

NEW YEAR'S CANDLES

Light me a little candle To burn throughout the year...

Another little candle I faint would light to-day To beam along my pathway...

Then light me still another— The joyous beam of Trust, That doubts may have no harbor...

But best of all the candle That's lit by God above And tended by the angels...

So light for me my candles, And may I keep them bright, That each my tiny lamp...

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the issue of The Free Press of Thursday, January 6th, 1916

The January thaw was sharp on time this year. It came in with the New Year.

There has been very good skating on Fairy Lake this week. It has even attracted some of the sixty-year-olds to enjoy again this enticing youthful sport.

Miss Sarah Sterling Livingstone completed her three years' course in the Nurses' Training School at Guelph General Hospital at Christmas, graduating with honors.

Councillor Hendegge's new saw mill is going up rapidly and the machinery will be installed in good time for the spring sawing.

Knox Sunday School presented a splendid entertainment in the Town Hall on New Year's eve.

The reception in honor of Acton's returned soldiers was attended by many citizens and the welcome was cordial and enthusiastic.

MARRIED

HASSARD-HARVEY—At the home of the bride's parents, Lake Avenue, Acton, on Wednesday, January 5th, 1916...

DIED

ROGS—In Mount Forest, on Saturday, January 1st, 1916, Frances Charlotte Nicklin, beloved wife of John Ross, in her 78th year.

HOGMANAY

Scottish folk will have their eye, of course, on the New Year. Christmas will be celebrated in the English manner, except that there will be no Boxing Day holiday to follow.

But to celebrate the New Year, Scotland really lets itself go. It is her own exclusive festival and no one visiting the North of Britain on New Year's Eve, or New Year's Day, could fail to realize that he was in the midst of national festivity.

Hogmanay is the eve of the New Year, and there is a crescendo of convivial excitement until the hour of midnight. By that time all the central places in the towns are occupied by hilarious crowds, and as soon as the clocks begin to strike, circles are formed and hands are clasped for the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," the best-known song in the British Empire.

"Shouldn't you acquaintance be forgotten they sing, and it is the sacred moment when all class distinctions are forgotten and every good Scot looks forward hopefully to a New Year from which everyone will benefit.

After this there begins the "first footing," when dark-haired people bring luck to their friends by being the first to cross their threshold. Fair-haired people are not macabre on this occasion. New Year's Day is a national holiday on which thousands of people will be watching football matches, and others will be playing golf and all will be starting the year with the spirit of goodwill and good resolutions.

1888-YEAR-OLD SHOP

Excavations at Herculaneum under the direction of Professor Majuri have brought to light a block of houses on the east side of the city revealing many decorations, mosaic floors and some pieces of wooden furniture of considerable beauty.

They are in a good state of preservation. Near the houses the excavations have revealed a small shop which is not unlike those still to be seen in the streets of Herculaneum built over part of the buried city. Not more than 8 feet long by 7 feet wide, the shop retains its original form, with the counter and vessels in which oils, cereals and olives were kept as they were when the city, together with Pompeii, was overwhelmed by the great eruption of Vesuvius in A. D. 79.

The shop might well serve its purpose to-day. And how all I have got space to say is—A Happy New Year to you all!

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for Acton Free Press GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

The time, as I write, is the day after Christmas—Boxing Day, as it is called in the Old Country. And until the last half hour I have been sitting in the living room alone, completely at rest, physically and mentally, and curiously content to lie on the chesterfield, in the fast fading light, watching from the window the night clouds, spreading as it were, darkling wings in the western sky.

And now the Old Year is fading—us fades the present day—but a New Year is dawning and none of us knows just what it has in store for us. Internationally, we fear for the peace of the world. Federally and provincially there is a divergence of opinion as to the future welfare of our Dominion. Locally, in many centres, municipal elections will soon be the order of the day. And all these things—from the "Geneva Conference" down to local politics, have some bearing upon our own personal affairs.

Then again, perhaps during the next twelve months, momentous discoveries may be made, authentic cures for dread diseases be discovered, or untreatment of inventions be perfected. And the man in the street will benefit from the workings of the master mind. Wouldn't it be a good idea if we made a brand new resolution that we would try to enlarge our viewpoint and take an intelligent interest in all these things that really do affect us, either directly or indirectly.

This year, as we listened to the wonderful Christmas music coming over the air, I realized more than ever how much we are indebted to our scientists and inventors. On Christmas eve we heard Big Ben ring in Christmas Day in the Old Country, and of course we heard the King's splendid message on Christmas morning. Then, late in the afternoon we listened to Dickens' Christmas Carol. We all sat absolutely still, no one wanting to miss a word. The room got quite dark but no one moved to light a lamp until the final words of Tithy Tim—"God bless us every one." Later on in the evening we listened to another dramatization during which Dickens is supposed to have a dream, in which all characters come to life. It was splendid. And so I can really say that our radio added considerably to our enjoyment of Christmas this year.

At all events we may as well make a virtue of necessity, because our good old friend, the Optimist, has not been out of the garage for nearly a month. Instead we are using the buggy or cutter, according to road and weather conditions, and, since I am not expected to be the driver, I hope to get quite a thrill out of riding behind a horse once more. But one thing I do object to is the bumping up one must do to be comfortable for open-air driving.

Oh dearie me, here I am almost to the end of my allotted space and I haven't even started to say, "If any man should happen to read this, I can almost hear him say—'Just like a woman!'"

The fact is, I wanted to air my opinion of this matter of making Boxing Day a public holiday. There was never a day more necessary—that's what I think about it. I have not had time to follow the arguments pro and con in the press, but I think I saw a headline that said, "To my mind it is unthinkable that people should be expected to work the day after Christmas." For weeks before-hand there has been a certain nervous tension; coupled with extra work, and on the great day of days, people are strung up to concert pitch and feasting is the order of the day. Tradition almost demands that everyone shall reach the stage at which he "just 'he' (of course) is 'comfortably uncomfortable!'"

On Boxing Day comes the natural reaction—mentally and physically—and all any one wants to do is rest and take it easy. To require people to work outside of their own homes is refined torture, but unless the practice is made universal it can never be satisfactory.

Can't something be done about it? Can't somebody get up a petition start a strike, or write to the press about it? Ah, that's the solution—the good old press—the long suffering servant of the public—yes, that's the idea. Don't pack up your troubles—air them in the press! If you are in favor of the idea, then tell the world we want Boxing Day for a public holiday.

The Morning After

By LILIAN OAKLEY

WHEN Fred Lawrence decided to have a party and prove to the boys how much better his home-brew was than the pale anemic liquid they bought over the counters downtown, Bill Hay was the first man he called.

Bill's wife was a hyena about poker playing, and since his marriage, Bill had been forced to go to work. But business is not always business when it keeps a man downtown late, if you know what I mean. Anyway, Bill said: "Okeh, old boy, old boy. I'm dry as a cotton-battling camel and lucky is my middle name."

"Well, that's funny," his wife told him. "I thought you said at breakfast that you didn't have any business and that you just kept the office open to fool the neighbors."

"Yes—yes, I did say that this morning. But I've flushed a covey of orders and I've got to stay with 'em until I get 'em in my bag."

"I don't believe one word you say, Bill Hay, not one word. I think you're just trying to get out of going to Madge Cook's reception with me tonight."

"No, honestly, darling, I'd forgotten all about the reception. But this thing may break big for me and I've got to stay with it. And if things turn out as I expect them to I'll buy you the prettiest hat in town."

"Well, of course. . . . But I still think it's queer that you have so much business tonight after saying what you did at breakfast."

"I told you that all of this came up since noon. And I'm going to have plenty of competition, so don't sit up for me for it may be 'seven, even twelve, before I get home."

When Bill got to Fred's house the party was on. And what a party it turned out to be! The home-brew had a kick to it and the cards ran high, wide, and handsome. Kings consorted with kings and the four aces clung closer than the Marx brothers. That is, except when they were in Bill's hand. Bill had lots of luck but it was all but.

They called the party off at four o'clock. Bill was seventy-five dollars in the hole and had a cramp from writing I. O. U's. He borrowed twenty-five dollars from Fred to stem the current of his wife's wrath if the worst happened and started for home.

When Bill reached his house the moon had called it a night and gone to bed, the sun was shinking out its rays and Mandy the cook was in the kitchen starting her breakfast. Bill gave Mandy one of his borrowed dollars not to tell his wife what time he got home. Then he crept silently up the stairs to bed.

The next thing Bill heard was the clock striking seven. He opened a cautious eye and looked across at his wife's bed. She was gone, the covers were neatly folded back, the room was warm, the cat was purring on the window seat. Everything sang of peace and amity. Bill bounded out of bed with a light heart.

NOW THE NEW YEAR AWAKENS OLD DESIRES

By Betty Barclay

and, as every woman knows, a man's chief desire is for good "callin' food"—and plenty of it. The clever wife knows that dishes too often served, pall on the appetite. She also knows that there are enough new dishes so that she can, if she wishes, prepare completely different menus from one year's to the next.

What, for instance, could be more delicious for New Year's Day breakfast than pineapple juice griddle cakes with pineapple sauce? Or for lunch than a brand-new kind of salad? Or for dinner than a fluffy, attractive cake? But see for yourself.

Pineapple Griddle Cakes for New Year's Breakfast

3 cups flour 4 teaspoons baking powder 1 teaspoon salt 1 tablespoon sugar 3 eggs 1 cup undiluted evaporated milk 1 cup pineapple juice 2 tablespoons melted shortening

Sift dry ingredients together. Beat eggs slightly with milk. Stir liquid into dry mixture adding the pineapple juice last. Add melted shortening and drop at once by spoonfuls on a hot griddle. (For thin cakes add more pineapple juice.) Yields about 30 cakes.

Pineapple Sauce for 'Fritters'

2 cups pineapple juice 1 lemon rind 5 tablespoons sugar Juice of 1 lemon 2 teaspoons cornstarch

Boil pineapple juice with a piece of lemon rind. In another pan melt the sugar to a golden brown add pineapple juice and boil for a few minutes. Mix cornstarch with tablespoon of water and stir into sauce to thicken it. Boil 5 minutes. Add lemon juice, and strain.

May be served hot or cold with puddings or fritters.

Modern Waldorf Salad

1 cup celery, finely cut 3 red apples 1/2 cup walnut meats, broken 1/2 cup sweet pickles, sliced crosswise 1/2 to 3/4 cup mayonnaise Core red apples and dice without peeling. Combine apples, celery, walnuts and pickles. Add sufficient mayonnaise to bind ingredients and moisten well. Put into salad bowl or heap on small platter, garnished with crisp lettuce.

Roasted Brazil Nuts

To roast nuts in the shell arrange Brazil nuts in the shell on a baking sheet and bake 20 to 25 minutes in a modern oven 350 degrees F. Remove from oven and crack with nut cracker.

Shelled nuts. To roast, shelled nuts demand only 10 to 12 minutes in a moderate oven. As soon as they are roasted, remove from oven and sprinkle generously with salt.

Twelfth Night Cake

2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder 3 1/2 cups sifted cake flour 1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup butter or other shortening 1 1/2 cups sugar 1/2 cup milk 1 teaspoon vanilla 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla; fold in egg whites quickly and thoroughly. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Double recipe for three 10-inch loaves.

Insert dried bean in one layer and cover layers with Fluffy Frosting, glazing frosting very generously on top of cake.

Decorate with a holiday decoration. PLUFFY FROSTING

3 egg whites, unbeaten 2 1/2 cups sugar 1/2 cup water 2 teaspoons light corn syrup 1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla

Combine egg whites, sugar, water and corn syrup in top of double boiler, beating with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 10 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from fire; add vanilla and beat until thick enough to spread. Makes enough frosting for Twelfth Night Cake.

Nation-wide Fame.—There is scarcely a corner of this great Dominion where the merits of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil have not been tried and proved. It is one of the world's most efficient remedies for sore throat, lame back and many other ailments arising from inflammation. Rubbed on the spine its healing power is readily absorbed, and it can also be taken internally.

BRITISH NOT PARTIAL TO COTTON DRESSES

Due to the absence of central heating, frocks are not worn in the house to the same degree as in the case of Canada and the United States. During the summer season however, there is a sale for them, imports coming mostly from the United States. The same applies to dresses with short sleeves, which are suitable only during the warmer weather, according to the Industrial Department of the Canadian National Railways.

"No one can live according to some other person's conception of what is proper."—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

TIME TABLES

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

AT ACTON

Going East Daily, except Sunday 7.05 a.m. Daily, except Sunday 10.07 a.m. Daily, except Sunday 4.13 p.m. Sunday only 7.54 p.m. The Chicago flyer, that passes through here at 9.31 p. m., eastbound, stops at Georgetown at 9.40 p. m.

Going West

Daily, except Sunday 8.55 a.m. Daily, except Sunday 1.23 p.m. Daily, except Sunday 7.04 p.m. Sunday only 12.31 a.m. Sunday only 9.08 a.m. Sunday only 11.36 p.m.

STANDARD TIME



ARROW BUS SCHEDULE

LEAVE WESTBOUND

9.45 a. m. — 11.45 a. m. (except Saturday) — 2.15 p. m. — 3.15 p. m. (Saturday only) — 5.15 p. m. — 7.15 p. m. — 11.15 p. m. — 1.05 a. m. Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays

LEAVE EASTBOUND

7.00 a. m. (daily, except Sunday) — 9.10 a. m. — 12.45 p. m. — 4.10 p. m. — 6.45 p. m. — 9.00 p. m.

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How many times you see those two words in the course of a day's shopping: "This article for sale --- AS ADVERTISED."

And those two words are as welcome as they are familiar, for they form a bond of confidence between the merchant and yourself. They are his guarantee to you of worth and value.

Here is an article that has been described in your newspaper. Its merits have been told; possibly, too, its price. You know exactly what you will get when you buy it. You know its quality, its utility; you know how it fits into your needs. And when you buy it, you know you are getting not some unproved substitute but the specified article --- as represented.

It is easy to understand why that phrase, "as advertised," creates a feeling of confidence. You have learned to depend upon consistently advertised products. You know that the maker has confidence in them, else he would not spend money calling your attention to them day after day, and month after month. You know that they have been approved by the most critical of investigators --- the buying public. And above all you know from experience that buying goods "as advertised" is the best investment you can make.

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