



The Acton Free Press

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G. ARLOF DILLS, Editor.

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EDITORIAL

No Signs of Decay Here

The intimation that Georgetown Fair may not operate this year unless the usual municipal grant is forthcoming and the recollection that Burlington Fair will not function this year bring rather closely home the fact that these institutions are on the wane. The perpetuation of the Fall Fair in any community requires the attention and work of a body of public-spirited citizens of the town and district to keep it functioning successfully. It also requires practical financial aid from the area served from the many who are interested in its success. There is little doubt that if given attention and kept abreast of the times they are events that are assets to the community. If the aim of the organization is solely for making money or accumulating surpluses it is doubtful if any of these events can be considered successful. As a medium for town and countryside to meet they, however, fulfil a worthy place in the community life. After twenty years of successful operation there seems no thought that Acton Fair will not continue for many years. True, last year was rather hectic for every sort of organization, but even in this instance every obligation was met at one hundred cents on the dollar and this year the task is being met with an enthusiasm that puts to doubt any signs of decay in the Acton Fall Fair organization.

Three Cheers and a Tiger

The announcement last week that every pupil of Acton Public School who wrote entrance examinations had been successful has come to be rather the usual thing in this locality for several years. The last failure of an Acton pupil at this examination was recorded in 1922 and the name of the pupil or pupils at that time isn't recorded. It has become quite the usual thing to expect one hundred per cent. success in Acton for these pupils. But in spite of this feat that seemingly has come to be the usual thing, it is none the less a reflection of great credit on the Principal, Miss M. Z. Bennett, and the able staff under her. Of course, pupils for their diligence and attention to work likewise are to be congratulated. But over a period of years, when such a record is maintained with an every-changing group of pupils of various types, the success is, no doubt, largely attributable to a very efficient staff of teachers. Fortunately very few changes have been necessary for several years and in no instance have more than one or two changes been needed in the one term. Citizens of this community have every right to be proud of the results achieved and join in extending hearty appreciation and congratulations to Miss Bennett and her staff on this record. And while it has been mentioned previously another accomplishment can also be chalked up for Acton Schools this year—the winning for three-years in succession and permanent possession of the trophy emblematic of the school in the County securing the most points at the Musical Festival, under the direction of Mrs. M. R. Moore. Shall we give this staff three cheers and a tiger? While the teachers may not hear it, we believe they are receiving lusty applause. The staff the past year was Miss M. Z. Bennett, Principal; Miss D. M. Foleter, Miss M. Orr, Miss Isabel Anderson, Miss W. McMillan, Miss P. Bell, Miss M. Odbert and Mrs. M. R. Moore. It will remain the same next year as all the members have accepted re-engagement.

Crop Conditions

In its recent crop report the Bank of Montreal gives the general conditions as follows: "In the Prairie Provinces recent showers and cooler weather have been beneficial to the crops but rains and more favorable growing weather are required until the harvest to prevent further deterioration. Drought damage in the Southern and Central areas of all three Provinces is serious and a below-average crop is indicated with a shortage of feed in a number of districts. The grasshopper menace continues in certain areas. In Quebec weather conditions in the past week have been favorable to the growth of all crops but hay, now being garnered, will give an under-average yield. In Ontario crops affected by heat and drought have been benefited to some extent by spasmodic rains but yields will be below earlier expectations. In the Maritime Provinces growing conditions have improved and crops generally are doing well. In British Columbia crops are making good progress."

In the March of Time

The publication of the C. C. F. manifesto last week was a document that was awaited with interest. Many of the aims of this new party would seem to be the revamping of the ideals of other groups under a new heading. The aims are commendable in many instances, but one wonders a trifle why these aims, that are good for one class, are not desired for all classes. In Canada many things have already been socialized and worked for the welfare of the people in general, rather than for private gain. Without a doubt the overworking of our present system for private gain has been the means of bringing this new party into being and is making followers for the movement. The "Security of tenure for farmers and progressive removal of farmers' debt" is a plea that will appeal to the agriculturist. The same plan would appeal to the home owner or the business man who would be assured of tenure of his property and the progressive removal of his debt. These dreams of the future are what have been the means of elevation of mankind in the past. Whether we of to-day are ready for or capable of their immediate fulfilment is a question of greater importance. Conferences, new parties, elections, all are means of man striving to remedy the difficulties that hamper his progress. We are muddling through and gaining in wisdom by experience. None is a cure-all, and yet each has a value. In these or at any times all demand the most careful scrutiny and mature judgment. Our dreams must be carried out in reality and must be considered in the face of conditions to be met.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The experience of a long dry spell at least brings out a greater appreciation of a shower of rain.

The Exhibition posters are out and the Fall Fair prize lists are being arranged. The heat of summer days will soon give place to the chill of fall.

The waters of the summer resorts take a week-end toll of lives throughout the Province. Heed of warning signs and care should receive constant attention by pleasure-seekers.

The Baseball Club needs the support of the fans now, and none is more loyal than "Bud," the writer of THE FREE PRESS baseball story every week. Let's all put up a game fight with the boys when they need us back of them.

The programmes for the Fergus Centennial have been distributed. Our northern neighbors are planning for a real event at their hundredth birthday party from August fifth to ninth. Of course the Scotch thistle is prominent throughout the neat little programme booklet issued.

A candidate in every provincial riding is the announced policy of the C. C. F. That should suit the Henry Government to a nicety. With only a remote chance of electing its own candidates, the C. C. F. would still split the anti-government vote to the great advantage of the Conservative representative.—Barrie Examiner.

The chairman's introduction to the twenty-fifth annual report of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission, which has been printed, gives a fine general summary of the past year's operations and the present financial status of this great Provincial project. Ontario has every reason for pride in its development of power for the common welfare of its people.

In 1932 Canada outdistanced three of her own previous highest records for exports to the British Isles, viz., wheat, 46,874,000 cwt., as against the previous highest record of 41,005,000 cwt. in 1928; tobacco, 10,844,000 pounds as against 6,273,000 pounds in 1931; and plums, 20,000 cwt., compared with 18,000 cwt. in 1928. Not only did exports of wheat from Canada constitute a record for supplies going to the British Isles from the Dominion, but the 1932 total has never been exceeded by any country except during the two war years, 1916 and 1917, when shipments from the United States reached a higher figure.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

We have taken in four boarders and their names are Micky, Minnie, Jack and Jill. They are not very big but they are certainly very interesting. These little boarders that we have are commonly known as guinea pigs. Micky has a lovely black silky coat, Minnie is all white with pink eyes, but the babies are a mixture of black and tan. At first they were very timid but now they are quite content to sit on the palm of my hand and nibble at a piece of bread or a lettuce leaf.

It is long years since I handled a guinea pig but I have always had a sneaking fancy for keeping a few. When I was a little girl at home someone gave me two guinea pigs and they made splendid pets. Of course I had a very nice cage for them raised off the ground, with a little ladder attached so they could go in and out as they liked. At the same time I also had a tabby cat, called Tiny, and when Tiny was put out for the night she used to creep into the guinea pig's house and there she spent the night. But alas! Tiny was not the only cat that could get into the guinea's house. One night a neighbor's hungry cat also paid them a visit and the next morning there were no guinea pigs any more.

It is to be hoped that nothing so terrible happens to the little guinea we have now, but certainly they have to be watched, with two dogs, three cats and seven kittens roaming at large. The other day Jack and Jill did manage to find a way to escape and what a time we had to catch them! When we finally had them restored to their cage I breathed a sigh of relief that they were guinea pigs and not ordinary pigs. Which just reminds me—I did not tell you about my recent afternoon a week or two ago, did I?

It was this way. One afternoon—I think it was on a Tuesday—I thought I would take it really easy as I knew I was going to have a pretty stiff day on Wednesday. So I got out my needle-work and sat myself down in the garden. For about an hour all went well, and then into the quiet restfulness of the day came a sudden crash—and then a squeal—and then a grunt. Hens squawking, dogs barked and chickens flew in all directions. I jumped from my chair regardless of the scissors, work and thread that fell pell mell from my lap, as I ran to find out the cause of all the noise. I soon found it. There were our five big pigs—not guinea pigs, mind you, but honest to goodness porkers, chomping around in the yard as though possessed—making the best possible use of their new-found liberty, which had been acquired by crashing through the partition separating pig pen from the chicken house. What was I to do?—Partner and Mollie were out in the field—I couldn't get the pigs in alone and I couldn't leave them to call Partner, or dear knows where they might have gone or what they might have done. So I did the next best thing—kept the pigs from wandering into the garden or field until Partner could come to my rescue. When he did come the pig pen had first to be fixed and then the three of us started to get the pigs in. Get them in, did I say? I should have said "chase them round the farm," because where those pigs didn't go wasn't worth mentioning. Times without number we had them rounded up to the pig pen, but as soon as they saw the door invitingly open, away they went in the opposite direction, with squeals and grunts of delight at having outwitted us once more. To cut a very long story very, very short, it took us just about an hour and a half to get those wretched pigs into their pen again. Such a nice quiet restful afternoon—I did so enjoy it!

Thank goodness things like that only happen once in a while and glory be, nothing bigger than a guinea pig, so far has had to be chased in these days of sweltering heat.

Heat—and such a little rain—what a disappointing year it has been for gardens. Two pickings of peas and our vines were done. Beans have practically shrivelled up and tomatoes are rotting even before they ripen. As for the flowers, they have just managed to keep alive and that is all, although there are still enough mistletoes to attract the little humming birds. Every evening I watch for them and it is very rarely my little ruby-throated humming bird fails to appear. Tonight, when I went out, he was perched on the bough of an apple tree, but I kept very still and presently he winged his way down and hovering from flower to flower sipped nectar for his supper.

Given our choice, I wonder which we would prefer—a very dry summer or a very wet one? Which, I wonder, causes the least damage and the least hardship? I remember one year—was it in 1927?—when we could not harvest the greater part of the crop because the horses could not drag the binder through the mud in the fields. If present conditions continue we shall hardly have that worry this year! Come to think of it, a wet year, perhaps, causes more inconvenience, but less real hardship. The farmer's pocket book certainly suffers through it but there is no worry about water for the stock or any danger of wells running dry. Anyone who has seen animals suffering through lack of water never wants to have the experience repeated.

Geese, like ducks, require a large proportion of roughage in the ration.

SLATS DIARY

BY ROSS FARQUHAR

Friday—Len Tuttle took a job collecting bills for an agency and he told me to Day that about the one thing he could say for the job was that it kept him out in the open air because he seldom or ever got to go in side of a house a tall. Saturday—Ant Emmy's brother & law on her husband's side is a Constable out in Madison county and he rode to Ant Emmy the other day and sed him and the skwir had cut the price of three Pines from Five \$ to 2 \$35 and a 1/2 because of a change.

Sunday—Tuk a ride today in the ford and Ant Emmy seen an Indian selling blankets and she wood like to had 1 but she sed she wooden by emy things of emy forenere emy more.

Munday—Mr. Lakes returned back from his trip to India yesterday and he bring Mrs. Lakes a nice new Tiger skin which he had shot the owner of in India. Mrs. Lakes sed she thok it was very nice but she wood like to had 1 with the stripes running the uther way. Just for a change.

Tuesday—Ant Emmy went a shopping up to the city to-day and she got offly tired she sed but she was very very lucky because when she went in to the restrant and set down she found a ten c piece under the edge of the plate where she set down.

Wednesday—Pa says these fokes witch are all ways fawking about the good ole days makes him tired. He sed he gess the oney people who never talked about the good ole days was Adam & Eve. Thursday—Ma wanted pa to go with her to see a muscle comedy pitcher, she sed they was advertising a Corus of sixty, pa sed he drather go see a pitcher with a yunger corus.

The Oil for the Farmer.—A bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil in the farm house will save many a journey for the doctor. It is not only good for the children when taken with colds and croup, and for the mature who suffer from pains and aches, but there are directions for its use on sick cattle. There should always be a bottle of it in the house.

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