



The Acton Free Press

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G. ARLOFF DILLS, Editor.

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EDITORIAL

The Testing Time

In the schools all over the last few hurried reviews and brushing up on weak subjects is being given, preparatory to examination time. In a month or so the promotion results will be given and viewed with either pride or remorse. But the results will not be based to a large extent on the work of these last few weeks. The studies and application of the year will be the foundation for the results that are achieved. The students in the colleges have finished the year and are now learning the results. Some are quite satisfied, while others have not proven so satisfactory. All have had the same opportunities during the year. But examination time brings on the weeding out process and the selection of individual effort. And exam. time is only the start of the judging of individual effort that continues all through life and brings some to success and others to failure.

When Speaking in Thousands

Information regarding the budget ruling to place a tax on sugar netted a nice profit to those who forecast the levy. Finance Minister E. N. Rhodes said the Department had investigated and reached the conclusion that the revenue it had lost would not amount to more than two million dollars. It's queer the way these odd millions or thousands are so insignificant some days. It was also given out for public digestion that the Chairman of the Hydro receives less than \$30,000 per year. Many a small taxpayer, who is harassed by inspectors who usually find a few cents in each and every account to justify their inspection, wonder why all the check-up is made to catch the pennies, while the odd thousand or so often seems so trivial when speaking of Government salaries or departmental mistakes. At any rate, a nice profit was made on the leak of budget news on the sugar tax and it wasn't the small grocer or consumer who profited by less than two millions.

Increase in Wheat Exports

Since the opening of navigation on the River St. Lawrence exports of Canadian wheat through the Port of Montreal have been notably active and heavy and there are prospects of the shipments in previous seasons being equalled, if not exceeded, this year. The total clearances of wheat from Canada since the beginning of the current crop year, August 1, 1932, to April 28, 1933, amounted to 175,284,277 bushels, compared with 116,489,221 bushels for the corresponding period in 1931-32. In the 39-week period Vancouver exported 80,098,055 bushels as against 56,943,945 bushels in the same period of the previous year. Montreal clearances show a proportionately large increase at 47,343,735 bushels against 27,199,540; Sorel, 12,095,666 as compared with 4,830,522; St. John, 6,864,873 compared to 2,017,000; Churchill, 2,736,030 against 544,769; Halifax, 1,655,901 against 44,189; Quebec, 1,381,483 against 120,248; and Victoria and Prince Rupert, 1,166,721 and 677,813 bushels respectively against nil from these ports in the corresponding period a year ago. In addition to these clearances from Canadian ports a total of 21,264,000 bushels, against 24,788,000 bushels in the same period of the previous year, was cleared from United States ports.

Instantly
In London, Ontario, over the week-end a little girl was killed when a motorist ran over an express wagon in which she was riding. The little body was dragged 150 feet. The driver, William Lee, was held of a drunk charge. Moderation, personal liberty, government sale of intoxicating liquors and all the arguments put forth by the interests that deal in beverages that make men lose their senses, will have little effect on the mother whose child has been killed by the chap who imbibed. A drunk charge and possibly a jail sentence, along with years of regret by the individual who over-indulged, cannot bring back the little life that has been snuffed out. The little girl was instantly killed, and the two lads who drew her in the wagon narrowly escaped being hit. What a sight to sober a man's senses. But the damage had been done. The child was instantly killed and that instant cannot be recalled when the driver's intellect was dulled by intoxicating liquor. He may never touch another drop of the stuff but it will not recall that instant. What does it matter whether the stuff was legally sold, or not? What matter whether it was bootleg variety or genuine imported whiskey or of Canadian manufacture? When it went into the man it created havoc. The instant is gone, another man will have cause for reflection and a realization that booze and gasoline, or anything else, does not mix with it to good advantage.

Success Again

For the fourth time Acton School has carried off the championship of the Halton County Musical Festival, under the direction of Mrs. M. R. Moore. The trophy which is emblematic of winning the most points in the musical competition is now the permanent property of Acton School, since it has been won for three years in succession. Acton parents and teachers have every reason to be proud of this achievement. The result has not been achieved by individual effort, but rather by the collective effort of all the scholars. While Acton School has produced several who have won the solo awards, invariably the choirs of the school have brought home trophies. It was thus again this year. Each year the contest has been adjudged by a different adjudicator, and yet Acton School has been successful in the event. The success cannot, therefore, be attributed to any stroke of luck or type of judging. Naturally we are all proud of the success achieved and anticipate the influence of this training that will provide material in future years for choirs and the development of Acton as a musical centre. Without a doubt, the work of Mrs. Moore in attaining this success is the chief factor and in the training she is giving the pupils of to-day they will, in later years, be very grateful and she will indeed have a deep satisfaction in the musical foundation she has imparted. To teachers and pupils we know we voice the thought of all when we say, congratulations, and may the work, so well begun, continue.

EDITORIAL NOTES

To-day is Good-will Day—a day when thoughts of peace for the present and future should be uppermost.

Many a home and the home surroundings is being brightened—these days by an application of the spring paint-up and clean-up process.

Blossom time is with us, and if one cannot visit the fruit growing section, a miniature of the sight there may be seen in plenty of local orchards.

Judging from the meetings and the party bickerings it would seem that a Provincial election in Ontario could not be delayed much longer to an unsatisfied electorate.

Canada's new Radio Commission and its Commissioners are evidently unsatisfactory to many. The license is always payable, whether the machine runs or not, and possibly that's the most unsatisfactory part of the affair.

Chesley Women's Institute recently took over an edition of the Chesley Enterprise and relieved the editor of his duties for a week. The ladies certainly got together a newsy paper and increased the size from the usual eight to twelve pages by securing additional advertising.

Export shipments of Canadian cattle to the British market from January 1 to April 15, 1933, totalled 9,511 head, of which 5,938 were from Ontario, 3,405 from the Prairie provinces and 168 from Quebec. In the corresponding period last year only 211 head of cattle were shipped.

The Chesley Enterprise reports the case of an Agricultural Society securing judgment against a Reeve for his subscription to the Fall Fair, which he had not paid. Evidently that Reeve was not running for office again. The Agricultural Society got its subscription—through the courts.

The Hydro salaries have, at last, been revealed, and while they are less than what was charged, they are more than the average individual is accustomed to receive these days, and then, too, being on the Ontario Hydro Commission does not necessitate full time but allows of engaging in other occupations.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

"Mother, can't we go somewhere this afternoon, to some bush, or something like that?" Thus spake Daughter on Sunday afternoon when I was so sleepy I was just about ready to drop in my tracks. It had been a strenuous week, what with additional chores at the barn, extra trips to town on account of the Musical Festival, and then toothache at night, to say nothing of having officiated as President at our newly-organized Women's Institute—quite an ordeal for me, I can assure you. And so, all things considered, I felt I could do with about an hour's sleep, besides that I believed me to collect my scattered wits and think up something for Ginger Farm, even if I didn't write it. And so I answered Daughter to that effect, but it didn't work.

"Oh Mum, do let's go to the bush—why, it will give you something to write about! We are sure to see interesting things and you could sit in the car while we went into the bush."

"But I should want to go into the bush, too," I answered. So I went to ask Partner if he would like to go out, but he said he had seen all he wanted of the "Great Outdoors" while walking up and down the field behind the team all the week!

Well, to cut a long story short, we got the car and started out. We knew exactly where we wanted to go, because there was a bush not so very far away where grew some splendid ferns. The first sight of the road as we approached the bush dispelled all weariness like a magic charm. Trees on either side—the tender green of the maples offsetting the sombre darkness of the pines. Violets—yellow and blue—scattered here and there among the young green grass. There were birds chattering together along the fences—birds on the wing—and birds from the tops of the trees poured their full throated melody upon the sweet-scented air. We parked the car on the roadside but sat for a while looking and listening to the beauty of everything around us. As we waited a ground-hog ran across the road—a little beast whom we know is never a friend to the farmer—but here, where there were no fields to despoil, it seemed only right that even this furry little animal should have his place in the scheme of things.

Just inside the bush we started a little chipmunk who ran along a fallen log as fast as his wee legs would carry him and then from the vantage point of a rotten stump he watched our movements, his little striped head poking through a hole as though it were a window. The children ran off to look for trilliums and whatever adventures they might find, while I hunted for ferns. We had no trouble in finding either trilliums or ferns—in fact I was luckier than I anticipated because I not only found plenty of the ordinary ferns common in every bush, but I also found a lot of Christmas, or sword ferns, as many people call them. Last, but not least, I discovered quite a few roots of wild maiden-hair fern, which is far more rare than members of the other fern families. It grows well in the house—its black stalks and green fan-shaped fronds make a decorative plant for any kind of a room or hall, and it does not object to drawn shutters or a sunless corner. Another big find was larch, or some kind of spruce, growing in rather a peculiar way. There was a rotten stump—the tree having fallen & been felled, and from its roots the young conifers had sprung, their roots only lightly embedded in the soil, so that it was quite easy to separate them from the parent tree. Needless to say that is just exactly what I did and I have a good place to put them in the garden, where I hope they will grow and flourish and in time make a good windbreak for the garden.

The children were having a great time—scrambling over trees and slithering down slippery banks. "Once I heard a wild shout—"Come here, come here, we have found a spring."

Sure enough, there was a steady trickle of water from the bank, which came faster and stronger as the children puggled away at the dirt with a knife, but they could not manage to make it run free enough to get a drink, much to their disappointment.

And then we came home—hot, bedraggled, wet-soaked and tired, but for my part the tiredness with which I came home was very different from the tiredness with which I set out. Some may think it was hardly a fitting way to spend Sunday afternoon, but—I don't know. . . I felt we had found "sermons in stones and books in the running brooks."

And then to-night another little bit of happiness came my way. I was on my way to feed the hens, when there was a flash of color over my head—and the orioles were back to their home in the elm.

Perhaps to-day will help me over tomorrow—I haven't yet decided whether to tackle a heavy day's washing—or pay a visit to the dentist—none, I think, is about as desirable as the other, and both equally urgent.

All mothers can put away anxiety regarding their suffering children when they have Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to give relief. Its effects are sure and lasting.

The Voice of Understanding

We dare not abandon our education at the schoolhouse door. We have to keep it up through life—Calvin Coolidge. We are hearing lots of talk lately about shorter working hours and more leisure time. There are two views on this subject and many of us believe that shorter working hours will not make for greater happiness or for any lasting benefits unless the leisure time is used to build up character and increase knowledge and usefulness.

Many men and women, have become national figures by the wise use of their leisure time. Expense was once an excuse for not studying after schooling had ceased, but in these days of libraries, radio courses, and home study courses the opportunity has been brought to our door. The college and university has been made available to every home by the vast number of courses offered.

Those who have jobs need to keep up their studying for advancement and as a form of job insurance. These out of jobs need to increase their knowledge to better meet the competition that there is bound to be for the jobs that will be available.

Thousands of jobs have been swept away in the changing order of things and many will have to prepare themselves for new lines of endeavor. The National Home Study Council of Washington, D. C. for the price of a three cent stamp, will send information about any of the thousands of courses listed in their files.

LOST
Little Boy—"Have you got a wife?"
Visitor—"No, sonny, I haven't."
Little Boy—"M'm! Who tells you that to do?"

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Lynn Valley PEARS 2 No. 2 tins 19c	Frankford White SWEET CORN 3 No. 2 tins 25c	LYONS' TEA 1/2-lb. pkg. 24c
Royal City Fancy PEAS No. 2 Tin 15c	Orchard Brand Aspic and Raspberry JAM 4-lb. tin 37c	Carroll's Indra COFFEE Fresh Roasted—Fresh Ground 1-lb. pkg. 45c
Green Valley PEAS No. 2 Tin 9c	Extra Fancy Layered Table FIGS 2 lbs. 27c	

Large Pineapples Special, each **21c** | LEMONS per dozen **19c** | Large Navel Oranges per dozen **33c**

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