

THE MUSTARD PLASTER

When my good man is sick, He thinks to scrape plaster By having on him quick A red-hot mustard plaster. Law sakes, I mind it well What happened from his notion: 'Twas in a big hotel Off somewhere by the ocean.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, May 11th, 1916

The Farmers' Institute will be merged into a more comprehensive organization, known as Board of Agriculture, after 30 years of helpful service to the farmers.

Chief Lawson will keep his eye alert on motorists now who are tempted to exceed the statutory speed limit of 15 miles an hour down the half mile of new roadway on Mill Street from the O.T.R. tracks to the corner of Main Street.

Acton Citizens' Band had a well-attended and enthusiastic meeting of Monday evening, when the officers for the year were elected as follows: Bandmaster, John G. Hill; Chairman, Wm. Laird; Managing Committee, N. P. Moore, G. H. Brown and Geo. Agnew.

After the regular meeting of Knox Young People's Guild, on Tuesday night, Rev. J. C. Wilson, on behalf of the Guild, presented Pte. Ernest Barr with a beautiful silver wrist watch.

The Girls' Red Cross Club provided a splendid concert last Wednesday evening. Rev. John McNeill, B. A., of Walmer Road Baptist Church, Toronto, delivered his lecture on "Napoleon and the Present War." Vocal numbers were rendered by Mr. Ernest Warren, tenor soloist in Rev. MacNeill's church choir.

The relatives and friends here of Captain George McNair were shocked last Friday upon receipt of the news that he was killed in action the last of April. Capt. McNair was a brother-in-law of Mr. James B. Anderson and had spent several weeks here at intermittent visits on leave before he went to England with his Battalion, the 16th.

Acton Pitsoon trekked to Milton on Monday where they took up quarters. While stopping near Dufferin School for lunch at noon, Reeva, Hynda, J. P. Moore, J. P. A. T. Brown and Ernest Brown joined them and served piping hot coffee and lunch. A number of photos were taken before the men fell in again and continued the march.

BORN JENNINGS—At Brucebridge, on Saturday, April 29th, 1916, to Mr. and Mrs. John Jennings, a daughter.

DIED BRUCE—On Friday, May 5th, 1916, at her late residence, 45 Oxford Street, Guelph, Edith Gowdy, relict of the late George Bruce, in her 83rd year.

SCOTLAND PRODUCES GREATER PORTION OF WORLD'S SHALE OIL

Scotland produces three-quarters of the world's total output of shale oil. The present output of shale in Scotland is about 1,500,000 tons per annum, drawn from eleven mines, retorted in five crude oil works and refined at a central refinery at Pumpherston. In addition, there are two sulphuric acid works, one candle factory and a coal mine. The raw material is mineral consisting principally of hardened clay, rich in vegetable oil and animal remains. It contains no oil as such, but a material named "kerogen" which, when heated to redness in the presence of steam, is re-composed and re-arranged, producing a variety of oils, wax and ammonia. Refining processes result in the production of sulphate of ammonia; coke used in the manufacture of aluminium; gasoline solvent naphthas for the rubber, water-proofing and linoleum industries; lamp oil; fuel oil for motor boats and tractors; kerosene; and refined paraffin wax. At the present time some 5,000 men are employed by the industry in Scotland. There are valuable deposits of oil shales in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and other deposits in Gaspe County, Quebec. In the south-western peninsula of Ontario and in Manitoba and northern Saskatchewan, which some day may be expected to yield big returns, according to the Industrial Department of the Canadian National Railways. These in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have been the subject of special investigation.

THE YOUNG SOCIALIST

Socialist Father: "What do you mean by playing truant? What makes you stay away from school?" Son: "Olas hatred, father."

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for Acton Free Press GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

Daffodils are blooming and the country is taking on that first fresh greenness that comes with early spring. It is a heartening sight and one, which I, in common with so many people, have been looking forward to for so long. But now my happiness and satisfaction at the advent of spring is tempered with sadness because one of my very dear neighbor friends is no longer here to share with me the joy of spring. And everywhere I go there is something to remind me of her. The tulips in the garden are growing from bulbs she gave me. There is a small row of flowering almond growing which I was saving especially for her. My bedroom is papered with wallpaper she helped me to put on and with me always is the memory of her outstanding kindness and neighborliness to me all last summer during my own illness. Every week while I was in bed, she would come down each Thursday or Friday and do some baking for us—enough to last nearly a week—and was always ready in any other way to help us whenever the need occurred.

Her passing was so sudden, so unexpected, that even now I can hardly realize she is gone. Every day I was with her and each time I came away she asked the same question—"You'll come back to-morrow, won't you?" And I am glad to say it was an appeal I never refused. But the last time I went she was sleeping, and I did not see her, and that night she died.

The day she took to her bed was exactly one year from the time I went to my doctor last year for the first time—and yet—after three operations, and months in bed—there am I, and she is gone! It is one of those inscrutable problems to which our human understanding cannot find the answer. That she was sorely needed seemed so obvious, for in the home she left there is now only a broken-hearted man and a lonely little boy of ten.

Perhaps I shouldn't write of these things in my Chronicles—it isn't often I introduce such a note of poignant sadness—but I should be remiss in this Chronicle of our everyday life if I did not give some recognition of what our neighbors mean to us and also to pay tribute to one who has passed away. And I also write with the idea of impressing upon you how greatly the spirit of true neighborliness affects each one of us, particularly in the country.

Perhaps it wouldn't hurt if we would pause sometimes and consider this question of neighbors. Just ask ourselves sometimes what our neighbors mean to us and—more important still—what do we mean to our neighbors? Do we appreciate our neighbors and do we do anything to make them appreciate us? I am reminded of a short poem, of which I do not know the author.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN Not—"How did he die?" But—"How did he live?" Not—"What did he gain?" But—"What did he give?" These are the units To measure the worth Of a man as a man. Regardless of birth.

Not—"What was his station?" But—"Had he a heart?" And—"How did he play His God-given part?" Was he ever ready With a word of good cheer, To bring back a smile, To banish a tear?"

Not—"What was his church?" Nor—"What was his creed?" But—"Had he befriended Those really in need?" Not—"What did the sketch In the newspaper say?" But—"How many were sorry When he passed away?"

I am beginning to wonder how much longer it will be before I can write that

we have started spring seeding? This is May the second, and not a thing done yet.

The other day Partner was down at the mill, and some one asked him had he started seeding yet. "No," answered Partner, "I guess I'll start seeding first!"

I hear some men have been able to get started—where they have lighter soil—but any man who starts out too soon on a job loam is looking for trouble. One good thing has happened this week

—"The Optimist" and I have been out together once again. She hasn't been out since the first week in November—and I haven't greatly needed her—but no sooner do I get her started than there is urgent need to take her out, two and sometimes three times a day. I love the feel of the wheel in my hand once again and to hear the purr of her engine, but methinks that same engine sounded very much as if she were misfiring on one cylinder as I came home to-night. Ah well, you know a mother's affection is always more lavish for an ailing child and I feel rather that way with the "Optimist"—I would seem heartless to scrap her just when she needed extra love and care!

CHARM OF OLD AGE

Old age has tragically no doubt—but so has every other period of life. No one can wholly escape the ills to which the flesh is heir, but to imagine that old age is the quintessence of all that is a ghastly and frightening human experience, is to make a profound mistake. Hence I like to think of the charm of old age—of its restfulness and peace after the stormy have spent their fury. Of the quiet backwater sheltered from the wind, where rich in garnered knowledge, and undisturbed by the fretful, noisy crowd, one can meditate in quietness, and live over again the sweetest moments that life has given.

Household Hints

By MRS. MARY MORTON

Menu Hint Liver and Bacon, Boiled Potatoes Cabbage or lettuce and Onion Salad

Maple Rice Pudding Tea or Milk "How do you cook liver?" asks the new bride in her office. "Futuristic fond of liver. He wants it fried." "Well," says I, "if you have calf's liver you need not parboil it unless you wish. Beef's liver you had better wash, put in the frying pan, cover with cold water, let it come to a boil, then take the liver out, dry, dip in flour, season and fry. Calf's liver you can wash, dry, flour, season and cook in the bacon drippings. It's maple syrup time, and how good the syrup and sugar tastes." This maple rice pudding is good. It will be plenty for a small family, as this recipe serves eight. In case you do not know, about three-quarters of a cup of raw rice cooked in a quart of boiling water, will make the two and one-half cups cooked rice demanded by the recipe.

To-day's Recipes

Cabbage or Lettuce and Onion Salad—Slice onions on lettuce or shredded cabbage and serve with French or boiled dressing.

Maple Rice Pudding—Two and one-half cups boiled rice, drained; two and one-half cups milk, three eggs, beaten; one cup maple syrup, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, one cup raisins. Combine all ingredients and blend thoroughly. Place in a buttered baking dish and bake at 250 degrees for about 35 minutes, or until custard is firm. This dessert may be served either hot or cold, accompanied with cream. Serves eight.

Tape Replaces Tacks

No longer is it necessary to use thumb tacks to apply your shelf edging to kitchen or closet shelves. A narrow tape which is adhesive on both sides replaces them. One side you apply to the shelf, leaving the other for the decorative edging. Simply press the edging against the tape, and it will adhere immediately. Also, you can rip it off if you want to put on a different color, or if you are moving to another house.



If you wish to serve mushroom soup but haven't the fresh mushrooms, cook down a can of mushroom soup, unthinned.

SLATS DIARY

BY OLIVER N. WARREN

Sunday: They are to be a sirkus in are city to-morrow and I am wandering what to do about the stitcheaten. I used up more than my quota of grammars during the opening series of the basketball season.

Monday: Well, I'm unnnnnged OK. They is a lot of dizzemes I aint taken down with yet & I told ma early in the a.m. I felt like I had abscentitis & she got scart & sed stay out of skool then. I did & skkoovered at one 45 p. m.

Tuesday: The teacher sat us all to give her a hard question & hilters clump her. He sed why is it a shipment of frate & a cargo when cent on a ship? Smart as am I, I don't just preackly no myself.

Wednesday: The evings are a becomng longer & air family driv over to a nabor city in the ford. Pa was driving & a cop stopp him, lookt fierce & sed Sinc, this is a 1-way street. Pa lookt sillng child and I feel rather that way with the "Optimist"—I would seem heartless to scrap her just when she needed extra love and care!

Thursday: The teacher sat us all to give her a hard question & hilters clump her. He sed why is it a shipment of frate & a cargo when cent on a ship? Smart as am I, I don't just preackly no myself.

Friday: Jake thinks he is just about it when it comes to speezen peeces like the boy stood on the burning deck and etc & says when skool is out his Pa says he shall have a course in electrocushen.

Saturday: This is in the late p.m. & I Xpect I play in tuffer luck than misty near nobody. I told Pa, I was going with the "Optimist"—I would seem heartless to scrap her just when she needed extra love and care!

Sunday: The teacher sat us all to give her a hard question & hilters clump her. He sed why is it a shipment of frate & a cargo when cent on a ship? Smart as am I, I don't just preackly no myself.

HISTORIC BUILDING HAS "FACE LIFTED"

One of Canada's historic places, the 93-year-old building of Prince Edward Island's parliament, in Charlottetown, has had its "face lifted" and now presents a rejuvenated appearance. It was in this building that the fathers of Confederation first met to discuss Union, the meeting taking place in September, 1864, and adjourned to Quebec City. The entire west wing had to be practically rebuilt, and the whole of the interior has been renovated. The room in which the famous meeting took place has been re-limbered and re-plastered but the charm of its architectural design has been preserved. In this room is a register kept in which visitors are invited to sign their names and places from which they came. As one glances over the pages, states the Tourist Department of the Canadian National Railways, all the provinces are found to be represented, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and even the Far North. There are many names of visitors from the United States and Great Britain, France, and other countries are represented. Some illustrious names appear on the pages, eminent statesmen, famous generals and representatives of royalty. At times, humor appears in connection with the entries. A famous Canadian statesman gave his occupation as "cabinet-maker" and a noted general "warrior."

SHE WAS

"She seemed like a good sensible girl." "Yes, she wouldn't pay any attention to me, either."

REROOF REPAIR!

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Ottawa Girl is "Miss Canada"



To Miss Beverley Shaver (ABOVE) of Ottawa goes the honor of being chosen "Miss Canada" from a group of 25 beautiful Canadian girls at the annual pageant and festival at St. Petersburg, Florida. Miss Shaver is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Shaver, at the winter resort.

Make Your Shopping Lists from the Ads.

TIME TABLES

Table with columns for 'CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS', 'AT ACTON', 'Going East', and 'Going West' with various train schedules.

Advertisement for Arrow Bus Schedule, including contact information for Wiles Restaurant and Central Ontario Bus Lines.

Advertisement for Debts... Debts, featuring Kelly & Aiken as collection specialists.

Advertisement for NEW BUSINESS, printed substantially with attract new business to take the place of the old that you are losing.

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MUGGS AND SKEETER

