



The Acton Free Press

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G. ARLOF DILLS, Editor.

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EDITORIAL

White Elephants and Bugaboos—We Still Have Faith in Acton

In most every page about Acton, "except the columns of THE FREE PRESS, the erection or provision of a building to meet the requirements as stipulated in the will of the late J. A. Murray has been discussed. We have kept purposely away from the controversy until we have listened to viewpoints from many angles. In writing this article we desire in no way to cast reflection on the committee who are in charge of its administration, but give views as a citizen interested in Acton. We admire the foresight and judgment of the late Mr. Murray in his selection of this committee. At a Council meeting some time ago the desire of one of the members was expressed for a gathering of citizens in an advisory capacity to discuss the matter informally. Being a citizen of Acton we are interested in Acton's welfare and advancement and do not hesitate to voice our views, whether it be for ridicule or praise.

Let us look at the facts of the case. \$20,000 has been given to Acton to erect a building as set forth in the will of the late J. A. Murray. True, the nature of the building is not in conformity with the wishes of all the citizens, but the donor of this fine memorial has asked no one else to provide funds for the building or its maintenance. The Council of last year, acting on behalf of the municipality, have accepted the bequest from the executors, under the terms of the will. Reading from the reports of public bodies it would seem the committee have taken some definite steps toward the plans for the building.

We heartily commend their action. If we were ever able to accumulate a similar amount that we could give to the municipality of Acton as a memorial, we presume that we would specify the nature of the building in some way to comply with our individual wishes. We have listened attentively for several months to the talk of the building being a "white elephant" upon the municipality. Sidewalks, roads, schools, electric lights, waterworks and all improvements are white elephants to ratepayers. Yet who would say to go back to former days when these conveniences were not available. We fail to see where the proposed building would be any load to the taxpayers. If it is not self-sustaining there is no provision to say that it must be maintained. But we believe that such a building would prove a benefit to all that the small cost of its maintenance to the individual would never be considered by broad-minded citizens.

What a time to build! Materials were never lower. Governments are being urged to undertake public works in an effort to alleviate unemployment. The activity of erecting such a building and the local employment provided would come in splendidly at this time. The funds are ready waiting for the construction without a cent necessary to be provided by the ratepayers. Mr. Murray, in his loyalty to his native town, has provided sufficient to erect the building he stipulates. Its public lavatories and assembly rooms, and other facilities for the young folks need not cost the ratepayers anything. The concrete pavements, the waterworks installation, the arena, in fact every advancement for Acton has had the support of THE FREE PRESS. This proposal en-

dowed by Mr. Murray likewise has our support and sympathy. We have faith in Acton. We want its future as bright and progressive as it is possible for the community to afford, and through the beneficence of Mr. Murray, Acton can now have a beautiful memorial building erected, at no cost to the ratepayers. It is our sincere hope that, in the near future, either this year or early next, that plans will be completed and the erection of the Murray Memorial Hall will have been consummated and put to the use for which the bequest was intended.

One Reason for Out-of-Town Buying

The Brampton Conservator aptly sums up a buy-at-home situation in the following paragraph: "With only a few exceptions it is not necessary for citizens to go beyond the town limits to secure any article or service which may be required. But, how many townspeople are aware of this fact? Are we entirely justified in losing patience so quickly with those who, when in the market for some article or product, rush off to the city and afterwards announce to their friends: 'I bought so and so in the city, and it only cost me so much, wasn't that a bargain?' Maybe, then, the purchaser is not altogether to blame. Is it not possible that our merchants have been a little lax? They have good stocks and can give excellent service at right prices. But what are they doing about it? Are they afraid that a public announcement of these facts will make it impossible for them to look after the crowds? Why keep the facts obscured in secrecy while out-of-town merchants absorb business by means of modern and concentrated advertising methods?"

EDITORIAL NOTES

The usual toll of week-end fatalities is now being reported on Monday mornings. Sunday to many has become not a day of rest but rather a day of recreation.

Thousands attended the Woodbine track on Saturday to see the King's Plate race. A lot of folks will never know when they turn the corner to prosperity.

A number of municipalities have applied reductions to teachers' salaries for next year and again in other centres it may be next year before last year's salaries are fully paid.

It's been many a day since Acton was billed with such prominent speakers in the political field. If there isn't an election soon it isn't because the electorate have not been sufficiently agitated and prepared for the battle of the ballots.

Premier Henry has gone on a holiday trip. All will wish him a restful vacation away from the cares and worries of public life, and the hope that the holiday may, in some measure, restore his health, which has not been of the best lately.

Production of gold from the mines of Northern Ontario during the first three months of 1933 totalled 541,748 ounces, valued at \$11,198,939, an increase of 2,931 ounces in output and \$59,599 in production over the corresponding period of 1932.

Over in Penetang the complaint is registered that the merchants do not attend meetings of the Board of Trade. Not new. Those for whom the organization might do the most are the slowest to take advantage of the opportunity offered.—Collingwood Bulletin.

In the fiscal year ended March 31, 1933, Canadian exports of bacon and ham totalled 40,210,000 lbs., as compared with 18,146,000 lbs. in the preceding fiscal year. Fresh beef exports increased from 3,344,600 lbs. to 5,087,900 lbs. and fresh pork from 2,057,600 lbs. to 3,831,500 lbs.

At a recent Bankers' Convention in the United States, the need of newspaper advertising was stressed to bring back confidence in American banks. If the product is good, there isn't a doubt that advertising will assist in restoring public confidence in these institutions. It has put many another business enterprise back on its feet.

Toronto is, next year, celebrating its one hundredth anniversary. Judging by the programme of dates, no other place is expected to have a holiday date. Victoria Day, Dominion Day and Civic Holiday will all be observed by the Queen/City and then on Labor Day the Toronto Exhibition will hold forth. Let's see what is the favorite appellation that Hamilton prefers to use when referring to Toronto?

The total gold output for 1932 in British Columbia is placed at 182,000 ounces, worth \$3,742,274. Other mineral production included: silver, 7,400,000 ounces, valued at \$2,429,938; copper, 57,400,000 pounds, valued at \$3,798,216; lead, 256,000,000 pounds, worth \$5,808,640; zinc, 137,000,000 pounds, worth \$3,214,200; coal, 1,616,400 long tons, valued at \$7,273,800; structural materials, to the value of \$1,800,000; and miscellaneous mineral and metals to the value of \$585,232. The total tonnage of ore was approximately 4,750,000 tons and the total value roundly \$28,650,000. The total production of British Columbia mines to date is estimated at \$1,300,731,000.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

This dinner time I was reading an editorial in the Globe entitled "Why They are Farmers." The editorial quotes extracts from a number of letters written as an explanation to the above caption, from young people living in the West.

"A farmer's wife who was formerly a school teacher declares that it seems like a holiday to be outdoors so much. There is no unemployment. The remuneration may not be large but we are certain of a living. None of the writers claim to be seeking wealth from the land. They found their satisfaction otherwise and perhaps this is why the farm is attractive. With a livelihood assured, they could look on life as a matter of contentment which is rarely found in the intense competition of the city. The farmer is the backbone of the country in more ways than one."

"What makes men choose farming as a livelihood or women to marry farmers when they know what hard work is ahead of them? It is an interesting question? Think of the hundreds of farm people you and I know—why are they farming? Why are you farming—why are we? Of course I can't answer for you but I do know that as far as we are concerned there is no other work we would rather do and no other place that we would rather live than in the country. At this very minute I am sitting outside—everything is so quiet and peaceful with the birds singing their vesper song—it seems sufficient reward for the work and fret of the day."

"Hard work?—yes—there is that and plenty of it. Remuneration—well, it all depends in what sense you mean it. If all farmers worked for nothing but dollars and cents there would certainly be very few farmers. But farming goes further than that. Would you not rather think of it as the direct result of a God-given instinct as magnetic in its influence as the urge which compels an artist to interpret what he sees in the most perfect way known to him or the poet to find expression in the rhythm of words. Why the farmer is artist and poet combined! He sows his pictures and there is rhythm in each swathe of grass as it quivers and falls to the will of the mower. And if money, that disturber of the peace—be left out of the question—then there is remuneration for every man who tills the soil and for every woman who tends a garden, gathers fruit, pulls weeds or raises little chicks from the hatching stage to maturity."

"Yesterday we were in the city for a few hours and as we walked through the streets a little boy who had formerly lived near us came running up to speak to Pat. I knew this little boy to have an innate love for the country yet here he was with nowhere to play but in the house or on the street. If we farm mothers are able to raise our children out in the country where fresh air is abundant and space unlimited, isn't that remuneration to a great extent? The country always seems to me to be the natural environment for a growing child."

"There are so many phases of farming, of which appeal to one farmer more than another. One man will get keen satisfaction from a fine herd of cows, another from poultry, or it may be fruit or market gardening, horses or livestock—whatever his chief interest may be remuneration is certain if he loves his work, even though he be poorer than the proverbial church mouse."

"As for the farmer's wife—if she doesn't take an interest in her work then heaven help her for nothing else can! It is active interest that keeps hard work from becoming drudgery. Forgetfulness of past mistakes, concentration on the present and hope for the future—these are our life-line. At one time it was the West that was known as a 'next year country'. 'Next year we will do this or have that—if we get a crop!' Now all Canada might well be termed a next year country. We work in the present and live in the future always hoping that next year things will surely improve. And sometime they will—maybe next year."

In the meantime there is always something unexpected happening, something amusing or interesting. For instance we have just had a hen hatch out seven kittens, at least to all appearances that is what has happened, but perhaps a little more explanation would be just as well. We have two cats down at the barn—Moppet and Scottie—and the mother instinct caught them both at the same time. They shared the same nest in the hay and produced seven kittens between them—which belongs to which we have no means of knowing. In another corner of the hay a broody hen had set herself and when the cats were away to feed what did the hen do but sit on the kittens and cluck away to them as nicely as you please. That has happened not once, but several times until we had to shut up the hen. Of course I suppose the cats really do own the kittens but if the old hen didn't hatch the kittens it certainly wasn't her fault. Now she has got some eggs to sit so we shall see what she hatches next time."

Nothing as Good for Asthma. Asthma remedies come and go but every year the sales of the original Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy grow greater and greater. No further evidence could be asked of its remarkable merit. It relieves. It is always of the same unvarying quality which the sufferer from asthma learns to know. Do not suffer another attack, but get this splendid remedy to-day.

The Voice of Understanding

"I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man live so that his piece will be proud of him."—Abraham Lincoln.

And no man lived up to this better than the man who made the statement. There is an old story that runs like this:

A Quaker was standing beside the village trough watering his horse. A stranger stopped him, giving him a not over-pleasant greeting. "What kind of people live in this town," said the stranger. "What manner of people did they live amongst before," asked the Quaker.

The stranger replied, "The people in the town I came from were narrow and suspicious, ready to take unfair advantage."

Then said the Quaker, "I am sorry for thee will find the same manner of people here." And the stranger found out just what the Quaker had told him.

But the Quaker happened to be at the trough on another day a different stranger came up to him with a cheery greeting. This stranger asked the same question as the other and received the same reply. The stranger answered "Friend, they were the best people I ever knew, none finer; they were neighbors and I loved them. It was hard for me to leave the town, but I had to journey on." Then the face of the old Quaker lit up as he said, "Be of good cheer, neighbor, for thee will find the same fine people here." And this man found it as the old Quaker said.

Let us look for neighbors in our town and we will find them—if we are neighborly.

NO REFUND

A little boy who had a new baby brother was sent to the store to get some sugar.

"How do you like your new brother?" asked the grocer as he was weighing out the sugar.

"Oh, I don't like him very much," the little fellow answered. "He is always crying."

"Why don't you change him, then, as you do other things?"

"We can't change him now, 'cause we've used him three days."

ROUND AND SQUARE

Tenant (paying bill): "Well I'm square now."

Landlord: "Yes, and I hope you'll soon be round again."

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND "SALADA" TEA "Fresh from the Gardens"



Watch Father smile

EVERYBODY gets tired of heavy foods along about this time of year. Serve a surprise at breakfast. Crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes and sliced bananas.

These golden flakes are so refreshing. Rich in energy. Good for you. No cooking. Made by Kellogg in London, Ont.



Kellogg's for crispness

Carroll's Limited advertisement listing various food products and prices. Items include Aylmer Pork and Beans, Aylmer Tomato Juice, Pears, Orchard Apple and Raspberry Jam, Rowntree's Elect Cocoa, Nuggett or 2 in 1 Shoe Polish, Chicken Soup, Cherries, Spaghetti, New Prunes, Dried Peaches, Shortening, Sauerkraut, Ivory Snow, Oxydol, Dog Food, and Flour Wax. Prices range from 10c to 43c.

LARGE SUNKIST ORANGES 45c per dozen | LEMONS 22c per dozen

Mill Street Phone 158 Acton, Ontario