising contracts were one-third the number of requests for free publicity that newspapers receive these days through the mails it would be conceded that the "corner had been turned." The wastepaper basket is the most overworked article around the office.

Production of stoves in Canada in 1931 totalled 237,794 valued at \$6,979,497, of which the principal items were coal and wood cook stoves and ranges to the number of 57,129, with a value of \$2,400,809; gas cooking stoves and ranges with ovens, 31,530, valued at \$1,135,776; and electric cooking stoves and ranges with ovens, 20,441, valued at \$1,903,765.

Production of electric vacuum cleaners and parts in Canada in 1931 numbered 107,682 units valued at \$3,378,123. During the year Canada exported 52,569 machines and parts with a value of \$1,912,999, of which 93 per cent or 49,225 machines went to the British Isles, 1,224 to the Netherlands, 1,104 to Australia, 584 to New Zealand, 240 to Germany and six to the United States. Imports numbered 13,234 machines valued at \$733,908, all of which, with the exception of 528, came from the United States.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE T. CLARKE

The threshing machine has gone again for another year. Threshing, with its dust and noise, hurry and bustle, and its complement of hard-working men and afterwards—deep ruts in the lane, mud churned up in the yard, and in the barn, thick layers of heavy dust, and cobwebs from every place where a cobweb can hang. On the floor, weed seeds, chaff and straw. In the granary bins that are practically full of wheat, oats, barley and mixed grain. Much of the oats will be used for the horses, barley and wheat for the hens, mixed grain for chop and after that there will still be a surplus. Normally this would be sold and the money be used for taxes and general upkeep of the farm. There would be no difficulty in getting rid of it and we could be certain that so many bushels of grain would mean so many dollars in cash. But now we cannot be certain of anything—we don't know what can be sold or how much we would get if we could sell it. But yet upkeep goes on just the same—that is certain—except that we cannot foresee whether the week's expenses will be heavy or light. Sometimes the horses must be shod, a repair bought for the plough or a sick animal makes a visit from the veterinary surgeon imperative. Expenses like these cannot be evaded and we farmers' wives have to remember them and give up sighing for that new square of linoleum or turn our heads the other way when we see the coat we have longed for marked down to half-price in the corner store window. Of course we get so used to turning our heads that we sometimes get a crick in the neck. Yes, there are women all over the country who will go without a new winter coat this year but of course, Junior must have new boots for school, and oh, dear, how quickly they wear out. But things like that have to be bought.

This week, after the threshing was done with, I went on with my interrupted house-cleaning. I was busy cleaning our "utility room"—so called because it is a combination of living-room, dining-room, sitting-room and den—in other words—a utility room. I looked at the floor—it needed re-varnishing, but it did not get it. Instead, it was washed and waxed and elbow grease applied in the place of varnish. The curtains came down and were washed, starched and ironed once more. They had to be handled with the greatest of care—rotten? why I hardly dared to touch them, and as I hung them up I said, "There you are, you can just hang there—mute evidence to a continued depression."

After that I went upstairs and to save a dollar took a chance on breaking my neck! It was this way. During the summer we had the woodwork on the house painted—just the part that is somewhere up there near the sky. It took the man longer than we anticipated so I volunteered to do the window frames myself. The summer sped on and I didn't get them done but this week I made up my mind it was now or never. As I may have mentioned before, I like to keep my feet on the ground, so to paint the outside of the window, I approached it from the inside. I removed the lower sash, grabbed the upper sash with my left hand and wielded the paint brush with my right. It was one nice little job, I can tell you. Painted above one's head is awkward at the best of times—well, it was more than awkward! One time my glasses caught a lovely blob of paint that was evidently meant for my eye—the next dose landed on my front teeth and in a few seconds I remembered all I ever knew about the effects of white lead poisoning. Before I had one window finished I saw Partner coming in from the field and I scuttled down behind the curtain to save him the trouble of saying what he thought of me. Not that I really mind but when I am on a job that is open to censure I like to get it finished first! Perhaps by the time I have come to my fourth and last window I may wish I had let the painter finish his job. But I do love to paint and I never think of the brush as merely a thing of wood and bristles but rather as a magic maker—a household fairy. Think of what it can do—the ugliness and dirt that, with each magic stroke, are turned into cleanliness and beauty. Gleaming whiteness, catching each ray of sun, or soft green and brown, blending with nature's own tints. Perhaps the job may have an amateurish look but in doing a job a little out of the ordinary it helps one to forget the new curtains and things that cannot be bought, and after all, does it really matter?

These little everyday worries lose much of their significance as we approach Remembrance Day. If we look back and think of what our worries were previous to the eleventh of November, 1918, we shall realize how small in comparison are our worries of to-day. We are not watching the casualty list with aching hearts or dreading the import of cable or wire but yet, even now, "In Flanders fields the poppies blow, beneath the crosses, row on row." Those little crosses are still there and we must remember them. If the young people of to-day are inclined to make holiday of Remembrance Day I don't think we should criticize them unduly because to them it can never be "remembrance" day. But surely shame lies with us older people if we treat Remembrance Day lightly—a day which ought to mean so much but sometimes means so little.

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget."

NEW HIGHWAY IN N. B.

A short cut from points in the Eastern United States to the famous salmon waters of New Brunswick and to points in the picturesque Gaspe Peninsula, Quebec, is afforded by the completion of a new provincial highway, built at a cost of \$1,500,000. This highway, traverses Northern New Brunswick from St. Leonard, on route No. 2, to Campbellton, on route No. 11, a distance of approximately 90 miles. The province is now completely banded by a main trunk highway system. The new highway will be known as route No. 17. It runs through three counties, Restigouche, Victoria and Madawaska, and provides a short route between the eastern and western sections of the province in the north.

KEEPING CONSTIPATION AWAY

The roughage of vegetables usually suffices to keep constipation away—provided one eats liberal quantities of vegetables. Where this is not done and the woman who serves the meals does not know what to supply to take the place of this vegetable roughage, trouble is in the offing.

Liberal quantities of fruits and whole cereals will furnish this roughage. The fortunate children of farmers with immense orchards may nibble apples, peaches and other fruits, day after day, and secure the roughage they refuse to take from spinach and lettuce. Other children seldom secure enough fruit to answer the purpose and their parents must look elsewhere for roughage. This may be secured from rice flakes, which contain cereal cellulose or have this "vegetable effect"—and it may be obtained whether the cereal is eaten as a cereal at breakfast or whether it comes in the form of a muffin, macaroon or tasteful pudding later in the day.

Where Weight Counts

If you were a working man dependent upon a not too liberal supply of daily work to support your family, what would you think if your weight went down from 150 to 145 pounds? Herbert was alarmed when this happened to him, but he did not want to take "time off" nor to spend money on himself. However, coughing and weakness had their effect and one day he had to be hurried to the Toronto Hospital for Consumption. The experienced doctors at the hospital shook their heads when Herbert's weight was known to be so little to build on! However, patience, good nursing and complete rest have had the desired effect. His weight has increased twenty-two pounds, and he feels sure that he will be able to return to support his family at no distant date. Financial assistance is urgently needed to continue the good work for many such as Herbert. Will you please lend your assistance by sending a generous contribution to G. A. Reid, 222 College St., Toronto 2.

SPEND WISELY THIS WINTER

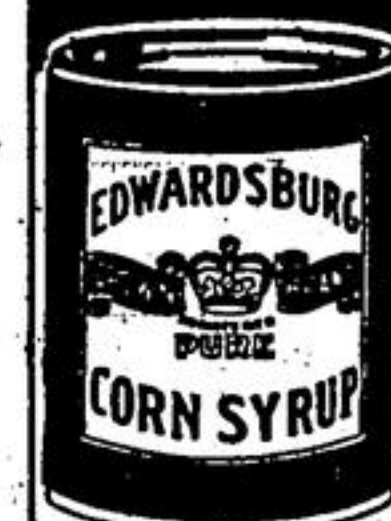
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