

THE SILVER LINING

There are a lot of us who think it's been a mighty skimpy year. We yelp about the dough we lost, and that along the months to come there's plenty cause for fret and fear.

And as with Gloom and Fear we coast, I pull a long, pathetic face. It seems to cheer us just to boast that we are losing in the race.

Our handkerchiefs are always out. We spill our hard-luck like a tap; it seems to give us lots of fun. To make the most of every rap.

And yet it seems perchance we may have overlooked a lot of things. And that our rancor we might stay and give our fears a pair of wings.

For after all is said and done the most of us have got our health, we've got the blue sky and the sun. The carthy summer's glorious wealth.

In fact, we've got a lot of things that gold and silver cannot buy. Content and freedom for which kings would swap their crowns without a sigh.

No famine lies upon the land. No pestilence its hand uplifts. It's time we all struck up the band, and thanked the good Lord for His gifts!

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, July 23rd, 1914

Many fields of golden grain are now in evidence. The first new hay was delivered in town last week. It brought \$15 a ton.

\$8.35 was the ruling price for hogs that were shipped from here on Tuesday.

Mr. Fred Seord is arranging to erect a commodious building for the Wonderland Moving Picture Theatre on his property on Mill Street.

Buildings operations are proceeding actively with the transformation of the Fyfe property on Church Street into a residence for Mr. Walter Beardmore.

Nine men and boys are reported to have been drowned in Ontario on Sunday and two of this number were drowned at Oakville.

On Monday afternoon Mr. Austin Swackhammer had one of his horses badly hurt while driving into the stream at the upper bridge on Main Street for a load of water.

Acton Baseball Team was defeated by a score of 6-4 at the Glen on Saturday.

Miller's Worm Powders seldom fail. They immediately attack the worms and expel them from the system. They are complete in themselves, not only as a worm destroyer, but as a highly beneficial medicine for children, correcting weak digestion and restoring the debilitated system to healthfulness, without which the growth of the child will be retarded and its constitution weakened.

It is well known and obvious that youth takes little interest in genealogy. Why should it, when it has the vast future before it, with untried hopes and splendid fruitless struggles, quite enough to fill any life without unprofitable reflections on a past that can never be changed?

Early maturity begins to look back a little. Perhaps after all the future is best read and understood in the past, and a little more patient study of ancestral mistakes might have helped in avoiding at least the grosser repetition of similar blunders. Yet even so, the full tide of health and strength has too little time for leisurely consideration of days and doings that are gone. As one active father expressed it, "I am more interested in my posterity than in my progenitors."

But as we get older and begin to reflect upon life as we live it, we see more and more the importance of causes as well as of consequences. What the older generation, called "good stock" gets to seem more significant. To have been born of honorable and industrious and self-respecting parents appears to be a help in the world, at any rate a comfort in meeting the various ups and downs of shifting fortune. A man grows more and more curious who his grandfather was, what sort of man he was and what sort of man his father was before him.

And there are the grandmothers also, the gay, the charming, the loving, the wise, the thrifty, and those who were perhaps the opposite. A man would like to know about them and to trace something of them all in himself and in his children. Then suddenly he finds that those who could have told him these things are gone, and it is too late.

In almost every family there is one old lady who knows all the genealogical traditions and secrets. To the young she is too likely to appear a tedious old lady. She tells endless long stories about events and people that seem much better forgotten. While we have her with us we are inclined to shun her society, or too much of it. Then she slips away, and we are sorry. Bear that in mind and do not let her slip away till you have garnered a good share of the really precious and significant facts, facts calculated to illuminate your soul and your children's, which she—and no one else—can communicate.

As a king is honored in his image, so God is loved and hated in man. He cannot hate man who loves God; nor can he who hates God love man. —Chrysostom.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

We have been doing things, this week. In between washing and haymaking, scuffling and hoeing, we have explored the country and our exploring has been entirely satisfactory. On Tuesday Partner said—"I want you to make a short trip for me and order some tiles. It is nice country where you are going so you might as well start early and make an afternoon of it."

So we did, and we went well provided. The children took bathing suits and I took several pails, in case we found raspberries. We also threw in an old basket and a knife, in the hope of finding ferns. Thus equipped, we started out, not knowing exactly where we were going or what we were likely to find.

First of all we found the small lake, with lovely clear deep water, and nice shady banks. The children were in the water before I could hardly burn round, and how they did enjoy the deep clear water as they hardly ever get a swim now unless we go to the beach. I wished I had brought my bathing suit, too, but since I hadn't, all I could do was sit on the bank and talk to a young girl who was also sitting there watching the swimmers.

She was a friendly little girl—in her late teens, I suppose, and she told me about her brothers and sisters, and also about a large family of cousins, who had been left motherless. As she talked I could not help comparing this country girl with the average country girl of a generation ago. This girl was well spoken, nicely dressed, had plenty of assurance and was obviously sympathetic, intelligent and well-informed. One hears a good deal for and against high school education, but I could not help wondering what this girl would have been like without her two years at high school.

Perhaps from an academic standpoint her education may have been a waste of time, but the journey to and fro, the necessity of mixing with other young people had given her poise and an easy assurance, which would otherwise only have come to her after years and years of living in the country, supposing she had only had contact with her own people.

From the lake we went on to the village, passing through winding roads, with awful corners, and meeting a truck at nearly every turn. From the village we turned left and although I thought I knew where we were going, I wasn't sure, and anyway it didn't matter. So the Optimist chugged faithfully along until we came to a grassy road, with a signpost which said—"To the Lake."

"This looks interesting," I said to the children, "shall we go?" "Oh yes, Mum, do let's go!" Of course it was a silly question of mine, because had I suggested going to Timbuctoo, they would still have answered "Let's go."

Anyway, we ambled down the road a piece until we came to a fence and a high gate, all made from tree branches. The place was densely wooded but free from underbrush. With eager anticipation we passed through the gate and walked straight into Fairyland! I was amazed—I didn't know that central Ontario could produce anything quite so beautiful. The lake was very deep and its depth made the water a dark mysterious green. There were high jagged rocks on every side, with ferns and flowers growing in every crevice and trees growing above and beyond the rocky banks. There were also open spaces for campers, where a few tourists had already pitched their tents. There was a floating bathing hut, a big raft and a miniature wharf for the two dinghies which visitors were free to use.

The water, we were told, was eighty feet deep in places, so I was afraid to let the children go in for a swim, but I did take them out in one of the dinghies, but so frequently have I impressed upon them the necessity of keeping still in a boat that when I had them aboard they were also afraid to breathe. The time was getting on, so after our trip on the water we had to say good-bye to Fairyland and start again on our homeward way, but with many a backward glance and a determination that our first visit should certainly not be our last.

Of course our pails were still empty, so when we got nearer home, we stopped again. "Let us go up the mountain to Rattlesnake Point, there are sure to be berries up there," said Daughter. Rattlesnake Point is a part of the mountain which we have always wanted to explore, so we left the car at the foot of the hill and started to climb, with pails tied to our waists. We climbed and climbed and climbed, and when I said anything my words came in gasps. I was reminded of the poem—"And does the road wind uphill all the way?" And most emphatically could I answer—"Yes, to the very end." But oh, the wonderful view at the top of that arduous climb. We seemed to be literally on top of the world, with the blue waters of Lake Ontario in the distance. But hinder than the going up was the coming down, because the children saw trails here and there through the dense bush which they were sure were Indian trails and might lead somewhere interesting, and couldn't they please go and see. How I got them home I hardly know, but we did eventually get back to the farm, and with just enough berries for supper! And that was only one day. We had two more exploring days during the week, but that is all I can tell you this time, because my space is done.

FRESH SWEET CORN HAS ITS DAY

The season is approaching when fresh, sweet corn will be on the market. This is important news because corn is one of the few vegetables that still has its season. Nearly everything else can be found in the markets at some price the year around. However, corn is neither fresh nor sweet after it has been picked for many hours, and most of the crop is sold as it ripens near the place where it is grown, or it is canned or dried for out-of-season use.

When we bite into the first juicy corn of the season, we decide then and there to have it every day. We feel that we could never tire of corn. Perhaps, we really do not tire of it. The fact remains, however, that after the first week or so of the corn season we begin to think of ways of serving it that are different.

Succotash and corn fritters with maple syrup or honey are time-honored ways of using corn cut from the cob. Many cooks have discovered that cooked corn left-over or freshly cut from the cob is delicious if heated in cream and seasoned with salt, pepper and a little butter. If the cream is not too rich, well-seasoned corn stuffing is good in tomatoes or peppers. Corn has its place in cream or vegetable soups. It adds a certain something to muffins, biscuits, griddle cakes and waffles. In fact, if you will list your favorite recipes for meat and vegetable dishes, for soups and for quick breads, many suggestions for using corn will occur to you. When you wish to feature corn in the menu and want something different, the following recipes will help you:

CORN STUFFED PEPPERS 6 green sweet peppers 2 cups whole kernel cooked corn 1/2 cup thin white sauce 1/2 cup tomato catsup, 2 tablespoons sugar 2 tablespoons onion salt Butter Corn flake crumbs Grated cheese

Cut off tops and remove seeds of peppers. Put peppers and top slice in cold water and bring to boil, boiling five minutes. Cut cooked tops of peppers into small pieces and add to corn. Add catsup, sugar and onion salt and pack into the parboiled pepper cases. Put lump of butter on top of each and cover tops with corn flake crumbs and grated cheese. Bake in hot oven (25 degrees F.) until brown on top.

SPANISH CORN 1 tablespoon butter 1 large green pepper, minced 1 medium onion, chopped 1 teaspoon salt 1/2 teaspoon black pepper 2 cups cooked corn 2 1/2 cups tomatoes 8 whole wheat biscuits Melt butter in frying pan and saute pepper and onion until tender but not brown. Add other ingredients (except whole wheat biscuits) and simmer until juice has partly condensed. Split, heat and butter the whole wheat biscuits, place a generous amount of the corn mixture on top and serve. Yield: 8 servings.

SCALLOPED CORN AND OLIVES 2 cups cooked corn 1 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup ripe olives (minced) 2 cups celery (diced) 1/2 teaspoon pepper 1/2 cup corn flakes 2 tablespoons butter Cook celery in boiling, salted water until tender, but not soft. Place in a buttered casserole alternate layers of corn, celery and minced olives. Add seasonings and milk. Top with corn flakes and dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) thirty minutes.

TOASTED CORN SANDWICHES 1/2 cup soft sharp cheese 1 tablespoon milk 1 egg (beaten) 1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard 1/2 teaspoon baking powder 1/2 cup grated raw corn Buttered toast, strips of bacon Mix cheese, milk, beaten egg, seasonings and baking powder into a smooth paste. Add the corn and spread mixture on slices of toasted buttered bread. Place strip of bacon on top and put under broiler until it becomes browned and puffed up. Serve immediately.

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 Exterminator.

TOO FAST A passenger had been abusing the conductor for the slow progress of the train. Finally the exasperated official said: "Look here, sir, if you don't like the speed of this train, get out and walk."

"Thanks so much," said the passenger, "but to tell the truth, though I'm short of time, I'm not in such a hurry as all that."

FAMILY CO-OPERATION Professor: "Why aren't you taking notes in my course?" Freshie: "My father took the same notes and I have his notes."

HERE! HERE! "What could be more sad," said the school mistress, "than a man without a country?" "A country without a man," answered a pretty schoolgirl.

DOMINION EXPERIMENTAL FARMS

Weekly News Letter

Promising New Grains at the Central Experimental Farm

The Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa—home of our most noted varieties of wheat and of certain other crops—again offers must of special interest in the way of new creations in the crop world. As the season advances the peculiarities of these new forms are gradually being unfolded, revealing in many cases indications of superior commercial values.

Probably of greatest interest to Eastern Farmers this year are the newer varieties of barley and oats, some of which promise to out our old established sorts in the very near future.

Control of Mustard by Chemicals A 3 per cent. solution of copper sulphate applied at the rate of 70 gallons per acre is the most effective chemical treatment for the control of mustard in grain crops, according to the results of experiments conducted at the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa by the Field Husbandry Division.

The best time to treat mustard is just before it comes into bloom. The solution should be applied during dry weather with a sprayer under a pressure of at least 175 pounds per square inch. Spraying mustard in grain crops with a 3 per cent. solution of copper sulphate injures the grain slightly and usually reduces the yield by one or two bushels per acre.

Control of Swarming in the Apiary Natural swarming is ruinous to the honey crop therefore if honey production is of major importance natural swarming must be controlled. To do this effectively, according to the Dominion Apiarist, the colonies should be examined once every nine or ten days for queen cells.

If queen cells containing larvae are found, treat the colony by one of the following methods: (1) Remove the queen, destroy all queen cells. Then days later, again destroy all queen cells and requeen the colony with a young laying queen. (2) When larvae are found in the queen cells remove all the brood from the brood chamber replacing it with a full set of empty combs. Return the queen and a few bees to these combs. Place the brood in a super and put this with a queen excluder beneath it, on top of the colony. Seven days later either destroy all queen cells in this top super or split the brood into nuclei leaving with each nucleus a cell.

Should a colony actually swarm, return it in a new hive to the old stand and place over it the honey supers from the hive from which the swarm escaped. The parent hive should be left standing by the new swarm for a few days and then removed to another part of the apiary. Any increase in colonies should not be made later than the last of July, otherwise the new colonies will not be able to build up to proper strength for the winter.

Persian Balm—the delight of dainty femininity, imparts a fragrant charm to the complexion. Tones up the skin and makes it velvety soft in texture. Cooling, refreshing, it is delightful to use. Never leaves a vestige of stickiness. Invaluable for hands, face, and as a hair fixative. Wonderfully soothing and protective. Especially recommended in cases of roughness or chafing caused by weather conditions.

They always get a hearing crackle! snap! pop! Kellogg's Rice Krispies

JUST watch children listen to Kellogg's Rice Krispies crackle in milk or cream. Then watch them eat. You never need to coax them. Rice Krispies are a fine, nourishing food. Easy to digest. Extra good for the children's evening meal. Always oven-fresh in the WAX-TITE wrapper. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Listen!—get hungry Kellogg's Rice Krispies

SLATS DIARY

By ROSS PARQUHAR

Friday—Ant Emmy was asking pa why does a dog hang its tongue out of its mouth and pa studied a while and finally he sed. Well I guess you got me stumped, but I cudden't figger enny uther place a dog cud hang its tung out of.

Saturday—Pa and ma including I and Ant Emmy went out and had a Picknick tonite along the road. We had a very good supper. I gess ants must be offly smart becuz it all ways seems like as if they no Xackip where a picknick is a going to be at.

Sunday—Betty Bellz considers her self very very lucky. She fell offe deep in love with a guy from over to Madison and then just before they was to be ben married why she found out he had lost all his munny so the wedding was cancelled. She sed she woodent marry a popper if he was the last man on erth.

Munday—Jane is beginning to like me agen I reckon. she rote a pome intituled Our Dumb Animals and dedicated it to me. I dont no just why she done it but I spose she has got a reason.

Tuesday—Ant Emmy was reading where a Sycologist sed that married men are wise lyers than single men. Pa sed, "Well they got to be. It just happened that ma was winking in the Basement when pa spoke."

Wednesday—Joe Brush got a rested down in Kintucky the uther day becuz he shot a fella in the sholder and that the man was a Squir. After they a rested Joe he sed when he shot he thot 'at the time it was funny the squirrel wood have a Pipe in its mouth.

Thursday—Pa says it may be all rite to confess evry thing I has done but it is offly hard on the repetition. I ast pa if he thot they wood be noose papers in Heaven and before he cur anier ma piped in and sed. They got to have newspaper men before they cut rum the paper.

THAT'S THE PLACE "Just think, children," said the missionary, "In Africa there are six million square miles where little boys and girls have no Sunday school. Now, what should we all strive to save money for?" "To go to Africa?" cried a chorus of cheery voices.

PEACE The new district visitor was making her first call in a dockside neighborhood. "This is a very noisy district, Mrs. Smith," she said. "Yes, ma'am, it is," agreed Mrs. Smith, "and the only time we get any peace is when the ships' sirens drown the noise."

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Goodrich Commander

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TIME TABLES

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

AT ACTON

Going East Daily, except Sunday 10.07 a.m. Daily, except Sunday 6.12 p.m. Sunday only 6.34 p.m.

Going West Daily, except Sunday 8.55 a.m. Daily, except Sunday 6.23 p.m. Daily, except Sunday 7.00 p.m. Sunday only 11.13 p.m.

STANDARD TIME

TRAVEL BY BUS

Eastbound Daily 6.00 a.m. Daily 9.45 a.m. Daily 12.01 p.m. Daily 3.10 p.m. Daily 4.10 p.m. Daily 6.00 p.m. Daily 9.35 p.m.

Westbound Daily 9.45 a.m. Daily 11.45 a.m. Daily 2.15 p.m. Daily 4.15 p.m. Daily 6.15 p.m. Daily 9.15 p.m. Daily 11.35 p.m.

From Milton Daily 9.45 a.m. Daily 2.15 p.m. Leaving for Milton Daily 9.45 a.m. Daily 3.10 p.m.

STANDARD TIME ARROW

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