

THE DOLL I LOVE THE BEST
 There is something about my Christmas doll
 And every minute from France
 And the baby swan, the boy and girl,
 And the crown of gold who can dance!

There is Clara, Jennie, who walks
 without a slip,
 And Bertha, who sings a song,
 And Maudie the sweet little waiting-maid,
 And Choy, the doll from Hong Kong!

There is a dainty brick, with tulle-trimmed
 complete,
 And a real gold necklace and ring,
 And Bobby All-Right, the boy athlete,
 With ladder, wagon and swing!

But poor old Kate, nearly broken in half,
 With no pretty gown like the rest,
 And no arms or legs—how, don't you
 laugh!
 She's the doll that I love the best!

Menu Hints
 Recipes for New and Novel
 Dishes, Seasonal Ideas and
 Suggestions

By Betty Barlow

FAVORITE PRUNE RECIPES
 Do you think of the prune as a com-
 mon food? If you do try these recipes
 and you will change your mind im-
 mediately. Baked apples and prunes
 rolls become aristocrats when prepared
 like this:

PRUNE STUFFED BAKED APPLES
 6 cooking apples
 1 cup cooked prunes
 3 tablespoons peanut butter
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 3 tablespoons butter
 Cloves
 Water

Prunes and cut into small pieces;
 combine with peanut butter, mixing thor-
 oughly. Remove cores from apples, re-
 moving enough of apples to allow for
 stuffing. Fill cavities with prune and
 peanut butter mixture. Place apples in
 a baking pan and stick 3 or 4 whole
 cloves into each. Sprinkle with sugar,
 dot with butter, add about 1 cup of
 water, and bake in a hot oven (425
 degrees to 450 degrees F.) for about 55
 minutes, or until apples are tender.
 Serve while hot, plain or with cream.

PRUNE BANANA ROLL
 1 1/2 cups cooked prunes
 1 cup sliced banana
 3 tablespoons powdered sugar

Cake:
 3 eggs
 3/4 cup sugar
 5 tablespoons cold water
 1/4 teaspoon salt
 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
 3 cups flour
 1 teaspoon lemon extract

For filling, pit prunes and cut into
 small pieces. Add banana, powdered
 sugar, and mix thoroughly.
 To make cake, add salt to eggs and
 beat until very light. Mix in the sugar,
 add water, flour and mix with baking
 powder extract and mix thoroughly. Pour
 into greased shallow pan and bake 18
 to 20 minutes in a hot oven (450 degrees
 F.). Turn out on damp cloth and roll
 up, then unroll and spread with filling.
 Roll again and remove from damp cloth.
 Spread top with powdered sugar and
 cream icing.

ROAST LONG ISLAND DUCKLING
 (Serves 4)
 Prepare a reduction of sugar and vine-
 gar. Add a quart of tomatoes, veal stock
 and four ounces of orange juice. Allow
 to simmer slowly. Peel an orange care-
 fully, being sure to discard the white
 skin from the outer skin, as well as from
 the fruit itself.

Prepare a fine julienne with the outer
 skin, and bring to a boil in a small
 amount of water. Add julienne to sauce,
 which has been carefully strained
 through a fine cloth cap or cheese-cloth.
 Divide duckling into quarters. Decorate
 with orange segments and cover with
 sauce. Serve very hot.

SUGAR SWEET POTATOES
 (Serves 12)
 3 cups orange juice
 1 teaspoon grated orange rind
 2 cups water
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 1 teaspoon salt
 1/2 cup butter
 12 to 16 sweet potatoes.

Combine first six ingredients and pour
 over peeled uncut sweet potatoes ar-
 ranged in casserole or baking dishes.
 Bake covered in a moderate oven (375
 to 400 degrees F.) until tender, 30 to
 40 minutes. Baste occasionally. Re-
 move lid last 10 minutes, to brown, to
 desired.

ORANGE SWEET BISCUITS
 (Makes 18 medium sized biscuits)
 3 cups sifted flour
 4 teaspoons baking powder
 1 teaspoon salt
 1/4 cup sugar
 1/4 cup shortening
 1/2 cup finely chopped nuts
 1 egg
 Orange juice
 1 tablespoon orange marmalade

Mix dry ingredients together. Out in
 shortening. Add nuts. Beat egg; pour
 orange juice; add enough orange
 juice to make dough. Combine with dry
 ingredients and mix thoroughly. Spread board.
 Roll dough out to 1/4 inch thickness (45 degrees
 F.). Cut into biscuits. Bake in moderate oven
 15 to 20 minutes.

Another Short Story
"The Grey Stole"
 By MARTIN HUNTER

A wild, March gale had swept the
 streets with terrific force for the
 last two hours, and the bluster-
 ing wind was still beating down with
 unabated violence. Every now and then
 a drenching shower came with the wind,
 but in the intervals the sun shone bright-
 ly. It was about three o'clock in the
 afternoon of the early closing day. Few
 people were about, and such as were out
 seemed anxious to get indoors.

Alec Gilmour, sheltering in the door-
 way of a large shop, saw the girl making
 her way laboriously, in the teeth of the
 gale, along the other side of the street.
 She was a fine figure of a girl, and ap-
 peared to be enjoying the buffeting of
 the wind in spite of its annoyance and
 the hindrance to her progress. Presently,
 as she approached the corner of the
 street where the gale caught her with
 additional fury, he noticed that her fur
 nocklet suddenly became unfastened and
 was instantly hurried away behind her in
 the fierce wind.

"Like a flash he darted after it; but
 before he could overtake it a ragged
 urchin, who seemed to suddenly appear
 from nowhere, pounced on to the fur
 and scampered off with it. Alec chased
 the youngster along several short streets,
 until he finally overtook him in what
 appeared to be a cul-de-sac. He gripped
 him by the collar and pulled him up.

"Look here, sonny, what made you run
 off like that? You know it isn't yours!"
 expostulated Alec, as he gave the young-
 ster a shaking.

"Well, and it ain't yours" was the
 spirited reply. "I found it, didn't I;
 and findin's keepin', isn't it?"

"No, it isn't. And you know it isn't.
 At least I should think you are old
 enough to know. What would you say if
 I put a policeman on your track?"

The little ragamuffin was not to be
 easily intimidated. "Garn!" he said.
 "The cops wouldn't trouble about a bit
 of an old thing like this. It's out of
 fashion. I'm not sure if my Ma would
 wear it. I was going to—"

"But would your mother give you any-
 thing for it, sonny? That's the question,"
 interrupted Alec, tentatively, putting his
 hand in his pocket suggestively.

"Oh, well; I don't know about that,
 governor. Would you?"

"Well, look here, Johnny," Alec pre-
 varicated, as he produced a shilling, "I
 happen to know the lady who lost it.
 To-night, as well as to-day, it's over to me.
 If she asks you for it, tell her I've
 taken this as a reward for finding it."
 The sight of the coin was irresistible.
 "You're sure you'll give it to her?"
 stipulated the youngster.

"Yes, honest. I'll take it back to her
 right away," Alec assured him.

"Here you are, then. Give us the
 bob."

So it was that Alec Gilmour became
 possessed of the grey stole. To him the
 fur, old-fashioned as it obviously was,
 had all the charm of a magic talisman
 from which he had the greatest hopes
 of good fortune. It was to be the means
 of an introduction to the girl; his heart's
 desire, the girl of his dreams. The girl
 whom he had longed to have an intro-
 duction to for weeks past. The girl
 whom he had watched and waited for
 day after day, always hoping that she
 would notice him; always praying that
 something might happen to get him
 acquainted with her. This incident of
 the lost fur was nothing less than pro-
 vidential — providing he had the
 "gumption" to make good use of it.

Elated at the amazing stroke of luck
 which at last had come his way, Alec
 hurried back to the street corner where
 the fur had blown off. Would she be
 waiting for it? he wondered. His heart
 beat tumultuously. Another shower came
 on as he sought his way against the
 wind. In two minutes he was drenched,
 but his mind was so set on meeting the
 girl and speaking to her that he was
 scarcely conscious of the wind and rain.

Then, on arriving at the street corner,
 his hopes were suddenly dashed. She
 had gone. He looked around to see if she
 had taken shelter anywhere; but she
 was nowhere to be seen. He had told
 the boy that he knew her. He only knew
 her "by sight," however. What her name
 was, or where she lived, he had not the
 least idea.

Weeks ago he had discovered that she
 was in the habit of passing about the
 street about the middle of the afternoon.
 He had fallen in love with her as first
 sight. It was up light fancy, as the poet
 says, of the young man in spring. Every
 day he had fallen deeper in love, until
 he had come to watch for her passing
 with an all-absorbing eagerness and
 anxiety, and whenever she came by he
 was so overwhelmed with emotion at the
 sight of her, that for the moment it
 almost took his breath. If it was not
 love, it was sheer worship.

She had gone. Well anyway, he had
 the fur. He placed it under his
 overcoat, near his heart. It was a gift
 from the gods—a talisman that would
 eventually open for him the portals of
 love's enchanting realm.

On returning to his lodgings, he kept
 the fur out of his landlady's sight. After
 he had locked it up in his room and placed
 it carefully in a box. Later, on going
 to bed at night he took it out to look at it.
 He held it and gazed at it as if it were
 laden with a new article of dress. It was

real fur, but evidently modest, in length
 about four feet, and seven or eight inches
 wide. While trying with it he placed it
 round his neck, thinking how often it
 had been about the neck of the girl.
 Suddenly, as he gazed at it about his
 bare neck and against his ears, he be-
 came conscious of a faint, unusual sound.
 Like the crinkling of paper in the lining.
 Could it possibly be paper? he wondered.
 Instantly he became acutely inquisitive.
 He pressed it to his ear again, and moved
 it about. He felt sure there was some-
 kind of paper among the lining. Then
 he carefully examined the stitching.
 Something irregular about the stitches
 induced him to pull out his penknife and
 cut a few of them open. He fumbled
 in the opening with his thumb and fin-
 ger. Yes it was paper all right. The next
 moment he had liberated more stitches,
 and placing his hand in the opening,
 brought out ten ten-pound notes. A
 further search produced another ten,
 making in all two hundred pounds.
 Gracious, what a discovery! It was
 exciting. But he was a sensible and
 cautious young man, and he managed to
 keep cool.

Now, in spite of the fact that Alec
 Gilmour had been numbered among the
 unemployed for a period of six weeks,
 during which he had been living meekly
 on the dole, the idea of appropriating
 any of the money for his own use never
 for a moment entered his such thought.
 He regarded it as a trust, a loan, a firm
 guarantee to permit of any such thought.
 What caused him the greatest pleasure in
 connection with his find was the knowl-
 edge that what had seemed a possibility
 of gaining an introduction to the girl
 was now a certainty. He almost hoped
 that she would prove to be in poor cir-
 cumstances, so that the discovery of the
 money would give her the greater
 pleasure. The fur was now a talisman
 to count on.

"At the time, the works, where he was
 employed as assistant engineer—had tem-
 porarily closed down for lack of trade,
 he had saved about sixty pounds, but
 several pounds of that had been spent
 in fixing out the dole.

He also put the fur back in his box, locked
 it up, and placed the key under his
 pillow. He was too excited to sleep, and
 for at least two hours he lay in bed
 dreaming the most extravagant waking
 dreams of an imaginary meeting with
 the girl.

On getting up next morning he merely
 unlocked the box to take a glance at the
 fur, in order to make sure that it had
 not been all a delightful dream.

On the breakfast table downstairs he
 found a letter from his employers in-
 forming him that the works were to be
 re-opened on the following week, and
 expressing the hope that he would be
 prepared to resume his duties as assist-
 ant engineer.

The news gave him an added pleasure,
 for there is little joy in an active and
 ambitious young man being unemployed.
 He had usually gone to spend an hour
 or so in the public reading room after
 breakfast. This morning, after borrow-
 ing a needle and cotton from his land-
 lady, he went upstairs, sewed up the
 fur where he had cut the stitches, having
 first replaced the bank notes. Then he
 went out to the reading room, as usual.

Advertisements did not generally ap-
 peal to him, but this morning he made
 straight for the local daily to see if there
 might not be something of interest in
 the "Lost and Found" section. And, sure
 enough, there it was, the first item to
 catch his eye.

"Lost, on the 14th inst, somewhere
 between the Public Hall and Ferguson
 Street, a grey stole. Finder will be suit-
 ably rewarded on bringing same to Mrs.
 Charters, 19 Blank Street." It was
 the "Mrs." that suddenly put the damper
 on his enthusiasm, and turned his hopes
 to despair. "Good heavens!" he nearly
 said aloud—"who would have thought
 she was a married woman." She looked
 to be only a girl; though a gloriously
 beautiful girl. What a fool he had been.

Well, if a fellow had no more sense
 than to allow himself to fall in love
 with a strange young woman, without
 troubling to make sure she was married
 or not, he had only himself to blame
 if the disillusionment gave him pain.

Anyway, there was the matter of the
 £200. As a palliative for his heart-
 breaking disappointment, he would surely
 find some little diversion in reading the
 fur's valuable secret to its owner.
 So it was in a much chastened and sober
 mood that Alec went back to his lodgings
 and procured the grey stole—which he
 again tucked under his overcoat—and
 set out for the address of Mrs. Charters.

It was only a little after 10 in the fore-
 noon when he rang the bell at 19 Blank
 Street. The person who answered his
 ring was the lady of his dreams. She
 looked lovelier than he had ever seen
 her. In a fashionable, low-cut bodice,
 with short sleeves, her graceful beauty
 and vivacious youthfulness showed to
 greater advantage, and if, for a moment,
 Alec inadvertently betrayed himself, at
 the proximity of the smiling goddess,
 who confronted him with quickening
 eyes, perhaps he was to be excused. His
 speechless embarrassment was naturally
 not fully understood by the girl, who
 waited for him to speak. And yet some-
 thing in his look may have appealed to
 her, for she did not seem amused,
 and though she smiled at him, she
 neither felt nor showed the faintest
 touch of ridicule or contempt at his
 obvious embarrassment. It was rather
 a smile of encouragement, for she had
 been quick to observe that Alec was
 neither ungentlemanly in appearance nor
 unbecomingly as a young man. Finally,
 almost with a gasp, he found his tongue.
 "Please, I've called about your ad-
 vertisement. The grey stole, you
 know."

"Oh, do come in please. I am de-
 lighted. Mother will be so relieved to

know it has been found. It was a keep-
 sake. I don't know what I was doing
 to lose it. The wind—it did blow, didn't
 it—unfastened the clasp, I think. But
 somehow I never missed it until I got
 home. Did you find it? Mother will
 be down in a few minutes. She is an
 invalid, you know, and therefore not
 an early riser."

The girl chatted away as she showed
 Alec into a cosy sitting-room. Probably
 it was done more with a view to putting
 the young man at his ease than from
 any natural volubility on the girl's part.
 In any case she succeeded in relieving
 Alec's shyness, and in making him feel
 more at home. His joy at finding that
 the girl was not married, and that Mrs.
 Charters was her mother, was unbound-
 ed. He could not entirely conceal it, no
 matter how he tried to.

In a few minutes Mrs. Charters, ob-
 viously an invalid, but cheerful withal,
 made her appearance. Explanations
 followed quickly. As they talked he
 learnt that the girl's name was Helen.
THE GREY STOLE

It was a name Alec liked, and with the
 rapid intuition of her age and sex the
 girl saw that he liked, not only her
 name, but herself. In fact, his explana-
 tion of the manner in which the grey
 stole had been lost and recovered was
 nothing less than a poorly-disguised con-
 fession on Alec's part of the way he had
 watched for her day after day in the
 hope of some chance event that might
 lead to her noticing him. . . . It was
 briefly explained that Helen's paternal
 grandmother had left Helen the fur as a
 keepsake, with the stipulation that
 she should wear it often, in seasonable
 weather, and not part with it on any
 consideration.

It was only then that Alec referred
 to the important matter of his discovery.
 "Did it ever occur to you that there
 might be a reason for her request?" he
 asked.

"A reason? Why? what are you think-
 ing of, Mr. Gilmour?" enquired Helen.

"I'm not thinking, I know. A nice
 request it is. Looking in the lining,"
 the stole was being unclipped. Then,
 the revelation of the twenty ten-pound
 notes.

The money was needed, for Mrs.
 Charters was a widow, and the relief
 and joy on her face was good to see, as
 she said:

"You have indeed brought us good
 luck, Mr. Gilmour. I hope we shall be
 friends."

"With your permission, I hope we
 may eventually be more than friends,
 Mrs. Charters," he ventured, with an
 inquiring glance at Helen.

"I think, Mr. Gilmour, there are many
 unlikelier things," replied the girl, with
 a blush.

To have the children sound and
 healthy is the first care of a mother.
 They cannot be healthy if troubled with
 worms. Use Mother Graves' Worm Ex-
 terminator.

SLATS' DIARY
 BY BOM FARGOYAR

Friday—Mrs. Fitch had to cancel the
 order she had given the ottomobiel man
 for the ottomobiel with she intended
 buying with her
 husbands' mummy
 her husband went
 and got well, she
 was very im-
 barressed and pa-
 says it is doubtful
 if she ever intirely
 forgives her hus-
 bend.

Saturday — pa
 was a saying tonic
 that the race
 tracks had cut the
 price of admishun.
 He sed the way it
 use to be the poor
 writing men end-
 den a ford to go
 to the races to see
 the horses loose with they had bet on.

Sunday—I ges it a good idee to lern
 sum thing evry day. well I lern sum
 thing today all rite. I lern that the
 best way to open up a milk bottle is
 not to push the cap in from the top, a
 specially if you got on yrum best site.
 I sposed that accident cudent of hap-
 pened Before Sunday skool netter.

Monday—ma was Hopping mad for a
 wile today. she was fixing pa's coat
 and she found a letter in a womens
 Hand writing in the pocket, and when
 she opened it she found out it was a
 letter she had give him to male last
 Thursday, any ways she kep on re-
 maining mad.

Tuesday—Unkl Hen was the trouble
 with the yunger Generashun today is
 that they go and get married to sum
 girl before they are old enuff to have
 sense enuff not to get married. I ges
 mobby he is rite. if you cud understand
 what he ment.

Wednesday—ma told pa this morning to
 leave his gray pants home and she wood
 fix the hole in the left Hand pocket. I
 think pa kinda wanders how the new
 they was a hole in his pants pocket.

Thursday—The teacher told us to rite
 a compassshun and to rite about just
 what we feel the most. so I act out
 and rote a nice long compassshun about
 itchy undereare.

GENES OF THOUGHT

The wise man will not str though
 both gods and men should overlook his
 deed, for it is not through fear of pun-
 ishment that he abstains from sin.—
 Roman.

I will not be concerned at other men's
 not knowing me; I will be concerned at
 my own want of ability.—Cicero.

The best evidence of merit is the
 cordial recognition of it whenever and
 wherever it may be found.—Bovee.

We must not judge of a man's merits
 by his great qualities, but by the use he
 makes of them.—Rochefoucauld.

There are few things reason can dis-
 cover with so much certainty and ease
 as its own insufficiency.—Collier.

Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily
 condemn everything which is beyond
 their range.—Rochefoucauld.

That laughter costs too much which is
 purchased by the sacrifice of decency.
 —Quintilian.

How much lies in laughter: the cipher
 key, wherewith decipher the whole man!
 —Carlyle.

Mercy turns her back to the unmerciful.
 —Quarles.

A God all mercy, were a God unjust.
 —Young.

Given the range of good pasture, a
 flock of geese require little else, unless
 it is desired to force rapid growth or
 fattening.

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 experience or confined within nar-
 row limits, there are always mem-
 ories that cannot be forgotten. The
 result of commonplace things.

To those memories and to the
 finer things which they have in-
 spired, one owes full reverence and
 respect.

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