



The Acton Free Press

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EDITORIAL

Not Much Encouragement

Huge deficits were announced by the Dominion and Ontario Governments last week, coupled with the announcement of great savings. The latter to the average man sound like an excuse for the first item. But what concerns everyone is the fact that in spite of increased taxation and a struggling to be of assistance to those in high position, another big item will be added to the country's indebtedness. The new tax levies imposed by the Dominion Government are now fairly well understood by all, and most everyone has found that in some way they will contribute a share. The average business man is more or less at a loss to know whether the latest levies will be the last, and if he may form some sound basis for the conduct of business. No new taxation is proposed to meet the Ontario deficit, but rather a cut in the expenditure. Possibly the reason for this decision was the fact that no place was overlooked in the levies proposed by the Dominion Government. The only bright spot seems to be that the hope is expressed for a balanced budget next year, but the past few years have shown that this annual hope is rarely a reality. Truly the past week has brought little encouragement or leadership to the country in the news from the governing centres, but with the worst news over, possibly the ordinary chaps can settle down and see how the situation can be met from his individual angle, with the hope that any methods they may adopt to meet the situation will at least be permanent until next year.

Good Administration Comparatively Speaking

Those in Acton who read the comparative tables presented at the County Council last week have just cause for thankfulness in the fact that this municipality's affairs are in a comparatively good condition. The tax arrears showed that Acton has not one sixth of the uncollected taxes that the towns of a similar size have, and the larger centres are in the same proportion in comparison with population. The comparison of educational costs in the County were alike very favorable to Acton. Teachers' salaries did not come near those paid in the towns of similar size and examination costs in Acton were much below other centres. We do not mention these facts to belittle other communities but with the idea to secure an appreciation of the administration of Acton's affairs which Actonians should feel and realize when the comparison is made with other centres. Too often drastic reductions and cuts are blindly made and efficiency lowered without a proper weighing of affairs in relation to those prevailing in other centres. The figures given last week in the County Council will assist residents of this community to form a conception for just comparison in some branches of the community's municipal affairs and administration. The request of the County Council for a general reduction of twenty-five per cent. in school costs can also be measured by these tables and the unfairness of such a method readily seen if it were applied to Acton, where costs are now much below that of the other municipalities of the County. Acton effected the reductions over two years ago, and these must be taken into consideration when further arrangements are made.

The Fate is Obvious

The all day session of the Halton County Council last week in Milton brought out a lot of discussion and facts regarding the standing of the various municipalities and it would seem that the School Boards won the round. At least they received some money on account that had been withheld previously. While Georgetown and Burlington have paid nothing but promises to the County this year, their representatives take their places on the County Board and help to administer and secure for their municipalities a share of the funds that the others have contributed. We had hoped the County Council would have shown a just firmness, but it ran true to form in its dealing with this matter last week. Just where the \$50,000 that was uncollected last year will come from only the County body knows, but it would seem that the plans were to follow the example of the higher governments and possibly next year just announce a deficit. The procedure of giving the grants is one that will have a bad reaction next year when the time comes for the payment of the County levy by all the municipalities. This year four municipalities have paid the County levy in full to date. We doubt very much if these four will make the same effort next year to meet their obligation when it is known that those who have not paid enjoy the same privileges as those who have discharged their duty. We have asked the question several times lately: Will the County Council go out of existence? In Halton County we believe the County Council have answered the question themselves and with no funds to administer the fate of the body is obvious.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Fergus News-Record has agreed to tell us what the proposed Fergus memorial is to commemorate just as soon as they find out. We'll be watching.

There seems to be a general feeling that the additional Dominion taxes levied would not be unbearable if the taxpayer was satisfied in his own mind that the money raised was for necessities.

Gasoline sold in Canada during 1932, according to figures compiled by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, amounted to 503,452,000 gallons. Nearly half of the total was consumed in the Province of Ontario.

Wheat exports from Vancouver for the current crop year to date now total 69,759,202 bushels, and it is expected—the record movement of 99,407,519 bushels, established during the 1928-29 season will be exceeded.

The Drury Government was criticized for a \$125 "coal scuttle" purchase. Oil paintings, easy chairs and mahogany furniture seem to be the hobby of the Henry regime, and the cost has gone to many times the \$125 price.

It seems to take Premier Henry a long time to find out if he or any member of the Government owned bonds in the Ontario Power Service Corporation and to formulate an answer to the question asked him by H. C. Nixon.

It looks as if the home-brewer was going to be forced to become a patron of the government stores. The liquor business is arranged at will by the government now to suit the needs of revenue, but it always suited revenue for someone.

The sweepstake game gets a lot of front page publicity that no other scheme or industry could buy at any price. Prize-winners are listed and get the headlines. There isn't room to tabulate the names of those who lose.

Judging from press reports and pictures the United States is planning to go on one glorious drunk as soon as the sale of liquor is authorized. And yet we have been told for years how free the sale of liquor has been in the U. S. A. under the prohibition law.

One thousand six hundred and twenty-four new passenger automobiles were sold in Canada in January, 1933, this being almost double the sale for the month of December and about two per cent. over the sale for January, 1932. Retail value of passenger cars sold in January is placed at \$1,691,428.

With the completion of the construction of a 465,000-bushel capacity annex to Elevator No. 1, owned by the Vancouver Harbor Commissioners, this elevator now has a total capacity of 1,715,000 bushels. The total grain storage capacity of the Port of Vancouver is now 17,843,000 bushels, the largest of any ocean port in the world.

In the mail this week we received some nice circulars from a firm named the Niagara Brand Spray Co. Limited, and the accompanying letter, in capital letters said, "Buy Canadian-made Products." The circulars telling about the product bore the imprint, "Printed in U. S. A." in not quite such large letters. Queer how many of these firms do not practice what they preach.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

This week I simply dare not mention living expenses because to even think of them brings the thought of sugar—and the budget and other unpleasant things in connection with it. It is said—"What can't be cured must be endured" and to my way of thinking anything that has to be endured is better endured in silence. But I must tell you this—I have thought of a new riddle—what is it that takes the sweetness out of sugar? Of course the answer is obvious—the budget!

However, there is one thing for which most of us can be thankful—the blue of heaven is always greater than the cloud—and so for that reason I would not allow any budget to spoil the happy day I spent in the city last Friday. The day itself was perfect. Blue sky and fleecy white clouds and the sun so warm and bright as though anxious to encourage the early robins that one saw here and there. We drove along the lake-shore road and as I was fortunately not at the wheel I was able to feast my eyes to my heart's content on the glorious blue of the lake. But yet although I loved it, what a headache it gave me! A deep down homesick feeling for the real sea—the shining big sea-water. It wouldn't be so bad living inland if only one could get a glimpse of the sea at least once a year. To know the sea is to love it—unless fear of it is greater than love—but for me the sea has no terrors. I love it in all its moods—calm, turbulent and stormy. But alas, its moods now are only a memory and so I must be content with the lake instead. But the lake is very, very beautiful and as I feasted my eyes on its blue waters there was certainly no room in my heart for any real discontent.

Sometimes the road went further inland and instead of water there were trees. Orchards, beginning to show promise of life, silver birches, tall and graceful, dogwood, almost fiery red and once, in some undergrowth, I saw a pheasant. As we drove along I thought there couldn't be anything more beautiful than nature but, later on, in a department store, I found Beauty again. This do we come across beauty when we least expect it—she has so many guises—and I was hardly expecting to meet her at a fish counter, but that's just exactly where she was. You see it was this way. I was buying some salmon—on special, nine cents a pound! There were stacks of it—big chunks and little chunks—and I spoke to the clerk for a few minutes before deciding which piece I would have. Then my glance caught a lady at the side and she was smiling, partly amused perhaps, but so friendly, I smiled in return and then she began to talk about my fish. "You did right to buy that piece," said she, "and now how are you going to cook it?" "Boil it," I think.

"Oh no, I wouldn't boil that good piece. Put it in the oven with a piece of butter and pepper and salt and pour over it. I had to confess I had not tried it that way and then she went on to tell me it was a mistake to boil fish, because in that way half the goodness was lost. She was such a nice friendly soul, middle aged and comfortably plump and while other people were pushing each other to get the best bargains, with never a thought for anyone but themselves, this nice little woman had taken enough interest in a stranger to offer friendly advice. I brought home the fish and to-day I cooked it exactly as my friend of the Sea instructed me. Not for worlds would I have done otherwise. I love to treasure every little bit of romance that comes my way. It is the spontaneity of kindly deeds such as this that keeps alive one's faith in one's fellowmen. I wish I might tell you the story of my sewing machine but I mustn't do that yet.

Another department I had to visit, was the pet shop. At least I didn't have to exactly but I felt the lure of it calling me. Perhaps it was the peasys that did it! There were four of them, one in a very large cage, in a central position, there were hundreds of love birds, as cheerful and happy as could be. A few of them had escaped and were hopping about as tame as anything. There were other birds in other cages, big and small, also a small aquarium. But it was the puppies that took my fancy—the dearest little things and here's where I got into trouble. I put my finger through the cage and tickled the head of one little wee collie and how pleased he was. He rolled over on his back, jumped up again, took his feet in his mouth and ran about with it and just as he came back to the front of the cage to be played with again, a horrid big voice said behind me—"Sorry, lady, but you're not allowed to pet the animals." Just like a man, but then, I suppose he had to do his duty.

Persian Balm—the peerless aid to loveliness. Delightfully fragrant. Dainty to use. Leaves no stickiness. A little gentle rubbing and it is swiftly absorbed by the tissues. Tonic in effect. Soothes and dispels roughness and chafing. Keeps skins soft and velvet-textured. Unrivalled for charm, distinction and refinement. Used by lovely women everywhere to preserve and enhance their natural beauty.

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He who is a slave to his belly seldom worships God.—Saadi.

The Voice of Understanding

EDWIN MARKHAM, THE POET, WAS VISITING A HOME AND AT THE EVENING MEAL, WAS SEATED BETWEEN TWO CHILDREN. HE WAS ASKED TO SAY "GRACE," AND AFTER A LONG SILENCE SAID, "GREAT MASTER OF LIFE, BE WITH US AS WE FRIENDSHIP TOGETHER."

How many life stories could start with "I had a friend." Perhaps as you look down the years of your life you will find that a friend was at many a crossroad pointing the way. How many acquaintances we have, but few friends, so keep your friendships in repair, especially those that have been allowed to lapse in the pressure of living. You may never be rich, but always in the memories of those who have influenced your life. You may build a fine house and fill it with costly furniture and pictures, but you cannot buy these old associations. John Wanamaker once said, "These are the marks of a good friend: To cheer you in your well-doing; To warn you in danger; To give you courage to do better; To assist you in useful information; To point out to you your mistakes; To tell you of their own experience; What a happy world this would be if we were all eager to help each other on."

How far would you go for a friend? Here is the real test and we find it in the scriptures. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend." Thus abides houses, furniture, automobiles, jewels, and friendships, but the greatest of these is friendship.

Miller's Worm Powders act so thoroughly that stomachic and intestinal worms pass from the child without being noticed and without inconvenience to the sufferer. They are painless and perfect in action, and at all times will be found a healthy medicine, strengthening the infantile stomach and maintaining it in vigorous operation, so that, besides being an effective vermifuge, they are tonical and health-giving in their effects.

Every wish is like a pray with God.—E. B. Browning.

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