

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO-DAY

We shall do so much in the years to come. But what have we done to-day? We shall give our gold in a princely sum, but what did we give to-day? We shall lift the heart and dry the tear, we shall plant a hope in the place of fear. We shall speak the words of love and cheer, but what did we speak to-day? We shall be so kind in the after-while, but what have we been to-day? We shall bring each lonely life a smile, but what have we brought to-day? We shall give to truth a grander birth, and to steadfast faith a deeper worth. We shall feed the hungry souls of earth, but whom have we fed to-day? We shall reap such joys in the by and by, but what have we sown to-day? We shall build us a mansion in the sky, but what have we built to-day? We shall in idle dreams to bask, but here and now do we our task? Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask: What have we done to-day? -Nixon Waterman.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the issue of The Free Press of Thursday, January 21st, 1915

The icy walks caused many sore falls the past week—in town and in country. Wheat has been bringing \$1.25 during the week. Some are holding for \$1.50.

Mr. Robert S. Sprowl has purchased the 200-acre farm belonging to Paul S. Kennedy, of the Township of Esquimaux.

Last Thursday afternoon, Frankie Bauer had the misfortune to have his right leg fractured in two places while sleigh-riding down the pavement on Education Lane. In endeavoring to turn the bobleigh across the lane when near Main Street, he ran against a tree, which resulted in the painful accident.

THE ANNUAL Meeting of the Fall Fair was held on Monday afternoon. The auditors' report shows \$718.71 in the treasury. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, George Havill; 1st Vice-President, J. E. Pearson; 2nd Vice-President, S. H. Lindsay; Secretary-Treasurer, George Hynds.

In a letter from Salisbury Plain, from Sgt. W. Coles, he says they faced well as Christmas, having six days' leave. The nearest town is Amesbury, where Mr. Coles discovered the postmaster was a former workmate at the tannery. A few will perhaps remember Frank Hale, "Happy" Kelly has "gone and done it." He was married while on leave to a young lady with whom he chummed at school. It is rumored here that he leaves for France about January 15th.

Over fifty men attended the Missionary Banquet in Knox Church last Monday evening. A stirring address was given by O. Tower Ferguson, of Toronto.

For the House and Stable.—There is a good deal of similarity, physically speaking, between human beings and the lower animals. Both are subject to many ailments arising from inflammation and to all manner of cuts and bruises. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is an entirely reliable remedy for such ailments, and mishaps in both human beings and the lower orders of animals.

TUNING UP

When you listen to an orchestra concert, you always hear a preliminary period of tuning up. If the music is to be satisfactory, all the instruments must be in perfect tune, and so the musicians who play the stringed instruments are tuning the strings, and listening for the slightest variation from the true pitch. Nothing agreeable can be said about the jangle of discordant sound, which results from tuning up. You endure it only because it is essential to the perfection of the music to which you are presently listening.

Some one has said that many a player in the orchestra of life spends all his time merely tuning up. In other words, some people are always getting ready, but never reach the point of making a beginning. They fiddle and fuss and make themselves believe that the reason they do not get started is that they are so particular—but what ever the excuse the fact remains that they are wasting life.

Everyone has an instrument to play in humanity's big orchestra, and every one must be sure his instrument is in tune.

TAKING THAT WHICH YOU CAN GET

When you talk of taking that which you can get, you generally mean accepting something unsatisfactory because you cannot do any better.

Another sense in which those words can be used makes them become a challenge. Take that which you can get; but the best you can get. For example, take the matter of recreation. In the larger cities many free lectures are given throughout the winter season, and often they are rather sparsely attended while in the same neighborhood a cheap picture house, showing cheap films, is crowded.

Take the best you can get in the way of friends. Why spend your letters with the girl who is impatient to her mother, impatient with her brothers and sisters, and thinks of nothing but a good time?

Take that which you can get, that is the best you can get, the best job, the most helpful recreation, the highest ideal, the finest friends.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWYNETHOLINE F. CLARKE

Here we are, half way through the winter and no cause to grumble at all about the weather. Of course we have a little rough weather, but who minds an odd day or two? Any time I feel inclined to grumble about the rain, snow or wind I just stop to think of last winter and then I fairly purr with contentment. Even the roads have been quite good for both horses and cars, which, of course, helps out a great deal, unless, of course, one happens to be fond of either about in the middle of the road or in and out of ditches. There is just one thing—sliding into a ditch might be all right as a temporary hiding place if one happened to be carrying last year's markers, although in the end it would be the means of attracting more attention, rather than otherwise, so I really don't think taking to the ditches would be a wise move for those attempting to evade the long arm of the law.

Personally I am very glad that no extension has been granted this year for the purchasing of licenses. After all, what good can it do? Having to buy a license is an unpleasant business anyway, so why not get it over and done with it? No one wants to part with their money and very few people are going to buy a license in January if they think there is any chance of hanging out until the end of March.

This year it will be rather interesting to watch how many people will dare to carry old markers, how long they will do it and how many will get away with it. I notice the first license for this district is held by our Provincial police officer, which, of course, is just as it should be—nothing like selling a good example!

This time of the year one often reads would-be helpful articles in newspapers and magazines on how to spend our long winter evenings and how to make the best use of our leisure time. I wish, for a change, someone would write an article on how these long winter evenings may be made possible. I never see any of them! First, there's the dishes, then the children have their nightly battle with homework, and by the time they are in bed it's nine o'clock. By ten o'clock, if Partner has been working in the bush during the day, he begins to get sleepy and starts talking about "hitting the hay." By that time I have got just nicely into a book or else I may be writing a letter, and sometimes it even happens I have had a brain-wave and want to get my ideas down on paper as fast as possible. And this is what often happens. Partner reads every least little bit of political news he can find in the paper and we exchange ideas about it all and express our opinion as to whether the country is being saved or going straight to the puppy dogs, and, of course, we have our own ideas about how it might be helped or hindered.

Well, after we have exhausted all our means and opinions, Partner starts talking about going to bed, and I sometimes say, "Well, I just want to finish this article I'm writing, or this book I'm reading," as the case may be. So there I am, left to that peace and quietness which is supposed to be so conducive to clear thinking. Well now, that's all right in the day-time, but what happens at night? Have you ever noticed what an eerie stillness there is in the silence of the night. A stillness that accentuates every little sound. Somewhere overhead a board creaks, then the stove-pipes crack and the fire does queer things to the roof, and it, too, begins to creak, crack and snap. But, worst of all, is the sudden rush of rodents between the walls or the ceilings and floors. I have never yet been convinced that such a big noise could possibly be made by "little mice"—it sounds far more like a huge army of rats. I stamp my feet and it stops for a while—I go on writing and it starts again. Finally, I get so exasperated and sleepy there is no sense in anything I write, and I sneak off to bed, very disgusted with myself, and leave the mice, the rats and the squirrels to make as much noise as they like. Sometimes I sit up to do some typing and the tapping of the typewriter drowns all the other noises, so I am not worried that way. But still my plan doesn't work, because the trouble with typing is I can't see. That's one of the joys of coal-oil lamps. No matter where I put the lamp, it casts a shadow.

So all things considered, I don't have very much luck in burning the midnight oil. But what am I to do—the days are never long enough for me, and I have never yet been able to find those long winter evenings of leisure that I so often read about! The book I have read this week is "The Man on the White Horse," by Warwick Deering. An interesting book of its kind, but utterly different from what one expects from the pen of Warwick Deering. The story goes back to very early days of British history and there is much fighting and bloodshed, and, of course, a great deal of romance. I venture to say it will not be as popular as his former books, because it is not the kind of book that will appeal to everyone.

Take warning by the misfortunes of others; that others may not take example from you.—Gael.

MAKING CARROTS INTERESTING

By Barbara B. Brooks

Those who know about food values, find the practice of carrots so highly—and so often, that it is human nature to get rather tired of hearing about them. Worse still, some folks are just a little perverse about eating the things that are good for them. Mothers and dietitians who are concerned with the welfare of their charges, are therefore, faced with the problem of glorifying such wholesome, year-round, and moderately priced foods as carrots. Little girls are urged to eat them, to make their hair curly. Boys are told that great ball players eat carrots. Dad and the other folks are tempted by recipes designed either to enhance or to conceal the carrots.

For the inquiring members of the family, there are interesting facts about food values. The deep yellow color is significant as the pigment associated with carotene, the substance from which the body makes vitamin A. Carotene was so named because it was found in large amounts in carrots. Vitamins B and G are present in good amounts; likewise, Vitamin C. Young carrots are richer in vitamin G than old ones, and, of course, raw carrots supply more of this vitamin than cooked ones because it is destroyed by heat.

Carrots, like root vegetables in general, supply starch for energy and minerals for building bone, teeth and blood. It is interesting to compare the minerals of carrots with those of milk, which is one of the best sources of calcium and phosphorus. The proportion of calcium to phosphorus is approximately the same for both foods. In one hundred calories of carrots (about one-half pound) there is about two-thirds as much calcium and phosphorus as in one-hundred calories of milk (about five-eighths cup). There is about three times as much iron in carrots as in milk.

The carrot itself, even apart from its food value, needs no apologies. It is a thing of beauty with its yellow-orange body and feathery green top. It is crisp when raw and firm but mealy when cooked. Its flavor is characteristic, but so delicate that it combines well with many other foods. Its very nature suggests many possibilities of all kinds. Serve carrots raw in strips for a salad; chopped, grated or ground for salads. Try grated raw carrots sprinkled in soup or mixed with french dressing or mayonnaise for vegetable or fish salads, and for sandwich filling.

Diced, cooked carrots give color and new flavor to mashed potatoes or to baked potatoes on the half shell, where the potatoes are scooped out, mashed, seasoned and put back into the shells. For luncheon or supper, scalloped carrots or sliced cooked carrots, topped with poached eggs, are food for thought. Large carrots baked with the skins on, or boiled and rice may be served in place of potatoes occasionally in the dinner menu. A casserole of carrots and apples is appropriate with sausage or pork chops.

CARROT AND APPLE CASSEROLE: 3 cups sliced cooked carrots, 1 cup sliced apples (raw), 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon grated rind of lemon, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 3 tablespoons butter.

Place alternate layers of carrots and apples in buttered casserole, seasoning each layer with salt and sugar. Sprinkle grated rind and juice of lemon over the top and dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) until apples are tender. Yield: 6 servings.

WHOLE WHEAT CARROT PUDDING: 4 slices whole wheat bread, 1 cup milk, 1 1/2 cups ground carrots (6 med. size), 1 cup seeded raisins, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 egg, separated, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 cups whole wheat flakes, 1 tablespoon butter.

Soak bread and milk. Add carrots, raisins, sugar, egg yolk, salt and whole wheat flakes. Beat egg white and fold in. Melt the butter in the baking dish, and pour in the pudding. Bake in a moderate oven (400 degrees F.) about 35 minutes. Yield: 6 servings.

GOLDEN SAUCE: 1 cup sugar, 4 tablespoons flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 1/2 cups boiling water, 3 tablespoons finely grated carrots, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 tablespoons butter. Mix the first 4 ingredients in upper part of double boiler and cook, stirring until thick and clear. Set over hot water, add remaining ingredients, and let cook gently over hot water until ready to serve.

A ROUGH IDEAL

Following the Spanish War, Theodore Roosevelt never lost interest in the boys who had served under him in the Rough Riders.

One of them ran afoul of the law in Texas, and wrote to a former comrade, then located in New York, asking him if he could not use his influence to help him. There seemed to be little that his New York comrade could do, so he wrote to the Texan, and suggested that he appeal to the Colonel, who was then President of the United States.

Back came a letter from Texas. The troubled one said that he guessed, perhaps, he would have to write to the Colonel. But, he added, "I sort of hate to—because he's helped me out of two scrapes."

SLATS' DIARY

By ROSE PARQUHAR

Friday—Ant Emmy rode to Unkel, then which is living over in Jasper town ship and she told him Ma had been nursing a grouch all week, so today Unkel Iron came in to see House because they thought he was sick.

Saturday—well the strikers down the Saw Mill is going to win there. Strike it begins to look like as though they struck for a 5 Day week instead of a six Day week. Yesterday they got layed off entirely so it look like they would win there strike, mobby.

Sunday—Joe Hixes uncle was in town this week. He is very very much a buzzed to work. He says his father before him was a buzzed to work to Joe says he is very much a buzzed to work to his mother and all so his last wife.

Monday—I guess pa is in bad again down at the noose paper shop where he works, at about he printed a peace that Mrs. Light with, is the wife of the man which runs the department store has been sent away to take the PEST cure. Paek of the matter is she has been working to hard her husband says.

Tuesday—Lasha Bruner was to get married today and very thing wood of which in vitamin G than today and to get the license and then when the time comes he was found down to the pitcher shop.

Wednesday—Pid Dexter says he got hooked by the Male order house. He sent in seventy 5 cents for a Brometer and he has had it for 3 weeks now and it hasn't rained a drop out there at his house yet he says.

Thursday—Jonas Trench made a resolve 3 yrs ago that just on wed. his girl wooden marry him he was a going to stay home the rest of his life. She married Hutch Ebbing and Hutch stays at home to.

"The time will come," shouted the speaker, "when women will get their wages!" "Yes," said a little man in the corner. "Next Friday night."

BEE HIVE GOLDEN CORN SYRUP A GREAT ENERGY FOOD

CANADIAN TIRES WINTER IN FLORIDA

Kitchener, Ont., January 10th.—For the tenth consecutive year, the famous Silver Fleet has arrived in Florida where it will have headquarters during the next several months. Tires manufactured by Canadian Goodrich Company, Limited, Kitchener, Ontario, will undergo tests under the supervision of experts of the B. P. Goodrich Company. Goodrich engineers chose Florida because of the excellent conditions for the testing prevailing there during the winter. Tires of all types and sizes will be used in the tests, just as they are when the Silver Fleet operates from Akron, Ohio, its home city.

Orlando has been chosen as a base for the Silver Fleet this year. Its operations will radiate over a wide range of territory. If U. Vierz, Fleet Supervisor, is in charge and has 26 drivers and others in the Silver Fleet with him.

NOT LONG TO WAIT

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TALKIE CLOCK

Greenwich time will be put "on the phone," as a result of an invention by telephone engineers at the Post Office Research Station, London. They have designed a "talking" clock which will speak the time to anyone telephoning it. The new clock will be allocated its own number, and it is to be synchronized by Greenwich Observatory. Callers will hear a cultured voice say: "It is now exactly one hour, three minutes, nine seconds," or whatever the time may be. The clock works on the same principle as a "talkie" cinema projector. Two glass plates carry strips of sound film on concentric rings. One plate carries the sound tracks for the minutes, and the other tracks for the hours, seconds and the voice which speaks the preliminary words. By using mechanical operated shutters, instead of switches, much better reproduction is obtained. Paris has already a talking clock which costs thousands of pounds every year. Two Leeds clockmakers recently invented a clock which announces the time over the telephone every two minutes.

DIGNITY

Boy—"What's dignity, dad?" Father—"Dignity, my son, is what you think you have until the boss says: 'What's the meaning of this?'"

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