



The Acton Free Press

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G. ARLOF DILLS, Editor.

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EDITORIAL

Still in the Dark

And still the salaries of Hydro officials have not been revealed to the public. Can it be that the divulgence of this information will be as sad to relate as the other information that was so tardy in forthcoming? It has been stated that the Chief Engineer draws \$35,000 and his last increase was a mere \$10,000.

9,171 Auto Accidents in Ontario Last Year

Five hundred and two persons died, 8,231 were injured, and property damage amounting to \$994,000 rolled up, as a result of the 9,171 serious motor car accidents in 1932 in the Province of Ontario. "Once again," says the Department of Highways, in an official survey of the situation, "the figures prove that accidents do not just happen. Seldom indeed may they be described as acts of God. They are acts of man and mankind must take the blame. These are the circumstances under which accidents happened last year—99.1 per cent. occurred on roads in good condition; 65.1 per cent. on dry roads; 69.8 per cent. in clear weather; 56.8 per cent. during daylight hours; almost 50 per cent. on straight roads between intersections; and 84 per cent. of the vehicles involved were reported in good condition. Doesn't that show that the human element is the preponderant factor? Doesn't that make the avoidance of accidents the personal responsibility of every user of the highway?"

Not All Boards Alike

Criticism was made in the recent session of the Legislature of the lavish expenditure of Cemetery Boards and the case quoted in Middlesex County where a Board had spent \$1,100 in "visiting well-looked-after cemeteries and counting, the tombstones." It was thought that the honorariums paid to Cemetery Boards might well be cut down and citizens found who would be willing to give their services free. In Acton such has been the case. The local Board has not received one cent of remuneration in their work as Board members at Fairview Cemetery and last year in the Old Pioneers Cemetery a bee was organized and a day spent with good effect. Now some steps have been taken by interested citizens to appoint Trustees and complete the work of improving this sacred spot where the remains of so many of the founders of this community rest. The auditors' report will be published within the next few weeks and the careful management of Fairview Cemetery will be portrayed as figures can show. The work of citizens at both these cemeteries cannot, however, be tabulated. It has been freely criticized and in many instances a struggle, but it is gradually being accomplished, and the only remuneration that is being received is the thought that citizenship duty is being performed and memories held sacred. Surely there are citizens in every community who would do this work. We, in Acton, appreciate their work. Possibly these examples and others that might be quoted are responsible for Acton's financial position. All have citizenship duties to perform and the greatest reward that remains long after the money received has disappeared is the memory of those duties performed for the good and uplift of the community and state.

What Does Hardship Show?

Adversity brings out the best or the worst that is in us. If hardship makes us weak-kneed and wobbly, it is because we are lacking in strength. If we want to hide when affairs go wrong, and leave somebody else to straighten out the muddle, it is because we are lacking in courage. If adversity makes us feel like rolling up our sleeves and pitching in, however, you have met the test, and sooner or later, the victory will be ours. Life cannot beat us if our strength and courage rise up gallantly to meet every new emergency.

Relief From Relief

Judging from what is occurring in most centres in the method of handling relief problems, it would seem that the system was going to be curtailed—if not entirely done away with. It has served a purpose during a readjustment time and it is readily seen that it cannot continue indefinitely. Most places have discontinued assistance to single men this month and reduced the allowance to all others. Acton has followed this plan and like others, no doubt, at the end of the month will cease to assist by the relief means. In some centres it has been stated that no vegetables will be supplied to any persons next year, and it is expected that all will cultivate a garden plot and raise sufficient for their own use. A committee is at work in Acton, securing garden land and no doubt a distribution of seeds will be made and every assistance given to provide a stock of vegetables. The work on the farms will soon be opening up and while the pay may not be a wartime figure, it must be judged in comparison with the prices the farmer is receiving for his goods, and the laborer is always assured of a fair wage and a good substantial living in return for his work. Acton has been indeed fortunate that its industries have continuously operated and while no boom can be claimed, the majority of the residents have had fairly steady employment. Taking everything into consideration it would appear that the measures that have been necessary for the past two years in assisting could be greatly curtailed in the future and this means will not be called upon so lavishly within the next winter.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Eramosa Township, by the redistribution bill, is now in North Wellington, instead of South Wellington, as formerly.

And now the sport pages have turned full force on baseball. The ground will need some drying out before the game can be taken seriously in the rural sections.

This is the time of year when the grass fires are frequent. Once started they need to be carefully watched and heed taken that they are confined to the grass.

The Liberal party cannot claim that they were robbed of many seats with the redistribution bill. Of course it was difficult to take away what they didn't possess.

President Roosevelt seems to be a friendly chap by the invitations he is sending out to representatives of other nations to visit him—and he seems willing to talk over the common ailments of the day.

We received last week a copy of the book, "The Public Accounts" of Ontario for 1931-32 from the local member of the Legislature. It is an extremely interesting volume and we appreciate having it upon file.

The cheap publicity and pictures attendant upon the return of beer to the United States were just about what would be expected. It is also typical that some folks there believe that this change will help straighten out the other difficulties in the United States, financial and otherwise.

The market for Canadian furniture is chiefly domestic as shown by the fact that only \$162,308 worth of Canadian-made furniture of wood was exported during the calendar year 1931, while the total annual production was over twenty-seven million dollars. The imports of furniture of wood and other material amounted to \$1,356,994 during the same year.

From the viewpoint of increased production and treatment capacities, enlarged mine developments, and the number of discoveries made, 1932 was the greatest year in the history of Canada's gold industry. The value of production for the year (exclusive of exchange compensation) was approximately \$64,000,000, an increase of about \$8,000,000 over that of 1931.

Since the inauguration in 1921, of awards to Boy Scouts in Canada, 251 medals have been given for life saving or notable work in a serious emergency, and 49 certificates of merit and 25 letters of commendation for valuable service in lesser emergencies. The medals include 14 bronze crosses for life saving at serious personal risk, and 129 gilt crosses for life saving without serious risk, or other notable work in an emergency.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

Last week I was thinking that my next chronicle would speak of seedling, but alas, the weatherman decreed otherwise, so here we are, still paddling about in the mud and I haven't heard anyone mention that "It ain't gon' to rain no more." I suppose it's all right for the land—old-timers tell us a nice warm rain is the best thing to settle the ground—but I wish it could rain without raining over the lanes or in the barnyard or find the weak spots in the roof. It is also pretty hard on our weather-beaten "Optimist," and I am beginning to think we made a mistake in getting a new license plate because by the time the mud in the lane, no one could possibly tell whether she carried a white or yellow marker. Of course the rain has its good points—for instance, it's a splendid thing for soft water cisterns, rhubarb, shrubs, asparagus, slinging frogs and dew worms, in fact if we stop to think out all its good points we may have quite a friendly feeling towards this moisture from heaven. Personally I have got tired of waiting for the mud to dry up because it only dries to get wet again, so I have started to house-clean in real earnest.

Now I believe the main rule of house-cleaning, according to Hoyle, is to start in the attic and work downwards to the cellar. That's fine—very systematic—and all that, but I've tried it, and it doesn't work. It may be all right for most people, of course. If they have help in the house, but in my case it generally finds me faced with the necessity of leaving house-cleaning to attend to outside duties when I'm just about halfway through my job, hence the rooms where cleaning is a crying necessity get left out altogether. So this year I looked at my long-neglected pantry, and thought—"You're going to be done." But like Brer Rabbit I lay low and said nothing. But I bided my time and one afternoon when Partner had gone to the mill for chop and could be considered safely out of the road for a few hours, then I just went to work with a will. First I rummaged through the paint pots, found a magenta, yellow and green paint and plenty of oil and turpentine, so out came everything from the pantry; walls, ceiling and wood work swept and washed, and off I started with the paint pot. When I began the ceiling looked small and my enthusiasm felt large, but as I progressed, the ceiling got bigger and my enthusiasm smaller and smaller, and after I had been at it for about an hour and had paint running down my arm and a few blobs dropped into my eye, then anyone could have had my job for a quarter. But, of course, I stuck at it and had just finished the ceiling when Partner walked in. First of all he had things to say about the odor of paint, then he looked at the ceiling and what he said about my handiwork was neither complimentary nor printable, especially when he heard I had no intention of dabbing on a second coat. "Can't do without the paint," said I, "and I can't do without the paint." But you just wait, until you see my nice yellow walls and bright green woodwork and you'll never notice the ceiling, even if you can count the brush marks! The next day, with Daughter's help, I finished the pantry—my daffodil pantry. It looks so nice and bright, but alas, it has been the means of convincing me that men are the senseless of human beings.

Partner the other day "Come here and see my pantry," I cried. He came—he saw—and he said "Are you going to give it another coat?"

We had visitors again today and the dear lady was properly appreciative of my work of art—said how clean and bright everything looked, but the man looked up and he looked down and this way and that way, and then he said—"It isn't finished, is it?" I glared; Partner chuckled, as of course he would.

"Blow, blow thou winter wind, Thou art not so unkind As Man's ingratitude!"

Friend William certainly knew what he was talking about. I wonder if Mrs. Shakespeare was ever worn to a frazzle trying to make home attractive for an unappreciative husband?

"One thing is certain and the rest is lies," there won't be half the amount of painting and papering done this year that there usually is, but yet I do think, hard times notwithstanding, we owe it to ourselves, to do a little in some way or other to brighten up things in our own homes. You remember the craze a few years ago for the Coue health theory—"Every day in every way I'm getting better and better," well now if we adopt the same principle in our homes, bring brightness into them and make it look as if "every day in every way times are getting better and better," we shall certainly feel better and after all, it is what we feel that really matters. In a long fight against odds every day strengthens or weakens our morale and will prove the deciding factor in every case. Our own attitude in confronting hard times can be more detrimental than the hard times themselves.

Spring has come again, buds are bursting, wheat is green and everywhere there is a promise of life and to man also comes again, that natural inward urge—"hope that springs eternal in the human breast."

"Criminals to-day are not illiterate,"—Lewis E. Lawes.

The Voice of Understanding

A friend of mine used to tell of his trip to Mount Lowe.

All alone he scrambled up the three-mile trail to the summit and stood alone on the flat rock, looking down on the smaller mountains and hills. He saw clouds down in the valley, something he had never seen before, for he had always looked up to the clouds—never down on them. He thought of the cloud of a great trouble that had come into his life. Soon the clouds in the valley spread wider and blacker until the valley was all hidden by clouds. He thought that the rain must be falling down there and the folks saying that the sun wasn't shining. But from where he stood the sun was shining, and the sky was blue. He could see all this because he had gone above the valley and could see above the clouds. He said, "And great light seemed to break over my storm-troubled soul. I am under the clouds of sweet hope, but the sun is shining, but I had to go on up the mountain to see it."

Have the clouds hidden your sun? Are you thinking that the sun doesn't shine for you? Are you wondering as to whether it really pays to be honest? Should you let go of your ideals? Are you misunderstood?

These are the rains and storms of the valley. Up on the hills we catch the larger vision and the miles seem so small up there. If it were not for the hills, there would be no valleys.

Some day you will look back on these clouds and see more clearly the plan of human life.

Late that day my friend climbed down Mount Lowe. The shadow of evening covered the valley. Over in the west, the sun was sinking into the Pacific, and the glory of the sunset painted the sea and sky with flames of gold. The valley grew blacker until it was night there. But it was not night where he stood. Then the thought came to him, "It is night in the valley, but it is day on the mountain top."

You must have faith to know that somewhere, sometime, the sun of your life will shine on better times for you, but you must look down on the storms and shadows of this life, and not let them cover you.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence shall my help come."

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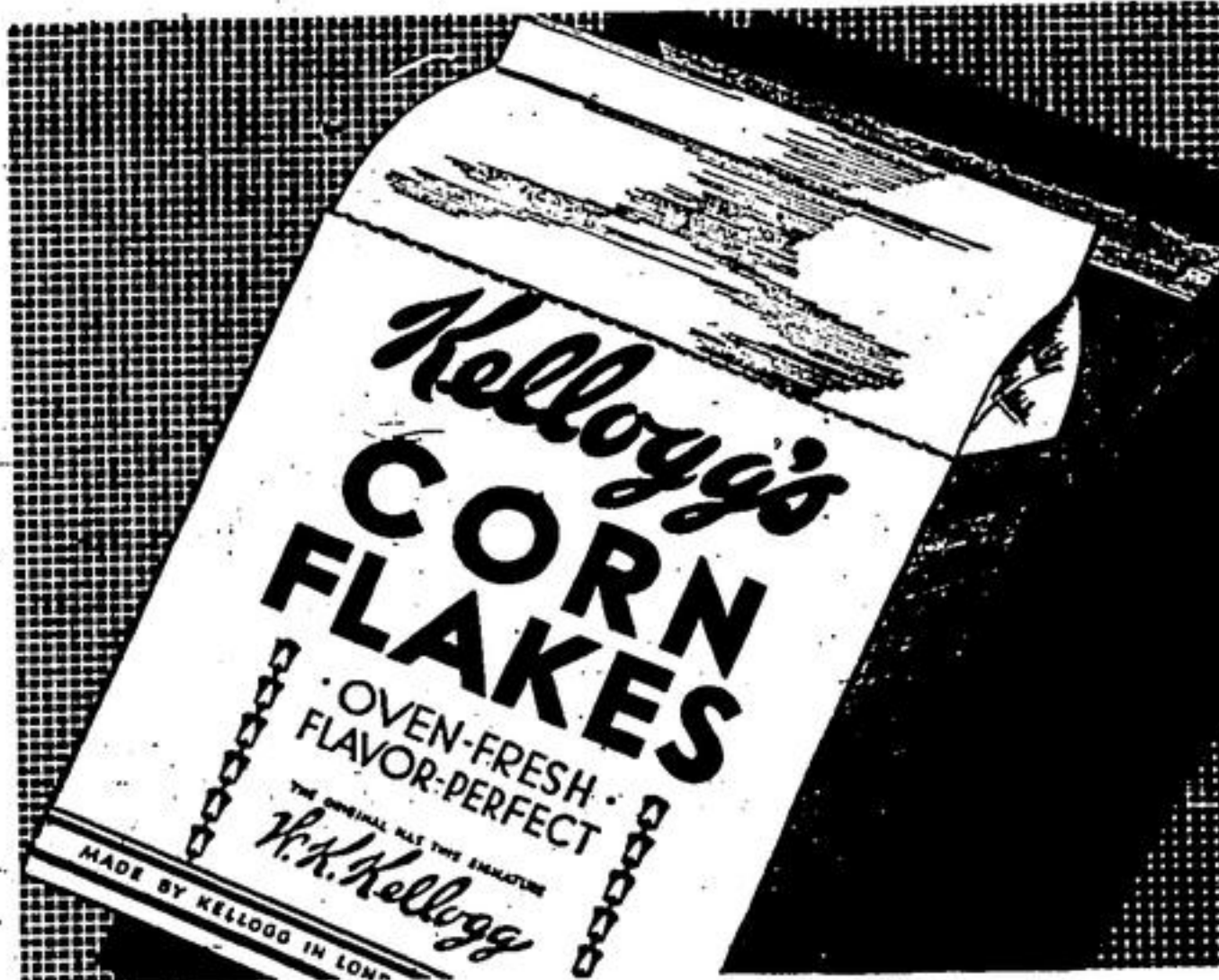
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