

TO THE FRESHMIST
 You grouch because the sky is gray.
 You're filled with discontent.
 No sense is there in what you say.
 Your angry's ill-spent.
 Your face is long as any mule's.
 Your philosophy's all wet.
 You're cultivating gloom—you fool!
 What pleasure do you get?
 Cheer up and show the world that you
 Are not entirely daft.
 Enjoy a hearty laugh.
 Discard that wretched odd "Laboo"
 Now there! Confess
 That life is what you make it.
 You'll never fail to reap it.
 —Clifford C. Purdy.

Menu Hints
 Recipes for New and Novel
 Dishes; Helpful Ideas and
 Suggestions

TANGY DISHES FOR THE FALL
 By Betty Barclay
 As every housewife knows, the brisk, chill winds of fall are natural appetite stimulants. The pungent odor of wood-smoke, the wine-like scent of apples fresh from orchards, the rime that mists the meadows at early morn—these are taken that Jack Frost will soon be calling. The keen hunger roused by these signs of autumn is not appeased with common dishes. It needs something in accord with the season—something as tantalizing and stimulating as the fall itself. You and your family will appreciate these recipes at any time—but especially right now.

ALPINE STEAK
 1 can tomato soup
 4 pounds round steak, ground
 2 cups cracker crumbs
 1 teaspoon salt
 1/2 teaspoon pepper
 1/2 teaspoon poultry dressing
 1 tablespoon minced onion
 1 cup sweet pickles, thinly sliced
 Combine meat, soup, cracker crumbs, and seasonings. Mix thoroughly. Pack in pickles. Press into a greased loaf tin and bake in a moderate oven (325 degrees F.) for one hour or until done. This loaf is excellent hot or cold and will keep several days in a refrigerator. Makes an excellent filling for sandwiches.

CHICKEN SALAD
 4 cups cooked chicken, diced
 1/2 cup small sweet pickles, chopped
 2 cups celery, sliced fine
 2 hard-cooked eggs
 2 pickled beets
 Salt and pepper
 Mayonnaise
 Mix chicken, pickles and celery. Add mayonnaise to moisten. Add salt and pepper if needed. Arrange on lettuce. Garnish with sliced eggs and sliced beets and more mayonnaise.

CANDY WITHOUT HEAT
 When the children run into the kitchen, begging to be allowed to make candy, mothers with sad experience of juvenile candy-making and a renunciation of burnt pots and pans, are prone to say a hard-hearted "No!"
 The next time, you can say "Yes!" if you let them make their candy with this recipe. For there's nothing to cook—and the resulting candy is wholesome and delicious.

COCONUT APRICOT CANDY
 1/2 cup dried apricots
 1/2 cup shredded coconut
 1/2 cup nut meats
 1/2 teaspoon grated orange rind
 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind
 1 tablespoon lemon juice
 Wash apricots and steam 5 minutes. Put apricots, coconut, and nut meats through food chopper. Add orange and lemon rind and lemon juice and blend mixture until blended. If candy is dry, add enough orange juice to moisten. If too moist, work in small amount of confectioner's sugar. Shape into balls about 3/4 inch in diameter. Roll in granulated sugar. Makes 18 to 20 balls.

A LITTLE DICKERING
 A rather elderly-looking man was reading, chin in hand, on the running board of an old automobile parked in front of the local department store. A talkative stranger approached him and asked "Will you sell your car?"
 The man on the running board nodded affirmatively.
 "I'll pay you a fair price," offered the buyer.
 The latter said he would take \$100. The buyer said that \$50 would be about right. The seller reduced his price to \$80. The buyer then advanced his figure to \$60. Finally a compromise was reached, and \$70 was agreed upon.
 The buyer then apologized and said, "Sorry, old man, but I really was not serious about buying your car; I just wanted to see if I could persuade you to reduce your price."
 "Oh, that's all right," answered the other. "This isn't my car, but I was only too glad to do a little dickering while waiting for my wife."

OUTRANKED
 "I have worked in my present position for 30 years."
 "I can beat that; I've been married 30 years."

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER



The Old Man

Children suffering from worms soon show the symptoms and any mother can detect the presence of these parasites by the writhings and fretting of the child. Until expelled and the system cleared of them, the child cannot regain its health. Miller's Worm Powders are prompt and efficient not only for the eradication of worms, but also as a tonic for children that are run down in consequence.

GRATITUDE
 Thanks be to God for the trees,
 And the whispering of the leaves,
 Thanks be to God for the beauty
 My innermost soul perceives.
 Thanks be to God for the sun,
 And breezes that come and go,
 Bringing to me a message
 From out of the long ago.

Thanks be to God for His Love
 For music of Love Divine,
 Thanks be to God for the stars,
 Where the stars so brightly shine
 Thanks be to God for the peace,
 Which these things in nature bring,
 For they seem to me a glory
 Dropped down from an angel's wing.

Thanks be to God for the light
 Dancing among the leaves
 Making little sparkles
 In the web the spider weaves,
 Thanks be to God for His power,
 It shines over all I see,
 Over the hills and valleys,
 Over the land and sea.

Thanks for the drops of dew
 Gleaming in the glimmering grass,
 Thanks for the birds that sing
 Their untimely, as we pass,
 Thanks for the light of morning,
 Thanks for the evening sky,
 Thanks for the lovely rainbow,
 Shining serene on high.

Thanks be to God for all,
 All we receive, joy or pain;
 Thanks be to God for the harvest,
 Thanks be to God for the rain,
 Thanks be to God for His mercy,
 May He bless and protect from above,
 And in us may He, of His bounty
 Produce and bring forth flowers of love.
 —Hannah Morris.

The editor told me the other day that he had a letter from Jack Agnew in the West. Jack of course wanted to be remembered to me and said he was glad I had gone back to the recollections of fifty years ago. Matter of fact he let me read the whole letter as he often does the notes from folks who used to live here and still look on Acton as a pretty nice home town.

I read another one from J. E. Montgomerie. I can recall this chap who is now in New Zealand, but being of a young generation I don't remember him as well. But my recollections brought me in for a taste of the wedding cake. The people in this world do move about, and get in various corners don't they? But I made up my mind to get back again this week to the half century recollections since Jack Agnew was good enough to tell me how he enjoyed them.

know that they weren't at all regular on the winter schedule.
 You old folks will all recall that the cemetery question was the high light in municipal affairs back in 1885. It occupied columns of space in letters and other items in discussion of the subject.
 "Mr. Smith, tax collector, has completed his canvass of the ratepayers, having called upon every one of them and delivered a statement of the taxes of each."
 "Mr. Robert Carroll had his right hand badly bruised and lacerated when it caught in machinery at the Beard's more laundry."
 Another big question of the municipal affairs was the wages paid to the street commissioner. The rate of 20 cents per hour was criticised and other numbers pretty plainly spoken of in letters to the press.

A two-year-old heifer sold by Marshall Holmes weighed 1400 lbs. and brought \$112.
 A group of lads were making nuisances of themselves by ringing door bells and annoying merchants. Seems impossible to believe this but perhaps some of these chaps about the three score year mark could give some recollections. I'll certainly not tell anything if I can't recall.
 And such were the items of general interest in Acton back half a century ago.

"PEOPLE—BE GOOD"
 In 1823 a little boy of four was posing for his portrait to James Northcote, R. A., a venerable gentleman of seventy-five. The boy's mother, a ruddy, plain richly dressed elderly lady, occupied a post of vantage where she could observe artist, model and canvas, and with her hands folded, nodded approval to what struck her at the moment. Northcote was a solid artist. He had been a pupil of Reynolds, and had almost two thousand paintings to his credit—the right man to paint the heir of John James Ruskin.

The little lad stood patiently, only now and then letting his glance wander from the carefully attenuated light of the room to the sunshine outside. A look from his mother brought him quickly back to the pose. Northcote was adding the finishing touches to the figure a quaint little chap in a decollete frock and blue sash, looking out with bright-eyed gravity on a bewildering world. The painted child poised birdlike on his left foot and, with the other in mid-air, scarcely the good little fellow sedately studying the holes in Northcote's rug, gazed, fan-loving though they be, had to behave.

"Well, John Ruskin, what will you have of these in the background?" asked Northcote, pointing beyond the misty vale.
 The little boy looked at him and at his mother, and then out of the window. "Blue hills," he said gravely. Margaret Ruskin nodded.
 The sitting over, the child was taken home to the study. Margaret Ruskin switched in soon after, holding up her trailing lattices. For one long hour, leaning over the fair, faunlike head, she pointed-out the virtues to him with a monitory finger and listened to him repeating them after her.

The pastimes of the boy were of his own devising and chiefly imitative, thanks to that blessed faculty of make-believe that peoples the only-child's solitude and holds up a brighter mirror of the world. When Margaret Ruskin was not rebuking him on Holy Writ, and Ruskin the elder had finished reading him Shakespeare and Milton, the child would withdraw to write his own poetry taking care to be accurate in form and rhythm. He liked, however, to deliver sermons before the household. At the first request, he would climb upon a chair, lean over the back of the sofa with a command of the red cushions, and raising his right hand as he had seen the minister do, exhort the congregation: "People, be good" words that were to be on the white banner of his crusade all the rest of his life. "Francis Whewer, in 'Four Splendid Wings'."

HELPFUL
 A man took his wife with him on a visit to Paris. As neither had been to the French capital before, they promised themselves a good time. They began by treating themselves to a good dinner.
 Toward the end of the meal the man was telling his wife that her French pronunciation was all wrong, and that she shouldn't say "merci" as if it were our English word "mercy."
 "Now, I'll give that waiter ten francs," he told her, "and you listen carefully."
 He handed the man a ten-franc note, and the reply was, "Thanks very much, sir."

SLATS DIARY
 BY OLIVER N. WARREN

Sunday: Jane had a hour partie of some girls over the wk. end and they that shade take a ride on a horse. Jane said how long do you want him & Jane replied & set the longest I U have got there is 8 of us wants to ride on him.

Monday: Pa got the noosepaper where he works at in had again this p. m. It was armstrong Day & they along a rope across the st. & tide the ends to the pole & the ends couldn't get in their wharf the prade was formed. A otto hit the rope & landed a life on top by same.

Tuesday: Monday kontinuel. Pa writ a peave & sed how cild peepel see a rope when they cant see a frate tran across a hill way. The editor called up Pa & sed the I that hit the rope is are most largest advertizer. Pa lookt solim about sum thing or a nother.

Wednesday: The ft. ball coach at are school sed to me. He sed slats your husky kid & big & strong. Why is it you dont never get in the ice ball star. I replied sed then that the resin. I & the coach sed then that the resin. I was rong. Or not Nuckyly rite.

Thursday: Joe Hixes wife sed to Joe the that they is a women in the moon to & when Joe ast why she that so she replied no man wood be out by himself thatway. Joe says he wanders is she stinten at sum thing.

Friday: The teacher ast my klas does eney I no what is a game warth. Jake sed & held up his hd. & sed it is i who events games for to be made by us kids. From teachers skornle look I Xpect Jake was rong. Or not Nuckyly rite.

Saturday: A friend of mistres Lige Kild who resides on the opsite side of the crick whas better I did not long cent ast he cood she not get a k atorney. And she sed away no in haven so much trubled with them I meet with Lige hadnt of went & dide.

PRAIRIE BUTTER COSTS

Butter production in Canada's Prairie Provinces has been increasing at a faster rate than the output of the whole Dominion, particularly during the last five years. In 1934 the production of creamery butter in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta was 67,148,500 pounds, which represented 28.8 per cent. of the total production of the Dominion for that year. Production in these three provinces in 1934 was two and one-half times that of 1926, while the output of the Dominion as a whole was about double that of 1926.

In the case of the Prairie Provinces, whence a large proportion of the butter output is shipped to distant markets, a knowledge of the factors affecting cost is most important. A study of creamery management reveals that the average manufacturing cost was 3.45 cent per pound in '78 creameries which were grouped according to the pounds of butter manufactured. The average cost of manufacture in plants in which production was under 100,000 pounds of butter for the year was 4.82 cents per pound while in factories having an output of over 600,000 pounds, the figure was 3.18, a range of 1.64 cents per pound. The range in cost from the lowest to the highest was from 2.62 to 6.56 cents, a difference of 3.94 cents per pound.

In this study the cost of manufacturing a pound of butter includes all items of cost from the time the cream is received at the creamery until the butter is packed into 66-pound boxes. Charges for gathering the cream and costs of printing and shipping the butter are, therefore, excluded.

GIFTED

"I see the paper called her 'the gifted bride.'"
 "No wonder." She got eight toasters, nine percolators, and 11 nut-pick sets."

"TROUBLED WITH CONSTIPATION FOR PAST 25 YEARS"

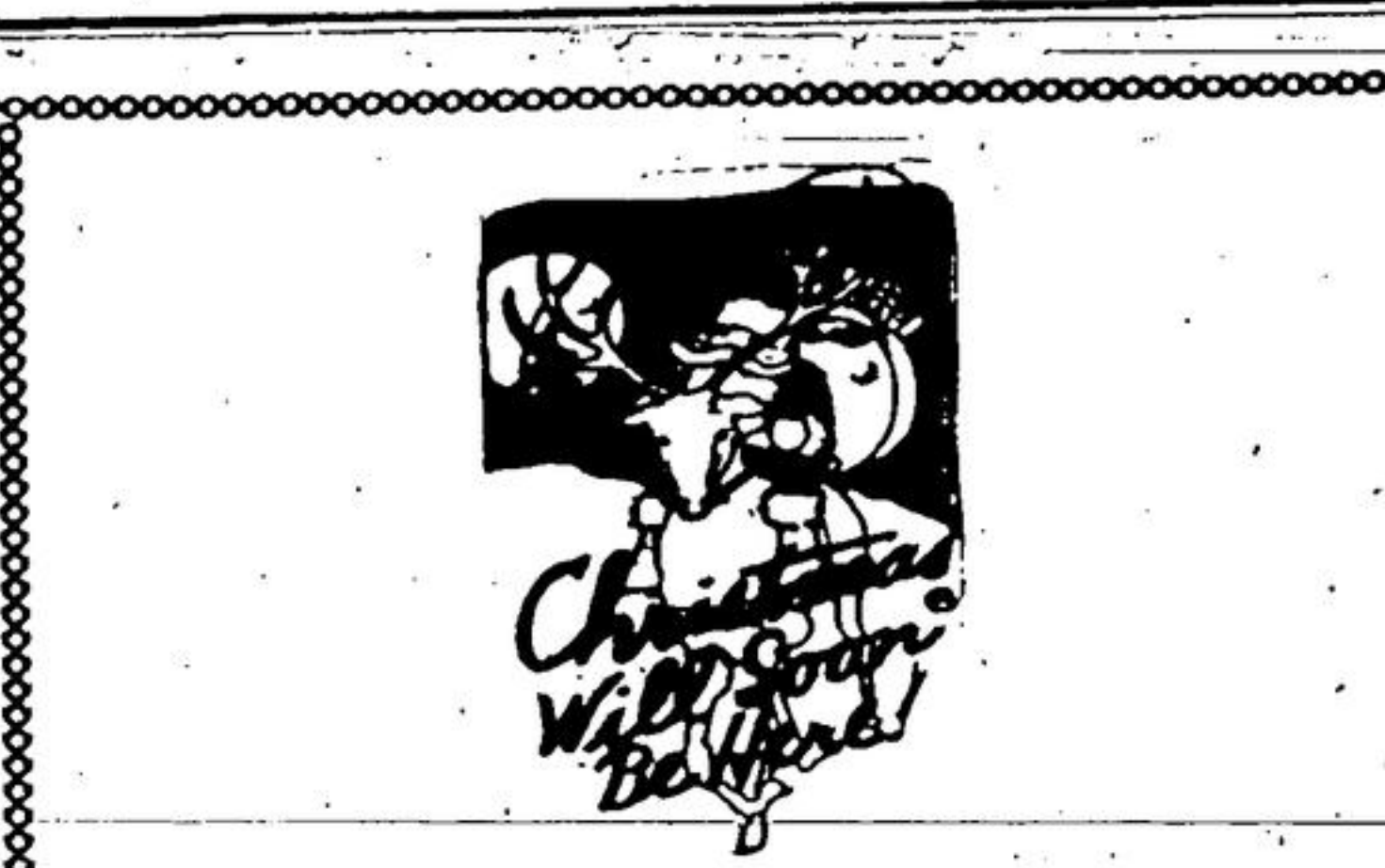
Then ALL-BRAN Brought Welcome Relief
 Read this voluntary letter from Mr. Lecour: "I have been troubled with constipation* for the past 25 years. I tried practically every cathartic without results.
 "Recently, I determined to give Kelloge's ALL-BRAN a fair trial. Kelloge's ALL-BRAN has not only helped me, but I believe it is an actual relief for chronic constipation."—Mr. Henry E. Lecour. Address upon request.
 *Due to insufficient "bulk" in meals.
 Kelloge's ALL-BRAN provides "bulk" to aid elimination. It also furnishes vitamin B and iron.
 "The 'bulk' in ALL-BRAN is gentle—and safe for normal individuals. Often more effective than 'bulk' in fruits and vegetables, as it does not break down within the body.
 "Isn't this natural food pleasant to the stomach and bowels? It contains two tablespoons daily. Chronic cases, with each meal. If not relieved, see your doctor.
 Get the red-and-green packages at your grocer's. Made by Kelloge in London, Ontario.
 Keep on the Sunny Side of Life

EVERY TIME
 Husband—Are you really embroidering that foot pillow for me, dear?
 His wife—Yes love, but if you ever dare to put your foot on it, I'll wring your neck.



When the house seems empty with Mary away at boarding school . . . and letters seem a long time coming . . . and the holidays are weeks away . . .
 Pick up the telephone. A Long Distance chat will cheer you up and Mary too.

• Night rates on "Anyone" (station-to-station) calls NOW BEGIN AT 7 P.M.



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 They include a number of rather novel and new ideas which we think will please you. The range of Cards that are available with selective greetings, is much wider than in previous years.

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We Thank You
 For the loyalty and patronage of the industry in the past. May we have the privilege of Serving You and Many New Friends with 1935 Greeting Cards.

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