

**WHERE ARE YOU GOING?**  
 "Oh, where are you going, all you big boys."  
 "With 'Mickie's' own coal, up and down the hill road."  
 "We are going to fetch you your bread and your butter."  
 "Your head, neck and motion, eggs, apples and cheese."  
 "And where will you fetch it from, all you big boys."  
 "And where shall I write you when you are away?"  
 "We fetch it from Melbourne, Quebec and Vancouver."  
 "Address us at Robert, Hong Kong and Bombay."  
 —Stanford Kipling.

**Menu Hints**

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes, Household Ideas and Suggestions

By Betty Barclay

**COLD WEATHER MEATLES—DISHERS**

It's cold! We need real food! Meat is still expensive! What shall we do? Why not use hot meatless dishes filled with beautiful foods like nuts, butter, dried lima beans, cheese and bread? This seems sensible, and you'll find the following dishes very, very pleasing:

**LIMA LIMBALES**

- 2 cups cooked, dried Limas
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- 1 1/2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Rub Limas through a coarse sieve. Melt butter, add chopped onion and cook until yellow. Add flour, stir until smooth, then add milk. Stir constantly until creamy. Add pureed Limas, egg, salt and pepper. Pack in buttered limbales molds, or custard cups, and place in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for about 20 minutes. Turn out and serve with tomato sauce.

**LIMAS AU GRATIN**

- 3 cups cooked, dried Limas
- 1 cup thin white sauce
- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- 1/2 cup buttered crumbs
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Arrange Limas, sauce and cheese in layers in a baking dish. Cover top with crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) about twenty minutes.

**FRUIT AND MEAT OVEN ORILL**

- 4 navel orange slices, 1/2 inch thick
- 4 green-tipped bananas, peeled
- 4 tomato halves
- 4 chops, (lamb or veal)

Place on greased broiler rack. Brush bananas with melted butter. Salt bananas and tomatoes. Broil for 10 to 12 minutes with rack 4 inches under moderate high flame. Turn oven. Serve on hot platter. Season meat with salt and pepper. Garnish with parsley, stuffed olive slices and lemon quarters. Serve for dinner next course.

**WINTER FRUIT SALADS**

Take advantage of the fact that Navel oranges are now available, and prepare some of those showy, tasteful salads that may be made best with firm slices of seedless oranges. Here are two that are well worth while:

**ORANGE APPLE CHEESE SALAD**

- (Serves 1)
- On individual salad plates, centre a mound made of 1/4 cup cottage cheese, which has been blended with a little orange juice. Circle with alternating rows of halved slices of oranges (or orange segments) and slices of unpeeled, red apple. Garnish with lettuce hearts. Top cheese with 5 raisins centred with maraschino cherry. Serve with any desired dressing.

**ORANGE BANANA SALAD**

- (Serves 6)
- 3 oranges
- Lettuce
- 3 bananas
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 cup finely chopped nuts (walnuts, almonds, pecans or peanuts)

Peel oranges and cut into 1/4-inch slices. On lettuce-covered salad plate, place 2 orange slices. Cover with 2 lengthwise quarters of bananas, sprinkled with lemon juice and rolled in nuts. Top with slices of oranges. Garnish with mayonnaise and maraschino cherry. Variation: Roll banana fingers in grated coconut.

**CALCIUM FOODS**

Quite often a doctor advises a patient to eat heavily of foods containing calcium—and the patient goes away with a worried frown upon his face. What are the calcium foods, anyway? There are many. Milk and cheese stand high on the list. So do cauliflower, dried figs, dried beans, oranges and spinach. Smaller quantities may be obtained from celery, carrots, egg meat, string beans and many other foods.

**MORE WATER!**

"Name, please?" asked the minister, engaged in baptizing the infant. "Chlomonedej Chillingworth Montgomery Percival Marmaduke Burpington 3rd." "More water, please," said the minister to his assistant.

**Chronicles of Ginger Farm**

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press  
 Gwendoline P. Clarke

Don't be surprised if you hear this humble chronicle of Ginger Farm has been run into court. Part is, I have placed myself within the pale of the law. Yes indeed, and all out of sheer comeliness.

You see, I don't like those new license plates that we are supposed to decorate our cars with for 1936 and the first time I saw them I declared most solemnly that I would not get mine until I absolutely had to. The time went on and on until we came to the dead-line—January 15th—the day on which I knew I must give in or take the consequences—and then I couldn't get out—at least not with any degree of comfort. The lane was pretty well full and more snow falling and I feel the "Optimist" needs taking care of in her old age and should not be taken out on bad roads or rough weather. Not that the main roads are really bad but our lane seems to collect all the snow in Halton County. Just recently we have found the fields far more navigable than the lane proper, but now the trail across the field has filled in, too. So here we are and here we stay and over in the garage stands my good friend the "Optimist," with a colorful red and white license plate.

Really those blue and orange markers are too ridiculous—the fellow who invented that color scheme must have had friends among the speed fiends and road hogs—there is no other way of looking at it. Oh well, I suppose one has to bow to the inevitable and put up with them—the five dollar reduction in license fees is some consolation, anyway.

This week I felt tempted to see what I could do in persuading the family to go vegetarian, because all I have seen since last Monday is MEAT—and then more meat. We bought a quarter of beef, mainly with the idea of canning some ready for summer. But, oh dear, I think I had forgotten what a quarter of beef looked like, and when it was brought into the house, I nearly wilted!

However, on Tuesday, Partner got it cut up into steable pieces and on Wednesday I prepared some of the meat for the jars and managed to get two bottles, done—ten quarts the first time, ten pints the second—and the pints were taken out at 11.45 p.m. In case there are any readers who are interested perhaps you might like to know my method. Here it is: Cut meat into small pieces like you would for a stew; place in sterilized sealers with a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of meat. Pit on tops and sealer rings, tighten and then give a quarter turn back to loosen. Place in canning rack in the boiler, put in enough cold or lukewarm water to come two inches above the tops of sealers and boil for three hours, counting from the time the water really boils. Bale out water until you can reach the sealers, remove from boiler, tighten rings, turn upside down for half-an-hour, tighten rings again. If there are any doubtful ones, turn upside down again until you are sure there are no leaky jars and then turn right way up until cool. Next day put them away in the cellar with a sigh of thanksgiving.

I particularly want to draw your attention to "water two inches above the sealers." This was a new method to me—before I had always had water to the neck of the jars. When I was told about this new way, I must confess I was a little dubious thinking the water was sure to get into the jars. But it doesn't do anything of the kind—in fact, instead of the water getting in, the pressure of water from the extra two inches keeps the meat juices from seeping out. I proved this by trying one lot the old way and one lot the new. The water in the boiler with it just to the neck of the jars was greasy. The water when I had it rise over the jars was as clean when I took it out as when it went in.

Of course there are different ways of canning meat. Some people fry it a little first, but we like the way I did it because it is so nice to serve cold in the summer, as it turns out like a jelly. Of course it can be heated if desired. But to resume, Thursday I was away, but Friday and Saturday I was at the meat again—cutting, canning, boiling bones and rendering fat and putting aside what cuts we wanted to keep for roasting. Altogether I put down twenty-nine jars. I had expected to have quite a bit of help with getting the meat ready for the jars, but, as luck would have it, the well gave out again, and Partner had to draw water for the cattle. And then Daughter had accepted an invitation to stay with a girl friend in town, so with most of the work to do myself, do you wonder I thought having a vegetarian family would be quite a bright idea?

Now I am wondering what extra work will come along next week. Every Saturday since Christmas I have thought the next week would be fairly slack and perhaps I would be able to get some letters written and maybe some writing done because, you know, when I have time I try to get a little writing on the market beside what I do for this paper. But time—I'm beginning to think it is an unknown quantity! And yet, to say "I haven't time," when asked "do anything for anybody in an excuse I defeat. I haven't time" is an excuse that is worn

thread-bare by people, who have all the time in the world. Well, I had better sign off or you will accuse me of having a grinch with life. It isn't that at all, really. It's just—well, I guess it's just too much meat!

**Books that Matter**

A Weekly Feature Furnished by the Association of Canadian Bookmen and the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association

**EDWARD VII AND GERMANY**  
 By Marie Edwin Sileo

Why Edward Went: by Warrs Bradley Wells. (Toronto: George J. MacLeod). Price, \$2.75.

Germany, The Last Four Years: by Germanicus. (Toronto: Musson). Price, \$1.50.

**A Personal Word**

We are entering the third and last month of this experiment of offering in the columns of the papers associated in the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association these weekly reviews of some of the significant new books dealing with international and social problems. We have as yet little reason to know how widely these reviews have been used by the member-newspapers, or whether they have been favorably received or not. Some editors have written with gratifying enthusiasm; others have demurred on the ground that it seemed like free advertising for the publishers. But if reviewed these books and kept the names of the publishers a dark secret! We have also been often ecstatic in our choice of books, deliberately selecting books for mention which, we felt sure, would not probably be reviewed in other journals and because they fitted into the exposition of the general situation we were treating, although we know perfectly well that few of the books would ever be sold just because we mentioned them. A reviewer can take his job seriously or he can act primarily as a sales-agent. We have tried to take our job seriously. So much by way of defence!

It has not always been easy in the course of a busy life to take the time to read the books, even less easy to go to the trouble of reviewing them. But if the readers have found these articles of some interest, we are satisfied and shall feel that love's labors have not been lost. We should, however, be glad to hear directly from editors or readers whether they wish us to continue these dissertations or not. If the editors do not wish to use them or the readers to read them, we shall gladly turn to some more remunerative form of enterprise. But if even interesting, they might communicate directly with the reviewer, whose address is 37 Bloor Street West, Toronto. Criticisms and suggestions would also be appreciated. A reviewer does not hesitate of criticise authors; now is your chance to castigate the critic. His skin is reasonably thick, and he is not immune to learning from his readers. Your verdict may largely determine his future indulgence in this strange form of pastime after the end of the current month. And now for a couple of reviews!

**Why Edward Went**

The Duke of Windsor may well pray to be saved from his friends. An Englishman, a former London staff correspondent of the NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, has written a book for publication in the United States—he could not publish it in England—in the hope that the information he offers may find its way back to his own country. He comes to the defence of ex-King Edward VIII against the combination of clique and church which seems to have forced the abdication, and he gets quite nasty about the whole situation at times. Frankly, we see no reason for raking over the episode of December, 1936, once again, and we have promised ourselves that this will be the last Edward book we shall read for some time. Indeed, there are elements in the book which are particularly close to sedition and which will not help the Windsors at all—especially in Canada. The abdication, however regrettable, was necessary, and all the real friends of the former King will not want to make his position any more difficult by throwing dust in the air. Let us think rather of Edward VIII as he gave his last farewell address to the Empire and when he reached a rare elevation of nobility and sincerity, and who has equal responsibilities to fulfill and who fulfilled them.

We ignore Mr. Wells' attack on the church because his quotations from the book on "Marriage," by Leon Blum for the translation of which into English he is responsible, and his general discussion on marriage reveal a man whose standards of marriage are, it must be said, somewhat "fluid," and because his views on the relation of religion to the state are despite their vehemence, not characterized by any remarkable spiritual insight into the meaning of "culture." We mention only his defence of the former King against the charge that he was a Fascist. This charge is, in our opinion, of no importance whatever and might never have gained headway had it not been for the behaviour of men like Sir Oswald Moseley, who can always be trusted to do the wrong thing, and the virulence of certain English journalists who were desperately opposed to the

thread-bare by people, who have all the time in the world. Well, I had better sign off or you will accuse me of having a grinch with life. It isn't that at all, really. It's just—well, I guess it's just too much meat!

**"Our" Column**

Home of Particular Interest to Women in Which Women Readers of The Free Press May Discuss Each Week

Dear Readers: Can anyone suggest some small article suitable to send through the mail to a young man, age 33, who is a bad patient in a sanitarium, where he has been for three years. He is not overly fond of reading, so I'm rather pumsted as to what to send. I would appreciate any suggestion that might cheer him up for a little while. I wonder if any of the readers (see letters) and just keep putting off writing till some other time. If you do, why not write them now? Letters and friends together. Do any readers owe a letter to "Our Column"? If so, write soon, along with your suggestions for PUZZLED.

**A MORNING GLORY FOR EACH DAY OF THE WEEK**

Thursday, January 23th  
 Don't celebrate your triumph before you have conquered.  
 Friday, January 24th  
 The true saint shines brightest nearest home.  
 Saturday, January 25th  
 A little word in kindness spoken, will make a friend sincere.  
 Sunday, January 26th  
 God is Love.—1 John 4: 8.  
 Monday, January 27th  
 If you cannot have the best, make the best of what you have.—Proverb.  
 Tuesday, January 28th  
 Give us each day the simple gift to see our duty clear (as heaven would have us view it).  
 And yet one other gift, of gifts most dear—the strength to do it.  
 Wednesday, January 29th  
 A man's religion will show in his work.  
 NURSE ELKRAM.

**HOME HINTS**

Rinse silk stockings in a final clear water to which a teaspoon of vinegar has been added. All trace of soap will be removed and silk preserved. A simple remedy for sore throat is to gargle often with the following: 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon powdered borax, 3 tumblerful hot water. It will help make your roast tender if you rub it well with vinegar before roasting.

**DID YOU KNOW?**

The word Lord appears in the Bible 1,853 times.  
 The word Jehovah 6,855 times.  
 The word girl and reverend appear but once.  
 The middle verse of the Bible is 8th verse of the 118th Psalm.  
 The longest verse, the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther.  
 The shortest verse, the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John.  
 The 37th chapter of Isaiah and the 19th chapter of 11 Kings are alike.  
 There are 3,886,483 letters in the Bible, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books.  
 The 23rd Psalm is the most beautiful chapter.  
 All those who flatter themselves with vain boasts of their own perfections should read 6th chapter of Matthew.

"famous" foreign policies of Anthony Eden and in favor of a rapprochement with Germany and Italy. Mr. Wells implies that just as Edward VII, the so-called Peacemaker, sought a realignment of Europe and created the Triple Entente contrary to the existing British policy, so his grandson was opposed to the policy of his government and sought to establish better relations with Central European countries. In this, he gave there are elements in the book which are particularly close to sedition and which will not help the Windsors at all—especially in Canada. The abdication, however regrettable, was necessary, and all the real friends of the former King will not want to make his position any more difficult by throwing dust in the air. Let us think rather of Edward VIII as he gave his last farewell address to the Empire and when he reached a rare elevation of nobility and sincerity, and who has equal responsibilities to fulfill and who fulfilled them.

Germany, The Last Four Years  
 THE BANKER in its issue of February, 1937, published an analysis of the economic and social situation in Germany by one who calls him Germanicus. He claimed that Germany had not

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**SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK** By R. J. SCOTT

WHEN MUFFS WENT OUT OF STYLE IN 1924 IT WAS THE FIRST TIME FOR THREE CENTURIES THAT WOMEN DID NOT WEAR OR USE THEM

A TREE IS THE TOMB OF THE MAN WHO TRIUMPHS OVER THE WINDMILL. AT WEIMAR, GERMANY—THE PORT WAS BURIED THERE A CENTURY AGO IN THE HALL OF TRUNKS

NEW AUSTRALIAN STAMP MARKING THE 150th ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF QUEENSLAND—60 BE OBSERVED THIS YEAR

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ORIGINATED THE PLAN FOR THE FIRST INSURANCE COMPANY IN AMERICA, IN 1752

**HINTS ON FASHIONS**  
 BY LISBETH

Cotton is High in Style, for Day, Evening or Play Things



Show crinkled organdie evening dress in rose, blue floral pattern

Cotton was king of a mid-December fashion show held in New York. Suits, dresses, both daytime and formal frocks, play clothes and a bridal outfit were displayed, all in cotton materials. An evening dress is pictured here. The frock is by Elizabeth Hayes, and she called it "Lebestraum." It is made of sheer crinkled organdie printed in floral stripes in muted tones of rose and blue. The dress is in princess styling, with a wide, flared skirt and low cut back décolletage. The upstanding collar suggests that the petals of a half-blown flower. Well-known designers of New York and Hollywood have included in their showings of cotton dresses and suits, organdie, cambric, longcloth and even of percale sheeting. Cotton fabrics are numerous and more than 170 out of representative fabrics are in the market.

Prints "Primitive"

Such fabrics include "primitive" prints mannish cottons, decorative fabrics, new this season for women's wear, formal stripes, international prints, surf and sun fabrics, shub weaves, sheer cottons, and rib and cord.

Among the evening gowns shown were a frock of striped, red, navy and white dotted swiss over a dust ruffle petticoat of white longcloth; an evening ensemble of green cotton upholstery satin with Persian embroidered yellow jacket.

**Business Directory**

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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 8:54 a.m.	Daily, except Sunday 10:36 a.m.
Daily, except Sunday 10:42 a.m.	Daily, except Sunday 12:24 a.m.
Sunday only 7:04 p.m.	Sunday only 11:32 p.m.

STANDARD TIME

**GRAY COACH LINES**

**COACHES LEAVE ACTON**

EASTBOUND		WESTBOUND (To McHenry)	
8:51 a.m.	3:57 p.m.	9:53 a.m.	8:08 p.m.
9:11 a.m.	4:43 p.m.	11:36 a.m.	9:28 p.m.
12:11 p.m.	8:57 p.m.	1:23 p.m.	11:53 p.m.

—Through to London  
 —except Sun. and Hol.; —Sun. and Hol.; —Sat., Sun. and Hol.; —Sat., Sun. and Hol.