



The Acton Free Press

Published Every Thursday at Acton, Ontario

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G. ARLOF DILLS, Editor.

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Acton's Lower Rate

The action of the Acton Council in lowering the tax rate by one mill is a move that will commend itself to all citizens. The decrease is not much but it is in the right direction. Further satisfaction can also be taken in the fact that the reduction is not accomplished by any means of questionable book-keeping but due to an improved financial standing of the municipality. Acton can look forward to lower taxation in the next few years. While many municipalities are faced with the problem of finding money to meet extraordinary expenditure on relief problems Acton faces the future with all this problem of the past few years paid for and not a cent contributed out of the taxes. The generosity of citizens has made this possible. There has been no difficulty in meeting obligations as they came due and at no time has the municipality been in financial stress. Now when it would appear that much of the need for these extra expenditures has been passed, Acton can look forward to the future to lower taxation. Unlike County, Provincial or Dominion Governments, Acton has been decreasing its indebtedness and if these other governing bodies had the same outlook as this municipality, the future would appear very bright. Unfortunately they have not and until they do adopt a little of the principal of paying-as-you-go, all may look for increased levies from that quarter, that will greatly outweigh the decrease accomplished in the municipal affairs. The new Middle Road will have its levy felt here in the County Rate at a later date.

An Ounce of Prevention

Reckless driving, careless parking and other misdeeds of motorists were called to our attention last week by an anxious father whose children use the Main street daily, and concern was felt that a serious accident was inevitable if these practices are continued. They are not uncommon in other centres as well as Acton but that does not make them right here or any place. There is real reason for concern. If a speedway is desired or necessary, there is plenty of wide open highway where speeding is much safer than the main street. Intersections are numerous and in proceeding along Mill Street a child is liable to come from any of these points rather unexpectedly. The parking of trucks is perhaps the worst offence. Some of these park for unlimited conversation periods with absolutely no regard to the convenience or safety of the public. The drivers very often find it inconvenient to get close to the curb and proceed to unload with the vehicle almost in the middle of the roadway. There are habitual offenders of these common rules and we quite agree with the father who brought the matter to our attention that a few trips to court with the customary fine paid, would prove a splendid lesson to all that laws are made to be enforced and not just to clutter the statute books. Fines and examples would be much better than accidents, which may leave results that cannot be erased. Acton is no better or worse than other centres, and in spite of all the stories and pictures printed in the "Straight Furrow," glaring examples of laxity in law enforcement meet one every day and are more effective in the story they portray.

Hens are Working Harder

A recent government report contains the interesting information that whereas in 1924 the average Canadian hen laid 79 eggs, by 1933 she had raised her production to 110 eggs. The price of eggs was apparently no factor in this extra effort, as eggs were cheaper in 1933 than in 1924; the credit must therefore be given to better breeding and better husbandry on the part of those engaged in the poultry industry. The total production of Canadian farm eggs in 1933 was approximately 210,585,000 dozen with an estimated value of \$26,345,000. These figures relate only to eggs produced by hens on farms, and do not include the eggs of urban poultry. Production of 110 eggs in a year is, however, far below the possibilities which have been established by Canadian poultrymen. Lady Victorine, a Barred Rock pullet owned by the University of Saskatchewan, established a world's record by laying 358 eggs in 365 days, and Dauntless Doreen and No Drone, both owned in British Columbia, with 357 each were only one egg below the record.

Rubbing It In

Acton seems to be very much overlooked in the matter of highway construction in the County. The Second Line work seems to have reached a standstill just below Speyside and no further work is being done on this roadway at the present time. It is the one section in the whole province that just now has no activity on it. Highway ditches and the Middle Road construction are, we understand, being proceeded with in the same feverish state as all other highway expenditure is being made at present. We are also informed that men from all the municipalities except Acton are being employed on the highway construction at the lower end of the County. What is the matter with Acton? Is it only in Halton County for assessment and election purposes? Perhaps the chaps who canvass you for your vote and influence these days can explain this situation. It's usually thus with Acton, but then sometimes around elections there has been a loosening up of the ban that seems to surround Acton in road construction. It appears Acton has even been overlooked at election time, which is rather rubbing it in.

Bring on the Cure

The findings of the Stevens Commission at Ottawa of the practises of the concerns that have come within the scope of the investigations are not very comforting to the chaps who have barely had sufficient upon which to exist and with others who have had very meagre fare. It would seem that in all cases the worker or producer got the short end of the deal. Since all these seemingly unfair methods have been brought to light and the general public made acquainted with them, the question arises: "What is going to be done about it?" The mass buying evil has made itself felt in every quarter. The power of money has been used to make the worker and producer sweat. Naturally this class are in no mood to continue in the same way. If these methods are wrong, the common folks look to those in authority to put a stop to them. Tolerance of these things and treating investigations merely as findings, with no cure for the evil, are the things that bring about hasty mob action and revolutions. The bringing to light of unfair conditions, accomplishes no good unless a cure is obtained for the disease. The Stevens investigation has done a good public service thus far, but the cure yet remains to be administered.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tuesday was nomination day and now the candidates are officially in the race, with the finishing line just next Tuesday.

Next week the election will all be over and everyone can plan vacations or settle down to routine business.

The ball fans are back of the boys again. Another win on Saturday will make them take a new interest in the local nine.

The rains of the week have been most welcome. The parched ground readily absorbed the moisture and already everything about looks better.

Northern Ontario has produced many things that claimed the headlines. But the five little girl pioneers that came to the Dionne home have held the limelight for a considerable period.

Vacation time is at hand. It is well to exercise the same care while on a holiday trip that would be used under other circumstances. The week-end accidents are altogether too numerous.

The "Straight Furrow" is a truly remarkable publication. Seemingly no advertising and no subscription rate. What is its source of revenue? But then, it will have only lived a few weeks on its no income basis.

County Council was expected to meet on Friday, June 15th but it is understood June 22nd is now the date. Possibly the committee's report regarding Halton's share of the cost of the Middle Road from the Department of Highways will come with less telling effect after June 19th? Maybe the voters would like to hear this report before that date?

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

Well, we have had a little respite from the heat, but where, oh where is the rain? Farmers, these days, ask each other two questions—"How is your water supply hanging out?" and "What about your pasture?" We don't hear crops discussed quite so much because there is still a chance that they may come along all right if only we get a decent rain. Not so the pasture—even rain cannot make grass and clover grow if the roots are not there. Both problems are bad enough, but surely water shortage is the more to be feared. Water—which we are used to having in abundance and which we have become accustomed to using so lavishly—except, of course small boys—is one of the most necessary and most ordinary of our natural resources. Truly, it is only when we lose a thing, or stand in danger of losing it, that we realize its value. Lately I have noticed several lawns whose owners I know have always taken great pride in keeping them green and fresh, but now they are brown and scorched. They don't look a bit nice but yet those lawns, to my way of thinking, speak eloquently of the serious forethought of their owners in comparison with the green, well-watered lawns to be seen in front of some residences. Whenever I see a sprinkler at work I want to say—"Oh, don't, don't use that water—you may need it so badly later on!" I am not an alarmist, but I do think people should exercise reasonable care in connection with water until an adequate supply is assured. Last year taught me a lesson. We thought our well was inexhaustible but yet Partner pumped it dry every day before the season was over. It was not a very comfortable feeling, I can assure you.

This year I started in to save-water almost as soon as the dry spell started. Dish water, washing water, water from the separator and pails, all is saved and used to water the garden. And now Partner has disconnected the sink pipe at the elbow outside and the waste water runs into a large tub placed under the outlet pipe and does splendidly for watering the garden each night. I was afraid to use soapy water at first until a friend told me it is the finest thing out for the garden, there being something in the soap which acts as a fertilizer.

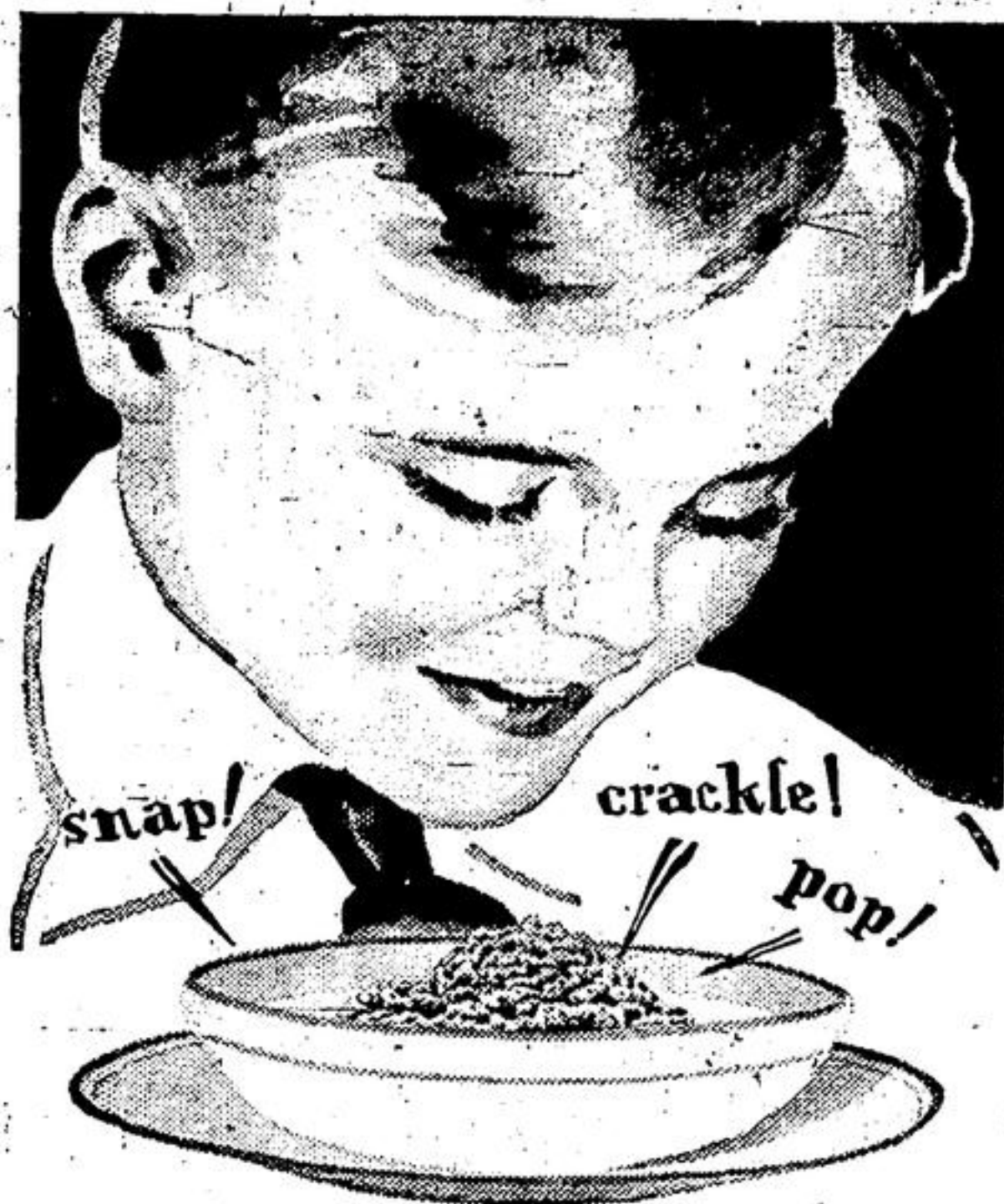
Speaking of water—last Tuesday we saw all the water we could want. It was one of those terribly hot days, and I was thinking the children in school would be pretty nearly smothered, so I met them at four o'clock, filled up the car with kids, and away we went to the beach. We all had a lovely cool swim in the lake and although we were only in about half-an-hour, it was well worth the twelve mile drive. Besides that, the drive itself was enjoyable, with the car windows all open and a breeze blowing through. It was the first time I had been cool for three days and how the youngsters loved it. The amazing thing to me was that there was not another soul on the beach! Familiarly, we know, breeds contempt, but how anyone, with the temperature standing at round 80 degrees could live near the lake and not take advantage of its cool waters, I cannot think. It seems almost unbelievable—in fact I think such a fact is entitled to space in some "believe it or not" corner.

Which reminds me—did anyone ever know of a groundhog to climb a tree? Believe it or not—we had one here which did that very thing. Peter-dog and I were walking across one of our fields in which there was a stump about four feet high. On the top of the stump was a groundhog. It didn't move as we approached and I thought it was a dead one which some hunter had probably thrown up there out of the way. But yet it didn't look dead, so I gave it a poke with a stick, to see if it really was alive. To my surprise it moved away, got too close to the edge of the stump, fell over and landed right on top of Peter. How it got onto the stump is a mystery but one thing is certain—it will never get there again—Peter made sure of that. Poor groundhog!

My eleven hens have finished hatching and between them they hatched me out one hundred and twenty-five fluffy little chicks, five of which got tramped. They are sturdy little things and, judging by their appetites, one hundred and twenty will be quite enough for me to buy feed for. If one could be sure of one's market when they are full grown, one would know better what to do, but it's all such a gamble. Raise a lot of chickens and if feed prices go up and chickens run down, then one loses out. Raise a few, and if chicken prices go up then one is out of luck again. "Then why raise chickens at all" did you ask? Oh well, it's all part of the game. I can no more help raising baby chicks than I can help growing flowers in the garden. They are one of the joys of farming—that is until they grow to be hens and start making a dustbath of my garden, then another joy would be to go out and wring their necks!

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, an excellent remedy.

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—with her dried apples, cracker barrels and what not... she's gone... all except the happy, friendly atmosphere... this you will find in your local MODERN Carroll store... that same chummy, good-to-be-here feeling. C'mon 'round and save some money.

GOLDEN TIP
TEA lb. 65c
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Dr. Jackson Suggests ROMAN MEAL HOT DAYS RECIPE Make Roman Meal porridge, cooking only 1 to 3 minutes. Cook in own heat off stove half hour or more. Refrigerate over night. Serve with fruit or preserves or jelly or honey or maple syrup and cream. Delicious! Dr. Jackson's Per 95c. ROMAN MEAL 29c	Wax Beans Beaver Fine Quality 3 No. 2 tins 25c
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