



The Acton Free Press

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G. ARLOFF DILLS, Editor.

TELEPHONES—Editorial and Business Office 174 Residence 151

EDITORIAL

No Death of Inspectors

Whatever other businesses have been working with reduced staffs and fewer individuals, there is one vocation or calling, or whatever each person may term to call it, that has not been reduced. We refer to the crop of inspectors. When business conditions are good the average individual can meet these men or women with a smile and be accommodating. But couple up the elusive chase of trying to make both ends meet and throw in the visits of these inspectors and one feels, when they glibly start to hand out advice, like telling them to take the remnant that is left and see if they can meet their own stipulations and make the business go. The average man in any sort of business enterprise to-day will readily join in the chorus that we have too many inspectors—that we are over-inspected. Taxes and levies must be met and all will agree that it is a problem to meet them. But to the average individual it would appear that a great saving could be made by governments and others if many of these folk lost their positions. To go down the list and enumerate the various kinds of inspectors is, we believe, a task that could not be accomplished individually without omission, as each type of business meets with a different section. Usually their tasks are taken very leisurely, both of their own time and the time of the institution being inspected. The staffs and some consideration of their requirements is a subject that might well be considered by governments in relation to conditions of the present time.

A Word to the Motorist

In these days when schools are in session there is a need for greater caution on the part of motorists to avoid accidents. Among the army of young folk are scores of tots going to school for the first time, many of whom are not old enough to understand what traffic regulations stand for, or who cannot be expected to sense the hazards of the street in this motor age. That they will dart out from the curb in the abandon of their childish play is certain. To prevent their doing so would be impossible unless the sidewalks were barred with guard rails. Thus it is a duty and responsibility of motorists to drive their cars, particularly in school zones, in such a manner as to reduce to a minimum the dangers which arise from the thoughtlessness of children in their play. Childhood is the happiest time of life, and to expect children never to think of anything else but hazards of traffic is to deny them something of their birthright. Motorists have rights, we know, but no motorist has the right to endanger human life; and too often have motorists taken refuge in the alibi: "He darted right out in front of me," when a maimed and still form lies on the pavement. The motorist who is reasonably cautious has his car always under control. Near school zones and other centres where children are numerous he drives with the expectation that some child will dart out in front of his car, but his speed is slow and often he is able to stop. The number of children slain in the streets by motor vehicles is so appalling as to sicken the public mind. Motorists have a duty and a responsibility in this matter, which most of them strive to appreciate. Those who are too selfish to do so should be sternly rebuked. Jaywalkers are one thing, but innocent children are another.

Divorce Between Head and Hand

Some pointed comments on our educational system are made by Prof. John Dewey, a noted educationist, in an article in the American Teacher, in which he says: "Our whole educational system suffers from the divorce between head and hand, between work and books, between action and ideas, a divorce which symbolizes the segregation of teachers from the rest of the workers who form the great mass of the community. If all teachers were within the teachers' unions and if they were in active contact with the working men and women of the country and their problems, I am sure more would be done to reform and improve our education and to put into execution the ideas and ideals written about and talked about by progressive educators than by any other one cause whatsoever, if not more than all other causes together."

East and West

From all over the province comes word of cars of foodstuffs and materials being forwarded to those in more unfortunate circumstances in Western Canada. Acton and this district, in common with other centres, gave their share to make up these things which will come at a time of need to carry over our western friends until conditions work an improvement for them. True, there are many in these parts who need assistance, but the bonds which unite this Dominion must not be limited by the miles which intervene. In more prosperous times the abundance of the west has made its contribution toward the upbuilding of the east. In these times of adversity it is only fitting that the east should share with the west. The hope for all is that improved conditions will again shine upon the west and when that condition comes about the bread cast upon the waters will return again.

Debt Free

In the list of seventy-seven municipalities which are in financial circumstances to pay off their entire Hydro obligations is to be found our town of Acton. As a matter of fact the last debenture payment on the Hydro installation was met last year. Since its installation in Acton, the revenues from Hydro have been sufficient to meet all debenture amounts and the taxpayer has never been called upon to meet any of the cost of this public utility. Whatever criticism may be levelled at this institution of public ownership, there is no doubt that Ontario did well to develop its waterpowers for the use of all and not the gain of private enterprise. Perhaps the appreciation of the ownership of Hydro has made the public so zealous in guarding its interests and the condemnation of everything connected with it that savors of favoring or advancing the interests of any individual or group of individuals. The plans formulated by the late Sir Adam Beck have been a contribution to Ontario, that this generation will never fully realize and that it is hoped will remain unchanged for future generations. Hydro has been and is one of the greatest assets of this province. And the wish of debt-free and still-obligated municipalities is that the asset will be maintained and continue operation for the advancement and welfare of all the people of the province.

EDITORIAL NOTES

November, the eleventh month, has come and the year of 1933, that we approached with many doubts, is nearing its close.

Premier Bennett, according to a newspaper headline, in effect, states he is satisfied with Canadian prison conditions. A lot of folks on the outside are satisfied as long as they don't have to meet these conditions on the inside.

We are indebted to Mr. A. W. Wright for a copy of the booklet, "Now and Then—Pioneer Journalism in the County of Wellington." It is a most complete and interesting story of the history of all the newspapers of that county just to our north. Mr. Wright has made a splendid contribution of historical data in compiling this booklet.

In the passing last week of George M. Pearce, of the Simcoe Reformer, the newspaper field lost an outstanding individual. Connected with the Waterford Star for many years, and the last ten years with the Simcoe Reformer, he had attained marked success in the publishing field. A genial friend, he will be missed at all gatherings where newspaper men assemble and deep sympathy goes out to the family from a wide circle.

The announcement last week that Mr. H. D. Davis was retiring from the control of the Mitchell Advocate came as a surprise to friends of Mr. Davis. A man looked upon for many more years of usefulness in the weekly newspaper field, and a successful publisher, not a few publishers will await to see what line of activity Mr. Davis will devote his energies to, or wider field he may plan to occupy. Whatever his plans, a host of friends will wish him continued success.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

"So this is winter! And how many people, I wonder, did the great White King find napping? I wouldn't mind betting my last year's hat—which is the newest thing I have got—that at least ninety per cent. were caught unprepared. And, of course, we at Ginger Farm were among the ninety. Tuesday morning there was a nasty cold rain, so I took the children to school. In the afternoon I went off to a cooking demonstration put on by the Department of Agriculture, and from my seat in the hall I could see the rain had changed to snow and there were great white flakes fluttering by, blanketing the roofs and fences and the hoods and fenders of parked cars and making the roads and sidewalks a horrid alshy mess. After collecting daughter from her Girl Guide meeting, we were ready for home, and then the fun of the fair began. Our brave little Optimist set out for the trip home amid slushy streets and skidding cars, in spite of the fact that she lacked some of those conveniences which make for safe driving, but I think true optimism in a car, like that in a person, is when an optimistic attitude is maintained even though car or person may lack those conveniences usually considered indispensable to existence. For instance, the Optimist has only a handwiper on her windshield, and as we were facing the storm on our homeward way, the flakes fell thick and fast and I was obliged to drive with one hand and work the wiper with the other. Even then I could scarcely see in front of me and drove so slowly that the Optimist went to sleep on the job—that is to say she stalled—not once but several times, before we reached our happy little home, sweet home.

The next morning there was still snow on the ground and how many, I wonder, had just such a scramble as we had to get together suitable winter footwear. I dug out boots and rubbers, simultaneously offering up a silent prayer that they might still fit the feet for which they were bought—and glory be, they did! With mitts and rubbers, heavy coats, windbreakers and whoops of joy the children set out for school. I watched them go and felt a little envious, a trifle old and a little sad, that the time had come when it was impossible for the first snowfall to raise a thrill in my perhaps-too-prosaic nature. But that, I suppose, is one of the tragedies of time—the joys of yesterday have no appeal to the maturity of to-day. Ah me, already I can imagine myself wizened and old—the stick that belongs to decrepit old age already in my feeble hand; but—"Let me grow lovely growing old." Shades of my brothers—do I not hear their voices say—"Grow lovely—what, you? You, who were never lovely young, how do you expect to grow lovely growing old?"

Oh my brothers—what memories! From one of them I was given the choice name of "Mugsump," and from the other "Poppylegs," and for what reason I never knew—probably they didn't know either.

In my younger days I used to think brothers were the curse of suffering sisters, but later years have led me to think they are one of our greatest blessings. Think of the swelled feminine heads there would be if it were not for brothers. With them no girl or woman ever has the remotest chance of getting her head even the slightest bit inflated because from brothers one hears at all times the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. There was never a brother yet who knew anything about writing unless it were from silver paper, wrapped an ugly parcel in silver paper, and then, of course, once the desired end was achieved, the silver wrappings were ruthlessly torn away.

Our brothers—bless them—even though we often in the days of our youth, wondered what spirit of ill luck wished them upon us, yet those same brothers, those teasing, tormenting tyrants, were perhaps after all the best things that ever happened to us.

"The pen is mightier than the sword" and sometimes I think a pencil is more ridiculous and surprising than anything on earth. For instance, when I picked up a pencil this afternoon, and some odd pieces of paper, I had no more thought of mentioning my brothers and yet there they are, and there I suppose they will stay. What I really intended writing about was "The cooking class, after I got through mentioning our premature winter. One thing I must say I enjoyed the cooking classes and, with the smell of all the good things they made, I don't think I was ever more hungry in my life, but I was thinking afterwards how farm people would welcome demonstrations on how to avoid waste and new ways of putting up a good substantial meal for hungry men and how to perform a miracle when six people drop in to tea the day before you bake and the state of your cupboard is somewhat akin to that of Mother Hubbard. I think most busy farmers' wives would welcome a few pointers on how to talk intelligently while figuring out how to make supper, intended for five, stretch out to meet the needs of ten. There are so many things that one person knows that another one doesn't know, and vice versa, that if all this information were gathered together we might all learn something worth while. And I don't mean only in the way of cooking, but everything—nothing, house-furnishings,

AN INNOVATION FOR THE ROYAL WINTER FAIR

The "Aisle of Champions," an innovation at the Royal Winter Fair, which has no duplicate at any major livestock show in the world, is again to be featured for the last few days of the forthcoming show. The Grand Champions and the Champions, male and female, for each class both of beef and dairy cattle are assembled in a special display of stalls arranged in the east annex of the Royal Coliseum in the section reserved in the hall of industrial exhibits. The idea underlying the "Aisle of Champions" is that the general public often misses the premier animals in the show, owing to the large number on exhibit and that they will now have an opportunity of seeing the cream of the cream assembled in one place and thus get a rapid glance of the best animals to be found in Canada. The arrangement also gives to the trained agriculturist a better opportunity of seeing the merits of the individual animals and a close inspection of them. The animals are placed in the special stalls immediately after the judges' decisions are known.

It will Relieve a Cold—Colds are the commonest ailments of mankind and if neglected may lead to serious conditions. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will relieve the bronchial passages of inflammation speedily and thoroughly and will strengthen them against subsequent attack. And as it eases the inflammation it will usually stop the cough because it allays the irritation in the throat. Try it and prepare it.

WRONG IDEAS

A lot of our common ideas are wrong. It is quite true that iron is really white, and only turns black on exposure to the air.

In the same way, gold doesn't glitter till it's polished, diamonds have no sparkle until they have been cut, and opals when first found in their natural clay setting are so soft that they can be picked with the fingernail.

But one of the commonest fallacies of this sort is to describe the pig as a dirty animal. In their natural mode of life pigs are very clean, finding food by rummaging in woodland. But their feet are so formed for digging that when they are kept in a confined space they cut up the earth and churn it into mud—Exchange.

garden produce—anything at all that will help us to make the best use of everything we have. For instance, can anyone tell me what to do with old zinc sealers rings?



SURE OF A SPANKING

An old gentleman stopped beside a small boy, who sat on the park seat. "Why are you crying, sonny?" he asked tenderly. "Boo-hoo," blubbered the child. "I've just found sixpence." "But you need not cry about that," said the old gentleman. "If I had found sixpence I would think I was very lucky." "Yes, but you don't understand," murmured the boy. "If I give it to mother, father will spank me; if I give it to father, mother will spank me; and if I keep it myself, they will both spank me."

A WRONG THEFT

Ben: "Why did Lucille break off her engagement to you?" Bob: "Merely because I stole a kiss." Ben: "She must be silly to object to her fiancee stealing a kiss from her." Bob: "Oh, I didn't steal it from her!"

MAKING READY FOR ANOTHER LIFE

The commonest acts of life call for an exercise of faith. The farmer who ploughed his field and planted his wheat last fall did so on the assumption that the winter would pass and the spring return. He could not prove it, but he believed it.

We need both faith and reason in planning for the affairs of every day, as well as in planning for the life beyond. When the flowers are dying, when the days are growing colder, when the leaves fall, the farmer makes ready for another spring, and when the clouds are thicker, our hearts heaviest, and death seems triumphant, we should focus our energies most intently on making ready for another life.

Alfalfa and sweet clover, as well as ordinary clovers, are most resistant to white grub attack. Sunflowers are almost immune.

Advertisement for EDWARDSBURG CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP, featuring a product image and text: "The economical and delicious table syrup" and "A nourishing sweet for the whole family".

Large advertisement for fine FOODS AT ECONOMY PRICES, listing various products like Libby's or Aylmer PORK AND BEANS, Marmalade, Quaker Oats, Tomatoes, Pineapple, Corn Syrup, and Carroll's products.

2 TOKAY GRAPES—Special 19c / 7 SWEET POTATOES 21c

Mill Street Phone 158 Acton, Ontario