

THE HOME OF
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G. ARLOF DILL, Editor.

TELEPHONES—
Editorial and Business Office . . . 174
Residence . . . 131

EDITORIAL

Says Low Point Has Been Passed
Roger W. Babson, America's noted economist and business analyst, states that business will be back to normal by the end of 1934, with further expansion following. He shows by charts, comparing the depressions of 1876, 1884, 1896 and 1921, that the present depression reached its low point during this year and the return to recovery is now in progress. Next year the movement towards recovery will be more pronounced.

Accidents and Compensation
During November there were 3,227 accidents reported to The Workmen's Compensation Board, a decrease of 115 from the number reported during October. The total accidents reported for November is the smallest number in more than ten years. The fatal accidents numbered 18, as compared with 32 in October. The total benefits awarded amounted to \$449,162.63, of which \$389,409.31 was for compensation and \$59,753.32 was for medical aid. This brings the total number of accidents reported to date this year to 38,510, as compared with 48,806 for the same period of 1931, and the benefits awarded amount to \$4,696,936.15, as compared with \$5,537,656.54 for the corresponding period of 1931.

No Example
Ontario, it is said, will face a deficit this year of two million and a few odd hundred thousand dollars. It is said that the exchange rate on funds payable in the United States will cost the Government \$3,000,000 this year. The lesson of buying investment at home, even if a little more difficult to float and a little higher interest rate has been a costly one. It is not likely that any further loans will be floated in the United States. But, with deficits piling up it is quite evident that new loans will necessarily have to be floated. While it may be a means of meeting our present difficulties, one wonders just how long such procedure can be maintained. We have yet to see where either Provincial or Dominion Governments have set any example for the government and financing of municipalities.

Ready for 1933 Municipally
The annual municipal battle of the ballots in Acton is over and the Reeve and Council have been selected for 1933. Not in years has a keener election been carried on or a bigger vote recorded than this year. While acclamations have their advantages, the election clears the air and gives every ratepayer an opportunity to express his or her opinion and in that way a Council may feel that it has the support of the ratepayers. There is no uncertainty in the result of the ballot on Monday and all those placed in office had clear and outstanding majorities. Now the final work of 1932 Council can be put in order for the new body of 1933. It is well that some continuity has been carried through and two of the Council of last year will be able to instruct and assist in the work that was carried on previously. A clear mandate on the Daylight Saving question was also given for the guidance of the Council. Always a question of dissension, the people have expressed their views and decided definitely against the adoption of this advanced time in Acton. It is to be hoped the matter has been settled locally. The affairs of Acton are in good order and looking over the Council-elect for 1933 Acton many anticipate a continuance of the keeping of the community up to a good standing and a careful and judicious administration of municipal affairs.

Both the Same
Somebody in Acton is buying space in THE FREE PRESS to tell Acton people that they need sewers. Probably they do though the want of a large river may complicate the matter somewhat. But if Acton people need sewers right now, why, oh why, did they not put them down at the same time as the waterworks mains, a couple of years ago? Fergus had eighteen years between water mains and sewers, but it is generally admitted that it would have been a saving if both had been laid out at the same time.—Fergus News-Record. But it's eleven years since Acton installed the waterworks system and we suppose the reason both systems were not put in at the same time in Acton was the same as in the Fergus case.

One Way of Putting the Case
The other morning the Mail and Empire carried the following item, which will bear repetition: "Somebody should send a vote of thanks to G. C. Moore, President of the Canadian Life Insurance Officers' Association, for recalling that the current system of taxation imposes a penalty on thrift. Mr. Moore, speaking at the annual meeting, was complaining, with ample cause, from the angle of life insurance; but the idea might easily be enlarged. For instance: AB and XY work side by side in the same factory, institution, or wherever else you like. They draw the same income. AB carries the spare change and eventually buys government bonds or life insurance; and he spends part of his evenings watching XY swank away in his car, to shows, sporting events, summer resorts, or anywhere you choose. XY's airy wave of the hand lets him know he is a relic of another age. Then the axe falls. Both are thrown out of employment. AB says to himself: "Not so bad. I can pull through. I will live on bond interest." But on steps the economic system and says in so many words: "Too bad; but oh, no, you don't. That XY person hasn't a dime to his name. The bailiff just put him on the street, so you can help keep him." All of which suggests that the economic system is still in arms, but is trying to fly an aeroplane."

EDITORIAL NOTES
The next outstanding event will be Christmas—and it comes but two weeks from Sunday.

The Moderation League has a new lot of literature headed "We Notice in the Press," and it seems that what the League notices is not very favorable to the cause of more beer.

With the local municipal elections over, we may now settle down and view the annual amusement from Toronto—or perhaps the four newspapers are going to agree this year on the choice for Mayor.

The output of gold from the mines of Northern Ontario for the first ten months of 1932 had a value of \$38,701,435 compared with \$35,167,304 for the corresponding 10 months of 1931, an increase of \$3,534,131.

If the forces that have a hobby of doing away with capitalism would point directly to where the capital is to be found these days, they would be doing much more toward building up than their present theorizing.

The total acreage sown to wheat in Canada in 1932 was 26,114,650, an increase of 537,658 acres over 1931. Of the total acreage the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta accounted for 25,352,722.

The capital investment in the Canadian mineral-producing industries is \$842,060,020. These industries give employment to about 73,000 persons. The net sales of products from these industries in 1931 had a value of \$238,169,809.

In the past two years 2,657,000 barrels of oil has been produced in the Province of Alberta. Of this amount 2,468,000 was naphtha from the Turner Valley. In the same period 36,376,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas have been produced.

Discovery of a drug in London was announced the other day which eliminates fear and makes mice subdue cats and sheep and cats kill dogs. That's the stuff that the temperance forces have been trying to outlaw for years and it doesn't seem any discovery.

The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation is the new party that has been launched to combine the forces of the Progressives and the U. F. O. parties. The name sounds well and the time seems ripe for all changes but the platform will need to be practically as well as theoretically right and time alone will prove that.

A number of municipalities have found a new method of raising money. It is to place a tax on every billboard of an annual fee of \$50, and the plan is a reasonable one. It would either bring in a revenue or it would do away with many of these objectionable advertising monuments that mar the landscape.—Aylmer Express.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm
Written Specially for
The Free Press by
GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

We have all been tearing out hair and writing frenziedly to get our Christmas mail away by Monday, and, oh dear, it is no joke. I think one of the hardest things to do is to write Christmas letters a long time before Christmas. It doesn't seem possible to propel one's enthusiasm into the spirit of things and yet it has to be done. There have been very few parcels to tie up this year, so we had to do the best we could with letters. I had been wondering so much what to send to a very dear friend of mine, and then one day, as I was passing a shop window in town, I saw a number of pictures—most of them reproductions of famous paintings and among them was a landscape by John Constable. Before you could wink an eye I was in and out of that store with the picture in my possession. Constable's Country—what memories! Had we not spent a most delightful week-end—my friend and I—tramping each day through this land of dear delight; had we not seen sheep peacefully grazing along its moss-grown lanes and the sun, sinking rosy to rest, tinting every leaf and flower with restful light? Had we not risen in the dewy light of early dawn, breakfasted meagrely and dourly and gone on our way rejoicing? Had we not knocked hopefully upon the door of one country inn after another as the day advanced and been refused such services as we needed to allay the pangs of hunger. On the day of rest, had we not tramped twenty-one miles along highways and byways and worn holes in our stockings and blisters on our heels, so that each step forward meant excruciating torture. And when at the long last we lugged painfully across our own threshold, eaten heartily and thankfully of good plain food, changed our shoes and our clothes and our spirits and were wondering what to do next, did not this very dear Amazonian friend of mine brightly suggest that we go for a walk! And walk we did—we walked up Waldingfield road and back again—a matter of two and a half miles—neither of us admitting that we were the least bit tired!

So I think it is very appropriate that I should send this small picture of Constable's Country to my friend, and I have written on the back—"To memory of a week-end when two crazy janes set out for a week-end tramp." Whenever I see a picture of Constable's country I shall always think of it as a country of rare beauty but scanty hospitality.

Of course writing letters to England has set us thinking about Christmas an awful lot and we have just been talking about it—Partner, the children and me.

I write, it is three weeks and two days away and I haven't been able to make any plans for it at all. Of recent years after paying the tax bill it has kept us pretty busy to find money for Christmas festivities and sometimes it has left us feeling rather blue. We don't mind for ourselves, but of course we do like to give the children a happy Christmas—and I think we always have. This year we have just as much to sell but no chance of selling it and yet the tax bill comes in just the same and as I said before, in three weeks and two days it will be Christmas. I realize it all—the shortage of cash, the heavy expenses every farmer has to meet at this time of the year and the utter futility of trying to sell anything to advantage and yet—I don't feel the least bit blue. I have been sitting here thinking and wondering about it and asking myself, "Why?" until now I think I have the answer. Other years it has almost seemed that we have been tightening up our belt while other people were letting theirs out—that we were doing more getting than giving, which is never a very happy state of affairs. But this year, if at any time we are inclined to feel sorry for ourselves, we have only to stop and think for a minute, to realize how very, very fortunate we are to be on a farm at all. And though we have little to give, it is easy enough these days to find a home where that little will be appreciated.

For weeks past the children have been eagerly scanning the pages of the mail order catalogue, picking out this and that which they hope they may get for Christmas. But to-night we told them—tried to explain to them just why this Christmas was different from any other and how it would be wrong to spend money wastefully when there are so many people in want. And like the good little scouts they are, there wasn't one word of complaint although Pat suggested that we buy their school books and scribbles, which we would have to get anyway, and put them in their stockings so that they might have something to unwrap and look at on Christmas morning. Children are so good at pretending—I often think we spoil it all with lavish generosity. All they really ask is someone to pretend with them and a little something to pretend with. Hard times notwithstanding, I don't believe there need be one unhappy child at Christmas if only the parents and grown-ups would have as much intelligence as the children.

For Burns and Scalds.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will take the fire out of a burn or scald. It should be at hand in every kitchen so that it may be available at any time. There is no preparation required. Just apply the oil to the burn or scald and the pain will abate and in a short time cease altogether.

RUINED HIS BOOKKEEPING
"Fire do much damage in your store last night?" asked one of the boys of Uncle Eben Sanders, the village storekeeper.
"Didn't hurt my stock or the building much," replied the old man, "but them goeh-dinged firemen turned the hose on my slate and I dunno where I stand this morning."

REGISTERED STOCK INCREASING
A review of the work of the Department of Agriculture for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1932, shows that a total of 89,700 certificates of registration were issued for live stock. This is made up of cattle, 33,288; horses, 1,734; sheep, 3,300; swine, 10,139; foxes, 21,895; dogs, 7,380; poultry, 1,811; and goats, 123.

FULL HOUSE
Jones—"Well, how are you getting on in your new eight roomed house?"
Smith—"Oh, not so badly. We furnished one of the bedrooms by collecting soap coupons."
Jones—"Didn't you furnish the other seven rooms?"
Smith—"We can't. They're full of soap."

CARROLL'S
QUALITY FIRST ECONOMY ALWAYS LIMITED

Special Prices for Dec. 6 to 15 inclusive

Special—Finest Spaghetti or Macaroni 2 lb. 9¢
Special—Aylmer (All but chicken varieties) Soups 2 tins 15¢
Special—Glassco's Strawberry Jam 40-oz. jar 27¢
Special—Superb Shortening Crisco 1-lb. tin 21¢
Buy 2 1-lb. tins and get a pie pan FREE!
Special—Carroll's Own Mincemeat 2 lbs. 25¢
Contains 17 Finest Ingredients. Many Brands. Contains only 16¢ some only 5¢.
Maconochie's Cut Mixed Peels lb. 21¢
Fancy Shelled Walnuts lb. 36¢
Australian Valencia Raisins lb. 11¢
Finest French Red Cake Cherries lb. 39¢

Christmas Candies
SEE OURS FIRST
Choice Aylmer Tomatoes 2 large tins 21¢
Choice Golden Bantam CORN No. 2 tin 9¢
Aylmer Fancy Midget Wax Beans 2 No. 2 tins 29¢
SPECIAL—Carroll's CHOICE MIXED NUTS 2 lbs. 35¢
Extra Fancy New Dried APRICOTS pound 25¢
Choice Australian PEACHES 16-oz. tin 15¢
Lynn Valley Dessert PEARS No. 2 sq. tin 10¢
Baking Powder MAGIC 16-oz. tin 34¢
Good Cleanser Babbitt's 2 tins 15¢
Pearl White SOAP 10 bars 35¢

Seeded Raisins 16¢
Macaronie's CITRON PEEL pound 27¢
Maconochie's Lemon or Orange PEEL pound 19¢
Fancy Australian CURRANTS 2 pounds 29¢
SPECIAL—Goblin English PLUM PUDDING ½ lb. size 16¢
Extra Fancy Jordan Shelled ALMONDS pound 55¢
Choice Valencia ALMONDS pound 44¢
California White RAISINS pound 19¢
New Pitted DATES 2 pounds 25¢
Dromedary Table DATES 2 lbs. 19¢
Fancy Table FIGS ½ lb. size 9¢

LEMONS special, per dozen 29¢ Eggs, storage extras quality the best, doz. 28¢ 10 Cooking Onions 17¢

Mill Street Phone 158 Acton, Ontario

Christmas, Trans-Atlantic Style



Christmas, whether it be ashore or afloat, as a season, looms almost as largely on the horizon of Steamship Companies as on that of Santa Claus himself. Schedules must be planned months in advance for those who want to cross the Atlantic for Christmas in either direction, and above all, copies of the sailing lists have to be sent to the old Saint in time for him to plan his visits to the ships at sea. This year, from the Canadian side the Canadian Pacific line's "Duchess of Atholl" sails from Saint John December 15th, thus giving her passengers a chance to arrive in the Old Country in time to hear the Waits and Carol Singers on Christmas Eve.

Looking for Canadian children Santa Claus will visit the "Montrose", also of the Canadian Pacific, two days out from Saint John, on her way to England. It is strongly suspected by those in the know that a scene such as that shown above, which is a familiar feature of Christmas festivities on all Canadian Pacific liners, will be enacted by Chief Steward Leith, of the "Montrose", aided by custom whippers and the spirit of Christmas.