

Editorial Page

Creating a Deficit

It is encouraging to learn that the Department of Highways planted well over 46,000 trees in 1960 along the provincial highways. It is unfortunate that our municipalities have not undertaken similar programs to plant trees in areas where they would be an added attraction in a few years.

Tree saving is important too, and the Department successfully removed and replanted nearly 1,800 trees, many of which were mature trees up to 30 feet in height. The work was possible because of the use of the Department's tree saver, the only one in Canada. Otherwise the trees would have been destroyed during highway construction.

Besides the scotch pine, maple and other varieties the Department is planting ornamental trees that can be displayed to advantage, such as flowering crab, barberry, lilac, honeysuckle, silver birch, weeping willow and other eye-catching varieties.

The planting of the trees and shrubs is augmented by the planting of grass along the highways. Last year almost 6,000 acres were grass-seeded using a new mechanical seeding method whereby the grass seed is sprayed over the area. Mechanical grass seeding is carried out by teams of one hydraulic seeder with one or more blowers. One sprays a mixture of grass seed and fertilizer and one follows and covers the area with a mixture of straw and tin asphalt emulsion which holds the seed until the grass has taken root and turf been created.

All of this is encouraging. It is surely setting an example to municipalities that haven't planted a tree in the last decade despite the removal of a number of them.

If we lose sight of the beauty that trees and well kept park and grass areas can offer there may be a whole generation following that will be left with the tree deficit we are creating.

Let's Cut the Toll

Each year, more than 66,000 Canadian homes are damaged by fire — an average of 165 fires every day. Property loss is estimated at \$27,000,000.

Of the 400 Canadians who will die in residential fires each year, about half are children. Home fires can be prevented and the following precautions are especially applicable at this time of year.

1. Remove matches and other inflammables from the pockets of winter garments before storing.
2. Clean out attics, basements, sheds, garages and other areas where rubbish may have accumulated.
3. Use non-inflammable fluids for clean-

ing floors and clothing; do not use gasoline or similar volatile fluids.

4. Oily rags, or rags soaked in turpentine or other fluids, should be destroyed or kept in sealed metal containers.

5. Winter heating materials — oil, kerosene, etc. — should be kept at minimum level during summer months.

6. Chimneys and furnaces should be cleaned thoroughly.

7. Check fans, air conditioners and similar summer appliances for frayed cords or loose connections.

8. Remove accumulated leaves from eaves and around base of homes.

Stand and Be Counted

Without question the best aid that the West can give the people of the underdeveloped countries is to help people there to help themselves. In a modest but not insignificant way some Canadians are ready to do just that. The operation, called Canadian Overseas Volunteers, is privately financed and will send young Canadians to Ceylon, India and Sarawak for one year to teach and give technical assistance. Ten University of Toronto students have already been chosen; ten more will be selected from Laval University in Montreal.

The plan was conceived by a University of Toronto graduate, Keith Spicer, who spent some months in Asia on a Canada Council grant studying the effects of Canadian foreign aid. The 10 Toronto students have completed an eight-week language course, will work under Asian supervisors and be paid at prevailing wage rates. Cost of the plan is \$2,000 per volunteer, most of which will go for travel expense. Fred Stinson, Mem-

ber of Parliament for York Centre, is in charge of the fund raising and contributions to date have included \$2,000 donations from the United Church, the Toronto Star and Imperial Oil Limited.

Keith Spicer's scheme is not unlike President Kennedy's Peace Corps plan, although in fact it seems as though our privately-sponsored volunteers might be in the field before Kennedy's government-sponsored volunteers are dispatched overseas. Perhaps our program has the added advantage that it will be free of the communist-inspired charge that the Americans will be imperialist propagandists or espionage agents.

To spike such obstructionist talk, President Kennedy has suggested that other countries work through the United Nations to co-operate in the effort. If the Canadian program can be expanded, we might be wise to tie in with that suggestion. Certainly this is one area where it will serve a good purpose to stand and be counted as a backer of U.S. policy.

The Policing of Business

It is an axiom that in business, particularly in retailing, competition is in public interest. There are a good many federal and provincial laws to ensure that competition suffers no artificial restraints. Oddly, however, the government of Alberta seems to be advancing quite the opposite argument.

A bill introduced in the provincial legislature would prohibit a businessman — unless he is just starting out, and then only for a period of seven days — from offering "to give, directly or indirectly, any gift, premium, services, concession, prize or other benefit . . . for the purpose of furthering the sale of any goods or service." The wording seems to rule out many things a consumer would consider as part of the normal and beneficial rivalry for his business.

To enforce the proposed restrictions the government would give itself the authority to cancel a businessman's license to operate if, in the cabinet's opinion, he has contraven-

ed a code of ethics, methods, practices and systems that the cabinet proposes to draw up. In effect, this means that the cabinet would have discretionary power over advertising, for that is the hub of the government's interest. The bill is aimed at trading stamps.

The Alberta groups that have lobbied against trading stamps probably are surprised that to satisfy their request the government would arrogate to itself such broad authority over business management's right to manage. But that is the way of restrictive laws. Intended for one particular purpose, they often have other and unwanted effects.

Some policing of business is necessary. Government is obliged to see that the consumer gets honest weight and full measure, and is protected against fraud. But the principle that government should restrict competition is an unwelcome adjunct to Canadian law.

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EDITORIAL OFFICE PHONE 600, ACTON

"Real Pals"



—Photo by Esther Taylor

Sugar and Spice . . .

BY BILL SMILEY

for. "Say, you know, if a fellow started breeding these things seriously . . ."



There's something missing in my life this spring. I've been feeling restless and unfulfilled lately and didn't know what was the matter. But I've realized what it is. I'm lonely for my old house. Since we moved here last September, we've lived in a rented place and while it is a good house, it hasn't the character of the old place. There's nothing falling down, or heaving, or torn up. Everything is its neat, tidy and uninspiring as the exterior of a shoe-box.

Other years, about this time of year, I'd be excitedly planning all sorts of repairs, renovations and improvements, as I walked around my haggard half-acre. Once the first fever of the trout season had abated, I'd make a tour of inspection, usually on a sunny Saturday in May.

First, I'd check the ruts in the lawn, made by the coal truck. Depending on what kind of a winter we'd had, these crevasses ran from a few inches deep to more than a foot. I'd measure their depth with a practised eye, shake my head admiringly at the skill of the truck driver in hitting the softest spot in the lawn, and mutter, "If a fellow just had a truckload of fill and some grass seed . . ."

Then I'd mosey around to the back and check the clothes line. The Old Lady used to give me quite a bit of trouble over that. About four times each spring she'd haul me into the backyard, wave hysterically at all the line, sturdy, upright clotheslines of our neighbours and point, speechless with rage and shame, at ours. It wasn't the rust that made her so mad. It was the way the line perched sagged in the middle, as soon as she put anything heavier than a pair of panties on it. Pole at the far end was rotten and kind of leaned toward the house, letting the line down to about two feet off the ground. And every May, I'd look at it and mutter, "If a fellow could just get hold of a good, straight cedar pole about 15 feet . . ."

Then I'd poke around into my patio and look at my shingles. They left a row when I had the new roof put on, seven years ago. Each spring I'd kick them over, so they would dry on the bottom. I always figured that when they were well dried, I would tie them in bundles and sell them for kindling. "If a fellow would get 10 cents a bundle for them, even . . ."

Then I'd turn over a few spatulads of earth in my garden. I had dug that little plot, the whole four square feet of it, six years ago. It wouldn't grow carrots or radishes or green onions, but it produced some of the best fishing worms you ever saw — those skinny, red ones that the trout really go

satisfied that my worms had wintered well. I'd give the cedar hedge a routine check. When we first moved to the old house, it was about 12 feet high. Every spring, I tried to figure out a way of trimming it. And every spring, it was a foot higher. Then the maples and spruce started growing up through the cedar, and it was so pretty I just let it go. It must be 20 feet high by now. "But, if I wanted to thin it, I'll bet I could get some good timber out of there . . ."

Next part of my annual inspection was the cellar. I'd go down there ready for anything. And that's just what I'd find in it — anything from a beaver pond to potatoes right out of the cellar floor. I used to pick up a shovel, move some ashes from here to there, then get absorbed in restoring the broken window with a burlap

sack and finally, head upstairs, mumbling, "If a fellow could just get somebody to take those ashes out of there . . ."

There were dozens of other little jobs to plan: painting the trim; putting up that section of fence the kids knocked down three Halloweens back; putting new panes in the storm windows; tearing down the leaky drain pipes. Each of them took careful, accurate figuring on time involved, and money for materials.

And you know, I miss all that. There's something about that goal, old spring tour of inspection that is vital and satisfying. It just makes you want to get right at things and plan them. After years of planning, this year I feel like a gentleman farmer without a farm. I never got around to doing any of those jobs around the old place. But if I saw it myself, there was nothing wrong with the plans.

G.A.D. About

Now is the Time for Arena

Tips on Touring

By Carol Lane
Women's Travel Authority

Woman's work can be done . . . and far easier than it used to be. Here are some tips on removing stains from a variety of fabrics.

Get rid of grease and oil stains, cover the area heavily with absorbent powder such as talcum. Then vacuum. With dry-cleaning fluid and absorbent cloth, clean spot from the outside edge toward the centre. If the stains have just been made, soak first with dry cloths, then dry clean any remaining spots.

Lighter cleaning with cleaning fluid or absorbent dry-cleaning powder. Remove what's left with a knife. Vacuum the powder, or go over the spot again with the cleaning fluid.

Spilled ink? Don't use milk! It adds a stain of its own. Sponge first with cool water. Then use a solution of one part denatured alcohol and two parts of water. (First test it on a concealed upholstery part to make sure it won't stain.) Then, sponge, dry, rinse and blot. While permanent-type ink never disappears entirely, this method can lighten the stain.

If your puppy had an accident in the car, sponge the area lightly with warm salt water (1 cup salt to 1 quart water). Soak dry with rags, rinse and dry again. Finally, for cats and chews, late stains, use clear lukewarm water. Sponge from outside of spot to centre. Soak, dry with rags, sponge again with lathered suds, and soak dry.

Everywhere I look, there is something to remind me that NOW is the time to be doing something practical about the Community Centre for Acton, and I note that my friend Gene Braida has started the ball rolling in a way that really counts, and must be encouraging to those in charge of the campaign.

There will no doubt be plenty of discouraging notes, as the canvassers go about their various calls in the next few weeks in town and district. It is well to remember that these canvassers are your neighbours and friends who are simply doing a voluntary task in community building. They get no remuneration of any kind except the kindly word you pass to them when they make their call.

Over the years I have done a share of this community's canvassing and I have a good deal of sympathy for these community workers. I know, we all have no time for those solicitors from out of town who are out to make a last buck for themselves.

The folks who are doing the actual canvassing will have many and varied experiences. Some will be pleasant and some will be otherwise. To participate in a drive for a project in which you believe yourself is something that will always be remembered down through the years. History is made as we go along day by day and we are all a part of it. The next few weeks will be pretty important in Acton.

See you next week.

The latest class of underprivileged children are those whose parents own two cars but no speedbait.

Happiness is being needed by others and gladly supplying that need.

When the Titanic rammed an iceberg in the Atlantic in 1912, 1,600 lives were lost.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

BACK IN 1941

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 22, 1941.

The annual Y.M.C.A. Family Circus was a big event in the lives of many youngsters in Acton who are Y members, when they attempted to raise funds for camp. Activity started early Saturday morning. Booths and concession stands around the Y were kept quite busy until late in the afternoon. When final tally was made of the proceeds, it was learned \$30 had been raised for the camp fund. Y secretary Bill Benson was pleased with the results of the event and hopes to be able to take the youngsters on the annual outing.

Mr. William Heveran, managing director of Baxter Laboratories here, is being transferred to the main plant of the company near Chicago and is being succeeded by William Benson, secretary of the Y.M.C.A.

Acton lawn bowlers met on Tuesday evening and planned for the opening of their season on Saturday next. All bowlers interested in this sport are invited to attend and take part in the activities.

Mr. R. W. Lowrie has been appointed one of the judges at the horse show being held in Stratford next month. He is a fine judge of horses and his judgment will be received with great respect.

During the monthly meeting of the Pinegrove Busy Bees, the ladies completed quilting one quilt and set up another as part of the project. The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Joseph Frank and 20 ladies attended. In order to assist with war work, the ladies have sent for instructions on the preparation of hospital slippers and as soon as instructions arrive, they will be busy making these.

The Y's Men's Club is urging everyone who has planned fireworks for the 24th to attend the rally in Acton park. In order to make the event a safe one, the fireworks will be let off under proper supervision. It is a good suggestion on the part of the club and parents who have been in the habit of letting off fireworks in their backyards should welcome this suggestion.

BACK IN 1911

Taken from the issue of the Free Press, Thursday, May 18, 1911.

There is an agitation afoot to move the location of the park to some ground on the north-west side. This means the valuable lot now occupied will be sold on Lake Ave.

A case growing out of a suit over a line fence in the court here last Thursday called for a legal definition of a fence viewer. Mr. P. Sayers was prosecutor and in his anxiety for a correct definition, interrogated several citizens. One of the most humorous answers was from a man who went to a dictionary and found a fence viewer was one who sat on a fence and viewed the surrounding scenery. Since Acton has no official fence viewers and the duties of this office are nearly always null, it was decided to leave the appointments up to the neighbouring townships.

Our neighbours' fence viewers are experimenting with adding their streets and the parks, being done with a watering can, seems to be a lengthy and slow one. No doubt when the job is completed, a great change will be noticed, however.

Town workmen burning off old grass at the cemetery have been a little careless in setting the fire get ahead of them and as a result, several of the fine evergreen trees have been lost. It will be necessary to adopt some other plan as the beautiful trees must not be jeopardized.

Mr. Adam Cook has received approval for his new subdivision near Cobble Hill and has had a new street, Cook Street, named for him. He has taken the suggestion of the Free Press and is reserving the summit of Cobble Hill as a lookout point. He intends to erect steel benches and plant trees in this area to allow citizens to climb this spot and rest while they observe the beautiful view.

Mr. G. A. Black drove to Rockwood yesterday for a load of farm implements, which he purchased after Mr. Van Norman closed his business there. The farmers in the area will be happy to know Mr. Black is going to be agent for these products.

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