The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1927

A CAMPER'S SONG

Did you ever greet the morning from
the shelter of a tent
With the nearest house a dozen miles
away,
When the grass was still a-sparkle,
and the birds were all awake,
And the little winds of dawn were all
at play?
Did you ever come back glowing from
your early morning swim
To smell the bacon sizzling o'er the
fire?
Did you wonder as you ate from a
battered old tin plate
What more on earth a mortal could
desire?

Did you ever seek a white road before
the dew was dry,
And follow, just to see where it would
go,
O'er many a windy hilltop that sloped
to sunlit vales
And peaceful little villages far below?
Did you feel a gypsy yearning to wander on for aye?
Did you catch the scent of clover and
wild rose?
Did you leave it with regret as would
a friend you'd met
And come back soul-refreshed at the
evening's close?

Did you ever light a campfire as the
dusk began to fall
And the stars like silver lanterns lit
the sky?
Did you listen to the night wind harping softly in the pines
And watch the glowing crimson flames
leap high?
Did your merry song mingle with the
crackle of the fire
And the lisping of the waves upon
the sand?
Did the wood smoke haunt the air like
a floating incense rare,
While the mystic night crept up on
every hand?

Did you ever fall asleep upon a bed
of balsam boughs
With the chorusing of frogs for lullaby,
And have a pleasant consciousness
through all your happy dreams
That the only roof above you was the
sky?
If you've ever camped at all you will
understand my rhyme,
If you haven't then my singing has
been vain,
For you've lost such joys as these—
the kindliness of the trees,
And the fellowship of wind, and sun
and rain.

—Molly Bevan.

DISPLAY CANADA'S BEAUTIES AT ANNUAL EXHIBITIONS

Each year at the great annual exhibitions held in various cities throughout the Dominion, the displays of the Canadian National Railways have been outstanding both from the artistic and educational point of view, but this year, to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of the Confederation of the Canadian provinces, the management of this system is completing feature displays for these interesting annual Fairs that will far outrival any previous spectacles of like nature.

At the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, the most modern mechanical contrivances and beautifully colored scenic views are being used to depict in a realistic and memorable way, the phenomenal progress and great changes that have taken place in Canada during the sixty years since Confederation, and the part played in that development by the Canadian National Railways. Canadian cities at the time of Confederation will be compared with those of to-day. The dangers and hardships of pioneer travel will be contrasted with the comfort and luxury of modern railway travel. The evolution of steam transportation from the little old wood-burner of the 60's to the giant 6100 Canadian National locomotive, now used on their fast limited train and which is the largest locomotive in the British Empire, will be shown in most striking manner.

Aside from this display, which depicts some of the most interesting chapters of Canadian history and is entitled "Across Canada since Confederation," there will be many other attractions including motion pictures, scenic models of various kinds and magnificent oil paintings. Floor space has been increased about 35% to provide more room and comfort for spectators and the most modern lighting system has been installed.

At the Quebec Exhibition, the Canadian National Railways is showing a large travelling cyclorama depicting the famous Triangle Tour which takes the passengers from Jasper National Park, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, through the Fraser and Thompson Valleys and their awesome gorges to Vancouver B. C. From Vancouver the journey is made on one of the palatial oil-burning steamers of the Canadian National Steamship Company, through the scenic seas of the North Pacific Coast to Prince Rupert from when the rail journey is resumed back to Jasper. This latter stretch of road lies through the beautifully wooded valleys of the Skeena, Bulkley and Nechaco Rivers.

This trip is unfolded to the public by means of a painted canvas more than 150 feet long and ten feet high, which moves slowly revealing to the spectator the wonders and beauties of the route, while this is augmented by a number of illuminated colored transparencies of the principal attractions in Canada and outstanding features of the Canadian National System.

At Saint John and Fredericton, New Brunswick, the principal tourist attractions of the Maritimes, with their rugged coastal scenery, will be featured in the exhibit of the Canadian National Railways.

At Saint John, N. B., there will be a huge revolving model showing various scenes throughout New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, transparencies of sporting adventures in the three seaside provinces, which appeal to the angler and hunter, while all the most important activities of the Road will be featured.

At Fredericton, N. B., on a richly colored painted background of the maritimes, moving boats, fishing schooners and pleasure boats will be displayed, suggesting the attractions of Canada's seaside provinces. There will also be many alluring sporting scenes as well as those setting forth the various activities of the railways.

At Sherbrooke, Que., the big feature will deal with the famous Highlands of Ontario, shown in magnificent painted scene and by means of beautifully colored transparencies.

THE PUNISHMENT OF IMPRUDENCE

A farmer driving along a country road was thus rudely accosted by a young man whom he met:

"Hello, Reuben. Give me a lift to Hightstown, will you? I might as well ride with you as walk."

So the young man climbed up, and beguiled the way with lively chatter. After a few miles had been travelled, he said:

"It's quite a distance to Hightstown, isn't it? It's a good thing for me that I met you."

"It is quite a distance," answered the farmer.

After a few more miles, the young man asked, "Say, farmer, how far is it to Hightstown, anyway?"

"Well," replied the farmer, "keepin' right on the way we're goin' now, I sh'd say 'twould be about twenty-four thousand miles or so; but if you want'd to git out and walk back, it would not be very much more than ten miles."

The Free Press Short Story

GREEN APPLE PIE

By IDA WILLIAMS REA

As Mary Ashton placed the last steaming, fragrant pie at the end of the row on the middle pantry shelf, she mentally checked off the list: "Beans baked for supper, with egg custards and cake for dessert; chickens already stuffed, and green apple pie for dinner."

By a stroke of sheer luck, Tony, her husband, had been able to hire four men for the next day—the first help he had had since the spring ploughing. In order to have time the next day in which to do his chores for him and leave him free to accomplish all that he had planned, Mary had spent the afternoon in cooking for the extra men. The row of green apple pies, which were to be a special treat, had meant hard work, for the only tree of early apples was at the farther end of the orchard. The apples were small and hard to pare; and it took a large panful of them to make that row of pies.

"Tony shall have a piece for his supper," she said to herself as she sat down to pare potatoes for supper while Tony Junior still slept.

The honking of an automobile horn broke the silence. Far up the hill a cloud of dust appeared, from which a big gray car detached itself. With an extra amount of tooting, the car finally slowed down before the yellow farmhouse. As Mary jumped up, the dirty water from a pan splashed over her blue apron. Before she could whisk the apron off, a crowd of young people burst in upon her.

"Hello, Mary! Got anything to eat?"

"H'm! Smell the beans!"

"These farmers—they live upon the fat of the land!"

"Where's Tony? And the baby?"

"Tony's in the field," Mary answered, "and the baby has just waked up. Come into the living room, all of you, while I get him."

When her young friends from the town near by had duly admired the small boy, Mary excused herself and slipped out to the kitchen.

"Don't go to any extra bother for us, Mary. Let us help."

"Yes, call us when you need us," urged her friends.

"I won't—all right," answered Mary absently; but when she was alone, hastily paring more potatoes, she added a little bitterly, "Not go to any extra work, indeed!"

She and Tony had intended to eat on the back porch, but now she must set the dining-room table. And Tony—she did not have time to run out and warn him, and he would come in hot and dusty. As Mary hastened from pantry to dining-room, her guests called gayly to her, dispensing news, demanding reasons why she and Tony had not attended this or that festivity in town.

"We've been too busy," Mary replied.

She enjoyed the bustle of company and the dignity of being the only married one in the crowd. To be sure, she was tired; but then, she could get rested. And how lucky it was that she had those beans baked. She would use the cake and have peaches with cream for dessert. At that moment one of the crowd came to the kitchen door.

"May I have a drink, Mary? Say, isn't it great a sink and pump in the pantry! Um! It seems good in here. What's this?"

"Green apple pie," answered Mary, with a sinking heart.

"Whoopee! Say, folks, what do you suppose Mary has out here? Green apple pies! A whole row of them. If you don't believe me, come out and see!"

"How shall I ever get supper," protested Mary, "if you all come out here? Anyhow, I'm not going to give those to you. They're for a special purpose—four hired men to-morrow."

"Mary! You hard-hearted wretch! Please repent! Here's Tony! We'll ask him."

Laughing, they crowded out to meet the young farmer, who, conscious of his dirty clothes and dishevelled appearance beside his visitors' immaculate linen and white flannels, was blushing furiously.

"I've got to dress," he said in his wife's ear.

"Don't," commanded Mary. "Put on your clean overalls and come along. They'd no business to come rushing in like this. And it's clean dirt. Supper is ready right now. Besides, look at me."

"All right, if you say so."

Although Mary had determined not to serve her pies, she yielded at last to the laughing importunities of her guests. The pies and whipped cream vanished like magic.

"You don't know of another nice young farmer who wants a wife, do you?" said Jane Chase, who had been Mary's girlhood chum.

"No, I don't. Why?" asked Mary shortly.

"I'd like to marry him. Why, we never see whipped cream in town any more. And as for these pies, they simply melt in your mouth. Jack, that's my piece—don't let him have it, girls. He'd had a whole pie now."

While the laughing, merry crowd were piling into the big car, Mary and Tony both asked them to come again.

"Raspberries will be ripe pretty soon," said Tony. "Come out. We'll have a bumper crop."

"Count on us. We'll be out."

"To help you pick them," added Jane.

They drove away, tooting the horn and waving handkerchiefs. Mary restored the dining-room to order while Tony put the baby to bed. Afterwards they went out to the veranda to cool off.

"I ought to be in bed this minute," said Tony, yawning. "I'm dead tired, and I've planned enough work for to-morrow to keep me busy from daylight to dark."

"I'd intended to do a lot of your chores," said Mary, "but now I'll have to do a lot of to-day's work over again."

"Lucky you had baked up a batch of stuff," said Tony. "Sorry I looked so disreputable. Fourth time this summer they've caught me—no wonder they think I'm a country clod."

"Country clod nothing!" retorted Mary indignantly. "Let them get out in the fields, and what would they look like?"

"You're tired," said Tony. "I wish we could get a girl to help you."

"I guess we need men to help you more than I need a girl. I'm mad, I guess."

"What about?" asked Tony wonderingly. "We had such good times last winter. You don't want the bunch to stop coming, do you?"

"No," admitted Mary. "But last winter isn't this summer, with all its extra work on account of the extra help. Anyhow, I think they might let me know ahead. And they might have let my green apple pies alone."

The days rushed by, so full of work that, as Mary laughingly complained to Tony, she had no time to even smell her flowers. Then the raspberries began to ripen—not slowly, but seemingly all at once.

Churning vigorously in the coolness of early morning, Mary was hurrying to make her butter and get out to the raspberry patch. Tony was needed elsewhere that morning, and if the berries were not picked soon he could not fill a big order that he had received. As she rolled and patted the yellow butter, a figure ran across the lawn. It was Jane Chase.

"Surprise, Mary! Had a chance to ride out; so I came to help you pick those raspberries."

"Did you?" said Mary. "Well, I am glad. I need help to-day. Tony has a big order that we can't afford to lose, and I have to pick the berries. And you're even dressed the part in a gingham gown," she went on calmly, although she knew that Jane's plaid gingham dress was the height of fashion that summer. "Here's a sunbonnet and two buckets. As soon as you have your buckets full, bring them in, and I'll clean them and put them into the baskets. As soon as I've finished this butter, I'll help."

All day long in the glaring heat Jane Chase, who had never picked a quart of fruit in her life, picked raspberries. She was amazed that Mary had so readily accepted her lightly spoken offer; but she worked away uncomplainingly.

When Mary finally came out to the raspberry patch, she felt some misgivings as she noticed Jane's scarlet cheeks and brier-scratched hands. "But I've got to make them understand," she said to herself.

When late that afternoon they had finally filled the last measure, and had picked an extra pailful for their own use, they trudged wearily back to the house.

"I don't usually have to do this work," Mary remarked, "but it has been almost impossible to get any help in the fields, and then Tony has planted much more than usual on account of the shortage in food."

"Why don't you get a maid?" asked Jane, as she tenderly dried her sore hands.

"Hired girl, you mean," said Mary, laughing. "Well, there isn't no sich animal. We've scoured the country for one. Now, let's see, I've set the table on the screened porch. We'll have potato salad, iced tea, fresh rolls and raspberries and cream."

"Sounds good," said Jane, with a sigh.

The telephone rang, and Mary went to it. A moment later she appeared at the door.

"The bunch is on its way out. Fly to the field and tell Tony; he hates to be caught all dirty. I'll light the oil stove and cook supper."

"Let them eat a piece with us," protested Jane wearily.

"Not much," Mary replied, "when I've country ham and fresh eggs in the pantry. Hurry and tell Tony; then you'll have to pick a few berries while I dress Junior."

As Jane carried out Mary's hasty commands her thoughts were busy. And a little later, as she watched Mary cut slice after slice of pink ham, she ventured a protest:

"Don't Mary. We don't want you to fuss for us."

"Hut, Jane," Mary kept her eyes averted lest she fail in her resolve, "what would the bunch think of potato salad and bread?"

"Let them think," said Jane. "They have no business rushing out here so unexpectedly."

Mary smiled. "Well, to-morrow would have been a more convenient time," she admitted.

"When I think how we've rushed out here at our convenience," began Jane.

"I love to have you," answered Mary. "And you were a dear to come out and help me to-day. Here they come."

Jane had no time to reply as Mary left the kitchen abruptly. As usual the crowd of young folks flocked to the kitchen to sniff appreciatively at Mary's ham and eggs.

"Do you always eat like this?" asked one of the girls.

"No," said Jane shortly. We were going to eat a piece in peace till you folks called."

"Hello! What's the matter with your hands?" Jack Street exclaimed.

"Same thing that's the matter with Mary's; picking raspberries. Stop eating those, or you'll get none for supper."

"I say, country life doesn't agree with your temper, Jane. And here's Tony, all as cool as a cucumber. These farmers do have a nice time of it. All done for the day, I suppose?"

"Not a bit of it!" snapped Jane in his ear. "He came in from his work to dress; fortunately, you were kind enough to tell Mary ten minutes ahead of time that you were coming. Tony got dressed, so that you wouldn't think Mary had married a country bumpkin."

"I say, we never thought that!"

"Yes, you did. We've all laughed at him. Don't deny it. And if it weren't for men like him, what would we eat?"

"Supper is ready!" called Mary. "It is so hot, we'll eat on the porch. Everybody up."

Supper at the farmhouse was, as usual, a merry meal. There were sallies back and forth, praises for Mary's cooking, polite questions about Tony's crops.

At last, well satisfied, they rose from the table, and the guests began to make the usual polite offers to help Mary with the dishes, and as usual Mary began to refuse; but Jane silenced her.

"Sure, we'll help. After a day in those bushes, with goodness knows how many hours' work before that, you're dog-tired. You sit down and we'll do them."

In spite of her protestations, Mary was finally persuaded to yield. The evening passed quickly, and it was soon time for the guests to leave. Crowding about Mary, they told her what a good time they had had.

"And may I have one of these boxes of berries for mother?" asked one of the girls.

"For twenty-five cents," answered Jane.

"Well, if Mary wants me to pay for them."

"But Mary hasn't anything to do with it," replied Jane, firmly. "Those are picked and packed for an order, and Mary or Tony will have to pick another quart if you take those. You see, those berries mean money."

"Nonsense!" laughed Mary. "Here's an extra quart."

"She's got to pay," insisted Jane, and, taking the twenty-five cents from the girl, she put it on the table.

"May we come out again soon?" Jack Street asked eagerly.

"Of course," said Tony heartily. "Peaches will soon be ripe."

"Good! We'll all be out!" they cried.

"But we'll let you know ahead of time, Mary," said Jane meaningly, "and we'll not come unless it is convenient for you."

"Thanks, and thanks for helping me," Mary answered, smiling.

When they had finally gone, she turned to Tony. "Well," she said, "my green apple pies are safe."

Tony looked puzzled. "Haven't any, have you?"

"Green apple pies," said Mary briefly, "are a mere figure of speech."

Her husband grinned. "I always thought they were something to eat."

"They are, usually; but to-night they are a figure of speech." Then Mary explained.—Youth's Companion.

The Experiences of a Fishing Trip

By T. D. J. FARMER

PART III

Wednesday, the 13th, we spent packing and in preparation for an early start for home the next day, it being decided to return the same way and not south of Lake Ontario, as we had originally intended, owing to too many detours on the American side. I had written from Toronto to ask a friend in Montreal to join me at the Downes for a few days' fishing, but he had replied that this was impossible, a fortunate conclusion after all, considering the indifferent fishing and all the house work that old Mrs. Downes had to accomplish alone. We went down to Major Cook's, a nephew of Mrs. Downes, for lunch to-day, and had a very enjoyable time. They live three miles down the road towards Bury, he being our accompanist to Bury the day before, and the same gentleman who had driven me home a few nights ago. He is a soldier with a well-deserved pension of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, having been badly gassed and otherwise injured in the very active part he took in the war. His wife, of the same maiden name from Cookshire, is a pretty and very superior woman and they have two beautiful little children. Major Cook has a miniature dam and power-house in a very pretty spot below his home, from which he gets his own heat and light and as many trout as he can catch and use, not being able to walk the creek far. This was one of the most enjoyable incidents of my trip. Her strawberries and ice cream in copious dishes were a rare treat. Across the road from Cooks' live two ladies, a mother and daughter, named Francis, who have a lovely flower garden, resorted to on all hands and who, I am told, make four hundred dollars a year out of about half an acre (or less) of strawberries. In the evening I called and bade the Bennetts, across the way, good-bye, and was invited by them, in case I came to the neighborhood again, to make their place my headquarters.

Instead of remaining till early next morning Mr. Downes finally decided to start for home that night, and we left at 10.00, leaving the boy behind to help his grandfather with the haying. Fierce thunder and lightning, with deluges of rain, were experienced all the way to Montreal, at whose southern outskirts only we arrived just at break of day, Thursday. Here we unfortunately took the wrong road to Valleyfield, and consumed about eighty miles in this span of the journey, when we afterwards found that the shortest way only measured thirty-seven. I saw a stretch of country here, however, for the first time which struck me as very up-to-date in its cattle, buildings, good crops and generally advanced and prosperous appearance, the potatoes and corn especially here being both extensive and well turned. I was informed that this new stretch of farm land is in the County of Chateauguay. The immense cotton mills of the Gaults at Valleyfield are handsome and attractive-looking, being of stone and presenting the outward appearance of huge armories.

We dined at Morrisburg, the former home of Sir James Whitney. I was told that his son is at present manager of the bank at Aultsville, not far away, but that the rest of the family had disappeared from here, the old home now being owned and occupied by a Mr. Frank Lyle. Morrisburg is an attractive-looking town, as is also Iroquois, a little this side of it, both presenting beautiful views of the majestic St. Lawrence in front of them. Canals extend all along this part of the river to enable the shipping to avoid the rapids. Cornwall, to the east, and Brockville, to the west of these two smaller places, are solid, substantial towns or embryo cities, the latter having elegant residences overlooking the river, and business blocks that would put some other much larger places to the blush.

At Prescott the old windmill and fort that witnessed the defeat of General Van Rensselaer at Cryder's Farm in the war of 1812, are especial features. Gananoque is a fine town, too, with its new massive brown stone entrance gates on either side, and its commanding view of the panoramic Thousand Island. At Kingston, nineteen miles further west, he who venerate the antique and the classic, can find a worthy object for his admiration in the old Cathedral Church of St. George, with its many outside pillars and interior memorial windows and tablets. The latest of these latter is to the recently lamented Dean Starr: "deified after death, but reviled, alas while living."

Arriving at Kingston at about 3 p. m., and deciding that we would not try to reach home this (Thursday) night, I decided, after strolling through this venerable old church, to put in an hour or so at Cataraqui and visit the grave of my old political chieftain, Sir John A. Macdonald, whose funeral as a very young Hamilton Alderman I had attended in June, 1891. This handsome, sloping cemetery attached to the parish church and graveyard of Cataraqui contains the graves of most of Kingston's illustrious dead, but of course all magnificent in comparison to the great statesman. A lady residing nearby, from whom we made enquiries, kindly volunteered to show us the spot, and it was well we had sought her assistance. The Macdonald stone is a simple, gray granite cross with only this inscription: "John Alexander Macdonald, 1815—1891. At rest," which we never could have found ourselves in the time we had at our disposal. And thus again was it impressed upon me that the greatest men often have the simplest monuments. But, of course, Macdonald needs none here, having so many in other places and his greatest memorial being the place he holds in the hearts of his grateful countrymen, who realize now, alas, that leaders of his calibre are impossible to find.

Getting away from Kingston at 4.30, and passing rapidly through Napanee and Deseronto, the latter backward and unheard of now, since its abandonment by the Forresters and the Rathbun lumber people, once famous in that line, we had our evening meal at Belleville and slipped on through Trenton both progressive, lively-looking towns. Overtaken by dark at Brighton, in Northumberland County, we decided to rest there for the night. This is a famous apple centre, great orchards stretching out on both sides of the highway all the way from Belleville to Cobourg. One attractive feature, here, too, is the beautiful, long-stretching Bay of Quinte to our left, with the green slope of Prince Edward County across in the distance. Our experience at a private tourist resort on our way east, near Prescott, having been very pleasant, we decided to adopt this plan again; and at Brighton were sent to the home of a Mrs. Grintnell, where excellent beds and breakfast were much appreciated, we having now travelled continuously since 10.00 the night before.

Friday morning, the 15th, at 8.00 saw us starting out on the last lap of our journey, in a drizzling rain, destined to continue all the way home. A pretty little vine-covered church at Grafton, the elegant homes and grounds of the rich Americans at Cobourg, historic old Trinity College School, at Port Hope, all interesting in nice weather, did not seem to have their same attractiveness in this soaking, depressing atmosphere. Just after leaving leaving Port Hope I noticed a white-capped field of hay-cocks, the first time I had ever seen a farmer protecting these from the rain in this way—but no doubt a good idea if our present wet summers are to continue, although involving a lot of extra trouble and cost.

Newcastle came next, with its handsome Massey Memorial Hall, then Bowmanville, depending so much for its prosperity on the great Goodyear Rubber concern; and then busy Oshawa. Her history reads almost like romance. Ten years ago a small town; now, thanks to the automobile industry, a large city, and growing so fast that she bids fair to soon absorb the pretty county town of Whitby, her former rival, only four miles to the west. An abandoned railway track all along here shocks the tourist with the thought of how many millions of some unfortunate and ill-advised people's savings had been thus squandered and thrown away, and he is tempted, if at all curious, to press the matter further and seek from someone the why and the wherefore! But not to dwell further on too many side issues and incidentals of my Eastern Township's trip, let me say in winding up this rambling story that, still amid pouring rain, we reached Toronto at 11.00, passed along Bloor Street without stopping, through the city, dined at Brampton and got back to Acton at 1.30 p. m. on Friday, the 15th of July.

The fortnight's trip had been pleasant and the sport fairly good in spite of the absence of any large fish and a few strenuous personal adventures. A new and interesting part of our country had been opened up to me for the first time. The excellent running and staying powers of the Essex car had been well demonstrated on a twelve-hundred-mile journey. And, perhaps one of the trip's best features, it had enabled me to note with interest many things and incidents of the older places on the way, which, although perhaps known to most of us before, can be mentioned again without the narrator making himself too tedious in the telling.

THE END

PEACHY SUGGESTIONS

Among the fruits at this time of the year which give most satisfaction and best results in canning is the peach. Both the free-stone and the cling-stone varieties can be used, but the cling is preferable for canning because of its more even color and finer and firmer texture.

Peaches for canning should be ripe but not soft. Those which are over-ripe may be used for jam or peach butter.

Canned Peaches (Cold-Pack Method)

Heat the peaches until the skins loosen and plunge into cold water or place under cold running water for a moment or two so that they can be handled more easily. Remove skins and pack (halves or whole) without crushing into clean hot fruit jars. Fill the jar to within a half inch of the top with a hot (boiling) medium thick syrup made with three parts of sugar to two parts of water. Partly seal the jar and process (boil) in a water bath canner, with water completely covering the jars, for sixteen minutes. If a steamer is used, proceed (boil) for twenty minutes. If canning in an oven, process at a temperature of 250 degrees Fahrenheit for forty minutes. Remove the jars from the canner and fully tighten.

Even though you want as many jars of peaches as possible on the shelf for winter use, don't neglect to serve fresh peaches in season. Use them sliced for breakfast with corn flakes or other cereal. Serve them chilled and sliced with cream for dessert.

There are several delicious ways in which to cook peaches. They may be dotted with butter, stuck with whole cloves and baked in syrup. Have you ever fried them? Cut the peaches in halves and remove the stones. Fry in butter, sprinkle with brown sugar and cook until the sugar and butter form a caramel syrup.

Peaches au Gratin may be made from either fresh or canned peaches. If the fresh ones are used, make one cup of syrup to take the place of the syrup from the can.

Peaches Au Gratin

6 peaches (skins and stones removed and cut in halves)
1 cup rolled crumbs (corn flake or fine bread crumbs)
2 tablespoons butter

Roll peaches in crumbs, place on a baking sheet and dot with bits of butter. Bake in hot oven until the crumbs are browned. Serve with the following sauce:

1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
3 tablespoons chopped preserved ginger
3 tablespoons syrup from preserved ginger.
Syrup from can of peaches or
1 cup syrup.

Melt the butter, add flour and syrup from peaches and bring to a boiling point. Add preserved ginger and syrup.—By Barbara B. Brooks, Home Economics Department; Kellogg Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada.

Who is away from home?

Keep the family united. If some are away from home, the easiest and quickest way is of course by a Long Distance call. The young people nowadays put up a very brave front of wishing to appear independent and self-reliant, but their hearts still thump faster when they hear Dad's or Mother's voice over the wire.

Even when they go into business, perhaps in distant cities, their nature does not change with their habitation. The tie still holds. The dear familiar voices are just as potent.

Have a regular time to call up the absent ones by Long Distance. The service was never so rapid. The cost of Interurban Service to nearby towns—within a radius of say 25 miles—is very low.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

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MAP MAKING

One of the principal map making establishments of the Dominion Government is the Topographical Survey, Department of the Interior, at Ottawa, where are prepared and published topographic maps covering widely scattered portions of this Dominion. In publishing a new map all available information of the country so, of course, secured and where some of this has been obtained by other survey organizations, credit is given in the publishing note.

The printing of a map involves several processes. It must first be drawn on good paper, preferably backed so as not to stretch or shrink with changes of weather or moisture. If more than one color is to be used in the printing a separate sheet is drawn for the information represented by each color. These sheets are then photographed and the negatives printed on zinc plates or in some cases on lithographic stones. These plates or stones are put in the printing press and the map is printed from them. Where more than one color is used, the map has to be run through the press for each color and it is very important that the sheets fit the plates correctly so as to get the additional colors on the map in their proper places. For instance main highways are usually printed in red; on the map these red lines must be exactly in the right places. So also for the blue color in which water features are shown and the brown for contours or form lines. Herein lies the chief difficulty in printing maps in colors. Where an issue of several thousand copies is being run, it is necessary to print all the copies in one color at a time, and while these are drying the ink is washed off the press and the next color got ready. If the weather changes, especially if the air gets damp, the sheets of paper stretch or shrink and trouble is encountered in making the next color fit exactly where it should.

A list of the maps, plans, and publications of this organization may be obtained upon application from the Topographical Survey, Department of the Interior, Ottawa.

SOME SCARECROW

Mr. Smith (looking over the farm)—"Is that a scarecrow over there?"

Mr. Danford—"Why, no; that's Mr. Forbes in his knickers."

You'll notice that well-dressed men wear—

Invictus

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Your Fall Wheat

As a rule, properly fertilized wheat pastures from a week to ten days *earlier* than unfertilized wheat.

Get the advantage of an earlier and better-quality crop this season by using National Fertilizer.

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Plus half a cent per mile beyond to all points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta,—Edmonton, Tofield, Calgary, MacLeod and East.
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From TORONTO (Union Station)—Aug. 30th—12.01 a.m. (Midnight Aug. 29th) 12.30 p.m.; 10.40 p.m. Sept. 7th—2.00 p.m.; 10.40 p.m.
From OTTAWA Aug. 30th—12.01 a.m. (Midnight Aug. 29th); 12.01 noon.
From PETERBORO — Aug. 30th — 12.01 a.m. (Midnight Aug. 29th) via Lindsay, Blackwater and Atherley.
From WINDSOR—Sept. 7th —12.30 a.m. (Midnight Sept 6th) via Chatham, London, Hamilton and Inglewood.
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A Canadian citizen touring certain sections of the United States a few years ago, reported on his return that he had passed through several good-sized towns where absolutely ideal business conditions obtained. It had there been possible to so establish a spirit of co-operation and good will, not only among the business and professional men, but also between these and the general public, with the result that the most harmonious relations pervaded these towns. The business men were content to live and let live, to refrain from adopting unfair and unethical business methods, to lend a helping hand to each other in trouble and adversity, and to extend to one another such business patronage as lay in their power. Thus the carpet-bagger invariably got the "cold shoulder," for it was firmly established and acknowledged that every order which could be placed in the home town, but which was sent elsewhere, simply drained that community of legitimate revenue, and served but to enrich some other locality. Business left in the home town helps everybody in such town.

Therefore, when considering orders for printing of any kind, remember it can be done expeditiously and well by your home town printer.

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