



The Acton Free Press

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G. ARLOF DILLS, Editor.

EDITORIAL

Becoming Interested in Your Work

The first essential in making a success of work is to be interested in it. Thousands of people utterly ignore this fundamental psychological law. The school girl who mutters, "I suppose I can't have any fun till I've learned that stuff," the said "stuff" being the morrow's lessons, or the young bookkeeper, who tells himself he might as well be in jail as chained to a job like this, are both taking the wrong way to make a success of work. No sort of work exists in which you cannot become interested. The man who has the job Henry Ford considers the most monotonous in his factory, has learned to like it and has resisted every attempt to give him more interesting work. If you have a study you do not like, or a job that bores you, your chance to make a success of it is small. Become interested in it, and there is no limit to all that you can accomplish.

The Plot Thickens

A letter published last week in the Mail and Empire, Toronto, and the Milton Champion from Mr. T. A. Hutchinson, enshrouds with more mystery the Halton appointment for Registrar of the Supreme and Surrogate Courts. Mr. Hutchinson takes the Mail and Empire to task for the heading "Legion Post Lauds Milton Appointment." Mr. Hutchinson's letter reads, in part:

"In my opinion the letter of the Secretary of the Milton Branch of the Legion, which is referred to in your news item, constitutes one of the meanest types of interference ever made by a non-political organization. It is not only libellous but is an insult to the intelligence of a number of members of the Legion, who expressed no opinion in the matter of the appointment. You will note that the letter alleges that an expression was made by the entire Legion. About December 5, a few days before the vote, was taken by the Conservative executive, I saw a letter which was signed by the Secretary of the Legion and which made a similar allegation. In the hope of obtaining an explanation, I spoke to a number of members of the local Legion. With the exception of the President, none of them knew anything about the unfair attack that had been made upon me. I did not seek any support from the Legion. I regarded it as a non-political organization, knowing that it depends for support upon the general public. Apparently, a few of the members, forgetful of the status of the organization, decided to meddle in a purely political matter and assist a Liberal-Conservative executive in selecting a person to fill the vacant county offices. I am informed that the local Legion held a meeting at which a resolution was passed to support two applicants, neither of whom had served in the war. A number of members did not attend that meeting. Apparently the mover of the resolution was presumptuous. In any event, the resolution was passed as an expression of the entire Legion, although many members were absent. I did my utmost to suppress the untrue report which quickly spread through the county. I do not hesitate in saying that the report prejudiced my application for the position."

We wonder what the appointment has to laud it now? It would appear that not even the Milton Post of the Legion was back of the move. Can it be that our surmise of last week was right and somebody has pulled a fast one on the Attorney-General? We don't advocate a Royal Commission for enquiry into the matter, but the more the matter develops the more complicated the Attorney-General's position with the returned soldiers becomes. He can find out all about the matter if he so desires. The argument gets more emphatic that an unrepresentative-party vote was of greater weight in making the appointment than the service of the applicants in wartime.

Favors Two-Year Term

The Amherstburg Echo is a leading advocate of a two-year term for municipal Councils, a plan which will commend itself to many men in touch with local affairs. Not only is the cost of an election saved but it is plain that after one year of service, a Council is better equipped to carry out its programme of progressive improvement. It has come to grips with local problems and has more intimate grasp of the municipality's needs. The Municipal Act provides all the machinery for the adoption of this method of election.—Simcoe Reformer.

New Election Style

Down in Picton two candidates for the Reeveship set a new and very meritorious example in their campaign. Prior to the election these two candidates inserted the following advertisement in the Picton Times:

"We, the undersigned candidates for the Reeveship of the Town of Picton, have agreed not to do any campaigning or canvassing for the votes and influence of the electors, nor to hire transportation for voters next Monday, election day. This decision has been reached in the interests of running a clean municipal contest. We hereby urge the voters to come to the polls and cast their vote for the man of their choice. Yours in the interests of good municipal government and with the season's greetings, PETER COLLIER AND W. S. BLAKELY."

That is about the most sensible election move we have seen in many a day. Just why candidates should be expected to campaign and canvass the electors and then transport them to the polls on election day is more than we could ever understand. It looks as if the day might be dawning when the electors will seek out the men for the positions and see that they are placed there and the old plan of "running for office" would be changed to being "elected to office."

The Final Payment

An insignificant item appeared in the report of the Acton Public Utilities Commission last week which caused little or no comment but which marked the completion of an undertaking of a couple of decades ago. The item referred to was for \$638.06, and was passed in the regular accounts for payment of the final debenture charge on the Hydro plant in Acton. Every year for the past twenty years, the Acton system has paid this debenture charge to the municipality from its revenue. Now the final payment has been met and the Acton plant is free from debt. From now on the local plant will have that much less to meet. Looking back the time seems to have passed quickly and the experiment, as it appeared then, has in the meantime developed into an indispensable every day utility. The plant as originally installed bears little resemblance to the present equipment. True, the building is the same, but equipment has been enlarged and extended. The debenture payment has been met and the obligation of Hydro to Acton has been discharged. We wonder what the next twenty years will see in the progress of this utility.

EDITORIAL NOTES

One sometimes wonders what occupied the winter months for many in Acton, prior to the erection of the arena. To date the revenue has met the expenditure and a good many evenings' pleasure supplied at small cost.

The death of ex-President Coolidge of the United States last week removed a man who was respected and beloved in many lands outside of his own, which had elevated him to the highest position. His death is mourned by all.

Editor David Williams, of the Collingwood Bulletin-Enterprise, has been made Mayor of Collingwood. Mr. Williams is a very capable newspaper man and in the securing of his services as chief executive at this time Collingwood may well be congratulated on its choice.

The Fergus News-Record last week published a story of a motorist counting 400 empty whiskey bottles on the sides of the road from Guelph to Fergus after New Year's. It is said the bottles were not all liquor store bottles either. It appears Ontario is yet a long way removed from stamping out the booze.

The Smith Falls Record-News announced last week that it would revert to publication once a week instead of twice a week. This measure was adopted to meet present conditions in the newspaper business. Like every other industry, the publishing of a weekly newspaper requires finances and patronage to benefit the community.

The Fergus News-Record says: "The trophy for the most enterprising feat of journalism last week should go to THE ACTON FREE PRESS, which reserved a column and a half for the account of a hockey game. Mild weather intervened and THE FREE PRESS filled the column and a half, figuring out the chances of victory for the home team if the game had happened—and in future." Thanks, Mr. Templin, but we assure you our idea was not considered so enterprising at the time as it was necessary.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

This has been a most delightful week—full of color and interesting people and a genuine honest-to-goodness thrill to wind up with. On three different days we had visitors—visitors whom we only see once in a blue moon, and then I took a little time off myself and did a little calling and the people upon whom I called were such decided contrasts to each other it made my visits all the more interesting. One lady gave me some really original and amusing ideas about housekeeping, another, where there was tragedy in the home, made me feel how thankful we should be for health and strength and the ability to work. Another one lent me four newish books which I am sure are going to prove decidedly entertaining and another, whom I thought I knew rather well, gave me the surprise of my life when I discovered she had a perfect passion for pictures and poetry. It was the funniest discovery. . . I had thought of her as a wonderful housekeeper, a splendid cook, an ardent, church-worker, a real good friend, but never had I thought of her as loving either pictures or poetry.

Our friends—how well we think we know them, but after all, what do we know? How is it possible for us to sound the heights and depths of another person's character when they can withhold what they will? We are sometimes given revealing flashes but most of us, even then, are apt to judge by circumstances rather than the inner self. What is more, we look for perfection in our friends and expect them to overlook the imperfections in ourselves—that is supposing that we've got any! Or we find them dull. . . well, it takes the warmth of the sun to bring a flower to the stage of unfolding. If we, by lack of interest and sympathy, cause a chilling wind to blow upon the bud of friendship how can we expect it to expand? And oh, how critical we are and how terribly afraid of having our poor little feelings hurt. The president of any society needs the wisdom of Solomon to keep friction out of her meetings. What a good thing it is we have the promise that there shall never be another flood. Just think what it would mean if we all had to, pile into a modern ark, irrespective of race, creed or politics.

Mrs. Tit would say, "My dear, I could not go into the same ark as that Mrs.

Tat. Can't you see what a jealous cat she is—I am sure she would just want to ruin the whole show."

"Oh, my," says Mrs. Tat, "there are some people I can't abide—you'd be surprised if you knew what I know! But there, I'd better not say any more."

Mrs. Flippant would be sure to want to know if part of the ark had been set aside for bridge and her husband inquires as to what kind of dress people were wearing and Mrs. Fuss would not rest unless the ark cows were T. E. tested and accredited herds, because little Willie has been brought up strictly according to Hoyle. His will is never crossed, so that his personality may develop. Little Willie later smugly to his mother's inquiries and then runs off to develop his personality. Presently Mrs. Quiet finds all the buds snipped off her geranium plants and weeps secretly in silence because Mrs. Fuss has been her friend for years and thinks little Willie can do no wrong.

At the other end of the ark a bunch of farmers are arguing as to how long weed seeds can lie dormant. Farmer Hopeful thinks the flood will kill out every weed. The others pooh-pooh the idea. "Kill chloery?—not on your life. . . Or sow thistle—you bet your boots it won't!" No, sir, if the flood lasts long enough, you'll see it all right—probably growing up above the water like a new species of water-lily!"

Well, that's enough of such nonsense, especially when I want to tell you of my real big find. Some years ago Partner and I were helping some neighbors to pack their belongings. There was a lovely etching hanging in the back kitchen—a big picture, about three feet by two and a half—in a gilt frame with a broken glass. I admired the picture. "Well, if you like it," said my neighbor, "you can have it. I don't want it." I could hardly believe my ears. Of course I took it home but did not get a new glass because there was only a small piece out of one corner. But the unprotected corner became discolored, so this week

I took my picture down and took the etching out of the frame. In doing so I tore the edge, and to my surprise found there was another picture underneath. What a thrill! What was I going to find—an oil painting, perhaps, a genuine old master or perhaps a fortune hidden between two pictures! It was not any of these, but what I did find was a beautiful steel engraving of an oil painting by C. L. Eastlake, R. A., and copied from the original picture in the possession of Earl Grey, in 1842. The engraving was done by George T. Doo, and the picture is called "Pilgrims Arriving in Sight of the Holy City." The more I look at it, the more I like it—whether it has any commercial value I don't know, but I hope to find out. What intrigues me most is the mystery. Why was it hidden? Did someone value it so much that they didn't want other people to know it was in their possession? It was not put in carelessly, as one might put one picture behind another in a photo frame, but stuck down solidly to canvas backing and tacked on to a firm wooden foundation. Was it brought out from the Old Country? Did it belong to the family of the lady who gave it to me? That I shall never know, because we have lost track of each other, like ships that pass in the night.

Are there any picture authorities among the readers of Ginger Farm? If so I should be so glad if they have any information they could give me.

For the House and Stable.—There is a good deal of similarity, physically speaking, between human beings and the lower animals. Both are subject to many ailments arising from inflammation and to all manner of cuts and bruises. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is an entirely reliable remedy for such ailments and mishaps in both human beings and the lower orders of animals.

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Marie—I have my faults, but I'm not two-faced. Jean—I can easily believe that. If you were, you'd not come out with that one.

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The Acton Free Press

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