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Hello Homemakers! In some of the European countries, cheese is the staple food. Too many Canadians do not pay enough attention to cheese. They never seem to realize that cheese is a good food, regarding it solely as an accessory—something to be cut in silvers and served with apple pie.

There is a lot of value in a pound of our Canadian cheese; it yields one's money's worth. It contains the protein and fat from a whole gallon of milk, to say nothing of calcium, minerals and some vitamins. To be really ahead, plan budget menus using cheese during Lent. Of course, you would not serve a cheese soufflé to a hungry man who has been cutting wood all day, but the average white collar worker enjoys a change from heavy meals. There are savory cheese dishes such as cheese soup or cheese omelette which are more filling than soufflé.

Cheese plays an important role in adding flavour to other foods. The bland cod or haddock is more appreciated when baked with grated old cheese. Rice croquettes, with a blanket of hot cheese sauce, are so cheap and so good you will wonder why you did not try them before. Hot cheese poured over halves of hard boiled eggs on toast make a good supper dish.

Finally, that old custom of serving cheese and biscuits at the end of the meal, is, for our part, the piece de resistance.

Mix the cheese and flour. Chop out the shortening into this mixture; add a little cayenne pepper and moisten with the yolk of the egg. Roll out to one-quarter inch thickness, cut into long, narrow strips and bake in a very hot electric oven, 500 degrees, for 9 minutes.

**BAKED RICE AND CHEESE**  
 3 cups cooked rice  
 2 cups cheese  
 1/2 tsp salt  
 Cayenne  
 1 cup milk  
 2 tbsp butter  
 Crumbs

Put a layer of cooked rice in a greased baking-dish, cover with a layer of grated cheese, season with salt and cayenne. Continue adding layers until the dish is almost full. Add enough milk to come half-way to the top of the rice. Cover with crumbs, dot with butter and bake in a moderate electric oven of 375 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes.

**MEXICAN RAREBIT**  
 1/2 cup fat  
 1/2 sliced onion  
 2 cups grated cheese  
 1 egg  
 1 cup canned corn  
 1/2 tsp salt  
 1/2 cup canned tomatoes  
 1/2 cup buttered crumbs  
 6 slices buttered toast

Melt the fat in the top of the double boiler over direct heat. Add the sliced onion and cook until slightly softened, but not browned. Set over hot water, add the cheese and stir constantly until the cheese is melted. Mix beaten egg, salt and corn and stir into the cheese mixture, then add the canned tomatoes and crumbs. Allow the mixture to heat through and serve on toast.

**TAKE A TIP**  
 Cottage cheese is very tasty when flavoured with one of the following: chopped parsley, caraway seeds, chopped olives, or pimientos.

Add cream cheese to cereal for breakfast, heat just long enough to melt.

Spread grated cheese on thin crackers, season with a dash of paprika and heat in a hot oven until cheese is just melted. Serve with soup or salad.

Cheese Soufflé may be baked in large custard cups and served as a cheese course for supper.

A cheese Fondue should be oven-proofed, that is, place raw sauce of cheese-egg mixture in a pan of hot water and bake until firm on top.

**EFFICIENCY**

It is a habit on this continent to admire, and sometimes to boast of efficiency. Intricate machines and complex organizations are at the service of all citizens, producing and distributing the goods that they need or desire. The working of these machines and organizations is so much taken as a matter of course that we are inclined to find cause for personal grievance when the newspaper is not delivered, when the electric light fails, or when ignition trouble stalls the car on a deserted by-road.

Yet such things happen to all of us, not invariably, but frequently enough to show that efficiency is still far from flawless. It might be possible to demonstrate that many lives are shortened by the more or less violent rikes in blood pressure that occur when a machine or an organization lets us down. At any rate, the lack of serenity in modern life is traceable to the number and complexity of the things on which we are dependent.

Whether or not we can justify boast of our efficiency of the average individual has declined in the past few decades. In the horse-and-buggy days, a driver could make at least a temporary repair when a trace broke. His modern counterpart, when a comparable accident put his car out of commission, has to telephone to a garage.

Failure of electricity was unimportant in 1900 when its principal use was for lighting, and every household had alternative lighting systems in gas jets, oil lamps or candles.

There was no real substitute for the newspaper in 1900 any more than there is to-day, but missing an issue was less serious. It was not then a probability that the missing issue would contain details of some new scheme of an Ottawa bureau-cratic for bedeviling the unfortunate taxpayer.

Perhaps the aim of modern education should be to bring up children as competent mechanics and electricians, so that they will be able to avoid the frustrations entailed by our labor-saving inventions. It is too late to do much for the older generation. It must find for itself a philosophy that will reconcile the conflict between efficiency and happiness.—The Printed Word.

**Chronicles of... Ginger Farm**  
 Written Specially for The Acton Free Press  
 GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

Readers, please take notice! Any remark I made in this column about the weather is purely coincidental, and, when read, may have no relation whatsoever to any kind of weather, past, present or future.

There now, perhaps that will look after things if what I say appears utterly ridiculous. You see, right now we are still suffering from the big blow we had last week. We did not get badly snowed in but our hydro was off for awhile, and when that came on the telephone went off and hasn't been fixed yet. And that was six days ago. So many lines were down and of course the repair men can't be everywhere at once so we just have to accept the situation and make the best of it.

And you know it is rather restful not having to listen to the telephone ringing all day long. There are 15 subscribers on our line and that means a lot of rings coming in. In fact one has to be Johnny on the spot to get the line when it is necessary to put in a call. It must be nice to have a private telephone and hear only one's own ring. On a party line one has to be on the alert all the time to distinguish one ring from another. Perhaps you are running the washing machine, or the vacuum or the sewing machine, or, in my case, pounding the typewriter. The phone starts ringing—you stop, and wait and listen. Just in case the ring shall be for you. Or perhaps you are sure it is yours and you come running downstairs and pant a breathless "Hello" into the transmitter. But it isn't your number after all, so you apologize, hang up the receiver and go back to your job. A little later it rings again, probably the same party you think—and you keep working. But it rings again. This time you stop immediately.

"Ah, but that was our ring!" So you rush downstairs again but before you make proper contact with your party three different persons come on the line and inquire, "Is the line busy?" "Busy." That's a joke, but then that's the party line for you, and we are glad to have it even at that.

But when the line is out of order what a lot of time you save! I can type away to my heart's content, run the vacuum without stopping to listen to anything or anybody. But it also produces a sense of fear—suppose you need the doctor or the vet in a hurry; suppose someone needs you urgently and can't get through. Or perhaps you ask who ever is going down town to pick up an order at the grocery store—you'll phone it in presently. Too late you remember your useless telephone, so the order is called for and of course it isn't there.

Our worst mix-up this time was on Saturday. I was down town and heard via the grapevine system that Daughter would be out for the week-end. I quite expected to find her at home when I got back. But there was no Daughter, either then or at any time during the week-end. So I imagine she tried to phone us and couldn't get through.

While down town I stopped for awhile at an auction sale and saw some real antiques. Knives and forks so old they had stag handles; heavy ironstone cups yellow with age; a sideboard with brass drawer handles featuring an Egyptian head, and a cocoa set of Lemoges china. But I came away—there was nothing I really needed, but had I stayed I might have been tempted!

Instead of auction sale bargains I came home with a quilt batt—now I have a quilt set up with a crazy patchwork top that I made about 15 years ago. About time I got to work on it isn't it? To avoid disarranging the living room I set up this quilt in our bedroom. That seemed like a good idea until this morning when Partner wanted a pair of socks and had to crawl under the quilt to reach his bureau drawer. Maybe he thought if one of his had to go down on all fours it might as well be him. No doubt my turn will come later.

Here is an idea you might like to try—if you have the stuff to do it with. Among my half-forgotten treasures I had a box of traveller's samples—heavy stuff suitable for motor rugs. I crocheted around these patches and then sewed them together. Result—a couple of heavy plaid bed-throws that are splendid as an extra for chilly nights. The same idea could be carried out with any heavy material using 100% nylon wool for the crocheted edges. That same wool is grand for darning—so strong you can't break it, yet so soft and fine as baby wool. Try it sometime—you'll like it.

**MILTON**

Another milestone in the growth of Trafalgar Township was passed when construction was completed of a brand new township hall replacing an age-old small brick building situated at the south-east corner of the Seventh Line and Dundas Highway.

A big attendance of ratepayers and friends crowded the hall last Friday evening when an appropriate ceremony was conducted by officials. Rev. Gordon Porter, Avenue Road United Church, Toronto, conducted the dedication service and read the roll of honor on behalf of the township.

Five persons were injured early Sunday when two cars collided on a bridge over Sixteen Mile Creek on the Queen Elizabeth Highway.

Seriously injured and taken to Hamilton General Hospital were Mrs. Margaret Nixon, 57, of Clarkson, and Mrs. Catherine Lamb, 48, of Adeline Ave., Hamilton. Mrs. Nixon received a crushed chest and two fractures of the left arm; Mrs. Lamb, concussion and crushed chest.

Milton's 3-1 victory over Brampton last Friday night gave them the top spot in the final league standing. Weston came in second, one point behind and they were followed by Oakville and Brampton Georgetown and Dixie who are classed Intermediate "B" do not figure in the group standing—Canadian Champion.

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