



The Acton Free Press

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G. ARLOF DILLS, Editor.

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EDITORIAL

1932-33

We would indeed be remiss if we allowed the closing of 1932 to pass without expressing our appreciation of the many kindnesses of friends and the staunch loyalty which have assisted so much in a rather difficult and trying year. The publication and printing business has, in common with every other line of activity, felt the buffeting and stormy passage of the past year or more, and THE FREE PRESS has been no particular exception to the common rule. It is therefore with a very grateful feeling we say thank you to these tried and true, old and new friends, and extend the wish that the brightest and best in health and happiness may be yours throughout the whole twelve months of 1933 and for other succeeding years to follow.

Ring Out the Old—Ring in the New

This week will see the close of 1932. The year which we faced so optimistically just a mere twelve months ago. And now with the same spirit of optimism we all anticipate the advent of 1933. And looking back over the past year, have we not all of us a great deal to be thankful for? True, in comparison with other years and taken from a viewpoint of money made and accumulated, 1932 may not have a big standing. But, after all, has good old 1932 not been rich in many things that money cannot buy? It has at least been a year for reflection and a careful study for readjustment to things which we had previously considered impossible. With this new viewpoint enforced by necessity and the experiences of 1932 we can just as eagerly anticipate 1933. Like the old year that will pass out on Saturday night, the new year will have its joys and its trials. That the joys of the new year will be greater than its trials and that the spirit of optimism that each and everyone has at this time of year may be amply justified by results achieved when the books of 1933 are closed is the wish of THE ACTON FREE PRESS to everyone.

Looking for Trouble Elsewhere?

The municipal upsetting which was so prevalent last year appears to be not quite so popular this year, judging from the acclamations that are being accorded in this district in contrast to the very enthusiastic elections which were held a year ago. Can it be that the electors have come to the conclusion that little relief can be secured from the burden of taxation under the direct control of the municipal bodies? It is quite true that the municipal bodies are in the position of collector, with but little control of the outlay. Possibly the past year's experience has convinced those who were dubious about this point. At any rate we find more attention now centred on the large bodies of government and not on the local bodies. The penny to be saved is not sufficient to meet the present situation. And, after all, does the relief lie in the higher forms of government. We wonder if, after all the upsetting process has been gone through with in that direction, if it will not be found that the fault lies in our own individual outlook? At any rate the experiment will undoubtedly go on and from the changing the future will develop some progress and a good crop of well-earned experience for all of us.

When Silence is Golden
Make a practice of saying something good about people or else keeping silent. Silence, however, should be a last resort, because it is often interpreted as agreement. Stupid people may be reliable; lazy ones may be kind-hearted; bad manners and high purposes are not an impossible combination. Do not join in the sneer, the laugh, the contemptuous criticism. When there is anything good to say, say it. If not, keep silent.

Buying More British Coal

Coal from the British Isles has attained a popularity in Canada in recent years to a degree indicated by the imports through the port of Montreal in 1932. These imports during the season of navigation, that is, from early in April to early in December, totalled 1,119,287 tons of anthracite, an increase of 377,484 tons of bituminous compared with 36,668 tons in the corresponding period of 1931. There were also 21,849 tons of British coke imported this year as against only 145 tons last year. The grand total of British coal and coke unloaded at Montreal in 1932 for the Canadian market is 1,355,940 tons, an advance over 1931 of 630,294 tons.

Wasn't It Worth While?

The Christmas of 1932 is a thing of the past. To many it brought great joy and to others it brought and recalled times of sorrow. The greatest universal day of the year is over, and with the settling down to routine matters of the year again the next few days can give an opportunity for study of all the joys that Christmas time afforded. The new articles of apparel and little extras can come into use (or exchange) and go to make life a little brighter. The aftermath of the Christmas festivities and torture to which the stomach has been placed can be atoned for by the leaner period of bone picking and digesting of the morsels that were passed up in order to have the finest and best at Christmas time. Christmas is over again for another year. This week might well be called clean-up and settle-down week. But, after all, wasn't it really worth while?

EDITORIAL NOTES

The hockey season got away to a start the same as last year—Postponed.

Now for the New Year resolutions. If you don't make any you'll never the opportunity to break them and also nothing noble to strive for.

After a brilliant start for a bang up winter, the Christmas season was green and spring-like and the days following almost Indian summer-like.

And now with the hurry and bustle of the pre-Christmas rush over, the passing joy of receiving will be replaced with the greater joy of using.

The new calendars can now be placed in readiness to usher in the New Year of 1933, and the pretty pictures that have met us for the past twelve months will give way to new faces and designs.

The total value of the field crops of Canada for the year 1932 is estimated at \$424,057,900, as compared with \$426,656,400 in 1931. Among the principal items from which the 1932 total is made up are wheat, valued at \$133,866,000; oats, \$74,408,000 and barley, \$17,007,000.

Life, after all, contains only one great problem—that of adjusting yourself to the inevitable that you can keep your peace of mind and your self-respect. The great victory of life is the conquest of worry. The greatest discovery a man can make is how to escape envy and hate.

Among the many Christmas greetings which reached the editor's desk we believe that the one that came the greatest distance was that of Mr. Stuart Lowrie, from Yokohama, Japan. It carried a group of Japanese characters which were interpreted as meaning "Good Luck."

Total traffic through the new Welland Ship Canal from the opening of navigation until December 4, 1932, created a new high record of 8,388,016 tons, an increase of 1,217,984 tons over the navigation period in 1931. Traffic through the St. Lawrence canals also was considerably higher this year compared with last year.

The Christmas message with which radio girdled the Empire, and was climaxed by the message from the King, was indeed an historic event. The thrill of receiving the Christmas greetings from all parts of the far-flung domains was one that will long be remembered by all who were privileged to hear it. The wonders of the present age seem unlimited.

The stand taken by THE FREE PRESS last week regarding the political appointments in Halton and the favoritism for party above service to country has been ably seconded by the Toronto Globe. THE FREE PRESS article was reproduced in full and an editorial on Wednesday commended THE FREE PRESS on the stand it had taken. The appointment is not the first of its kind and we felt that it was time some publicity was given to such political greed and we appreciate the support of the Globe in this effort.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for
The Free Press by
GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

Here I am, sitting writing in one Christmas present, munching away at a second and looking every now and then at a third and fourth. Which means to say that one garment I am wearing is a Joseph sweater—that is a sweater of many colors, sent to me from England. What I am munching is a chocolate from a box of candy which came from an unexpected quarter, and the other two presents which arrest my attention are a little wee picture in a bronze frame and a beautiful pink cyclamen plant, both presents from our small son—the picture being entirely of his own choosing. The most mysterious present was from big daughter, and, oh dear, what a time she had keeping it a secret. Of course she had chosen and bought it herself, and assured me it was useful and that I would never, never guess what it was and if I loose anything after this it will be my own fault. Partner was let into the secret and even he was convinced it was useful. What excitement when I opened it! Under the paper wrapping was a small flat box—I do think a flat box is the most intriguing thing in the world, it can contain so much or so little. Inside this little box were two leather cases, both with my name written on in gold lettering. One case was for car keys and motor license and the other one for bill folds, stamps and identity card. Quite a nifty little affair all right and as daughter says, it will be my own fault now if things get lost. Possibly, she may have noticed my occasional frantic search for car keys among the conglomeration of papers, receipts, cheque books and pass books and dear knows what that accumulate in every woman's purse. And it is really a splendid idea to carry around an identity card—now I won't need to worry about getting lost, because with it I can always be returned like a stray doggie with its name on its collar.

The children have now entirely different ideas about the weather. Molly hopes it will get as cold as cold, so that she may use the new skating outfit that a kind uncle sent her, and Pat is hoping it will stay mild, so that instead of his windbreaker, he will be able to wear his new sweater coat. Following the same line of thought Partner should be washing for Spring and plenty of leisure so that he might learn to play golf and make use of the new sport sweater sent to him from England. It is such a pretty sweater that I am awfully afraid Partner may indulge in a pair of plus fours to go with it and take to the links instead of farming. The thought strikes terror to my heart—it isn't the golf I am afraid of, or even quitting the farm, but I don't think I could stand it if I had to see my husband walking around in plus fours! You know, when you see anyone with any facial disfigurement, how you turn the other way out of consideration for their feelings, well, I always feel just that way when I see some poor fellow dressed up in plus fours.

The weather has no influence, either for or against, the use of my Christmas presents. All that I ask is time. Time to get my bright new cutting out shears into some check flannellette for shirts and some pink flannellette for daughter's nighties. What a nice present it would be if someone could give us time. But alas that is something we can only get for ourselves. What a lot of work we sometimes have to accomplish and at other times how little we get done in the same amount of time. Even to-day it seems almost impossible that only a week has gone by since last I wrote—this being one of the occasions when things have been done. Since last week there has been the children's Christmas concert, breaking up excitement, a trip to the city, a chicken picking day, last minute preparations for Christmas, Christmas itself and now—the reaction. And of course there are letters to write—letters to answer, Christmas trimmings to take down and put away. The Christmas star to be carefully wrapped and put away, and just as we put away these less important things so are there kindly little incidents that we can wrap up with loving thoughts and treasure in our store house of memories. Let us try to be receptive that we may be enriched by the Christmas spirit—the spirit of loving and giving; of toleration and forgiveness to help us through another year, to face what ever that year may bring.

Speaking of tolerance—I would like to thank all those readers who have put up with my rambling chronicles for yet another year or if you have made a habit of skipping them let me assure you I bear you no ill-will but to one and all I would like to wish you a very happy and prosperous New Year. Poor old 1932—he was an alling old fellow—let us hope young 1933 will be strong and vigorous.

SCREENINGS TO BURN

One of the interesting effects of the present low price for grain is shown in the fact that screenings which during periods of high price found sale even in the export market as a constituent of feeding stuffs is now being used for fuel. Demand for refuse screenings as fuel has practically ceased and getting rid of this bulky and fast accumulating material was quite a problem for the elevators until a market was found for its use as fuel at heat and power plants in Northwestern Ontario, in Manitoba, and even as far as Broadview, Sask.

A Community Servant

THE FREE PRESS, like every other community newspaper, puts forth an effort to diligently serve the town it represents. But it can only be representative of the town in a co-operative way. It may be freely quoted in other papers. It may be widely read even outside its own community, but its representation of Acton cannot be complete unless it carries messages of other business activities of the community. To give the greatest service has been the constant aim of THE FREE PRESS. The success attained we are content to leave to your judgment.

Have You A Message?

Mr. Advertiser, have you a message to give each week to these host of readers? Is there any reason why these readers should be your customers? Are you enthusiastic about the service your business place is able to render these customers? Have you a message that these readers will appreciate hearing about?

We Have the Means!

THE FREE PRESS, Acton's home and community newspaper, is the best means of getting that message to the readers you want to interest. We lay no claim to being the best or greatest, but we willingly invite comparisons. The improvements and growth have been steady accomplishments with the one thought of service to the community in mind.

**We Have the Facilities
May We Serve You?**

Reader Interest
Quality in Workmanship
A Willingness to Serve

Make Your Comparisons as You Will—We'll be Content with Your Decision

The Acton Free Press
Constantly Striving to Maintain Leadership for Acton with a Representative Newspaper