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APRIL DAYS

When April days go dancing
Along the road to May,
With here a flower, and there a shower,
And never time to stay.

The brooks are full of little ways
That race and chase in glee,
And all the flooding rivers
Rush on to find the sea.

Then spring the brave green grasses
On every hill and plain,
A mighty host in field and coast,
They laugh in sun and rain.

The morning wakes in melody,
And mirth finds time to stay,
When April days go dancing
Along the road to May.

HOW THE EXPRESS WAS SAVED

"HOW do you feel now, dearie?" A tired, white-faced mother, worn with her night-long vigil, bent tenderly over the little sufferer on the bed. But there was no reply to her question—the sick child was too far gone for that. Only slight movement of the lips and a faint quivering of the eyelids told that she had heard and understood. Mary Murlow wrung her hands despairingly, and turned to where her husband sat, with his face half covered with his hands.

"Oh Jim, why doesn't the doctor come?"

Marlow looked up and crossing the room to where his wife stood, put his arms around her to comfort her. "There, there, Mary," he said, huskily, "don't give way, dear; Hampton surely can't be long now. The trouble is that the floods are rising everywhere, and in many places have already covered the roads. That is what is keeping him back. And we've done everything we can for the little one. She's in the Lord's hands now."

Yes, they had done all they could, this sorrow-stricken man and woman, and there was nothing left to do but to watch and wait for the doctor's coming. Their house stood miles out from the city, in a village nestling among the hills. And the floods were out—Jim, himself, had all his work cut out to get through—with the water still rising. It would be no easy matter for Dr. Hampton to reach them, indeed, even if he managed to get through at all. But he came at last, wet, breathless, splashed to the eyes. Explaining briefly that he'd been detained by the forming floods, the doctor turned towards the suffering child. She was breathing fitfully and with great labor. Her lips were white, and the perspiration stood in beads on her forehead. Presently he turned, and beckoning the anxious parents to follow him, went out of the room.

"Your little girl is in an extremely critical condition," he said gravely. "In fact, there is only one thing that can save her, and that is an operation within two hours at the latest." The woman sank half fainting into a chair, and the man said, brokenly, "Go on, sir."

"Well, this operation—an extremely difficulty and delicate one—I can't undertake. I am only an ordinary practitioner, and this job is quite beyond me. In fact, there's only one man within forty miles that could perform it with any hope of success—Haynes Leslie, of Portville, and what you must do Marlow, is to take my machine—I've cycled over—and ride like a man possessed down into Portville and get Leslie. I'll stay here and watch the child. Wait a moment. Give him this note. Tell him also that I foresaw this crisis and that the necessary instruments are here."

Marlow was on his way to the door before the doctor had well finished speaking.

"Now, remember, everything depends on Leslie being here in a couple of hours," he warned, as Jim wheeled out into the road. "Oh, and, Marlow, you'll find the water over the road between Abbottsville and Brailey. I ran right into it. You'd better follow the railroad track for a couple of miles. You'll get through in half the time."

The rain had now ceased, but the ground was sodden, and the going terribly hard. Every now and then Jim found himself riding through water a foot deep. But it made no difference. On he went through slush or mud or flood. The thought of what depended on his speed turned his muscles into steel. On he rode feeling no fatigue, his heart pounding his breast. One thought only possessed him—the saving of his little girlie, dearer to him than life.

Just above Abbottsville he turned on to the railroad. All of a sudden he caught sight of something which halted him in spite of all his eagerness. He was passing through a deep cutting, and right in front of him, across the metals, lay a huge, red mass of earth and rock—tons upon tons of it. What did it mean? The mystery disappeared when he came up to it. Undermined by the torrential rains a portion of the face of the cutting had collapsed and fallen across the track. Not a soul was in sight, and Jim, realizing what that meant felt his heart grow almost cold. If he turned aside from his journey to obtain help, he would be too late with Dr. Leslie. And, if he went on——

"I can't help it," he said aloud. "Things must take their course. I can't let my own child die. Probably someone else will be along in a few minutes." He went on and then stopped again. A sudden thought hit him straight between the eyes. He whipped out his watch. It was half-past three. In less than a quarter of an hour the Western Express would be due at that point. He stood panting, his face working convulsively. A sudden vision rose up before him—the express as he had often watched it thunder by, bearing its freight of precious lives, its burden of living, breathing, palpitating humanity, its host of little children with chubby noses and hands pressed against the window panes, as the looked out of the landscape. Children like his own dear girlie. Little children!

Then, for one awful instant, rose up another vision—the leap of the maddened locomotive; the rending of wood and the crashing of steel; the roar of flames; the piercing, heart-rendering screams—— He put it all from him with a fierce gesture. "God have mercy on 'em," he muttered between his clenched teeth. "I can't help it. It's my little one's life against theirs. I can't kill my own child."

Once more he started forward, till he came to the spot where he was to leave the railroad tracks for the highway. He began to mount the bank, the bicycle slung over one shoulder. Suddenly he stopped and flung it down with a half-smothered sob. How could he abandon scores, perhaps, hundreds, of human beings to an awful fate, when it lay within his power to save them—ay, even though in so doing he must sacrifice his own child?

"I can't do it," he burst out; "I can't do it. The express must be saved. And Mary would think the same."

He dashed down on to the track once, more. There was still ten minutes! He took his wheel and dashed along in the direction in which the express would come. Some considerable distance away from the great heap of obstructing earth and rock he halted, dismounted, to wait for the coming of the express. Marlow took out his watch. Nearly a quarter to four. No hope now of Dr. Leslie getting to the bedside of his little girl within the two hours. Well, he could but do his duty, and if he could not save both the train and his child——

Then he stiffened. There was a faint subdued vibration in the air. The metals began to hum. The express was coming! Another moment, and it came into sight, a mere speck in the distance. In an instant Jim had his coat off, and began waving it frantically around his head. On came the express like a whirlwind! Louder and louder grew the roar! Would the engineer never see him? Ah! A hoarse shriek of warning burst from the racing monster. Marlow redoubled his efforts, waving his arms, and shouting with all his might. Another whistle! Would they never apply the brakes? Yes, there it was—that hissing, grinding noise which told that the brakes were being shut down. The express was pulled up. "I've done—done it," he cried hysterically; "I've saved the train—but—but—I've killed my own child!"

He was just conscious of blurting out his news to the people who crowded around him; then he felt his knees give way beneath him, and everything passed into oblivion.

* * *

A grave, middle-aged man was kneeling by Jim Marlow when he opened his eyes. He gazed around for a moment; then as recollection came crowding back, he gave a smothered cry, and attempted to rise.

"God have mercy—my little child," he cried.

"There—there—don't excite yourself," said the middle-aged man, kindly. "Take it easy for a minute or two."

"The brave fellow's a bit delirious, isn't he, Doc?" remarked a sympathetic passenger.

Jim started up at the word. "Doctor! Are you a doctor, sir?"

The other man nodded. "Yes," he replied; "Haynes Leslie, of Portville."

Marlow gave a loud cry of wonder, joy and astonishment, mingled in one. He passed a trembling hand over his eyes.

"Now I thank my God," he said solemnly, "that He has had pity on us, and helped me to do the right thing in spite of myself."

He struggled hastily to his feet, fumbled in his pocket for Doctor Hampton's note, found it, and handed it to the other doctor. "Read that, Doc," he said. "I was on my way to get you, when I ran up against this."

Leslie read the note hurriedly, then took out his watch. "How long will it take, walking, to get over to your home?"

"Nearly half an hour."

"Then," said the doctor, "we are well within the time. Gentlemen," he went on, turning to the crowd of passengers, standing on the tracks, "this brave man's deed must be remembered another day. But I must hurry him away now. It is a matter of life or death."

Taking Jim's arm, he led him through the crowd. "Now as fast as you like," he said, as they started forward. "Come on and bring your machine along.

* * *

It was nearly two hours later that Jim and Mary Marlow sat waiting with sickening anxiety in the outer room of their hillside home. Presently the door of the bedroom opened and the two doctors came quietly out. The parents started to their feet, the question they dared not ask glistening from their eyes.

Dr. Leslie smiled reassuringly. "It's all right," he said, in a low, but cheery, tone. "Everything has gone off well—very well indeed. Of course, you'll need a nurse, but Dr. Hampton will see to that, and tell you what else to do for the little patient. I think you may safely dismiss all fears as to her ultimate recovery."

The fountain of the mother's tears was unsealed. "How can I thank you, doctor?" she sobbed, as the tears raised down.

"Thank me for nothing, madam. You—all of us—must thank your husband. Had he not saved my life this afternoon, I couldn't well have saved your child's tonight."—Western Recorder.

SEVENTEENSONS IN THE ARMY

Surely there would never have been any need to introduce compulsory military service if every British mother had followed the example of Mrs. Davis, of Church Stretton, Salop, Eng.

This good lady, the widow of a soldier, has given no fewer than seventeen sons to the Army, of whom fourteen were actually on active service with the Colours on September 15th, 1914, six weeks only after the outbreak of the war.

Then there is Mrs. Potter, a Portsmouth Eng., widow, aged eighty-three, who has been awarded a prize "locally for being the head of the family with the most members in the fighting service. Sixteen of her grandsons are in the Army or the Navy, and the husbands of four of her granddaughters are on active service, making twenty of her descendants altogether fighting for King and country. In addition, two other grandsons, now dead, were in the Navy.

FRED'S SENTINEL

Fred had been reading for a long time, it seemed to Elsie; and she did wish that he would stop and play with her instead. She could not understand what he found so interesting in those big books without pictures.

Suddenly he looked up and asked, "Papa what is a sentinel?"

"Well, Fred," said papa, "I usually find that the best starting point for such a question is the dictionary, and here is what it says: 'Sentinel, one who watches or guards; specifically, a soldier set to guard an army, camp or other place from surprise, to observe the approach of danger and give notice of it."

"O, yes, I know," said Fred. "A sentinel is a soldier with a blue uniform and a bayonet." And his eyes sparkled as he spoke.

"Well," said Papa, "a soldier may be and often is a sentinel, but there are sentinels who are not soldiers, and, come to think of it I believe there is one out in the yard now."

"O, where?" asked Fred and Alice in the same breath, looking out of the window eagerly.

"Put on your hats and come with me," said papa. "But wait; first you must be sure of your definition. What would a sentinel be doing?" Papa smiled down into their eager faces.

"Watching," said Fred who was quick to catch a meaning.

"Very good," said papa, "And now we will go and look for one."

Fred looked doubtful; he was a little afraid that his papa was joking; and Elsie with her mind full of soldiers held very close to papa's hand.

They went out through the garden and close to the barnyard fence. "Now," said papa, quietly, "see who can find the sentinel first."

Fred and Elsie looked about. There was nothing alive in sight but the geese and they were fast asleep. Then they noticed that one great white goose was not asleep, but was standing awkwardly upon one leg, looking here and there.

"O!" exclaimed Fred, "I know—" But before he had finished the sentence there was a loud "Quack, quack!" from the big white goose, and instantly the whole flock were wide awake and noisily flapping their wings.

Then how papa and Elsie and Fred laughed! "He was a sentinel sure enough," said Fred, "for he not only watched but gave the alarm. Do geese always have a sentinel on guard when they sleep?"

"Yes," said papa, "They never sleep without one of their number on guard."

"Well," said Fred with another laugh, "they're not such geese as we take them for after all, are they?"

THE BEER AND WINE FALLACY

To the Editor:

Dr. Kress, third Vice-President of the American Medical Society for the Study of Alcohol and other narcotics, says, "The beer industry in the United States has practically developed during the past sixty years. Previous to that very little beer was sold. Whiskey, brandy, and other spirituous liquors were used. The average consumption of alcohol was at that time one and one-third gallons per head annually.

The beer consumption has increased by leaps and bounds. The breweries now turn out over sixty-five million barrels of beer annually. The annual consumption of alcohol per capita in the form of beer is over one and one-half gallons. This means that now there is more alcohol consumed per capita in the form of beer than was consumed sixty years ago in the form of whiskey, brandy, beer and all other alcoholic beverages combined.

This increase in the use of beer has not resulted in a decrease of the stronger drinks. We are now consuming per capita three gallons of alchol instead of one and one third and that in spite of the efforts to stop the whole traffic. It is evident then that beer has not made for temperance in America.

Beer is not a "liquid food," or a "health drink" as it is claimed. Indeed pure whiskey with pure water added to reduce it to four per cent. alcohol is less injurious than an equal quantity of beer which contains four per cent. alcohol and other injurious substances. It is difficult to find a heavy beer drinker forty years of age with a normal heart, liver or kidneys. These vital organs from the excessive burden that is put on them, wear out prematurely. The beer drinker may have an abundance of flesh but it is of inferior quality. Surgeons do not care to operate on him because the chances of recovery are minimized. Should the beer drinker be taken down with pneumonia or some other febrile disease that taxes the heart and kidneys, he would have but three chances out of ten to recover. So much for the physical ills of beer drinking.

The bad moral effect produced by habitual beer drinking is even more marked. It produces a moral grossness and seems to destroy the finer and nobler instincts. Dr. A. Forel of the University of Zurich says "One needs only to study in Germany the "beer joker," beer conversations and beer literature among the academic youth of Germany; the drinking of beer has killed the ideals and ethics and has produced an incredible vulgarity."

H. Arnott, M.B., M.C.P.S.

OH, WHAT'S THE USE

"What is a roost, dad?" asked Tommy.

"A roost, my son, is a pole upon which chickens sit at night," replied his father.

"And what's a perch, dad?"

"A perch is what chickens perch on."

"Then I suppose, dad, a chicken could roost on a perch?" came the further inquiry.

"Of course," was the smiling reply.

"And they could perch on a roost?"

"Why, y-yes," answered dad.

"But if the chickens perched on a roost that would make the roost a perch, wouldn't it? But if just after some chickens came along and roosted on the perch and made it a perch some more chickens came along and perched on the roost and made it a roost, then the roost would be a perch and the perch would be a roost, and some of the chickens would be perchers and the others would be roosters, and—"

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From Our Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 9th, 1896

St. Ann's station on the line to Hamilton has been re-named Tansley, the same as the post office.

Mr. Jos. A. Speight had his right wrist gashed and badly bruised on Tuesday, in his shop. He was ripping an ash plank with a circular saw, and a loose piece caught on the saw and was hurled against his wrist.

Evangelist Reid gave a beautiful and and instructive lime light exhibition of views on Good Friday night in the Methodist Church under the auspices of the Epworth League. The best series was that illustrating the beauties of Switzerland. They were superbly colored works of art.

Acton Temperance Union officers for next quarter are: President—Duncan McDonald; Vice-President—Fred Smith; Secretary—T. J. Edmiston; Ass't Secretary—H. Rasalas; Treasurer—Miss Annie Stephenson; Chaplain — Miss Nellie Stauffer; Usher—Miss Octavia Leavens; Sentinel—Lawrence Williams; Organist—Miss M. McIntosh.

Enumeration week at the post office howed the handling of postage, $71.29; average for 1895 about $45; Canadian letters mailed, 1,840; Foreign, 7; Canadian cards, 373; Foreign, 6; Registered Letters, 58. The blocking of trains the previous week probably somewhat increased the figures.

Mr. D. W. Campbell, one of the editors of the Milton Champion, and Treasurer of the County, died last Thursday after about four days' illness.

Acton Fire Brigade officers were elected on Monday evening at a largely attended meeting of the members. Those elected are: Chief—John Lawson; Capt. Hose Reel—W. H. Walker; Capt. Hook and Ladder—Angus Lawson; Secretary-Treasurer—Chester Matthews; Ass't. Secretary—Lawrence Williams; Lieut. No. 1 Hose Reel—John Warwick; Foreman Hook and Ladder—Thomas Gamble. Hiram Swackhamer was appointed fireman in the vacancy caused by the removal of J. J. Pearson. Assistants will be H. Grindell and Geo. Vincent. The Chief appointed Messrs. Harvey, Grindell and the two Captains to act with himself as a committee to draft men to different sections.

Mr. G. F. Marter has resigned the leadership of the Ontario Opposition and Mr. J. P. Whitney, of Morrisburg, has been chosen to succeed him.

Mr. John Watson, who went to the northwest a few weeks ago to settle up his business there preparatory to removing to the old homestead here, returned this week. He brought 3,500 bushels of oats with him.

Miss Boals, of St. Mary's, was the guest of Miss Cassie McPhail, over Easter. Her sister, Miss Maggie Boals, who taught in the school here for some time is in Brandon, Man.

USEFUL HINTS

Always dip the hands in cold water before making pastry.

Plaster of paris if mixed with vinegar can be worked like putty.

A good cereal of coffee is an excellent thing for the schoolchildren's breakfast.

All soot that come into the kitchen should be saved and clarified by melting.

Clothes that must be ironed in a short time must be sprinkled with very hot water.

Always use the oven on ironing day for preparing dishes which require slow cooking.

People who wear off the heels of their unevenly can grind them down on a grindstone.

Hang wet curtains on the wooden curtain poles as soon as washed and they will dry gracefully.

Keep tacks in glass jars or glasses. This saves opening boxes to find the particular kind you want.

Mint will grow in water, like many other plants. If left in a sunny window and given plenty of air.

To remove rust cover the stain thickly with powdered alum and steam ten minutes over boiling water.

Try to induce the children to eat.

STAGECOACH ETHICS

Many years ago Simon Peter Richardson, a noted Georgia circuit rider, wanted to go from Gainesville to Dahlonega. The only means of travel was a stagecoach. Approaching the driver, the old preacher inquired: "What do you charge to Dahlonega?" The driver replied: "$2.50 for first-class, $2 for second-class, and $1.50 for third-class." Fearing the rough roads and desiring to be as comfortable as possible, the old minister paid first-class fare.

The moment the stagecoach started the first-class passenger observed next to him on the right a man whom he had seen pay second-class fare and next to him on the left a man whom he had seen pay third-class fare. He was much perplexed and thought he had been imposed upon. He decided, however, to wait until the end of the journey to make complaint.

As the old coach jolted along, the uncomfortable minister found himself growing righteously indignant. He was wondering if he could contain his wrath to the end of the trip, when, halfway up a steep hill, the coach stopped, with a sudden lurch, in mud half-hub deep.

With a wholly serious face the driver called back: "All second-class passengers git out an' walk; all third-class passengers git out an' push; all first-class passengers keep y'r seats." And Simon Peter Richardson understood.

HEARD IT BOBOLK

Olive, aged four years, went for a walk with her father one June morning. Hearing a bird singing by the roadside she stopped to admire his beautiful black-and-white coat.

"Oh, father," she exclaimed, "see this bobolink!"

"How do you know it's a bobolink," asked the father.

"'Cause I 'stinctly heard it bobble,' was the reply.

WITHOUT A SMILE YOU ARE

Like bread without the spreadin',
Like puddin' without sauce;
Like a mattress without beddin',
Like a cart without a hoss;
Like a door without a latchstring,
Like a fence without a stile;
Like a dry and barren creek bed
Is a face without a smile.

Like a house without a dooryard,
Like a yard without a flower;
Like a clock without a mainspring
That will never tell the hour—
A thing that sort o' makes you feel
A hunger all the while.
O, the saddest thing that ever was
Is the face without a smile.

The face of man was made for smiles,
An' thereby is he blest
Above the critters of the field,
The birds and all the rest.
He's just a little lower
Than the angels in the skies;
An' the reason is that he can smile,
Therein his glory lies.

So smile and don't forgit to smile
An' smile an' smile ag'in;
'Twill loosen up the cords o' care
An' ease the weight o' sin;
'Twill help yo' on the longest road
An' cheer you mile by mile.
An' so, whatever is your lot,
Jes' smile, an' smile, an' smile.

—Selected

TELL HIM SO

Don't be afraid to praise people. It is well to say that it hurts a boy or a woman or man to praise; there may be those who do their best work without encouragement but let us remember that nearly all human beings work best when encouraged.

It is a great mistake not to tell people when you are satisfied with them. If the cook sets before you a dinner fit for a king tell her so.

Don't be too lofty to praise the office boy if his work is commendable. Tell him so.

It is harder for some people to give praise than it is for them to give money. Many a generous man is a very niggard of praise.

Do you like to be praised yourself? Then depend upon it the other fellow will like it.

Pour the oil of encouragment on the wheels of progress and watch 'em whirl. I'm not advocating soft soap or flattery or gush. No one likes to be gushed at, and any fool can tell flattery from the real thing.

But when a man has made a hit with you tell him so. He may be dead before you get another chance, or you may die yourself.

It takes quality to appreciate quality, so when you praise a thing you are really offering a compliment to yourself. Don't that appeal to you? Will you let all the good things in life pass you by and be as mum as a dead owl?

Wake up, man. Watch out for a chance to praise some one, admit to your own self that you like what he has done and then—tell him so.

DO IT WELL

Great men are telling us every day to do whatever we undertake a little bit better than anyone else has done it. In no art or life activity is it ever safe for a man to fall below the very best that is in him. This idea appears strikingly and eloquently in the epitaph carved by rude hands on the tombstone of a Western cowboy: "He done his blamedest. Angels could do no better." We all recall an old verse that conveys the same idea:

"If I were a cobbler,
I'd make it my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should stand an old kettle like me."

It does not matter how humble the next task before you may be, give it the last ounce of your energy. Do it a little better than the other fellow.

"Do the thing that is next, saith the proverb,
And a nobler shall succeed.
'Tis the motive exalts the action;
'Tis the doing, not the deed."

You have nothing to do with the task the Lord has assigned you; that is his business. You have everything to do with how that task is done; that is your business. No man can do a small job superbly well without at the same time fitting himself for a bigger job.—by Wallace M. Crutchfield.

GOT MIXED ON THE VOWELS

Many children are so crammed with everything, says 'Everybody's,' that they really know nothing. In proof of this read these veritable specimens of definitions written by public school children:

"Stability is taking care of a stable."

"A mosquito is the child of black and white parents."

"Vocalu is something to do with getting drunk."

"Expostulation is to have the smallpox."

"Cannibal is two brothers who killed each other in the Bible."

"Anatomy is the human body, which consists of three parts—the head, the chist and stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chist contains the lungs and a piece of liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five—a, e, i, o and u, and sometimes w and y."

FOR THE DEFENCE

Jim, the accused, was explaining to the court how he came to be caught with the goods.

"Yo' see judge, bit were jest a our'ous coincidence. Ah was gwine home by ol' man Johnson's place, an' sump'n mus' ha' skeered the chick'ns. One ol' fool rooster he flew squar into ma arms. An' he was skeered he jes' hung fas' to me, an' Ah was so skeered, Ah jes' hung fas' to him. An' bafo' Ah could make him laggo ol' man Johnson he came roun, an' things natchelly look a li'l mite suspishus.

Asthma is Torture. No one who hasn't gasped for breath in the power of asthma knows what such suffering is. Thousands do know, however from experience how immeasurable is the relief provided by that marvellous preparation, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. For years it has been relieving and curing the most severe cases. If you are a sufferer do not delay a day in securing this remedy from your druggist.

Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.