

THE MOTHER

Dear Lord, there is so much to do in one brief, busy day: The little clothes to wash and iron and mend and put away. The little boys to gather up, the little beds to make. The little girls to smooth away from little hearts that ache. The little bodies to be kept, for Thy sake, clean and sweet. And Mary Mother one time know the bitterness of the weeping of the Christ Child's feet. The little feet to wash at night, the little lips to kiss. Forgive me Lord, I have seemed negligent of Thy work; It is not that my heart is hard, it is not that I shirk. But that my heart and hands are full with these my little ones. My little daughters, fair and sweet, my sturdy little sons. Once I rejoiced in serving Thee, and only Thee always. And now sometimes I am so tired I cannot even pray. I draw near at night to Him, whose mother I love, His little feet to wash and little lips to kiss. —Author Unknown.

CANDID CRITICISM

A group of men were telling after-dinner stories over their cigars. They had dined, and were in high spirits. The talk soon became broad and talented. One man sat in silence in the background. "What are you brooding over?" said one of the company, turning to him suddenly in a pause of the conversation. "You look as though you were collecting heads for a sermon." "I was wondering what your mothers were and what they were like," he replied. "You were compelled to listen to all this foul talk." "There was loud laughter over what the talkers contemptuously termed the "Miss Nancy squealiness" of their companion. The moralist was pronounced to live in a wicked world, and no many jokes were cracked at his expense that he took his hat and walked away. "It had required moral courage to place himself publicly on the side of decency, and apparently his act had been without effect. But it soon became evident that it had not been in vain. When two of the company, later in the evening, tried to revive each other in broad stories, there was another protest from one who had been listening gravely. He had joined in the merriment at "Miss Nancy" a few hours before. "Really," said the second moralist, "these last stories are too good for me to listen any longer. Each of us is the worse for being here. We may not be religious men, but we must admit that there is something in the spiritual nature of a man that is the best part of him, and that foul talk of this sort degrades and debases that immortal something. Not one of us can go out of this room without feeling that he has done himself injustice by violating his spiritual instincts." This moral was also enforced by the criticism of candid friends upon the second novel of the evening. The work had revealed evil tendencies: "You are going from bad to worse. The evil in the first book was latent, but in the second it is uncontrolled, flagrant and offensive. You had to write the first one before you could lower yourself to the level of the second, with its offences against morality and decency." "That is what young men seldom take into account—the degrading effects of bad work and foul talk upon their own characters. They repeat stories which would bring blushes to the faces of their mothers; and day by day they are deteriorating." "That was my first picture," said a French painter to a friend at a public gallery. "Yes," was the response; "you had to paint it before you could be so indifferent to the moral side of art as to paint your second one, and you have been going down ever since. Your pictures have made you rich, but each one leaves you poorer in spirit, and enables you to go lower the next time." "We owe it to ourselves and to the world to make the best of the lives we have given us, and it can never be an impertinence in art, literature and conversation which corrupt the mind and degrade character."

THE CASUAL QUESTION

What do you do when your little boy interrupts your reading or your meditation with his childish query, "Mamma, what is the matter with you?" "Do you say, 'Don't bother me now, dear,' or do you explain to him how the tropical trees are tapped and the sap is collected and coagulated? Not only the extent of his future store of knowledge, but much of his ability to acquire knowledge will depend on the course you pursue. The moment of transient interest that culminates in a question is the important moment in education. To a child that is rebuked there comes a feeling of disappointment by no means harmless simply because it appears to be transient; and frequent rebuffs convince him that he should not expect to know the very things that interest him. His questions become fewer, and he grows more and more introspective. There is nothing more dangerous to the child than the feeling that he should not expect to know. "Are those houses being washed away?" asked the big continental who was looking at some pictures of Venice. In simple language her mother told her the story of the barbarian invasions that drove the people of Venice to the neighboring islands, where they could be safe; of their decision to remain on the islands, and of their building bridges across them; of the gondolas that they use instead of carriages and automobiles. The child's delight in Venice was the beginning of an intense and permanent interest in geography. "A small child noticed in an advertisement the figure of a little Dutch girl. "Why do they make her shoes so funny?" he asked. This delighted mother got various pictures of Holland and in the end the child's simple question led to a considerable knowledge of the Netherlands and their interesting people. The unexpected and perhaps casual question points the road you are to follow; the child's spontaneous interest is a finger-post. You cannot tell where the road will lead, but if you follow it you will not only broaden your child's education, but you will also create a strong bond of friendship between yourself and him."

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Blacksmith shops were once to be found in almost every cross-roads village. In days of yore the blacksmith was decreasing annually, owing largely to the way motors are replacing horses on the roads. Another indication of the extent to which this more important trade has fallen off is seen in the decision of the United States Steel Corporation to drop the manufacture of wire Co., a subsidiary of the steel corporation, has sold the machinery, stock on hand and good-will of its Blacksmith department to a Chicago firm. It has been using only 18,000 tons of steel a year, for horseshoes and therefore is going to use its horse-shoe plant for more profitable business.

The Free Press Short Story

One Thousand Feet Below

BY DENNIS H. STOVALL

WHEN Robert Martin returned to consciousness, he had the terrifying sense of waking from a horrible dream. As he opened his eyes, he could see nothing. A black Stygian darkness enveloped him, and the air felt damp and stale. Only with supreme difficulty could he breathe. An oppressive silence reigned about him, so quiet and still that he could hear the labored throbbing of his heart. After some time his mind cleared, and he began to realize the situation. He was far down in the heart of Blue Ledge, one thousand feet below the surface of the earth. There had been an accident, a sudden breaking of the supporting-timbers and a falling rock and each had followed, causing wild excitement and pandemonium, as the terrified miners made a rush for the safety of the open tunnels. Robert had happened in a narrow drift with Dan Wade, his working partner. There was a vague memory of another, also, a stranger, who wore an official star, who had come down into the lower stop just as the catastrophe had occurred. Martin was lying face down now, on the rock floor of the enclosed vault, a crushing weight of broken quartz and shale piled on his back. By great effort, and after much painful squinting and twisting of his bruised body, he got himself free. He barely had the strength to crawl out, and lie on his back. Suddenly he thought he heard a stifled groan. Fumbling in his jacket pocket for a match, he found one, and lighted it. Luckily the mine was of quartz, and there was no explosive gases to endanger. The little flame glared his eyes at first, but soon he was able to peer into the jagged corners of the stone wall that held him prisoner. He saw a man lying under the wreckage, a man who had been killed by the falling rock. Before the match burned out, the boy recognized the stranger by the metal star on his vest. Involuntarily the young miner took a quick breath, and glanced round furtively, as if to make sure there were no other eyes in the broken drift. To his disordered mind came the undeniable truth. This man was the deputy sheriff who had come down into the mine to arrest him. By a strange trick of fate, the officer, too, had been caught in the drift. He was trapped with the one whom he intended to take into custody. Robert struck another match, and holding it up, crawled to the shale pile. While the light still flickered, he began to crawl with his one free hand at the mass of shattered rock under which lay the dead miner. The boy forgot the thousand pains that tortured his own body in his desire to help the other man. He continued to work in the dark until the man was uncovered. Another match was lighted, and held near the officer's face, while the boy called huskily, "Hello! Hello—o—o!" "The man groaned, and muttered a few incoherent words. Then his eyes fluttered, and he raised a trembling hand. "Hello! Hello—o—o!" The other bending lower, while the match still flamed, "Are you hurt much?" He raised a hand under the officer's head, to ease it up. "Thanka, but I'm all right! Just flattened a bit, that's all. Who are you?" "I'm Robert Martin." "Oh, sure, now I know. Are you hurt? That was an awful break." "We are both lucky to be alive. Except being bruised and hammered by falling rock, I'm O. K. But I'm worried about Dan Wade, a friend of mine who was working with me in this drift. I saw him just before the break. I'm afraid he never got out." "I doubt they'll ever get out, either. We're jammed in a broken stop, a thousand feet below." "I know the rock here. It's quite firm with practically no faults. The big uncertainty is the air. We may not be able to hold out till the boys come up." "Then you think the miners will dig for us?" "Sure they will! They went stop either, till they find us. I know Pete Harmon and his men!" "The two lay in the pitch blackness till the young miner grew restless. For either of them to move very much was impossible. Robert held the officer would talk, offer some word of explanation for his presence in the mine. The deputy had nothing to say about making an arrest, nor had he given any information concerning his purpose or business. To young Martin's uneasy mind came a host of conflicting notions. The boy wanted to know the truth, whether the one being sought was Dan Wade or himself. Finally he asked bluntly, "Did you find the brown canvas bag?" "Yes, I found it." "Martin caught his breath. That set the boy's mind to work. The bag of gold bullion that had disappeared from the White Lode mine nearly two years ago. All this while, the officer and the three counties were trying to find it. He caught the one who had taken it. Less than twelve hours ago the brown bag and the pile of gold had come into Steve Martin's keeping. "Where do you find it?" "Under bunk twenty." "That is mine." The boy drew a sigh of relief as if glad to know he was the one the officer had come down to get. Martin gave a sudden start when a slight rattling of shale and a low moan came from the blackness at the far end of the drift. That must be Dan Wade! He raised up, and striking a match, began crawling through the narrow drift. He paused when he heard a feeble voice calling: "Bob—oh, Bob! Hello!" "I'm coming partner," responded the young miner, starting on again. "Wait a second!" shouted the deputy hoarsely from the rear. The two scrambled up into the gloom-filled pocket. While the officer held a lighted match, the young miner lifted, pulled, dug and clawed at the tangled mass of wreckage under which his friend was caught and held. Bob bent over his friend anxiously. "Dan! Dan! Look at me, boy!" "Dan Wade opened his eyes and stared into his friend's face. The man of the law struck another match, holding it so that the flicking glow fell upon the youth's pale countenance, mingled expression of fear and surprise, and a mixture of features when Dan observed the deputy. "Who is this with you, Bob?" he asked feebly. "It's Pete Harmon, the boss, or any of his men?" "No, it isn't Pete Harmon," interrupted the officer, just as the match went out. "He's a friend of mine, whether you know me or not." "The two drew the injured youth up, and made him as comfortable as they could on the vault floor. While they were doing this, they

JOHN'S BARGAIN

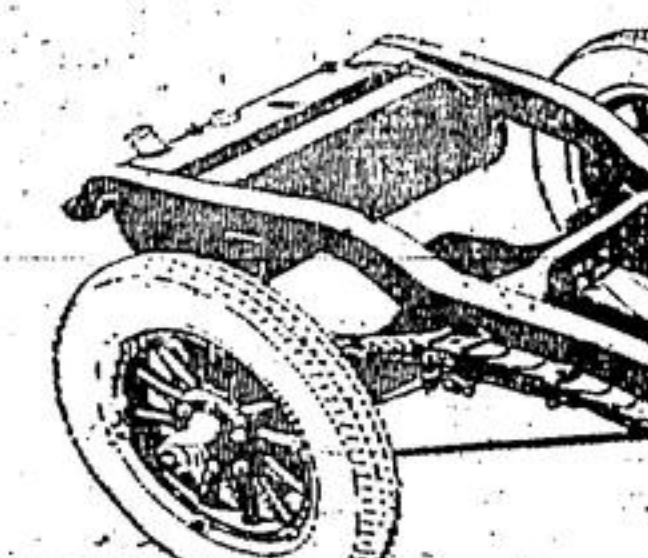
"I see you have one of those cake pans that Barguin's ten cent store sold last week at their special price," said Mrs. White, as she was visiting in Mrs. Brown's kitchen one morning. "Yes, isn't that good value for ten cents?" replied Mrs. Brown, holding the pan up proudly. "Indeed it is," said Mrs. White, talking the pan in her hand. "I wanted one, but the good ones were all gone before I could be waited on. How do you manage it?" "Oh, I select John," smiled Mrs. Brown. "I was busy and couldn't go that morning, and you know John passes there each morning about eight o'clock when the store opens. So I asked him if he wouldn't stop and get me a pan, and he said he would." "It should think you would be afraid to trust him to buy one. Some of them were quite badly damaged, you know," said Mrs. White. "Oh, John is careful," Mrs. Brown assured her. "He always gets the best of everything. The one he got me is absolutely perfect as far as I can see." "Well, isn't that wonderful! I didn't see a perfect one in the store. I didn't trust my husband object to carrying the pan home? Mine would, and they never deliver anything sold at the special sale." "They delivered this," said Mrs. Brown. "John is well known and the stores are anxious to accommodate him. Then he has a way of getting things done." "I shall certainly send Robert to Barguin's the next time they have a special sale," said Mrs. White. "Why, this pan is just as good as the ones they sell for a quarter at Jones' hardware store, next door to Barguin's." "Yes, it is exactly the same," said Mrs. Brown, triumphantly. "I thought it was, but I wanted to make sure; so I went into the hardware store the other day, and asked to see their pans. They showed me one for a quarter that is exactly like mine. I told the man I had got a pan just like it for ten cents, and he made the funniest mistake—he said he had sold John one only a few days ago. Wasn't that queer?" "It certainly was," said Mrs. White. "THE WATER CURE A Swedish farmer who lived on his wheat farm in Minnesota was taken ill, and his wife telephoned the doctor. "If you have a thermometer," answered the physician, "take his temperature. I will be out and see him presently." "An hour or so later, when the doctor drove up, the woman met him at the door. "How is he?" asked the doctor. "Well, she said, "I can put the barometer on him if you tell me, and it says 'Very dry,' so I give him a pitcher of water to drink, and now he's up and back to work!"

DISPELLING THE BOSS' FROWN

If your boss looks kinder gloomy and your chances kinder slim, Then the time to show some action, to get back in line with him, Do your work with more ambition and his frown will soon be gone. And your work will be a pleasure, while you keep on keepin' on.

A SAD CASE

The worried countenance of the bridegroom disturbed the best man. "What's the matter, Joe?" he whispered. "What's the matter, Joe? Have you lost the ring?" "No," blurted out the unhappy Joe, "the ring's safe 'n' so." "But, man, I've lost my enthusiasm!"



On McLaughlin-Buick— Cantilever Rear Springs

FULL Cantilever rear springs absorb the shocks of the road and give maximum riding comfort. The McLaughlin-Buick "Sealed Chassis" with its torque tube drive makes it possible for McLaughlin-Buick to use this type of spring. One of the many reasons McLaughlin-Buick has maintained its position as Canada's Standard Car.

S. V. KING REPRESENTATIVE GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK

THE WATER CURE

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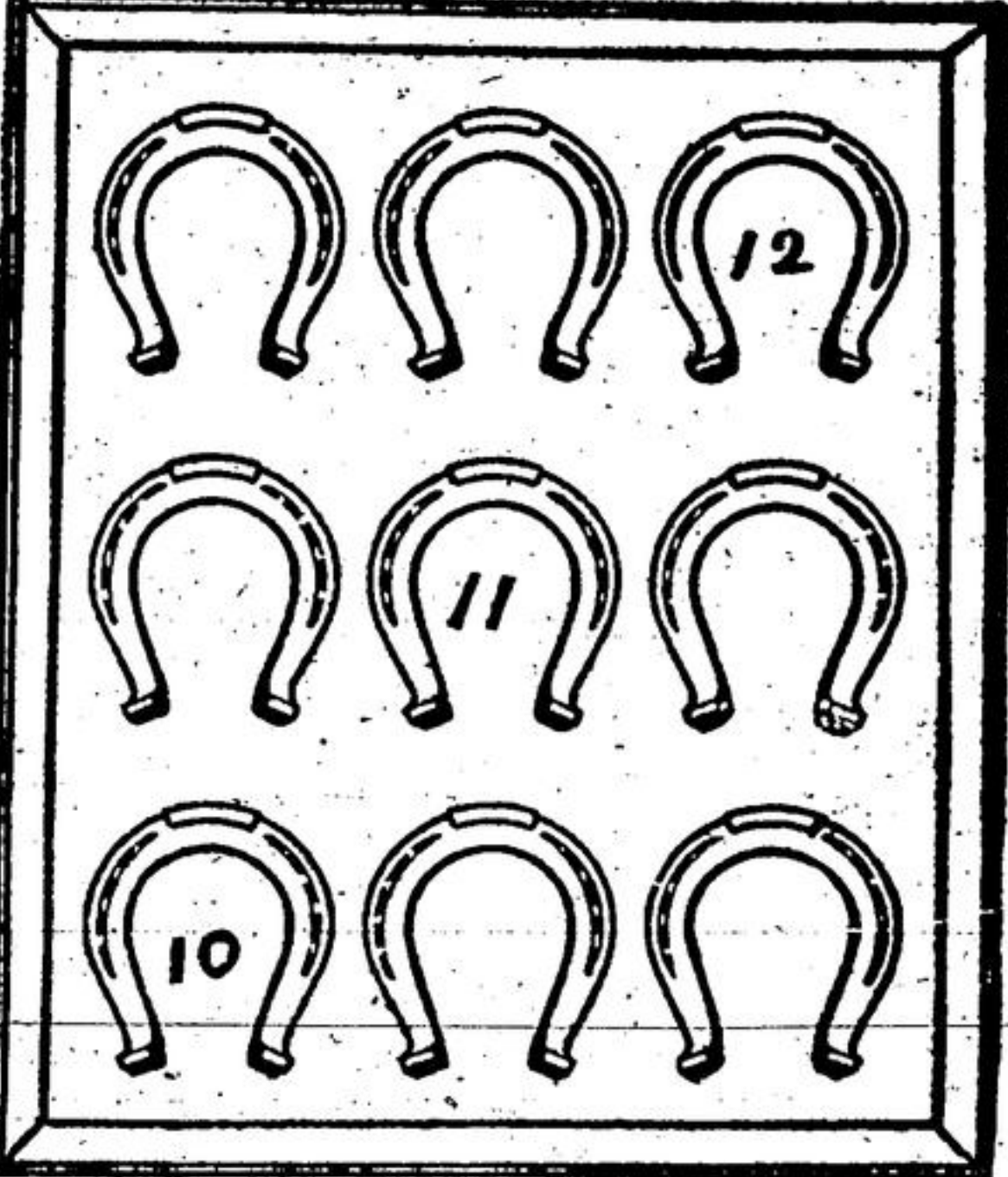
Have You Sent in Your Answer?

THE LUCKY HORSESHOE PUZZLE CONTEST

Positively Closes Wednesday, May 13th

SEND YOUR SOLUTION TO-DAY!!

Remember—Every Correct Answer Receives a Reward

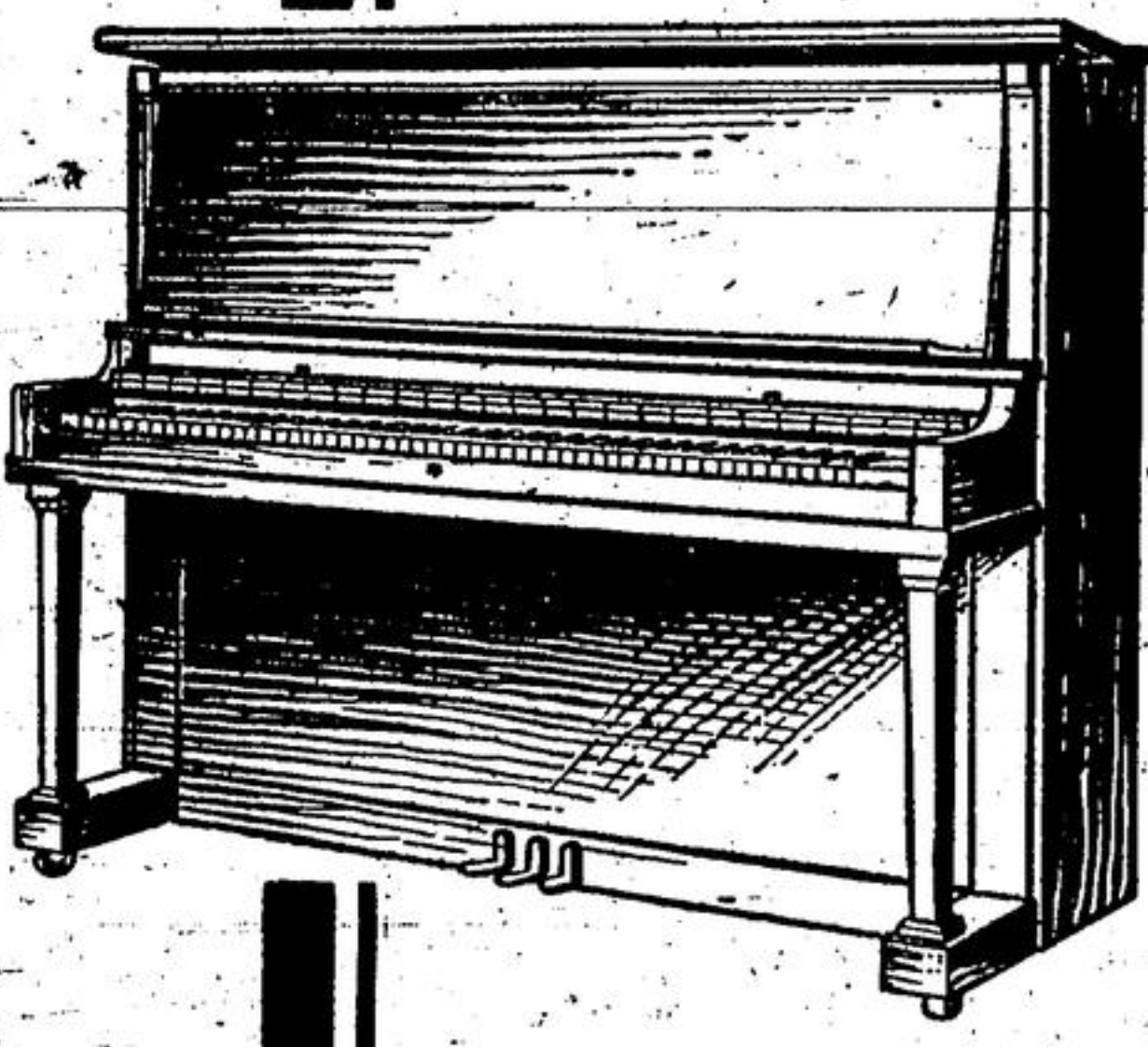


SOLVE THE PUZZLE

It can be done and someone is going to win a Magnificent Piano, Phonograph or other prize, absolutely without cost of any kind.

THINK OF IT

If you do not own a piano, here is an opportunity to get one for only a few minutes' work. There is nothing to buy, nothing to sell. This is simply an advertising campaign for a Canadian manufacturer. You may be the lucky person to win one of the grand prizes. Read the directions carefully and send in your answer as soon as possible. The contest closes Wednesday, May 13th.



- 1st Prize \$475.00 Piano Walnut or Mahogany Finish
2nd Prize \$150.00 PHONOGRAPH
3rd Prize \$150.00 Credit Voucher
Additional Prizes \$125.00 Credit Vouchers

COUPON

Name
Address

Prizes will be given for the best, neatest, most original correct answers.

DIRECTIONS

Place any number from one to fifteen in each of the Horseshoes shown above in such a manner that when added horizontally, vertically and diagonally, the total will be 33. It is possible to do this correctly and not use any number more than once. When you have solved the problem, mail the answer to the Canadian Selling Agents at the address given below. Mail your answer promptly, for in case of tie the prize will go to the first answer received.

THINGS TO REMEMBER

Answers may be submitted on this or on a separate sheet of paper, or any other material. There is no limit to the size of the solution. Only one member of each family should send a solution. Employees of the newspapers carrying this announcement should not enter this contest. Persons engaged in selling pianos should not enter. This is a Piano and Phonograph advertising campaign, and our hope is that the beautiful Piano and Phonograph will be awarded to families who do not now own a piano or phonograph; for this reason families who are supplied with pianos should not enter. All solutions entered are, and shall remain, the property of the Canadian Selling Agents. Each and every contestant entering a reply hereby agrees to abide by the decision of the judges, from which there shall be no appeal.

CLEANING FACTORY EQUIPMENT TO PREVENT MOULD IN THE BUTTER

Improperly cleaned factory equipment is the most frequent cause of moulding butter, after the cream has been pasteurized. Vats should be cleaned with warm water and steam, or at least. They should be washed daily with a hot solution of alkali at 150 degrees Fahrenheit, using a scrubbing brush. Pumps and pipes should be taken apart and cleaned every day, and afterwards steamed. The churn should be first rinsed, then washed in a solution of alkali washing powder, revolving it for five or ten minutes. Then rinse the churn again with boiling water, drain thoroughly and turn the doors up and open. Before using rinse again with hot water, then with cold. Churns should be lined at least once a week with a strained solution.

A PERSONAL APPLICATION

A well-known business man in Lawrence, Massachusetts, once had a customer who contracted a debt that he along with another man was holding to so that the flicking glow fell upon the youth's pale countenance, mingled expression of fear and surprise, and a mixture of features when Dan observed the deputy. "Who is this with you, Bob?" he asked feebly. "It's Pete Harmon, the boss, or any of his men?"

Write your name carefully and plainly. To the best, neatest, most original, correct answer will be given one \$475.00 Piano, absolutely free. To the next best, neatest, most original, correct answer will be given a \$150.00 Phonograph. To the next best will be given a \$150.00 Purchasing Voucher, acceptable on any Piano or Player Piano shown.

SEND YOUR ANSWER TO CANADIAN SELLING AGENTS 32 Water St. South Galt, Ont.