

PAGE SIX

THE HUMAN TOUCH
The touch of human hands
That is the boon we seek;
For glowing day by day,
Along the stony way,
We need the comrade heart...

Menu Hints
Recipes for New and Novel
Dishes; Household Ideas and
Suggestions

FOR THIRSTY CHILDREN

Let the children enjoy refreshing
beverages during the dog days. Their
active little bodies require moisture
the same as a rapidly growing plant...

CHOCOLATE MILK

- 1/2 cup cocoa
1 cup cold water
2 cups sugar
2 teaspoons vanilla

Mix cocoa and sugar together. Stir in
water. Boil gently for three minutes.
Add vanilla. Cool. Pour into jar for use
as needed, sealing tight with a rubber
ring. To each glass of cold milk add
two tablespoons of the chocolate syrup
and stir or shake well.

SUMMER APPLEADE

A rather unusual but exceedingly pleas-
ing drink has apple juice as a base. Try
it next time the children are entertaining
their friends.

Wash apples and dice, using the entire
apple. Cook with enough water to cover,
strain through a cloth, and add one cup
sugar for each cup of juice thus obtained.
Dissolve sugar in the juice and cool.
Fill glasses half full of this apple syrup,
add to each glass the juice of half a
lemon, and fill up with ice and water.

RASPBERRY SHRUB

Raspberry shrub is an old-time favor-
ite which deserves to be served more
frequently. It can be made, and kept
ready for use.

- 1 quart raspberry juice
1 cup cold water
1 cup sugar
Juice of 2 lemons

Boil the rind of one-fourth of a lemon
with the sugar and the water until the
syrup coats a spoon. Remove the rind
as soon as the syrup is taken from the
stove. Cool the syrup and add the lemon
juice and the raspberry juice. Chill the
shrub on ice before serving it.

FRUITADES FOR GUESTS

Fruitades or punches are popular these
days—on the lawn, the porch, and even
inside the home. Vary them and you
will add to your reputation as a hostess.
The sugar called for in drinks of this
kind is a quick-energy food that will
bolster up a lagging system quickly on a
hot day. Try these recipes:

FRUITADE

The list of fruit juices suitable for cool
drinks is almost endless, but orange and
lemon juice are always favorites. To
the following basic recipe may be added,
in any preferred proportion, the sweet-
ened juice of raspberries, pineapple,
cheeries or grapes.

- Juice of 2 oranges
Juice of 1 lemon
6 tablespoons sugar
3 cups water

Add sugar to fruit juice and stir until
dissolves. Add cold water and serv.

RASPBERRY PUNCH

- 1 cup raspberries
1 cup currants
1 lemon
1 pint boiling water
1 cup sugar
1 egg tea

Crush fruit and strain through a cloth.
Without taking the pulp from the cloth,
pour it into another dish and pour the
boiling water over it. Drain off, but do
not squeeze or it will be muddy. Add
the sugar to the liquid, and stir until it
is dissolved. Cool thoroughly before add-
ing the fruit juice and tea.

Persian Balm—Invaluable to the whole
family. To the mother, a flawless aid
to loveliness. To the child, a soothing,
healing balm. And to the father, a
splendid hair fixative and cooling shav-
ing lotion. Persian Balm tones and re-
freshes the skin. Makes hands deli-
ciously soft and white. Indispensable to
dainty women. A little gentle rubbing
and it is absorbed by the tissues, making
the skin truly rose-leaf in texture.

TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE

"So the groom-to-be failed to show
up at the church."
"Yes, but he sent his regrets."

Another Short Story

The Lost Son

By Fannie Christie Ferryman.

Editor's Note—The following story is
contributed to THE FREE PRESS columns
by a writer whose name is familiar with
many Actonians and it is indeed a
pleasure we have in publishing. The
story is a true one, with the names
changed, and gives a faint idea of what
many mothers have borne patiently as a
result of the Great War.

Mrs. Northcote had been a widow for
many years. Her son, Edgar, was her
only child, and such a comfort to her.
He was eighteen-years-of-age when the
Great War broke out; nothing would hold
him when the call for volunteers came.
Mrs. Northcote, like all good mothers,
dreaded to see him go, but felt a secret
pride over his enthusiasm to do his bit.
Then came the "good-bye," that gave
the heart strings of each one a great
wrench. Edgar was surrounded by an
eager, excited crowd, while the mother
told him home life so fondly.

Soon letters began to come and each
one so full of interest that it made a
pleasant break in the monotony of her
life. They were not long being answer-
ed, and all through the war this devotion
lasted.

Mrs. Northcote spared neither money
nor work in sending her boy just the
things she knew he liked in his parcels,
but, as was often the case, the parcels
did not reach their destination. When-
ever a great wave of loneliness would
overwhelm her, nothing seemed so sooth-
ing as reading over the treasured letters.

Then she would wonder how he had
spent each day and night, trying to
imagine "her boy" wading in mud and
mire, midst pests of rats and vermin,
needing sleep and rest and good food.
When she retired at night, she always
looked at his empty bed, and said to
herself, "Oh, if Edgar could have even
one night's rest and comfort such as
he was used to," then the silent heart-
felt prayer ascended asking "God to
shield her boy and return him safely to
her."

Who could blame that dear mother if
the unbidden tears would roll down her
cheeks?

Then latterly there was always the
cheerful promise that the war would soon
be over, and they would be enjoying the
old happy life again. Thus encouraged,
Mrs. Northcote was laying plans for the
future.

Later, when the armistice was signed
and the "joyful news" spread that the
boys would soon be home, her heart
seemed to go by leaps and bounds. Soon
various contingents began to arrive, and
there was the anxiety of meeting the
various trains, but each day arrived
without any news of Edgar. His name
had not been on the bulletin issued at
the station. So many mothers were
clasping their sons in a fond embrace,
but her arms were empty. Why? Why?
Why was it he had failed her at this
critical time? So many were saying
"Hasn't Edgar arrived yet?" or "Hasn't
he sent you a wire? How strange!" Mrs.
Northcote tried so hard to be brave and
control her feelings, but sleep seemed
cut of the question, and all the delicious
food she had prepared, with such loving
care and buoyant spirits, remained un-
tasted. She walked the floor in agony
of mind and prayed that her boy might
be spared to return to her yet.

Then, a friend who knew her well, was
on hand when the "official message"
came. He said, "My wife and I will be
with her when it is delivered. She must
not be alone in her sorrow, for her heart
will almost break." When the message
came, Mrs. Northcote opened it quickly
and read the startling news that her son
was listed among the missing ones. It
was a severe shock, and her friends re-
mained with her for awhile. Through
her tears, she smiled and said, "I'll never
give him up for good, but will keep look-
ing, listening, and watching for him day
and night. I can't believe he is dead."
Friends were all so kind and sympathiz-
ing with her.

She kept her windows light during the
darkness, and she was always alert and
watching, never went away and locked
her doors.

Mrs. Northcote had been a very ardent
worker in all good causes, but dropped
out of many, "so she would be sure to be
at home when Edgar came." It seemed
very touching, but they misled her and
asked permission for the "Benevolent
Society of Workers" to hold their meet-
ings in her home, so she could be in-
cluded; that made a break and was a
mutual benefit.

As the months wore away, and no
word came, there were doubts expressed
of his return, little dreaming what the
future had in store. One of the younger
ladies who lived nearby said to Mrs.
Northcote one day, "Would you like
to go out to Mimico with me? I often
go out to see my girl friend."

Mrs. Northcote said, "I'm afraid it
would make me sadder to visit an
asylum."

But Olive Turton replied, "Sometimes
we feel better satisfied with our own lot
when we see a sadder side of life. If
you will go with me, Auntie will keep
house for you till we get back."

Soon they were on their way, and
Olive was such good company that they
reached their destination in the suburbs
of the city almost before they realized
it was visiting day. They saw Olive's
friend, such a nice young woman, but
just melancholy. There were several
mild cases which attracted Mrs. North-
cote. After a little, very guardedly, Olive

took her to see another patient, "a young
man," so thin and worn and sad, and
with his hair was partly gray. Miss Turton
had seen him before, and "had a secret
dread," and hope that she dare not
express, for he and Mrs. Northcote to
meet. So she said, "Charlie" (that was
the name he went by) "I've brought a
friend with me to-day to see you." He
seemed quiet, and seemed to be thinking
hard.

Mrs. Northcote looked so earnestly and
tenderly at him. She asked him if he
had any friends. He did not answer,
but walked over to the window, looked
out, and then sobbed aloud, and said,
"O, if I could only find her."

They asked who, but no reply. He
turned and watched them.

After they left, Mrs. Northcote said,
"Whatever sad face that young man had;
but Olive, do you know, on account of
losing my own boy, I felt so tender over
him. He is only a shadow but he
isn't."

And the one he longed for, she said,
"Edgar, I'm going to be a real mother
to you. I'm lonely and need you."

During the night a fire was raging
near them, and Edgar was preparing to
go, but his mother feared for him. He
said "duty called and he must go. There
was great excitement, as usual. An old
man was missing, and heedless of all
danger, Edgar rushed to the rescue. Just
as they were coming out, toward a window
found planned beneath the burning
embers. Firemen, through heroic efforts,
rescued them. They were unconscious,
but escaped with a few burns. Each one
was borne to their homes, but revived
quickly. Late in the morning, Edgar
awoke and was just coming out of the
bathroom, partly dressed, when his
mother met him in the hall, and noticed
the familiar birthmark, just below his
shirt band. Then she knew, without
doubt, that she had her own dear boy
again.

When Edgar came down to breakfast,
he was smiling, and looked so cheerful
and came over and kissed his mother,
rubbed his hands together, and said,
"Well, Mother, it's good to be home again.
The place looks so natural." The shock
of the night previous had counteracted
the shell shock and his mind was per-
fectly clear again. Fancy the joy in his
mother's heart.

Olive made an excuse over before
dinner to know how things were, as they
had heard of Edgar's close call at the
fire. She could hardly believe her ears
or her eyes as he conversed upon various
subjects with such ease.

Mrs. Northcote called her to another
room, and said that she would always
feel as though Olive was a link between
them. Mrs. Northcote said, "If it had
not been for your keen perception and
tact we might never have been to-
gether." So the friendship was strongly
cemented and lasted for a lifetime.

Edgar gradually grew stronger and
happier. These four friends took a world
of comfort together. The older ones
each so fond of their own loved to see the
younger couple enjoying the hours spent
together. Edgar took up his former
studies for electrical engineering. Three
years passed happily away, till he was through.
Olive was busy filling her hope chest
with nice things. There was plenty of
money on both sides of the house. Six
weeks after the engagement of "Edgar"
Northcote and "Olive Turton" there was
an elaborate church wedding, followed
by a lengthy honeymoon. Then this
young couple returned to their home
town and were a great comfort to their
friends.

Miller's Worm Powders are a pleasant
medicine for worm-infested children, and
they will take it without objection. When
directions are followed it will not injure
the most delicate child, as there is noth-
ing of an injurious nature in its com-
position. They will speedily rid a child
of worms and restore the health of the
little sufferers whose vitality has become
impaired by the attacks of these internal
pests.

MAY YOU GROW YOUNGER AS YOU GROW OLDER

By Arthur B. Rhinow

"Youth is the most glorious thing in
life, but it is wasted on young people,"
George Bernard Shaw scintillated the
other day, and we could almost see the
sparkle in his eye when we read this
Irish bit.

In other words, only they enjoy youth
who remain young until they are old
enough to appreciate it. The early years
of life, generally called youth, are not the
best time of life, as has been so often
proclaimed. Try to look back upon your
life between fifteen and twenty-one
without the romantic hues that retros-
pect likes to spread over the past, and
you will admit that you were racked
with many cares; cares that look silly
now, but were very real at the time.
The headaches and heartaches caused
by capricious cupid alone drove many a
youth and maiden to tears and sleepless
nights.

No, youth is not the best time of life,
just as little as the blossom period is the
best season of the tree. When the tree
bears fruit, it is most glorious. We ad-
mire the blossoms, but we live on the
fruit. And when we begin to do things
worthy of ourselves, and when we become
a blessing to others and not just something
pretty to be admired; then it is that life
yields the greatest satisfaction.

But youth is the best time to prepare
for the best time. Work hard, live clean,
sleep well, enjoy wholesome fun, and
sport, keep a window open toward heaven
and you will develop the vigor to enjoy
the best time of life with zest.
The trouble with many young people
is that they want to taste all of life in
a few years, with the result that they eat
unripe fruit and get sick of life.

But you and I will be so happy together."
Edgar said, "All right, then, I'll go
with you for awhile, but if you need me,
doctor, to help you in any way, just
send word and you will find me in line,
ready for action."

So Edgar went with them quietly, had
very little to say, and seemed nervous.
Olive's aunt was overjoyed when she saw
the trio, coming home. Mrs. Northcote
insisted on Olive and her aunt sharing
the first meal with them, as they had
proved themselves such loyal friends.
They all noted every look and move, of
Edgar, and were so glad to see him enjoy
the meal. Afterward they had some
music. Olive playing the pieces his
mother chose. He said very little, but
there was a far-away look in his eyes,
and he seemed to listen attentively. The
visitors left early and as Edgar seemed
very tired, they retired early. When
Mrs. Northcote showed Edgar to his room
just across from hers, he said, "You are
so much like the mother I lost."

She kissed him good-night, and said,
"Edgar, I'm going to be a real mother
to you. I'm lonely and need you."

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near them, and Edgar was preparing to
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ENVY

Envy is an underhanded way of on-
tending to our deficiencies. We are en-
vious of the people who are more talent-
ed than we are more popular, more
successful. When a homely girl savage-
ly criticizes a pretty one, when an un-
popular young fellow goes out of his way
to sneer at one who is popular, every
one understands the reason. It is simply
an acknowledgment of their own lack.

When we find ourselves feeling bitter
toward one of our popular acquaintances
when the praise of another makes us feel
uncomfortable and unhappy, just re-
member that this is an acknowledgment
of our inferiority.

BETTER STAY ON THE JOB THESE DAYS

"I'll never used to make no fuss about
the kind of pole or bait, or weather,
neither; he'd just say, 'I got to catch a
mess to-day.'
Antoward the creek you'd see him
slide, a whistlin' old 'n' walkin' wide,
I says one day to Hil, says I, 'how do
you always catch 'em Hil? He gave his
bait another swish in, 'n' chucklin' says,
'I just keep fishin'."

QUESTIONS AS FILLERS

Some young people ask questions and
then do not listen to the answers. The
reason they do not listen is that they
are not interested. They merely ask ques-
tions "to keep the conversation going."
While the answer is being given, they
are hard at work thinking up another
question. Unluckily it is generally ap-
parent when questions are merely "fill-
ers," and most people resent the ques-
tions which are asked without interest,
and the necessity of giving answers to
which no one listens. It is not neces-
sary that conversation should be pro-
found or brilliant, but it is necessary
that the people who take part should
be interested.

CANADA'S PURE BRED LIVE STOCK

In a report to the Minister of Agricul-
ture, A. E. MacVannell, Chief Registrar
and Registrar of Canadian pure bred live
stock certificates for Canadian pure bred live
stock were issued during the fiscal year
ending March 31, 1932. These were made
up as follows: Cattle, 33,288; horses,
1,734; sheep, 13,330; swine, 10,139; foxes,
21,885; dogs, 7,380; poultry, 1,811; and
goats, 123.

Western Fair
London - Ontario
September 12 to 17, 1932
The Tinker and Tailor and Candlestick-Maker will all be
at the Western Fair with their wares on display. Be sure
you visit Western Ontario's Own Exhibition, where you
will see the latest trend in Agriculture and Manufacturing.
Stellar Grandstand Attractions - Music - Midway
Horse Show - Dog Show
\$40,000
IN PRIZES AND ATTRACTIONS
J. H. SAUNDERS, President W. D. JACKSON, Secretary
Entries Close September First



"Bring Dora too—
we'll play tennis"
All Ruth's friends in the city felt
sorry for her when she married
Dick and settled down in a small
town thirty miles out.
They soon found, however, that
Ruth had lawns and flowers
which made city apartments seem
very stuffy indeed. Now they
welcome a chance to run out and
Ruth is never lonely.
The telephone is the connecting
link. It is quick, easy to use and
costs only a few cents to call the
city.

J. Cadesky
OPTOMETRIST
WILL VISIT ACTON ON
Mon., September 12
Anyone suffering from Eyestrain,
Defective Vision or Headache
should not miss the opportunity of
consulting this eyesight specialist.
Appointments may be made with
Mr. A. T. Brown, Druggist.
CONSULTATION FREE
Office Hours: 9 a. m. till 4 p. m.

Business Directory

MEDICAL
DR. J. A. McNIVEN
Physician and Surgeon
Office and Residence—Corner Bow
Avenue and Elgin Street.
LEGAL
Phone No. 22 P. O. Box 39
HAROLD NASH FARMER, M. A.
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public,
Conveyancer, Etc.

KENNETH M. LANGDON
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
Offices:
Acton Georgetown
Over T. Seymour's Cafe Main Street E.
For Appointments Phone Acton 65—
Georgetown 88
Office Hours — Acton, Tuesday and
Thursday, 1.15 p. m. to 5.30 p. m. Even-
ings on request.

DENTAL
A. J. BUCHANAN, D. B. S.
Dental Surgeon
Office: In Leishman Block
Hours: 9 a. m. until 6 p. m. Evenings
by Appointment
Gas for Extractions
Closed All Day Wednesday Phone 148

P. W. PEAREN, D. D. S., L. D. S.
Dental Surgeon
Successor to Late Dr. J. M. Bell
Phone 29 Mill Street, Acton

MISCELLANEOUS
FRANCIS NUNAN
Bookbinder
Account books of all kinds made to
order. Periodicals of every description
carefully bound. Ruling neatly and
promptly done.
Wyndham Street - Guelph, Ont.
(Over Williams' Store)

Watchmaker Jeweller
J. H. JORDAN
GEORGETOWN
Expert Repairs Prompt Service
We have for years been doing repairs
for other jewellers across Canada, so
are quite capable of doing yours.

Church Organ Tuning
and Repairs
Emergency Adjustments or Yearly
Maintenance
SERVICE AT REASONABLE
COST
LEONARD DOWNEY
503 Royal Bank Building
TORONTO ONTARIO
Waverly 6281

Our 25th Anniversary
Celebration A Great
Success
We are continuing our Anniver-
sary Discount until the end of the
month. We are pleased that so
many of our older patrons were
able to take advantage of this un-
usual offer and celebrate with us
our 25th Anniversary.
ONE-THIRD OFF UNTIL
JULY 30th
A. D. SAVAGE
REGISTERED OPTOMETRIST
(SAVE GOVERNMENT EXAMINATION)
SAVAGE BUILDING, GUELPH
Phone 1931W

Voters' List, 1932
MUNICIPALITY OF THE
TOWNSHIP OF NASSAGAWAYA
Notice is hereby given that I have
transmitted or delivered to the persons
mentioned in Sec. 12 of the Ontario
Voters' List Act, the copies required by
said section to be so transmitted or
delivered of the list made pursuant to
said Act, of all persons appearing by
the last revised Assessment Roll of the
said Municipality to be entitled to vote
in the said Municipality at elections for
members of the Legislative Assembly and
at Municipal Elections; and that the
said list was first posted up in my office
in Nassagawaya on the 30th day of July,
1932, and remains there for inspection.
And I hereby call upon all voters to
take immediate proceedings to have any
errors or omissions corrected according
to law.
Dated this 30th day of July, 1932.
JOHN MARSHALL
Clerk of said Municipality