The Actor Free Bress

WHY-WORRYY

- "Come, Worry, let us walk abroad to-Let's take a little run along the way. I know a sumpy path that leads from Up to the levely fields of Wholesome
- I'll race you there .- I'm feeling fit and strong, Ho, Worry, come along
- Cure. " I set the pace on through the springstopped, Tried hard to catch his breath, and
- then he dropped. Whilst I sped on. An oney Winner of that Marathon. And since that day, when vexed by any
- When Worry's come again with visage After she had lighted the lamp in toward the girl, "I'm goin' to have was setting money mad, and some day the bracket she slipped across the you arrested!" _______ perhaps I would have done " I've challenged him to jol

THE GREEN COTTON BAG

Clara Constance Curtiss

IIEN supper was over, Phoebe Honderson usually knitted, since that was a profitable way to pass the intervals when there were no oustomers. Phoebe was decidedly careful. Most of her heighbors applied a harsher adjective to her thriftiness, and a few, like l'eter Bherman across the way, said some very scathing things about that peour Har truit of hers. But nover had any une accused her of cheating. Customors got every ounce that was coming to them, though not an ounce more, And, though'lt may seem odd, she was , very likable. Her general attractiveness had brought her several bropossils of marriage, all of which she had declined, and 'the would-be husbands had heaved their sighs and fitted on to the next-all except John

moment he throw his hat on the notion counter and flung himself down on the edge of the wood-box. Taking Phoebe was a prisoner! Her first out his knife, he began to whittle impulse was to cry out for release, but Of course you couldn't git back!" short, choppy shavings from a slat, Peter's suspicious, triumphant eyes and immediately Phoebe knew that rome before her. She could even see something was disturbing him.

asked. "Hadn't thought about it. What' Y'll wa'n't so fur off!" want to know, Phoebe, is whether you are going to sell this confounded store and marry me or not!"

Phoebe stopped knitting and smiled at him. He certainly was good to look at, with his -thick, curly hair, his strong, rugged face, his brown throat exposed where the khaki-colored shirt was thrown jauntily back on either side. Of course she was going to marry him, but not just yet. "Why, John, I'm doing exceptional

ly well this fall, and it doesn't seem like good sense to sell out when trade is booming." "That's what you've been telling me must get out! She sprang to ber

for three years, l'hoebe. I'm tired of feet. Phoebe resumed her knitting, and

John whittled faster than ever. "Do you realise, Phoebe Henderson, that you and I are growing older every year?" he said. "I'll be thirty next! week, and you're very near twenty-

John," Phoebe replied, laughing. the young man wheeled around on the of thurder! She shrank backward ders, he said slowly, "I saw a cap on wood box with his blue eyes flashing into the hen's box once more and the counter early this morning as we fire. "Do you know what I came here buried her head between her knees came by-a checked cap. You see the

"Don't be unreasonable, John," she said soothingly. "You know the fall

trade is always good, and-" Her sentence was cut short by the sharp snap of the knife blade. With one hand on his hat and the other on the door latch, John Borden turned

I've asked you to marry me. For the later in the day. When he had gone fifth time you've put me off. I've nek. back to the house she would slip home. ed you for the last time!" And he This thought expanded into a com flung himself out of the door.

the things he had said that evening, The following morning Phoebe was to l'eter Sherman.

her chickens, breakfasted and began gained for. To alt V-shaped in a hen's the routine of the day; and as she nest for six hours, not during to move swept the sidewalk in front of the lest hysterical chickens make a fuse, store she smiled and bowed to most was torture that would compute favorof the people in the automobiles that ably with any mediacval, punishment. sped by on their way to the county How her head ached from the stifling fair at Washburn. She was just shak- hir of the henhouse after the wind ing the dust from her broom when a subsided! No wonder hers were the blue-bodied car swept round the corn- stupidest things on earth. When a er. But it did, not gilde up to the rooster flapped his wings and announcstore; it shot shead, and Phoebe had ed the coming of day she went from Menderson's counter at three o'clock only time to catch a glimpse of a pure relief, but when the others joined young man with a pale-pink fluffy their fellow herald she clapped her dress on the sent beside bim. I'hoebe's eyes opened wide as she the pain in her head.

stared after the fast-disappearing car. "Gertle Pinkerton!" she exclaimed. behind her, and sank down limply on, the edge of the wood box. Perhaps roosters flew out, but l'eter stepped John meant what he had said test in.

pight! Perhaps he had asked her for 'The thought' was appalling. girll If it had been anyone but Gerwere whirting through her brain the door opened and Peter Bherman came

hurriedly, in. "Morning, Phoebel Bay, Phoebe, got any fresh eggs? Eliza wants to boll some to take up to the fair. Our hons, ain', laying none too good these

ed over to a box in the opener. In a at her; there was a hateful "guess-I- out'in brutally. "Phoebe wasn't after lifelow way she blaced the eggs in a wa'n't-so-far-off" grin on his face. Oh, your chickens! Tell him, Phoeba how hag and handed it to Peter, taking how she loathed that man! Pressing you came to be in his henhouse."

her lips tight together, she turned A little later Phoebe and John sixty cents in payment. - Half an hour later she had another abruptly toward the door.

call for eggs; it was then that she "Where you going, Phoeber" Peter disappear into the street. discovered something painful. She saked, without moving an inch. had given Peter Sherman fourteen "Home!" said Phoebe over her shouldn't have let him off so easily!" eggs for the prior of a dozen! Farmer shoulder. Mond had offered a dozen the day be- "Jest a minute, Phoebe. Queas this are going to be arrested!"-Phoebe exfore in exchange for three yards of time you got to git permission to go claimed and shivered. "I guess he's calloo at sixteen cents a yard. When bome!" .. Phoebe had measured off the place she had found that there work just round. "Yes. You see this happens to be worked that's all I know Poter had three and a quarter wards left, and since it would be difficult to dispose my chickenhouse, and it looks kinder a black-and-white-checked cap, and

the extra fraction to Farmer Mosd for lodgin'."

two Edditional eggs. After Mr. Moud left she had turned the transaction over in her mind. doubtful whether fourteen eggs at four and a half conts uplece were equiva- turned white, lent to three and a quarter yards of called at sixteen cents a yard plus the her trembling lips usked, retail profit who would ordinarily have hope of getting them back.

"Hhe's wildly extravagant and never this here strayin' fever." counts anything." Tayrod a miserable day. Later, how- here to steal you chickens, do you!"

Into the Sherman benhouse, after dusk chickenhouse." of course, and take two eggs from the Phoelo's eyes blazed. "Peter Bhernests! That would not be stealing, man, you are lying. There is no com-Certainly not! She would only be :e- mittee to report to!" street. She had healtsted about looking the store door, but had concluded

but they set up un excited cackling, unyone the street and bolted into the and then," Phoebe looked at the young When - I'hoobe - rooke - renmuringly, store ---they listened intently, watching her litt even while she had her hand bu with heads cooked as she glided care- the latch she halted, petrified. Home fully between the two wets of roosts one had been there! The candy comto the rear of the little building where for was open; the cash drawer was the north were. Hoving two eggs in a open, Phosbo's wild even took it all box on the floor, she was just reaching in at a glance. Her brain I cled. for them when a little broose blow the Then with one bound she was in the door what .- Then she heard the whir bedroom - The next second her arouof an automobile in the Yard!

door hass voice reached her cars. Her heart stood still. Not that she felt especially to Peter Bherman. She did not like Peter. He had even gone so hery occurred?" for us to may that "the distance bespanned by one of them newfangled vanished entirely from her mind. skirts the women were wearin' nows-

The remark been been repeated to Phoebs, and to-night it aprang anew where idid into her mind, and who vowed who through?" would rather die than confess her ering until the Shorman family had de- plain where she was! To say that she parted for the house. The next mo- had spent the night in Peter Sherman's ment she heard something right out- henhouse would sound "queer," to say side the door that paralyzed her, the least. No, she could not say that! Peter was saving to some one:

"Cloing to look the honhouse to- she would have to tell her story." night. III Nickerson told me to-day Norris says he lost six chickens in she wet her dry, trembling lips and two nights runnin'. Homebody tried began: to break into Joe Brown's house, too, As Phoebe was wondering at the a couple of nights ago, so Bline Marsh slowness of trade, John drove up in said. Course they all live in the outhis little blue-bodied car. . The next skirts, but 'tain't fur to town' for house" was agony. thieves, and I sin't takin' no chances!" On the last word the lock snapped.

the tronic grin on his face as he wag-"Going to the fair to-morrow?" she god his head in that hateful I-toldyou-so fashion he had and said, "Guess

She sank down on the box from

which she had taken the two eggs. The hear immediately warned her that they would tattle if she stirred another luch, and her wrath rose up A shadow passed the window, and the against, the whole feathered tribe. Then, like a bolt of lighning, the unlocked store door leaped into her mind. And Peter had said that there were thieves in the neighborhood! The full import of the situation swept over her. If anyone should get into her bedroom and discover the allt in the mattress and the green cotton bag! That thought was too terrible to retain for one single moment! She

"Make the biggest fuss you know how, you chickenst" who shouted to the fowls. But her voice and their instant response were drowned in a clap of thunder that shook the hen-

Even the chickons halted in their "Oh, folks don't grow old nowadays, oval openings in the sides of the building Phoebe saw great red flushes of he shouted. "The scoundrell" Drop-The whittling suddenly stopped, and lightning. Then came another volley ping his arms from the girl's shoulto-night for, Phoebe? I came to get and prayed. What a night that was! storm beld us up, and we didn't start your definite answer! Are you going Thunder, lightning, wind and rain! for home until two c'clock. I was to sell this miserable husiness and To Phoebe, sitting Jacknifed in driving slowly-afraid of skidding-A surprised look came into the girl's all things had come. But one little a light. Of course I immediately congleam of comfort strayed into all her misery. On such a night no thieves were likely to be prowling round. Then she had a happy little thought. Peter would be very likely to get sup extraordinarily early in the morning to see what damage had been done by the storm; there was a chance-a real chance-of his unbolting the door and Of course sitting in a hen's box with

not troubling to look for eggs until forting hope, and when the storm fin-As Phoebe locked-the door she ad- ally abated-about midnight, she surmitted that she was a little dis- mised-and her nervous fear subsided turbed. John had never before said she decided to remain where she was. though he had often been impatient. your knees and shoulders meeting is But when she counted her cash for not comfortable, but, since she had the day she felt satisfied with the endured slient agony for hours of a answers she had made to him. After thousand minutes each, she felt that the, fall trade was over she would she might endure a few more if that would save her from having to explain

up at alx o'clock, as usual. She fed She endured more than she barhands tight to her cars and cried from

the prayed that Peter would come out soon, very soon; then she caught trol of himself, he demanded in an She gave no more friendly amiles or her breath in fearful anticipation of bows to the fair-going public. She his coming. An hour after the first Jolin Borden, by asking me such a fool turned into the store, closing the door book had crowed, Peter unlocked the henhouse door. The hens and the

The moment of that meeting was forever stamped on Phoeba's ... hrain. Looking haggardly up from her ungainly position, she encountered Peter's amazed eyes. She tried to say something, but her lips refused to open. Finally, Peter's sharp utterance of her name shot through, her joint oreaking, she got to her feet.

and roused her to action. With every "Peter, I-I," she began, and lifted distressed, uppealing eyes to the mun before her. She got no further. Peter, towering a foot above her, with his hands on his hips and his head bent Mechanically Phoebe rose and walk- forward, was fooking narrowly down your deliberate crime!" John Borden

"Permission!" Phoebe wheeled

of a quarter of a yard, she had offered like you got to pay for your night's Peter laughed hilarlously at his loke. even while his tone insinuated a more sure he wouldn't be caught. . I had

aubtle meaning. Phoche's eyes dilated, and her face "What-what do you mean, l'oter?"

"Course you don't know nothin', made on the entire place. Now she suppose, about missing chickens in had thrown away the two eggs without | these here parts lately," he said meaningly. "Wal, a fow of us at the fair Ifd tone. "Eliza will never know how many Vistorday decided we'd find out the Were in the flig." Phoebe meditated, cause of so many chickens' kitting storm was over to see if any damage l'eter stopped and burst inte another

window, came over, found nobody in Minnful of Clertie Pinkerton and of laugh. Phoebe straightened. "Peter and proceeded to help himself. It was the loss of two fresh eggs, Phoche Sherman, you don't think I came in a big oversight-leaving his can there on the counter without won drawing ever, un idea flashed into her mind "Course I uin't saying what you the shade."....... could she not just allo across the street committee is that I found you in my inighty glad you got your money

compensing horself for the mistake The grin on Peter's face hardened . "I don't want the money, John!". that she had made in the morning. | into vindictive lines. He took a stride she said in a tense half whisper.

"Arrested?"

Phoebe's arm went up as if he had John put out his hand in protest, not to; it might turn some customer struck her. For a full minute she "money was fast becoming a disease returned her termenter's steady gaze; with me. Do you know what I'm The clitekons had gone to rocut when then she sprung round, rushed through going to do? I'm going to give this she stooped under the low doorway, the door, darted over a vacant lot, sped money to the orphunage on the hill,

marry you, I'm golde to tell you that I'll marry you right away." stared at the girl. for Certle l'inkerton." lxing cry rung through the rooms, and The next minute Peter Sherman's then she sank to the floor. How long she lay there she deve

could tell, but it seemed hours later the least bit guilty. But it certainly when some one entered the store and would be awkward to explain her called her name. She went out, hag-"But where word you when the rob-Phoebe looked wildly at the man

tween Phoebe Henderson's stinginess before her. The unair of the eggs and and downright dishanesty could be the henhouse and Peter Bharman had "Why, I-I was out!" stammered "Out!" repeated the man, "And the burglags break

A pitiful, frightened look crept into rand. He she stood motionious, wait- the girl's face. How was she to ex-But Peter Sherman would! After all, comes in, cram all the beans you can With misery written in every line of his was looted last, night, and Abe her face and in her drooping shoulders,

> "Why, you-you nee, I wan over I -in Peter Sherman's -- Bhe stopped and looked about her. To my, "hen-

held almut three feet above the barrel. And then the man's voice broke in: "I see-you run over to Peter's for a fill-and thresh a bag .- When you get minute, and then the storm broke. all cleaned up. Vines can be burned While he had been speaking he had edged toward the door, and when he finished his hand was on the latch. Itls tongue was aching to break the news of the robbery to the community. and with a final expression of hope that the burglars would be captured. he vanished into the street. Phoebe heaved a sigh of rollef. But

the evil moment was only deferred next moment John Borden burst Into "What's this about your having bee robbed, Phoebel" he demanded. At the sight of the tall figure and the strong, rugged face Phoebe felt needed big, broad shoulders to bury her face against, and to cry out her

a great weight lifted from her. She soul's grief and woe against, and cry she did white John patted her back and listened to her broken confession. Twice his shoulders shook over so little, and each time she halted in her tale and half lifted her head. But of course John could not be laughing! When in a fresh burst of tears she finally ended her story with Peter's threat of arrest, John gripped ber Phoebe's hands flew to her cars. shoulders and pushed her out in front

"Do you mean to tell me that Peter Bherman threatened to arrest you?" cluded you had lighted it because of the storm. I looked in us we passed and saw the cap." "But thousands of mon wear caps."

"I know, but this was a conspicuously black-and-white-checked one." John Borden paused and then sald very slowly, "Phobbe, walt here until I got back. Don't let unyone in." He walked into the Rherman yard as Peter was putting water into the car. "Going out. Peter?" he asked. Peter turned his head quickly. "Oh hello, John! Yes. I got to go to

"To Washburn?"

"Getting an early start, aren't you? Bank doesn't open until ten." l'eter threw a sharp glance at the young man, "Didn't say I was solng to the bank, did IT" he said gruffly; then he udded, with a significant loor. "I got other business to attend to this

mornin'." "Healdow the banking business?" Peter's face turned a flery red and he glared at John.

"What you mean by--"I'm going to usk you something, Peter Sherman. John Borden strode over and, nutting his face very close to Peter's, said between his teeth, "I'm going to ask you what that checked cap you have on your head was doing on Phoebe this morning!"

The man fell back a step; the floryred face turned deadly white, and the eyes started from their sockets. Making a staggering effort to regain conoffended voice. "What dd you mean John Borden took a step forward "I mean, Peter Bhorman, that you wil hand over that six hundred odd dol-

trip to the penitentiary!"-It was a very white-faced man that John brought in and, placed before Phoebe Henderson a half hour later. With shaking hand he held a bulky green cotton bag toward her. "Here's-here's your money, I'hnehe," he said in a husky whisper; "every cent. . I-I-you-ain't goin' to have me arrested, are you, Phoebel If you

lars immediately, or make a nice little

don't, I'll-I'll never "may nothin' about the chickens you was after." "You scoundrell / To compare Phoebe's visit to your henhouse with watched a dejected, shrinking figure

"The wretchf" John muttered. "We 'cured.' But, John, how did you ever suspect Peter?" "I tried a bluff; Phoebe, and it

HOW . HE QUARRELLED

proof of that years ligo, but I've never present about it. I didn't dragm, some muture, though, that my bhiff would work so "Hut how did Peter happed to know that I wasn't here at three in the

a bloomin' word!"

to quarrol with me the moment 'a come "What did he do?" asked the visit-"Dol" exclaimed the indignant wife 'W'y, 'o just set still and 'o nover said

-The douth of Jos. Williams, of Toronto, recently, grandson of the A district visitor of London was founder of Glenwilliams, showed that calling at the home of a woman who | releasementatives of five gentrations now complained of her husband's quarely rost in the one plot in the complery on the hill in that village. The Wil-"Yuss, mlss," he said, "o commenced Hams' were very early settlers there.

-- Bushdos making the house and yard vary attractive, flowers add actual noney value of the place. The Hortl cultural Hociety and its members have beautified and rendered more valuable the homes he town this kesson.

SHOES FOR

CANADIAN



The HALLIDAY COMPANY, Limite

The Price of Shoes The Price of Other Things

> Thas been said that "comparisons are odious. And so they are-as a rule.

But it has been so repeatedly stated that shoe prices are "excessive" or "ridiculous," that we feel justified in making a comparison between the present price of shoes and the price of some other-things that we buy.

The following prices are from Government statistics and cover the period from January, 1914, to January, 1920,

Advance in price of Iron and Steel .

Average wholesale advance in all commodities
Advance in price of Pruit and Vegetables Advance in price of Textiles
Advance in price of Western Grains
Advance in price of boots and shoes

Shoe prices had to increase -naturally. The price of everything that enters into a pair of shoes has gone up tremendously in late years. For instance, hides have advanced 154.6 per cent. in six years. One of the principal materials used in making fine shoes has advanced 5006 in the same period. In fact, there is no single commodity used in the manufacture of shoes that has not advanced by leaps and bounds during late years.

But in spite of this a close margin of profits, efficient manufacturing methods, and keen domestic competition, has resulted in lower prices than the above advances would seem to make inevitable.

These comparisons will show why shoe prices are higherthey have simply followed in the wake of general advancing

But, in Canada, they are neither "excessive" nor "ridiculous."

but proportionately lower than most other things. The Shoe Industry in Canada is as efficient and competent one-

making shoes for the Canadian people which, grade for grade, are as low, or lower in price, as shope obtainable in any Country.

[[]-Canada-produces-footwear-of-every-destrable-type, and of standard quality in all grades. When you key Mode in Cumula Footness you are assured, at fair prices always, of the utmost that modern skill can produce in Comfort, Service and Style.



felt sure that he wouldn't be above

taking something that didn't belong

to him, provided he full reasonably

morning? Phoebe usked in a mysti-

had been done, spled the light in your

After a moment he udded, "I'm

Phosbe glanced at the bulky green

cotton bug on the counter and drew

what Poter did. Oh, you, John," as

bositively would not ask me ugain to

John Borden opened his eyes and

"Really, Phoebel" he said incredu

"Really | Unless, of course, you pre-

The young man laughed a happy

laugh and reached out and drew the

"Why, bloss those two eggs, I hoobe

Unless I'm much mistaken, they really

A HEALTHFUL JINGLE

'in days of old, when nights were

Those modern nights . we have our

And all the your claim air and light."

The case with which corns and warts

oun be removed by Holloway's Corn

Cure is its strongest recommendation

THRESHING BEANS

Take a large bag, such as bran

got in tie up end heat with the flat

wide of a shovel or suade for about a

minute or two, depending on how dry

out into a harrel, shake out the vines

and brittle the vines are. Then, turn

and leave beans and small refuse in

barrel. Some good windy day, let the

wind-blow through them by turning

them into another barrel from a pall

It only takes about five minutes to

through your beans, vines, etc., are

They barred the windows tight;

girl close to him.

It voldom fails.

"Why, he said he got up after the

rasy us it did."

John chuckled. "

l'hoebe. I um Indeed."

back with a little shiver.

us woon no the job is done.

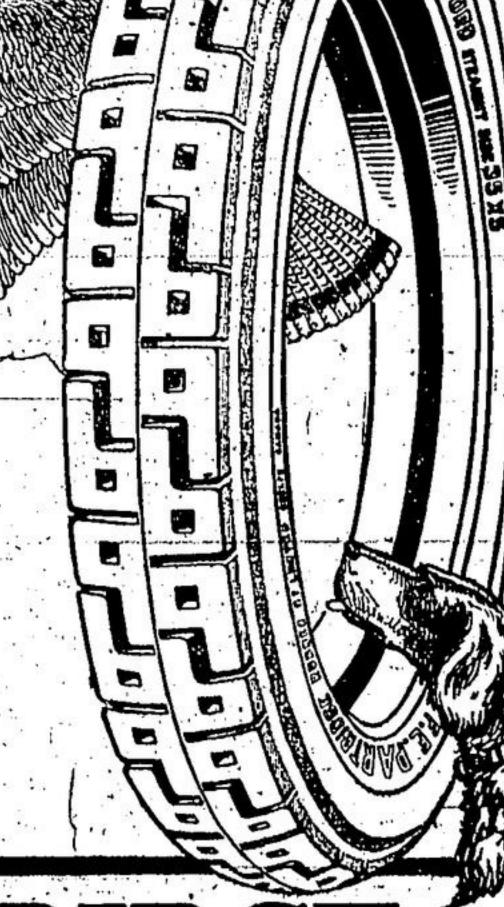
entertain them with music of the

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1 lb, tine 25c, wach. 5 lb, cans \$1.00

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