

Of Interest to Women



Hello Homemakers! During this fruit season, the apple is inescapable. It was not enough to realize the lack of apples last winter and spring, but every day the word "an apple a day keeps the doctor away" is now used to use apples in a hundred and many other ways. Let us process some in jars too.

CANNED-APPLESAUCE

Wash and cut unpeeled apples. Put in large kettle with half as much water as apples. Boil with cover on 15 minutes. Push through sieve, and to each quart (4 cups) strained apple pulp add 1/2 cup sugar. Bring to boiling point and boil 3 mins. Fill hot sterilized jars to within 1/2 inch of top and seal at once.

N.B. If desired, pack the sweetened applesauce into clean jars, filling the jars to within 1 inch from top. Adjust cover and partially seal, process in oven or hot water bath for 18 mins. Then complete seal if necessary.

APPLE AND PEANUT BUTTER CRUMBLE

Peel and slice 6 or 8 medium apples and place in a long shallow baking dish. Add 1/2 cup water, and if they need additional tartness add about 2 tbsps lemon juice. Season with 1 tsp cinnamon. Then mix 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup butter and 1/2 cup peanut butter. A pastry blender is good for this. Sprinkle the crumbly mixture over apples and bake in an oven 375 degrees for about 20 mins. Reduce heat to 350 degs and bake until apples are tender.

VILLAGE OF ACTON



Court of Revision

The Municipal Council of the Village of Acton will meet as a Court of Revision in the Council Chamber, Acton, Ontario, on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of October, 1946, at 7:30 o'clock. All persons having appeals against the Assessment Roll for the said Village for the year 1947 will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Notice of all appeals must be received by me on or before the twenty-fourth day of October, 1946. Dated this 7th day of October, 1946.

C. F. LEATHERLAND, Clerk

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SENATE APPLE PIE

Pastry
2 cups flour, 1/2 cup shortening, 1 tsp salt, 1/2 cup cold water

Filling
3 lbs green apples (7-8 medium size), 1 cup sugar, 1 tsp cinnamon, 1/2 tsp nutmeg, 1 tbs of butter

Roll dough out on cold bread board. Line 9 inch pie pan with the crust. Peel, core and cut apples into very thin slices. Mix sugar and spice and sift into apples. Place in pie shell and dot with butter. If the apples lack flavor, sprinkle with 1 tbs lemon juice. Put top crust on pie, prick, and brush with 1 egg beaten in 1/2 cup water. Bake in oven 425 degs for 50 mins.

FRUIT HOLLY HOLLY

1 cup flour, 2 tbsps shortening, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 tsp salt, 2 tbsps baking powder, sliced apples

Sift dry ingredients, work in shortening with finger tips, stir in milk, knead and roll out as biscuit dough keeping in rectangular shape. Spread with sliced apples and roll as jelly roll. Wrap in piece of cheesecloth. Steam for 45 mins.

GINGER ALE FRUIT SALAD

2 tbsps gelatine, 1/2 cup cold water, 1/2 cup boiling water, 1/2 cup lemon juice, 2 tbsps sugar, 1/2 cup grapes (Malaga), 1 banana, 2 apples, 1 orange, 1 cup ginger ale, 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 mins. and dissolve in boiling water. Add lemon juice, sugar and ginger ale. Cut grapes in halves and remove seeds. Slice banana. Peel and chop apples. Separate orange into sections and remove membrane. When ginger ale mixture begins to thicken, fold in fruit and nuts. Turn into moulds and chill in electric refrigerator.

INDIGESTION BOX

Mrs. C. M. says: Cut meat in julienne style that means in long, thin strips and dice the whites of hard-boiled eggs. Combine with celery cut in strips, capers, sprig of chervil and minced parsley. Toss together with thick French dressing. French dressing is thickened by beating in yolk of raw eggs.

Mrs. A. W. says: Try a fish spaghetti dish for a change. In a casserole put alternate layers of 2 cups cooked spaghetti minced with 1/2 cup chopped parsley, 1 cup leftover fish and 2 cups white sauce. Add 1/2 cup chili sauce; heat in oven until hot, sprinkle with cheese and let it melt.

Mrs. J. B. says: Tomato sherbet is delicious on a salad. Season about 1 lb of tomatoes and crush through sieve; add dash of curry powder and salt. Put in freezing tray of refrigerator and freeze to mush. Take out and fill tomato shells to serve on lettuce with potato salad.

Blacksmith Makes Spinning Wheels

Manitoba Man Starts Thriving Industries in Home Town

SIFTON. Man (CP)—A 48-year-old blacksmith named John Weselowski has turned this rural whistle stop into a busy little manufacturing centre that produces everything from spinning wheels to kitchen chairs.

It all started back in the depression when Weselowski ordered an old-style spinning wheel from Europe. He turned his smithy into a factory and started to produce his own improved model wheel.

His ill-clad neighbors soon learned to spin their own yarn and make the clothes they couldn't afford to buy. Raw wool was no problem; it came from district sheep farms.

But Weselowski wasn't satisfied with a small local market. He built up a world-wide customer list and shipped his spinning wheels to France, Iceland, the United States and a lot of countries in between. His Canadian sales boomed.

Meanwhile, the spinning wheel factory led to a woollen mill and a wool carding machine factory, then to a flour mill, a furniture factory and a monument works. Others put up the money, but it was Weselowski who built the machines and figured out the short-cuts and improvement. A special stapling machine for instance; it was priced at \$10,000, but the blacksmith built one himself after looking at picture in a catalogue.

Perhaps the most amazing feature of Sifton's industrial revolution is the fact that the town has no electricity; everything runs on diesel power. Citizens are wondering what's going to happen "when...the hydro comes." They might be well advised to ask Mr. Weselowski. He's probably got some interesting ideas on the subject.

Chronicles of... Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press by GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

Partner and I cleaned the Buro and the kitchen stove this morning and, Gentlemen, take note (quoting capital "N") please! Partner was just as good tempered when we finished as he was when we started. Maybe you can hardly believe that, but it's true, so now here we are with clean chimney pipes, a stove that doesn't smoke and yet we are still on speaking terms with one another. I ask you what more could anyone want as the basis for contented family life? Of course cleaning stove pipes is a dirty, dusty business at the best of times but practice makes perfect and I really think we accomplish the task now with the minimum of fuss and confusion. At one time I always used to sweep the floor and wipe off the stove after the job was done. Now I don't use a broom at all. Instead, as the work progresses I mop up the soot and dust with a wet cloth. It keeps the dust from scattering and afterwards one can easily finish the job with a soap and water wash or, of course, with one's favorite radio advertised cleaner.

While we were busy with the pipes I thought to myself "There now, if we were living in a nice, comfortable city apartment we wouldn't have this work to do." We wouldn't even have a furnace to attend to, that would be the janitor's job. From there my thoughts drifted back to what Daughter had been telling us over the weekend. To make it clear I should tell you that Second Neice left here last Thursday and visited Daughter before continuing her journey to Ottawa. It was raining when we took her to the station but not really hard just a steady drizzle so I think the two of them got around all right Thursday night. But Friday morning that was the day we had the real rain (remember?) the first genuine rain we had had this fall. Now if Second Neice had still been with us on First or Third Neice for that matter what would have happened? Any one of them would have looked out, said what a wet day it was, and that would have been that. They would have got out of their comfortable beds when they felt like it, come downstairs to a nice warm kitchen, got their own breakfast including the hot coffee waiting for them on the stove. They would have sat around as long as they felt like it and eventually busied themselves doing whatever they could to help me.

But when Second Neice stayed with Daughter what happened? Daughter, because she had to be at the office by 8:30 left her cousin to dress at her leisure. Poor Babs! It was raining when she got up, pouring when she was dressed, and she had no raincoat, no umbrella and I don't believe she had any rubbers. And no breakfast! The nearest place to get a bite was about five minutes walk. So Second Neice had the choice of being dry and hungry or wet and well-filled. Thinking the rain would surely let up after awhile she waited until nearly two o'clock! Oh oh the joys of the city! What's the good of a restaurant if you can't be where it is? I'll bet anything Babs had longed but empty thoughts of the old farm kitchen where Aunt Gwon was clearing breakfast dishes from a table where she might just as well have been sitting had she stayed a day or two longer, in which case the rain would have made no difference to her at all.

Well, I think our summer run of visitors is just about over. All our nieces have had their turn and my sister was here for Thanksgiving. Of course when I say "our run of visitors" I don't include Daughter who pops in any old time at all. Yesterday, for instance, Partner and I were alone, Bob was away some place and the house was unnaturally quiet when a car came up the lane and Daughter and friend Bert stepped out. Then Bob came in—and there we were again.

However, we are getting a few jobs done inbetween-times. And their number is legion. I wonder what it would be like to have spare time and not know what to do with it. But I don't believe and I sincerely hope—that I shall never have that experience. Partner feels that way too. He always does too much. But then it is hard to take it easy when mental energy persists in keeping one step ahead of physical fitness.

I think that is something to remember if we have old people living with us. To keep happy they must have something to do because the measure of their contentment is their usefulness in a busy world.

Sometimes you see a poor worm who doesn't know which way to turn.

Leaves Stage To Make Home

English War Bride Was Star in British Movies and Plays

By ENID NEMY
(Canadian Press Staff Writer)
REGINA (CP)—In London she was a well known actress; in Regina she is plain Mrs. Stephen Giverego, but blonde and charming Lillian Ellis has found that marriage is more important to her than a career.

The daughter of a Harley Street physician, convent taught Lillian says she has always wanted to go on the stage. As a child she studied ballet, then attended the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and finally went into Repertory for groundwork.

"In Repertory I played everything from an old woman to a culinary servant and then I was asked to do a test for the films."

She started her movie career in 1937 and was featured in a number of pictures before the outbreak of war. When England declared war, she joined a touring company to give shows for the troops.

Lillian met her husband on one of these tours and "it was definitely love at first sight."

"We were playing for the Canadianians at Bourmouth and he was the officer detailed to escort us back to the mess for a party, we weren't able to be married right away because they kept on sending him off on missions but finally in September, 1943, the ceremony took place."

She came to Canada for the first time in 1944 and spent four months in Ottawa. Then she returned to England to make a picture for the National Film Board on war brides.

"I got back to London on V-E Day. It was wonderful after the horror the people had been through. I'll never forget it."

Several months later, Lillian returned to Canada, this time to Regina. She did some radio work and used Saskatchewan talent in her plays.

She has just returned from her third visit to England where she did some television work and made a short film on civilian life.

"But I am glad to be back. I love Canada especially the west."

Her husband was formerly a school teacher at Shebo, Sask. and now is with the rehabilitation department in Regina. They have found an apartment, "but then I've always been lucky." She has been invited to make a screen test for a large American movie company, but for the present she says she is perfectly satisfied "to be home in Canada with my husband and all my wonderful new Canadian friends."

Relax Controls On Farm Acreage

Cereal Quotas Maintained But Farmers May Choose Crops
LONDON (CP)—British farmers' eagerness to return to pre-war crop practices and reduce the acreage planted to cereals is indicated in statistics for June 1946.

Many compulsory cropping regulations had been eased when farmers planned their 1946 crops. Potatoes and sugar beets still were under order but they could plant the cereals of their choice. With the acreage payment on wheat reduced from 4 pounds (\$16) to 2 pounds the 1946 acreage was less than 2,000,000 compared with 3,500,000 in 1943.

Amid some grumbling from farmers who have suffered from wet weather in the present crop season, the government has asked that wheat acreage be raised to 2,500,000 in 1947 and the acreage payment has been restored to its old level.

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