

A ROSE TO THE LIVING
 A rose to the living is more than a bouquet of wreaths to the dead. In filling love's infinite store—A rose to the living is more—If graciously given before—The hungry spirit is fed—A rose to the living is more than a bouquet of wreaths to the dead.

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes, Household Hints and Suggestions

WINTER COLDS

By Barbara B. Brooks

If common colds could be eliminated, what a marvelous world this would be. Nearly everybody comes in contact with this type of infection, but while one person is susceptible, another is immune. What is the reason for the apparent "bad luck" of the man, woman or child who contracts the sniffles or a cough? The answer is that his resistance is too low to throw off the unfriendly organisms.

How can such resistance be built up? First, be sure that there is no focus of infection such as diseased tonsils, bad teeth, or sinus trouble. Second, check on your food habits and be sure that you are eating an adequate diet. Third, see that you are getting enough rest. The doctor will advise you on the first two, but for the third, you personally are responsible. A tired body is unable to withstand the attack of germs and a bad cold makes it even more tired, so that the unpleasant stage may be long and difficult to conquer.

What is an adequate, protective diet? It is one which includes calories sufficient for the body's activities; building material for growth and repair; and minerals and vitamins for protection. This can easily be provided if the budget is ample for a choice of foods. It may be reinforced by cod-liver, or halibut oil if the doctor advises.

Here is a menu for one day, which is adequate:

BREAKFAST

- Orange Juice
- Whole Wheat Flakes
- Baron
- Top Milk
- Cocoa

LUNCHEON

- Tomato Omelet
- Bran Muffins
- Celery

DINNER

- Swedish Meat Balls
- Baked Potatoes
- Creamed Onions
- Glazed Carrots
- Lettuce Salad
- Mocha Mousse

MOCHA MOUSSE

- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 1/2 cup coffee
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup cold milk
- 1 tablespoon gelatine
- 2 tablespoons cold water
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- 2 cups whipping cream

Scald milk and coffee in double boiler. Combine sugar, salt and commoal and add to milk, stirring until smooth. Soften gelatine in cold water. Dissolve in first mixture. Cool. Add the flavoring and fold in the whipped cream. Pour into refrigerator tray and chill.

Yield 8 servings.

SWEDISH MEAT BALLS

- 1 pound round steak (ground very fine)
 - 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - 1 teaspoon pepper
 - 1/2 cups milk
 - 2 eggs (beaten slightly)
 - 4 cups corn flakes
 - 1 cup milk (for gravy)
- Put meat in bowl and add onion salt, pepper, milk and eggs. Roll corn flakes into crumbs. Add meat mixture. Mix thoroughly and form into balls. Saute slowly in butter.

Remove meat balls from pan. Add milk to the butter in which the meat has been cooked and pour it over the meat balls.

Yield 12 small meat balls 4 to 5 servings.

THE REASON

"Can you take your warm overcoat off?" asked the teacher.
 "Yes," replied the class.
 "And can the bear take his warm overcoat off?"
 "No, miss," replied the class.
 "Why not?"
 "Because," answered little Lucy, "nobody knows where the buttons are."

A TACTFUL FELLOW

Mr. Timson came home one evening to find his wife displeased with him.
 "Do you realize, James," she asked, "that you have forgotten that this is my birthday?"
 "Of course I've forgotten," he answered readily. "There really isn't anything about you to remind me that you're a day older than you were a year, or even ten years ago."

If all the seas were dried up, what would old Neptune say?
 I really haven't an ocean (a notion).

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press
 GWENDOLINE F. CLARK

Picking up a paper to spread on the kitchen-table this morning, this little piece caught my eye. It is better to appreciate the things you haven't got than to not appreciate what you have got. I wonder—what do you think? It seems to me there is a little Irish mixed up with that statement, because how can one appreciate what one hasn't got? To know one would appreciate things if one had them is about as near to it as one can get.

However, there are always things that everyone has that are not appreciated, for the simple fact that familiarity breeds—not exactly contempt, but lack of appreciation. We become so accustomed to the good things we possess that it is not until our awareness gets a jolt that we set a true value on them. For instance, the majority of people have good eyesight—more or less—and good hearing, but let either of these senses become defective and we realize their value in a hurry. The same with more material things. How many folk having a happy home realize their good fortune until its security is jeopardized. The Great War taught the people of that generation a good many lessons—we got down to bedrock and got a better understanding as to what were the essentials of life. But now a new generation is growing up who know nothing of the stark realities of war, who have no recollection of bomb shattered homes or the sickening dread with which one scans the casualty lists.

True, there is plenty of war talk these days, but talk doesn't mean a thing to this young generation and though they may not appreciate a country at peace, we would rather have them lack that appreciation than be rudely awakened to its value.

And, in lighter vein—when the going was good the "Optimist" and I went careening in and out of the lane without giving it a second thought, but now I am beginning to appreciate the value of easy travelling because we are still marooned behind a snow-filled lane. Partner could scrape it out and make a car track but he has an idea that the snow gets away so much better if left undisturbed. So here we are, as the "Optimist" still has her coronation markers. Every time the radio reporters announce the number of motorists fined for driving with 1937 markers, my conscience gives me a bad time. What a mercy one can't be fined with the car still in the garage!

But that isn't the worst. Monday night, we were listening to and thoroughly enjoying George Arliss, in "Diarrhea," over the Lux Theatre, when all of a sudden there was a click and then—silence. We waited, thinking something had gone wrong with the station. But oh no! It wasn't the station, it was just our radio battery had given out. These batteries are queer things. A six volt car battery will fade out gradually, but a proper radio battery goes out just as quickly as that. And were we mad—the best theatre program there had been for weeks, and we had to miss it!

Every day the battery would charge itself sufficiently that we could get the news and I thought that was good enough, until we could get out to our radio service man, who lives several miles away from us. But on Friday Partner began to get agitated, thought he would take the fitter and get a battery, but as usual he had to draw water and hadn't time. Then he told me to phone and see if I couldn't get a battery sent down. I didn't ask any questions but looked through the radio program and soon found the cause of his sudden anxiety. Of course—the Boxing Match—Jimmy Braddock and Tommy Farr. I might have guessed it! I didn't say it, but I did think—"Well, who would want to listen to that!" However, I got a battery sent out and Partner was happy—at least he was until the judge's decision was announced. And here is something rather funny. I had no intention of listening to the fight—in fact I was half asleep when it started, but after a bit I listened in spite of myself and before the bout was over I was getting quite a kick out of it, too. No, I'm not really a blood-thirsty prize-fighting enthusiast, but I guess there is just something in the commentator's descriptive broadcast that gets one going. On Saturday night there is always the hockey match that has to be listened to and dear help us if the battery ever gives out in the middle of that broadcast.

Other joys and sorrows this week have been: 1. A sick horse—in fact I was sorrowful of course. 2. Daughter's trip to Toronto with the Short Course students and instructors. That was a joy for her and a sorrow for me, trying to get her away at 6:45 in the morning with the thermometer standing at five below zero. 3. Partner's trip to town for coal, and no coal when he got there—that was a sorrow for it. 4. Running water in the creek up the back lane, and oh joy, that means no water for Partner to draw for a few days, anyway. Last, but not least, a very definite rise in temperature the last few days—a little more and I'll be getting thawed out. Yes, of course I know cold weather is healthy, and it's grand fun for skiing and skating and tobogganing, but all the exercise I get out of it is chasing around making up

Books that Matter

A Weekly Feature Published by the Association of Canadian Bookmen and the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

MORE NOVELS

(Conducted by Anson Bailey Onda)

The Dark Weaver By Laura Goodman Salverson (Toronto: Ryerson Press) Price \$2.00.

The Rains Came By Louis Bromfield (Toronto: Munson Book Co.) Price \$2.75.

Kashmirer's Nightshade By Ann Bridge (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart) Price \$2.50.

A Southern Harvest Edited by Robert Penn Warren (Toronto: Thomas Allen) Price \$2.50.

This week, Mr. Silcox has asked me to conduct this column. In doing so, I shall quote from the Book Review Digest of the A. C. B. Reading Guide, the official quarterly of the Association of Canadian Bookmen. The four books treated here are outstanding among much excellent fiction this season.

Reading Circles and Book Fairs

First, however, I should like to assure the many readers who have written to us regarding the organization and conduct of Reading Circles that the A. C. B. Book Information Bureau is prepared to assist them in every way possible. It is our hope that many such Reading Circles will be undertaken in collaboration with the Association during 1933, and that many Book Fairs may be organized. During 1932 such book fairs were held in Whitby, St. Catharines, Pickering, Oshawa, Barrie, Goderich, Toronto and Montreal. These proved very popular and we are ready to assist Peterborough and other cities right across Canada that are planning such treats for book lovers during the months here.

Drought-Sufferers Need Your Old Books

The Association of Canadian Bookmen also wishes to call attention to the drive it is fostering for books to stock the hundreds of small lending libraries we are establishing throughout the drought areas of the Prairie Provinces. Please help us to bring hope and happiness to those unfortunate fellow-citizens by sending your old books to the Headquarters of our Association, 20 Dundas Square, Toronto, or direct to Major H. O. L. Strange, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Let us who have so much help those who have nothing!

Novels Recommended by the A.C.B.

The Dark Weaver: "Mrs. Salverson of Calgary, who has just published what, in my opinion, is the best Canadian novel of 1932, is building an English reputation while still under the curse at home of an original best-seller. In 'The Dark Weaver' she has written by far her best book. It is a full-bodied, many-sided story of European immigrants, who became Manitoba pioneers in the late-19th century and their children who were of the right age to participate in the Great War, one brief incident of which is used for climax. Four distinct sets of people, differing in race as well as social status and outlook, are picked up in Europe and the causes of their transfer explained.

"Thrown together in the wilderness, north of Winnipeg, with many others, these eight are followed in their new homes, where they make new friends and pick up new associates. Their lives, marriages and economic fortunes are graphically related to form a clear story pattern of dramatic intensity. As a community novel of the Canadian West, it is the best yet published, but Mrs. Salverson is too much the innate story-teller to lose her individual character in a mass picture. Each develops clearly, identity page by page.

"The Dark Weaver" is not a sermon. It is a play, a demonstration, a coherent piece of Canadian life. It is first and last a story, and a good one."—William Arthur Deacon, "Globe and Mail."

The Rains Came: "The rains came to the Indian city of Ranchipur, but that was not all. In addition to the torrential downpour of the monsoon there were an earthquake, a flood and a fire which combined to destroy a large part of the city, and to wipe out some nine thousand of its native population, as well as a scattering of its military and missionary Europeans. These were followed by the devastating outbreaks of epidemics of typhoid and cholera. Against this background of events, Louis Bromfield undertakes to make a study of two problems. The first, which is touched upon lightly is the effect of the official attitude of the British-conquerors upon their subjugated races. The second is the possibility of a New India—an India in which the ignorance, fatalism, intolerance and the stultifying complexity of her caste system have been so modified, and moulded by education that she is able to select from Western civilization the scientific knowledge which she needs, without losing her own national and psychological integrity."—Hunter Lewis, "Vancouver Province."

Enchanter's Nightshade

"Miss Bridge has written a truly delightful novel, suave and sophisticated in the best sense of the word, enlivened by sprightly incident and life-like conversation. Her pretty young post-Victorian heroine (the first, heating water for hens and sick horses and keeping the family a little extra well fed with plenty of good, nourishing hot dishes.

"Our" Column

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

A MORNING GLORY FOR EACH DAY OF THE WEEK

Thursday, January 27th
 Only the running water can grind the grist.

Friday, January 28th
 If we had more sense we would probably have more silver.

Saturday, January 29th
 Life was meant to carry its full load; the man who carries nothing loses much.

Sunday, January 30th
 For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.—Romans 8: 14.

Monday, January 31st
 In putting the world right it is but to begin at home.

Tuesday, February 1st
 The thorn bush is little use, but the birds may sing in it.

Wednesday, February 2nd
 There is vastly more sunlight than rain in most lives, yet not all realize it.

FEBRUARY.

Birthdays—The Amethyst.
 Flower—Primrose.

People born in this month are very clever, and can, if they desire, acquire knowledge easily—but are rather lacking in self-confidence in presenting their views and opinions to the public. A great many inventors were born in February and as a rule February people are fond of home life and very affectionate.

HOME HINTS

Try cooking equal amounts of carrots and turnips together—add butter and mash. It's good.

Add a little salt to water when washing silk. It helps set color and keeps material soft.

A few drops of olive oil added to hard water will make soap lather better and will keep the skin from getting too rough.

period is 1905) is transplanted from England to act as governess in a titled Italian family of vast ramifications. Always in the background is the Italian landscape, a lovely setting against which is sharply projected the realism that is so characteristic of an aspect of the Italian class—an aggregation of family connections rather than a single family—is in summer quarters, waiting to celebrate the hundredth birthday of its beloved Vechia Mirella, and its days pass in picknicking and visiting. In judicious studies for the young, and injudicious flirtations for the not so young. Passion breaks into the happy tale of leisure hours, and leaves suffering where ignorance and innocence were before. But Miss Bridge, with the clear-sightedness and hard realism of her Italian match-maker, lays bare the feelings of even sets of people, differing in race as well as social status and outlook, are picked up in Europe and the causes of their transfer explained.

Enchanter's Nightshade

"Enchanter's Nightshade" is not only excellent entertainment but extremely skillful art. It has everything that a light novel should have, vivacity and sensibility, and with it a harder gain of common sense that gives it seriousness.—Amy Loveman, "Saturday Review."

A Southern Harvest

Warren has made an exceedingly good job of this collection of short stories by Southern writers. In the first place, "A Southern Harvest" is generous in size, containing some twenty-two longish examples from the work of as many writers, together with an introduction by Mr. Warren and biographical notes upon the writers represented. All the work is of recent copyright, so that almost any reader may be sure of finding in it something worth while that he has missed. These stories are meant to be descriptive of Southern life or obviously rooted in Southern tradition, a mixed and stimulating bag of tales. For quality and variety, almost any other section of the country would find it hard to match."—"The New York Times"

EARLY STREET LIGHTING

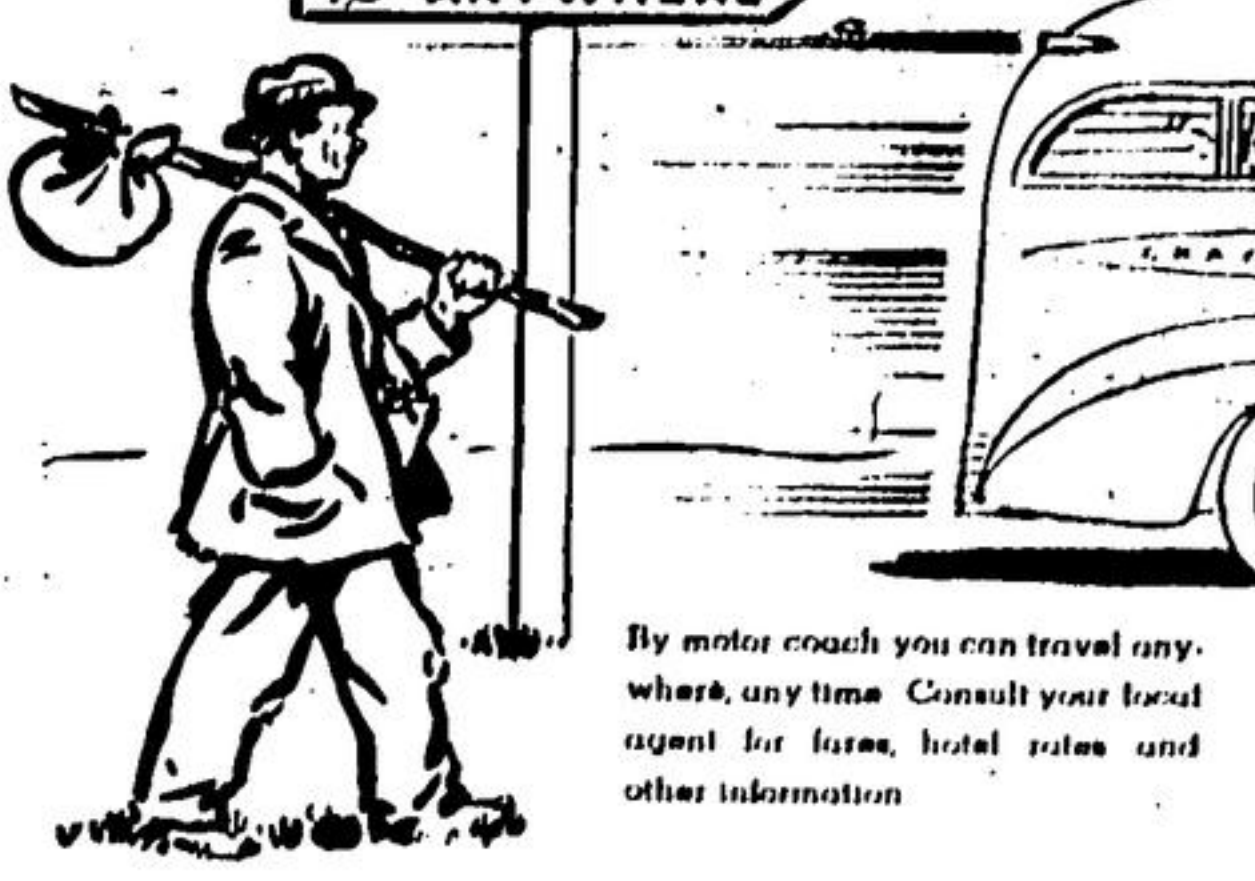
As late as the first half of the 17th century the streets of Paris were unlighted. After the middle of the century the King ordered that candles protected with glass should be hung on the first storey of certain houses, one at each end of the street and one in the middle. Poor as this system was, it was luxurious compared with the illumination in the thoroughfares of London. There, "knights" stood about with torches, crying dully: "Gentlemen, a light!" And passers-by had to pay for the privilege of having a smoking torch carried before them over the uneven crossings.—M.L.H. & P. Entre Nous.

VERY DIFFICULT

A Frenchman was relating his experience in studying the English language. He said:

"When I first discovered that if I was quick, I was fast; that if I was fast, I was quick; and that if I was fast, I was quick; and that no to eat was to fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won a dollar prize,' I gave up trying."

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CANADIAN NATIONAL

HINTS ON FASHIONS

Spring Shoes Feature Draped Turban Sandal and Gay Colors



Plenty of ventilation is noted in the new shoes. They may not have such open toes and vamps as last season but they have perforations, mesh treatments, etc., to make up for them.

The draped sandal is the newest of the dress shoes. And they are fascinating, enhancing the beauty of a pretty foot. See a pair in our picture. These are called "Venus," no less, and are evening turban ties in blue and black silk jersey, draped over the foot, tied around the ankles, and with open toes. The latest dressmaker's discovery.

Color promises to be the highlight of the shoe world. Bright colored shoes will be more popular than ever. It is indicated by the collection of new models shown. And contrast is also important. In colored shoes it is said that all the range of blues and all the copper shades

will be most popular. Soft and patent leathers are important and in the higher priced shoes there will be pleatings in the kidkin.
 Softies Favored
 The soft-type of shoe is the favorite. "Softies" they are called. The wedge heel is a novelty. It is a deck shoe, and one pair was made of patterned red and blue checked calf, with a solid color calfskin covered heel which fills the hollow in the ordinary shoe, making a solid heel from the back of the shoe to the sole.
 A slanting line in shoes in another new note, called the asymmetric line. It is used in dress and business shoes, and one of the latter or lounging type is of main with high heel and a frill around the top, following the asymmetric line of the sole.

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TIME TABLES

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY
 AT ACTON

Going East
 Daily, except Sunday 7:00 a.m.
 Daily, except Sunday 9:54 a.m.
 Daily, except Sunday 6:26 p.m.
 Sunday only 7:04 p.m.

Going West
 Daily, except Sunday 8:48 a.m.
 Daily, except Sunday 2:38 p.m.
 Daily, except Sunday 7:07 p.m.
 Daily, except Sunday 12:28 a.m.
 Sunday only 11:32 p.m.

STANDARD TIME

GRAY COACH LINES

COACHES LEAVE ACTON

EASTBOUND
 6:51 a.m. 3:57 p.m.
 9:11 a.m. 6:42 p.m.
 12:11 p.m. 8:57 p.m.

WESTBOUND
 (To Kitchener)
 x 9:53 a.m. o 3:15 p.m. x 8:06 p.m.
 11:38 a.m. o 5:05 p.m. d 11:53 p.m.
 x 2:13 p.m. x 7:18 p.m. o 12:06 a.m.
 x—Through to London.
 o—Except Sun. and Hol. d—Sun. and Hol. e—Sat. Sun. and Hol.