The Acton Free Press

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## IMPORTANT "IF" FOR GIRLS

If you can dress to make yourself attractive
Yet your nanke puffs and curls your chief delight;
If you can swim, and row, be strong and active,
But of the gentler graces lose not sight;
If you can dance without a craze for dancing,
Play without giving too strong a hold,
Enjoy the love of friends without romancing,
Care for the weak, the friendless and the old,
If you can master English, Spanish, Latin,
And not acquire, as well, a priggish mien;
If you can feel the touch of silk and satin
Without despising the calico and jean;
If you can ply a saw and wield a hammer,
Can do a man's work when the need occurs,
Can sing when asked, without excuse or stammer,
Can rise above unfriendly snubs and slurs;
If you can make good bread as well as fudges,
Can sew with skill and have an eye for dust;
If you can be a friend, and hold no grudges,
A girl whom all will love because they must;
If sometimes you should meet and love another
And make a home with faith and peace enshrined,
And you its soul—a loyal wife and mother,
You'll work out pretty nearly to my mind
The plan that's been developed thro' the ages,
And win the best that life can have in store;
You'll be, my girl, a model for the sages,
A woman whom the world will bow before.

## MR. PEASLEE ON OPTIMISTS

"One way and 'nother," commented Deacon Hyne, deliberately, "Solon Bintree manages to get 'bout as much satisfaction out of things that another man'd look on as misfortunes 's any passon I ever see, seems to me. Did you ever notice that, Kellup?"

Caleb Peaslee assented heartily. "He comes honest 'nough by it, too," he remarked. "His father and mother were both like that. They'd see sunlight where anybody else could see nothin' but shudder. Mighty hopeful folks, Solon Bintree's was. I can tell you something 'bout them—"

"You can't tell me 'bout 'em yet," Mr. Hyne interrupted a little acidly, "I started to tell you something, and I'm goin' to finish it, if I'm grin half a chance to talk! You wait a spell."

Mr. Peaslee grinned cheerfully. "Go ahead," he said. "What's Solon been up to now?"

"Well," began Mr. Hyne, a little awkwardly because of Caleb's prompt agreement, "he's been gettin' comfort out of something that I'd find it hard to grin over, if 'twas me. Mebbe you have heard that that high-priced cow that he bought from the state farm wandered down onto the track yesterday, just as the freight train from Bangor come along. They come together, and the cow got the worst of it. She didn't live long 'nough to beller once."

Mr. Peaslee nodded.

"Well," resumed Mr. Hyne, "most men would have been all cast down, seein' 'twas Solon's own fault that the cow was there, and he couldn't get a cent damage from the railroad. I happened down there when he went to fetch the cow off the track, and I sort of sympathised with him, but he didn't seem to need it.

"'Oh, well,' s'he, 'it might have been wuss, easy 'nough. The hide ain't hardly hurt a mite, and hides are sellin' better now than any time I've known for forty years. 'Tain't all bad luck that comes to any man,' s'he. 'If the man only hunts round a little and searches out the good parts from the bad.' And he went on gettin' the cow off to one side of the right of way, as cheerful 'sif he'd found a cow, stead of losin' one. It made me covet a disposition like his a mite," the deacon admitted sheepishly, "seein' that sometimes I don't take as bright a view of things as some folks, I guess."

"Mebbe you don't, Hyne," conceded Mr. Peaslee, with ready sympathy, "but you want to remember that you'n' I didn't have the same kind of bringin' up that Solon Bintree had. Did I ever tell you 'bout the time his folks had the best beans they ever et, so they claimed?"

Mr. Hyne shook his head positively. "I don't b'lieve I ever heard a word 'bout baked beans and the Bintrees," he answered.

"It happened one time when they all went away for the day and left a pot of beans to bake in the old brick oven," said Caleb. "Well, I d'know how the fire ketched, but in some way it did ketch while they was gone, and the whole house burnt flat, and all the stuff with it. I don't p'sume they had any insurance—it was in the days b'fore everybody insured—so it was quite a blow to old man Bintree. Most anyone would have taken on about it, but he didn't complain. He took holt and got out what iron stuff he could and patched up a shed to live in till he could get something better, and he and his wife and the children made a kind of pic-nic of it, happy as a coopful of blue jays.

"After a couple of days the ashes got cooled 'toff, so he dug into that brick oven and fetched out the pot of beans. 'Lijah Caswell happened over there when they was havin' supper, and he come back home wonderin' and grinnin', both. Bintree took a couple of mouthfuls of them beans, 'Lijah said, and then he put down his knife and fork and beamed round on all hands.

"'I've heard it said,' says Bintree, 'that you needed to cook beans a long time to have 'em good, and now I've had a chance to prove it.' he says. 'Ain't it wonderful how things happen? I never et a better plateful of beans in my life—never!' he says 'and I ain't feelin' near as bad 'bout havin' the house burn as I was 'fore I tasted 'em. I only wish, s'he, 'that I'd 'a' known the house was cal-latin' to burn. I'd had that oven full of bean pots, now you mark my words!'

"So," concluded Caleb, oracularly, "consid'rin' how Solon was brought up to look at misfortune. I ain't so sot back over his takin' the loss of the cow the way he did. Mebbe his father wud have found even more to rej'ice over; mebbe he would."

## NO RESPONSIBILITY

A man named Smith made a financially successful marriage, only to find that in other respects the union was not satisfactory. Mrs. Smith repeatedly reminded her husband that she owned the silver, the furniture and so on until Smith almost wished he had married a poor girl.

The other night Mrs. Smith awoke and heard strange noises in the lower part of the house. Vigorously pushing her husband in the ribs, she called:

"Jo, get up! There are burglars in the house."

"Eh?" inquired Smith, sleepily.

"Burglars! Downstairs!" hissed his wife.

"Burglars?" said Smith, as he turned over. "Well, I don't own anything."

# The Free Press' Short Story

## A WHIFF OF SALT

MARGARET JOHNSON

"I HAD it from her own lips," said Mrs. Tupper impressively. "This very afternoon at the Sewin' S'ciety she said it. What more do you want?

"Beats all how smart you are at makin' things!" says Miss Snippett to her—I do believe she'd go down on her knees, that woman, and kiss the ground Mis' Barclay walks on—'make your own bonnets,' she says, 'and your own frocks, and the tea cakes for the S'ciety—' 'Yes,' says Mis' Barclay quick as a flash, 'and the bats of a morning, and Mr. Barclay's sermon Saturday nights.' Just like that—and laughin' too!"

Mrs. Tupper quivered with indignation. Her husband's ponderous bulk expressed even more capably the outraged majesty of the church.

"If that's a fact," he said, shaking his gray head solemnly, "the standing committee ought to know of it! Mr Barclay is a very young man; but I will say he ought to write his own sermons. His wife is young, too, and worldly-minded, from all I hear."

"Why, she's no more than a child! And such frocks and furbishin's and table doin's! Not that I've been to the house yet, but I've heard tell. Those Eastern girls are to set up with their education—think they're smart enough for anything, even to writin' their husbands' sermons, I do suppose! What sort of spiritual sustenance are we likely to get from a little chit that spends half a day trimmin' a bonnet! And we payin' for a minister in good and regular standin'!"

"Scandalous!" exclaimed the deacon. "If I had my choice—"

Deacon Tupper had been out of town when the Rev. William Barclay was called to the pastorate of the First Church of Lounsbury, Illinois; and he had not yet recovered from the shock of finding that a minister had been chosen without his help.

"If all that is true," he said again, "I shall have to inform the standing committee. They'd ought to consider it.' Unless—" He hesitated.

"Unless nothing!" snapped Mrs. Tupper emphatically—with such vehemence indeed that the deacon at once decided to follow the alternative course that had presented itself to his slow-moving mind.

"Out it out's the best way," he observed, reverting to a favorite maxim.

If by a direct personal suggestion he could turn the Rev. William Barclay from the error of his way, well and good; if not, he would deliver him into the hands of the standing committee, to be dealt with as they should see fit. Thus reasoned the deacon, as he rose from the supper table and prepared for the long walk from his farm to the centre of the town.

The Rev. William Barclay, as it happened, was at that moment engaged in the serious occupation of pronouncing a verdict upon one of the very bonnets that Mrs. Tupper had so severely denounced. The triumph of millinery was poised airily for his observation on his wife's slender finger tips.

"Charming, my dear," he said, with hesitation. "But—a trifle large, is it not, for you?"

Mischief danced in Lucy's eyes.

"Do you think so?" she asked, and set the structure demurely on her own little head.

"O William!" she cried, dimpling with mirth at his perplexed face. "It isn't mine; it's a for Mrs. Phipps, the doctor's wife. She came to me yesterday, and told me, that I always looked so well in my things—she supposed it was my Eastern taste; and wouldn't I trim her a bonnet like mine, to wear to church!"

"Eastern taste, indeed!", said the minister, smiling at the picture of Mrs. Phipp's fat and florid countenance under one of his little wife's bonnets.

"They all seem to want things like mine," said Lucy pensively. "I cut out a cape for Mrs. Bentley yesterday, and a skirt for Miss Robbins the day before. They will be asking me to make Sunday waistcoats for the deacons next."

"What about the house?" she asked presently, with her fingers still busy with bows and feathers.

"The Grays moved out Thursday. I think that the Martins will take it. They were there to-day; the parlor blinds were open when I went by."

Bending lower over her work, Lucy tried not to see the vision of the parlor that his words brought up.

"I must call on the Martins to-night," he went on. "They live not far from the Stone farm."

"You are going out—to-night?"

"Calls, Lucy—always calls, you know." He bustled cheerfully into his overcoat as he spoke.

"Always calls," she repeated, "and we so seldom have a cosy evening together. Oh, well, that's what it is to be a minister's wife! It is a raw, cold night, William. Wrap up well. On a gray day like this, do you know, it seems—it has seemed so to me all day—as if there must be a whiff of salt in the air."

Her voice tried to be gay, but it broke a little, and there was an expression in her eyes that her young husband did not care to see.

"The Stones have a sick child, and I must go to see them," he said. "Maria is in the kitchen; you are not afraid?"

"Oh, no!" she said, smiling; and he kissed her rather hurriedly and went out.

As the door closed behind him, Lucy sprang to her feet and ran to the window. Mrs. Phipps's bonnet fell forgotten to the floor.

"A whiff of salt!" she cried, stretching out her arms in a childish gesture of appeal and longing. What did the words not mean to her! The East—the home, the friends, the life she loved and longed for!

When the Board of Foreign Missions had rejected William Barclay, because he had some weakness of the eyes that was thought to make him unfit for the work to which he had meant to consecrate his life, he did what was in those days the next best thing in the way of devotion and self-sacrifice—he went West. Of course his young bride went with him.

They were ten days on the journey to their new home, and at first the New England girl's heart almost broke with homesickness and longing for all that she had left behind. She visited in the families of professors — for Lounsbury was a college town; she boarded with various members of her husband's flock, and tasted the hearty hospitality and the varying fare of many a would-be home; but not until she moved with her husband into a house of their own did she cease to feel herself a stranger in a strange land.

That house was a new and pretty cottage that the trustees of the church built for them; William gave them notes to cover its cost, and hoped soon to call it his own. Lucy, always winsome and charming, and ready to hide with a smile the sadness in her heart, blossomed into a new dignity and grace as the little mistress of the manse.

Her husband smiled to see her bloom like a flower among his sober people, knowing that her girlish gayety was only the sparkle of a jewel in the crown of her true womanhood. His work prospered, and Lucy began to rejoice in her hard-won content.

Then came a night when, watching with a mother at the bedside of a dying child, she saw, wondering, a glow burn redly in the eastern sky; and when her husband came in the morning to take her home, he told her that half the poorer end of the town had been swept by fire in the night, and that scores of people had been left homeless and forlorn.

They must do their share to alleviate the suffering—nay, more than their share. The minister must lead by example as well as by precept. With this new drain upon their slender pocketbook, they could not meet the notes except by renting their house. So Lucy, brave and laughing, emptied her household goods into what she merrily called the "shanty"—a tiny house composed of two rooms, a lean-to and an attic.

The change was hard to bear, but not so hard as the faint breaths of criticism that began to disturb the cordial relationship between pastor and people; for Deacon Tupper, a man of undoubted influence, returning to town, alighted and disapproving, threatened to sow a seed of discontent and discord where all had been harmony and good will. Lucy's homesickness came back; and to-night, standing at the window and stretching out her arms to the winter night, she wondered whether all the labor and the sacrifice had been worth while.

The very country itself, flat, dusty, muddy,—not a hill, scarcely a pebble within miles round—made her feel discouraged and discontented. Her eyes ached for a sight of the sea, beside which she had been born and bred; her lips yearned for the taste of the salt spray. What was there here in this waste to encourage her, for the life of work and deprivation?

Her hand went to her eyes—and was stayed by the sound of a thundering knock on the door. She ran to open it, and in came a gust of wind, a whirl of snow—and Deacon Tupper. Lucy was astonished, for he had never called before.

"Parson in?" he asked, blinking at Lucy in the warm light of the cosy room.

"Why, no!" she said. "He has gone to make some calls, Mr. Tupper. But you will come and wait a while, won't you? He won't be out late."

She smiled at him with a radiant and eager welcome, which he found it singularly hard to resist; and before he knew it, he was divested of his greatcoat and seated in a big chair at one side of the fire, while the minister's wife sat opposite and busied herself again with Mrs. Phipp's neglected bonnet.

The deacon felt that this sort of treatment put him at a painful disadvantage, and wished that he might have met the minister, as man to man, alone. However, it occurred to him that he might approach the subject of his visit delicately through the minister's wife first. "H'm! Your husband is out a good deal, Mrs. Barclay?"

"Yes," said Lucy. "There are so many calls to make, Mr. Tupper."

"And when he is at home he is generally in his study, I suppose?"

Lucy laughed brightly. "This is his study. You have no idea how many things this room is. It's our parlor, library, dining room, Mr. Barclay's study and my sitting room; and on Wednesday and Friday evenings we move all the furniture out and have the Bible Class here and the weekly prayer meeting."

"You're a smart little woman to do so much with one room," said the deacon. He had not meant to say it, but the words slipped out.

Lucy laughed. "It's a milliner's shop sometimes, too, you see. Look! This is a bonnet I am trimming for Mrs. Phipps."

The deacon smiled rather grimly. "New business, isn't it, for a minister's wife to be trimming bonnets for the congregation?"

"I think anything that helps along is a minister's wife's business. She can't do her husband's great work, and so she ought to be ready to do any little thing she can. Besides, I'm—I'm a little lonely sometimes, Mr. Tupper, and I like to trim bonnets."

The deacon met the frank, confiding look of her wistful eyes, and felt a queer sensation somewhere—he was not sure whether it was in his boots or under the muffler that bound his throat. His face softened. His big figure in the baby chair had a kind and fatherly look to Lucy just then, and her heart overflowed at the touch of a sudden impulse.

"You see," she said, "at home I am one of a big family, Mr. Tupper, and I miss my brothers and sisters, and my old friends, and the life here is all so strange and new. Oh, the people are kind—I never knew such kind, good neighbors and friends—but it is not quite—home, yet! And my husband and I see a good many sorrowful things among our people, so that it isn't always easy to keep the bright side uppermost. So, when I begin to be downhearted or—homesick, especially since we moved here, I just sit down to some homey, pretty piece of work like this, and—it amuses me."

She smiled at him, gayly but earnestly. The deacon felt as if he had contemplated depriving a lonely little girl of her doll or her kitten. Such a brave little girl, too! Such a sunny-hearted little girl, making the best of the trying conditions of her life!

"Trim away!" he began heartily "The more bonnets the better." And then he remembered his errand.

Lucy did not notice the change in his face. She had crossed to a desk in the corner, and now came back with some papers, which she laid on her workbasket.

"The next thing," she said, "is to make my husband's sermon."

The deacon almost fell out of his chair. What! Before his very eyes! He watched her, speechless, as she threaded her needle and got out her little scissors. Three triangular clips she made in the crease of each folded, closely-written sheet—sermons were long in those days!—drew a thread back and forth through the folds, and then, gathering all these threads together where they appeared in the clips, sewed them firmly. Thus she bound the manuscript into a neat book, which she touched with the pretty reverence of a young wife for her husband's sacred work.

While her fingers were busy, she talked; but the deacon did not hear.

"And that's what you call making your husband's sermon?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes," said Lucy, innocently. "My sister Mary taught me how. She always made Dr. Thorne's sermons for him."

"I—vum!" said the deacon.

He might have known that Mrs. Tupper had made a mistake! In the extraordinary reaction of his feelings he came near letting the cat out of the bag, but he controlled himself in time, and as big and stubborn men sometimes do, under the influence of such a reaction, he deserted all his most convictions and went squarely over to the other side. He looked upon his little hostess with compunction and with new respect, and, with his doubts forever set at rest, gave himself up to the charm of her frank and winning ways.

As for Lucy, she felt the warmth of his big heart toward her, and threw herself confidingly upon the kindness that seemed to open strong arms to her out of the dreary night. In the next half hour she told him more of her husband and herself and of their struggles and hopes and trials and joys than she had ever told anyone in Lounsbury. The heart knows instinctively when and where to find its comfort. When Lucy and the deacon parted, they were fast friends.

"If ever you get lonesome again, and don't know what to do," he said, with a twinkle under his bushy eyebrows as he bade her good night, "let me know, and Mrs. Tupper shall send you a bonnet to trim."

As he went out of the little house, cherishing a certain resolution no less firm than that with which he had entered, he met the Rev. William Barclay just coming in; the deacon shook him by the hand with a fervor that sent the young minister, wondering and astonished, into the parlor. "What have you been doing to Deacon Tupper, Lucy?" he demanded.

"Showing him Mrs. Phipps's bonnet," said Lucy, demure and smiling.

As before, the deacon did not delay in acting on his resolution. So it happened that on New Year's eve the "shanty" was invaded by an unexpected throng of guests, who came bringing gifts and greetings.

Lucy had never seen a donation party before—perhaps had rather dreaded the thought of such a thing; but she had not realised how clearly it might express the appreciation and affection of a people for their minister and his wife. It seemed to her that every good deed that she had done came back to her now four-fold in love and kindness.

The professors and the teachers were there; Mrs. Phipps was there, resplendent in her bonnet, and Mrs. Bentley in her cape. Mrs. Tupper was there, half jealous still of the "frocks and furbishin's," half eager to know for herself the woman whom everyone loved.

As the minister and his wife stood together,—the centre of a crowded group—Deacon Tupper, after warmly shaking the young man's hand, presented him with a long envelope.

"A little token, Mr. Barclay," he said, not without a pleasant embarrassment, "from the congregation, for you and your wife. Long may she live to make your sermons for you, sir, and you to preach 'em!"

William did not altogether understand that remark; but Lucy did, and she caught the old man's hand in hers with a look and a smile that he never forgot. The envelope contained William's notes for the debt on his house, duly cancelled, together with an invitation to a housewarming there the following month. When the last guests had gone, shouting out their New Year's greeting upon the frosty air, Lucy stood alone in her little parlor and stretched out her arms after them: her face glowed with pride and tenderness and gratitude.

"How rosy you are, my dear!" said her husband, coming back and putting his arm around her with a glance of tender drollery. "You look almost as if after all you had had your whiff of salt."

"Oh!" she cried, lifting her dewy eyes to his. "The salt of human kindness, William, of human love! There is nothing like it in all the world! And it is ours. A whiff? Why, the whole air is full of it! How can I ever complain again, my dear, while, East or West, I have this air to breathe!"

## A LIQUOR REFERENDUM

It was generally expected that an attempt would be made to repeal the Ontario Temperance Act by the present Government. The support which the liquor interests gave to this Government was sufficient to awaken suspicion; but few were prepared to anticipate the indecent haste with which this reactionary legislation is likely to be introduced.

At the opening of the House on the 5th inst., the speech from the throne hinted at a prohibition referendum in the near future; but the legislature had scarcely got down to work when Col. J. A. Currie, defeated candidate for the Mayoralty of Toronto, one of the "wet" supporters of the Government, gave notice of a motion to hold a referendum on the liquor question.

The last referendum in Ontario was held in April, 1921. The official figures showed an affirmative vote of 540,773 and a negative vote of 373,938—a majority of 166,835 in favor of the prohibition of liquor in the Province.

Prohibitionists feel that three years is too short a period to afford a fair test of the working of the present Act, although there is abundant testimony to its salutary effects. There are facts and figures to prove that drunkenness and all the crimes and misery inseparable from it are far below what they were in pre-war days. Workmen are taking better care of their homes, paying their bills more promptly, and giving more satisfaction to their employers.

The Scottish Commissioner who visited Canada last autumn to investigate the working of the liquor laws of different provinces found conditions in Ontario far in advance of those where so-called Government control prevails. We do not believe that the people of Ontario are prepared to surrender what they have won in the struggle for temperance reform and go back to the old days of the legalized traffic in what has proved a curse to every land where it exists.

There are many supporters of the present Government who have no sympathy with the movement to discredit and to repeal the present law, and these will have to be reckoned with in any attempt to betray the moral interests of the Province into the hands of the liquor men and their thirsty followers.—Presbyterian Witness.

## IT WAS WORTH A TRY

The small boy stood at the garden gate and howled and howled and howled. An old lady passed beside him.

"What's the matter, little man?" she asked in a kindly voice.

"O-o-oh!" wailed the youngster. "Pa and ma won't take me to the pictures to-night!"

"But don't make such a noise," said the dame, admonishingly. "Do they ever take you when you cry like that?"

"S-sometimes they do, and—and sometimes they d-d-don't!" bellowed the boy. "But it ain't any trouble to yell!"

## LEFT SOMETHING TO BE DESIRED

Lord Burnham, the English newspaper proprietor, said on his return to New York after a tour of the south:

"I like the south. The southern cooking is excellent, but the service leaves something to be desired. In a Georgia hotel one day I heard a lady say to a waiter, as he came towards her, balancing his tray above his head:

"'No use serving me that turtle soup, waiter. It isn't hot enough.'

"'But, lady, how do you know it isn't?' gasped the waiter.

"'By the way,' said the lady, 'you can keep your thumb in it.'"

## THE QUILEFUL MULETEER

Having attended a mountain festival, my muleteer and I had reached the foot of the Gandolino Valley in the late afternoon and had begun the crossing of the plain, says Mr. Norman Douglas, in Old Calabria, when we met a woman with dishevelled hair, weeping bitterly and showing other signs of distress. Like the rest of us, she had attended the feast and, arriving home with an earlier party, had found that the officials insisted on fumigating her clothes and those of her companion as a precaution against cholera. The indignity choked her, and she had run back to warn the rest of us, all of whom were to be treated to the same outrage. Every approach to Morano Calabro, she declared, was watched by doctors to prevent wary pilgrims from entering by unsuspected paths.

During her recital my muleteer had grown thoughtful.

"What's to be done?" he asked.

"I don't much mind fumigation," I replied.

"Oh, but I do! I mind it very much. And those doctors are so dreadfully distrustful. How shall we cheat them? I have it, I have it! Listen! I go on ahead of you, alone, leading the two mules. You follow, out of sight, behind. And what happens? When I reach the doctor he asks slyly, 'Well, and how did you enjoy the festival this year?' Then I say, 'Not this year, doctor; alas, no festival for me! I've been with an Englishman collecting beetles in the forest. And see? Here's his riding mule. He walks on behind—oh, quite harmless, doctor! a nice gentleman, indeed—only he prefers walking; he really like it.' Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why mention my walking?" I interrupted.

"I mention your not riding," he explained graciously, "because it will seem to the doctor a sure sign you are a little"—here he touched his forehead with a significant gesture—"a little like some other foreigners, you know. And that, in its turn, will account for your collecting beetles. And that, in its turn, will account for your not visiting the festival. You comprehend?"

"I do. What next?"

"Then you come up, holding one beetle in each hand, and pretend not to know a word of Italian—not a word! You must smile at the doctor in friendly fashion; he'll like that, and besides it'll prove what I said about—" (touching his forehead once more). "In fact, the truth will be manifest. And there will be no fumigation for us."

It seemed a needlessly circuitous method of avoiding such a slight inconvenience. I would have put more faith in a truthful narrative by myself, infused with that ingratiating amiability that I would perforce employ on such occasions. But the stronger mind, as usual, had its way.

"I'll smile," I replied. "But you shall carry my beetles; it looks more natural, somehow. Go ahead and find them."

He rushed forward with the beasts and, after destroying a considerable tract of stone wall, procured a few specimens of native coleoptera, which he carefully wrapped in a piece of paper. I followed slowly.

Unfortunately for him, that particular doctor happened to be an American, a snappy, little fellow, lately returned from the States.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir," he began, as I came up when the two were arguing together. "I've heard of your passing through the other day. So you don't talk Italian? Well, then, see here! This man of yours, this son of Satan, has been showing me a couple of bugs, and telling me a hundred lies about them. Better more on right away; lucky you struck me! As for this fupscallion, I'll sulphur him, bugs and all!"

I paid the crestfallen muleteer then and there; took down my bags, greatly lightened, and departed with them. Glancing round near the little bridge, I saw the pair were still engaged in heated discussion, my man clinging despairingly, as it seemed, to the beetle hypothesis. He looked at me with reproachful eyes, as if I had deserted him in his hour of need. But what could I do, since he had said I knew no Italian?

## DISAPPOINTED

A diffident-looking man from one of the suburbs stepped up to the ticket-office in one of the railway stations in Chicago and asked the man inside, in a hesitating way, if he sold round-trip tickets to the Jamestown Exposition.

"Yes, sir," answered the ticket agent. "Give reduced rates?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose there will be special days now and then?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Going to be a Pocahontas day?"

"I guess so."

"Well, what I want to know is this," said the stranger, clearing his throat. "Will there be a John Smith day?"

"I don't know as to that," gravely rejoined the ticket agent, "but I am inclined to think not." Hotel accommodations in the neighborhood of the exposition are limited."

Long Distance Super Salesman

"All my sales are made by Long Distance," says an Ontario merchant.

"My brother, who travels for the firm, strikes the large towns and sells to all small towns in the vicinity by Long Distance. Even letters enquiring for prices are answered by Long Distance. I could quote you hundreds of instances."

Another merchant says if a customer is out when a traveller calls, he makes note of his stock, and a special toll salesman calls him by Long Distance and sells him.

Experience shows that Station-to-Station calls can often be used with entire satisfaction.

BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station

UNDULY CONSIDERATE

Mr. Shackley, who had been ordered by his physician to lay aside all his business cares for three months and take a vacation, reluctantly complied. At the end of that time he returned, looking and feeling very much better, and his medical adviser congratulated him on his improved condition.

"I didn't like to speak of it at the time," said the doctor, "but when you went away I strongly suspected you of having myocarditis."

Mr. Shackley crimsoned with mortification.

"If I had anything of yours in my possession, doctor," he said, with strong feeling, "or if you suspected me of having it, you ought to have told me so right then! You don't think I am a thief, do you?"

By a hasty explanation of the nature of myocarditis, the doctor mollified his indignant patient and averted a scene.

"WHITE ELEPHANTS"

People frequently use the term, "Having a white elephant on their hands," without knowing how such a term originated. According to report, the white elephants are kept by the King of Siam in the royal stables at Bangkok, and are not really white but merely lighter in color than the normal beast. They are supposed to be animated by the spirit of some great king or hero. According to Siamese faith the soul of Buddha exalated in the body of a white elephant before it was incarnated again in Prince Gautama. The King keeps these sacred animals in great luxury. "But the ownership of one by a prince was by no means a piece of good luck; for the king made war on him to obtain possession. This is the source of commiseration of anyone who has a 'white elephant' on his hands."

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A PURE HARD SOAP
SURPRISE SOAP

Good Color

To have Clothes perfectly cleansed and good color, the Soap must remove all the visible and invisible impurities. SURPRISE will do this thoroughly, It is durable and pleasant to use.

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From 1904 until 1923 the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, manufactured 450,000 Ford cars and trucks of which 91% are still in use. More convincing proof of their inbuilt worth could hardly be given.

Selected materials, simple design, and accurate workmanship are factors in this long life. They explain the high utility and operating economy of the Ford when new. And they also give it the ruggedness to withstand the wear and tear of daily driving year after year.

This long life means slow depreciation, sustained value, satisfactory performance from your Ford while you continue to drive it, and a measurable resale value when you wish to dispose of it.

It means that the Ford gives you unusual value per dollar invested, not only this year but for a long term of years to follow—means that when you select the Ford you obtain approved security for the dollars you invest.

*See Any Authorized Ford Dealer*

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In this community are hundreds of individuals and families on the watch for an advertisement which will offer them what they want at an advantageous price.

Call them bargain-hunters if you will, but there is nothing wrong in waiting for a bargain, especially when the seller is anxious to sell at a reduced price.

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One man is thinking of buying himself a watch. One woman a shopping bag; another an umbrella.

All can be made to buy earlier---by advertising.

A Note to Merchants

Stimulate business by the offer of some slow-moving lines at special prices. Brighten up business by advertising some desirable goods at reduced prices. Make advertising banish dull business. Often you can tempt the buyer who is bidding his or her time, to buy from you—at a time of your naming.

Shop Where You are Invited to Shop