

The Community's Social Side of Life

Visitors To and From Town during the Past Week, as Gleaned by the Free Press

Mr. Stanley Coy, of Galt, spent the week-end here. Miss Merita Kirkness, of Kitchener, was home over the week-end. Misses Ethel Cook and Isabel Lantz, of Guelph, spent Sunday at the latter's home here.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

If men had no temptations to great sins, they would always be good; but the daily fight with little one occasions them to defeat.—Richter.

It is an uncontrolled truth that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.—Swift.

Titles are of no value to posterity; the name of a man who has achieved great deeds imposes more respect than any or all epithets.—Voltaire.

It is an eternal truth in the political as well as the mystical body, that "where one member suffers, all the members suffer with it."—Junius.

Style is indeed the valet of genius, and an able one too; but as the true gentleman will appear, even in rags, so true genius will shine even through the coarsest style.—Colton.

Emotions are stars that guide only when the heavens are clear; but reason is the magnetic needle that directs when stars are hidden and shine no more.—Richter.

He that would have what he hath not should do what he doth not.—George Herbert.

He is wise who says no more than he knows.

Push on to know more, to do more, to be more. Life is not a location, but a journey.—Rev. Peter Woods.

Within yourself deliverance must be sought. Each man his prison makes.

You must have ideals and ambitions. These are the very essence of happiness.—Dr. Stanford Reed.

When a man is in earnest and knows what he is about, his work is half done.

THE FARMER The Scottish Journal of Agriculture, issued by the Department of Agriculture for Scotland, says the following poem describes the position of the British farmer quite fairly:

The farmer will never be happy again—His heart is right down in his boots; For either the rain is destroying his grain Or the drought is destroying his roots.

In fact, when you meet this unfortunate man, The conclusion you'll come to is plain: That Nature is just an elaborate plan To annoy him again and again.

To some the above may appear humorous, says the Journal, but it is, nevertheless, true.

NOT A SURE CURE Doctor—Don't be so dependent, my dear young lady, you'll soon pull through. Girl—Oh, it isn't that, Doctor. But just think of the money I've spent on apples to keep you away.

PAINLESS Cousin Linnie had had an operation on her eye for cataract. Five-year-old Sylvia had been very much interested and curious about it. One day she said to her older sister: "Clara, what did they do to Linnie's eye?" "Punched a hole in it," answered Clara carelessly.

"But didn't it hurt?" questioned the child. "No, I guess not," Clara replied. "They gave her something to make her sleep so she would not feel it."

"Next to the suffering of them who have not stands the want of joy of them who have."—Owen D. Young.

ACCIDENT PREVENTION

"Carelessness is the cause of most accidents." This sentence expresses a condition that most people will admit to be true. Every day it is illustrated and confirmed in the automobile world but how often it applies to other fields of activity. When everything is still nothing happens. Misdirected motion is the cause of misadventure. Little do we realize that familiar surrounding to which we are accustomed are traps for accidents which may result seriously if not fatally.

Take an inventory. It will be found that most people are guilty of letting repair jobs go "until another time"—and sometimes grief precedes the repairer? How many are guilty of leaving objects out of place for someone to fall over?

Broken and wobbly porch steps or loose boards may be responsible for a broken leg or hip. A hole in the barn floor is an excellent trap in which to catch a foot for a bad fall or a broken ankle. Maybe the railing to the back porch is gone or the edge of the porch floor crumbling.

Have you a ladder with a step missing? Just one mis-step out of a thousand safe ones over the gap may put one in the hospital.

One of the most frequent violations of good judgment is the leaving of objects on stairways—both in the house and in the barn. Someone may lay a work basket, a book, a pile of clean linen on the bottom step to be taken upstairs later. Another may be coming down stairs with hands full. He stumbles over the obstacles, falls, scatters everything tight and left at best and comes out of it himself with a bumped head, a wrenched back or broken bones.

Stairs with abrupt turns, without railings, and steps that run to a point are bad. Going up and down the steps too heavily loaded is unwise. Low stairways slow bumped heads and dark stairways hold innumerable pitfalls.

Airs with broken legs or backs are as dangerous as uncomfortable, but they will be kept around on the back porch, or in some out-of-the-way corner. It isn't the looks but the danger that should concern one.

Too often rooms are left cluttered at night. Chairs are not put back in place, an extra table is left up, or someone carelessly leaves books, papers, even shoes in the middle of the floor to be picked up in the morning. Someone else just as carelessly goes into the room without a light and bumps into all kinds of trouble.

Use safe ladders and don't climb on rocking chairs or pile up wobbly boxes to save carrying a good ladder to the place of need. Homemade ladders are usually make-shift affairs to be shied at. Cleats nailed flat to a barn wall leave nothing for the hands or feet to catch hold on.

A windy day is a poor one to choose for fixing the windmill. Flower pots and any objects may cause bump and bleed- ing heads when left on open window sills to fall out and hit someone below.

PERFECTLY NATURAL

The teacher had been giving his class of boys a lesson on salmon fishing and catching.

At the close of the lesson the boys were told to take home their slates and draw a salmon for the evening's homework.

Morning arrived, and each boy's slate was examined. One bore no drawing whatever, so the teacher demanded an explanation.

"Well, sir," said the boy, "I drew a real good one, and when I came to get my slate this morning I found the cat had licked it off."

REAL ARTIST

Two neighbors were talking over the garden fence. "My Tommy will be a famous artist when he grows up," said Mrs. Naggs. "Do you know that he's already at the top of the class at school?"

"Yes," replied the other woman, with a grimace. "He'll be an artist all right. This morning he drank our milk and drew a cat's paw on the doorstep."

NOT ALL OUT

"What on earth are you doing, dear?" she shouted downstairs to her deaf husband.

"I've just let the cat out," he replied. "Well, for goodness' sake, let it tail out too—as quickly as possible."

EDDIE, THE AD MAN

BY GOLLY, WHEN I SEE HOW SOME OF MY PATRONS ARE MAKING MONEY BY INTELLIGENT ADVERTISING, I'M TEMPTED TO QUIT MY JOB AND BECOME A PROSPEROUS ADVERTISER MYSELF

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Letters to the Editor

The Free Press welcomes letters to this column on matters of general interest to its readers, but does not necessarily endorse the opinion expressed. All letters must be signed, but may be published over a pen name if so desired and specified in the letter. Communications should not exceed 200 words in length and must be received not later than Tuesday at noon to ensure publication in that week's issue.

THEN AND NOW

Dear Free Press: On November 11, 1920, a cold, chilly, almost stormy day, two years after the Armistice, I stood, a part of the large throng which surrounded the handsome new monument, which was to be unveiled in memory of Acton's fallen. Your handsome picture in last week's issue, and well-primed list of names in this week's, deserve much commendation.

I came up per radial from Toronto that morning, for I was leaving in a few days for Wisconsin, and thought this would be a fine opportunity for remembrance and farewell. Apart from all that there was a special personal interest in two of the departed, Warren Brown, who fell in August, 1916, a lad out of the family for years our next door neighbors on Willow Street; and John Moore, who, as a young printer, often spent evenings in our home, "hollyhogs" with my own youngest, then of the same craft, John falling in the spring of 1917.

The day being very uncomfortable, and Dr. Gray, Chairman of Committee, being ill, Col. A. O. T. Beardmore read his address for him. The exercises could not be long continued in safety, but were of great interest to myself, now pathetically so, for many warm friends had passed away ere my next visit to Acton, a few weeks ago, one brief afternoon.

Mr. A. M. Smith took me over to Sunderland villa, to see his mother, who would have been glad to be at the unveiling. She has passed away; also my warm friend, H. P. Moore, who I had good-bye to next morning with the suggestion, deplored on his part, that it might be the last; Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, Miss Lottie E. Speight, N. Forbes, of our old street, and many others. I took the radial next morning back again. It, too, has passed away, the result of concrete and gasoline.

Last Saturday, thirteen years later, in even worse weather you again remembered these names assembled before me. At the same time, I, with others, gathered around a large cenotaph in Notre Dame De Graces Park, two city blocks, where it was expected, according to custom, a remembrance would be held. The word was soon given that it would be held Sunday, at 10. I took the inscription: "Notre Dame de Graces, in honor of those who served and fell in the Great War, 1914-1918. On the reverse side: 'Honneur a Aux B. V. Lombard A. V. Champ D. Honneur.'"

On Sunday, in a brief period of fine weather, a vast assemblage gathered, attended by soldiers, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Salvation Army Band and citizens. The Band—some thirty pieces—played "Rock of Ages," "Nearer My God to Thee," and another well-known hymn, soldiers saluted, clicked their heels, presented arms, etc., the Archbishop of Montreal (Anglican) offered prayer, and the similar dignity of the Roman Catholic Church was to have spoken but was prevented by other duties. Of course, there were the two minutes' silence.

The various military and musical companies formed and marched off and citizens then proceeded to their churches. And so, notwithstanding who passes away, the world moves on!

TURNIPS FOR SHEEP

In Canada many successful sheep raisers fed turnips to their sheep. The excellence of many pure-bred flocks in which international prize winners are reared is in great measure due to the liberal use of succulent foods, and no other green crop is so generously used as turnips in the winter season. Apart from their food constituents, turnips have a wonderful effect in maintaining a vigorous condition of the digestive organs and general system. Young lambs born in the winter or early spring are greatly benefited by liberal feedings of finely sliced turnips until grass arrives. Previous to lambing, ewes should not be heavily fed upon turnips or other roots, from 4 to 5 pounds per day being very beneficial, a larger quantity is liable to cause abnormally large, soft lambs, deficient in vitality.

OTHER PRESERVED VEGETABLES

The following vegetables, cabbage (sauerkraut), string beans and beet tops may be preserved by fermentation with dry salting. In this method, the vegetables are washed, the water drained off and the vegetables weighed, using 3 pounds of salt to every 100 pounds of vegetables. No water is used. The salt extracts the water from the vegetables.

Spread layers of vegetables 1 inch thick in a crock, covering each layer with a very thin covering of salt, being careful to distribute the salt evenly, until the crock is three parts full. Place a cloth on the top, then a plate turned upside down, or a piece of clean board, and a weight on top. A ten-pound weight is sufficient for a 5 gallon crock. The container, (old kegs and butter tubs do as well as stone crocks) should be allowed to stand in a warm room for from eight to ten days. When the bubbles of gas cease to appear, the fermentation is complete. A layer of hot paraffin wax about half an inch thick is poured over the top to prevent a scum forming. It is very important that the wax should not be added before fermentation ceases.

In making sauerkraut the outer green leaves of the cabbage and any decayed or bruised leaves should be discarded, as well as the core. The cabbage should be shredded with a slaw-cutter or sharp knife. After weighing, pack immediately in a water-tight receptacle. It has been found that one pound of salt to 40 pounds of cabbage gives the best flavor to the finished product.

The cabbage should be pressed down as firmly as possible and covered with a cloth, board and weight. The weight should be sufficient to cause the brine to rise above the board. When sauerkraut is made late in the fall, it is not necessary to add a layer of paraffin wax, because it can be frozen as soon as fermentation is complete. At other times of the year, the scum should be taken off before adding the layer of paraffin.

Preserving Fruit and Vegetables Bulletin, Dominion Department of Agriculture.

AGRICULTURAL JOTTINGS

Tomatoes were grown this year in Fleet Street, London, England, on the patch of ground around St. Bride's Church.

With reference to the sale of eggs, "public place or manner" mentioned in the regulations means any vehicle, store, market, street, or other place where eggs are kept, or displayed, or offered for sale.

The economy and thoroughness of the raising of dairy-bred calves depends to a large extent on the methods of feeding.

Fruit trees grown from seed vary so much from the original variety in the kind and quality of the fruit produced that there is no possibility of continuing the variety-true from seed.

Cream, which is about 24 hours old, is more satisfactory for ice cream making than fresh cream.

As a means of preserving ice for household use, the "ice cell" has no advantage over store in a rough shed.

GREGORY THEATRE

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24 "Song of Songs"

Adapted from Herman Sudermann's novel, starring Marlene Dietrich. Sports. "What Makes a Champion." Cartoon, "Mad Dog."

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25 "I Loved a Woman"

A great story, with two great stars, Edward G. Robinson and Kay Francis. Novelty, "Captain Henry Radio Show." Fox News.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27 "Second Hand Wife"

Story by Kathleen Norris, starring Gally Eilers and Ralph Bellamy. Comedy, "Salon's Beware." Cartoon, "Horse Sense." Dinnerware, "Royal Castle" pattern.

PRIZE ESSAYS

The Third Book Contributions Which Won First and Second Awards in "The Poppy" Competition

The two compositions given below won first and second prizes in "The Poppy" essay competition. The first was won by Frances Lamb and the second award by Lola Dawkins.

FIRST-PRIZE

Long ago, the poppy did not bear an honored place among the flowers in the field or garden. It was a plain, common flower, found in hundreds of fields, neither fragrant nor beautiful. Who hasn't heard of the purity of the lily? Who has not seen:

"A violet, by a mossy stone, Half hidden from the eye; Fair as a star, when only one is shining in the sky."

But who, until this poem appeared, thought much of the poppy? "In Flanders Fields the poppies blow Between the crosses, row on row, That mark our place . . . We are the Dead . . ."

When the Great War started, the soldiers were willing to fight, in order to save the other people. The poppies began growing around their graves, so now it is the sign of remembrance of the Great War. It stands for the courage of the soldiers and their beautiful unselfishness.

The poppies tell us also that the soldiers died for their loved ones. The scarlet petals are the sign of danger. Part of Colonel John McCrae's poem says:

"To you from falling hands we throw The torch; be yours to hold it high, If ye break faith with us who die We shall not sleep, though poppies grow In Flanders Fields."

War starts by hatred and selfishness. Then let us cast it from our hearts, so we may say:

"So let thy rest be sweet and deep In Flanders Fields." "The torch they threw from stricken hand, God grant, shall light a better land, And all the world united stand By Flanders Fields."

Now the symbol of the poppy is not forgetfulness any more. The poppy now is as sweet as a rose. The poppy is the sign of Remembrance Day.

SECOND PRIZE

In older days the poppy was ignored. It was a symbol of forgetfulness. It was a wild scarlet weed that grew all over the fields of Europe. To-day, even little children honor the poppy. There is no flower on earth that can rear its head as high as can the poppy. It is now the token we wear on Remembrance Day. Who has not heard of the purity of the lily? The sweetness of the rose? We love the poppy as we love our flag. It whispers messages and challenges that we could not, and dare not, ignore.

Now, when the Great War broke, the soldiers did not hesitate, but hurried to answer the call. They were going to fight for the freedom of their country and for their loved ones. Many soldiers knew that their lives would be taken, but they thought it was the last war and their sons and brothers would be safe from war, and their mothers and sisters and wives would be safe in their own little country and home. It seems as if the poppy grows from the brave soldiers' hearts. One of the famous colonels, Colonel John McCrae, of Guelph, one of the many who are sleeping in Flanders Fields, wrote an immortal poem:

"In Flanders Fields the poppies blow Between the crosses, row on row, That mark our place; . . . We are the Dead . . ."

The poppy means something else besides courage. It means danger. The Dead expect much of us. We should do our best to hold high the torch. How can we stop this awful curse? The only way is to stop it at its beginning. The place it starts is just the place it should not, and that is in human hearts. Can we not obey God and His commands? If we do, war will be no more. Let us, the living, cast out all selfishness, hatred and evil thoughts. We should not only speak, but think of those who died to save us, as Jesus did. We should not say:

"Then sleep, sleep. Sleep thou calm, unyielding Dead! Death hath its peace, more so than peace in life."

But we should give our answer and never let it die: "Thou Brave, who lie in earthly Gallio bed, Pilloved on clay thou blasted in the strife, Thy coverlet the drooping Flanders flowers, Remembrance—nay—repentance shall be ours!"

The poppy is not now a flower of forgetfulness. It means Remembrance and danger. We now honor it with all our hearts. We will try our best to hold up the torch.

HOPELESS

At the first performance of "Arms and the Man," by G. Bernard Shaw, an overwhelming call for the author was interrupted by someone in the gallery "booging" his utmost.

"I heartily agree with you, sir," said Mr. Shaw, looking in the direction of the voice. "But what can two do against this household?"

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