

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will; When the road you are treading seems all uphill; And the funds are low and the debts are high; And you want to smile—but you have to sigh; When care is pressing you down a bit, Rest, if you must, but don't you quit.

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes: Household Ideas and Suggestions

By Betty Barclay

PARTY PICKLEMENTS

Here are two recipes that will help make your party a decided success. Unusual? Of course! But they are easy to follow, and the results are surprisingly good:

PARTY PEPPER SALAD

2 green peppers 2 packages (6 ounces) cream cheese 4 sardines 1/2 cup dill pickle, finely chopped 1/4 cup onion salt 1/4 teaspoon pepper Wash peppers and remove seeds and membrane. Mash cream cheese and sardines to a paste. Add chopped dill pickle and seasonings. Pack mixture tightly into pepper cases. Chill in refrigerator until ready to use. To serve slice thin, sprinkle each slice with paprika and serve on crisp lettuce with French Dressing or mayonnaise.

RIBBON SANDWICHES

Sandwich bread Sweet butter Soft pickle relish Mayonnaise Pimiento cream cheese Slice bread in slices 1/2-inch thick. Spread first slice generously with softened butter, then with sweet pickle relish moistened with a little mayonnaise. Cover with a second slice of bread, buttered on both sides. Spread the second slice with mashed pimiento cream cheese. Top with third slice of bread. Press slices firmly together. Remove crusts. Wrap in a damp cloth and place in refrigerator under a heavy weight for several hours. To serve slice very thin and serve immediately.

PEACH SUNDAE

1 pint milk 3 tablespoons sugar 1/2 teaspoon vanilla 1 junket tablet 1 tablespoon cold water (For the topping) 1/2 cup whipping cream 1 tablespoon powdered sugar 4 small (or 2 large) peaches Make junket as directed on the package. Pour 4 tall glasses nearly full. Let stand in warm room until firm, about 10 minutes. Then chill. Whip the cream until almost stiff, then add the sugar. Dice the peaches, and if they are fresh roll them in powdered sugar. Just before serving the junket fill the glasses with the peaches and top with the whipped cream.

A JELLED LOAF FOR LUNCH

Try a jelled loaf for luncheon some day and watch the faces of your guests. Or serve it to the family and give each member a real treat. Here are two suggestions:

HAM AND CELERY LOAF

1 package lime-flavored gelatin 1 1/2 cups boiling water 1/2 cup vinegar 1/2 teaspoon salt 1 cup sliced ham, finely chopped 1 1/2 cups celery, finely chopped 1 tablespoon onion, grated 2 sweet pickles, finely chopped Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in ham, celery, onion, and pickles. Pour into loaf mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve in slices. Garnish with crisp watercress. Serves 10.

CORNED BEEF LOAF

1 package lemon-flavored gelatin 1 cup boiling water 1 cup meat stock, or 1 cup water plus 4 bouillon cubes or 4 teaspoons beef extract 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce 1/2 teaspoon paprika 3 cups cooked corned beef, ground 1 tablespoon onion, grated 1 tablespoon prepared mustard Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add meat stock, Worcestershire sauce, and paprika. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in corned beef, onion, and mustard. Turn into loaf pan. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve in slices on crisp lettuce. Garnish with sliced hardcooked eggs or tomato wedges. Serves 10.

ORANGE ICE CREAM

(Makes 2 quarts) 3 cups orange juice 1 cup sugar 1 cup thick cream 2 cups milk Mix orange juice and sugar thoroughly. Add cream and milk and freeze.

KNOW HOW TO WORK IT

Mrs. A.—I saw a perfect love of a hat to-day. Mrs. B.—Did you buy it? Mrs. A. Not yet. I've got to pick out a more expensive one for my husband to refuse to buy so that we can compromise on this one.

Another Short Story

The Spring of 1933

BY RICHARD S. BOND

SILAS GREEN emptied the tobacco from the depths of his pouch into a creased paper, from which it was carefully poured into his pipe. By so doing each crumb was preserved. The Widow Henderson, who lived next door, would not arise for at least an hour so Silas reached across the veranda rail for her morning paper.

A quick glance assured him that the help-wanted column was still blank. Therefore, with a grant of disapproval he turned to the news.

He puffed leisurely for a few moments, then jerked himself to an upright position in his chair. His feet, clad in shoes with worn spots in the centre of each sole, came down to the floor with a crash.

"Damn!" he ejaculated. "Double darn and even d—!" He paused abruptly as his wife came out to investigate the clatter.

"First we have communism," he snorted. "Then we have technocracy, cantocracy and half a dozen other 'ocracies.' Now look what's coming."

"An earthquake?" suggested his good wife.

"Worse," moaned Silas. "Here's a group of eminent know-it-alls who claim that in another six months our money will be about as valuable as German marks. We're going to have a new system, a new currency, a new everything. It's not enough to have hold-ups, murders and poverty. Now even those who have managed to keep a few dollars for a rainy day are going to see those dollars turned into scraps of paper."

"What do you think of this, Joe?" he shouted across the street to the local butcher who had reached for his own morning paper. "Now our money is going to be useless."

There was much comment that morning in the little town of Bustleton. There was much comment in several thousand other towns and in many cities. There was even more comment on the farms, the prairies, and up in the mountains where the hill folk kept abreast of the times.

But there was more than comment. There had been rumors before about inflation, units of energy, and new currency—but this time it seemed to be more than a rumor. And this time people did more than curse conditions.

Almost unthinkingly they decided as Silas Green decided that morning on his old front porch.

"If our money is to be useless, Mary," he said, "I don't calculate upon keeping it for souvenirs. We have enough German marks without adding to the collection. Six months from now our money is supposed to be scraps of paper. To-day we can spend it. To-morrow will have to take care of itself."

"The house needs painting, Silas," suggested his wife. "We are using the dining room suite we bought when we were first married."

"The old gal is pretty near done," replied Silas. "and even if there is no work for carpenters, I can use new tools when repairing our own property."

And forthwith Silas and Mary donned their Sunday best, dug out an old sock from the upholstery of the sitting room couch and started to get rid of that money which was so soon to be doomed.

This alone would have meant nothing in the Spring of 1933. But from east to west and from north to south the same thing was being done by men and women of high and low estate. Merchants smiled as they noticed their increased business. True, there was a slight acidity to the smile for they too realized that money was doomed. However, they were so accustomed to exchanging sugar and coffee for money that they continued to do it through force of habit.

Plumbers, carpenters, and painters smiled also as they picked up their tools and hurried off to take care of an unheard-of number of jobs.

And as they received their pay they rushed frantically to the stores to rid themselves of this useless currency and replenish their stock of food and clothing.

The nation was in a turmoil. There was an unheard-of activity everywhere. Of course, all realized that this was merely temporary, but nevertheless each worker felt better after a day of toil than he had felt after a day of enforced idleness. The stocks of local merchants dwindled rapidly and rush orders were soon sent to wholesalers, to mills and to factories. Wheels that had long been still, creaked and groaned and then began to hum as they had hummed in days of yore. Men were called from the corners and the parks to do familiar work. On Saturday, with actual pay in their pockets, they bundled up with their wives and rushed to the local stores for supplies.

"We have money to-day," was the general cry. "To-morrow it may be paper, but to-day it will buy food and clothing."

The Spring of 1933 was drawing to a close. The wheels of mills and factories will still humming. Workmen were still drawing a weekly pay. Merchants were still doing business. Millions of Silas Greens and Mary Greens were still buying dining room suites, painting houses and enjoying life. For some reason or other no one was suggesting a new currency, a new system or a new "ocracy" of any kind.

Silas Green stepped out of a brand new sedan and stopped on the sidewalk to chat for a moment with the local banker. Affectionately, he hit the end from an aromatic ten-center and passed a well-filled cigar case to his friend.

"Do you know, Mr. Ferguson," he said, "I don't believe that we're ever going to have a new system. In spite of the fact that I have been spending money I still have as much as I had last winter. Why, darn it, I have been working every day and have enough orders ahead to keep me going for months."

"We had a national inferiority complex," said the banker with a smile. "There was nothing wrong, except with ourselves. Bustleton was never as prosperous as it is to-day. And what applies to Bustleton applies to thousands of towns all over the land."

"A good old country, isn't it?" queried Silas. "Just needed some medicine for a new insidious disease called 'ocracy'—and that covers all the 'cracies' and 'isms' that we have been hearing about for years. All we needed was a prescription that would fit a new disease."

"Six hours of labor, a liberal sprinkling of dollar bills, mixed in a day with a little buying, and a few grains of common sense, worked wonders in the Spring of 1933," said the banker, slapping his old friend affectionately upon the back and starting along the new sidewalk toward his own newly painted and well-kept home.

For Scalds or Burns.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is a standard remedy for the prompt treatment of scalds and burns. Its healing power quickly soothes the pain and aids a speedy recovery from the injury. It is also an excellent and sprays, as well as for relieving the pains arising from inflammation of various kinds. A bottle in the house and stable saves many a doctor's and veterinarian's fee.

CHEESE PRODUCING PROVINCES A succinct review of the history of cheese and butter grading in Canada, with the beneficial results appertaining thereto, was given by Mr. Jos. Burgess, Chief of the Dairy Produce Division, Dairy and Cold Storage Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, in a recent address. The introduction of a system covering the grading of cheese and butter in Canada by officials of the Dominion Department of Agriculture was brought about by conditions existing in the industry previous to 1923. For twenty years prior to this date there had been unsatisfactory methods in vogue, until the Department of Agriculture took the matter in hand by preparing definitions of the different grades and standards thereof; and later on setting up grading centres. These recommendations passed into law under the Dairy Produce Act on April 1, 1923, after which date it became illegal to export creamy butter or factory cheese unless officially graded.

On the other hand, since the inauguration of compulsory grading the improvement in the manufacture has been most marked; and at the present day, in spite of the keenness of competition in the British market, Canadian cheese holds the top position there. Those familiar with the cheese trade know, said Mr. Burgess, that the best type of Canadian cheese has not only a very high standing on the British market, but has a preference over cheese from other countries.

In the ten year period in which official grading has been effective, upwards of 90 per cent. of the total cheese made in Canada has been graded.

Prince Edward Island, Quebec and Ontario are the three provinces in the Dominion which produce practically all the export cheese, with Ontario supplying about 73 per cent., Quebec, 25 1/2 per cent., and Prince Edward Island, 1 1/2 per cent. of the total quantity. Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia also manufacture some cheese, and part of the output of those provinces has been graded, but the local demand leaves very little for export.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK? By Edson R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma That advertising is educational. From the ads you can get information as to new ideas and inventions which will lighten labor and make life easier and happier.

The electric rewards are finding new uses for it daily. Electric power, for washing clothes, used to be a luxury. To cool the air, to freeze water, it lights the world and is used to benefit mankind in a thousand ways.

Electric appliances are very necessary these modern days. They are used in the home, office, factory, all kinds of places of business and on the farm. They are time and money savers.

Electric power is the most helpful helpmate the world has ever known. Take the little electric wire away and we would go back to the days of long ago.

In the home the housewife is the one who makes life worth living. She is the essential part in the running of the home and life; she is the true partner in every sense of the word. Without her the work of the world could not be done. Her day is long and taken up with work and worry. She gets few leisure hours. Electric appliances will make her work easier and give her the more leisure hours she deserves.

Electric appliances can be bought at a price that any one can afford, and their cost of operation is small.

This is an age of wonders. Every day new and more ingenious appliances are made available to us. Every advertisement should be read carefully and sellers of electrical devices should advertise continuously so people can better know the many labor saving devices they have to offer.

It always pays to read the advertisements!

SLATS' DIARY BY BOB PARQUEAR

Friday—Mr. Gilliam was down to see house this evening, and he and him was talking about bewitching birds in English language and Mr. Gilliam said that he used to think Yes was the most bewitching bird in the English language and now he believes No is the most bewitching bird in the English language. As he left he invited pa and ma including me and Mr. Emmy up to there house to-morrow for supper to celebrate the 27th wedding anniversary.

Saturday—Ant Emmy sed she got a letter from her neace in Springfield and her bow is a going to give her a 24 carat diamond. Ant Emmy sed meby that wood be all rite oney she-nose this girl dussent care much for vegetable.

Sunday—Lizzy Crunch is pritty sick I gess. they have had two or 3 doctors to see her and Xamine her and they even had a x ray pitecher talk of her but even that diddent help her none so fur.

Munday — Teacher kep me in after skool tonite on acct. of I answered a kvestion not to sute her. She wanted no if emny of we kids cud give a nuther wrid that ment Cats paw and I held up my hand and she ast me whut and I sed Tom Cat. witch is why I was kep in.

Tuesday—Ely Hix has quit going with Dr. Bly for sun now she has sed him fur Breech a Promise. And pa was saying this noon that he has went and sed her for two \$ a Visit. witch will make kwite a Bill.

Wednesday—Ant Emmy was reading in the nose paper that out in Holly Wood they will pay 15 \$ a day for fokes who can bark like dogs or squawk like a Parrot and etc. Pa suggested that mebbe we cud make a Deal with them for a Raddio and save them a lot of munny.

Thursday—Pa has ben very much interested in the ads for Shaveing Cream cream of all kinds and this morning he sed he made a very very Valuable discovery. He has a Theory that meby a good Razor has sum thing to do with getting a good shave.

SOME RESULTS WITH FERTILIZERS ON PEAT SOILS Soil containing a large proportion of organic matter such as peats or mucks are usually deficient in the mineral elements of plant food and especially in phosphoric acid and potash. On freshly broken peat lands a dressing of barnyard manure at the outset is recommended. In addition to furnishing available plant food the manure supplies bacteria necessary for the decomposition of the peat. In conjunction with manure a dressing of a complete fertilizer having a relatively high percentage of phosphoric acid and potash may be used.

In experimental work conducted on newly broken peat land at Caledonia Springs, Ontario, during the season of 1932 by the Divisions of Chemistry and Illustration Stations of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, very satisfactory results were obtained from the use of manure and fertilizers. An application of 20 tons of manure resulted in 376 bushels of marketable potatoes, 19 1/2 tons of mangels, 21 tons of beets and 8 tons of celery per acre. Ten tons of manure supplemented by 750 pounds of 4-8-10 fertilizer, gave almost as good yields as the 20 ton rate of manure. The yields from a dressing of 1500 pounds of 4-8-10 fertilizer mixture (without manure), gave yields as follows: 320 bushels of marketable potatoes, 18 1/2 tons of mangels, 17 tons of beets and 6 tons of celery per acre. The areas which received neither manure nor fertilizer produced 188 bushels of potatoes, 6 1/2 tons of mangels, 9 tons of beets and 3 1/2 tons of celery, per acre.

An area of this peat land which had been treated in 1931 with manure and fertilizer, produced 48 bushels of barley per acre in 1932 and an excellent stand of clover. An untreated area gave a yield of but 19 bushels of barley.

The above results definitely show that manure and fertilizers may be used to great advantage in the growth of grain, hood and vegetable crops on newly broken peat lands.

WASN'T HIS LOSS An energetic bargain hunter was one day walking through the market, when his eye stopped beside a basketful of live lobsters. Instantly one of the lobsters snapped its claws on the dog's tail, and the surprised colle dashed off through the market, yelling with pain.

The fishmonger for a moment was speechless with indignation. Then, turning to his prospective customer, he shouted: "Say, Smith, aren't you going to whistle to your dog to come back with that lobster?"

"Like heck I am," returned the other complacently, "you go whistle to your lobster!"

TWO OF A KIND "The other night I went to the theatre with a lowbrow friend. And the orchestra played Little Brown Jug. And he thought it was the national anthem and he stood up. And I did, too. Dzat him!"

THE COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT

There appeared this week in Ontario papers a brief notice of the death of an old citizen of Western Ontario. He was, although the notice did not say so, a member of a large but seldom-mentioned class, a class which is not enumerated in the decennial census, or listed in directories. He was or had been interested in, and if he is often not a very great journalist, is at least a very real newspaper.

The local newspaper that employs an efficient staff of these men and women is cultivating a field in which no outside newspaper can compete — An editorial in the Toronto Star Weekly.

NO WONDER "I want," said the house hunter, "a house in an isolated position—at least five miles from any other house."

"I see," said the house agent, with an understanding sort of smile. "You want to practice the simple life?"

"No," answered the house hunter, grimly. "I want to practice the cornet."

PEOPAGATING RHUBARB Rhubarb may be propagated from seed, but as the identity of the variety is likely to be lost through cross-breeding in the fertilization of the seed, it is better to propagate by transplanting sections of root. A furrow may be opened up with a plough about seven or eight inches deep and the roots placed in it, or individual holes may be dug with a shovel. The plants should be set in squares four feet apart each way. Small sections of root with a single crown are better than large portions for transplanting, and should be planted with the crown about level with the surface of the ground, and the earth firmly packed around them.

Best results are obtained if the beds are planted in early spring before the roots have produced much new growth. Cultivation with a horse and scuffler or by hand should be kept up during the first season, and the rhubarb will be ready for light use the next year, but should not be heavily used until the third season. The rhubarb bed needs digging each spring to freshen the surface, and remove any weeds or grass. This last in particular should be kept up, and if any is encroaching, more frequent digging will be found necessary.

Rhubarb requires a rich soil; the richer it is the better the results, says the Dominion Department of Agriculture. A spot where manure has been piled or any similar extremely rich place is ideal. It is a good idea to summer-fallow the land for the season before the rhubarb is set out. This makes it easier to keep it clean afterwards. If the land is not already very rich, manure may be applied before summer-fallowing, and ploughed in.

City people are sometimes inclined to be amused when they read these humble chronicles. They think it is of little interest to anybody that so-and-so which is a newspaper should chronicle or visited relatives in some seldom-heard-of hamlet. They cannot understand why a newspaper should chronicle the painting of somebody's barn or the purchase by someone of a new motor car. Yet if they will only stop to consider, this is exactly the sort of thing that they talk of themselves—the comings and goings of people, the purchases of one and the facts that so-and-so burnt herself with the curling iron. This, for the season before the rhubarb is set out, the great talk, thus. There are several good stories told about the conversations of the great which have been eagerly overheard, but have turned out to be

Business Directory

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