

SPRING IS WHISTLING, CALLING!

Spring is in the tree tops
Where the robins call,
Spring is in the orchard
Where the blossoms fall.
Spring is in the garden
With the daffodils,
Spring is whistling, calling
From across the hills!
Saying, "Leave your books now
And your school play,
Spring is here and summer's near!
These are outdoor days!"
—Eleanor Hammond.

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel
Dishes; Household Ideas and
Suggestions

By Betty Barclay

SPRING FEVER RECIPES
Oh, my, no! These dishes do not produce spring fever. They are filled with fruits—and greens—just the kind of food we need this month to keep our bodies alkaline.

PEACH AND ORANGE SALAD
Peel oranges and cut into one-fourth inch slices. Arrange on lettuce-covered salad plates, alternately with canned sliced peaches. Garnish with walnut halves.

CABBAGE DELIGHT
Peel oranges, removing all white skin. Cut into one-fourth inch slices and then into segments. Cover salad plates with finely shredded cabbage. Sprinkle with orange segments. Serve with French dressing.

DOUBLE-O SALAD
On a bed of lettuce leaves arrange a thin slice of onion, add one-half inch sliced pared orange, another slice onion and a second slice orange. Garnish with green pepper and watercress. Serve with French dressing.

MAGIC SOUPS
Turn your soups into magic soups by using a touch of sugar—not enough to sweeten, but merely a hint to accentuate the flavor of the other soup ingredients. Try the following and see how "different" they taste:

CARROT SOUP
Wash, scrape and slice thin, twelve medium-size carrots. Place in saucepan with two tablespoons butter. Season with salt and one teaspoon sugar. Cook slowly, turning constantly until the carrots begin to color. Add two cups good broth and let carrots boil slowly to a glaze. Remove carrots and press through strainer. Return to the broth in the saucepan; simmer until very hot, and serve.

SQUASH SOUP
Mix together one cup cold boiled squash that has been pressed through a colander, two tablespoons minced celery, one teaspoon each salt and sugar. Cook slowly, turning constantly until the carrots begin to color. Add two cups good broth and let carrots boil slowly to a glaze. Remove carrots and press through strainer. Return to the broth in the saucepan; simmer until very hot, and serve.

FIFTEEN-DOLLAR PIE
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
1½ tablespoons melted butter
Juice 1 lemon
1 egg yolk
½ cup milk
1 egg white
Few grains salt
Mix sugar and flour, add beaten butter, lemon juice, egg yolk slightly beaten, milk, egg white stiffly beaten and salt. Bake in one crust, and cover with meringue or not, as desired.

DRUNKEN ATHLETES

That sounds funny, does it not? In fact, it is something that you never do hear of. Athletes who make a success and who play the game to win, never drink alcoholic liquors. There is not a coach in the country who will allow his players to drink. For a drunken man cannot be an athlete.

The liquor affects his head so that he is foggy and dizzy; his legs so that they wobble. It poisons his body, and if he really becomes drunk once, he is helpless until he is sober again, and then it takes several hours to get almost back to normal.
He never does get back to normal entirely. His heart is gradually weakened along with the rest, and the vigor in his blood is killed. Such a fellow has no chance as an athlete. Long before the days of "prohibition," athletes trained, and refrained from drinking, because it injured them and spoiled their chances.

Anything that injures a fellow so that he cannot be an athlete is a mighty poor thing for anybody. That is common sense. Ask any good athlete, any good coach. There is a pretty good reason for prohibiting anything that makes people unfit, isn't there?

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THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCKTOWER



THE CALL BACK HOME

I want to go back to the orchard,
The orchard that used to be mine,
The apples are reddening and filling
The air with their wine.

I want to run out through the pasture
And let down the dusty old bars,
I want to find you there still waiting,
Your eyes like the twin stars.

Oh, nights, you are weary and dreary,
And days, there is something you lack;
To the old farm in the valley,
I want to go back.

Many a heart away from the old home has the hunger for a trip back to the boyhood's surroundings, as is set out in the above simple stanzas.

DR. ROBERT MORROW

The recent death of Dr. Morrow at his home in Guelph calls up memories of the early days in Acton, when the oldest of us were young.

When it is realized that Dr. Morrow settled in Acton sixty-seven years ago, we can understand that he was really an early resident. I think that Dr. Shook was perhaps the first doctor who settled here, and must have come about 1848 or 1850. Dr. Nelson McCarvin commenced his practice here about 1858; so that Dr. Morrow was likely the third doctor to settle here.

Dr. Morrow came shortly after his graduation at Victoria College. He was a friend of the famous Dr. Dillabough, of Buffalo, who it is understood, recommended the young doctor to settle here.
In coming to Acton Dr. Morrow secured for his residence the home and property of Mr. Johnson, father of Mrs. Robert Little, on Bower Avenue. This was part of the homestead of Rufus Adams, one of the founders of Acton. It embraced all the property from Willow Street to the Grand Trunk Railway, and from Bower Avenue to the Sidney Smith estate.

In those days Acton Creek ran through the property from the railway culvert in its natural bed. There was no mill dam on the stream then on that property. A dam had existed for a number of years prior to this, the water from which operated Holt's Woolen Mill on Main Street, and a saw mill located on the north side of the present stream on the Sidney Smith property.

The Acton Power Company built the present dam in 1874-5. This flooded Dr. Morrow's flats, and necessitated the erection of a bridge, which spanned the newly-created pond across from the northerly end of Alice Street to the property on the north side of the pond, to enable him to have his horse and cow have access to the pasture there. This bridge was the cause of considerable friction between the Doctor and members of the boys in town. It formed a fine vantage ground for trout-fishing, with which the pond abounded, and was a favorite point from which to go in swimming. The presence of the boys, with their boisterous pranks and horse play annoyed the Doctor. Planks became loose and were used for rafts on the pond. The horse and sometimes the cow were chased and frightened, and the Doctor became exasperated, and ordered the "lads" off the "problem." There arose an enmity between this good-natured citizen and members of the boys of the village, which became long-standing. Some of the boys perished in foisting on the bridge, or in cutting through that way to school. This all caused many an uneasy hour for Dr. Morrow. Some thought it had much to do with his decision to leave Acton and locate in Guelph.

On this property, which Dr. Morrow purchased when he settled in Acton, there are now located the buildings of the Canada Glove Works; the Manse of Knox Church, and the Parsonage of the United Church, the homes of Reeve Mason and of his brother, Charles Mason, the Mason Glove Works, the home of Hartley Harrison, of the Acton Machine Company, and of John Kenney, one of

the oldest merchants in town, and seven-teen other residences.
Dr. Morrow was popular as a family physician with many of the residents of the community. Indeed, numbers of the people continued to patronize him after his removal to Guelph; and some of them retained his professional services throughout the forty years elapsing since his removal.

He was always proud of his laboratory, and so methodical in the placing and arranging of his phials and bottles that he boasted that he knew so well where to find them that he could compound a prescription at night in the dark with ease and never use a wrong ingredient.

The Doctor was an experienced druggist, and for years conducted a drug store in the building where Harold Wilts now has his confectionery store. His brother, George, was also a druggist, and kept a chemist's shop in a building on Main Street, owned by the late Thomas Ebbage, which stood where the double house on the north side of the present Knox Church stands, but which was destroyed by fire nearly sixty years ago.

The Doctor lived to the ripe old age of ninety-two, and died at his home in Guelph this month.

The boys never seemed to have as much sport in fishing after he left town.

The Old Man

SILLY COLLECTORS

The newspapers state that a learned professor who recently died had collected huge boxes full of bill-headings. He had been busy for more than twenty years in accumulating these utterly useless, soiled scraps of paper.

Human nature shows its weakness in no way more than in these freaks of collectors. It is easy to understand why, urged by fashion or zeal for imitation, men should have spent fortunes in collecting tulips, or, as at present, orchids; or that they should sacrifice all their money and time to gathering together rare paintings, old editions, or even faces and pottery, the study of which would delight themselves and their friends.

But why should any sane man starve himself, as did a collector in a town in Pennsylvania, lately, to buy countless clocks, which were stored out of sight as soon as bought?

Or why should a woman, as in an instance familiar to some of our readers, fill vacant houses with treasures of art and of books, and keep them jealously locked up as long as she lived? In such cases the collector benefits no one, and has not even a mean triumph in the envy of his neighbors. He acts apparently only from the pure instinct of avarice.

Other collectors are due, as it would seem, to a vacuity of intellect. A certain royal duke, well known in Paris, left at his death a store of thousands of milk-jugs. They had not been purchased for any merit in material or workmanship, but simply because they were made to hold milk.
An old woman who died lately in Delaware bequeathed hundreds of crazy-silk cushions which she had made and hoarded. When a few rags of silk would be given her, she would cry, "Now I have something to live for!" and set to work zealously to make another cushion. Yet she had children and grandchildren to whose lives or fate she was indifferent.

There are men and women of small, weak brains who make a life a "thing of shreds and patches," of lace, cushions or milk-jugs, but who cannot grasp its great issues.

The thing we collect or prize most in the world is a meter to test our minds and souls. It indicates very accurately their condition.

HE WAS

"Here is my bill," said the lawyer.
"What you would pay \$100 down and then \$25 a week."
"Sounds like buying an automobile," said the client.
"I am," said the lawyer.

COMPETITION NOT ENOUGH

Competition is a good thing for most of us. A bright child in a school for the feeble-minded would not do as good work as if he were in a class of boys and girls as bright as himself. In field day sports, college athletes make better records than they do in practice. In the latter they do their best, but when competition stimulates them, they do better than their best.

Valuable as competition is, it is not safe to depend upon it. Multitudes make a failure of life because they are not brought in contact with the sort of people to stir and stimulate them. The incentive should come first of all from within. It should be aided by competition, but not dependent on it. For the young fellow who waits to see what some one else is going to do before doing his best, makes his success a matter of chance.

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FOR THAT TIRED FEELING HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED
The approach of spring is often blamed for lassitude caused by eye-strain. If you have an indisposition to buckle down to your work, it may be the spring-time or it may be just lassitude; but the chances are that your eyes are not working properly.
The energy consumed by over-calling eye-strain is sometimes appalling. If you find it difficult to work, have your eyes examined right away.
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