

FAITH

It is enough
That in this life we climb
Steep hills erect, nor heed the endless
strain,
If we but know
That out of the darkness, strife and pain
Will pass away, and light
Come once again.

It is enough
To trust, when mist creeps down
And drift across, obscuring way-side
paths,
If but each day
We with His soul be knit,
And from the Pine of Love—
Our flame be lit.

—Edith A. Vasele.

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel
Dishes: Household Ideas and
Suggestions

MUTTON RECIPES

Lamb is a frequent visitor in our homes, but how about "mutton"? After all, there are some delicious mutton dishes—well worth trying.

HOT POT OF MUTTON AND BARLEY

1 pound mutton
1/2 cup pearl barley
1 tablespoon salt
4 potatoes
3 onions
Celery tops or other seasoning herbs

Cut the mutton in small pieces, and brown with the onion in fat cut from meat. This will help make the meat tender and improve the flavor. Pour this into a covered saucepan. Add two quarts water and the barley. Simmer for one and one-half hours. Then add the potatoes cut in quarters, seasoning herbs, and seasoning, and cook one-half hour longer.

BROWN BREAST OF MUTTON

Cook the meat in a small quantity of water until very tender, seasoning it with salt and pepper, a little garlic and parsley. Drain the meat well, put it into a shallow pan or baking dish and brown in a hot oven. Make a thickened gravy from the stock, coloring it with a little prepared caramel if desired. Serve meat with boiled rice and the gravy. Carrots may be boiled with the meat, and browned afterwards with a little sugar and meat dripping if desired.

PIQUANT SALAD DRESSING CAN BE MADE IN THREE MINUTES

A bowl of boiled salad dressing used to be at least a half hour job for industrious housewives. But modern kitchen magic has cut the time down to three or four minutes. The same fine flavor and freshness are obtained without any cooking whatever. The short-cut secret is a base of sweetened and condensed milk that thickens instantaneously when the vinegar is added. It's an economy dressing, too, because no eggs or oil are needed.

MUSTARD SALAD DRESSING

1/2 cup sweetened condensed milk
1 cup tomato catsup
1/2 cup prepared mustard

Thoroughly blend sweetened condensed milk, tomato catsup and prepared mustard. Chill. Serve on lettuce or vegetable salad. Makes 1 cup.

COLE SLAW DRESSING

1 1/2 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup vinegar
1/2 cup dry mustard

Blend thoroughly sweetened condensed milk, salt, vinegar and mustard. Stir until mixture thickens. Allow to stand a few minutes to stiffen. This makes an especially good dressing for cole slaw. Makes 1 1/2 cups.

YES, WHY NOT?

John: "Great heavens! The engine is terribly overheated!"
She: "Then why don't you turn off the radiator?"

DINNER STORIES

A RUDE SHOCK

A British tourist journeyed from Cairo to the pyramids. Fired by romantic tales, he felt sure he had reached the land where nothing saving of western civilization would be allowed to disturb the Arabian Nights atmosphere.

WHEN HE RETURNED HOME

A lady was entertaining her friend's small son.
"Are you sure you can cut your meat?" she asked, after watching him struggle.
"Oh, yes," he replied, without looking up from his plate. "We often have it as tough as this at home."

THAT'S TELLING HIM!

For two hours he had been the best of the party. His imitations were terrible, ranging anywhere from George Arliss to a hummingbird.

bird. In the far corner had been sitting the man with the screwed-up face.

"What would you like to see me imitate now?" asked the bird.
"The man moved. He spoke. "How about a ground hog that's seen its shadow?"

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER



God bless my dear old mother! What'er my fortune be, I'll never find another like her. Her hair, which once was raven, is lined with silver now. And cruddy time has graven deep wrinkles in her brow.

Yet, though her brow bears traces of trouble and of care, To me a mother's face is still the fairest in the fair. So tender and forgiving, As gentle as a dove— Ah, life were not worth living Without my mother's love.

God bless my dear old mother! Bright be each later year! I'll never find another whom I may hold so dear. Oh, how my life would alter, If mother were not near. And how my heart would falter Without her words of cheer.

—From the Old Scrap Book.

I concluded my recollections of Acton's earlier days in this column last week with the William Grant property at the corner of Frederick Street. An esteemed and more venerable citizen than myself sent me a reminder of a building on this site which antedated the William Grant building. It was there that the building which is now Brown's Drug Store was first located. This was moved down street to its present site about seventy-five or eighty years ago.

On the next job where Mr. and Mrs. H. Fisher now have their splendid two-story brick residence the first residents I now recall were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Slingerland and their son Jack. There was a small house on the property. Sometime after they came, they decided that the easiest way to make a living was to go into store keeping. With this in view, they rented the small building on Main Street between the Dominion hotel property and Mr. George Benson's double brick house. They put out a stock of groceries and called in to the rich. Neither of them had had any previous experience in mercantile business, nor the remotest idea of the relation between costs and selling prices. People could buy goods at their own prices. The children especially found Slingerland's candy department a bonanza. They were just as likely to get a half pound of sweets for a penny, as the ounce or two the costs said should have been the price. The success of the store waned with the depletion of the original stock and the demands of the wholesalers when the time for the payment of accruing bills came around. After a somewhat meteoric career the store closed and the family shortly thereafter said good-bye to Acton.

About this time Mr. John Brown bought this property. He and Mrs. Brown and their son Herbert lived there for some years. Herbert was an ambitious little fellow. In those days, so in these, the youngsters used the sidewalks to skate on when they bore a good coating of ice. The old plank sidewalks were, however, a good deal rougher than the present cement pavement. The boys were proud in those days to have a pair of the old rocker or gutter runner skates set in wooden soles and strapped to the feet with jog and heel straps, after being screwed into the heel of the boot with a long stationary screw in the skate sole. I met little Herb one day plowing along the sidewalk with a pair of the old-fashioned "gliders," and said: "Trying to skate, Herbert?" "No, I'm not trying," he very shortly replied, "I can skate as good as you can."

Mr. Brown never sold this property,

but over sixty years ago removed to Sarnia where he held a good position in a large lumbering business until he returned to the old home locality and purchased the farm which was the homestead of the late James J. Hill and his father's family on the corner of the Everton line at the Rockwood crossroad. As the infirmity of age came he retired from farming and came back to Acton. Both Mr. and Mrs. Brown died here. About twenty years or so, Mr. G. H. Brown tore down the old house and built the commodious home which they occupied for a number of years, selling it to Mr. A. McCann, who resided here for a time. Mr. McCann sold it to the present owner, Mr. Hiram Fisher.

After Mr. Brown's removal to Sarnia the late Robert Little, the principal of Acton School, and later Inspector for his county of Hallow, secured the little one-story house for his residence. Here the laborious outside work of his principalship, and of his Inspectorship were undertaken. Here he compiled Lovell's advanced geography, a worthy work used in thousands of schools in Canada, but for which arduous and important task he received no remuneration—the firm of publishers having failed in business without meeting their obligations to Mr. Little. Here, too, he gave his valuable time in coaching such men as the late Charles Lauby, B. A., the late Dr. Hector McDonald, John Douglas, Barrister, Toronto, with the necessary classics and mathematics required by the curriculum of their respective courses.

It was here too, that Mr. and Mrs. Little prepared in outline the plans for their magnificent new home, which stood on the Church Street side of the property now included in the Lawn Bowling and Tennis grounds and the residence of Mr. J. M. McDonald and R. H. Elliott. It was understood by the intimate friends of Mr. Little that his intention in erecting this commodious mansion was that it should eventually form the nucleus of a High School building for Acton. Its spacious halls and corridors and its large and lofty rooms would have been admirably adapted for this purpose. Unfortunately death called this worthy citizen and educationist, fifty-two years ago, when he was just through an attack of typhoid fever, in his fiftieth year. Another misfortune was the destruction of this fine edifice by fire about twenty-two or three years ago, when it was the residence of Mr. W. W. Beardmore.

Like many other properties in town the next lot brings up many memories. Away back about sixty years ago Mr. and Mrs. Frazer made their home in a neat frame house on the lot where the brick house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Cordner. Serious illness afflicted this happy home. Within a few days of each other, both Mr. and Mrs. Frazer suddenly passed away, leaving three little children one a baby daughter of a few days. Homes were, however, promptly provided for the orphaned little ones. Maggie, the eldest, was adopted by Dr. and Mrs. Freeman, of Georgetown; James by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Synnon, and Nellie by Captain and Mrs. William Allan. When James and Mrs. William Allan were three of the names in the Synm home, and they were designated thus by the family, "Uncle Jimmie," "Jimmie" and "Jamesie."

Nellie was made to feel that she was a real daughter in Captain Allan's home where she was a most dutiful daughter to her foster parents. She married the late John A. Carson, Barrister. They settled in Salem, Oregon, and here he won a national reputation as a great constitutional lawyer and Councillor-at-Law.

After the death of Mr. and Mrs. Frazer this house became the home of Luke O'Reilly and family. Mr. O'Reilly was for years the quiet obliging baggage-man at the G. T. R. before the late Samuel Laird. The present brick house was built by W. E. Swackhamer and he resided there for a number of years. During the residence there later of this Arthur's family, a fire occurred one night when Andrew narrowly escaped unscathed from smoke.

Stephen Cordner bought the corner lot some years ago and from the brick shop on the corner, the rough cast house and the cement block house, owned by Mr. and Mrs. P. Cleave, was built by him. After the burning of his blacksmith shop on Main Street at the time of the McKee fire sixty-two years ago, Thomas Gibbons secured this lot and erected a one-story brick building for a blacksmith shop. A few years later he converted it into a carpenter shop and planned mill. He sold it to H. T. Arnold, who commenced his very successful career as a glove manufacturer in this premises. Mr. Arnold extended the building and then added another story. His success there attracted Georgetown municipal authorities and he moved to that town where his success continued in the glove business. About fifteen years ago he closed the Georgetown plant however and assumed control of the larger Storey Glove Co. which he and his sons so successfully conducted. Mr. Arnold is still active and visits the Acton plant regularly and conducts business of the firm in the city.

The brick shop on the corner is now a double dwelling house, in which Mr. and Mrs. R. Spillvogel and family reside and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gibbons. Mr. Cameron moved to the larger premises of the Ebbage planing mill, on Main Street. Prior to Mr. Gibbons blacksmith shop this was a vacant lot. Charles T. Hill used it as a garden plot, and often the vegetables were seriously trampled down when the big hitters at the baseball matches on the big com-

mons across the street drove the lively baseballs of those days into the garden. More anon.

The Old Man

PLANTING ROSES

The successful establishment of a rose plant in a new position depends to a large extent on the observance of a few important details of planting. More rose catalogues carry instructions for the guidance of customers, but this advice is not generally available to those who purchase their plants from the department stores of our larger cities. Observation of some of these plants here has prompted this article.

Plants from the above source, or those obtained from a distant nursery, are immensely benefited by being immersed in deep water as soon as received. From 12 to 24 hours is enough. If the ground is then unfit for planting, they should be placed in shallow trenches and completely covered with damp soil, making it firm about the roots and comparatively loose over the branches.

Early planting is desirable and important but should not be attempted until the ground is frost-free to a considerable depth and has lost its stickiness.

During planting and at all times roots must be protected from prolonged periods of exposure to sun and air. At the Morden Experimental Station a large tub of water is placed in a central position—takes care of the plants in bulk, and a pail is used to carry a few at a time to where they are needed.

The hole for the reception of the rose should be wide enough to allow them to be spread to their greatest extent, and a little deeper than seems necessary. This extra depth enables the planter to place the plant in its proper position by shaking it during the process of filling in the hole, allowing the soil to flow beneath and among the roots until the plant rests at the required level. When the filling in is completed and trodden firmly, the crown, or that part of the plant from which the branches radiate, should be two inches below the surface. The roses are then pruned by removing all weak growth and cutting back the stronger branches to within six inches of the ground. The cut being made one-half inch above a bud pointing outwards or away from the plant centre.

SOME FIND

Two small boys were walking in the woods, seeking for adventure and what they might find. One picked up a chestnut burr.

"Tommy," he called excitedly, "come here quick. I've found a porcupine egg!"

GREAT MOMENTS

The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes a mere pressure of the hand, may decide it; or of the lips though they cannot speak—Thackeray.

BANANA SPECIAL
crackle
snap! pop!

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New Lieutenant-governor Noted Yachtsman



Lt. Gov. E. W. Hamber

By Central Press Canadian Vancouver, May 13.—British Columbia's new lieutenant-governor, Eric Werge Hamber, is well known in both sporting and industrial circles in Canada and since his arrival in Vancouver in 1927, has played a prominent part in building up the lumber industry of British Columbia.

A large man physically, Mr. Hamber has always been interested in athletics although not an active participant in recent years. He was commodore of the Royal Vancouver Yacht club for many years, and his yacht Venevator, and his 11 class sloop Lady Van are well known in coastal waters.

Besides yachting, he has for many years been a lover of the turf. He keeps an excellent stable of racing and polo ponies.



Eric Werge Hamber and Mrs. Hamber

In Winnipeg, his birthplace, Mr. Hamber went to work in the Dominion bank at the age of 18. When the bank moved to Vancouver he was branch manager. From 1911 to 1913 he was manager of the London branch of the Dominion bank in Portland.

He married a Vancouver girl, Miss Aileen Hendry, and in 1913 joined his father-in-law's firm, the late Mills Timber and Trading Co. Mr. Hamber soon became a partner in the firm and has since played a considerable fortune is in order that he can indulge his liking for outdoor sport. Golf interests him "when there is nothing else to do," as does tennis, but he is more at home on the water in almost any form of craft.

He has been a member of several championship rowing teams, among them the famous Toronto Argonauts when they were at the height of their success. In build he is slender of waist with almost top-heavy shoulders, developed by his earlier rowing days.

In 1925 he was appointed to the board of governors of the University of B.C. He is a member of the Provincial Returned Soldiers' commission, fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute at London, and fellow of the Canadian Military Institute at Toronto. Several other organizations, both social and sporting, claim him as a member.

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