



IT'S HARD to be a mother! This might be true, but Patsy, alias Monte Blanc Madeline (her registered name) seems content enough with her four newborn pups. Patsy gave birth to these little St. Bernards at the home of Mrs. Bessie Fisher.

Oil pricing policy puzzle

A trip to the Province of Quebec last week involved several stops at service stations to fill up on regular gasoline. The surprise is gasoline in Quebec ranged anywhere from five cents to ten cents less for a gallon than in Ontario service stations.

It revealed that Canada's national oil-pricing policy may mean one thing in one province—and another in the others.

Faced with sharply rising prices of gasoline in Ontario the various governments have been wriggling to free themselves from responsibility. Liberal federal energy minister Donald Macdonald blamed Conservative Ontario Premier William Davis for the large increase, claiming the province should have reduced its petroleum

tax if it wanted to protect consumers. Mr. Davis retaliated by accusing Macdonald of trying to lay the blame on someone else's doorstep.

Then we have Ontario's energy minister Darcy McKeough blaming Allan Blakeney for being behind the increase. Canada would have had a crude oil price of \$6 per barrel (instead of \$6.50) if it hadn't been for Blakeney's obstinacy in holding out for the higher price, said McKeough, who also got in a good shot at Macdonald, suggesting his lips move faster than his mind.

The Financial Post suggests that out of the squabbling came at least one moment of candor—per-

haps the best insight into how the present pricing system came about. Mr. McKeough admitted Mr. Davis did not understand what oil price level (gatehead or well-head) was being discussed in the federal-provincial meeting that fixed the \$6.50 price.

In any event the die has been cast. Motorists are paying anywhere from five to 10 cents more for gasoline. Fuel oil costs are climbing and we'll see the result of the increase in almost everything that involves transportation, oil and its by-products.

We wonder—does anyone really understand why we have to pay so much more for oil and gasoline? It would be interesting to note how uniform the price of gasoline will be across this country.

Free Press Editorial Page

8 The Acton Free Press, Wed., June 12, 1974

Make sure you have a vote

Do you know for sure if you have a ballot waiting for you in the July 8 general election? Unless you check, you could be deprived of the right to vote.

The time to check is now—either on the publicly posted list of voters in your neighborhood, or on the printed copy of the list mailed to each urban elector enumerated last month.

If your name is on the list, you are assured of a vote.

If it is not on the list, or if there is an error in the listing of your name, address or occupation, it is up to you to do something about it to avoid the risk of losing your vote.

Procedures differ between polling divisions in urban areas and rural centres. Those with a population of less than 5,000 are rural.

In rural regions, eligible voters missing from preliminary list of electors should contact the enumerator who prepared the posted list.

In urban areas, omissions and

corrections can be taken care of by calling the returning officer for the electoral district in which you live. The telephone information operator will help you obtain the number of your returning officer.

This must be done before June 19 when the period of public sittings begins for the revision of preliminary lists of electors.

Urban lists are revised by a revising officer, who is usually the senior district judge, or representative appointed by that judge. If you are an unregistered elector entitled to vote, you may appear before the revising officer (June 19, 20, or 21) and apply to have your name put on the official list of voters.

The hours and address where the sittings for revision are held may be obtained from your returning officer. It is also at the top of the printed preliminary list of voters.

If it is inconvenient to appear before the revising officer, you

may ask the returning officer to send the two revising agents to your home to obtain the necessary information.

The preliminary list assembled following enumeration and the statement of changes and additions following revision comprise the official list of electors. Urban residents whose name does not appear on that official list will not be allowed to vote.

In rural polling divisions, each enumerator revises his or her preliminary list. Applications for changes to that list may be made up to June 19. Unlike urban voters, the unlisted rural voter is able to vote July 8 by being vouched for by a registered elector.

However, if you wish to take advantage of the June 29 or July 1 advance poll for this election, you must be on the official list, whether you are urban or a rural voter.

The advance poll is for any qualified voter, who for any reason cannot cast their ballot on July 8.

Teens face smoke question

Teenage smoking is a bummer. But there's a bright side, too.

Taking teens as a whole, the number who smoke—and that means one or more cigarettes per week or one or more per day—is still only 15 percent of the teenage population. By age 18, however, almost one-third of boys smoke; one-quarter of girls do.

These rates stay steady through the college years and don't change too much for adults. Results of a recent national Campus Opinion

poll show that 25 percent of college students smoke five or more cigarettes a day. But of those who said they do not smoke, about one in three reported that they had, at one time, smoked. This is a significant increase from earlier surveys and indicates that a large number of students may be starting to smoke and then quitting.

The smoking rates are too high, of course. But the facts are that most teenagers, college students, and adults are non-smokers. And

non-smokers of all ages are speaking up for their rights these days. It's fascinating to find, for example, that the majority of high schoolers think smoking in public places should be banned by law except where there are special sections to separate smokers.

There is a growing consciousness that smokers violate the rights of non-smokers, who choose not to smoke and instead are forced to breathe second-hand smoke.

Bill SMILEY



Every year I look forward eagerly to the last part of May and the first part of June.

Once again the world is green, the days are longer, it is no longer brass monkey weather, the trout season is open, the golf links beckon. Best of all, end of term is nearing, holidays looming, and I'll be able to forget those juvenile friends for two golden months.

What more could a man want? And yet, every year at this time I am frustrated as a frog who thinks he's a butterfly.

There are a number of villains in this particular tragedy. Meetings proliferate. Every time I should be listening to the solid crack of a drive or the lovely clunk of a golf ball going into the cup, I seem to be sitting at a meeting, listening to some utterly inane suggestion that yet another committee be formed to look into nothing or other.

Warm weather? Yeah, that's nice. But it makes the students coltish, to say the least. And in these days of permissive school dress, it can be totally confusing. There you are, trying to teach the elements of a unified, coherent, and emphatic paragraph. And sprawled right in front of you is a young woman, physically, at least, a veritable Dairy Mae, in a backless, bra-less halter and a pair of shorts so short and so

tight they look as though they've been put on with a paint roller.

Blank-eyed, she is completely lost to the beauties of communication via the printed word. Her thoughts are fixed on a different kind of communication, the kind she's going to share with Joe, when he picks her up after supper.

The only part of her that is paying any attention whatever to her English teacher is her exposed navel, which stares at you unwinkingly.

End of term approaching? Great. But what is this vast pile of paper beside my desk? Three sets of term tests, two sets of creative writing, two sets of fresh endings for a play, I've tried staring at them malevolently. I've tried spilling coffee on them. I tried dumping the ashtray on them, accidentally. But they merely smouldered, like me. They won't go away. They have to be marked. Not conducive to trout fishing.

Well, you'll say, these are minor things. If Smiley was organized, he could cope with these irritations, and still enjoy his late spring.

True. But I haven't introduced you to the real beast on the roster. This is the estate.

Every fall, I get the place cleaned up.

Last fall we put out ninety plastic bags of leaves. I got a guy to put on the storm windows, not because I'm lazy, or can't afford it, but because I'm too chicken to climb a forty-foot ladder, with a forty-pound window, in a forty-mile wind.

And this spring we've put out already forty bags of leaves, left over from last fall, plus another twenty bags of acorns and twigs and there are still thirty bags stacked against the side of the house.

I simply haven't time to do this work. Besides, I have this bad back, which gets sore every spring, for some reason. It's almost impossible to hire kids to do the work. They want more than it would have cost me to have somebody rubbed out, in the Chicago of the 1920's.

So this spring, the Old Battleaxe, urged on by friends and me, took a whack at it. Her previous help with the "yard" has been confined to, "Bill, when are you going to get this place cleaned up? What will the neighbors think?" I'd hate to tell you what I tell her the neighbors can think, if they want to.

Anyway, after about five days of raking and stuffing bags, she burst out with, "Dearie me, Bill," (or words to that effect), "this isn't a backyard. It's THE LAND." She felt like a pioneer, trying to clear enough to live on.

I had rid myself of my old power mower, in a fit of gentle rage, when I couldn't start it. You can't hire a kid with a power mower. So I bought a new one. I got one of my students to run it, only by threatening that I'd fail his year if he didn't.

The lawn is cut. There are only eight flower-beds left to rake and dig. And the storm windows are still on.

Free Press back issues

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, June 10, 1954

The last High School news column for the season appears in this week's issue. And there's definitely a connection with the fact that examinations have begun in the old stone school.

Progress continues at the new high school. The cement floors in the school have been completed and the terrazzo floors in the halls and washrooms finished this week. Plastering is also expected to be finished sometime this week.

Lorne Weick's bulldog, Jonsah Upkeeper, completed his championship at Locust Hill under the Central Canada Bulldog Clubs' first specialty show. There were 30 bulldogs in his class, coming from Cleveland, Detroit, New York, Montreal, Toronto and the district. The judge was S. Secor from New York. Jonsah Upkeeper had eight points toward his championship from other shows and topped the necessary ten by receiving five at this week's show.

Jim Ledger spoke to his fellow Rotarians at the regular meeting Tuesday.

Born: Lawson—At Guelph General Hospital on Monday, June 7, 1954, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lawson, 42 Brock Ave., Acton, a son, a wee brother for Linda.

Several carloads of members of Walker Lodge travelled to Buffalo, Wednesday, June 2, and paid an informal visit to a Masonic Lodge there. Bing Ramsden, is a member of the Buffalo Lodge.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, June 12, 1924

The jewellery and fancy goods business of the late George Hynds has been sold to Mr. Hinton, of Toronto, an experienced watchmaker and jeweller. Mr. Hinton thus comes into possession of a well-established business, which has been in successful

operation for nearly half a century. Mr. Hynds established himself among the businessmen of Acton, in the old post office store in 1877. He continued this business until his death a few months ago and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the community. Only two other business houses in town, which were established when Mr. Hynds commenced business, remain in the same families—the general store of Mr. J. C. Hill and the boot and shoe business of Messrs. Kenney Bros. The Free Press was founded the following year.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Rice held a dispersal sale on Saturday and sold their household effects. They were loath to break up their home here, but the infirmities of elderly life

required this course. They will live at the home of their daughter, Mrs. James Whelan, Burlington. Mr. and Mrs. Rice have many friends in Acton, who greatly regret their removal.

One night last week thieves broke into shoe factory of Hewitson and Company on Church Street and the factory of Acton Machine Company. A quantity of goods were stolen from both places. It is believed the thieves are in a fair way for being apprehended.

Miss Agnes Perryman has had her residence and offices repainted and otherwise improved.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, June 8, 1899

The concert under the auspices of the Methodist Church Chorus Club, which was to be given on the evening of May 24th and was postponed, has been fixed for Friday evening 30th June. A well-trained chorus of about thirty voices will give a number of selections and will be assisted by several Toronto artists, as well as home talent. A concert above the average is expected and as good chorus singing is somewhat new in town it ought to be interesting.

A lacrosse match will be played in the park on Saturday at 3 o'clock, between the Brampton and Acton teams. An exciting game is expected.

Henderson & Co. have added a new sign to their store front.

Foundations are completed for the new offices at the Acton Tanning Co.'s works. The space now occupied will be added to the finishing room.

The pupils of Miss McPhail, Miss Patterson and Miss McQueen enjoyed Thursday and Friday as holidays last week owing to the absence of the teachers at the convention.

A considerable number of new wheels have come to town this season.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Soper returned home Tuesday, after spending a few days visiting friends at Streetsville.

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OUR READERS WRITE:

Watch your tax bills

The Editor, The Acton Free Press.

Dear Sir:

In a letter appearing in the Acton Free Press quite some weeks back when there was quite a furore on the subject of the salaries of the Councillors of Halton Hills voted themselves, the letter stated the increase would not be excessive provided the overall avowed objective of the Ontario government were achieved, greater efficiency in area government and reduction in costs. All this still remains to be seen.

But an article in the Toronto Globe & Mail on Saturday, June 8th reads in part -

"Provincial Treasurer John White is cautioning two regional municipalities about excessive spending... he said he met the Chairman of Halton local government week. Mr. Nixon said local government costs went up 100 per cent this year in Halton Hills, formerly Georgetown, Acton and Esquesing in Halton region."

Should there be a marked increase in taxes in this area this year, the Council will know that they are not acting within the mandate given them by Mr. White and the Ontario government. SO WATCH YOUR TAX BILLS.

Yours very truly,
G. A. Harrap

cc. Allan Masson.

Firefighters show their staff

R.R. 3, Acton, Ontario, June 10, 1974.

Acton Free Press Gentlemen:

On Friday evening, I was awaiting the 11.35 p.m. bus from Toronto and had parked my car on Mill Street. While waiting there, the fire siren began to wail, I left my car and walked to the corner of Mill and Willow Streets, a matter of a few yards, and was absolutely astounded by the speed and competence shown by the volunteer firemen.

Men rushed from their homes, cars wheeled around the corner and capably parked and a police officer was right on the spot to guide the fire truck, which was roadbound within minutes, through traffic and around the corner. The second truck followed very shortly afterwards.

TAXFREE SUDS

At last the Folk have thought of me. "Old Stinky" is no more. I can wash my face and clean the place. Behind the bathroom door.

They had TAXES on my cleanliness. This "Crisis" has now passed. My fears and hopes about my soaps, have been removed at last.

No need to grow long whiskers now. I'll install my old "Soap-Holders". I can wash my socks, and Clip my Locks. To keep 'em off my shoulders.

All praises to my Government. They have raised my future hopes. From their TAXING stepples, they let the People. Wash with TAXFREE soaps.

God Bless those Politicians. Now we can wash our Backs. Our dirty floors, our Shirts and Drawers. With out paying extra TAX.

We should be the Cleanest Nation. When we wash out all our "Duds". Now we'll wash the dirt from Grandad's Shirt, and dump the TAXFREE SUDS.

Victor Smith, R. R. 2, Rockwood.

Whalen to Halton

Eugene Whalen, federal Minister of Agriculture and an outspoken supporter of Canada's farmers, is scheduled to visit the Halton riding on Sunday, June 23. Whalen will be here to help Liberal candidate Dr. Frank Philbrook's campaign. Liberal party officials are presently lining up a program for the visit and hope to hold an informal function in the northern part of the riding. Further details were not available.