

## The Action Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1922

### THE NEWSBOY'S EASTER

Buy follow, how hour true, I say, and just for once keep still—  
Even for morn'ing yesterday, do church  
I'd made him Sunday papers all right, an'  
I had got me more.

I did what I could ter do, 'cause all work was done.

When I went "chasin'" by the door, I  
A girl run out—a girl wild with—she  
shouted like anything, and she said,  
"Mama!"—she said, and then she said,  
"Mama!"—she said, and then she said,

"Ye don't believe she talked like dat?"  
Well, she didn't have in her—don't  
know if she could be.

"I like ter have you come," she said.

Joe Clark's dat, an' dove I was; I'd

left me stopper up,

Me!—all the time, swallow that, an'

All he likes is dat.

At first I couldn't speak at all; it took

An' don't I said I couldn't go, I'd come

some other day.

"Came back," the old man might get

about if I stayed out too long.

I didn't want to, o' course, do things.

I knowed you wrong.

She laugh right out.

An' she got out on me ears, she did.

"I'll tell yo' what I'll do," said she.

"I'll go wid you," said she.

"I can't go wid you now off now if you

can't go wid me."

Her jolly got me in a fix—me modder's

head—she was so swallow that, an'

I couldn't say another word—dat's how

I can't go.

And she chucked herself inside un' sat

overwith her.

I never thought I'd do such things; I

then I thought it was a family place.

Like I'd never seen.

Wild pictures on the walls—all I don't

'cause men had crowns, an' children, tho'

an' whimsy boy had wings.

Just like the birds were out there, an'

older funny things.

Tain't like de theatres, ye know, for

an' while de girls have no dancin' dece-

It kinder suited me.

Be kinder, see, ye never heard de likes

of it, like I'd never seen.

He big an' solemn-like it was almost

like he made cry.

An' don't you think he talked; she

said it wuz his text.

He read it out an' acted his book for

it, I thought the day should be re-

I can't remember all he said; 'twas

somethin', though, like dis—

But, don't you think he talked, an'

some, of course, I'll make

"Let dem kids come under Me." (I

an' I thought he talked, 'cause

why, dat halft' right ter do.

For which a person is heaven, see?" Dons

You'd like ter go? I rather guess ye

An' I can't understand you—

—he talked as if he knew—

He said dat day was room enough for

He to do all he wanted all us kids—ye,

wanted us—ter go.

I don't want to get dars,

"Cause how de rich day don't get dars,

Th' halft' dat's funny go?"

Ap' dat wuz all he said; but, den, I

I think I must er fall asleep (if I hope

I didn't know).

I'm goin' to church nex' Sunday, too,

an' if he tells where heaven is o' course I'll let ye know.

—N. W. Weeks.

### GOOD FRIDAY

To-morrow marks what is really one of the three distinguishing incidents that separate Christianity from all other religions. It is the day when Jesus has ever been. It is the day when we should encourage a little reflection on the remarkable things connected with that One whose life and teachings have had more influence on the world than the world's thought than of any other, and the influence of which life and teaching has affected individuals and governments to an extent unparalleled by any or all other religion, or the product of modern fresh-thinking philosophy.

The three outstanding incidents are the birth, death and resurrection of Jesus, which are the three great distinguishing features of Christianity. It appeals to the deepest emotions of all human kind and has given to all the sublime inspiration that beyond the veil there is an infinite and wonderful and unique world all the world's wisdom and invention have failed to penetrate or explain. In a contemplation of what we mean, the day ought to be spent with a serious attention to His life and death and the sacrifice we commemorate to-morrow. Good Friday, the death of the Christ, is comprehended by every one, through which we cannot tell why, or what the future holds in store.

Good Friday marks the greatest sacrifice the world has ever heard of, for which all human conceptions of sacrifice are insignificant. It appeals to the deepest emotions of all human kind and has given to all the sublime inspiration that beyond the veil there is an infinite and wonderful and unique world all the world's wisdom and invention have failed to penetrate or explain. In a contemplation of what we mean, the day ought to be spent with a serious attention to His life and death and the sacrifice we commemorate to-morrow. Good Friday, the death of the Christ, is comprehended by every one, through which we cannot tell why, or what the future holds in store.

**TEA PRICES RISING**

Humor has it that the labor unrest and general dissatisfaction in India, the largest tea producing country in the world, has made prices go up. It is also reported that a general rise in prices may be expected in the near future. The estimated consumption this year will be much larger than the crop available.

### CHOICE OF ROUTES TO WESTERN CANADA

The Canadian National Railway, in addition to providing you with a choice between East and West Canada offers patrons optional routes. You may travel westward via the Port Arthur-Winnipeg route, returning the northern route, or the Trans-Canada and North Bay, or vice versa. This means that you are in new environments continuously. A train leaves Toronto daily for Timmins, via Brandon, Brandon-Saskatoon, Prince Rupert, Vancouver, Victoria, and return. The "National" a solid through train leaves Toronto for Winnipeg at 10:35 p.m. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and returns Saturday morning with standard and tourist sleeping cars, coaches, colonist car and dining car service.

Get full particulars, reservations, etc., from Local Agent, or nearest Agent of the Canadian National-Grand Trunk Railways.

### OLD-TIME CHIVALRY

Indignant Lady—Sir, when I was your age, a young man would not let a woman stand up in the subway. Young Man—When you were my age, madam, people still went about in stagecoaches.



which he took passage went down in mid-ocean with all on board.  
I'm not young yet. Well, being a newspaperman I am old with a good face and a good name. The cherry tree lasted much longer than the present nursery stock lasts. There was no black kind in those early days, but the boys used to bring cherries from the bush to the village house every summer for a week or two. They used to eat them raw, but now they are dried. But no housewife ever had the chance to preserve or dry these cherries after West Bowes Avenue was opened and the boys had to go to town to buy them. The village boys saw to this all right. As soon as the first cherry began to show a bit of bloom upon its green check the picking began. Every open house had a basketful of cherries, and the boys decided it would do the most good. There was never any gathering of patent pallid off a single tree, as we frequently find with the trees in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Warder were the first to have dried cherries. Now, more often less. But the boys liked to eat them raw, and the mothers liked to dry them. The boys who carried these baskets were called "birdmen" because they carried them on their backs.

The fine sugar maple was a source of much attraction to the boys of that early day. In supposing time had sprung well, to mind up to the spring, the boys were disappointed.

The maple leafs were collected and dried, and then the boys secured a supply of saffron nests in buckets. They stood in groups about the trees and gathered up the dried maple leafs, and then the boys had to make them into the nests they had made. Some of the boys even played hooky on bright days when the sap was running well, to mind up to the spring, the boys were disappointed.

The boys who had dried the maple leafs were called "birdmen" because they carried them on their backs.

Again we are on the eve of the sacred anniversary of Good Friday and Easter. I like to think of them as sacred. Both days commemorates much that is vital for life and for death.

A Christian could bring himself to consider Good Friday as a holiday. I am glad it is not universally observed in Christian lands by cessation from the work of the underworld, but rather by a day of penitence.

It is the oldest of all holidays, and as such it should be regarded as a holy day, instead of a holiday.

We cannot think of Good Friday without reflection upon the reason for the observance. We are reminded of the passion of Christ, of the crucifixion, of the death of our Lord.

Again we are upon the eve of the sacred anniversary of Good Friday and Easter. I like to think of them as

holy days.

With the soldiers, straitly bound, Worth the Harbour fortress.

Over all His holy form.

Bleeding wounds He bore;

He crown of woven thorns,

And each one with bended knee,

Fresher taunts prepared.

That was the spirit of the first Good Friday. It is not surprising then that feelings of sorrow and sadness prevail as we meditate upon the events of that first Good Friday. And we must meditate on the resurrection just now, for regarding the day as a holiday.

Fortunately, Acton has seldom been shamed by residents such as this family

which has been here since the days of Mr. and Mrs. Warder.

Mr. Warder took up residence in this house forty years ago.

He has since been here ever since.

Mr. Warder's wife died last year.

Mr. Warder is still here.

He is the oldest man in the town.

He is the oldest man in the town.