

DID YOU?

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way... With a resolute heart and cheerful? Or hide your face from the light of day...

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Household Hints and Suggestions

By Betty Barclay

THAT GOOD OLD HAM

Ham is a good old favorite and fits nicely into the menu at this time of year. But don't be content with fried ham and boiled ham. Try other savory dishes with this as the main ingredient.

HAM MOUSSE

2 cups boiled ham, put through meat grinder
1 teaspoon mixed mustard
1/2 teaspoon sugar
1/2 teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
1/2 cup hot water
1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped

HAM LOAF

6 hard boiled eggs
2 cups cooked ham, chopped fine
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon mixed mustard
Salt and pepper

Make a white sauce of the flour, butter and milk. Add seasonings. Arrange a layer of the sliced, hard boiled eggs in the bottom of a baking pan. Pour on a little of the sauce. Add a layer of the ham. Cover with sauce. Continue alternating layers until all is used.

SOME FROSTING HINTS

Your plainest cake, your simplest dessert changes from a culinary Cinderella into a beautiful princess when you add chocolate. Frost your next cake with:

HUNGARIAN CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate, cut in pieces
1 1/2 tablespoons hot water
1/2 cup confectioners' sugar
2 egg yolks, well beaten
1/2 cup butter, washed in cold water to remove salt

Melt chocolate in double boiler, add hot water, and blend. Add sugar and egg yolks and beat well. Remove from fire and allow mixture to stand over hot water 3 minutes or until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Cool quickly to lukewarm. Add butter, a tablespoon at a time, blending after each addition. Makes enough frosting to cover top and sides of 8x8x2-inch cake, or tops of two 9-inch layers.

Note: This is a small recipe. Double the recipe for enough frosting to spread between layers and on top and sides of three 9-inch layers.

CHOCOLATE BUTTER FROSTING

4 teaspoon butter
3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
4 teaspoon milk

Cream butter, add 1 cup sugar, and cream together thoroughly. Add vanilla and chocolate. Add remaining sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Thin with milk until of right consistency to spread. Makes enough frosting to cover top and sides of 8x8x2-inch cake, or tops of two 9-inch layers.

MINT IOE CREAM

2 cups milk
1/2 lb. after dinner mints
1 tablet for junket
1 tablespoon cold water
1 cup heavy cream
Grape green color

Put the tablet for junket in a cup with cold water. Crush with a spoon to dissolve. Put mints in mixture of cream and milk. Stir well, and warm to lukewarm—not hot. Add the dissolved tablet for junket. Stir a few seconds. Pour at once into freezer can. Let stand undisturbed in warm room until firm—about 10 minutes. Chill, and when ready to pack and freeze, add a few drops of grape-green color.

Relief from Asthma. Who can describe the complete relief from suffering which follows the use of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy? Who can express the feeling of joy that comes when its soft and gentle influence believes the tightest, choking air tubes? It has made asthmatic affliction a thing of the past for thousands. It never fails. Good druggists everywhere have sold it for years.

Nothing will tempt a man to deal unjustly with his fellow men after his eyes have once been opened to the truth of brotherhood.—Samuel M. Jones.

Another Short Story

Listening In

By ANNIE SIMPSON CURTIS

The telephone rang sharply.

Mrs. Weldon hastily brushed the flour from her hands, and removed the receiver from the hook.

"Mrs. Weldon is on the line," she said in her clear voice.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. James, I was wondering if you had made your plans yet?"

"What is that?"

"I'm sorry, I don't hear."

"No, I don't get you yet."

"Never mind, I'll drive over this afternoon and talk to you personally."

"It's really shameful!" she said to herself as she turned away.

"There are so many listening in on the line that it is very little use to any of us. I just have to discuss plans for Mildred's wedding-shower with Mrs. James, and the only way to do it is to take a big stand of the afternoon."

"I had a big enough programme on for to-day without that. I wonder if there is no way of curing them!" she added thoughtfully.

"Are you planning to use the car this afternoon," she asked at the dinner-table.

"If not, I would like to drive over to Rockland to see Mrs. James about Mildred's shower."

"What's the matter with the phone?" questioned her husband. "Is it out of order?"

"It's always out of order when I go to use it," replied his wife, with a note of irritation in her voice.

"Really, Arthur, it is disgraceful how people on these rural lines pry into each other's business. It is getting worse and worse."

"I'm hardly able to carry on a conversation at all now, for there are so many receivers-down—that it is impossible to hear, and even if one could hear, it is rather annoying to feel that one has almost the whole countryside for an audience."

"It was so bad yesterday that at last I said, 'Would all the friends who have no right to hear this message kindly replace their receivers on the hook?'"

"I heard a few click gently back, but not enough to make any real difference. It seems to me that we are paying out money for nothing, for the phone is becoming less and less use to us."

"Oh, well, Grace, it's a weakness all women have, to want to know all about their neighbors' affairs, and this is the quickest way to get the news."

"Arthur Weldon! I'm disgusted with you! You know perfectly well that I never listened in in my life. It's almost as soon as you get a hen-coop as try to get a conversation that it is not meant for me. It is nothing short of snooping!"

"Why, of course, Grace, I did not mean you. I would feel pretty much cheated if I had a wife who would cheat herself by doing such a thing."

"What I really meant was, that women in general are more often guilty of what you rightly term 'snooping' than men are."

"All right," laughed Grace. "I knew you didn't mean me; but you haven't told me yet that I can have the car."

"I can get in to the city this afternoon, and will drop you off at Mrs. James' and call for you on my return."

"How long will you be?" questioned Mrs. Weldon, as she stepped out of the car at her friend's door.

"Not more than two hours, if I can find the man I want," replied her husband, as he speeded up.

"I wonder what he is going to town for," mused Grace, as she rang the bell.

"He didn't seem to want to discuss it, so I'll just wait until he tells me. He probably wants to arouse my curiosity."

When tea was over that evening and Mrs. Weldon had disappeared through the back door, her husband went to the phone.

"Hello! Is this Randall, the auctioneer?" he questioned, when he had received connection. "I want to arrange with you to do a piece of work for me one of these days. I'm getting plain sick of things, and I want you to come down and make a clean sweep of everything."

"What is that, please? There are so many receivers down on the line that you'll have to put on a wife who would cheat herself by doing such a thing."

"What I really meant was, that women in general are more often guilty of what you rightly term 'snooping' than men are."

"All right," laughed Grace. "I knew you didn't mean me; but you haven't told me yet that I can have the car."

"I can get in to the city this afternoon, and will drop you off at Mrs. James' and call for you on my return."

"How long will you be?" questioned Mrs. Weldon, as she stepped out of the car at her friend's door.

"Not more than two hours, if I can find the man I want," replied her husband, as he speeded up.

"I wonder what he is going to town for," mused Grace, as she rang the bell.

"He didn't seem to want to discuss it, so I'll just wait until he tells me. He probably wants to arouse my curiosity."

When tea was over that evening and Mrs. Weldon had disappeared through the back door, her husband went to the phone.

"Hello! Is this Randall, the auctioneer?" he questioned, when he had received connection. "I want to arrange with you to do a piece of work for me one of these days. I'm getting plain sick of things, and I want you to come down and make a clean sweep of everything."

"What is that, please? There are so many receivers down on the line that you'll have to put on a wife who would cheat herself by doing such a thing."

"What I really meant was, that women in general are more often guilty of what you rightly term 'snooping' than men are."

"All right," laughed Grace. "I knew you didn't mean me; but you haven't told me yet that I can have the car."

"I can get in to the city this afternoon, and will drop you off at Mrs. James' and call for you on my return."

"How long will you be?" questioned Mrs. Weldon, as she stepped out of the car at her friend's door.

"Not more than two hours, if I can find the man I want," replied her husband, as he speeded up.

"I wonder what he is going to town for," mused Grace, as she rang the bell.

"He didn't seem to want to discuss it, so I'll just wait until he tells me. He probably wants to arouse my curiosity."

When tea was over that evening and Mrs. Weldon had disappeared through the back door, her husband went to the phone.

"Hello! Is this Randall, the auctioneer?" he questioned, when he had received connection. "I want to arrange with you to do a piece of work for me one of these days. I'm getting plain sick of things, and I want you to come down and make a clean sweep of everything."

"What is that, please? There are so many receivers down on the line that you'll have to put on a wife who would cheat herself by doing such a thing."

"What I really meant was, that women in general are more often guilty of what you rightly term 'snooping' than men are."

"All right," laughed Grace. "I knew you didn't mean me; but you haven't told me yet that I can have the car."

"I can get in to the city this afternoon, and will drop you off at Mrs. James' and call for you on my return."

"How long will you be?" questioned Mrs. Weldon, as she stepped out of the car at her friend's door.

"Not more than two hours, if I can find the man I want," replied her husband, as he speeded up.

"I wonder what he is going to town for," mused Grace, as she rang the bell.

"He didn't seem to want to discuss it, so I'll just wait until he tells me. He probably wants to arouse my curiosity."

When tea was over that evening and Mrs. Weldon had disappeared through the back door, her husband went to the phone.

"Hello! Is this Randall, the auctioneer?" he questioned, when he had received connection. "I want to arrange with you to do a piece of work for me one of these days. I'm getting plain sick of things, and I want you to come down and make a clean sweep of everything."

"What is that, please? There are so many receivers down on the line that you'll have to put on a wife who would cheat herself by doing such a thing."

"What I really meant was, that women in general are more often guilty of what you rightly term 'snooping' than men are."

"All right," laughed Grace. "I knew you didn't mean me; but you haven't told me yet that I can have the car."

"I can get in to the city this afternoon, and will drop you off at Mrs. James' and call for you on my return."

"How long will you be?" questioned Mrs. Weldon, as she stepped out of the car at her friend's door.

"Not more than two hours, if I can find the man I want," replied her husband, as he speeded up.

"I wonder what he is going to town for," mused Grace, as she rang the bell.

"He didn't seem to want to discuss it, so I'll just wait until he tells me. He probably wants to arouse my curiosity."

When tea was over that evening and Mrs. Weldon had disappeared through the back door, her husband went to the phone.

"Hello! Is this Randall, the auctioneer?" he questioned, when he had received connection. "I want to arrange with you to do a piece of work for me one of these days. I'm getting plain sick of things, and I want you to come down and make a clean sweep of everything."

"What is that, please? There are so many receivers down on the line that you'll have to put on a wife who would cheat herself by doing such a thing."

"What I really meant was, that women in general are more often guilty of what you rightly term 'snooping' than men are."

"All right," laughed Grace. "I knew you didn't mean me; but you haven't told me yet that I can have the car."

"I can get in to the city this afternoon, and will drop you off at Mrs. James' and call for you on my return."

"How long will you be?" questioned Mrs. Weldon, as she stepped out of the car at her friend's door.

"Not more than two hours, if I can find the man I want," replied her husband, as he speeded up.

"I wonder what he is going to town for," mused Grace, as she rang the bell.

"He didn't seem to want to discuss it, so I'll just wait until he tells me. He probably wants to arouse my curiosity."

When tea was over that evening and Mrs. Weldon had disappeared through the back door, her husband went to the phone.

"Hello! Is this Randall, the auctioneer?" he questioned, when he had received connection. "I want to arrange with you to do a piece of work for me one of these days. I'm getting plain sick of things, and I want you to come down and make a clean sweep of everything."

"What is that, please? There are so many receivers down on the line that you'll have to put on a wife who would cheat herself by doing such a thing."

"What I really meant was, that women in general are more often guilty of what you rightly term 'snooping' than men are."

"All right," laughed Grace. "I knew you didn't mean me; but you haven't told me yet that I can have the car."

"I can get in to the city this afternoon, and will drop you off at Mrs. James' and call for you on my return."

"How long will you be?" questioned Mrs. Weldon, as she stepped out of the car at her friend's door.

"Not more than two hours, if I can find the man I want," replied her husband, as he speeded up.

"I wonder what he is going to town for," mused Grace, as she rang the bell.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK?

By Edson R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma

Paul R. Kelly, editor of the Portland Oregonian, says:

"Newspaper advertising is the one dependable medium day in and day out that sells and keeps 'old' old customers, and 'hold' buying habits of the new."

"A thinking season precedes a buying season and the consistent newspaper advertiser pre-sells his customers long before they visit his store. In the great majority of cases prospective customers who have been drawn by newspaper advertising to the store are contacted by the elements of curiosity and desire to own have been aroused and it remains for the same friendly, persuasive salesmanship—only in person—that so characterizes the advertiser's selling message, to consummate the sale."

"Any good merchant will agree that he must be consistent in all his policies. He would discharge in a minute any salesman who would put forth his best selling efforts one week and who on the following week would treat his customers indifferently, assuming a lackadaisical attitude by virtue of his week of lethargy. It is not good business to vacillate in selling any more than it is in advertising."

"In the United States each year 2,200,000 young people become of age and their buying habits change. Another 1,100,000 marriages are performed—and that same number of brides take up new interests in life and thoughts of dancing and date are abandoned for that of the homemaker."

"Furniture, electrical appliances, rugs and foods—what to buy, how to buy, and where to buy them is the next order of both business and pleasure for these young home-makers, and it is here that the consistent advertiser makes valuable contracts and establishes a life-long mutually profitable business relationship."

"Markets are growing—growing, growing—at every turn, irrespective of business conditions. Over two million homes are blessed every year with 'little visitors'—and they demand service, plenty of it—and present a lucrative market of their own."

"A good advertiser need not necessarily be a large one—but he must be consistent."

FRIENDS AS A MEASURE OF SUCCESS

Success in life is partly dependent on the ability to make friends. We can go farther and say that the one who makes friends, makes a success of life."

In a western town some twenty years ago lived a kindly scholar whose income was less than that of the average stenographer to-day. His clothing was shabby, his house small, and plainly furnished, his daily fare the simplest; but those in trouble turned to him for comfort, the tempted sought his counsel, the children ran to meet him as he passed along the street, and the faces of the aged lighted up when he dropped in for a friendly greeting. When he died the whole town mourned. His entire possessions at the time of his death were no more than enough to pay his funeral expenses, but who would dare call him poor?

The wealthiest man of the same town lived luxuriously, travelled extensively, and was widely known as an art connoisseur. His wife, however, was estranged from him, his only son ran away from home at sixteen, his servants had no affection for him, and there was no friendly terms. When he sold his home and took up his residence in an eastern city, no one was sorry but the local tradesmen, in spite of all his large income, who could think of him as a rich man?

Do not cultivate friendliness as a means to success. Instead, realize that the number and loyalty of one's friends is the measure of a successful life."

QUITE THOUGHTFUL

The American truth teller was in form. "Talking of ants," he said, "we've got 'em as big as crabs out West. I've seen 'em fight with long horns, which they use as lances, charging each other like savages."

"They don't compare with the ants I saw in the East," said an inoffensive individual near by. "The natives have trained them as beasts of burden. One of 'em could trail a ton load for miles with ease. They worked willingly, but occasionally they turned on their attendants and killed them."

But this was drawing the long bow a little too far. "I say, old chap," said a shocked voice from the corner, "what sort of ants were they?"

"Elephants," replied the inoffensive individual.

PERFECTLY AWARE

"Hadn't you better go and tell your master?" said the motorist to the farmer's boy who stood looking at the load of hay which had been upset.

"He knows," replied the boy.

"Knows? How can he know?" asked the motorist.

"Cos he's under the hay!" explained the boy.

LUBRICATION WANTED

She woke up in the early hours of the morning and nudged her sleeping husband.

"Jack," she said in a hoarse whisper, "wake up! There's a mouse in the bedroom!"

Hubby unwillingly sat up.

"Well, what about it?" he groaned.

"I can hear it squeaking," she said fearfully.

"Well, if you want me to get out and off it, or something?" he snapped.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

What we gain by experience is not worth that we lose in illusion.—J. Pettibon.

Loyalty to petrified opinion never yet broke a chain or freed a human soul.—Mark Twain.

SLATS' DIARY

By ROSE FARQUHAR

Friday—The Blunt bet Ed Tube a \$ 5 bill the other day that he could jump off

Amos Brown's bank Barn & use a umbrella as a

Parryshoot and Land on his ft. He lost the bet becuz he landed on his

hed but his widow was a good sport and payed the betrite after the funeral.

Saturday—This morning when I awoke up I had been dreaming and at 1st I thot I was in heaven and then I herd pa

tawking to ma and he sed sum thing about having me to mow the Yd.

wile the Do was still ot the grass.

Sunday—Ma hired a nuther girl to cum and help wait on the table wile we had Co. today and the new girl was feeling offy had becuz her sweet heart was in the Hospitale. Ma sed her wnt had happened to her sweetheart and she sed that las nite he nocked her stuck and stepped on her face and she down the Bread nite in his leg.

Munday—Sandy Mac Dougle has put in a Application for State compensation becuz he was wnt and got Fallen Arches from standing so long in the Bread line.

Tuesday—Red Wicker has opened up a store and is making a big sale on ice skates and ear muffs and when pa sat him why he was trying to sell those things he sed becuz there wasent so much Competitshun at this time a yr.

Wednesday—Ma was talking about Sim Stubbs and she sed she believed he had married his wife for her money and she thot such adckshuns was a sin & a Shame and 'pa sed well if he married her for her money he was fermly convinced that he had erit it.

Thursday—Oly Toller says he can read his wife like a Book and Ant Emmy says if the netors tell the truth he reads her for a wile & then just throws her down.

A Corrector of Pulmonary Troubles.—Many testimonials could be presented showing the great efficacy of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in correcting disorders of the respiratory processes, but the best testimonial is experience and the Oil is recommended to all who suffer from these disorders with the certainty that they will find relief. It will allay inflammation in the bronchial tubes.

Public Meeting!

—IN THE—

Town Hall, Acton

Friday, July 7th

AT 8.00 P. M.—STANDARD TIME

This Meeting Will Be Addressed by

Hon. Chas. McCrae

MINISTER OF MINES

Dr. R. K. Anderson, M. P.

The Public are Cordially Invited to Attend to hear Mr. McCrae, who will answer Mr. Hepburn and Mr. Philpott; and Dr. Anderson, who will discuss Dominion politics in relation to the last Session.

LADIES ESPECIALLY INVITED

J. Cadesky

OPTOMETRIST

WILL VISIT ACTON ON

Monday, August 14

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.

Counter Check Books

ANY STYLE — ANY QUANTITY

THE LOWEST PRICES OBTAINABLE

—At—

The Acton Free Press

Business Directory

MEDICAL

DR. J. A. McNIVEN

Physician and Surgeon

Office and Residence—Corner Bowser Avenue and Eighth Street.

LEGAL

Phone No. 22 P. O. Box 33

HAROLD NASH FARMER, M. A.

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc.

FREEMAN BLOCK - ACTON, ONT.

MONEY LENT ON MORTGAGES

Hours—9.30 a. m. to 5.00 p. m.

Saturdays—12.00 o'clock

KENNETH M. LANGDON

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public

Office: Act