



The Acton Free Press

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G. ARLOF DILLS, Editor.

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EDITORIAL

Individuality and Uniformity

Civic Holiday has been proclaimed for Acton for next Monday, August 7. Like other events of the present day, this first Monday in August has come to be generally observed as Civic Holiday in a majority of Ontario municipalities. Of course the Mayor or Reeve of each centre has the power to designate any date that may seem advisable for that community to hold as a Civic Holiday. But with such immediate touch with neighboring centres and speedy means of transportation, it has proven advisable to hold this event on a uniform date. Time was not very distant that Civic Holiday was held on a different day in most every centre. We sometimes wonder if the wisdom of uniformity will not likewise be seen in the matter of time observance. Experience is a great teacher, and while no doubt it is splendid to be individual, still, when the individuality makes it necessary to be seriously inconvenienced as a whole community, it would seem that, like holidays, it would be best to line up in the matter of time, the same as in the matter of holiday observance.

A Complicated Jumble

Evidence that the novelty of radio advertising is wearing off and practical plans considered of presenting advertising messages to the public through the newspapers, are not wanting these days. The other day we had a call from a representative with a new scheme in connection with saving the day for the radio advertising field. The plan was to have the weekly newspapers and small dailies run a few columns of radio news and programmes. Then the advertisers who were receiving mention in this radio news were to run advertisements on the page, calling attention to the programme. We were told that through this means the radio advertiser would be sure of having listeners on his programme. He was to be sold on the idea that if he didn't advertise his chances for listeners would be very small. We couldn't work ourselves up to any enthusiasm in the scheme. First of all, we felt that the columns of radio programmes and news wasn't news. We believed our readers would sooner see a column or so of news from Rockwood or Limehouse or some other centre or the report of a local event, than this radio "news." In the second place, we couldn't see the necessity of the advertiser inserting a message telling his prospective customers to be ready to hear his advertising message at a certain time, when in the same space he could give his message very effectively without the two minutes of music. As a lead-on we were told that city dailies in centres west of us had approved the plan and were taking it up. Somehow the thing didn't appeal to us. This idea of bunking readers with news that wasn't news, and of advertising to have folks ready to listen to more advertising was too complicated a jumble for us to understand. Perhaps, too, the reason was that our own radio has lost its interest and become little more than a piece of ornamental furniture.

Any plans to curtail production of crops this year by conferences have been beaten to a frazzle by the weather conditions.

You Are Somebody's Hero

Everybody is a hero to somebody. It may be difficult for you to believe that anybody has put you into the niche where heroes are enshrined, but without doubt, that is the case. Perhaps a little brother or a young neighbor looks up to you; tries to imitate your walk, tips his cap at the same angle you do yours, patterns after you in every way possible. This may seem funny at first thought, but in reality it is a serious business, for a hero is an ideal. The small brother who tries to do everything just as you do, will imitate your grumbling just as quickly as he will your courage. Your faults are a handicap not only to yourself but to him. Your weaknesses imperil his future. You are a hero to somebody; so watch your step. A misstep may mean disaster not only to yourself, but to the one who has made you his ideal.

We are Careful, Loyal Citizens

The Barrie Examiner, in an editorial last week pointed out that the Ontario Government Highways Department has been carrying on an advertising campaign to promote safety on the highways of this Province and says that it might naturally be supposed that, when the Department is spending thousands of dollars in this campaign, it would endeavor to reach all the people, but especially those in areas where automobile traffic is the heaviest. To do this all the papers would have to be used. This has not been done. Papers on the patronage list seem to have been the ones favored, while several outstanding weeklies have been passed over. After mentioning several prominent weeklies that are not on the list for this safety campaign, the Examiner continues: "If the advertisement had been one calling for tenders for highway construction, inserted to help along a friendly paper, little exception could be taken to confining it to a certain list. It is a different matter, however, in a campaign the avowed object of which is to save the lives of people who use the highways. Are not the lives of readers of The Examiner and of the other papers of sufficient importance to be considered by the Minister of Highways? Another series of educative advertisements, placed by the Government, has been appearing in the weeklies, the selection of papers being made apparently in the same manner. This has been placed by the Hon. T. L. Kennedy, Minister of Agriculture. Though Mr. Kennedy is glad enough to accept the free publicity for his department which goes out regularly to all weeklies, he sends his paid advertising only to a selected list. No experienced advertiser, planning a campaign through the weeklies of the Province, would think of leaving out such papers as have been mentioned. The course pursued by the Hon. Leopold Macaulay and the Hon. T. L. Kennedy does not commend itself to those who believe that strict business principles should be applied in the expenditure of public funds." THE FREE PRESS is among those who do not enjoy the government patronage for advertising listed, although four other papers in the County are on the list and one of the centres is no even on a through highway and in another centre the highway hazard is so pronounced that both papers are used to warn the motorists of the dangers of the highways. Acton motorists are to be congratulated that they are placed in a category by the Department that needs no education or warning in careful driving and that the readers of THE FREE PRESS do not need to be urged to be loyal to the Province, and in buying select the products grown in Ontario.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Tillsonburg News observed its seventieth birthday and at its three score and ten this representative of Tillsonburg shows no signs of age, but all the vigor and progress of youth.

Professor Carl N. Shurter, head of a mathematics department in a college at Trenton, N. J., puts the odds against the "average man" in the stock market at 12 to 1. We thought they were greater than that.

The Fergus News-Record announces that this week they will issue a special centennial edition and the week following take a holiday and issue no paper. It's a good thing that these centennials only come every hundred years.

The Simcoe Reformer started something new in the weekly newspaper field of activities when it, last week, published several columns of news in the Flemish language, and will make it a regular feature of the paper, for the benefit of a settlement of Belgians living in that district.

The chap who used to go without his coat in the warm weather has now shed his collar and tie, and the man who formerly adhered to the adornments about his neck in all sorts of weather now is content with his underwear to cover the upper part of his body. We men are getting real daring in our dress!

It would seem that the Toronto police get quite panicky at any meetings or semblance of gatherings in the city parks. There's one advantage in the smaller communities. A soap-box orator, could discuss to his heart's content and the majority would pass him by and let him orate, but it is doubtful if there would be any crowd to disperse.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

Until this week I always looked upon Canada as being a white man's country, but now I find I have made a mistake. It simply can't be because white people can't possibly work with the mercury climbing to a hundred in the shade—that is for any length of time or with any degree of safety. With summers like this we shall soon need to import coolies so that work may continue while we take our daily siesta. Personally I would ask nothing better than to sit on a shady screened-in porch with a coolie to appear at my summons, carrying some kind of feed drink. But alas, we have neither porch, coolie nor feed drinks. There isn't a spot on the farm or in the house that can possibly be called cool, and any drinks I get I must get myself—even then they are minus the ice. Of course there are some people who don't feel the heat, and some who won't. Partner belongs to the latter class. He says the heat we are enduring is nothing out of the way, but that, of course is just common-sense—the more I feel the heat the more he pretends not to.

"What's all the fuss about," says Partner, "you can't say it's hot to-day." Hot? Well, no, I wouldn't be satisfied to say it is just hot. Before passing an opinion I would rather think of every suitable adjective contained in the dictionary and use them all in front of the word "hot."

But I notice Partner can always get away with his share of ice cream whenever there is any on the go, which is about every time I go to town, so if this weather keeps up much longer, we shall be absolutely broke. Ice cream may be very acceptable as an article of diet, but it is not so good for the pocket.

I wonder how long it will be before some doctor, scientist or biologist can introduce some infallible means to keep people from feeling the effects of extreme heat or cold? "Alice in Wonderland" nibbled a piece of cake and became bigger or smaller as she desired—how nice it would be if we in like manner could swallow a tablet and become hot or cold, according to the season. But no, instead of anything like that being possible, we have friends come in to visit us who have returned from Muskoka. They come at a time when we feel we have just about reached the limit of our endurance in regard to what we can stand from Old Sol, and then they sit down and tell us of the wonderful holiday they have had. How they woke to the sound of lapping water—just think of it—and how they were able to sit on the rocks on the hottest day and feel comfortable because of the cool breeze from the lake. Now I ask you, can it be held a sin if one's heart should fill with envy when one could do nicely with a small dose of Muskoka oneself?

Instead of blue water and green pines, all we have to see is brown grass and a burnt up garden. An aeroplane has just gone over my head—I wonder—is it cool up there in the clouds? Is it—can it be cool anywhere? I begin to doubt it. A little while ago three glistening rain-drops fell upon me. Three—that was actually all—came on my arm and two on the back of my hand. I waited and looked anxiously for more, but never another drop fell. Thank goodness we still have plenty of water, for we certainly need it. The cattle when they come down to drink, almost drink the trough dry and they bunt each other around, each one trying to be the first to get a drink, as they can't all get to the trough at once. Hens and chickens stand around panting, with lifted wings. Even the cats have taken to drinking water. The guinea pigs are really the only contented animals on the farm, and they don't drink anything at all.

But yet, in spite of the heat and drought, there are sounds and signs that the summer season is approaching its end. From everywhere one can hear the chirrup of crickets, and advertising in real earnest, as my arm and two on the back of my hand. I waited and looked anxiously for more, but never another drop fell. Thank goodness we still have plenty of water, for we certainly need it. The cattle when they come down to drink, almost drink the trough dry and they bunt each other around, each one trying to be the first to get a drink, as they can't all get to the trough at once. Hens and chickens stand around panting, with lifted wings. Even the cats have taken to drinking water. The guinea pigs are really the only contented animals on the farm, and they don't drink anything at all.

And so we approach the end of another season—a season that in many cases has been most discouraging, especially to farmers in the West. It may be all for the best, we cannot tell—these things are beyond our understanding. Perhaps, as an old gentleman said to me the other day, it's like eating. To have a specially sumptuous meal once in a while is a real treat, but if we had rich living all the time, we couldn't appreciate it.

Perhaps next year we shall have a really ideal summer—who can tell? And if we do, shall we be satisfied—That's the question? Strange how hard it is to find a large number of people at any particular time, contented with things as they find them!

Well, I must get away and get the supper, else there will be a few people around here who will be anything but contented.

Remove all callouses and enlargements from your stock with Douglas' Egyptian Liniment, a wonderful remedy.

SLATS' DIARY

BY ROSS PARQUHAR

Friday—well I guess it has cum to the Parting of the Ways for Mrs. Clara Coke & her husband. They have finally decided to go and get a divorce. Mr. Coke told me the other day that him and his wife did agree on 1 thing here or lately. He said he told his wife he was a dum fool when he married her & she agreed he was rite; and still was.

Saturday—the preacher has sent for me to cum down to see him a Monday, well I suppose I will half to long as they issent any thing Crooked about it.

Sunday—ma and pa including me down to see a nuther new baby with the stock bring to Mr. and Mrs. Foot below the forks. I thot at 1st it looked like its father but its ma told us it had just had a Spell of the colic and diddnt look so Good.

Monday—Lafe Poe stopped in at are house this evening and sed he was kind afraid to go home. he sed his wife had threw a plate at him this morning and as he tried to get away he nocked down a flour Pot and broke it and he is afraid she will be out of humor.

Tuesday—Ma was a saying to day that every boy shud have a ambishun to be President of his country. well mebbey it wood be all rite but Id like a few yrs. driving a nice big truck 1st. before I settle down.

Wednesday—We went on a picknick tonite and I diddnt get home till way after 11 and ma ast why was I so late and I sed we got to watching the beautiful Moon it was so pritty. well it diddnt go over so Well. ma sed according to the all Manack the moon set at six 15. It was lucky to set a tall. I dont feel like doing so. just now.

Thursday—Harold Slope applied for a job as Life saver up at the lake last week and passed all the tests. Accept in swimming.

CRESS CORN SALVE—Just rub on. No need to bathe or bind. At A. T. Brown's and E. J. Hassard's, Acton.

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

GET THE BEST

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the original—the standard of quality everywhere. Always sold with the personal guarantee of W. K. Kellogg:

"If you are not satisfied, return the empty red-and-green package and we will refund your money." Made by Kellogg in London, Ont.



Kellogg's for quality



Picnic Features

How about a picnic Monday? That's the gay way to holiday... out with the country breezes, beside a cool, purling brook, under a shady tree! And the peak of enjoyment is reached if the foods be fresh, first-class and wisely chosen.

SHOP AT CARROLL'S FOR COMPLETE SATISFACTION

- Neville's Devilled LOBSTER PASTE 3 tins 25c
Macomber's English BLOATER PASTE 3 tins 25c
McLaren's Lime PUNCH DRINK bottle 23c
Catarac Dry GINGER ALE Contents of 1/2 bottle 15c

- SOAP Specials! Fairy Soap 5 cakes 19c P & G Soap 5 bars 16c

- Brown Label SALADA TEA 1/2-lb. pkg. 23c
The Lunch Wrapping PARA SANI 100-foot roll 23c
Magic BAKING POWDER 16-oz. tin 34c
Patricio Crossed Fish SARDINES 2 tins 25c
Clover Leaf SOCKEYE SALMON 1-lb. tin 31c

- CROWN JARS First Quality Compound with Rubbers Doz. \$1.02 \$1.15 \$1.53

- Balmoral Cream Sandwich BISCUITS 2 lbs. 27c
Victory Fancy Red Cohoe SALMON 1/2-lb. tin 12c
McLaren's Crisp OLIVES 4-oz. jar 8c
French's Prepared MUSTARD 9-oz. jar 11c
Kraft or Hellmann's Salad DRESSING 12-oz. jar 21c
For Cheese Sandwiches CHATEAU 1/2-lb. pkg. 11c
Peerless Sweet Mixed PICKLES 35-oz. jar 25c
CARROLL'S LIMITED

- LEMONS—Special 29c per dozen
Sunkist Oranges 25c per dozen
Seedless Grapefruit 25c 4 for

Tomatoes, Potatoes and Fresh Fruit at Special Prices

Mill Street Phone 158 Acton, Ontario