

**WALKERS**

**WE CALL THIS LIFE**

We call this life, that is life's preparation. We call this life, a little time of time; We think you God for this destined creation. A few short years? If this is all, then why these worlds around us. And uncessed skies, and undiscovered stars? I wonder, though one little world, we found us. Why God made Mars?

A million spheres, and ours one they eternally, and life a little span— I cannot think for this that God began it. That God made man. I eat, I drink, a little gold I win. One world enough for my necessities, but something else, some other thing within me. Does none of these.

My soul has little use for earthly treasure. Comes not to table, wears no silk nor wool. With all our playthings, finds its only pleasure.

The beautiful. So many things my soul has naught to do with. To which the man of flesh so fondly clings. Shall that soul die when these things I am through with. The fleshly things?

God made for man an earthly habitation. The body soil in which the soul may grow. This little life, is but the preparation. The soul must know. And then some day man's errors over come him.

The body falls, the soul alone is wise. And then the God that takes one small world from him. Give him the skies. —Douglas Malloch.

**Menu Hints**

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Entertaining Ideas and Suggestions

**REWITCH YOUR GUESTS WITH HALLOWEEN SURPRISES**  
By Betty Barclay

Halloween is party time and party time calls for unusual dishes. A new dish or two, with a new game or two, will always please—when food and game are as good as the ones below. Try them if you think I am boasting.

**LIMAS AND BACON**

- 2 cups cooked, dried Limas
- 4 to 6 slices bacon
- 3 to 4 eggs
- 1/2 cup milk
- Salt
- Pepper

Fry bacon a delicate brown. Remove strips and cut in small pieces. Beat eggs slightly. Add milk, limas, bacon and seasoning. Return to pan and cook in bacon fat, stirring until set.

**SPAGHETTI WITH TOMATO-CHEESE SAUCE**

- (A Favorite Italian Recipe)
- 1 lb spaghetti
- 1 can tomatoes (whole-packed) or tomato paste
- 1 onion (sliced)
- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup grated cheese
- Pepper and salt

Cook onion with tomatoes 15 minutes. Rub through a strainer or sieve. If tomato paste is used, dilute with half as much water. Melt butter. Add seasoning, the onion-tomato sauce and grated cheese. Cook slowly until cheese is melted, stirring constantly. Boil spaghetti in plenty of salted water until tender. Drain. Add spaghetti to sauce. Stir until thoroughly coated. Drain. Place drained spaghetti on platter. Pour the sauce over it and sprinkle additional cheese over all. It desired.

NOTE: Macaroni, egg noodles, sea shells or any other form of macaroni products may be substituted for spaghetti in this recipe.

**HALLOWEEN ORANGE WHIP**

Dissolve 1 package orange-flavored gelatin in 1 pint hot water. Pour half into mold and chill. Chill remaining gelatin mixture until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of ice and beat with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Pour over firm gelatin in mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with gelatin cubes, cut from additional firm gelatin, and mint. Serves 6. Use large mold, double recipe.

**GOOD SPIRITS PUNCH**

- (Watch the Ghosts Vanish)
- 2 cups hot tea
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup lemon juice
- 2 cups orange juice
- 2 cups cider
- 7 cups boiling water
- 24 marshmallows

Prepare the tea by pouring 2 cups of boiling water over 4 teaspoons of tea. Let stand from 3 to 5 minutes. Strain, add the sugar and stir until dissolved. Keep hot while bringing the fruit juices and cider just to the boiling point—do not boil. Combine the tea, hot juices and boiling water. Serve at once while hot.

On each cup of punch, float a ghost. These ghosts are marshmallows, on which goblin faces have been drawn with a toothpick dipped in red food coloring or melted chocolate. The ghosts will vanish as all good spirits should. This punch without the marshmallow ghosts is a delicious and healthful beverage for serving at any cold-weather entertainment.

**Chronicles of Ginger Farm**

Written Regularly For The Acton Free Press  
GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

We feel quite important! From our own back-door, we can plainly see the new L.L.C. radio tower, and just our front gate will run the proposed new highway between Milton and Acton. We are watching the progress of each with interest. The tower is nearing completion; the highway—well, they have cut down some brush alongside the road. Rome wasn't built in a day, and one thing is certain, the Second Line highway won't be either.

We shall have a grand time keeping an eye on the road construction, and you may be sure I shall treat you to a running commentary when things get going—when they have done something a little more exciting than cut down a bit of brush. Perhaps there is more activity up the northern end.

This week I hoped to give you an account of my visit to the International Ploughing Match at Fergus, but—well, the best laid plans of mice and men—you know the rest—I'm not good at Scottish spelling.

I wanted to go to Fergus either Thursday or Friday, and Partner was going whichever day I didn't, so that someone would be at home to keep the cows from jumping fences, etcetra.

Thursday morning, Son and I had our hunches packed, the Optimist oiled, gassed and watered and were nearly ready to start when along came our neighbor, and said he could go that very afternoon, but not Friday. I had a feeling that that was what he had come for, so I was right there to see that Partner did not turn down the offer on my account.

So Partner and Son went to the ploughing match, and I went to an Institute meeting and—believe it or not—they were back from Fergus before I was home from the meeting.

So that's all I can tell you about the ploughing match, because first thing Partner said was—"You may as well forget about your trip—it is far too cold for you to think of driving." So that was that. But I would like to know why they have to have a ploughing match away out in the near-Arctic—I understand there were five inches of snow on top of the cars on Wednesday.

Next year I hope they will have it in some temperate zone, like Acton or Milton district.

Friday Partner was away to a ploughing, and I had the place to myself—and rather enjoying it, because when I have only myself to cook for, I don't cook. While I was having my dinner, Peter set up an awful howl and there, at our back door, was a whole herd of cattle, including a male of the species. How to deal with them alone was quite a problem. I remembered a gap had been opened in the line fence so that Partner and near neighbors could get through to the corn field. The cows had evidently found the gap and accepted the invitation. I could see it was going to be some job to get them back, especially when—our own—cows—came—bawling—across the pasture to greet the visitors.

It would make a long story if I told it all—the fact remains I sent the visiting cows back where they belonged, and I also followed them up and closed the gap. After that I was glad I had not gone to Fergus or anywhere else, for that matter. With no one at home, dear knows what those cows might have done.

Keeping horses and cattle where they belong is one of the joys of farming at this time of the year. One morning we found two horses and a colt in our front field and two horses and a colt in the back. We are continually worrying in case our eyes should break bounds and get into the alfalfa. Last week the cows belonging to another farm got on to wet alfalfa and one cow was dead and three badly bloated when their owner found them. Farmers can ill afford a loss like that.

Yes, we worry about the cows during the day, and chickens at night. Every time the dog barks we think someone is robbing the hen-roost. But I'm thinking the rooster might be missing an important part of his clothing if Peter met him!

And speaking of hens, would you like to know about the Back Fifty birds? Of the red hens, one has made such a thorough job of moulting as to look almost indecent. The other still has her feathers, but hid herself away and was hopefully sitting on two eggs for about six weeks. She was—but now she isn't. The black hen is a very contented, adaptable bird, but the grey hen is really disgusting among our own Plymouth Rocks by her very aloof manner. She perks up that head of hers and struts about among those birds of our as if she were saying to the whole world—"Look at me—I came from Acton—I was raised on the Back Fifty!"

Don't tell me hens lack personality! Have you ever seen a dog eat corn? Peter will sneak up to the corn stalks in the garden, pull off a cob, rip off the covering and eat the corn off the cob as nice as you please. We are feeding corn cobs to the hens now and Peter follows me around with longing eyes until I throw him a cob. It is the funniest thing to see him eat it. If a Ginger Farm dog will do that, we would

**WHAT OF YOUR TALENT?**

Every man, every woman, every child has some talent, some power, some opportunity of getting good and doing good. Each day offers some occasion for using this talent. As we use it, it gradually increases, improves, becomes native to character. As we neglect it, it dwindles, withers and disappears. This is the stern but benign law by which we live. This makes character real and enduring; this makes progress possible, this turns men into angels and virtues into goodness.—James Freeman Clarke.

**BOB MORTON'S CIRCUS BRINGS TREAT TO NEEDY CHILDREN**

Toronto, October 28th.—For the fifth successive year, the Ramesses Shrine Temple will present Bob Morton's Shrine Charity Circus in Maple Leaf Gardens every afternoon and evening from October 28th to October 30th, inclusive. It has been announced by Dr. W. A. Porter, illustrious Potentate.

The circus, as heretofore, will be the "stagnant, stupendous, colossal aggregation" assembled each year by Col. Bob Morton, founder of the largest 3-ring indoor circus in the world.

The Bob Morton Circus is entirely new this year—the most outstanding circus of his whole career, he maintains, bringing to Toronto such world-renowned features as: Les Kliparis, from the New York Hippodrome, sensational brother and sister acrobatic team who will be seen for the first time in Canada at this year's Shrine Charity Circus; the Flying Otaris, known as the Venusus and Adonis of the flying trapeze, who were imported from Germany two years ago to appear with the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Combined Circus, which they received "top billing" in 1933; and Dr. Herman Ostermaier and his horses, direct from France—and considered by experts the most beautiful and intelligent stallions in the world.

In all, over 100 amazing and mirth-making features from every corner of the globe have been collected by Bob Morton in what he justly claims is "the greatest array of thrilling acts and performers ever assembled under one roof."

Last year, Ramesses Shrine and his friends were hosts to 25,000 orphans and under-privileged children at the Shrine Charity Circus. This year, according to illustrious Potentate Dr. W. A. Porter, co-operation is being given by many service clubs in Toronto and throughout Ontario, and he estimates that more than 30,000 needy children will be given their annual circus treat by warm-hearted Ontario business men who have not forgotten what a joy the circus was to them in their childhood days.

**HOW A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER FEELS**

Well, you got away with it. So far, anyway. Of course you're still a bit nervous. You are startled by doorbells; your palms-sweat when you pick up the morning paper; your mouth gets dry when a stranger seems to stare at you. For there is just a possibility that some chance passer-by saw you. But your pulse is beginning to behave again. Each passing day brings added safety.

If it will make you feel any better, you may never be caught. But, my craven fellow, you'll never escape yourself! You'll never escape the shame of having killed a child and run away. You will never escape the aching, burning memory that, faced with the test, you referred to as "advice to counsel."

You will live the rest of your days bluffing yourself into believing that you didn't have time to think (although life crises are not scheduled for men's convenience), that anybody else would have done the same thing (although you don't dare tell anybody else), and that it wasn't murder, but just an accident (as though people 'd themselves after an accident). The days will be trying but not so bad compared with the nights when you lie awake with your conscience and when, having fallen asleep at night, dreams steal into your tired brain to re-enact that scene of secret shame. The nights will be hard.

A thousand times you will wish to re-live that pent-up shame to scream "I've killed a child, and run away!" It would make you feel better, but you want to die.

Listen, Mr. Hit-and-run Driver! You Didn't Get Away With a Thing! And You Know It!

**A HARD LESSON**

Young Mother Nurse, what is the most difficult thing for a young mother to learn?

Nurse: That other people have perfect children too.

Very much like to know what a dog raised on the Back Fifty would do that is, judging by the "Biddies"

**Measure Your FEED COSTS by Results**

**FEED PIONEER**

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- STEER FATTENER

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

**SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK**

By R. J. SCOTT

THE OLD PIONEER LOCOMOTIVE OF THE CUMBERLAND VALLEY R.R. WAS NUMBERED "12" BUT IT NEVER HAD A WRECK DURING ITS SERVICE.

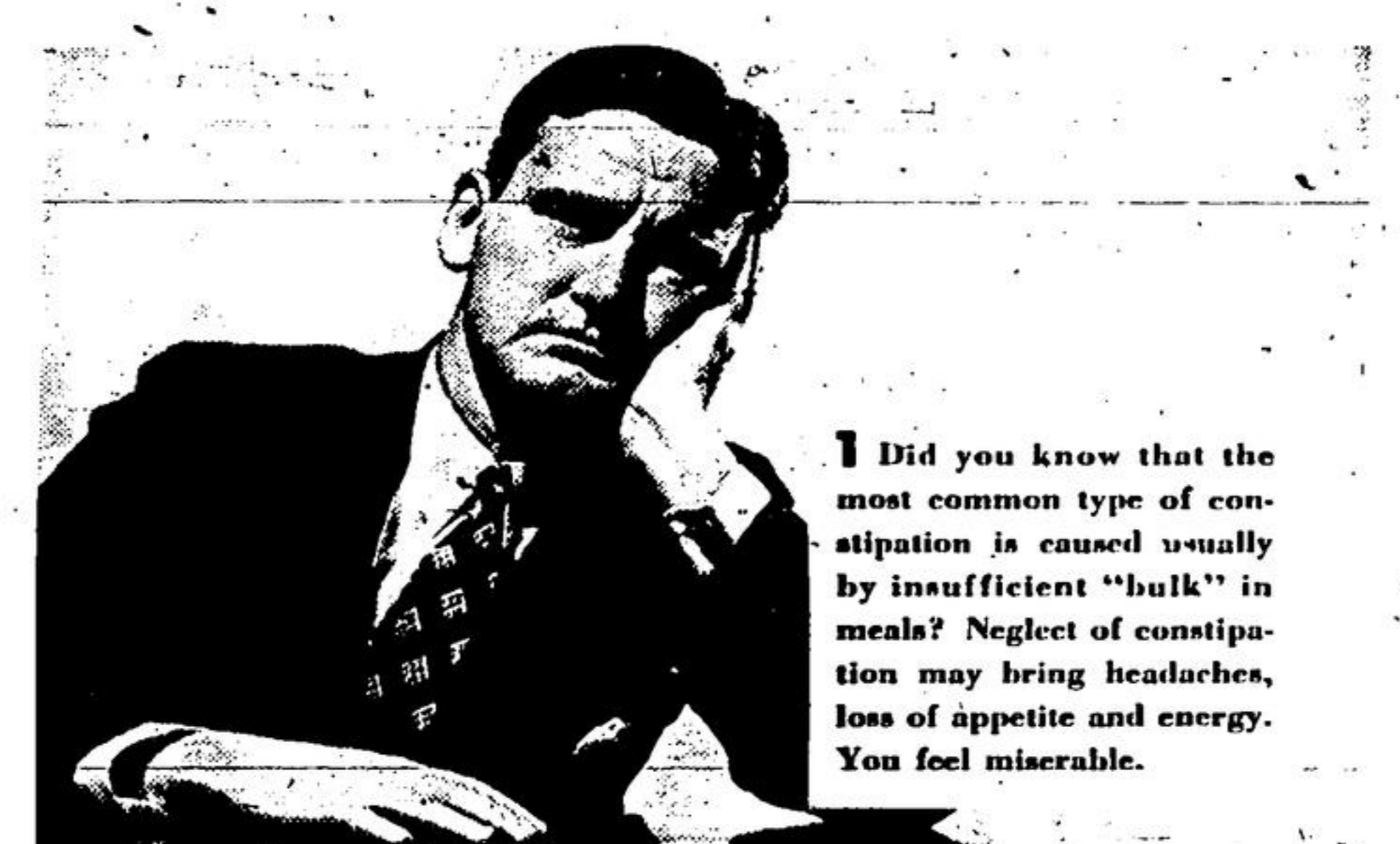
THE WORLD'S "NAZI" WAS COMED IN GERMANY FROM THE NATIONAL-SOZIALISTISCHE.

BABY GOES FOR AN AIRING IN GAINESVILLE, TEXAS.

POLITICIANS RIDICULED KARL RITTER FOR GIVING UP HIS SEAT IN PARLIAMENT TO BUILD A RAILROAD THROUGH THE ALPS—HE SUCCEEDED AND HIS STAMP HONORS HIS GENIUS IN AUSTRIA. (Copyright 1935 by the National Geographic Society)



**THE FOOD WAY**



I did you know that the most common type of constipation is caused usually by insufficient "bulk" in meals? Neglect of constipation may bring headaches, loss of appetite and energy. You feel miserable.

**TO RELIEVE**



2 Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a "bulk" food that absorbs water like a sponge. ALL-BRAN acts naturally—forms a soft mass within the colon— aids regular elimination. Unlike certain pills and drugs, it is not habit-forming.

**CONSTIPATION**

**Kellogg's ALL-BRAN**

3 Serve ALL-BRAN as a cereal with milk or fruits, or cook into appetizing muffins, breads, etc. Just eat two tablespoonfuls daily. Severe cases, with each meal. Buy this food at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

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Daily, except Sunday 6:26 p.m.	Daily, except Sunday 7:07 p.m.
Sunday only 7:19 p.m.	Daily, except Sunday 12:38 a.m.
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