And that's the way to school for him. When I see him passing by. What's the way to school, you say? It's after a butterfly That darts by many a zigzag way, And upon a limb so high,

Where he guards a nest with robin And hard by a woodchuck's lair, It's many a mile for bare, brown logs Here, there and overywhere.

What's the way to school, you say? It's scurrying a rabbit's trail; It's past a field, where the lambs are at And a seat on the topmost rail

Of the pasture fence, and a leap from To a wagon rumbling by; It's down the wind for an old str With a whistle and call and cry.

What's the way to school you say? It's the way of unnumbered boys, It's an endless romp on a cloudless day In search of a hundred joys; It's over a meadow and through

And that's the way to school,

THE SECOND MILE

"It seems to me," protested Elsie, "that I have done all that can be expected of me. I have tried in every all the others-put together. It was a way I know to reach Charlie Vreeland, handsome three-year-old roan colt. but I can't do it. Every Sunday I feel as if I were standing over a volcano that might explode at any moment. 'I can't do my best for the other boys, either, when he is in the class." "You have done all that could be expected," agreed the superintendent. "You have gone the full mile with him. Perhaps the second mile will be easier

"What do you mean?" asked Elsie. mile on his journey to show him the squire's farm, where the trial was to way. That is what Jesus had in His mind when He said to His disciplos, "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."

"I know that Charlie has been a trial tunity the others boys have had. I do not want to take him out of the "I'll try," answered Elsie, but she

had gone to the country, and she was looking forward to a quiet evening with a pleasant book. Then, across the street, she saw her discouraging pupil. He was ragged and dirty, and suddenly human arms and hands; and reapers dous effort. Weatherley fell back a did not see what he wished. The girl, meditation that must form our own her own small brother be if he had

He obeyed, but there was a sullen, half defiant look on his face. "My family are all away, and it's their names, and ten one-acre plots cradlers. Three or four had to slow chief! lonesome. Will your mother care if had been measured off with great ex- down fully a third of their stroke. But "Then John Armstrong forgot all you stay for supper with me? I'm actness in the squire's big thirty-acre Hunter kept his lead, with Inglewood about the long and hard struggle in a brightening face. "But I ain't fit." finish his plot, if it took a day, or even Burnside had fallen back somewhat.

She went out into the kitchen with plots. quite new plans for the evening. She After supper she played and sang for were Deck and Jud, confident and per- began to cheer madly, for it was seen put her arm about his shoulder. "What Weatherly, from Red Oak Corners; putting forth a mighty effort, and was makes you give me so much trouble in Dandy' Burnside, from Jockey Hol- surely gaining. you try to sit quiet next Sunday?" "You bet I will," he answered.

CAME HOME TO HIM

half-way home. His patient horses Armstrong's. His was rough-looking still, came down to the foot of the were nibbling the grass by the road- and plainly home-made. side. He gathered himself up, felt in "The young fellow himself represent- competitors halfway up on their next but seven cents, and then he went and smaller, and, in fact, in the old-time Old Clawfingers upon its snathe and,

his head, "this won't do! Old man,"- "Although John fared, better than respectable cheer. his might on the iron tire of one of fared hardly enough, for Brett was a heard that cheer; for, as he swung the hind wheels, to utter destruction of driving kind of a man, and although round for that last swath, he glanced the jug and total loss of the corn-juice, strictly honest, as close as the bark toward the house, where most of the

Billison is still a member of that total of clothes and his freedom. That was young Armstrong suddenly forgot the abstinence society, in good standing. | the old, fron-clad rule.

CAUSE FOR WORRY

manded a ticket for Pig-Foot Junc- he promptly styled shirking, and he as if he had just started in the race.

one's tampered with the bulletin- in that way, and that it had a wonder- of the juice' gives a man heart and board!" declared the clerk, excitedly fully stimulating effect; but was not staying qualities. He started for a moment at the board, then at the old negro. Slowly maturity, he developed into a strap- Armstrong, who, nevertheless, pegked his face relaxed into a broad grin. The ping chap six feet tall, with broad away steadily. Three or four of the "All trains on time-Sept. 1."

a corner of this great Dominion where the driver, but that the order of things this time. All remembered that long. the merits of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil had been reversed. Especially was this extra swath. Could Hunter take up have not been tried and proved. It is true, the neighbors declared, in the that swath? one of the world's most efficient rem- hay-field. They insisted that at "Armstrong began to suffer from edies for sore throat, lame back and divers times Brett's shing just above thirst. Was no one going to rememmany other aliments arising from in- his low boots, had come into abrupt bor him? He had begun to feel faint, flamation. Rubbed on the skin its contact with John's rake, and that at when he saw a lean, wiry looking man

The Free Press' Short Story

How the Squire's Colt was Won

BY SHELDON C. STODDARD

strong for the old man to re- his formidable bound boy. slat; and the three young people drew their chairs a little closer

The squire was one of the most pros- put into a semblance of service ble An obstinate old fellow he was, too, economies. with ways of his own-plenty of them. "For two or three years they had

"Squire Inglewood professed to en tertain as great contempt for this kind

of athletics, and one year he astonished everybody by offering a prize of his own, and for a race that was certainly something new. The prize was worth "The colt, the squire proclaimed; should go to the young man or old man or any kind of a man-so the squire put it-who should the quickest cut, rake and bind and shock securely one measured acre of oats, the work to be done in a thoroughly workmanlike

"You can imagine there was excite- furious. ment enough when the announcement "By an old law or custom in the appeared. It stirred up half the county. Valuable colts like roans didn't grow on every bush in those days; and then there was the rivalry. The take place, was little more than a half mile from the Center. Young men and old men and boys-yes, and plenty of young girls and women, too-gathered at every opportunity to discuss the stirring event and hazard opinions on

"There were several favorite candidates in the field, but probably Deck order. As a Christian and a teacher, Hunter, a young fellow from Beetle it is your duty to take him into the Vale, and the squire's son, Judson, had detail counted. Jud and Deck were That's the first mile. That you had to for Dexter—had been courting the Cannon and Rug Weartherly next, side young chap, for those people leved grit, some people said the shrewd old man still felt hopeless about Charlie Vree- had little fear that the colt would go straight swath. out of the family. The two young men already had a record of having porch alone. The rest of the family cradled an acro in less than an hour and a half, and great tales were told of Three times up, or across, without fingers over his shoulder and, with

day of August.

"And the ten young men who lined strong. Hunter was doggedly holding set the table carefully and took the up at ten o'clock sharp were strapping his lead. Steadily they forged along, greatest pains with the shortcake. fellows, wiry and muscular. There and presently the Hunter following When he finally went away, she haps a little condescending; Rug that the Beetle Vale champion was Sunday School?" she asked. "Won't low, a big, good-hearted fellow, but a "A few swaths more would tell the little vain in regard to dress; tall Joe story, and the Hunter, crowd shouted

John Armstrong, from South Valley, that the others could not possibly over- broke. decidely the least known of all. "Each had his favorite cradle; there denly ceased, for some one had cried, were hardly any two alike, but each Look at the standing grain! and then Farmer Billison, like many another was the best of its kind that the all saw what, in their excitement, they man who is not a farmer, was addict- owner could possibly procure. There had not noticed before. gd to the drink, habit. He came to were 'moolys,' 'grape-vines,' 'Dutch- "Armstrong's plot of standing grain town one summer morning with a bends' and 'straights.' Each style had was surely the narrowest! Hunter saw wagon-load of corn, sold it, and start- its own advocates, who were always it and understood, and his eyes flashed ed for a dry-goods store to make a few ready to maintain loudly, and with angrily as he put forth a final spurt.

purchases. There was a saloon on the great emphasis, that that 'particular Swish! went Old Clawfingers, style was by all odds the best, and steadily and perhaps a little faster Farmer Billison stepped inside to that a man could do more and better than at the first. take a drink. Two or three other work with that style than with any "A great crowd had gathered at drinks followed, and then he lost all other on earth. It seemed to be a kind field now, a crowd of men, women and of disease that afflicted nearly all children. And when John Armstrong Late in the day he woke to find him- cradiers. But all of them were trim, flushed and heated with the long, self lying under a tree. He was about clean-looking cradles—all except John severe strain, but sturdy and resolute

his pockets, found his money all gone ed a class that happily is growing to last, and when he deliberately stood looked in his wagon to see what he sense of the word, has practically taking out his old scythe-stone, prodisappeared. He was a bound boy. ceeded to beat a lively, ringing tattoo There was a jug about three-fourths His parents had died when he was as he whetted his scythe, a tattoo full of whiskey—and nothing else. ten years old, and he and his brother, which echoed and rang all over the "Twenty-five bushels of corn," he a year older, had been bound out, field and which every man, woman said, "for three quarts of corn-juice! John to old Josiah Brett, of South Val- and child understood, for it was the Old man," he continued, seizing the ley, and his brother to a farmer in an cradler's challenge-well, Deacon

here he brought the jug down with all many bound boys we read about, he -"we'll organize a total abstinence of a beech-tree. John was to have women were congregated, and he saw, his board, and on his twenty-first out by a clump of lilac, a girlish figure This happened years ago. Farmer birthday one hundred dollars, a suit that made a quick, slight motion. Then

"And Joslah was a man who was in he knew that this flutter of the white the habit of getting his money's worth. handkerchief was meant for him. He The Tribune fells of a quaint old in the winter was the hour of rising, cradle, that on each swath had so negro who stepped up to the window and the old man's laws were not to be deftly gained its few extra inches in of the ticket office and hurriedly de- broken. Any indication of weariness width, across the field that last time dealt with the offender summarily, But | "But the contest was, as yet only "Pleasure trip, uncle?" asked the he set a fairly good table, and John half won. Those thick, heavy swatts always had plenty to cat. Under this must be raked and bound and shocked.

"About ten minutes, uncle," the clerk "I used to know them both, John Armstrong, who was already tossing and old Brett. It was said that John bundles in the air, then nodded con-The old man went to the platform; laid up a number of old scores against fidently at his supporters. He had a the old man, due to the latter's hard record, it was said, of fifteen hundred ly. Then he returned to the window. driving. The hay, for instance, was al- sheaves, bound between sun and sun. Did you say my train would be 'long ways raked by hand at that time, and Soon all had finished cradling, and the In ten minutes, suh?" he asked, an- it was Brett's practice to put the boy bundles were flying. But the race ahead to draw in the first and lighter lay between Armstrong and Hunter. "Yes, uncle."

Takeful, himself following closely with with the squire's son a close third. The got my rabbit foot bout me, and dat the big meadows. If the boy lagged a a heavy sultriness in the air.

declare that the old man had 'started presumably with a 'stick' in it, for he "All the trains are on time. Some tored, as he expressed it, many times was of the class who holds that a 'nip good for one's disposition,

shoulders and with arms and legs a men dropped out, overcome by the heat network of hard-corded sinews. And and their exertions. Hunter slowly it was said that for the last year or made up Armstrong's lead, and finally

HE demand upon Grandpa Doll- | tore frantically up the field in a vain var had once more become too attempt to increase his 'lead' over

"As for the rough-looking grain cradle, John had made it himself. Bret to his as, after the preliminary urging, had a couple of old cradles, broken here and there and tied up with twine "I guess, this time, I'll tell you about the fingers, spliced and mended with the big race that Squiro Inglewood shingid-nails-hard looking affairs. had away back in the 'sixtles,' and the He could be depended upon not to buy part that John Armstrong, a young fel- new ones as long as these could, by low whom I used to know, took in it. any possible ingenuity in repairing, be perous farmers in his part of the state. condition. It was one of his peculiar

evenings in making a cradle. By a delebrated, over at Ridley Center, a lucky chance he had found a twisted

"It certainly was not a thing of affected his judgment, however, for he like this-and I just couldn't cut a and that is hard labor.—Sydney Smith. beauty, but it had a rakish 'hang' that slipped several bands. But it was very suitable figure at a funeral in my good named it 'Old Clawfinger.' John liked

"He was greatly interested in the last swath, his old master met him, harvest-race from the first. The roan fairly hopping about in his eagerness. colt would be a fine piece of property He poured out a glass running overfor a young man just starting out for full, thick with lemon and lavishly himself; but the colt was only an incladental attraction.

"John had dared to take a fancy to the squire's daughter. Twice, he had walked home with her from church. People marveled that such a bright. sensible girl should so much as notice a poor nobody like Josiah Brett's bound boy. As for Deck Hunter, he was

the ten who lined up for the race at ten o'clock sharp that hot August day 'go it!" and he had Old Clawfingers with

"Promptly at the stroke of ten the away they went, the polished snathes flashing in the sun. It was a sight to work would be considered, and each fellow-fairly won, too." the greatest following. 'Deck'-short first up, Dandy Burnside third, Joe up and shook hands heartily with the there.-Charles Lamb. by side, and John Armstrong well to- as do people now. ward the last, but cutting a clean and

"There weren't any steel binders in Deck Hunter, obtained a slight lead ed off sturdily up the road.

"I want some company," she said. last. Ten contestants had handed in were making began to tell on the was the flash of a little white handker- in.—Thomas Carlyle.

Cannon, from Turtle Creek, and several again, for their man was fully a quardidn't know you really cared about lesser lights. Among these last was ter of a swath ahead, and they know take him. Then the shouting sud-

Brett's bound boy received a fairly strain and weariness of the race, for

"No, suh; my nephew's vo'y low, suh, hard training, the boy had grown up Dick Hunter finished his plot in a Hope the train won' be long coming." with wonderful powers of endurance. few minutes, scowled, an instant at

dere board says, 'All grains on-time triffe, Brett would rap his bare shins "Hunter had a knot of cronies who "cept one," and I was figurin' dat dat smartly with his rake. John used to were continually bringing him drink,

healing power is readily absorbed, and such times the meadow had seemer to coming toward him and carrying a can also be taken internally.

De full of flying hay as Josiah Brett pitcher. He could hardly believe his

yes; but it was old Josiah Brett! Surely never before had the old man been guilty of anything so frivolous

us attending a racel he was always extremely taciturn .-his sharp little eyes twinkled encourag- calendar at random and tell what he 1923 of 58, 708 in passenger cars and ingly. He poured out a glass of- had eaten or was going to eat any 1,316 in motor trucks. wonder of wonders!-lemonade. Not day his finger might fall on. Only one very strong, to be sure, but good and passion had Jennings to rival his love vehicles with 308,693; Quebec is next cold. Deacon Brett lavishly dispens- of system, and that was his devotion with 85,145; then Saskatchewan with ing lemonade! Armstrong drank it to his friends. gratefully, and mentally wiped out a

"Hunter was now a half a swath was utterly disconsolate. thead. Could be gain the other half and a little more-enough to win? "Excitement went up to fever-heat. Up and down they went, Hunter's clique shouting encouragement; and can't say," he lamented. "I didn't hear cooding 24 hours compared with 966,again Brett was promptly on hand to it." meet Armstrong at the end of his swath; and this time the lemonade That's too bad!" was considerably stronger, and the old man's eyes snapped more encourage- nings. "You see, it was this way."

'It was practically the hoe-stretch now. Ten minutes more would tell the was-" story. Hunter was slowly gaining, "Yes, I know; but they held the

"Old Josiah even was getting ex- Hepry!" cited. As Armstrong turned for his

"'Go .it, John! Go it!' he cried You're going to beat the hull kit an' saboodle of 'em! Go it!' and he gave him a tremendous slap on the back. "And then and there John Armstrong made a great pass with his mental sponge that effectually obliterated every score and every mark he had recorded against the keen old felow, and he proceeded to carry out the deacon's excited injunction. He did

grain was in shock he was just three minutes ahead, and the judges said candidates were given the word, and that no plot was ever better finished. ...True -to his word, the old squire promptly led out the roan colt. There stir one, those ten rugged follows bend- were those who thought he looked deing to their work. Swish swish! went cidedly surprised, and some thought the cradles through the heavy grain; he looked decidedly glum and cross; and soon ten long swaths stretched but nevertheless he put on a brandacross the big field, the grain falling new halter and said, as he handed the straight and true, for every part of the strap to John. The colt is yours, young

"But John was poorly satisfied-for every year, is an honorable part of a he missed the little figure under the man's history. It is a man's duty to "All turned and hurried back, for the illacs, the girl for whom he had done have books. A library is not a luxury, regulations read, 'Carry snathes'; no his best. The people gave him an- but one of the necessaries of lifegrain could be cut on the back trip, other cheer as he swung Old Claw- Henry Ward Beecher. material change of position. Then the roun's halter in his hand, march-

were, of course, the old grain-cradles little and Cannon gained. Armstrong abashed at her own boldness, had not judgment. propelled by man-power entirely. If stayed about where he was. He was appeared after she had waved her Ben, here, thinks it was fun to swing taking a slower stroke than the others handkerchief. The space under the lilac such a home as Charlie was going to? one of those old sweepstakes cradles but every time Old Clawfingers came was vacant. John climbed the little perhaps a more difficult thing than you through a field of heavy grain, all I round it bit into the grain-well into rise of ground from which he would imagine. Learn to be discriminative have his last view of the place, and in your reading; to read faithfully, and "About an hour, passed, and then the once more turned and looked back. with your best attention, all kinds of "Well, the day of the race came at heat and the tremendous efforts they There, under the illacs again-there things which you have a real interest

going to have strawberry shortcake." field. The rule laid down by the squire a close second Armstrong was fully the horvest field; he forgot that in "No, she won't care!" he cried, with was that every man who started should abreast of Weatherley; Cannon and his hand lay the halter of the splendid simple and effective remedy is Mother "You can wash your face and hands more. It was a splendid field of grain. "Twenty minutes more and the plots, surged and thrilled a grant throb of roan colt; and into his heart there here. Come in and I'll give you some rank and heavy, but standing up well, most of them, were getting pretty nur- exultation, for he then first dared to books to look at while I make the and wonderfully even on the ground; rowed, and it began to be plain that believe that he had won in the real there was practically no choice of the the race, so far as cradling went, lay race, the only race that he truly care between Hunter, Inglewood and Arm- for in all the wide, wide world!"

RIDDLES One is fresh air and the other

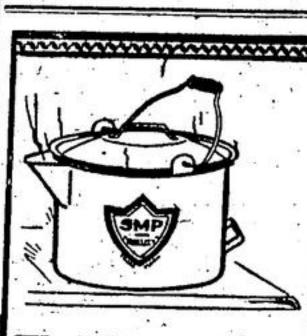
-One is hard to get

Because it comes before everything

THINGS THAT COUNT

the touch of your hand and mine. Which means far more to the faint ing heart Than shelter and bread and wine. For shelter is gone when the night i

And bread lasts only a day, But the touch of the hand sound of the voice



The Right Way to Boil Potatoes

Put the potatoes in an SMP Enameled Potato Pot. Cover with water. Add salt to teste. Boil until soft. When finished, drain off all the boiling water through the strainer spout. No danger of steam scalding the hands because the handle securely locks the cover on. If your family uses potatoes, you require one of these.

Enameled POTATO POTS A SLAVE TO HABIT

Little Jennings was the most rigid systematic man in the village. Each by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics hour of each day of the week found the total number of motor vehicles reghim doing a task for that poculiar istored in Canada at the end of 1924 time. He could put his finger on the was 652,121, an increase over the year One day a neighbor was condoling 148; British Columbia, 48,626; Man-

few of the old scores; he had laid up with him on the death of a life-long itoba, 44,322; Nova Scotia, 20,764; New comrade—a loss over which Jennings Brunswick, 19,975; Prince Edward Is-"But it was a fine funeral," concluded the neighbor cheeringly, "a splendid The Little Jennings shook his head.

"What, woron't you there? Sick "No, I wasn't sick," corrected Jen-

when Armstrong suddenly called on fun'ral just one day too late for me," his reserve powers. The lean, brown explained Jennings, with infinite sadhand, hard as a board, would shoot into ness, "You see, I shave every third the gavel, catch a handful of grain, and day; all my life I've done that. And fed on elephant's milk gained twenty by a marvelous fling, fairly throw it on shaving day, if any socials or fun- pounds in two weeks?" kind of field-day, at which prizes were white ash, with a natural crook exactly band. He're as the arm went round just right; and its tole able, too, on uncle, and then he asked, "Whose baby the short, the binding knot was tied the first day after. But if it happens was it?" and rope-pulls. People turned out to vided him with newers, and slowly the also made a spurt that counted. The scraped the back of his hand expres-'juico' that he had taken must have sively over his stubbled chin. "It was

HIS NATIONALITY

black suit and such a face. Poor

Reviewing his Calcutta days as secretary for the acting governor of Bengal, Mr. Stanley Coxon relates an anecdote of a dinner in honor of the exemarked:

"Yes, I think we are all Irishmen, but 'm a bit doubtful about that fellow I was not at all at the time sure that I was. My reply, however, gave heart of our genial host. In the most innocent manner I remarked: "No. sir, I'm afraid you can't claim me. I was born there, but I've never

CULLINGS Make the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have been in

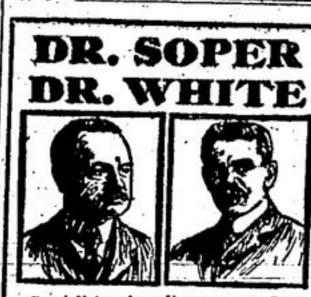
I have worn the shamrock ever since

been there!

it.-Edward Bok's Grandmother.

those days, or any other binders except over Jud. He was making a tremen- "He kept looking back wistfully, yet men and things, yet it is our own

Graves' Worm Exterminator.



Question blank and book discases of men free. Consultation free. Medicine furnished in tablet form. Hours : 10 n.m. to 1 p.m., and DRE BOPER & WHITE

MOTOR CARS IN CANADA

According to a report recently issued Oatario leads in the number of motor 70,754; followed by Alberta with 51, land, 2,583, and the Yukon Territory,

report states that in 192 1,534,885 tourist automobiles entered Canada for a period of not ex-499 in the previous year; 361,830 tour ists cars were admitted for a stay of one month as against 273,444 in 1923 and 390 more than in 1923. The grand ment. Aymstrong dropped a few more Henry's funeral was held on the second entered the Dominion last year was total of tourist cars, therefore, that 1,899,059 compared with 1,241,897 - ir 1923, an increase in 1924 of 657,162.

"The elephant's," said the little girl.

market, and is the largest selling tea in either United States or Canada.

FACTS ABOUT TEA SERIES-No. 8

The Consumption of Tea

Tea as a beverage is used in nearly every

country in the world. It is estimated over

200 billion cups are consumed annually.

Australia leads in tea drinking with an

annual per capita consumption of about

nine pounds, which means that every Aus-

tralian consumes from six to eight cups of

tea every day. The consumption per capita

in England is 81 lbs., and in Canada nearly

5 lbs. In the United States, it is less than

1 lb., but this is largely because Americans

have not been able to get fine teas until

comparatively recently. "SALADA" is con-

sidered one of the choicest blends on the

Parable of the Sower

Behold an advertiser went forth to

"And when he sowed, some seed fell into handbills, and dodgers, and the street cleaner came and gathered them up.

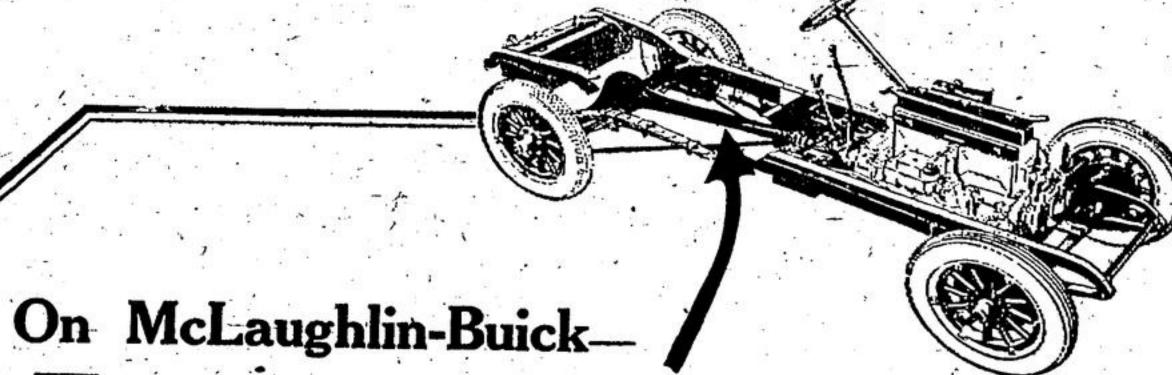
"Some fell amongst concert and theatre programmes, and, the people being interested in the performance and not in bargains, they were left in the seats or crumpled and thrown on the floor.

"And some fell among fake schemes and gift enterprises, and popular contempt sprang up and choked them.

"But some fell into legitimate newspapers columns which found their way into the homes of the people who had time to read them, and they brought forth fruit. some one hundred-fold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold.

"Who hath eyes to see, let him see."

Use the Columns of the Acton Free Press to Put Your Message Before the People of Acton And Vicinity



Torque Tube Drive

THE fine engineering in McLaughlin-Buick motor cars is demonstrated by the torque tube drive. This is a steel tube which transmits the drive from the rear wheels instead of adding this important duty to the burden of the rear springs. The torque tube also encloses and protects the propeller shaft. This type of construction also holds the rear wheels in alignment regardless of road conditions

S. V. KING

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK