



The Acton Free Press

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G. ARLOF DILLS, Editor.

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EDITORIAL

More Exports to United Kingdom

An increase of nearly \$17,000,000 is noted in Canadian exports to the United Kingdom for the first six months of the current calendar year, according to the monthly summary of Canadian Trade, issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. At the same time a diminution of imports of British goods into Canada is noted for the same period, this decrease amounting to approximately \$8,500,000. Canadian exports to the United States declined in the period under survey from \$94,000,000 to \$68,000,000. Imports from the Republic, however, dropped much more sharply—from \$146,000,000 to \$95,000,000. During the six months' period exports to the United Kingdom rose from \$62,000,000 in 1932 to \$79,000,000 this year, while imports declined from \$48,000,000 to \$39,500,000. For the 12 months ending June 30, 1933, Canadian exports to Great Britain had a value of \$196,000,000, a considerable increase over the \$165,000,000 recorded for the same period which ended a year ago. At the same time there was a heavy decrease in exports to the United States—from \$97,000,000 to \$86,000,000, and from the United States from \$307,000,000 to \$212,000,000 in the 12-month period.

Comfort Must be Paid For

The things we use and get pleasure and comfort from are those we do not mind paying for. Consequently when one makes a journey over Ontario's highways the gasoline tax does not seem so irksome, although it does seem out of proportion to the price of the commodity. But it is quite apparently the fairest method to collect from those who are making use of these highways for their maintenance. For miles these cover Ontario from north to south and east to west. When recollection is made of similar travel to the same places by devious roadways and a comparison is now made with the travel to the same destinations over paved and wide surfaces, with greater comfort and more rapidity and with greater safety, the worth of the tax is little begrudged. Each year sees new stretches laid and in the places where the pavements have needed resurfacing they are readily being kept in condition. Journeys of hundreds of miles are readily accomplished in a day's travel under present conditions throughout the province. Another feature which is appreciated is the present method of highway repair and construction. The resurfacing of tarvia roads is accomplished with little or no discomfort to the motorist. Half the highway is left available for traffic and the fresh tar covering is immediately covered with the gravel. Where highways are widened out, the old detour and barriers are no longer an aggravation to the traveller but the construction is carried on without interference to the motorist. In all cases of construction ample safety precautionary measures are taken. Truly the traveller of to-day would seem to be receiving a great deal in the matter of comfortable travel. A feature also worthy of note is the fact that with all the modern construction the beauty and scenic effect of Ontario's highways has not been entirely marred.

A brilliant display of the northern lights was seen in settlements further north on Sunday evening. It is believed by some as merely a change of weather, but a very safe forecast.

The Townships to Confer

Among the literature reaching our desk this week asking assistance with publicity was a bulletin of the Ontario Townships Association. It tells of a meeting to be held in Toronto on August 30 and 31. At this conference one of the subjects to be discussed will be "Are County Councils Necessary? If so, how can they be made more useful?" The speaker on this subject will be Mr. J. H. Ross, of Winchester. But that isn't all, a variety of resolutions have been formulated on items regarding a sharing of costs of provincial and municipal expenditures which, if passed by a representative gathering of the Townships will give some food for thought to the Provincial Government. Education, highway and hospital taxes come under review in these resolutions. Many of them have been long discussed by various municipal Councils and deemed advisable. The concerted action proposed at this conference will bring the matters to the immediate attention of the Provincial Government. The results of this conference will be followed with a great deal of interest.

The Changing North

When the editor should have been preparing material for this week's issue of THE FREE PRESS he was holidaying in Northern Ontario, and consequently editorial subjects of the usual run are not in the editor's mind. There's one thing that impresses us on visits this year to the north. The paint brush and brick have made inroads into Northern Ontario. On our first visits a few years ago, both these commodities were noticeable by their lack, but a few years and rapid transportation have wrought a change and now the buildings of Northern Ontario are losing their desolate look and taking on the coats of the south.

Perhaps the tourists are to blame for this change and again it is more likely that the touring of the inhabitants of these parts to other centres is more likely to blame for the change. We have visited in several centres where the summer camps for young Canadians are maintained—some of them very reasonably priced for a holiday, and some very exclusively rated. In all of them the Indian games and wild outdoor life in surroundings and pleasure are kept uppermost in the programmes. And even in the dress the Indian blanket and other apparel is a part of the necessity of camp life. A glimpse at the exposed parts of bodies about the bathing beaches and in camps also gives evidence that the copper colored skin of the Indian is readily being assumed by our young folks.

One naturally wonders if the next generation in their methods of play and outlook will be far removed from those who roamed these lands before the advent was made of what is known as the present white-man. Certainly a freedom of outdoor life is being enjoyed by the present young generations which was much more restricted a few years ago.

A few years ago, at the public dances in a northern settlement, the square dance was the popular dance. One or two round dances were on the programme. To-day the programmes are just the same as in older Ontario, with the round and square dances alternating and the "round" dance gaining in popularity. But the beach costumes are no longer confined to the beaches, but the free and easy holiday life and its accompanying holiday attire mingle in the dance with those more conservatively robed. There's no dividing line now between north and south, only that the southerners have gone more daintily northern, and the northerners, not to be outdone, have met the southerners in their changing of pleasures and habits.

EDITORIAL NOTES

One of the pleasures of a trip away from home is the joy of getting back home again safely.

With the Canadian National Exhibition but a week away, the conclusion is forced that summer is on the wane and the fall will soon be here.

Between the police and the newspapers it appears that a good start has been made in founding the anti-Jewish organization known as the Swastika Clubs.

A campaign is to be inaugurated during the early part of September throughout Canada to revive business by the buying of commodities. There is no doubt that such a buying-wave would do much to bring about better conditions for workers and everyone.

The programme for the Liberal-Conservative Summer School is out this week, and a copy received gives a wide variety of subjects that will be discussed at this week of study of subjects of importance to the welfare of Canada. Members of the school will be representatives of the Young Canada Conservative Clubs of Ontario.

According to a certain wise man, "The things we want and do not get are the things we wish for, instead of work for." Every worth while thing in this world has its price. Wishing is merely the process of selecting the goods. They are not ours and we cannot enjoy them until we have paid for them. The prices are the simple virtues of application, diligence, enthusiasm, industry, thrift and study. Certainly none of these is beyond the means of any of us.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for THE FREE PRESS by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

This week's chronicle is a story in two parts—and just one more illustration of truth being stranger than fiction.

The first part of my story is connected with the early days of the war. Partner was living out West, and had practically completed arrangements for going with his brother to the Peace River country, when war broke out, so, instead of going to the Peace River, Partner cancelled his arrangements and in October, 1914, joined the 28th Battalion, which was stationed in Winnipeg for military training. At that time there was a lady living in Winnipeg, who, realizing the need of the raw recruits, gave up part of her large residence for the use of these men, who, she felt, in their own way, were also giving up so much for the women and children of Canada. She allowed them the use of the billiard room in the basement of her home, where they were free to play cards or amuse themselves in any way within reason. Books were provided for them and a bathroom given over for their use. In fact, everything was done that could be done to provide some measure of comfort, convenience and recreation for "the boys." Only a certain number were allowed to go at one time, but, on every occasion, refreshments were provided for all who came. At a time when open bars were still the order of the day and soldiers off duty were only too anxious for some means of amusement, it can readily be estimated how much good this lady was doing by providing a place of their leisure hours. Partner often used to write and tell me about this "club" which had been organized, and of the kindness of the lady who founded it.

Now we come again to Ginger Farm. It was Friday, and the oats were ready to come in, so Partner summoned all hands on deck—or in the mow—which ever way you like to put it, and we managed to get in several loads before dinner, and moved away. It was not heavy work—the sun and the wind and absence of rain all summer had seen to that—so our work was unpromisingly light. We had finished dinner and I had taken off my shoe to hunt an elusive thistle, when Peter began to bark a warning that visitors were coming. With shoe unlaced I ran out to greet Peter's exuberance, which is at times, somewhat alarming to visitors unused to dogs.

A lady approached—a stranger to me—and her first words were—"Don't worry—I am never afraid of dogs." Now, I wonder what secret understanding there is between animals and animal lovers? Directly she spoke, Peter stopped barking and vigorously wagged his tail instead. "Are you, Mrs. Clarke?" inquired my visitor.

"Yes," I replied looking in wonder from the speaker to the beautiful car which looked so out of place in our farm driveway.

And then she told me her name—a name recognized as belonging to one of the foremost women of Canada. Well, after I had got my second wind I did manage to shake hands and express my pleasure at seeing her. But in the flash of an eye it even then occurred to me that one needs to be a farmer's wife to run up against the incongruities of life. Imagine—before dinner I was throwing sheaves around in the swing beam—after dinner I sat at ease chatting informally with one of the leading ladies in Canada!

That is not all—but perhaps you have guessed the rest. My visitor was also the soldiers' friend of Great War days of whom I wrote in the fore-part of this article. She was delighted when I told her my husband was one of the soldiers she had befriended, especially as, of the five hundred men who had passed in and out of her home, Partner was the only one of whom she had heard in post-war days. Of course, when she came to see me, she was not then aware I had married one of her proteges.

This lady was certainly one of the most interesting women it has been my good fortune to meet. One thing led to another and I think she stayed for over an hour. Many stories she told me—stories which had been handed down through generations of the early history of the pioneers. I am simply thrilled to the romance and tragedy and comedy of a bygone age. If it were not that I am proud of my own ancestry I should wish, above all things, that I were descended from United Empire Loyalist stock. How can people be indifferent to the history of the people from whom they have sprung? The older generations are dying out—every day records and traditions are dying with them, and the younger generation has not yet awakened to the trust which is theirs in the carrying on of the ideals and traditions of their forebears, who were largely responsible for the fertility of Canada to-day, but it needs people with vision, people like my visitor of yesterday, to blaze the trail and show the younger ones the way.

There are re-unions those days, all over the country—why should there not be a family historian appointed, who will make it her business to collect every little bit of information from relatives and from any other source available, and later have the collected data made into book form—even if it were only typed and preserved in the county archives? It would mean work and time, but I believe anyone taking up such work would become more and more interested even in spite of themselves. Some people say—

SLATS' DIARY BY ROSE FARQUHAR

Friday—well ma learnt Ant Emmy sum thing tonite when they was a tawking at the table about a girl witch's horse got a skeert and run away and Broke a girls leg on the bridal path over in Washington County yesterday. Ant Emmy all ways that the Bridal path was the middle ile of a chlrch wear the girls walk down just before they get married.

Saturday—Joe Hix was a going to the ball game tomorrow and he cum over to see if we had any Emty bottles becuz sum 1 stole his he sed.

Sunday—Mrs. Jell just retired back from her annual Trip to Yurup and ma set her this afternoon if she was sick on the Retirn trip all so and Mrs. Jell replied and told ma she was oney sick for a few days on the return Trip from Yurup.

Munday—ma is sore at pa becuz he keps on Enshining that she must breath throw her Nose and she just realized today that when you breath throw yure nose you pritty near half to keep yure Mouth shut.

Tuesday—I of pa's old friends is in jale on acct. of he invaded the Income tacks and his old sunday skool teacher is layed up with Hay fever so he disided to send sum thing to both of them and give the Pkgs. to me to delivver. But I gess I dun rong. the lady with hay fever got sore becuz pa sent her abokay of Golden rod. so I reckon I take the book on Wirls Tours to the 1 in the jale.

Wednesday—well they is a reporters job open on the nose-paper wear pa-wirks becuz they sent him to rile up a chlrch wedding an he cum back and sed its all off on acct. the bride groom and the Best man got into a fite and they postponed the wedding undefnitly.

Thursday—Mrs. Jell says she woud like to went to Japan oney she cant bear to think of riding in those Gin Rickcys over there.

"Canada has no history—she is too young." Rubbish—she has a wonderful history but who will believe it unless records of her people's greatness are preserved from one generation to another?



"We'll be there at 2 o'clock"

Bill Thompson, the threshing machine operator, finds the telephone a great time-saver. He telephones ahead so he's never held up for a crew.

"We'll be at your place at two," he says to Neil MacDonald, giving Mac plenty of time to get his neighbors over for the job, where granary partitions have been put ship-shape thanks to Bill's timely notice.

As a work and time saver; as a means of friendly contacts; as a dependable stand-by in emergency, you cannot do without your telephone.

For 30 cents you can telephone about 100 miles by making an "any-where" call (station-to-station) after 8:30 p.m. See list of rates in front of directory.

Long Distance is surprisingly inexpensive

Advertisement for Carroll's products including EAT BETTER spend less, DRINKS, CHEESE, JELLIES, SOUPS, BISCUITS, SALMON, and various vinegars and pickles.

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