

ALL HAVE UPS AND DOWNS

Isn't it peculiar that whatever work you do, it seems the other fellow has a bigger snap than you? No other man must work so hard to earn his weekly pay. And no one else has debts like you to take the coin away. But if some time you'd change your place with other envied men. The chances are you'd be right glad to be yourself again.

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes, Household Hints and Suggestions

CHEESE FOR SUPPER

The following recipes of cheese dishes as a solution of the supper problem are taken from the bulletin "Cheese for Better Meals." The bulletin may be obtained on application to the Publicity and Extension Branch, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

CHEESE EN CASSEOLE

4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
1 cup grated cheese
Salt and pepper
Buttered crumbs

4 cups cooked eggs and 2 cups spaghetti, potatoes, celery, corn, peas or spinach, or
4 cups cooked vegetables—cauliflower, cabbage, potatoes, corn, spinach, asparagus or peas
2 cups spaghetti and 2 cups celery, corn, cabbage or peas

Make a cream sauce of butter, flour, seasonings and milk, when cooled, add grated cheese. Place alternate layers of spaghetti, etc., and cheese sauce in a buttered baking dish. Cover with crumbs and brown in a hot oven (400 degrees F.).

MACARONI, TOMATO AND CHEESE

1 cup macaroni, spaghetti or rice
2 cups canned tomatoes
1 slice onion
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
Salt and pepper
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 cup grated cheese

Cook macaroni spaghetti or rice in boiling salted water until tender. Drain through a sieve or colander. Pour water through the cooked cereal to separate the pieces.

Simmer tomatoes with onion for 10 to 15 minutes. Strain, melt butter, add flour and seasonings. Add strained tomato and cook stirring constantly, until sauce thickens. Place a layer of cooked macaroni, spaghetti or rice in buttered baking dish. Cover with sauce and sprinkle with grated cheese. Repeat until dish is full, finishing with a layer of grated cheese or equal parts of grated cheese and bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) until cheese is melted or crumbs are browned.

CHEESE RICE ROLLS

2 cups cooked rice
1 cup grated cheese
1 egg
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of cayenne
1 tablespoon milk (approximately)
1/2 cup sifted bread crumbs

Combine rice and cheese. Add slightly beaten egg and seasonings and just enough milk to moisten the ingredients. Shape with hands into rolls and coat with sifted crumbs. Place on lightly buttered pan and bake in a moderate oven (350 to 375 degrees F.) for 25 minutes. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

WELSH RABBIT

1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup rich milk or thin cream
2 cups grated cheese
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon mustard
Few grains cayenne
1 egg

Make a sauce of butter, flour and milk. Add grated cheese and seasonings. Pour some of hot sauce over beaten egg. Return to double boiler and cook a minute or two. Serve on toast or crackers.

POTATO CHEESE SOUFFLE

2 cups mashed potatoes
3 cup grated cheese
3 tablespoons melted butter
1/2 cup milk
2 eggs
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon white pepper
1/2 teaspoon mustard

Mix grated cheese thoroughly with potato. Add milk and melted butter and seasonings and beat with a slotted spoon until smooth. Add yolks of eggs well beaten (until thick and lemon colored) and fold in whites beaten until stiff. Turn into well buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 40 minutes. Serve with a vegetable, such as peas, beets or asparagus.

NO COMPLAINT

In a workshop when the workmen objected themselves they were obliged to produce a doctor's certificate. An Irishman, absent, however, on a second occasion, and being told to bring his certificate, gave in the one used before. The foreman, looking at it, said: "Why, Mike, I guess this is an old certificate." "Sure, I know that, sir," said Mike calmly, "but isn't it the same old complaint?"

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press GWENDOLINE P. CHAPMAN

Things have been happening so fast this week that we hardly know where we are. Monday we were confronted with just such a problem as parents do have to face every once in a while.

For weeks, in fact months, Daughter has been growing more discontented every day. This was her third year at High School, and it was quite obvious she was dreading it more all the time. But yet she was afraid if she did not go on and get her matriculation, there was absolutely no future in store for her. She was getting unbearably nervous and irritable until, on Monday, there came a climax.

After Daughter had gone to school, Partner and I talked things over and what to do for the best was quite a problem. To take Daughter out of school and just keep her at home was not at all what we had planned. Suddenly Partner remembered about the Three Months' Short Course starting in this district very soon, and we thought, it might be just the thing for Daughter. So I spent the rest of the morning on the telephone, finding out particulars and getting the opinion of girls who had taken the Short Course during previous years.

It seemed almost like an answer to prayer—something definite, something practical. To take up Daughter's time and attention and probably be more beneficial to her in years to come than anything she would learn at school in the same length of time.

When Daughter came home, we told her. First she didn't like the idea—then she did—and when we were all finally agreed that to quit school would be best for her and for us, and also for her future, then she was as happy as a sandboy.

"If you are going to quit, you may as well stop right now," I told her, "and stay home for the rest of the week." So she did, and a captive suddenly released from prison could not be more light-hearted than our Daughter.

And why should this be? Isn't it absolute proof that the average young boy and girl is being so over-burdened with home-work that "education" becomes a detriment, rather than an asset. Night after night we have watched Daughter fretting and worrying over her home-work and Partner would say—"What's the use of it all?"

And then we would both remember that in our young days we did not have to study hour after hour, once we got out of school. But who shall say that education twenty-five years ago was less thorough than it is to-day. We gave less time to study but started school each day with relaxed minds and bodies, probably more receptive than the over-tired youngsters of this day and age.

Of course I know there are exceptions. Some youngsters take to study like a duck takes to water. And if a boy or girl wants to teach, nurse, study medicine or take up any other profession, then matriculation is an absolute necessity. But for those who have less academic ambitions it is worthwhile that health and homelife should be sacrificed for the questionable value of a matriculation standing on leaving school?

But oh, it's a hard problem for parents to face—how to advise for the best—whatever we decide, shall we look back and wish a different decision had been made?

However, we have taken the plunge—Daughter starts the Short Course next Tuesday—and here's hoping it will turn out to be a wise move.

Well, we had hardly got our breath back again before two threshing machines came on the line. Partner was away to one neighbor's on Wednesday, but on Thursday he hired a man to go threshing so he could get ready for our own. While I was away down town for provisions, Partner was busy getting planks from the driving shed left, to reach which he naturally had to use a ladder. He was pulling out the last plank when the ladder fell on which he was standing gave way. Partner's feet went through the ladder, then the plank slipped and knocked him backwards. As he fell, he struck the back of his neck on the tongue of the wagon, which happened to be just behind him. Son heard a heavy thud and running to the driving shed found his Dad in a huddled up heap between the ladder and the wagon.

Why the fall did not break Partner's neck we don't know. Of course it left him frightfully stiff and sore, but he insisted on threshing the next day, just the same. The stiffness has not worn off yet, but various bumps are becoming a little less noticeable.

I need hardly tell you that already we have been very glad to have Daughter at home. She has been able to help Partner quite a bit and of course it was great to have her here to help with my threshing, meals.

And now for my last bit of news. On Friday, November 19th, 1937, we saw the new C.B.C. radio station lighted up for the first time—from our back door, of course, of course. With the naked eye we could just see the one big red light, but with field glasses we could see what looked like smaller white lights, spaced at intervals, all the way up the tower.

Books that Matter

A Weekly Feature Furnished by the Association of Canadian Bookmen and the Canadian Weekly News-papers Association

OUTSTANDING FALL NOVELS
Reviewed by Felham Edgard.
Turning Wheels: By Stuart Cloete. (Toronto: William Collins). Price, \$2.50.
Robinson of England: By John Drinkwater. Illustrated by John Dowd. (Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders). Price, \$2.00.
North-West Passage: By Kenneth Roberts. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran). Price, \$2.75.
The Citadel: By A. J. Cronin. (Toronto: Ryerson Press). Price, \$2.50.

Stuart Cloete has written a savage and magnificent book. This seems to be an age of great first novels. Two years ago we had Margaret Mitchell. To-day we have Cloete. It is not difficult for a reviewer to predict almost as large a harvest of readers for the newcomer in the field. A million or so more or less does not seem much to matter. A vast immediate audience can be secured for a book that happens to hit the contemporary taste. What really counts is enduring value, and Mr. Cloete has brought to bear on his theme so much skill, intelligence and human nature that the readers of his second book will still be rereading his first.

Mr. Cloete disclaims all knowledge of the literary art. He is one of those refreshing people who never self-consciously have striven to be writers. His Dutch ancestry, and his twenty years of life on the veldt since the war gave him his theme. By the division of genius he and attention and probably be more beneficial to her in years to come than anything she would learn at school in the same length of time.

The outstanding characters are front. Hendrick van der Berg, the leader of the trek, has all the obstinacy and fanaticism that we associate with the typical Boer. Variations of his type we may find in Hardy's Mayor of Casterbridge or Sheila Kaye-Smith's Reuben Bachfield, but Hendrick's redeeming tenderness is left out of the picture. The biggest figure both in bulk and value is Tante Anna. She escapes the final disaster that engulfs the colony, and the book closes with her colloquy with Hinkels, the Kaffir medicine man and magician, another astonishingly vivid creation of observation and fancy. Fourth in the group of memorable delineations we should rank Zwart Piet, whose wooing and winning of Sannie leaves Lochinvar's exploit far in the rear. These are the major figures, but great as they are they leave the minors light and space to exhibit themselves. We are not likely to forget Zwart's sister, Sara, nor the nightmare horror of her death.

Monday I more week of labor & slavery in school starts off with a bang. I don't mind the work & the learning & etc., so much as having to set & look at all their kids all day. Kept Jane. She is bent hard on my eyes.

Tuesday Mr. Gillem sed Mistress. Gillem complained a lot about being nervous & he cured her by onley saying it were a sine of getting old & diddnt haft to have no Dr. whatever.

Wednesday: The teacher sed Blitters who are the greatest man that ever lived in the U. S. A. & he replid & sed Abraham Linken. I supose he never herd of Babe Ruth & Dizzie Deen. Sum kids are offe ignerent.

Thursday: They cant be no ? that are scotch & collidges are beter this yr. than ever befor. That is plane becose of the increst interest in ft. ball & will be made planer as basket ball steps out in front of the ft. lights. Edgucashen are a grate thing & so is the letters on the red & blue swetter.

Friday: As we walked homeward bound this p. m. I sat Jane did she ever think seriously about marrying me. She replid no but if she ever does she will probably diside agensit it. She can get sum very amuseing ideas in that red hed of hern.

Saturday Well, they's no school to-day & I am a free Ameriken citizen agen or wood be if it wasent for about 100 and 1 things that Ma has hunted up for me to do. She has a wanderer mind when it comes to enventing seems to keep me of of mischeef.

The general narrative is vigorous enough to bear the story in its current, but here and there scenes appear which are indelibly etched in memory. All the fights, human and animal, are good, but the final one is the best in its slow-moving agony, and Kindal's fantastic journey through the Zulu lines is a fine piece of romantic invention.

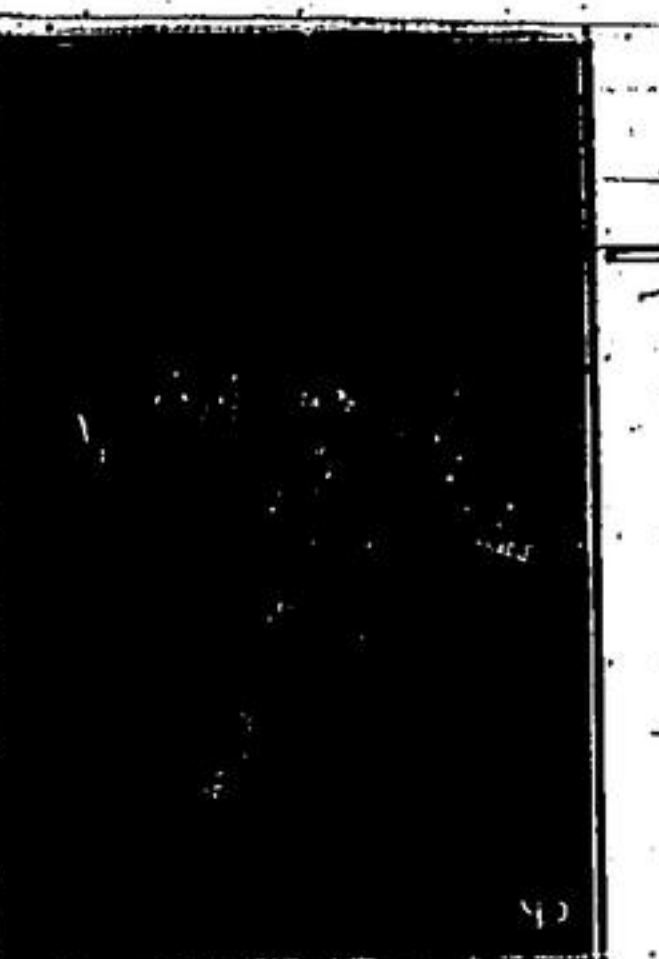
A singularly quiet but beautiful book is John Drinkwater's posthumous Robinson of England. Its appeal is to lovers of England, and when you are momentarily weary of plot and counterplot and high tension excitement you will find a refreshment in its pages that will repay you.

All the seat of adventurous endeavor will be found in the early pages of Roberts' Northwest Passage. Langdon Towne and the Harvard authorities have had a disagreement, so he solves his difficulties by enlisting in Rogers' Rangers. His purpose is rather to paint Indians than to fight, but before he gets through with it he learns what bush warfare is in its harshest conditions. It is the last year of the war, and the redoubtable Rogers has been ordered to wipe out the Indian town of St. Francis. Half the book deals with the incredible hardships of the advance and retreat, and unquestionably this portion of the narrative is vigorous and exciting in the highest degree.

The second half is of a totally different character. Its purpose is twofold. Langdon Towne's development as a painter and his love romance furnish some of the interest, but the main value of the book does not lie in this direction. The chief concern of the author is to follow the declining fortunes of Major Rogers. His downfall is tragic, and is explained partly by the machinations of his enemies, Sir William Johnson, the most powerful and sinister of these; and partly by the degeneration of his own character. His vehemence led him to the heights, but the violence of his nature carries with it the seeds of his decay. The study does not lack subtlety, but the author has not succeeded in weaving these varied strands into a coherent whole.

The last book to be noted is Dr. Cronin's The Citadel. It is a highly effective story, and holds the reader's interest from cover to cover. The book is propagandist fiction, and the medical profession will have some reason to think

DOCTOR-AUTHOR ARRIVES



Author of the controversial best seller, "The Citadel," Dr. A. J. Cronin noted British novelist, is shown as he arrived in New York, on his way to Hollywood, where he will supervise screening of the story.

its statement of the case unfair. They will feel that the author has made the particular instance stand for the general rule, and that the public at large will conclude that the standards of medical practice are regrettably low, and the etiquette of the profession overdue for a thorough house-cleaning. It would be unfair to the author to charge him with this intention, but if you start down the propagandist trail you are not always master of your direction.

There is no space here to tell the story. A newly fledged doctor, Andrew Manson, is the central character. Through his early struggles he keeps his ambitions unswayed, and he has a splendid wife, Christine, to support him. With prosperity comes the change and he is sucked into the current of a lucrative London practice. The book ends as we had expected with his victory over this temptation, but Christine, his wife, is dead.

This is the best novel from Dr. Cronin's pen, and sustains his reputation as an author of books that matter.

SLAT'S DIARY
OLIVER N. WARREN

Sunday Went to S S and remained for church this a.m. It appears that I can't hardly get away after S. S. no more, but it isent so bad since the preacher declared in favor of athletics and etc.

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POOR STRATEGIST

He "I say, we're out of gas."
She "Don't be a chump. This is a main road."

DON'T SNIFFLE ALL WINTER

Chances of "colds" are increased by common constipation. It may lower resistance to infection.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN absorbs water and softens like a sponge—forms a soft mass—alids elimination.

Just eat two tablespoonfuls daily. As a cereal with milk or cream, or in recipes. Sold by all grocers.

KEEP REGULAR

TOO LATE

"I've been thinking it over," said the husband, "and I've decided to agree with you."
"That won't do you any good," said his wife. "I've changed my mind."

"Americans have very little judgment on the relative importance of foreign news,"—Lord Marley.

WHAT ABOUT INDIGESTION?

"Have you anything to say before I pass sentence on you?"
"Yes, Your Honor. I should like you to have your lunch first."

"Storm clouds hang low over Europe and men live in fear of what the next day may bring forth." — Sir Austen Chamberlain.



but is it?

With your car safely in the garage, seems as though you are prepared for anything that can happen. Don't even need a telephone any more.

BUT . . . ARE YOU CERTAIN?

Sickness, fire, accident, whatever it may be—and some of these things come occasionally to all of us—is your car quick enough, sure enough? Maybe the roads are blocked. . . . Maybe a tire is flat . . .

In emergency what you need most is a TELEPHONE. Don't wait for something to happen to find that out!

NEW LOW RATES
for farm telephone service
are now in effect!

HINTS ON FASHIONS
BY LISBETH

Slim, Trim Frock is Necessary in Every Wardrobe—Must Have Straight Silhouette But Materials and Trimmings May Be as Varied as Desired



It has gotten so that if you do not appear at the tea, bridge or other formal afternoon—early or late—affair, in a trim, slim dress straight in silhouette, you feel definitely out of the fashion picture.

This pencil-slim dress comes in a variety of materials and with various trimming mediums, but it seems to be the same dress—in velvet, crepe, silk or synthetic, wool or whatnot.

An especially distinguished dress is shown here—in silk. Above is a Fay Batt design in moss green silk crepe with purple crossed bodice and flat vertical tucks. The ash, lying in front, has long, looped, colored fabric ends. A Lilly Dache halo-hat of green suede is worn with this dress, whose high neckline invites the wearing of the newest in gold jewelry. Notice the necklace the model is wearing.

Slits for-Cruises
New fashion notes that have just come in tell that vivid color is once more the outstanding note in printed silks—for the resort and cruise season, whether for day or evening wear. Silk prints featured by both American and French houses have a tendency toward smaller designs for daytime or all-over patterns imitating lace or embroidery.

Many of the new patterns are given an exotic look by multi-color treatments in a single flower or group of flowers. These are varied by emphasis of monochrome color-on-color effects either in neat tailored patterns or stylized floral and geometric.

Black is at the moment the volume color for print silk grounds for daytime, while white is important for evening. Amethyst browns, dark chocolate browns, reds in rust, mahogany and burnt wine shades, as well as those previously mentioned, greens, both vivid clear tones like emerald green and medium bluish tones as well as dark greens, royal blues and navy, are all being shown.

Business Directory

DR. J. A. McNIVEN
Physician and Surgeon
Office and Residence—Corner Roper Avenue and Elgin Street.

DR. E. J. NELSON
Physician and Surgeon
Electro Therapy Phone 68

DR. WM. G. CULLEN, L.M.C.C.
Physician and Surgeon
Office Hours—1-4 and 7-9 p. m.
Sundays by Appointment.
Wilbur Street—Just North of Mill Street
Telephone 128

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Successor to H. N. Farmer

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Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
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Acton Over T. Seymour's Cafe Main Street & For Appointments Phone Acton 63—6 Georgetown 88
Office Hours—Acton, Tuesday and Thursday, 1.15 p. m. to 4.30 p. m. Evenings on request.

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Closed Wednesday Afternoon Phone 149

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Dental Surgeon
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B. D. YOUNG, V.S., B.V.Sc.
Veterinary Surgeon
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Phone—Milton 1464

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Representative Protective Association of Canada (for Members Only)

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TIME TABLES

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS
AT ACTON

Going East	Going West
Daily, except Sunday 7:00 a.m.	Daily, except Sunday 8:48 a.m.
Daily, except Sunday 9:54 a.m.	Daily, except Sunday 2:38 p.m.
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.
	Sunday only 11:32 p.m.

STANDARD TIME

GRAY COACH LINES

COACHES LEAVE ACTON

EASTBOUND		WESTBOUND	
a 6:51 a.m.	3:57 p.m.	x 9:53 a.m.	c 3:13 p.m.
9:11 a.m.	6:32 p.m.	11:38 a.m.	a 5:13 p.m.
12:11 p.m.	8:57 p.m.	x 2:13 p.m.	a 7:08 p.m.

(To Kitchener)

x—Through to London
a—Except Sun. and Hol.; b—Sun. and Hol.; c—Sat.; d—except Sat., Sun. and Hol.; e—Sat., Sun. and Hol.