

DAD'S LANTERN

I ride a horse to school six miles away. One night—last week it was—I had to stay all hour to practice in the "gym." I paddled Billy gave the grin to him. And started home. The country roads were dim, And fog had settled down, all thick and gray. Sometime I felt so tired and chilled clear through. I knew that I'd be missing supper too Out on the farm. It wasn't very gay To ride a horse to school six miles away And then go home alone. I'm here to say That chilly wind and fog just made me blue. The miles slipped by in Billy's lazy jog. And then—I saw Dad's lantern through the fog. And Dad himself came down to lift the glass. "We heard you in the lane. It's pretty late now. But Mother seemed to think we'd better wait." He said to me. And all I said was "Good! You hadn't ought waited just for me." But say! I'll not forget if I should be A hundred years how glad I was to see Dad's lantern, blinking through the fog at me. And how it seemed too bully to be true That all the folks were walking supper too!

—Nina Hatchett Duffield.

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Household Ideas and Suggestions

By Metty Barclay

BREAKFAST AND TEA MUFFINS
Muffins taste good this time of year. The cooler the weather, the better they taste. Here are two recipes, quite similar, but the tea muffins are smaller and sweater than those served at the morning meal:

Breakfast Muffins
2 cups special cake flour, sifted
4 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten
3/4 cup milk
4 tablespoons butter or other shortening, melted

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Combine egg and milk and add to flour, beating until smooth. Add shortening. Bake in greased muffin pans in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 25 minutes. Makes 10 muffins.

Queen Tea Muffins
1 1/2 cups special cake flour, sifted
4 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons butter or other shortening
4 tablespoons sugar
1 egg, well beaten
3/4 cup milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream butter and sugar and cream together thoroughly. Add egg then flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Bake in greased muffin pans in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 20 minutes. Makes 10 small muffins.

LIME-FLAVORED DESSERTS
Very often an unusual flavor is the one thing needed to turn an ordinary meal into an extraordinary one. Lime-flavored drinks have been popular for years, but how often do you serve a lime-flavored dessert? Here are two exceptionally delicious ones:

Ocean Crest Bavarian
1 package lime-flavored gelatin
1 pint boiling water
1/2 cup almonds, chopped
12 dates, seeded and finely cut
1/2 cup cream, whipped
12 drops almond extract
12 marshmallows

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Pour 1/2 cup of gelatin mixture in thin layer over bottom of individual molds. Chill until firm. Chill remaining 1/2 cups of gelatin mixture until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice water and whip with rotary egg beater until stiff and thick like whipped cream. Fold in almonds, dates, marshmallows, cream and flavoring. Fill molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serves 6 to 12.

Four Fruit Salad
1 package lime-flavored gelatin
1/2 cup boiling water
1 orange, sections free from membrane and dried
1 banana, sliced
1 apple, pared and sliced
Juice of one lemon
1/2 cup sugar
Dash of salt

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Chill. Combine remaining ingredients. When gelatin is slightly thickened, fold in fruit mixture, turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce and garnish with mayonnaise, or serve with whipped cream as a dessert. Serves 6.

Pearl Balm appeals instantly to the dainty woman. Stimulating the skin, making it velvety soft in texture, it creates and preserves complexions of exquisite charm. Delicately fragrant. Cool and delightful to use. Especially recommended to soothe and dispel roughness or chafing. Stimulating and invigorating. Imparts a youthful loveliness and protects and enhances the most delicately-textured skin. Pearl Balm is the unrivaled toilet requisite.

WHY SHOULD HE WORRY?
"Stop, stop!" cried the fussy old gentleman. "There's a lady just fallen off the bus!"
"It's all right, sir," said the conductor, "she's paid her fare."

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER



"Oft did the harvest, to their sickle, yield: The furrow oft the stubborn field has broke; How jocund did they drive their team afriad! How bowed the trees beneath their STUNNY strokes."

The cemetery at Rockwood is another instance of how improvements may be effected, and how gratifying the results which have been achieved. On a level and commanding site, just below this tidy village, on the line of No. 7 King's Highway, the little cemetery, as improved and carefully kept, is admired by the thousands of persons who motor by from day to day. The land throughout is levelled to a general grade, the tombstones are methodically placed, and perfectly level, the tiny trees lining the boundary, and the air of well-keeping which prevails every foot of the sacred place, all contribute to render the place attractive and to indicate the spirit of reverence on the part of all.

In order to further enhance the appearance of the premises, the Cemetery Board during the past summer had the adjoining section of the Highway right-of-way neatly graded and given a liberal coating of screened crushed stone. The effect is certainly very satisfactory.

The poet says:

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn, Or busy housewife ply her evening care; Nor children run to list their sire's return, Or climb his knees the envied kins share."

That is quite true but having served their allotted time on this mundane sphere, and having been called to their resting place, it is quite commendable that in every case the parting request, spoken or otherwise, to "keep my grave green" is being freely and brilliantly complied with.

Would that all the early "cities of the dead" were thus honored with the care and attention of the descendants of their sturdy forebears, our pioneers.

Acton's first cemetery has been sadly neglected; a shame to those left behind. One or two of the founders of the village, buried nearly a hundred years ago, with neat headstones, and protecting fences, have been allowed to fall into decay and disgrace. Scores of those who followed them here, and worked to make this community one of the best in the province and were eventually called to their long home, and their grave have been forgotten and neglected by the second, third and fourth generations who bear their names.

"Nor ye, ye proud, impute to these the fault, If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise, Honor's voice provoke the broken vault, Or wake to industry the khnaner's days."

I feel quite sure if some leadership were given by some interested descendant of those who sleep in Acton's old graveyard, sufficient of those whose fathers and mothers and friends lie buried there would rally to the support of any intelligent plan for the improvement of existing conditions, and the removal of the stigma which now naturally rests upon them.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect, Some frail memorial yet erected by with proper rhymes and skillful sculpture decked, Restores the passing tribute of a slight."

My best wishes, and my fond hope unite for the fruition of some effective plan for the improvement so fervently desired and so deserving of prompt activity.

It is not generally known that John Penn, a descendant of the illustrious William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, erected a modest tombstone in Stoko-Poggs, bearing the name of the author "The Elegy," thirty years after Thomas Gray's death.

The country churchyard referred to is at Stoko-Poggs, adjoining the parish church, and because of the popularity of the elegy is an objective point for many visitors to the Old Land. The poet Gray was himself buried in Stoko-Poggs graveyard in 1811. It is in Buckinghamshire, near "Beechy Bucks," celebrated for its rich meadowlands, lovely woodlands, old-world village greens, and peaceful homesteads.

It is not generally known that John Penn, a descendant of the illustrious William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, erected a modest tombstone in Stoko-Poggs, bearing the name of the author "The Elegy," thirty years after Thomas Gray's death.

Well, I see I have run off at a tangent: I commenced to talk about our country graveyards, and found "myself" running over the stanzas of Gray's Elegy. It is a great joy to me to find that there is a growing interest in giving decent care to these sacred spots. The Provincial Government has formulated a plan by which communities are encouraged to put these hallowed resting places into good condition. In other words, the Government will help those who help themselves in the effort to put these hallowed places in tidy and attractive condition.

During the past year or so some of these country burial places have been vastly improved, and re-arranged so that a system of perpetual care may be adopted.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,

Where hedges the turf in many a mouldering heap,

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

It has been found that "the mouldering heaps" are not conducive to satisfactory perpetual care, and the prevailing method now is to level all these, and encourage the growing of an expanse of greenward on every plot, keeping the whole surface trimmed and green and velvety.

In the immediate vicinity it has lately been demonstrated how attractive these country burial places can be made and maintained with comparatively small effort. The cemetery at Churchill is a notable example. A year ago the earth was neatly levelled, the stones and monuments straightened, and the paths and drives cleaned up hill improved.

This summer the improved appearance gives ample manifestation of the worth of the work done. At the graves there are now contemplated, this stanza of the immortal Gray comes forcefully to mind.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, November 24, 1919

Acton is badly in need of a chopping mill.

Mr. G. Pritz closed out the sale of the Stovel stock of boots and shoes on Saturday and has removed the balance of the stock to his store in Zurich.

Mr. James Dunn had the misfortune to have his right hand badly crushed in a rolling machine at Beardmore & Co.'s tannery last week.

The Choral Society had a fine introductory rehearsal last Wednesday evening. About seventy persons were present.

Mr. David S. Carnahan, of Napanawaya, has purchased the new house and two lots on Brock Street, belonging to Mr. Jeremiah Bell. He is having a sale on the 20th and will then move in to town.

A debate will take place at the meeting of the Epworth League on Tuesday evening next. Subject: "Resolved that the farmer is more beneficial to the community than the manufacturer."

Mr. Jeremiah Bell has purchased a quantity of standing lumber from Mr. L. Alphonse of Cedar Creek Farm. He will bring it to town and cut it into lumber with a portable mill on W. D. Anderson's property, next summer.

Mr. Carlos Williams of Haile St. Marie, supplied a number of Acton friends with choice cuts of prime July venison last week.

Mr. John Smith, of lot 23, concession 7, Erin, had sold his heavy team for \$1,000 to a buyer from British Columbia.

Mrs. James Quantic and Miss Quantic have removed this week to Toronto and intend residing with her son, Mr. Olus Quantic, in the city.

Mr. James R. Anderson and family vacated their residence on Church Street, recently sold to Mr. George Beardmore & Co., last week. Workmen have already taken possession of the premises to remodel it for Mr. Walter D. Beardmore and family, who will utilize it as a country residence. It has been connected within the last few days with the big G. T. R. water tank, whence the house supply will be taken.

That all the early "cities of the dead" were thus honored with the care and attention of the descendants of their sturdy forebears, our pioneers.

Acton's first cemetery has been sadly neglected; a shame to those left behind. One or two of the founders of the village, buried nearly a hundred years ago, with neat headstones, and protecting fences, have been allowed to fall into decay and disgrace. Scores of those who followed them here, and worked to make this community one of the best in the province and were eventually called to their long home, and their grave have been forgotten and neglected by the second, third and fourth generations who bear their names.

"Nor ye, ye proud, impute to these the fault, If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise, Honor's voice provoke the broken vault, Or wake to industry the khnaner's days."

I feel quite sure if some leadership were given by some interested descendant of those who sleep in Acton's old graveyard, sufficient of those whose fathers and mothers and friends lie buried there would rally to the support of any intelligent plan for the improvement of existing conditions, and the removal of the stigma which now naturally rests upon them.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,

Some frail memorial yet erected by with proper rhymes and skillful sculpture decked,

Restores the passing tribute of a slight."

My best wishes, and my fond hope unite for the fruition of some effective plan for the improvement so fervently desired and so deserving of prompt activity.

It is not generally known that John Penn, a descendant of the illustrious William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, erected a modest tombstone in Stoko-Poggs, bearing the name of the author "The Elegy," thirty years after Thomas Gray's death.

Well, I see I have run off at a tangent: I commenced to talk about our country graveyards, and found "myself" running over the stanzas of Gray's Elegy. It is a great joy to me to find that there is a growing interest in giving decent care to these sacred spots. The Provincial Government has formulated a plan by which communities are encouraged to put these hallowed resting places into good condition. In other words, the Government will help those who help themselves in the effort to put these hallowed places in tidy and attractive condition.

During the past year or so some of these country burial places have been vastly improved, and re-arranged so that a system of perpetual care may be adopted.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,

Where hedges the turf in many a mouldering heap,

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

It has been found that "the mouldering heaps" are not conducive to satisfactory perpetual care, and the prevailing method now is to level all these, and encourage the growing of an expanse of greenward on every plot, keeping the whole surface trimmed and green and velvety.

In the immediate vicinity it has lately been demonstrated how attractive these country burial places can be made and maintained with comparatively small effort. The cemetery at Churchill is a notable example. A year ago the earth was neatly levelled, the stones and monuments straightened, and the paths and drives cleaned up hill improved.

This summer the improved appearance gives ample manifestation of the worth of the work done. At the graves there are now contemplated, this stanza of the immortal Gray comes forcefully to mind.

Well, I see I have run off at a tangent: I commenced to talk about our country graveyards, and found "myself" running over the stanzas of Gray's Elegy. It is a great joy to me to find that there is a growing interest in giving decent care to these sacred spots. The Provincial Government has formulated a plan by which communities are encouraged to put these hallowed resting places into good condition. In other words, the Government will help those who help themselves in the effort to put these hallowed places in tidy and attractive condition.

During the past year or so some of these country burial places have been vastly improved, and re-arranged so that a system of perpetual care may be adopted.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,

Where hedges the turf in many a mouldering heap,

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

It has been found that "the mouldering heaps" are not conducive to satisfactory perpetual care, and the prevailing method now is to level all these, and encourage the growing of an expanse of greenward on every plot, keeping the whole surface trimmed and green and velvety.

In the immediate vicinity it has lately been demonstrated how attractive these country burial places can be made and maintained with comparatively small effort. The cemetery at Churchill is a notable example. A year ago the earth was neatly levelled, the stones and monuments straightened, and the paths and drives cleaned up hill improved.

This summer the improved appearance gives ample manifestation of the worth of the work done. At the graves there are now contemplated, this stanza of the immortal Gray comes forcefully to mind.

Well, I see I have run off at a tangent: I commenced to talk about our country graveyards, and found "myself" running over the stanzas of Gray's Elegy. It is a great joy to me to find that there is a growing interest in giving decent care to these sacred spots. The Provincial Government has formulated a plan by which communities are encouraged to put these hallowed resting places into good condition. In other words, the Government will help those who help themselves in the effort to put these hallowed places in tidy and attractive condition.

During the past year or so some of these country burial places have been vastly improved, and re-arranged so that a system of perpetual care may be adopted.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,

Where hedges the turf in many a mouldering heap,

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

It has been found that "the mouldering heaps" are not conducive to satisfactory perpetual care, and the prevailing method now is to level all these, and encourage the growing of an expanse of greenward on every plot, keeping the whole surface trimmed and green and velvety.

In the immediate vicinity it has lately been demonstrated how attractive these country burial places can be made and maintained with comparatively small effort. The cemetery at Churchill is a notable example. A year ago the earth was neatly levelled, the stones and monuments straightened, and the paths and drives cleaned up hill improved.

This summer the improved appearance gives ample manifestation of the worth of the work done. At the graves there are now contemplated, this stanza of the immortal Gray comes forcefully to mind.

Well, I see I have run off at a tangent: I commenced to talk about our country graveyards, and found "myself" running over the stanzas of Gray's Elegy. It is a great joy to me to find that there is a growing interest in giving decent care to these sacred spots. The Provincial Government has formulated a plan by which communities are encouraged to put these hallowed resting places into good condition. In other words, the Government will help those who help themselves in the effort to put these hallowed places in tidy and attractive condition.

During the past year or so some of these country burial places have been vastly improved, and re-arranged so that a system of perpetual care may be adopted.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,

Where hedges the turf in many a mouldering heap,

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

It has been found that "the mouldering heaps" are not conducive to satisfactory perpetual care, and the prevailing