

**IN FLANDERS' FIELDS**

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky,  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.  
We are the dead; short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!  
To you from falling hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it right;  
If ye break faith with us who die,  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders' fields.  
—Lieut.-Col. John McCrea.

**Menu Hints**

*Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Household Ideas and Suggestions.*

**NEW WINKLES IN DRIED FRUIT**  
By Barbara B. Brooks

In summer it is well to crowd onto the menu all the fresh fruits and fresh vegetables that we possibly can. It would be a lost opportunity to serve canned or dried food, when fresh was available. But as soon as fresh fruits become less plentiful on the market and are higher in price, then a thought should be given to the food value, the comparative cost, and the uses for dried fruits.

Dried fruits are the most concentrated form of fruits and are economical to buy. They are fully ripened fresh fruits with the water and, in most instances, the seed, pit or core removed. The widely used method of removing the water content of the fresh fruit is by sun drying, but it is also done by the dehydrating method, which is rapid drying by artificially heated air. From three to seven pounds of fresh fruit are required for one pound of dried fruit.

The storage of dried fruits is important. They should be kept at normal humidity. It is not advisable to keep them under refrigeration but they should be kept in a cool place, out of draughts and away from radiators, stoves, etc. The dried fruits, such as apricots, peaches, pears and apples, darken when they are exposed to heat. Dried fruits take on odors readily, so should be kept away from strong-smelling foods.

Apricots are one of the most interesting of dried fruits. There are many ways in which they can be used in cooking. Because they have a truly distinctive flavor they add a zest to almost any dish. Stewed, they are very good at breakfast with ready to eat cereal, or served for dessert for the school lunch or for a bedtime supper.

Allow six to nine apricot halves for each serving. One pound of dried fruit is enough for twelve servings. Wash the fruit over with water and cook gently from thirty minutes to one hour. Add sugar to taste during the last five minutes of cooking. One-half cup of sugar is usually sufficient for one pound of apricots.

In this recipe for Pickled Dried Apricots we meet the fruit in a new form. Fixed this way, it makes an appetizing pickle to serve with meats or in the relish dish on the buffet table.

**PICKLED DRIED APRICOTS**

- 1 cup large dried apricots
- Water
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons vinegar
- 12 whole cloves
- ¼ teaspoon mustard seed
- Stick cinnamon

Wash the apricots. Boil gently for ten minutes in water to cover. Add sugar, vinegar, spices and cook until the apricots are tender but still hold their shape. Fill small sterilized jars with the apricots. Cover with syrup and seal.  
Note: Prunes may be prepared in the same way.

Next we have a recipe for apricot bran bread which is a deliciously different loaf to serve at any meal but is particularly suitable for tea sandwiches or to serve with the salad at luncheon.

**ALL BRAN APRICOT BREAD**

- 1 cup chopped dried apricots
- 1½ cups sour milk or buttermilk
- 3 tablespoons fat
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1½ cups all bran
- 2 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon soda
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- ½ cup chopped nut meats

Soak chopped apricots in milk about fifteen minutes. Cream fat and sugar thoroughly; add egg, beat until creamy. Add all bran, apricots and milk. Let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with baking powder, soda, salt and nutmeg; combine with nut meats; add to first mixture, stirring only until flour disappears. Bake in greased loaf pan with waxed paper in the bottom, in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) about one hour and ten minutes.

Yield: 1 loaf 4½ by 9½ inches.  
The tang that apricots have in pie has no rival, but it can be captured in different form. Here is a suggestion for some tarts that have the flavor of pie, but have gone sophisticated on us.

**APRICOT MARSHMALLOW TARTS**

- 6 tarts
  - ½ cup dried apricots
  - ½ cup sugar
  - 4 marshmallows
- Cook apricots by method given above. Press through a sieve. Sweeten pulp to taste. Add marshmallows cut into pieces and fill baked pastry shells. Place

**THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER**



**DON'T PASS HIM BY**

If you should meet an old, old man,  
I pray you please be kind;  
It may be he is lost and ill,  
Or does not ask his mind.  
  
I pray you ask of him his want,  
If he is hungry, cold;  
Don't leave him trembling with the night,  
If he is weak and old.  
  
A smile is sometimes quite enough,  
The old are quick to see;  
Oh, please be kind to those who are,  
So near eternity.  
  
I pray, I pray for those so old,  
So timid, fearful, too;  
Oh, do not pass an old, old man,  
If he seems needing you.  
—Helen Loomis Linnham.

Very early in the history of this more than hundred-year-old town, death was a visitor. The majestic and courtly roads which ring pass over; the way that the men of letters tread; the path the warrior traverses; the short and simple annuals of the poor; all lead to the same place, all terminate, however varied in their routes, in that one place which is appointed for all living. It was not long before the early settlers found it necessary to provide a place to bury their dead. He lived—he died—he was buried—is all that the headstone tells us. A generation passes by, yet, two or three or four of them. The stones turn gray, mosses etch out the inscriptions, and the man has ceased to be, and is, to the world, as if he had never lived.

This is life. Only a few years do we journey here and we come to that bridge—Death—which transports us as the road we have travelled, either virtue, happiness and joy, to a paradise of love, or the road of passion, lust and vice to destructive wretchedness.  
  
For the first ten or fifteen years, when loved ones passed away in the homes of the first settlers, their bodies were tenderly laid to rest in a consecrated spot in the clearing of the homestead. But as the years went on it was found more desirable to have a common burial ground, devoted to that purpose, and reverently cared for. In those early days it was always thought that the graveyard should be associated with some church, and the churchyard was generally enlarged to make a fitting resting place for the residents of the community who died.

Hardly had the lot been secured for the erection of a Scotch kirk in Acton, in 1843, when it was decided to secure a lot in the rear for a graveyard. Among the first interments in the new burying ground was the body of Rev. Zenas Adams, one of the founders of the town. The Adams family had selected the plot at the north-east corner of the cemetery, just where the gates used to open at the end of River Street, across the street from N. F. Moore's stable door. A number of the members of the Adams family had their resting place in this large family plot. Some will remember the neat picket fence, with the pretty wicket gate at the entrance. The first monument in this old-time graveyard was erected over the grave of Rev. Mr. Adams. The remains of several of the Adamses were removed to other resting places, but a number of members of the family still sleep in the old graveyard.

marshmallow, on top and brown in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.)

**PASTRY FOR TARTS**

- ½ cup all bran
  - 1½ cups flour
  - ¼ teaspoon salt
  - ½ cup fat
  - 5 tablespoons cold water (more or less)
- Roll all bran and combine with flour and salt. Cut in fat. Mix until the consistency of cornmeal. Add enough water to form dough. Roll out on a floured board to ¼ inch in thickness. Line tart shells, prick lightly with a fork. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) eight to ten minutes to set the crust.

The following stanzas from Gray's immortal epy seem to be specially fitting as we reflect on God's acre, which for many years was regarded as the most sacred spot in this community:

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

For them no more the blazing hearth burns,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
No children run to lap their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss of share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow soe the stubborn plow has broke;  
How loudly did they approve their team's amble!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or sternest looks the dull, cold ear of death?

Hark how the sacred calm that broods o'er  
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,  
In still small accents whispering from the ground,  
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail, memorial still—(erecled high,  
With laurel wreathes and shapeless sculptor decked)  
Implore the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spell by the unlettered muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic-mortalist to die.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,  
By hints unseen, are showers of violets found;  
The red breast loves to build and warble there,  
And little footsteps lightly press the ground."

Each succeeding year the mounds which indicated that all that was mortal of some resident of the community was resting underneath, became more numerous. Before and after the church services, or during the days of the week, the people whose relatives or friends lay buried there wandered quietly and reverently here and there among the graves. Often a silent tear was shed, for personal loss, or sympathy with the bereaved ones who mixed so sadly the dear one taken.

This was a favorite place also of the boys and girls who attended the little cottage roofed one-roomed school which stood for years on the north-east corner of Knox Church lawn, and in front of the church. There they often played among the grassy mounds but always in a quiet spirit, reverently remembering the sacredness of the quiet spot.  
  
In the course of time the original plot became filled up and an addition to the graveyard became necessary. This was purchased by the late John Speight and the late Alexander Grant, who paid the purchase price and were to be recouped from the sale of plots and graves. Before

they were fully recouped the agitation for the new cemetery took shape, and eventually Fairview was opened, and the old graveyard closed, further burials being prohibited by the by-law. The original purchasers of the added portion to the first graveyard were consequently never re-imburshed in full for their outlay.

Before the opening of Fairview Cemetery nearly every family of the countryside had members of their home, old and young, interred in the old one. Among the out-standing characters who slept there were such well-known early settlers as Squire Alex. Brown, Thomas Moore, Sr., Capt. Burns, John Zimmerman, John Cummings, Alex. Brown, Sr., John Mann, Duncan Kennedy, Sr., J. Rutherford, Wm. Lawson, John Scott, John McElroy, John Speight, James Cameron, Rev. Zenas Adams, Robert Swann and numbers of others, with members of their families.

When Fairview, our present beautiful City of the Dead, was opened, over thirty years ago, many members of the old families secured plots and the remains of numbers of the dear ones, who had slept for years in Acton's first graveyard, were removed and re-interred in the new plots in Fairview. The wisdom of this course has been amply evidenced. Fairview Cemetery is a beautiful spot. Nature has done much for its general contour and attractiveness. The survey was made with a view to landscape beauty and effect. It is well kept and the soil is clean dry sand to the bottom of the graves.

For years the old cemetery was indeed a neglected and forsaken looking spot, apparently forgotten by all, with weeds and briars flourishing, and headstones demolished. There were several attempts made to put it into presentable condition.

But it was not forgotten by all. Nelson Moore was among those who deplored the neglect, and largely through his initiative he assembled the Trustees of 1933 together: Messrs. W. A. Lacey, R. N. Brown, R. L. Davidson, D. McDougal, W. McDonald, J. McGregor and himself. This band formed the head of a group who had not forgotten. The headstones were all assembled and built into a permanent cairn in the centre of the cemetery. An entrance was purchased off Knox Avenue. The ground has  
(Concluded on Page Seven)

**WHEAT EXPORTS UP**

Exports of Canadian wheat in September registered an increase of 3,447,844 bushels and \$5,912,260 in value over the same month last year. The total during the month was 20,720,316 bushels at \$20,582,258 compared with 17,272,672 bushels at \$14,669,093. Shipments to the United Kingdom amounted to 15,359,796 bushels at \$5,208,591 compared with 10,121,877 bushels at \$5,655,831 a year ago. Shipments to the United States amounted to 1,772,824 bushels, valued at \$1,404,213 compared with 5,824,854 bushels at \$4,801,794.

**A LAST REQUEST**

Aristocratic Caspaway (to his valet):  
"Just one more thing before I turn in, Thompson. Make a sundial and call me at half-past nine."

**THE BIG TROUBLE**

"Hard work never killed anybody," said the father.  
"That's just the trouble, dad," returned the son. "I want to engage in something that has the spice of danger in it."

**New Minister Leaves for Tokio**



Pictured aboard the S.S. Empress of Canada as it sailed from Vancouver the Hon. R. Randolph Bruce, former lieutenant-governor of British Columbia, and Mrs. Bruce. They are bound for Tokio, Japan, where Mr. Bruce will take up his new duties as Canadian minister to the island empire. He succeeds Sir Herbert Warner, who was recently appointed Canadian minister to the United States. —Central Press Canada Photo

**OXFORD GROUP STARTS NEW "ATTACK" ON CANADA**



The Oxford group has got away to another flying start on its most recent "attack" on Canada. Starting in Brantford, the group plans to hold meetings in every part of the Dominion. The leaders of the group are shown (ABOVE), photographed at Niagara Falls as they planned their itinerary. LEFT to RIGHT: Lady Nanton, Winnipeg; B. M. Hallward, Montreal; Eric Bentley, Toronto, leader

**It May Be Colder, But Quints Have More Freedom From Crowds**



Perhaps it's the milk that makes them so hardy. The Dionne quints LEFT TO RIGHT: Marie, Cecile, Emeline, Annette and Yvonne, still enjoy in outdoor sunbath even though it is mildly chilly in Callander these days. But there are no crowds of people to worry the quints now and they have the whole place to themselves. Copyright by Central Press Canada

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