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And prayed that God would speed thy wing
And blessed news of Peace to bring.

We now behold thee with our eye,
And hear thy gracious loving cry;
Peace and goodwill for ever more
Shall ne'er depart from Britain's shore.

Return again on silvery wing,
A load from Paradise to bring
Of leaves from off the Eternal Tree
Which soothes and heals and sets men free.

For hearts and homes are sadly riven,
And need the healing balm of Heaven;
To bind their wounds and ease their pain,
So long as War's results remain.

Then on our knees we all shall raise
A psalm of thanksgiving and Praise,
For husbands, brothers, sons returned,
For Peace and Joy throughout the world.

The greatest War this Earth hath seen,
The noblest triumphs ever been;
For Right o'er Might, at last stands high;
And Kings may read as they pass by.

And Righteousness and Truth shall sway,
When Thrones and Empires pass away.
And Christ alone the King shall be
Of every Land from Sea to Sea.

Praise to the Father and the Son
Blest Spirit Praise to Thee:
And while Eternal ages run,
Amen; so let it be. —M. G. Smith.

Aberdeen, 11th November, 1918.

Sent from Aberdeen, Scotland to Mr. A. Lees, Church Street, by his sister, Mrs. D. C. Low.

When Neighborliness Increased on the Salt Marsh

By Josiah Swett

"HOW much do ye figger thet salt hay was wuth, Si?" questioned Clarence Story, proprietor of the Lanesboro general store and postoffice, of Silas Butterworth, who had dropped in after his mail. "I hear thet Joe was fined five dollars by Jedge Thompson this mornin'."

"Wuth? It wasn't wuth nothin' skeerly," replied Butterworth, growing very red as he noted the general grin of the stove loungers. "It wasn't the wuth o' the hay, Clarence, but the principle o' the thing."

"'Bout the same stripe as sliddin' one's hand into my cracker-barrel, I reckon," remarked Story, having in mind Butterworth's well-known propensity in that direction.

"Haw-haw, Cit. Thet's one on ye," cried Jake Folger.

"Give me a bill for any 'crackers I ever took out o' your cracker-barrel an' I'll pay it!" said Butterworth. "Thar ain't no comparison twixt salt hay an' crackers. I may have took a cracker or two jest to sample 'em but giff Joe, it was a plain case o' steelin'. I'm glad we've got an honest jedge, a man thet could see things as I see 'em."

The facts of the case were that Butterworth had had Joe Bousquet, a local Frenchman, arrested for stealing a small quantity of hay from one of his numerous stacks down on the marsh. Joe took it for the purpose of filling a bed tick. Butterworth caught him in the act, chancing to be down river at the time, and before noon he had sworn out a warrant for his arrest.

Joe Bousquet was somewhat of a new resident of Lanesboro. He had come to town a year or so previous. He went clamming through the spring, summer, and early fall, and with the coming of cooler weather devoted his attention to gunning for geese and ducks, great flocks of which settled from time to time in the numerous creeks which wound their way in and out through the immense tract of marsh which reached from Lanesboro village to the sea. Joe lived in a shack two miles down the river.

"Ah tank Ah sleep ver' good on so big price hay," remarked Joe cheerfully the day that he paid his fine of five dollars, addressing Clarence Story, coming into the store an hour after Butterworth had left.

"I'll warrant ye will, Joe," replied Story, checking up numerous purchases which the Frenchman had ordered, "I persume the jedge had to fine ye, considerin' the facts, but it was purty small bualnegs on Si's part to make sech a touse over a forkful o' salt hay."

"Ah forgeet 'bout eet, maybe sometime," said Joe, taking out his wallet, "but Ah was ver' mad when Ah geet arrest."

It was early in September when Joe was arrested. Six weeks later he started in with his hunting. Geese and ducks proved to be plentiful and he averaged to make far more money with his gun that he could possibly have made working on the flats with the rest of the clammers. Noting his success, two or three of the clammers followed his example. Among them was Edward Butterworth, the only son of Silas Butterworth, a young man of perhaps eighteen years.

With the coming of winter the gunning ceased to be sport. It was downright hard work. It meant the lying in a hide for hours, the while chilled to the marrow. It meant long pulling at the oars in the face of a wintry blast, doubly long now that the smaller creeks were frozen, making impossible short cuts through the marsh.

"Headed down river to-day, Ed?" questioned Captain Hallock, calling to Butterworth who was about to step aboard his gunning-boat at the landing.

"Yes, Cap'n, I guess I'll try 'em again. Pretty cold, but there are lots of birds scattered through the marsh. Got fifteen ducks and two geese yesterday."

"Look out ye don't get lost on the ma'sh, Ed," cautioned the captain. "I'm thinkin' thar'll be fog afore night. Thar's a ma'sh tide to-day. Ye won't know whar ye be if a fog settles down on ye with the ma'sh a foot or two under water."

"Oh, I'm pretty good on location, Cap'n," laughed Ed. "I've been out in a fog before now and somehow managed to find my way home again. Still, I won't take any unnecessary chances."

The prophesied fog held off for a time, but late that afternoon it crept in from the sea, coming with the flood tide. It caught Edward Butterworth far out on the marsh. Still, he was not worried. He had had excellent luck with his gun and he did not hurry about starting for home. It was not until the tide was well up and night was at hand that he picked up his oars and started, as he believed, for the landing. It was intensely cold and he was glad enough to exercise his muscles at the oars.

"Where, in the world am I?" exclaimed the young man, at length resting for a moment on his oars. "I ought to be out in the channel by this time. It's curious how strange a fog and a marsh tide will make things look. I wish I had started earlier."

For an hour or more Butterworth pulled at the oars. Finally he reached land, but much to his alarm, he recognized the spot as part of a barren stretch of sand more than four miles long, with no human habitation on it. The dismal moaning of the bar told him that he was near the mouth of the river, four miles from the landing at Lanesboro.

The tide had now turned and realizing that it would be a stiff pull up the river, Butterworth again launched his boat and bent to the oars, exerting himself to the utmost. At last he had got his bearings and he flattered himself that he could follow the winding course of the river. It was not long, however, before he found that he was mistaken, occasional stacks of salt hay resting on short posts driven into the marsh, to keep it out of the reach of the tide, telling him that he had wandered away from the channel and was somewhere on the marsh.

The hard pull against the tide had somewhat exhausted the young man, and now, knowing not which way to head, his teeth chattered. His efforts at the oars had failed to keep at bay the intense cold which had come with the night. He well knew his danger and once more struggled at the oars. Finally his boat grounded on the marsh and he hastened to get it off into a creek, well knowing that once marooned there on the marsh there could be no escape; at least, he could figure no possible escape.

Suddenly he heard the dip of oars and he shouted.

"Hello!"

"Ah heard yo'."

"That you, Joe?" questioned Butterworth, recognizing the man's voice.

"Ah tank eet be," replied the boatman. "Ah 'mos' can't see mahse'f, but Ah tank eet be me."

"Well, I'm lost and 'most frozen," called Butterworth, pulling in the direction whence came the man's voice.

"Ah jus' tanking Ah was los' mah self," replied the Frenchman. "Ah guess maybe we row till sun heem com' up."

"I'm freezing, Joe!" cried Butterworth, pulling alongside. "I'm all in."

Joe struck a match and looked keenly into the young man's face. An instant later he dashed the flaring match into the water.

"Si's boy!" he growled.

"Joe, can't you find the way to town?" choked the youth.

The Frenchman noted the despair in the young man's appeal. Butterworth had laid hold of the gunwale of the Frenchman's boat, and Joe felt the trembling of the boat under the young man's unsteady hand. Personally, he had long since made up his mind to keep at the oars, if need be, until daylight, thus fighting off the bitter cold, but he realized that the case of his companion was far different. He knew that death was not far off.

"Com'," he said. "Follow five, maybe t'ree boat-lenk. Ah get yo' beeg warm."

Joe turned his boat sharply, and pulling slowly that he might not lose sight of his companion, he rowed for perhaps three minutes. The two boats were in a creek of considerable size and rowing in to the shore, Joe hooked his anchor into the marsh, directing Butterworth to do likewise.

"Ah tank yo' mos' freeze," remarked the Frenchman, noting how slowly the young man arose, and helping him up the bank onto the marsh.

Close at hand was a big stack of salt hay and to this he led Butterworth. An instant later Joe struck a match and fired the stack.

"Yo' mos' freeze; now yo' mos' bake, maybe," he remarked cheerfully. "Don't yo' stan' ver' close first t'ing, 'cause yo' cry like leetle baby when heem blood start."

It was but a very few minutes before the stack of hay was a raging furnace of flames and while the fire was at its bright est Joe made a short circuit until he had located a second stack an eighth of a mile or so distant. Fixing the location in his mind, he returned to the fire, where for more than two hours they were fairly comfortable before the embers.

At length, however, Joe led the way to the second stack and touched a match to it. In a word, Joe made his way from stack to stack until daybreak, burning in all five of them. Then, the fog having lifted, on the flood tide, they got into their boats and started for town.

"Ah tank som' mans geet ver' mad 'cause heem hay burn," ruminated the Frenchman as they settled to the oars.

"Don't you worry, Joe," replied Butterworth. "I'll settle for the hay."

"Maybe half, Ed," said Joe. "Joe heem keep warm heemse'f. Joe pay half."

Two hours after the start was made from the marsh, Silas Butterworth homeward bound from the adjacent city, whither he had gone in his dory the previous day, rowed in through the mouth of the river and pulled sturdily toward town. He had not gone far, however, when, looking off across the marsh, he was astonished to discover that which he expected to see was no longer there. At least, a considerable part of it was missing.

"Wall, I guess we'll see 'bout thet afore we go any farther!" he exclaimed rowing down a creek. "I can't see how the tide could carry off thet hay. I don't believe it did, nuther!

"Somebody'll smart for this!" he growled a few moments later having landed, and learned the fact that the stacks of hay had been burned. "Ten tons of hay burned! I'll have the law on somebody 'fore the week's out; mark my word on it!"

Silas Butterworth made record time to the landing, and pulling up his dory, he started for the road.

"What's your hurry, Si?" questioned Luther Bridgton, the clam wholesaler, as the old man passed his place of business.

"Ye bet I'm in a hurry!" snorted Butterworth, pausing for an instant. "I'm after the constable. Some-one-s burned ten ton of my hay down on the ma'sh last night."

"Better not get too hot up, Si," drawled Bridgton, who had learned from young Butterworth how the night had been passed on the marsh. "I can tell you who touched it off."

"Who was it?" demanded the old man.

"Joe. Jon Bousquet."

"I'll jail him for it afore noon!" yelled Butterworth.

"I doubt it, Si," chuckled Bridgton. "Fact is, Si, your boy was down there along with Joe. Guess according to what Ed told me, Joe saved your boy's life last night. Found him lost on the ma'sh and freezing to death. Happened to think about those haystacks and touched them off one at a time. Neither knew the hay belonged to you, Si, but I guess that wouldn't have made much difference one way or another under the circumstances."

The old man stood staring at Bridgton. He was clutching at his collar, the while trying to speak. At last his tongue was loosed.

"An' I was goin' to have him arrested!" he cried. Then he turned to the door. "I'm goin' to hunt up Joe an' try an' make things right twixt him an' me."

"Did ye hear 'bout Si?" questioned Captain Hallock, addressing Clarence Clarence Story the following day.

"No. I ain't heard nothin', except 'bout Joe savin' the boy's life down on the ma'sh," replied the storekeeper.

"Seems he went to Jedge Thompson this mornin' an' had thet camp o' his down to the I'int, the one he built to let, had it made over to Joe. Give him a clear title. I met Silas jest as he was comin' from the Jedge's office. I hardly kenw him. Folks has got a notion 'bout here that Si has forgot how to laugh, but I tell ye, Clarence, Si had a grin on his face when I see him thet would do your heart good. He told me what he'd done an' seemed as tickled over it as a ten-year-old boy."

Hardly had the captain ceased speaking when Silas Butterworth walked into the store. An instant later he reached stealthily into a convenient cracker barrel.

"Them's purty good crackers, Clarence," he said at length, munching one of them.

"Yes," answered Story. But he did not remind Si that "crackers cost money." Instead, he said in a neighborly way, "Take another." And Si answered:

"Don't know but I will."

Kindness of heart was surely increasing in the neighborhood of Salt Marsh.

THE SYMMETRY OF MANHOOD

The habit of being thorough and painstaking even in small things makes for that symmetry and completeness of manhood which is the highest of all ambitions. Superficial work means superficial character. You cannot half do things and come through with a finely finished character. Shirking and slighting react on yourself.

SIMPLE METHODS OF IMPROVING FOUNTAIN-PEN ACTION

A good fountain-pen does not flood, or permit too much ink to flow, unless it is in need of filling, but some pens not correctly made will flood, even when nearly full. Some pens, on the other hand, says Popular Mechanics, do not feed fast enough to write well, but require shaking or other manipulating, in order to make the ink flow. These conditions can usually be remedied by a simple treatment of the pen.

The principle on which fountain-pens work is known as capillary attraction; that is, the ink, due to its tendency to adhere to a clean, hard-rubber surface, flows into the small hole which leads to the pen point. This force of adhesion has to overcome the force of cohesion which is present in all liquids, and which causes them to resist being forced into small holes. The force of adhesion between the ink and the rubber thus provides the feed to the fountain-pen point, but this feed does not work properly unless the small capillary bore is of the right size and is kept clean. The cleanness of this bore is thus important, not only in order to keep the size of the hole from being diminished, but because the rubber surface must be reasonably clean to preserve the adhesive force.

If the pen refuses to write at intervals, it is probably dirty, and should be cleaned by forcing water, hot but not boiling, through the feed bore. If the pen is a self-filler, this is easily done by filling it several times with the hot water, and repeating. If, however, the pen, after being thoroughly cleaned, does not flow rapidly enough, the feed bore must be enlarged, which can often be done by removing the feed stem, which contains the pen point, and scraping the exposed groove with a knife.

Sometimes this part of the capillary tube is not at fault, however. If the two halves of the pen point stick together too closely, so that the ink does not readily flow between them, they should be separated by bending slightly.

If, on the other hand, the fountain-pen floods when it is well filled with ink, then the capillary action is too strong, and must be reduced. This can usually be done by injecting a little paraffin into the feed bore, or groove, thus decreasing the adhesive force between the ink and the wall of the capillary tube.

PUSHERS AND PESIMISTS

Pushers are usually in the thick of the business fight, producing.

Pessimists growl on the outskirts waiting to seize the spoils the pushers win.

Pushers build up and pessimists tear down.

Pushers blaze new trails. Pessimists travel in ruts.

Pushers are bright, cheerful, joyous and brave. Pessimists are gloomy, colorless, grouchy and weak.

Pushers boost each other and no boost all. Pessimists knock each other and thus they fall.

Pushers bring prosperity. Pessimists throw blight on all prosperity.

We're going to be a Pusher.

What are you going to be—and do? —Ohio Print.

NATURAL

A couple of boys stood watching a fractious horse snort its disapproval of an approaching motor car.

"What makes a horse do that when he sees a motor car?" asked one.

The other replied: "It's this way. Horses is used to see other horses pull carts, and they don't know what to think of carts going along without a horse. If you saw a pair of trousers walking down the street without a man in them you'd be scared, too!"

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, Jaunary 26, 1899

Acton hockey team goes to Georgetown to-night to play Milton. Saturday evening they will play at Berlin with the juniors of that town.

The License Commissioners of the County of Halton have been re-appointed: W. F. W. Fisher, Burlington; Alex. Waldie, Acton; and H. Cook, Trafalgar.

Messrs. Robertson Brothers have just completed their new frame double tenement on the corner of Maria and Agnes Streets. Messrs. Wilcs, of the Beardmore Co., and Frank Harris, manager for Robert Noble will be the first tenants.

The Ladies Aid Society held an Electric Light Social in the school room of the Methodist Church on Monday evening. After refreshments were served a musical and literary programme was presented. The proceeds are devoted to the church electric light installation fund.

The District Deputy Grand Master visited Walker Lodge, A. F. & A. M. on Monday evening. After adjournment the brethren gathered at Clark's hotel, where an oyster supper was partaken of.

The annual meeting of Knox Church was held last night. Mr. George Hynds was chairman and Dr. S. A. McKeague, secretary. The membership of the church is now 320. The total payments for all purposes amounted to $3,957 for the year.

At the meeting of Halton County Council at Milton on Tuesday, Mr. George Havill, our representative, was elected Warden for the present year.

DIED

BROWN—At 52 Albany Ave., Toronto, on January 20th, William P. Brown, formerly of Acton, in his 52nd year.

BEER AND ITS RECORD

There appears to be a strong tendency at the present time to put forward the claims of the beer-drinkers. Some go so far as to say that those who stand for beer will hold the balance of power in the vote that will decide the prohibition issue in the Province of Ontario.

In view of this, what is the standing of beer? The Pioneer's Department of Scientific Temperance has made some enquiry from the very highest medical authorities, and, put briefly, they thus express themselves:

"I think beer kills quicker than any other liquor."

"The beer drinker is much worse off than the whiskey drinker, who seems to have more elasticity and reserve power."

"It is difficult to find any part of the confirmed beer-drinker's machinery that is doing its work as it should. Physicians and insurance companies accept this as unquestionably as any other disputed fact of science."

"All beer drinkers have rheumatism, more or less, and no one can recover from it as long as he drinks beer."

"It has been known to physicians and scientific men for years that the use of alcohol, even in moderate quantities when long continued, produces various diseases of the nervous system, such as paralysis, insanity, apoplexy."

"It is my opinion, after observations of many years in the practice of medicine, that beer is doing more harm to humanity than all other alcoholic drinks."

To these opinions might be added a score of others. In fact the medical men of standing seem to be strongly arrayed against the use of beer and other alcoholic drinks.

In regard to the general effect of beer drinking upon society, it is conceded that its influence is wholly bad.

SUNSHINE AHEAD

For days the sky had been overhung with leaden clouds, and though according to the calendar spring was in full possession of her kingdom, a cold wind blew from the north and the world looked gloomy and forbidding. Then suddenly one afternoon, a few minutes before sunset, a narrow rift opened in a bank of clouds that hung above the horizon, the sun shone out gloriously, trees and shrubs glowed with a rosy light, and the windows of the few scattered houses in the neighborhood looked as though a flame had been kindled behind them.

The sudden change was reflected in the face of a girl who came up the street from the train, homeward bound after her day's work. A smile put to flight the tired and discouraged look that rested upon her face only a moment before. A few hill cast its shadow over her, but just ahead of her the sunshine lay bright and golden and she was quick to feel its influence. She was alone, with not another soul in sight, and unconsciously she spoke aloud:

"I don't care if I am in the shadow now," she said, "as long as there's sunshine ahead."

Isn't that a thought worth carrying with us when the days are dark? There comes times to everybody when sickness darkens the home, when the pinch of poverty is felt, when the work ahead of us seems too much for our strength. In such times it seems as though the sun had withdrawn its comforting face and never would shine for us again. But it is worth remembering that at any moment the clouds may break and the whole world be glorified again by the sunshine of happiness. If we can believe that there is "sunshine ahead," and be ready to greet the first bright gleams, it will make it easier to bear patiently and cheerfully the clouds that now darken the sky.—Frances Peabody.

"A ROSE IN ARRAS"

Deserted streets a few still tread
Despite the shell song over head,
The ceaseless boom of guns;
A ruined town—yet here and there
A sheltered corner or a square
Where still a fountain runs.

The jagged walls and the broken doors
Show piles of rubbish on the floors,
Of wrecked and roofless rooms;
The great Cathedral to the sky
Stands open; shattered columns lie
Among the ancient tombs.

The semblance of a town it stands;
By brutal and barbarian hands,
To desolation doomed.
Yet even now, upon the air
A breath of fragrance steals from where
A garden once has bloomed.

A rose that vigil seems to keep
Still lingers—on which stars that peep
Must look in pity down.
A sight to make the kindly weep;
A rose amid a rubble heap,
In Arras ruined town.
—Sent home by Sergt. Melfort Collier.

QUICK MIND AND READY HANDS

A young man starting to make his own way in the world, needs for capital stock a quick brain and a pair of ready hands. They will serve him many times where wealth, position, or influence would fail. In this connection a curious anecdote is told of William Murdock, an English Engineer, who was one of the first men to devise a practical means of using the gas of pit-coal for lighting purposes.

One day a poorly attired young Scotchman applied at the Old Soho Foundry for work. It chanced that he was shown into the office of one of the heads of the firm, who was a shrewd observer of character, and so thorough a man of business that he was styled "the iron king." A shabby young Scotchman in search of a situation was no uncommon visitor at the foundry in Birmingham, and as there chanced to be small need for the stray services of inexperienced young men, this one was soon summarily dismissed.

"No vacancy, young man," were the words that greeted young Murdock's ears. They were spoken lightly enough, but they fell on his heart like lead, as he used to say afterward, for he and his were so poor, and had been so hopeful, and he had made such efforts to see Mr. Boulton, all for nothing.

Loth to accept the verdict, he stood nervously fingering his hat for such a long time that Mr. Boulton turned impatiently to survey this troublesome petitioner, meaning to give him a more decided dismissal. His gaze, however, fell not upon the the young man's disconsolate face, but upon the hat that he was nervously turning about in his hands.

It was smooth and hard and black and as round as a metal pipe, a striking contrast to the beaver that was so generally worn at that time. It so excited the interest of Mr. Boulton that he asked of what it was made, and even extended his hand to take it. Then the young Scotchman related to the great "iron king" the history of the hat, which was one of his own fashioning. He had been told he ought to wear a "top" hat, not a cloth "bonnet," when he came to ask for a situation at the big forge. He had never [illegible] but he had nothing else to make it of, so he turned one in a lathe. The lathe, too, he had had to construct, without any previous knowledge of how to do it. He had succeeded fairly well, though he thought he could improve the lathe.

The "iron king" listened with interest to the story, for to him it was a record of difficulties overcome by patience and ingenuity; then, instead of repeating "No vacancy," he engaged the young man to fill a lowly position where he could earn seventeen shillings a week. Later he found he had made no mistake. The mind of the one employed was as quick, the hand as ready, for greater tasks, and it was not a great while before young Murdock was engaged in fitting and rectifying the great engines for which the foundry was famous. The day came when the master could say, "We need more Murdocks," and could give to the young man a responsible position in the firm.

A GIFT WITH A MEANING

The gifts that mean the most, that are most prized by those who receive them, are the ones that have a bit of sacrifice or unselfish love hidden away within themselves. That was what gave value to the simple gift told of in the following incident.

As I was on my way to school the other day, says a teacher, I heard somebody call my name, and looking around saw one of the boys who had been in my room the year before.

"Oh, Miss C.," he said delightedly, "I have a lily. Just see!" and he held up a box filled with earth, in which he had carefully set a small, half-opened lily bud. "Isn't it nice?" he said, stroking the petals fondly. "I love flowers so much."

"Are you going to keep it till it opens?" I asked, when I had admired it to his heart's content.

"N-no," he answered shyly, "I'm goin' to give it to you."

"To me. Oh, no! Take it home, and see if it will open."

"But I want you to have it, Miss C.," he answered earnestly. "I would over so much rather you would have it. Please take it."

That was not to be resisted, so, thanking him, I took the box with the poor little flower and carried it to school. Poor as it was, I prized it more than some of the gorgeous bouquets that were brought that afternoon by the other children.

Such a gift might well be prized, for the love and self-denial that accompanied it made the little but fragrant and beautiful.

NOBLE SAYINGS

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe. —Milton.

It is as hard a thing to maintain a sound understanding, a tender conscience, a lively, gracious, heavenly frame of spirit, and an upright life, amid contention, as to keep your candle lighted in the greatest storms. —Richard Baxter.

God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.
—Robert Browning.

Literature is very ancient, but Nature is older far. Words are wonderful, but the life of things around you is more than words.—Robert N. Downes.

True value lies in the mind, the never-yielding purpose,
Nor owns the blind award of giddy Fortune. —Thomson.