

THERE IS SUNSHINE IN THE DISTANCE

Sometimes we think we're beaten. As we travel on our way. We feel the need of something. Just to help us day by day. We gaze into the future. And think what the past has cost. It's no use trying longer. As we feel that all is lost.

Sometimes we think we're better. And the cross we have to bear. Weighs heavily upon us. As our life is filled with hope. The world with all its rambles. Never seems to shine our way. And in a blindfold manner. We struggle on each day.

Sometimes we think we're better. But it's what we want to be. And have we tried, what we do. And the good in life we see. Though roads are rough and rocky. And the way is hard to find. Push along and reach your goal. Which brings peace of heart and mind.

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Household Ideas and Suggestions

(By Betty Barclay)

PIE CRUST AND PIE

A good pie consists of a good crust and a good filling—well cooked. That's all. Try these and you'll have a good pie. That's sure!

PIE CRUST

2 cups special cake flour, sifted 1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup cold shortening 1-3/4 cup cold water Sift flour once, measure, add salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening until mixture looks like meal. Add water, a little at a time, mixing with knife or spatula until dough cleans bowl of all flour and pastry. Use as little water as possible. Roll dough 1/4 inch thick on slightly floured board. Fit loosely on pie plate. Turn edge and pinch with fork. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) 15 minutes. Makes one 9-inch two-crust pie. Use half recipe for one pie shell only.

CHERRY PIE

Recipe pie crust. 2 cups red cherries, seeded and drained 1/2 cup sugar 1/2 cup cherry juice 2 1/2 tablespoons special cake flour Line a 9-inch pie plate with half of pastry rolled 1/4 inch thick. Combine cherries, sugar, cherry juice and flour, and fill pie shell with mixture. Moisten edges of pastry with cold water. Roll other half of pastry 1/4 inch thick. Fold half the pastry back on other half. With sharp knife make several incisions to permit escape of steam. Place upper crust on filled lower one, opening out folded half after it is opened on pie. Press edges together and trim edges together with fork dipped in flour. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) 20 minutes; then decrease heat to moderate (350 degrees F.) and bake 20 minutes longer, or until filling is cooked.

POF OF GOLD DESSERT

(Serves 4) 1/2 cup sugar 1/2 cup cornstarch 1/2 cup milk (evaporated milk may be used) 1 cup organ juice 2 tablespoons butter Mix dry ingredients, add milk and orange juice and cook in double boiler until thickened. Add butter. Pour into individual molds. Cool. Serve with milk or cream.

SPICED HOT LEMONADE

(Serves 1) 1 lemon 1 cup boiling water 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves Sugar or honey 2 cherries cut in small pieces 1 teaspoon minced crystallized ginger Cut lemon in two and from centre cut two thin slices. Halve these. Extract juice from rest of lemon. Pour boiling water over lemon slices and combine with remaining ingredients, sweetening to taste and serve at once.

CAKE PUDDING

1 package chocolate junket 1 pint milk Left-over cake Cut left-over cake in small cubes and put a heaping tablespoon in each of four dessert glasses. Prepare chocolate junket according to directions on the package. Pour at once over the cake. Let stand in warm room until firm—about 10 minutes. Then chill. This may be topped with whipped cream if desired.

To safeguard the child from damage that worms cause, use M.I.C.'s Worm Powders, the medicine par excellence for children. These powders will clear the system entirely of worms, will regulate and stimulate the organs injuriously affected by the worms and will encourage healthful operation of the digestive processes. As a vermifuge it can be relied on for its effectiveness.

DEAD-GAME SPORT

The teacher was testing the knowledge of the kindergarten class. Blapping a half-dollar on the desk, she said abruptly, "What is that?" Instantly a voice from the back row said, "Tails."

Another Short Story

JOHN HENRY'S IDEA

DEWITT T. JONES

"I ALWAYS tell my men," orated Anthony Ambrose, advertising specialist, "that when they can think up a scheme that will cause me to stop and take notice, they are entitled to a raise in pay."

The great Ambrose leaned on his table. He had built a great advertising organization, which had caused thousands to talk about the commercial habits he had nursed through the infancy into full grown and prosperous business. Why should Mr. Ambrose not beam on those who drew their pay from his great organization?

John Henry Appletree, late of Carlsile, had no objection to the statement just made by his superior, for it could not mean much to him unless he was fortunate enough to gain the coveted raise. Though he looked at his face, one would never have thought that he had ever entertained such an ambition.

John Henry Appletree, in his youth, had been a Cherokee Indian, but after graduating from Carlsile, he had gone to the city and had become a cliff dweller. Just why he went into advertising, Mr. Anthony Ambrose could never quite tell. He certainly did not have the bearing of the other men about the organization, which made profits for its stockholders by attracting attention.

Not being able to picture John Henry in the role of publicity man, Mr. Ambrose had put him at work in the sign department to help the painters—with odd jobs about the place, explaining that if the young Cherokee made good there, he would get a chance at something better later on. John Henry Appletree, lately graduated from Carlsile, being a good Indian and thoroughly tamed, accepted his post without comment.

He was far from satisfied with his beginning, and while the other members of the big organization were busily engaged in puffing out their chests or using other artificial means of impressing themselves and those who looked at them with their own importance, John Henry in his own stolid way, did considerable thinking. After the oration from the head of the firm, which signified the advertising agency took away a bit of hot air which must be tolerated, the native American went to the shed across the alley from the Ambrose building where the sign shop was located. There he met Roger Thomas, head sign painter and general good fellow. Roger greeted the newcomer with enthusiasm.

"Hi there, Chief," he called. "Pale-face got heap big job to-day. Just the thing for Injun. Going to paint a big sign on the blank side of the Waltham building, six stories above the ground, and four above the roof of the building below it. Big Chief won't mind going up to the scaffold with me and filling in around the letters while I do the artistic work. Fine, I knew you wouldn't. You are too good a man to be working at this job, but I hope the boss don't find it out."

"No, I shan't mind," returned John Henry, good-naturedly. "You know I've been waiting a raise lately, and I think I can get it now. When do we start? My place, dear Roger, is on the scaffold with you," he mocked.

It is much to his credit that young Thomas was one of the few people who understood and appreciated the graduate from Carlsile, but he was only a sign painter and it was not necessary for him to strut back and forth between the glass enclosed offices and the hurriedly appointed reception room of the Ambrose Advertising Agency. Young Appletree was not particularly worried about his future, it seemed.

The working day of an advertising agency is full of adventure, for it is there that great industries are nursed into being. With our modern civilization, providing more luxuries than the average person has time to use, it is a problem which taxes both science and art to launch a new commodity into the commercial world and it is in for this purpose that big agencies like the Ambrose Advertising Agency exists. Therefore, it is not to be wondered at, that the head of the great institution soon forgot his remark, though as a matter of fact it was something more than an idle brag, for a person who can attract the attention of one whose business it is to attract attention, has qualities which can be used for such an institution.

One might even go so far as to say that for the time being at least, Mr. Ambrose had forgotten that he had a young Cherokee Indian in his employ and certainly when Philip White of the White Gum Company, one of his best accounts, dropped in on him, there was no apparent reason for calling to mind John Henry Appletree.

Philip White seemed very much amused. He seated himself on the corner of Mr. Ambrose's desk, a privilege for which he paid dearly when it came to signing contracts for services, and gave the head of the institution a look of admiration. "I say, Anthony," Philip remarked, "that sign you are printing on the Waltham building for me will be all right, no matter what it looks like when you get through. You have managed to get more people to look at it in three hours than I should ever have expected to see it before it was covered up by a sign-painter."

which would bring more money into the treasury of the organization.

Mr. Ambrose worked busily at his desk for some time, finally to be interrupted by his secretary with the information that Miss Wiggins, of the Post, was on the phone.

Now, it was part of his business to be on good terms with the newspapers, but he was a little bewildered at receiving a call from the head of the woman's department. From the financial department, certainly, but why the woman's page? Still, advertising men have many outlets so he answered the call.

"I am after a story," came the voice over the wire, "about that unusual woman you have painting a sign on the Waltham building. I think her darling is enough to inspire every woman in the city. I could also use the picture if you have any."

It was evident that Miss Wiggins expected him to have a story already prepared. Perhaps he would have been ready, had he known that he had a lady sign painter in his employ; but as it was, he had nothing to give out. Miss Wiggins finally hung up in a huff, which he bated for an advertising agency.

It was evident that something was happening over at the Waltham building. Mr. Ambrose knew that a sign was being painted, but he had never heard of a woman in his service and he therefore felt that it would be necessary for him to make a trip over to the building to look the situation over.

Perhaps some one might think that his attention was sufficiently attracted to warrant a raise for the perpetrator of the scheme, but such was not the case. It was his business to look after his employees and an interest in their progress and a curiosity about what they were doing are two different branches to an advertising specialist.

Anthony Ambrose arrived at the Waltham building some fifteen minutes before noon. There was a large crowd gathered on both sides of the street and two policemen were having some difficulty in keeping the traffic way cleared. The crowd was gazing steadily toward the scaffold where the sign painters were at work. Sure enough, there was Roger Thomas and by his side was a figure clad in the garb of a woman, busily plying a brush. It was not many minutes, however, before Mr. Ambrose discovered the reason the crowd was held spellbound.

Dangling down from the scaffold to the roof four stories below was a rope, which seemed to be the only means of reaching the ground. The crowd was waiting to see if the woman would use this rope, a feat which would be daring enough for an experienced stepladder, such as Roger Thomas. The advertising agency found that he could not move until he had seen whether or not she would come down by way of the rope.

In due time a factory whistle sounded and it was evident to the onlookers that the painters were preparing to come down for lunch. The crowd gasped. With a nonchalance which was little short of appalling, she wrapped the rope around her foot and dropped to the roof below with a speed which seemed a little too fast for safety.

Mr. Ambrose made his way to the roof of the building, but Roger and his assistant had gone. The great advertiser had thought that his curiosity would be fully satisfied when he saw the woman safe on the roof above which she had been working, but such was not the case. He next began to wonder if she would return by way of the rope or by having Roger lower the scaffold for her. It was a long way back to his office; so he lunched in a near-by cafe and returned to his place on the curb. Somehow, he could not bring himself to return to the roof, he could not seem to do anything but stand on the curb with the other curious people and watch.

Shortly before one o'clock the crowd observed Roger Thomas laboriously working his way up the rope. It is a hard job to climb hand over hand for a distance equal to four stories in an office building. At last he gained a place of safety on the scaffold and the crowd waited tensely.

Above the building rose the figure in woman's clothing. She seemed to almost fly as she made her way toward the scaffold, which had previously been gained with so much difficulty by Roger. So easily and gracefully did she progress that the crowd burst into cheers and in spite of his dignity Anthony Ambrose cheered with the crowd. Just then, when the work of the afternoon started, there was nothing for Mr. Ambrose to do but to return to his office. When he was seated in his chair again, he found it hard to think of anything but the sign on the Waltham building. Some one in the great Ambrose organization had been responsible for a clever bit of advertising and being that man, the head of the institution was anxious that the proper person should be rewarded.

During the afternoon, he called a number of his underlings into the office in an effort to ascertain, if possible, who had thought of the scheme. Though there were several who, it was quite evident, would have liked to have claimed the honor, he was certain that he had not talked to the right man when he closed his desk and started to leave for the day.

He parked his car as near the Waltham building as he could get. The crowd was even greater, than it had been at the noon hour, for from one of the windows of the building he could see Philip White heading his pleasure. This time he put his feelings behind him and made his way to the roof of the little building next the larger one.

Shortly after five o'clock the bewildered Mr. Anthony Ambrose stood facing Roger Thomas and John Henry Appletree, who was still in the garb of a woman.

There may not have been any sense to it," replied Anthony Ambrose, "but you have lost an assistant. In the morning Mr. Appletree will report in duties as my assistant. The people on the sidewalks were not dumb-bells. They were normal people responding to excellent advertising. I was there myself."

O. K. ALL BUT—

It was kit inspection, and the soldiers had their things laid out on their beds. The orderly walked into the room and approached Private Brown.

"Three shirts, Brown," he asked. "Yes, sir. One on, one in the wash, and one in the box," replied the private. "Yes, sir. One on and one pair in the box."

COMMON SENSE

In the Ten Commandments, everything is classified along with theft and murder, and properly so, for coveting is frequently the explanation of theft and murder. Coveting implies the wish to take away that which another has, not the wish to secure something as good for yourself. Do not wish for wealth and happiness at another's expense. That is coveting. Wish for them, work for them, get them if you can. That is common sense.

Don't Submit to Asthma. If you suffer without hope of breaking the chains which bind you do not put off another day the purchase of Dr. J. B. Kellogg's Remedy. A trial will drive away all doubt as to its efficiency. The sure relief that comes will convince you more than anything that can be written. When help is so near, why wait? This marvelous remedy is sold by druggists everywhere.

THE HUMANE MOTORIST

Whoomp!—Clanging a tire, eh? Holdup!—No. I just got out every few miles and jerk it up to give it a rest.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

A presentation, in easily understandable form, of the Bank's

ANNUAL STATEMENT

31st October, 1931

LIABILITIES table with columns for category and amount. Includes LIABILITIES TO THE PUBLIC and LIABILITIES TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

RESOURCES table with columns for category and amount. Includes Cash in its Vaults, Government & Other Bonds, Stocks, Call Loans, etc.

PROFIT and LOSS ACCOUNT table with columns for item and amount. Includes Profits for the Year ending 31st October, 1931, Dividends paid, etc.

The strength of a bank is determined by its history, its policy, its management and the extent of its resources. For 114 years the Bank of Montreal has been in the forefront of Canadian finance.

Business Directory

MEDICAL: DR. J. A. McVINEY, Physican and Surgeon. LEGAL: HAROLD NASH FARMER, M. A., Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public. DENTAL: A. J. BUCHANAN, D. D. S., Dental Surgeon.

MISCELLANEOUS: FRANCIS NUNAN, Bookbinder. Watchmaker: J. H. JORDAN, GEORGETOWN. Expert Repairs: Prompt Service.

TAIT OPTICAL CO., 110 Wyndham Street GUELPH

Painting and House Decoration. Graining a Specialty. RICHARD H. BLANCHE, Box 359, Acton

Guelph Winter Fair December 7-8-9-10. While in the city take advantage of the Expert Services offered by this Establishment and have your eyes properly examined. A. D. SAVAGE, R. O., Ophthalmic — Specialists.

Mother of Five Looks for Early Release. When one is only 37 the strain of raising five children on limited financial resources is a burden which would tax any woman's strength and vitality. Mrs. N. came too strong from early years at factory work, the burden pressed her lower and lower to the point where tubercular disease gripped her in all its power.

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