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And faces donth At every breath On the field in a fore ign land !

To some one neur To some one dear A horo neteemed by all. Ingemuch as ho. With option free, Came forth at his country's call.

A pacan, too,
To the boy in blue,
Who spands on the open sas
His nights and days, With unxious gave, To keep "Old England" free.

He is ready to fight
By day or night.
As he longs the hour to great
When the skulking for Home pluck will show, And come out with his boasted

Ho, hurrals, for the blue And the klinki, too, For we know that Britain's sons On sea and land. Will ever stand A match for the heartless huns. -Hugh R. McCal

\*\*\*\* DAN KELLY Mr Beaule Stavall \*\*\*

CLAYLANG ! Clang ! Clang !" cras! on ed the big gong. Martin Brandon awake with a start, and rising up, began rubbing the sleep from blacyes. At the first he thought it was the peal of the bell in the commercia school that called the boys to fire drill But the blinking candles around him, the close darkness, the rows and tiers of cots. and the monotone of coarse volces, lat the youth know at once that this was the bun house of the field Standard mine, that was five-thirty - time to be up-and that the breakfast call would sound in thirty min

"Roll out, and git into yer duds !" spoke a volce close by-not the voice of a manbut the voice of a youth no older than bimusif. "Jump out ! An' wake up after-

It was then Kolly speaking-the drill boy of the mine-and before Martin could tose askie the blankets, the youth had blue by the foot, and jerked him on the floor. "That's what wado with bookles who sleep too late in here I" the drill-boy declared, while a dozan flaunal-shirted man laughed uproariously.

Martin accepted the rough handling with supreme good nature, and donning hie khaki and minar's boots, hurried out in time to file in with the crew at the most house. Only a week before he had gradustad from a metropoltan commercial school, and had accepted the first position offered him - that of sasistant bookkeeper at the Gold Standard mine, bigh up on the Slerra Nevada range. Though life in the mining camp was far different from any. thing he had ever known, the yout caught the spirit of things. His mainduty was that of timekeeper for the med, geth ering up the time-slipe from the night and day foremen, and from the level bosses Haing faithful to duty, and careful in his work, he soon won the admiration of Hudson, the superintendent, and Stocklin, the bookkeeper. The man of the crew grew to like blin, too, realising that in the new "bookle" they had one who would keep an

accurate record of their "time." Only with Dan Kally did Martin have trouble. Den's work was that of sarrying unfinchingly. the newly sharpened steel drille from the and stopes where the underground minera labored. No donlit it was more a matter of eavy then enything else, but Den seem ad determined from the very first to make trouble for Wartin. He was a typical bo of the mines-big-board, strong of muscle hard-flated and rough in both manner and speech. He gloried in his reputation of

being a fighter, and it was quite evident that he wanted to impress Martin Brandon BIRDO | with this "Don't you fargit, Bookle, that I go two hours on the company last night." Dan reminded, when the two boys had finished breakfast and were on their way up the

trail toward the mine entrance. "If you have any extra time for the night shift the foreman will give it to me Martin answered. "He makes up theslips -it's only my business to collect them." "But I forgot to tall him," Dan said. "You go shead and make it up-fill lo allp yourself-give me two hours, that's what's comin'.'

"I don't make out any time-alip without the order of the foreman, or of a level hose," Martin informed him calmly. "You should have signed up last night-that's

the regular way." "Reg'lar or not reg'lar, I'm tellin' you what to do !" the drill-boy replied botly We had been walking aboad, and when he spoke he whiseled about quickly. Hishard firsts were drawn, and a wicked look glared from his black eyes. "You meadn't think you can put on airs, and lord it over me, just because you're a bookie t"

A tight with Dan Kelly was for Martin Brandon a thing to be avoided. " He know the drill-boy was several pounds heavier, and much more powerful than bimself. Yet he had no intention of oringing or was putting on airs," he said, "and I cer. "Come on !" Hudson urged for the third tainly have no desire to lord it over you; time. He had hold of the ball wire now, But I believe I know my work, and I'm and was signaling the engineer to "Down

your time with the bookkeeper.

able and the drill-boy finally turned away, slouching up the trail.

"Cloud for you, boy !" spoke a deep base voice near by, Then a big hand was laid on his shoulder, and turning, Martin found blinself looking into the grizzled face of Hudson, the superintendent. "I'm glad you didn't fight him ; he's a hard alugger -Dan in-and he's knocked out full-grown men with those sledge-hummer fists. thought sure he would hit you-it's queer that he didn't."

"I don't want trouble with him." Blartin assured him. "I'd much rather get along peaceably."

"That's right, lad, that's right," said the superintendent. "None of us want to be run over, but it's not to our credit to fight when we can avoid it. I'm sorry Dan treats you as he does I he ought to be your friend-you can help him and he needs it. But he isn't altogether to blame ; you must make allowances for him, and take into account his lack of advantages. He has always lived in the mines, among rough men. His mother died when Dan was a baby. I remember har well ; she was one of the best women I ever knew. We called her the 'White Angel.' in those days because of the good she was always dolog in the camp. Had she lived longer, miner, like the rest of us, and he was kill ed by a cave in before the boy was ten years old. Since that time Dan has been obliged to rush for himself, and the trail is anything but easy. We men who dig for gold have a hard life. I often wonder if the easy-going folks, who handle it so careleasly and spend it recklessly, ever stop to

think of how much sweet and toil and sacrifice there is belied the sugles on their The big superintendent kept his hand on Martin's shoulder as the two west their way up the trail. What he said gave the youth a better understanding of the throbbing, pulsing heart of the mines ; it kin died within him a more kindly feeling for these fignal-shirted fellows who tolled with brain and brawn that the world migh have its precious gold. They were up in the shadow of the stamp-mill now, whose thundering bettery made it impossible fo Hudson's voice to be longer beard. Bu Martin felt the pressure of the hand on hi shoulder as the superintendent left bim.

The youth looked up the foremen an got the time-slipe of those who had worked on the night shift. Running through them burriedly, he was unable to find the name of the drill-boy. "Have you put anything in here for Dan Kelly " he asked, thinking there might be a mistako. "What ! That fellow ?" the foreman

responded bluntly. "Not much ! He got nothing on the company last night. He works on the day shift-that's all ! You look out for him-be's a bad one. don't let bles land on you ! It will be all

off with you, if you do." Martin turned away, feeling that the gruff foremen was both unkind and unfair Vet he well-aigh changed ble mind after be had found the underground bose and beard again the story of Dan Kelly's lack of versoity. Just after this, when the youth turned from the shaft-house and started down the trail for the office, he came upor the drill-boy. Dan was on his way from the shop with a load of sharpened steel He halted abruptly, close in front of Martin, glaring at him manacingly. you get my time allo ?" be blurted. "No," Martia enswered, "the foremen

sald there's nothing coming to you." "Let me tail you, Bookie, there's some thin' comis' to yout Did you get that ? There's comethin' comin' to you!" The drill-boy draw closer so he spoke the threat, but Martin Brandon met his gaze

office and turned in the time-checks, then climbed on the high stool before his dask and began making up his records for the to let in more light through the dusty window, and pulled on his gress ere shade than there came five shriff blaste from the mill whistle. Instinctively, he jumped down and leaned for the door.

Red-shirted man were pouring from the bunkhouse and others came from the shaoks and cabine that made up the litter. ed jumble of the mining camp. All were running up the trail toward the shafthouse. Martin tossed off his eye-shade, lo eall eds bestol bus tad ald up bequalo running men. Up at the gate he came upon the outpouring erew of underground workmen; the care had just shot up.

bringing its last load. Something had happened below. "There's a cave in !" he heard the men say. "The old stopes have all dropped,

caught ?" Martin asked, fearfully. son tossed bank. "He got caught in the pity, most of my fellow passengers looked lower stope. We must get him out. I as uncomfortable as I falt. Only the conwant a man to go below with me ' Hud ductor was cheerful and even smiling. son was moving through the open gate while he spoke, and half turning, raised a the city line and gathered up the newsbeckgning hand to the oraw,

him. "It's no use," spoke one grisaled house, he carefully threw them out so digger, with an ominous shake of the head. | that they landed just in front of it. "The whole lower level has dropped by this time. We couldn't get him out."

"A man-quick ! There's no time to the papers and then threw them away ?" lose !" He stepped on the cage and reachcaught down there-Dan Kelly, the drill- out waiting for them. Of course it lan't

going to do it. If you will get an O. K. oago !" Another moment and he would go a sermon. -- Congregationalist. from the night foreman I'll gladly put in down alone. Hudson, chief of them all, Liggest of them all, would risk his life to Purpose and determination glowed from | save that of Dan Kelly. Martin Brandon, rockets. is eyes ; power was portrayed in the clean | pushing through the crowd had heard the athletic build of his supple body. . Though | vain calls of the superintendent. He saw he did not strike. Martin stood immov- boy spoke to bim, be half agreed with Mackinder, M. P.



ACTON MICH AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS

them. Getting close to the gate he caught things wou'd have gone differently with the look of stern determination and manly words of the big-hearted apparintendent friend who had stopped in for a short visit, and is said to have been the worst since came aurging through his brain. mother died when Den was a baby."

don. "Hold 'er ! Hold 'er !" he yelled, as he leaped through the gate. A moment toors and the cage dropped. Down, down, they west through the black shaft, down eight hundred feet to the lower level of the mine. Thee, with lighted candles, they ground their way through a wet tunnel. From everywhere around them came the creak and group of straining timbers. The underground labyrinths shook as if in the ing open the door of a private office with loy aldawalk last Wednesday, at the throse of an earthquake. Tons of loose an impressive gesture. shale rattled down the stopes and poured into the drifts. On and on they went, the farther end-far lack, in the open maw just pretend that this is the office I'm to learn that all are now convalencing.

been crushed by the tremendous weight of Here the die was tarriffo ; huge timbers with appreciative eyes the handsome were sampling like straws. In the grinding maw, planed between the broken stulls they found the drill-boy calling for help.

and we'll get you out." But the superin- the manager. I'm right where he can po tendent halted when he reached the stope's his flager on me any minute and I tell you

mouth. "I can't get through I" he said, he calls upon me pretty often. I'll hat "No! Hold on! Let me crawl in!" I can get through !" He gave Hudson his you were sorry for him." candle and raising up, thrust his feet

crowd of anxious, waiting men when the private office."

cage appeared at the surface. A score ran forward with outstretched hands.

the camp doctor."

best o' me-right from the start-" though it had never happened."

Boss'il bein."-Young People's Weskly. THE CONDUCTOR'S SERMON

just missed my train to the city, and I know." and the new workings may give way any was obliged to make the uncomfortable trip in a bumping troller car. The car "Is everybody out-did any one get | was crowded so that some of us had t stand, and before it had jolted us over "The drill boy is down there yet," Hud- fourteen miles of dusty highway, into the

He went through the car as we pussed papers which we had cast aside and ar-There was no response-none there were | vanged them in a neat hundle. Then just among them who cared to go down with as the par was passing a big red brick

My ouricelty was aroused, and I stopped bim on his way past my seat. "Would part of the afternoon going over them to-"We must get him out !" Hudson said. you mind talling me why you ploked up gether. backing down before him; neither would ed for the bell wire. Yet none of the crew house is the city poor farm, and the poor he disregard the rules of the company answered the call; it was too much like fellows in there don't get much of a chance under which he worked. Martin had won courting death; moreover, there was to see the papers, so we car boys pick them a record as an all-round athlete in his something in their faces, though they up when we can and throw them out to school ; he knew that prowess and country spoke no word, that said it was not worth them. It isn't much trouble, and they were often of better advantage than brute while. It was only Dan Kally who was appreciate it. Usually there's one of them also, that even better than this were a roof boy, the unowned and unliked. Why much we can do for them, but it makes head and a calm temper. He quietly fold- should any of them risk their lives to save those poor down-and-out chaps in there ed his arms and unflinchingly met the gaze a bomeless youth? He was nothing to feel a little bit latter to think that anyone cares enough for them even to give them a paper or two."

Somehow I didn't mind the joiting an much after that. I felt that I had heard

Dan Kelly stood above him, and come the men hang back with shaking heads, them the great facts of humanity and of years." close to him with those drawn, hard flats, and remembering the late threat the drill- material environment around them -- Mr.

A MEDAL FOR PENNINGTON

As he strolled through the office with a "His Roger Mitchell paused to speak condescendlugly to a young fellow of about his own Quick decision came upon Martin Bran- age who was pouring over several sheets unlay, and the first mail from Toronto closely crowded with figures.

I have anything to say about it I'll see that insdy's crossing, west of Acton, required you get a medal for steady application to the attention of a anow plow, three angine

something in Roger's tone aroused the Main Street crossing at moon on Haturday curiosity of his friend. "Come in here, Hal," Roger said, throw-

"You don't meen to say that you-" his thigh. friend began, but was interrupted by During the past week three of our following the lead of a faint, far cry that Roger's airy, "Oh, no, I haven't a private citizens have been confined to their rose above the hubbub of breaking fir and office yet. This is Mr. Young's office, but pine. Nordid they helt till they reached he won't be in for an hour or so. We'll

of a stope whose supporting timbers had going to have some day-" "In the dim and distant future," his Orangeville on March 20th. He moved friend suggested mischievously, taking in into town from his farm a short time ago.

mahogeny furnishings. "Not much," Roger snappod back indig nantly. "That day may not be so far of "Here we are, Dan! Here we are!" as you think. I don't like to boast, bu spoke Hudson. "Easy now-just a minute I'm pretty sure I've made myself solid with

Pennington would like to have my chance." "Ob, by the way, what's the matter with VEAR -In Elora, on Hunday, March 22sd urged Martin. "I'm smaller than you! Pennington! You spoke almost as though

Roger shrupged his shoulders. Pent through between the splintered timbers. ington? Why, there's nothing the matter Every moment the hanging, slow-settling with him except that he's a regular office walls of the stope threatened to drop and grind, always with his nose to his work. crush them like ants. Martin, unafraid, There's no chance of advancement for fe and breathing a prayer, lifted Dan to the lowe like that; they don't take a prost opening and pushed him through it, then enough view of their work. I don't want made his own way to the now overcome to boast, but I think I'm going to be able to work out some bleas that will be valu-Out through the grinding maw they went able to the firm. That's what counts, you and reaching the tunnel, Hudson carried know, ideas. What are they? O. I couldthe drill-boy to the care and jarked the n't tell you now. They're rather vague in bell cord. In thirty seconds all three were my mind yet, but one of these days I'll

up and into the sweet, pure air of the out | work them out, and then-well, parhaps | written by Count Malgar, former secretary side world. A will cheer rang from the you won't be quite so scoreful about my and confident of Don Carlos and now a Roger had hardly got settled to work sympathies of which are strongly proafter Hal's departure when the manager (lerman :

"Lay him on the great-right there, returned. A few minutes later he was "I was at Frohedorf when the war broke where it's cool and soft," spoke the super- called into the private office where he had out. I was then Carmanophile and was intendendent kindly. "Somebody go for been dreaming day dreams so short a time pleased over the prospect of German suc-"I ain't burt much," Dan assured them, "I called you for a little information. Visnes and the first thing I saw was the

a they put him gently down. And as he Mitchell," Mr. Young said. "We're bidd- secret document written by the German looked up he found himself gazing into the fug on certain of our books for delivery at Emperor to the Emperor of Austria to face of Martin Brandon bending over him. prepaid prices to cities and towns through- inform him of the order given to carry on "flay, Bookie," spoke the drill-boy feeling- out Kansas, and I want you to ait down a far of extermination. day. He had no sooner relead the blind ly. "I want you to forget what I said to here and help me figure out what it will "'My soul is bursting with grief," wrote you this morning , I wanted to take it back | cost to send these books, either by percel the Kaleer, 'but it is absolutely necessary almost as soon as I said it. You got the post or express. You're handling ship to put everything to fire and the sword I ments and involose constantly, so I sup- men and women, children and aged must "That's all right, Dan, it's gone-it is as poss you're perfectly familiar with the be slaughtered; not a single tree must be

rates and the different sones." "But I want you to know how I feel about ? Roger looked disturbed. "I'd better get a sytem of terror, the only one to be folit," the drill-boy went on. "You've got the rate book," he suggested, but Mr. lowed with such a people as the French, it something that I want-something better Young interrupted impatiently, "That is certain that the war will not less two than big flate and hard muscles. Mabbe sughtn't to be necessary, Mitchell. With months, while by proceeding with human-I'd had it, too, if-well, if I'd had a your experience in handling shipments, itarian consideration it might be prolonged you ought to be able to tell me what the for years. I am having recourse then, "And you shall have a chance," answer- Kanass some are and what the rates are to whatever it may cost me, to this method, ed Martin. "Bure, I'll stand right by. each zone. I know the weight of our which in spite of appearances, will greatly We'll take a pull-all-together. And the books, but I'm not familiar with the parcel diminish bloodshed." nost rates. I can look them up for the rate

book myself but I thought you could give breach in my admiration for Garmany. A me the information more quickly. Ask few days later I read in an evening paper a I felt rather cross that morning. I had Pannington to come here; parhaps he will speech delivered by the Kalser to his solremained some time in the private office.

> were ready and confident. "Of course he'd know," Roger grumbled ohimself. "That's just the kind of in, formation that an office grind like Pennington has at the tip of his tongua" A few days later Pennington went to the manager with a scheme for a different routing of shipments which he figured would

effect a considerable saving in transports. tion charges. He carried with him a num her of closely figured sheets which had aroused Rager's good-humored contempt and he and Mr. Young spent the greater "It looks to me as though it would be word as the Kaiser Wilhelm had telegraph-He blushed. "Well, you see, that blg | worth trying, Pennington," Reger heard | ed to him, 'If Austria is afraid, Gormany the manager say at last. "That's what we feare notody, and to burn the bridges

want, the practical, money-saving ideas." have just declared war on Russia." Roger at his deak bit his line in verstion, but again comforted himself with the sion. I fall sure that the Kaiser Willielm thought that this was the sort of thing to instead of being the instrument of Godhe expected of an office prind. When his | was inspired by the devil " own ideas were worked out-well. Mr. Young would have something worth while

But slas for day dreams! The next day goes, Roger was asked to change desks with Ponnington.

"Your work is largely routine," Mr. Young explained carolessly, "so that it While nothing had been said to indicate maken no difference at what deak you work. that his work was not satisfactory, he But I find that I am constantly having to knew without being told that he had lost Most of the so-called theatrical stare are refer to Pennington for information about the chance of which he had thought himself In the teaching of the children let us fling get at him quickly. He has the best group | vague ambitions, and had forgotten that

his few personal belongings from the deak mastering the dall and tedious routine.

IF I WERE YOU

If I a little girl could be,

Well—just like you,

With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,

Huch eyes of blue, and shining hair,

What do you think I'd do?

I'd wear so bright and aweet a smile,

I'd he so loving all the while,

I'd be so helpful with my hand,

Ho quick and gentle to command,

You soon would use,

That averyone would turn to say, "Tis good to meet that child to-day." You, you, my bird; that's, what I'd do

If I were you. Or, If I chanced to be a boy, Like some I know. With orisp ourls sparkling in the sun, And eyes all beaming bright with fun— Ah, if I could be so. I'd strive and strive with all my might To be so true, so brave, polite,
That is me each one might behold.
A here, as in days of old,
"Twould be a joy.
To hear one, looking at me, say :
"My cheer and comfort all the day."

It would be so.

Yau, If I were a boy, Y know -Independence

TWENTY YEARS AGO From Our Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 26th, 1896

1867. There were no trains here from 8 o'clock on Thursday until 3 p. m. on Batafter 6 p.m. on Thursday was received on "I see you're still at it, Pennington. If Monday morning. A big drift at Kenand a big gang of man for several bours The words were pleasant enough, but A couple of busileed citizens went up to

to see the snow plough come through. Mrs. Wm. Masalas, by falling on the corner of her home, sustained a fractured

rooms : Mesera Alex. Grant, T. H. Hard-Alexander McLachlan, the rost, died at

MARRIED McDowkl.L. ANDRESS - In Toronto. od January 2nd, by Rev. Wm. Patterson, George Alfred McDowell, of Georgetown, to Annie, daughter of the late lienj. Anderson, Anton.

LOCKEN-ANDERSON -At the home of the bride's father, on March 18th, by Rav. A. Hlair, B. A., Samuel J. Looker, to Maggie, daughter of John B. Anderson, all of Nassageways.

Rev. Hamuel Fear, aged 04 years. Mann-In Erquesing, near Acton, on Baturday, March 21st, Susan, daughter of Mr. Alexander Mann, aged 38 years. Monux -- At the Methodist Personage, Palmeraton, on Monday, March 23rd Mary Melisan Newton, wife of Rev. T.

Albert Moore, aged 35 years. MALONRY-At the home of a friend in Glossig, after a very brief illness, Roy Richard D. Maloney, Parish Priest of Durham, and son of the late David

Maloney, Acton, aged 28 years.

COOLED HIS GERMANISM "The Paris "Matin" prints the following leading member of the Carlist party, the

left upright, nor a roof intact. With such

"Buch atroclous words made the first diere in which he declared that he had Apparently Pennington did know, for he learned that two French military doctors had entered Metz and poisoned the garriand his answers to Mr. Young's questions son wells with cholers microbes. Then I understood that such a man was not morely cruel but a shameless liar and calumnia.

"I also had an opportunity of learning of the grief of the Russian Ambassador, who told one of his friends how he had, in an interview with Emperor Francis Joseph.

declared his Government ready to make important concessions to avoid war. "The aged monarch had yielded to his prayers and authorized him to telegraph to Petrograd that all danger of war was over. The next morning the Ambassador was burriedly summoned to the Emperor, who said that he was obliged to take back his

"This revelation compelled my conver-

hubby quite taking wife everywhere he

to the winds our pendantry and teach of detail of anyholy we've had with us in in business one cannot fly to the top on the wings of hexy ideas, but must advancester Hoger's heart was heavy as he removed I by step, and rise not by shirking, but by

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