The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1924

ROBERT BURNS, SCOTTISH NATIONAL POET

(Died July 21, 1796)

Dear Robin many a year has passed
Since you were laid to rest;
And in the time that has ensued
The gifted works that you pursued
Are ranked among the best.

Like vintage rare, beloved by men
Of genius prizing rich, thy gems
Of wisdom far beyond their ken.
The offspring of thy gifted pen.

Pale Genius claimed you for her own
And saddened by your sorrows pressed
The scanty praise on thee bestown,
So gladly laid you down to rest.

But on the wings of time a sound.
The brilliant echo of thy voice,
Borne off the winds the world around,
Caused men of learning to rejoice.

Unborrowed were the songs ye sung,
Nor copied were your matchless lays,
But in the homely mither tongue
A path to glory wide ye blazed.

The titled rich ye viewed wi' scorn,
And envied not the college bred,
The crown was placed, when you were born,
Of knowledge great upon your head.

Oh! brilliant star, undimmed by time!
Still shining bright o'er all the world.
Most honored thou in every clime
Where the flag of freedom is unfurled.

My tired muse her wing must cover,
Unfit my pen would fain battle,
Befitting flights beyond my power
To honor Robin, Scotland's pride.

Had I the power, I'd write a song,
A volume make of tuneful lays,
The swelling notes forever to prolong
The ceaseless echo of thy praise.

—C. B. Williamson, Toronto.

TIL TIM WAS TEASED TOO MUCH

That it is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous is a matter of familiar knowledge; that it may be only a jump from farce to tragedy was recently exemplified by Til Tim, a simple and unsophisticated South Sea Islander, whose perilous and peculiar adventures were recently related in Boston and New York papers.

Til Tim, just arrived in Newport from an Atlantic voyage, desired to reach New York, and bought a ticket on a Fall River boat. On board he made friends with some negro employes of the line who, in a spirit of mischief began teasing him. Although of ebony hue themselves, they teased to such effect that they really convinced the poor fellow that Uncle Sam's prejudice against his own bronze skin was invincible, and that as soon as the vessel arrived in New York, the United States government would arrest him and subject him to some mysterious and terrifying ordeal of investigation, reprehension and punishment. Then they went laughing to their berths—and Til Tim, with a resolve in his heart that they never suspected, went up on deck and at about half past two in the morning leaped overboard. He was, like all South Sea Islanders, a strong swimmer; but the icy cold of the waters would soon have ended his efforts had he not chanced upon an icecake about fifteen feet square, upon which he managed to scramble for temporary safety. All night he wisely kept himself in motion and avoided freezing, although cold to the marrow of his tropic bones; and at dawn he had drifted to within a few hundred feet of Race Rock Light. But he was being swept by the current through the treacherous waters of the race into Long Island Sound.

It was then that the soldiers at Fort Michie, on Gull Island, sighted him but they were helpless to aid him. As they anxiously watched the castaway, they saw a small rowboat putting out from Little Gull Island.

Capt. William Murray, who was in charge of Little Gull lighthouse, had sighted the South Sea Islander and, with two able assistant keepers, had set out to make his way through the heavy ice. At times the small boat seemed about to be crushed by the jamming, crunching floes; but two hours of battling finally brought the lighthouse keepers to the ice cake occupied by Tim, and he was taken into the boat entirely exhausted. It was another two hour struggle for the lighthouse keepers to work a passage through the grinding jam, but they pluckily stuck to their heroic labor and were themselves in a state of collapse when they finally reached a landing spot at Fort Michie.

Soldiers walked out on the ice to meet the quartette in the boat, and willing hands assisted the men in crossing the ice to the island and thence to the hospital.

The lighthouse keepers were soon rested and thawed out, but the islander was delirious, and for several hours his life was despaired of. He is, however, a man of fine physique, and soon recovered to respond gratefully to the kindness of his nurses and tell them his story.

It was a terrible trip; but Til Tim has learned something. He is no longer afraid of a stern and stony-hearted Uncle Sam; but it is to be feared that he will be permanently distrustful of a jovial Sambo!

A PRINCE IN LONDON

Writing as "A Wanderer in London," Mr. E. V. Lucas describes many persons of note whom he met in the capital. Among the personages of distinction was one whose claims upon the attention of the town of leisure were slight indeed. He was a bootblack in one of the poorer quarters of the city. The employment would prove an effective disguise for a prince almost anywhere, and in London it was complete.

The oddest alien I ever saw in bloomsbury was in the area of the house of a medical friend in Woburn Square. While waiting on the steps for the bell to be answered I heard the sound of brushing, and looking down, I saw a small negro boy busily brushing a boot. He glanced up with a friendly smile, his eyes and teeth gleaming, and I noticed that on his right wrist was a broad ivory ring.

"So you are no longer an abolitionist?" I said to the doctor, when at last gained his room.

"No," he answered, "at least my sister is not. That is a boy whom my brother-in-law has just brought from West Africa. He did not exactly want him, but the boy was wild to see England, and at the last minute he jumped on board."

"And what does the ring on his arm mean?" I asked.

"Oh, he is a king's son out there. That is a symbol of authority. At home he has the power of life and death over fifty slaves."

When I came away the boy was still busily at work, but he had changed the boots for knife-cleaning. He cast a happy smile up to me as I descended the steps—the king's son with the power of life and death over fifty slaves.

AN EMPTY TREASURY

His wife—of course, bred in the city, was on her first visit to his uncle's farm. At breakfast he heard that his uncle's factory crew had been busting the night.

"That's a good joke on the farm, she said to her." asks her husband's partner.

"What," asked the uncle.

"Why, last night burglars broke into the school and took all the milk money!"

The Free Press' Short Story

The Tide in Stephen Webster's Affairs

EDWARD NEWTON FLINT

OLD STEPHEN WEBSTER, sitting with his wife and young Stephen on the verandah of their farmhouse, could see nearly five hundred acres of his strong, dense wheat stretching over the Manitoba plain in the July twilight. But the spectacle did not cheer the farmer.

"I declare," he grumbled, "I'm the most unfortunate man living! How we're going to harvest that grain I don't know."

"The Lord will provide some way, Stephen!" shrilled his haggard wife in his deaf ear.

"That's what you said last spring, and I borrowed every cent I could rake and scrape and give security for, all to get that crop into the ground, seeing the last chance, after the bad year, was to risk all for a big crop. And the Lord hasn't provided. I was reckoning to put a second mortgage on the crop itself for the cost of saving it, but labor's going to be scarce, and the weather's uncertain, and the long and short of it is that not one of the money-lending bloodsuckers in Sanford—I saw 'em all to-day—will let me have any more cash. And so we're ruined—that's all there is to it."

"The Lord will provide!" she repeated.

Perhaps her husband's mood had been a little mellowed by his tirade, for he replied, more amiably, "Well, Matilda, I guess you must think the Lord expects me and Stevey to get out and cradle five hundred acres in the harvest fortnight." He smiled at his wife and son.

Young Stephen had been awaiting the improvement in his father's mood, and now he spoke, as if uttering a mere fancy: "Father, if I can get that wheat cut and bunched ready to shock as soon as any wheat in the county, will you give me and Alice enough to go back to school with this winter?"

The father had raised his hand to his "best ear" in the manner of chronic deafness; now that hand was thrust out angrily. The reference to his daughter galled him, for he had always meant to give her "the best of everything," and now his own little Alice was helping him. During the school vacation she had gone to work in Weld's dairy.

"Enough to go to school with!" the farmer cried. "I'd give you a clean thousand dollars—not that it's worth that—but I'd be safe in saying ten thousand. What do you want to talk such nonsense for? I declare, the way you've been dreaming and mooning round lately is discouraging, and now you talk about getting that grain cut! You're getting worse and worse!" and with a most sour and hopeless expression, Mr. Webster looked out over the field.

"I just asked in case anything should turn up," said Stephen quietly.

"Turn up! Things don't turn up unless people turn 'em up! I'm going to bed rather than waste time talking such foolishness."

Stephen waited till his mother went, too, and then, hurrying to the barn, he mounted one of the two horses, and galloped down to Weld's.

"Is that you, Steve?" A gentle yet tired voice asked the question as he dismounted.

"Yes, Alice. I've come to bring you good news," and Stephen led his horse up under the trees by the gate where his sister stood.

"Splendid! Tell me quick!"

"I received a letter to-day from the Prairie Queen people—they make binders, you know—and they are going to let me manage their binders in a field trial."

"Is that all? I don't see how that is going to do much good."

"Wait till I tell you. You see, there are eight different kinds of binders for sale in Sanford, each by a different firm. The Prairie Queen makes nine. If I succeed in getting up the field trial, no one will dare to stay out. The contest will have to be on our farm, because we are only two miles out of Sanford, and besides, we have the largest and best and most forward field of wheat all in one piece for miles round. Well, each agency always sends two machines, so that in case one breaks down, the other can still fight. Fancy eighteen binders going round that field of ours at once! There isn't a machine that can't cut twenty acres a day in such even wheat, and by night there will be at least three hundred and sixty acres harvested. The other hundred and forty you and I and father can harvest in three days with the Prairie Queen and our old binder. We'll get another team some day. Now for the milk in the cocoanut. Father says that if I save the wheat—he will give me a thousand dollars."

Alice's eyes grew luminous as Stephen unfolded his plans.

"Oh, you dear, wonderful brother," she cried. "And now you can go to college and I to normal school, and I shall not have to work out any more during vacations. And best of all, father will be saved."

But then a sudden change came over her. "But Frank sells the Vibrator binders," she said, tremulously.

A frown gathered on Stephen's sunbrowned face. "Well, what of it?" he asked.

"Why—he—if he shouldn't win, he would feel dreadfully; and then, of course, he couldn't sell so many machines, either," said Alice.

"Alice," said Stephen, "I do not like Frank Crowbeach. I have nothing particular against him, but you are very young, and I think he ought to wait until you have had a chance to see men in other circumstances of life."

"But, Steve, he is going to wait, and he says just what you do."

"Well, anyway, our family interests must come first. If Crowbeach's machine is what he claims it to be, he need have no fear of letting it take its chances. As for selling machines, that is just the point. If the Prairie Queen wins, I shall sell a lot of machines myself, and then you and I will have a snug little sum, aside from anything father gives us."

"Yes, I suppose so!" sighed Alice, who would not be happy now until she could see Frank and have him allay the fears her fancy had conjured up. To be divided in her allegiance was misery to Alice.

"Why, of course it is so, sissy," said Stephen, cheerily. "And Frank is too sensible not to see it in the right light."

"Well," sighed Alice, "rather will have his wheat cut, anyhow."

"Of course," said Stephen; "and that is the main thing. There, good night!"

The weeks before harvest were full of activity for Stephen. He had to see influential farmers and induce them to put off buying binders until after the contest, and thus force reluctant dealers into it. He had to labor with the dealers themselves, and also arouse public interest.

He thought at first of concealing from the Sanford dealers the promise of the Prairie Queen people to send two machines to the contest, for the promise of the Prairie Queen people was verbal, and it advertisement in national papers could induce Stephen reflected that such concealment would be treacherous, and so he boldly began by a challenge that the other dealers should compete against the Prairie Queen, although he felt justified in concealing the fact that he himself had been promised the agency.

The challenge worked to a charm, for the other dealers saw that nothing but the Prairie Queen would be sold about Sanford that fall if they did not meet it. Moreover, the dealers, being older and more experienced than young Stephen, were not much alarmed by their new rival's advertisements.

Still, it took two weeks to secure the promises of the first three dealers. After that it was easy to get the next four, all agreeing only on condition that none of the dealers stay out. Only Frank Crowbeach held back.

Day by day Stephen's anger increased against Frank Crowbeach. Why should he not promise to enter, or clearly refuse, instead of saying that he could not tell whether he would enter or not? Stephen was too proud to go to Frank and beg, although he had three times politely requested him to take part. If Frank should not enter the contest, other dealers might back out at the last moment—so Stephen fared—and then the five hundred acres of wheat would be lost; and for that loss the triumph of the Prairie Queen would be little compensation.

The longer Frank held out, the more Stephen disliked him. To think that this young man, who was so dear to his sister, should be the one who was likely to ruin all his plans!

During this time Alice was also miserable, and it was not her brother who relieved her. She was swinging in the hammock one Saturday evening, after a hard day's work, apparently buried in thought. It was dusk, and she started up at the sound of buggy wheels.

"Whoa, boy!"

Alice recognized the deep, steady voice, and ran with the speed of a flushed partridge to where Frank Crowbeach was already tying his horse. Without other greeting, the impulsive girl plunged at once into the subject.

"I must tell you, Frank! I can't keep it to myself any longer!"

"Bless me, Alice, what is it? You are all excited," said Frank, as they walked toward the hammock.

"Something that Steve would forbid me to tell if I asked his leave. And yet I feel that you ought to know. It may do good! and as things are now, you won't enter the contest, anyway. Oh, I don't know what to do!" and as she finished, she sank back in the hammock with a little catch in her voice.

"There, there, Alice," said Frank, swinging the hammock gently, "you are all wrought up. Try and calm yourself. You know how ready I am to listen and to sympathize."

"Well, it is just this," went on Alice. "Stephen wants to go to college and send me to normal school. Father has promised him a thousand dollars if he can get the wheat cut. That is why he is working to get up the contest."

"Why, bless you, little one, everybody knows how crowded your father is and why Stephen is getting up this contest. As for the thousand-dollar arrangement, that is between Steve and your father."

"But that isn't all. O Frank, you won't be angry, will you?" said Alice, beseeching him with eyes and voice. "I'm sure you wouldn't be if you understood how much it means to all of us."

"Why, I'm not a man to get angry easily. What is it?" said Frank, gently.

"He is going to enter the Prairie Queen binder in the contest himself—"

"So that's the solution of the mystery!" Frank cried, in surprise.

"Why, what about it?" asked Alice.

"Now here is a secret you must keep, little one. I haven't entered the contest because my firm wouldn't agree to it. They wrote me that they were unable to find out who was to represent the Prairie Queen here. They say it stands a good chance to win in any field trial, and they are trying to get it into the hands of agents that handle their Vibrators, so as to avoid complications. So they directed me to compete only in case there was a likelihood of my being able to secure the agency for the Prairie Queen. Now Stephen won't want to handle it after this fall, if she's going to college, and I guess he will use his influence to turn the agency over to me. So of course now I will compete."

"O Frank, that is lovely!" cried Alice. "I'm so glad I told you! I'm sure Stephen will only be too glad to give you the agency."

"Oh, I guess Steve won't be giving things away for nothing, but now that I know he is my man, I can manage to grind my own little axe. We shall do business in a business way, Steve and I. My goodness, Alice, I'm glad you told me! But you mustn't tell Steve that I know. I give you my word that I'll help him all I can."

When Frank at last drove away, he left Alice as happy as only one can be who is capable of being extremely miserable.

Early the following morning Alice went home for her usual Sunday visit.

"I've got such news to tell you, Steve!" whispered Alice, as her brother helped her from the wagon. But it was some time before brother and sister had an opportunity to be alone together, under the shade of the big box-elder.

"Now, what is the news?" asked Stephen.

"Frank is going to enter."

"He is?" said Stephen, ungraciously. "He might have said so before. See the trouble he has put me to."

"O Steve, I'm sure he has some good reason, and that he will explain it all to you. You don't understand Frank."

"Well, there, never mind," said Stephen. "It isn't too late yet. But I must hustle to-morrow. I will have to go to Sanford and let them know that Crowbeach has agreed to compete, so they can get ready. I'll have to write my firm and telegraph an order for the machines. We shall come out all right yet."

"And now you can tell father. It will cheer him up so."

"No, it would not be safe. There's too many a slip between the cup and the lip, Alice. Father would be dreadfully broken up if he should be filled with hope and then cast down. We must just keep quiet till the last day. I've been afraid he would find out, but he's so deaf that he can't hear chance talk, and nobody thinks of telling him what everybody outside the family supposes he knows; and besides, he hasn't been into Sanford since the day he failed to borrow on the crop."

"Oh, but won't he be pleased!"

"Take care, Alice. It's dangerous to count unhatched chickens. Suppose the Prairie Queens should not get here on time. Then the whole thing would be off and father's disappointment would be terrible."

A week before the contest all the competitors were ready, except Stephen himself. The very thing he had lightly feared seemed to have come to pass, and Alice was in despair again. The Prairie Queens had been shipped, but day after day passed and they did not arrive in Sanford.

Telegrams began to fly back and forth between Stephen and the makers. At last he received word that the machines had been sent off on a branch line by mistake and sidetracked for a week. It was doubtful if a second consignment could reach him in time. His firm added that they were giving the freight department hot rest; but Stephen was not getting any rest, either. There were now only two days remaining before the date of the field trial.

On the evening of the last day but one before the contest Stephen sat on the verandah with his father and mother.

"Well, I cal'late, we might's well give up completely!" groaned Mr. Webster.

"Why so?" asked Stephen, whose forced cheerfulness contrasted painfully with his thin tired face. The anxiety was painfully telling on him.

"Why so!" fretted the deaf farmer. "Haven't all my efforts failed? I've got no credit. Can't lay hands on a thing that isn't mortgaged, and even if I could, I couldn't get any horses. There's not a horse in this part of the state that you can buy, borrow or rent. Hired help wants two dollars a day and board, and wants it cash. And I've got a boy that might have figured out some way of getting through our troubles if he was as wide-awake as I was when I was a young man and not deaf."

Stephen flushed.

"Have you forgotten the offer you made me of a thousand dollars if I'd get the wheat cut?" he asked, quietly.

"No, I haven't forgotten your foolishness. It does seem as if you were worse than ever, Steve. Here everything's going to rack and ruin, you more than half the time off gallivanting, and now you're harping on that string again."

"I still hope to get that thousand dollars, father."

"Hope! Hope! Sitting round the place, hoping!" And with an indignant snort the old man stamped into the house. Stephen sighed with even a worse fear than that his binder contest might not come off. It seemed as if his father's mind might be unhinged.

Only one day more now intervened before the trial, and Stephen was at the depot. It was late in the afternoon and the last freight of the day was pulling in. If the Prairie Queens were aboard, there would still be time to get them set up. All depended on this train. But it carried no Prairie Queens. Stephen stood as if dazed. He watched the train pull out, and was left alone on the platform in despair. Sitting down on a box of freight, he burst into tears, for he was still little more than a boy. His shoulders shook with his sobs.

"Steve, what is it?"

The words were in a kindly tone. Steve looked up, and then started to his feet with a scowl. Crowbeach was standing by his side.

"Nothing, only I was expecting some freight," said Stephen, shortly.

"I can guess what freight you expected."

"How so?"

"Well, never mind. But you won't have time to get them out home and put them up to-morrow all alone."

"No, I know that. How did you find out? Does any one else know? Will it stop the trial if they find out the Queen can't compete?" Stephen spoke nervously.

"Steve, you are like Alice. You let things worry you too much. The contest will come off all right. Now—"

"Lucky you're here, Webster." This from the depot agent, who came down the platform toward them. "Here's a wire for you," and he handed Stephen an envelope.

He tore it open and read the few words.

"Too late!" he said, with a groan, and he handed the paper to Frank.

"Never say die!" cried Frank, after reading the message. "Those machines will be here at two o'clock to-night. I'll be here with teams and men, and pack them right over to my warehouse, and you and I can set right to work putting them together. In the morning I'll have a couple of men to help us, and there is all day to-morrow to work at them. If we can't get those Prairie Queens up by afternoon we are no good."

"Frank, you don't mean it!"

"Don't I? Wait and see." Frank's eyes twinkled.

The great day at last arrived. Mr. Webster sat brooding by the upper chamber window in settled melancholy. Save for the cackling of a hen down by the barn, silence prevailed. The kitchen clock struck eight, and Mr. Webster started from a reverie at the sound. He let his eyes wander wearily, and then his gaze suddenly became fixed on the road.

"Matilda!" he called, straining his eyes.

"Yes, father, what is it?" came Mrs. Webster's quavering shrill voice from the kitchen, where she was washing the breakfast dishes.

"Come here! Hurry up! What on earth is that coming down the Sanford road?" he asked, as his wife stood at his side, breathing hard from her hasty ascent of the stairs.

"That?" said Mrs. Webster, adjusting her glasses. "Why, I declare, it looks like a circus parade! See the flags!"

"There's no circus in town, is there? Besides, they wouldn't come out here, anyhow."

"Why, it's a binder! See the reel!"

"That's what it is! It's a whole string of binders with a procession a mile long behind them. Why, there comes Steve ahead on horseback!" and the old man jumped up and rushed down-stairs.

"I see it! I see it all, my boy!" said he, clinging to Stephen's hand at the gate, a little later. And there was a new light in his eyes.

"I would have told you before, dad," said Stephen, "but I was so afraid you might be too much disappointed if the thing fell through. There are eighteen binders going into that grain that will cut a wide swath; and, father, there are plenty of kind men in this world, after all. The dealers have combined, and say they are going to stay at it till they cut the whole five hundred acres. Frank Crowbeach managed that."

"We're saved, my boy! And to think of all the mean things I've said to you! And about Frank Crowbeach too! I'm ashamed of myself. But I haven't forgotten the thousand dollars!" and tears stood in the old man's eyes. It was plain to see from whom Alice and Stephen got their emotional natures.

In the afternoon of the day following the great field trial—in which the honors were divided among the Prairie Queen and three other machines—Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Stephen, Alice and Frank Crowbeach were standing on the verandah, looking out across the field. It was bare of wheat, except in shocks ready for stacking.

"Stephen, I'm so proud of you that I can hardly find words to express myself!" said Alice.

"Yes, I think he's just the sort of a brother to have," said Frank; whereupon Alice blushed and turned away with a smile.

"From poverty to plenty," said Mr. Webster. "The world is so bright that I feel hymns of thanksgiving on my lips pretty near all the time for being blessed with such a son."

Mrs. Webster said nothing, but she softly patted her boy's hand, and there was a look of pride and satisfaction in her eyes never seen except in those of a happy mother.

THE SAME TWENTY YEARS AGO AS NOW

He was out of sorts when he got home at night, and found it easy, therefore, to grumble at the price of his wife's new hat. "Downright extravagance!" he muttered, scarcely looking at it.

"You men are always charging us women with extravagance," retorted his wife, unpinning the hat and dropping it lightly on the head of a Mercury on the top of the bookcase. "You never seem to think of your own failings in that line."

"I don't know what you mean," said he, coldly.

"Well, I'll tell you." His wife sat down, facing him. "You men run this glorious country, and you always have. You are therefore responsible for all its weaknesses. Now what salary do you pay the Vice-President of the United States?"

"He receives eight thousand dollars a year."

"Who is the Vice-President now?"

"Well, there isn't any."

Very good. There hasn't been any since the death of President McKinley, has there?"

"Well, no." He admitted this reluctantly, for he began to see that his wife had been attending political science lectures for a purpose, and that that purpose was to get the better of him.

"There hasn't been a Vice-President for a year or two, then?"

He admitted the fact.

"And the country seems to get along all right without one?"

"But the President might die."

"To be sure, but the law places others in the line of succession, so that there wouldn't be any real vacancy."

"Yes, of course, but—"

"There are no 'buts' about it. You pay a man eight thousand dollars a year to hang around and do nothing but wait for some one else to die, which happens once perhaps in a generation. Now is that business sense or needless extravagance?"

He tried to say something, but his wife in a very unsportsmanlike way continued to hit him while he was down.

"Yes, you men pay a man eight thousand dollars a year for doing nothing, and then make a big fuss when a woman pays a few paltry dollars for a new hat. You men pay eight thousand dollars for nothing and complain if a woman pays twenty-five dollars for something. Now will you tell me—"

But her husband slipped away before she finished the sentence. Going down the steps, she heard him say something about the folly of trying to argue with a woman.

That was twenty years ago, but a good sharp woman could make a retort, equally caustic and quite as rational to-day.

MORTIFYING

The man that boasts is on the high road to humiliation. Something like that seems to be the lesson of an amusing little tale. It concerns the boyish son of a Presbyterian minister of Cincinnati.

He had been suffering from toothache, and at last his father said:

"Well, John, we'll go to the dentist to-morrow and have the tooth extracted."

John was not much elated over such a prospect, but he made the best of it, and straightway began bragging to some of his playmates about the fearful ordeal that he was to go through. It was an "awfully big tooth," he told them. The dentist would have to use both hands to pull it, and most likely would be obliged to call in his assistant.

Well, the next day came, and in due course the boy found himself in the big operating chair, on each arm of which he took a good grip.

The dentist looked into the open mouth, smiled, took up a small steel instrument, thrust it under the offending tooth and literally pried it out.

The boy looked at the tooth, and then at the dentist. Then he walked across the room, saying not a word, and began putting on his overcoat. His fathered followed him and asked:

"Did it hurt you, my son?"

That was too much for the hero. Two big tears started down his cheeks.

"Hurt!" he said. "Hurt! Why, he didn't pull my tooth out. He just took it out with a tack lifter."

Corns cannot exist when Holloway's Corn Remover is applied to them, because it goes to the root and kills the growth.

A NICKEL STANDARD

Five cents was the value which a Texas farmer once placed upon a minister's prayer. The story is told in the Epworth Era of the Rev. H. S. Thrall, one of the pioneers of Methodism in Texas.

In company with a number of itinerants, who were on their way to conference, Doctor Thrall stopped to spend the night with an old farmer. It was the custom then to settle the bill at night, so that they might rise about three o'clock in the morning and ride a good way before breakfast, and lie by in the heat of the day.

Doctor Thrall, acting as spokesman of the party, said to the old farmer after supper, "We are a company of Methodist preachers going to conference. If you will get the family together we will have prayers with you."

After prayers, one by one settled his bill. Doctor Thrall's turn came, and he asked for his bill. The old farmer replied:

"Well, pa'son, I charged the rest twenty-five cents, but bein' as you prayed for us so good, I won't charge you but twenty cents." The brethren had the laugh on Doctor Thrall.

HER BLESSINGS

When a man begins to count his blessings he can generally find plenty to be thankful for, although sometimes he may include things which might not be regarded by other people as altogether joyous.

"I'm thinking about the wonderful progress the world has made, and how much we've got to be thankful for," said Mrs. Matthews, rocking in her old stuffed chair, with a pair of knitting-needles in her hands and a placid smile on her face.

"It is wonderful," admitted her niece.

"Seems as if everything turned to good. There's lightning, now; if it hadn't been for that I never should have had those fine rods on the house and the barn that make me feel so safe in a thunder-storm. And there's smallpox; if it hadn't been for that we never should have known the blessings of vaccination; and if there hadn't been near-sighted folks nobody would have thought to invent magnifying glasses and specs. I declare, there's a sight of things to be thankful for!"

A BAD WATCH

Sometimes the Chinaman coins a phrase which might well be adopted by his English-speaking neighbors.

Wing Lung, the proprietor of a flourishing laundry, had a watch which habitually lost time; so, watch in hand, he hied him to the nearest watchmaker.

"Watchee no good to Wing Lung now," he said, briefly, showing his property across the counter. "You fix him."

"What's the matter with it?" asked the watchmaker.

"Oh, watchee too much by 'n' by," said Wing Lung, as he took his leave without further waste of words.

To Have Beautiful Hair

Shampoo this way

Women who command attention and admiration have pretty hair. Hair with softness, and silken sheen.

Such hair is within the power of every girl and woman to possess.

We are offering you a test of the shampoo which specialists on hair treatment recommend. It will bring out new beauty in your hair.

Without perfect cleanliness of hair and scalp, no hair can be really lovely. Do not use shampoo which leaves the hair dry and brittle, dull or lifeless.

Shampoo containing olive oil is best, authorities say.

It cleanses each hair, clear down to the tiny scalp pores.

Yet mildly, so that your hair is left soft, fluffy, pliant—with the rich gleam of natural color.

Today, in Palmolive Shampoo, you have olive oil in its perfect form for the hair. Dainty, pleasing—not oily. And economical. Millions of women have found new hair-beauty through it.

You can test it, at home at our expense. Simply send the coupon for a 15¢ trial-size bottle, free.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO

Made in Canada

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

Toronto, Ont.

FREE 15c trial bottle. See coupon below.

15c TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

Fill in and post to The Palmolive Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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