

THE FRIEND WHO JUST STANDS BY

When trouble comes your soul to try You love the friend who just "stands by." Perhaps there's nothing he can do— The thing is strictly up to you; For there are troubles all your own; Times when love cannot smooth the road Nor friendship lift the heavy load. But just to know you have a friend Who will "stand by" until the end, Whose sympathy through all endures, Whose warm handclasp is always yours— It helps some way, to pull you through. Although there's nothing he can do, And so with fervent heart you cry, "God bless the friend who just stands by!" —B. Y. WILLIAMS

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Helpful Ideas and Suggestions

(By Betty Barclay)

APPLE AND CARROT DISHES Apples and carrots are plentiful, cheap, and healthful. Here are two novel salads in which they may be used to advantage:

APPLE COCOANUT SALAD 3 tart apples, pared, cored, and sliced 1/2 cup seedless raisins 1/4 can coconut, southern style 1/2 cup mayonnaise

Toss apples, raisins, and coconut together lightly. Moisten with 1/2 cup mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce. Garnish with remaining mayonnaise, and sprinkle with paprika. Serves 6.

COCOANUT AND CARROT MOULD 1 1/2 cups grated raw carrots 1 can coconut, southern style 1/2 cup mayonnaise

Combine carrots, coconut, and mayonnaise. Blend. Pack lightly into individual moulds. Chill. Unmould on crisp lettuce. Garnish with additional mayonnaise. Serves 6.

JELLY ROLL NOVELTIES

Make your own jelly rolls and surprise the family and your guests. Many women do not know how to make these delicacies, but really they are quite easy to prepare.

ORANGE JELLY ROLL (4 eggs) 1/2 cup special cake flour, sifted, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder 1/2 teaspoon salt 4 eggs, unbeaten 1/2 cup sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla grape jelly

Sift flour once; measure. Combine baking powder, salt, and eggs in bowl. Place over smaller bowl of hot water, and beat with rotary egg beater, adding and sifting gradually, until mixture becomes thick and light-colored. Remove bowl from over hot water. Fold in flour and vanilla. Pour into pan, 13 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches, lined with greased paper. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 13 minutes. Turn from pan at once onto cloth covered with powdered sugar. Remove paper. Quickly cut off crisp edges of cake. Spread with jelly and roll. Wrap in cloth until cool.

MINICIN JELLY ROLLS (4 eggs)

1/2 cup special cake flour, sifted, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder 1/2 teaspoon salt 4 eggs 1/2 cup sifted sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla 1 cup red currant jelly

Sift flour once and measure. Combine baking powder, salt, and eggs in bowl. Place over smaller bowl of hot water and beat with rotary egg beater, adding sugar gradually—until mixture becomes thick and light-colored. Remove bowl from over hot water. Fold in flour and vanilla. Pour into two pans, 15x10 inches, in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 10 minutes. Turn from pan at once onto cloth covered with confectioner's sugar. Remove paper. Quickly cut off crisp edges of cake, cut each cake into six pieces of equal size, spread with jelly, and roll. Wrap in cloth and cool on rack. Before serving, decorate rolls with rosettes and borders of sweetened, whipped cream forced through pastry tube. Makes 12 rolls.

THE DISAPPEARING ISLAND

It appears that Lake Orion, in the State of Michigan, possesses an extremely curious phenomenon in the shape of an island which sinks and reappears above the surface of the water at regular intervals. About the middle of August the mysterious bit of land rises from the depths of the lake, and there it remains until the following February, when it gradually disappears from view. The people of that region have ceased to wonder at this freak of nature, and now receive the visitors of this island without comment.

There is a story to the effect that several farmers, years ago, attempted to dislodge the island from making its weird appearances. During the early part of the winter, while the island was above water, these men deposited many loads of field stone upon it. By this means they believed it might be held down and never rise again when once the water had closed above it in February. The island was not to be subjugated so easily, and late in the summer it silently reappeared, free from any trace of the stones.

This island, apparently, is composed of soft mud and rushes, and some scientific men have declared that there is no mystery connected with it. The periodic appearance and disappearance are attributed to the collection of vegetation in the lake, by the currents of water and the subsequent decay of the debris.

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER



OLD MAN LONG AGO

Yesterday, at dip of dusk, While the light was still Cold across the rooftops And amber over the hill, While the moon was swinging low, I saw as plain as plain, Old man Long Ago Coming down our lane, Leaning on his cane.

His shabby shoes were dusty brown, And bristled in his coat, But he hummed a little tune Down in his throat; The rusty hunkies at his knees Would hardly hold together, But in his hat he wore aiant A bright, brave feather. He leaned upon his knobby stick, He curtsied to the moon, A far-off look upon his face And a quiver in his tone, A wrinkled look about his eyes Of time and wind and weather. Then with a chuckle on his lip, Beneath his bobbing feather,

Some see this and some see that, As soon as shadows fall; Some see little, and some see much, And some see nothing at all. But I saw at dip of dusk, Just as plain as plain, (A jolly feather in his hat Tipped with red—as plain as that) Old man Long Ago, Coming down our lane, Leaning on his cane. —Nancy Byrd Turner.

HILL'S SINCE 1864

A few weeks ago I read in the news columns of The Free Press that Mr. J. G. Lindsay had sold the Hill property to Mr. Kingshott, and was leaving Acton. I've been passing the store occasionally since, and this young couple seem to be keeping the business going lively, but old codgers like Mary and I get sentimental with age. It's been Hill's since 1864 with us, and when John's nephew came to run the business we got to thinking it would be Hill's until we were no more. But times change, and after sixty-seven years in the Hill family this historic block and business keeps pace with the changing order and goes into new hands.

It was back in 1858 that Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Hill came to Acton from Peru, on the first line of Esopus, and engaged in the mercantile business in Acton. That's a long time ago, and gradually there is a weeding out and not many of us who can trace back over the years. The block was Hill's and it seems strange, after all the years, to refer to it as anything else. Maybe Mr. Kingshott will forgive us if the pen or tongue should slip and we call his place Hill's. It's very hard for us old fellows to break up the old habits and ways.

There wasn't any Free Press being published in Acton when the Hills came, here with their family of six sons and three daughters. But I've recorded in this column at different times many stories and sketches of this family who were residents of Acton for so many years, and played their part well in the building up of the community.

Many an hour I've spent in the Hill score going over the old times with John Hill and many a recollection I gathered there for my column, all unbeknown to John or any of the other old cronies who used to sit on the soap boxes or lean against the counter around the stove that was the centre of attraction on a cold winter day.

Many a time, too, the yarn was badly interrupted by the call for John to go and weigh a load of turnips or a load of coal. But we could usually pick up the loose ends again when the gathering was complete and the hand warming process was being carried on. After John C. Hill passed on to his reward, I got many an item for the column from the records that his nephew found and gave to The Free Press editor, who in turn gave them over to the "Historical Department," as he calls me, when he gets thinking of Acton's weekly in terms of the big city dailies.

There aren't many businesses left in the family name of the old days. Kenney Bros., I think, are the oldest, and they have moved from the old stand on Main

Street. Nelson & Co. are, I guess, the oldest institution in the community doing business at the original site. It's all just a changing of scenes and the oldest must give way as well as the newest. It can now be written, "Hill, 1864-1931," and thus we pass on with the marker carrying the beginning and ending dates and the period in between engraved in the minds of those who lived at the same time and gone into the up-building of the community and land.

Guess I'm in kind of a sentimental frame of mind this week. I put off getting this item ready for the paper until Monday, and here it is Thanksgiving Day, and the sun shining and me poring away in the by-gone days, instead of reveling in the glorious present.

Speaking of Thanksgiving Day, there have been a big variety of innovations on this day, when I got to recollecting the best, and then again the difference they've all come about in the last few years, too.

Thanksgiving used to always be on a Thursday, in November, and then the Commercial Travellers' Association got it switched to a Monday. Following the war, it was combined with Armistice Day and that hasn't proved entirely satisfactory, and this year we have it early in October, on a Monday. The day of the week doesn't matter so much, but I wonder if we still give thanks on this day or is it just another holiday?

Just a few years ago we invariably held a service of thanksgiving in the churches, and my, how good that dinner tasted when we returned home from across the country of Providence. I read the other day that Premier Bennett said, "Only the Lord could save the world in the present situation." Maybe we'll go back to some of the old customs and not find them so stupid.

I've been around the garden and taken up some of the potatoes and vegetables and if ever a yield decreased thanks it is this year of 1931. I've also been for a stroll down to Mill Street, and it is just a constant swirl of motor cars going to and fro from some place to somewhere else.

There, now, I've got in that reflective mood again. My, how times do change, and we hope they're for the better, but I'll not sermonize. Nobody wants to be burdened with the rantings from my old pen and I'm off to enjoy the glories of this Thanksgiving Day.

The Old Man

Asthma Overcome. The triumph over asthma has assuredly come. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has proved the most positive blessing the victim of asthmatic attacks has ever known. Letters received from thousands who have tried it form a testimonial which leaves no room for doubt that here is a real remedy. Get it to-day from your dealer.

THE LEANERS When Ernest Hill sought the pastor with a long face and an apologetic air, that young man threw up his hands and implored the youth not to tell him that he was up the Willing Workers' Sunday School class. "I can't bear to hear it," he said, and he meant it. Those Willing Workers, the name acquired years back, had made trouble for every person who had undertaken to teach them, and the minister had been hoping that Ernest would hold out, as the dozen lively boys, ranging from twelve to thirteen, really showed signs of improvement. He recited a long list of woes. The boys behaved better than they had for some months, but they were such leaners. Pressed for a definition of the word he said they pestered him to death wanting small loans, help with their problems, advice and companionship on their numerous hikes, all in acting disputes, in short they regarded him as a kind of bureau of information when too lazy to study. Ernest was a willing worker at so many athletic and social events that he had hardly time to call occasionally on his best girl.

The pastor quietly told how Rex Graham had been saved from expulsion at school because of a prank that Ernest had persuaded him to confess and make good; how Morgan Peters no longer played with doubtful companions; how much more many weak James Hunter was since Ernest had permitted the boy to lean upon him, or rather, endured the boy whose home life felt much to be desired.

"You don't need to say anything more," interrupted Ernest. "The trouble has been with me and not with them. Leaners they are, but they are going to have something a little more steady to lean on after this."

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SIGNS OF FOLLY Some one has said that part of our seeming prosperity is due to driving a mortgaged car on a bonded road. There is no doubt—as to America's prosperity, but some evidences that pass under that name are altogether misleading. "Fol" car bought by placing a mortgage on the house is not a sign of prosperity, any more than is the fur coat of the girl who earns fifteen dollars a week. Such luxuries instead of being signs of prosperity, are signs of folly.

CULL POTATOES VS. SWEDEN TURNIPS FOR STEERS

For the past several seasons, at the Experimental Station, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, comparisons have been made between the relative merits of cull potatoes and swede turnips as succulent feeds for short-keep steers. The animals employed were grade steers purchased on the open market and would class as live animals obtained more than their share. In making the original selection the division was made so that there might be the greatest possible uniformity between lots both in quality and in weight.

All pens, including check lots, received a basal ration of roughage, in the form of mixed hay, and a grain mixture composed of crushed oats, bran, linseed oil meal, etc. All pens, except checks, were fed either turnips or potatoes in varying amounts. Rather than go into detail as to the different systems of feeding followed it will be sufficient to give a summary of the work.

Forty animals in all were fed an average of 2,346 pounds of turnips per steer, and made an average gain of 224 pounds. Sixteen steers receiving an average of 2,283 pounds of potatoes made an average gain of 238 pounds, while twelve steers, receiving no roots or potatoes, made an average gain of 172 pounds. It will be noted that the gains made by steers receiving either roots or potatoes did not differ very widely but both were considerably above the gain made by steers used as checks.

Figuring on the basis of gain in weight made for the amount of roots fed, as noted above, we find that 4,512 pounds of turnips produced 100 pounds of gain over the check pen. For each 3,467 pounds of potatoes, 100 pounds increase in gain over check was produced.

Increase in weight, however, is not the only factor entering into the profitable feeding of steers. We must also take into consideration the quality of the finished product.

The steers used in these experiments were offered singly to the highest bidder on the open market. It seems fair to assume, therefore, that the selling price fairly represented the quality of the articles sold. From this standpoint we find that the forty steers receiving turnips made an average gain over original cost plus cost of feed, of \$40.54, or \$12.23 greater gain than that made by the check pens. The sixteen steers receiving potatoes made a gain of \$56.89, or \$19.66 more than the twelve check steers, which made an average gain of \$37.23 each. We find, therefore, that for each 2,000 pounds of turnips fed there is an increased gain over the check lots of \$10.43. This is a return of slightly better than twenty-six cents per bushel. For each 2,000 pounds of potatoes fed, there is an increase in gain over check lots of \$17.12. This is equivalent to better than fifty-one cents per bushel for the potatoes so fed.

In concluding, one or two points may be brought out. The rate of feeding roots has not been high, being an average of only 223 pounds per steer for turnips and 223 pounds per day per steer for potatoes. Insofar as turnips are concerned this is a smaller amount than is commonly used by most feeders. Using Henry and Morrison's figures for dry matter, that is 10.9 per cent. for turnips and 21.2 per cent. for potatoes, we discover that a greater amount of dry matter was fed to these steers receiving potatoes. It is interesting to note that the returns for dry matter fed are rather close being \$4.78 per cent. for dry matter fed as turnips and \$4.04 per cent. for dry matter fed as potatoes.

We feel safe in stating that the practice of feeding either turnips or potatoes to steers is economically sound and is to be recommended. Further, that the feeding of cull potatoes to steers offers an excellent market for this by-product of the seed potato industry, and that in years of low marketability the entire potato crop might be fed with the assurance of at least a fair return.—D. P. Timney, Dominion Experimental Station, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

WATCHDOG The telephone girl will no longer tell the time.

A man says that he has let his whiskers grow since his wife commenced to buy him neckties.

Our friends are those who praise us when we do well and envy us when we do too well.

A man who can laugh at himself occasionally is going to get a lot of fun out of life.

Many claim that merchants are cutting prices. If so they must have used some sort of a safety razor.

GATES AJAR Come from this life Is Rush Along Bill, He would pass other Cars on a hill.

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