THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1925

When she was seventeen, With roses of red calico,... And leaves and stems of groon. A thing of beauty it was deemed. And still it is to see. ?

For when her quilts were portioned This one came down to me. keep it as she used to keep. In rose-leaves laid away:

And only bring it forth to grace A favored festal day. But sometimes, in the rainy spell, When orchards are in flower, I spread it on my chamber bed

To while a lonesome hour. And as I trace her handlwork,-And think how patiently she tolled

These maiden moments through, That flower and leaf might stay be The span of her own days,

I think that in solf-sot task

She won a meed of praise. For who of us, in song or book, Dream to outlast the hour When twenty springs have swept

As lives her patchwork flower?

A TRAMP'S DINNER When Gibson saw the smoke curling up above the underbrush that borders the road from the railwaystation, says the Chicago News, hol deemed it his duty to find out what kind of a fire it was that caused the smoke. As he crushed his way through alders and sumac, an agreeable smen of broiling ham met his nostras; and on the other side of the wall an un- He used to say that her one little weak- brothers made her promise never to three who set out to scale the Dent Kingshott. shaved person, who was also rather ness was her pride in the Stanleys: leave her mother. It was a weak, Blanche with every reasonable expectending a large slice of ham, which falling it were had only little sowl, was Anno, Tim's tation of a quick return. They were Keawell, Emma Little. was nicely balanced over some hot made him love her the more. He saw of her now, as he gazed over the low blackened tomate can adjusted on the blackened tomate can adjusted on the green fields to the gray ses hevend edges of two bricks evidently containedges of two brick turn. A loaf of bread and a quart box of fine strawberries reposed beside the potatoes.

Gibson cleared the wall with a bound. "Hetlo!" said he.

The tramp rescued the meat and looked distinctly relieved. Gibson sat down on a log.

"You seem to be fixing for an early dinner." he remarked.

never eat lunch-unless I can get it." stood up and waited for him. "Well, you're making up for it today. There must be a pound and a Kilcurragh?" half of that ham."

"I wish there was two!" said tramp, fervently. "There, I guess it's side of it." about done now. Will you set up and have a bite?"

"Much obliged," said Gibson, "but my dinner's waiting for me at home. and I hope to die there whin I come looks good, though. Who's your

"I smoke my hams myself on my Stanley. but what it costs me more than it place I've seen in between." would to buy 'em; still I don't grudge the extry expense."

your own potatoes, too?" "I raised these," replied the tramp, ate them. dexterously spearing half a dozen and conveying them to his mouth.

the same jocular vein not exactly say I growed 'em myself. "And the Martins? Do any of then I picked 'em though." He winked over still live about here?" his can of coffee. "It's a good meal." he continued, appreciatively. "There ain't nothin' lackin' only a smoke." Gibson had in his waistcoat pocket a

clgar which he regarded as particularly fine. It was the only one, and he had man. meant to smoke it after his own dinner, but he was selzed with a generous officer's grandson, and I've come all all through his own dinner, which happened to be boiled mutton. He almost wished he had accepted the tramp's hospitable invitation.

"My dear," he said to Mrs. Gibson, berries."

have for breakfast to-morrow morning!" cried-Mrs. Gibson, delightedly. but it was my grandfather who was the spread out bunches of black fruit; "I'm glad I've got something that you soldier; my father was a lawyer in under the tree was a carpet of sulwill enjoy. There's a nice slice-" At this instant the cook burst excitedly into the room. "Mrs. Gibson, now? A lawyer, your father was?" close to him as today; never more ma'am," she said, "the ham's gone out | Before Stanley could reply, he saw | beautiful of the refrigerator! It couldn't have the old man's face lighten. Followbeen cats, because the strawberries ing the direction of his eyes, is gone, too, an' the cold potatoes I'd caught sight of a woman coming to- carrying two hens by their feet. She sliced to fry for breakfast!"

HIS FATE FOUND HIM

Capt. Robert Faulkner, a commandhe thought, seemed to hesitate, when of the lichened wall, and the pale in the afternoon? he gave his orders. In "Famous Fight- green of the tvy blossom among its He had decided that only he him

Captain Faulkner turned aside to one of his officers.

But Faulkner was not satisfied. Ho eyed the pilot closely, and then step- man-from America-who's apt-to be unselfish souls, worthy of the man

ping up to him, asked him a triffing looking for some distant relatives- whom he had been taught to honor question. The pilot's agitation was of his own-that are not here any most in the world, pride welled such as to render him incapable of more-I'm thinkin'." extent a moment later, the wretched ed them; she had a large basket of Stanleys over his mother's marriage man, keeping his eyes on the deck, in seaweed on her arm. Her eyes were |-a dissatisfaction that he had always a law voice addressed Faulkner, who turned on Stanley. was bending over him, with startling admission:

unfit to guide her. I don't know what remimber the case of Tim Magraa, that is come over me. I dreamt last night went ower to the States, and had to with him overseas. He smiled; he was should be killed, and I am so afraid don't know what I am about. I for why.' never in all my life felt affaid before." Without for an instant losing his presence of mind, Captain Faulkner

on the man at the helm. Give it to me, beautiful. Instinctively, he raised his you can tell me about the Martins. ever you fancy the safest part of the forward over his dark hair. ship. But' mind, fears are catching, If I hear you tell yours to one of your of the name of Blartin," he began. messmates, your tife shall answer for

The poor fellow, panic-stricken, went ed voice, "ye'll be remimberin" Tim away, and overcome with shame, sat Magraa, mother." down upon the armchest, while Cap- It seemed natural to Stanley to take tain Faulkner selzed the holm, and the basket from the woman's arm. with his own hand laid the Zebra close She stood back. to the walls of the fort; but before "Arrah now, what's a gintleman had been his father's. On its swivel "What difference does it make?" he could land at the head of his gal- born like yersel' to do wid the wrack was the worn half of a broken six- demanded the citizen. "The grass is lant followers, a cannon-ball struck at all?" the armchest and blew the pilot co - But Stanley insisted, and she let mother had told him, had been brokatoms. He was the only man killed of him have his way; her self-possession on between his father and grandfather er, "if yo had a sick friend, would all the Zebra's crew that day. seemed to come back. when the former had left Ireland as a 'yo be walkin' on his stoomach?"

HERE the dusty road was wondered how much farther-it crossing to the side of the road, sat on home. the wall. He had left the motor car tical way, he realized that his was a much on,"-he cleared his throat,cternal fascination of the unknown at- Say it's so, mother." ... tracted him. His mother, who had "It's thrue, God save us." been the centre of his world since a few days. They had intended to with a smile, and asked her to tell old shoulders.

knew that his father had always in- present. tended to go back to Ireland on a That was all Stanley knew about and had nothing to do with Tim his father's people. Perhaps his moth- Magraa.

asked his Grandfather Stanley whether money came from the bhoys. Anne no thought of mishap. We had been The tramp dropped the ham on the Grandfather Martin had as grand a and Rose only knew of a small part descending for about one hour whon place as the one in Virginia. The old of ut. The bhoys weren't bad; but a flash of lightning called out atten-"It's all right," said Gibson. Pick Southerner had not answered at once: they had been brought up wid the tion to a black cloud, which advanclieved the Martins were military father. people, and that he did not know what

"You're off there," said the tramp, road—a tall, erect man, who carried the field thought it was his ghost; kerchief which Solby had tied over Pollard. genially. "It's a late breakfast. I don't a spade over his shoulder. Stantey Brian, hare, knew better; there was his head looked like a tiara of light. "Can you tell me how far it is

Kilcurragh close on siventy year ago, heart of Tim Magraa." to quittin'," "Lived all you

distinctly, between bites. "I don't know with a pleasant smile. "Manny's the somever, as I allays said, if it had which seemed to come out of the inand picked two ripe blackberries from taken her in." "I see," said Gibson. "Do you raise some brambles that grew in profusion at the other side of the low wall, and asked Stanley. "I'm not like Tim

"What about the gentry in these slices on the point of his clasp-knire parts?" he said, at last. "Do they live in the village?" "The gentry, is 4t? Well, there's Gibson smiled. "Strawberries from the big white house on the hill, where your own garden?" he continued, in Misther Gray lives when he's not in England, and there's the old ladies live down be the Point-and-"

"Yes," replied Stanley. "I'm that there are any of my father's people | through the gate before him. But still left at Klicurragh." The old man shifted the

man's face. "I have disternembered the name son. I was thirty-five years soldier- delightful little home."

New York."

"Be the piper, what was I sayin' ward them across the field.

the field path; we'll wait for her." were all things in this Old World is- truth flashed upon him. But he kept man of unusual courage. During an tice the soft mauve of the meadow der at the glossy red of the honey- pied at that moment. Would the young suckle berries clustering at the top woman not return with the hens later

ers of the Fleet," Mr. Fraser gives the dark leaves. He raised his eyes to look self had the right to go into the house at the approaching woman. She did just now. He was trying to think not look old at that distance; her head calmly. He followed the girl with was well poised, her walk free and his eyes, and regretted, in a vague steady. Almost before she was within sort of way, that on his account those as if he doesn't know what he is about. carshot, the man began calling out to unfortunate hens should have to hang her; he delivered his news in distinct with their heads down longer that "Many times, sir," was the roply, phrases, and hurled each one at her they need otherwise have done. "He has been twenty-four years in the over the low wall, separately, like a

Christie," her husband went on, before "I see your honor knows me. I am she had time to speak, "I wud have yo

come back, and yo'll not be forgittin' glad he had grown big enough. The woman did not speak. She Stanley was amused; he must hear forward: Stanley took out his watch replied to the man in a still lower Magran's history later. He turned to the woman. There was a quiet dignity have to be making my way back to "The fate of this expedition depends about her; her gray eyes were still Arklow, but I want to know, first what

and go and hide your head in what, hand to his cap and pulled it slightly One moment, though," he added, turn- of Manhattan are said to look upon "I was hoping to find some people yesterday. What time do you make "And be the same token," interrupted the old man, still in his high-pitch-

The Free Press' Short Story

"So Brian didn't tell ye annything flanked by the low stone walls about the Marrtins? But it's me that Stanley Martin stopped, and remimbers thim." "Wait, mother," said the old man was to Kilcurragh. He was tired, and in a lower voice, "wait till we git

"Now, sorr," he continued, turning

Stanley thought he caught the sound pneumonia, after an illness of only her thoughts, he turned to the woman bent down and put his arm round the of sports arranged and carried out come to Europe together this summer. him about Tim Magfaa. They would And here he was alone. His memory talk about the Martins later, and then gasped. -Cora A. Matson Dolson, of his father was very indistinct, but in the evening he would go back to

> "Tim Magran," yes anner," and this visit, and that when he was dying, he time the woman smiled, a glorified to bend lower still, so that he was on had left money to some relatives there. smile; but it was directed at Stanley, his knee when he kissed her.

> er had known more; she had always "Tim Magraa was an owd man, he said that when he left Harvard they was, rest his sowl, and he and his would go over together and look up owd woman was left alone. He had daddy's people, that then he would be been a hard father, and the bhoys had are the greatest menace to Alpine big enough to understand. His mother gone to the States. Only the daughter climbers. Mr. W. C. Slingsby tells was one of the Stanleys of Virginia. Rose had stayed at home, for her in the Alpine Journal of a party of failing, if falling it were, had only wife; he ground all the sperrut out well equipped, were all experienced eyes, laughing at him when he teased said he was going out to the States the experiences of that night. Says her, asserting in her slow, Southern to the bhoys. Poor Anne said sorra Mr. Slingsby: tones that, after all, one dark-haired a wurrd but that she'd be staying oe We climbed up without any advenmoney, no one can say for sure, though afternoon we started to come down.

then he had said stiffly that he be- shtick, and they'd never held to their ed toward us and caused'us to hasten after he had left when what did we see fell upon us. dense and dark. The At that point, Stanley's reminiscen- one evenin' at dusk but Tim Magraa axes in our hands gave out faint and ces were interrupted by the sight of a creepin' down the road home again. steady flames; so did our gloves, and W. Kaley and Harold Reid. man coming toward him along the Some who were standin' back there in our hair stood out straight. A handtoo much smell of whiskey as he The sight was uncanny, but interestpassed by for him not to be quite na- ing. The sparks and flames emitted tural. And the story came out later no heat and no hissing, but I felt an

utes ve'll be seein' the last house this drivin' in his own car, and ownin' one tacles.

he was his father's own son. How-"But what has this to do with me"

Magraa, or his son, either." "Whoever thought it had annything to do wid you?" said the woman. Brian laughed.

house that stood back somewhat from the road; it had evidently been built more recently than anything else in the village. The brick-paved path to prisoners until morning. the front door was bordered with the sea.

Christie went into the house, and Stanley, looking up suddenly, caught sight of the woman, beckening excit-

ing mesel', ower most parts of the Brian hurrled in; Stanley strolles "Indeed, that is very interesting; the road an old gnarled elder tree

never before had nature seemed A girl was passing along the road he at the other side of the wall. She was seemed surprised to see the stranger "It's herself," said the old man, in but after a moment she asked. "Div tone of satisfaction, "comin' down ye know av Mrs. Martin is indoors?" Stanley stopped short, and he tried

Stanley smiled: how strangely slow to pull himself together. The whole his presence of mind. Yes, Mrs. Martin was in the house crocus over there in the field, to won- but he was sure that she was occu-

He looked out toward the horizon over the sea. So that was how "This here is a foine young gintle- was. At the thought of these loyal

By this time the woman had reach- reason for the dissatisfaction of the perceived, but that he had never understood, for his father had been a man of mark. And his mother had been waiting for

him "to understand" before she went He went into the tidy, comfortable little house. The old people heard him; they stopped talking, and came "Do you know," he said, "I shall ing to Brian; "my watch was fast

it to ba?" The old soldier took assilver watch out of his pocket. "I make it just five, sorr," he said. Stanley caught sight of something that was attached to the old man's in the upper park, says the New York watch ring. Unconsciously, his hand Times, but was stopped by a policeclosed over his own watch, which pence. The original sixpence, his half-dead already."

boy-and who knew what had become of the other half, she had said. Stan-PIC-NIC

ley knew now. He turned to Chris-"It was you who said you romentbored, Mrs. -" Ho waited. "Christie's me name," she

"Mrs. Christie," Stanley went on,

the military man and my grandfather?" contrast. Six hundred participated in "Nonsense!" said the man. "You the fat man with a vicious twitch. to stand, and sank into a, low chair realization was in no wise behind the bluefish at this season." by the window. Brian was stealing anticipation. The grounds presented The waiter came up and looked after him; "Perhaps I can help you ing the Acton contingent, but they of enlightenment. "That's hothouse to identify him. That soldier's son hummed like a hive of pleasure-seek- bluefish, sir." who went to America never left off ing bees when the Brampton people longing to come back to Ireland. He began to pour in by bus and motor.

meant to have brought his young wife, Mr. E. Milson was in charge of this You said your name was Christie." pic-nic, and handled it like a veteran. He paused a moment. The woman and entirely to the satisfaction of was breathing hard, as she leaned everyone. forward. Stanley turned his eyes With but handlers of the ability of upon her. some distance back on the road from to Stanley, "ye'll find it hard to belave had to little, sister, born after my feature of the day for one section of

Arklow; for he wanted to enter the what a gran' bit of a house we have. father died. My mother named her the pic-nic at least. The result, to left to us, sorr, be a-a-benefactor. Christine, because she knew my fath- the surprise of both home fans and When he thought about it in a prac- as you might say; wan we thought er would have called her Christie." visitors, showd that, in the competirather remantic pilgrimage; but the "and whose mimory we hold sacred tremble, and the tears start in the Brampton came out at the top of the gray eyes, the Irish blood of his father card. The teams competing were quickened in his veins; as he moved girls; married men, single men, picktoward her chair, the tenderness of ed teams. he was seven, had died last spring of of a sob. To change the course of his mother swept over him, until he There was a very fine programme

"What are ye afther doin'?" his mother had often spoken of him. Arklow, for he saw that there could ago," he said, in his quiet voice. "What "What my father used to do, long list of the prize-winners: From what she had told Stanley, he be no Martins living in Kilcurragh at my own mother would have done to Harry Barrett, John Paskitt. the mother of the man she loved." And to reach her bowed face, he had aine Barrett, Doreen Masales.

A NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Martin was worth generations of Stan- Rose's grave. Where Tim got the ture, and about four o'clock in the Once, when he was little, he had there was them that said that when The weather was perfect, and we had

"Well, it didn't seem to us long Suddenly, without warning, the cloud that he had found one of the bhoys, unpleasant vibration about my spec-

of the biggest hotels in the place. And One hundred and fifty feet of climb-"You're going that way yourself?" -well, the bhoy was ashamed of his ing would take us over the dangerous Littley, of Acton, were the ladies at "I am, sorr, which is natural like, father, and he put him on the ship part of our journey, and in spite of the head of the large and willing conme home being there. I was born at and sent him home. It fair broke the darkness we pressed on to reach safety before nightfall. We were all "The son was a brute," said Stan- seated on a steep incline of ledge, replied the woman, "but I will say break out in a blaze, followed by a been Anne that had gone, had she terior of the mountain. If a great There was a pause. Stanley bent been all in rags, the bhoys wad have crevice had opened and fire burst forth

> Solby and Smith cried out, "My ax is struck!" and each let his ax go into the chasm in front of us: Wo were blinded by the terribly intense ed half-way round his neck, but aside storm should pass. The spectacle was so grand that we even took a grim enforment in it. But when it had passed night had fallen, and we were

Michaelmas daisles, now in full bloom; braced our feet on the small projecsome belated bees were still hovering tions of the steep incline and tried moving all night long. Smith was to both are yet in an unknown land. calling us by wrong names. At the earliest dawn we made a

slightly on his shoulder, but he did edly to her husband from the door- dines. Then we tried to start, but of married life. At all events, her not take his eyes from the young way. "Perhaps they want to tidy up we were so benumbed that we were opinion on the subject was thought "I'd like to walk round the garden, some heat. When it finally did blaze to offer a fee of two dollars to each for the moment," he said, slow'y, if you don't mind," he said to Brian, upon us and our stiffness had disap- senior who would consent to express "Howsoever, it's herself that'll know "I want to see the view of the sea peared, we rescued our axes and herself "candidly" on the question .--it. Will you walk along, sorr? It's from the far end. Then I'll come in started for Zermatt, which we reached "A Boston reporter begged an inproud I am to be talking to a soldier's if I may, and see the inside of your at nightfall. A rescuing party had

A GENUINE BARGAIN

information is of the greater interest who have not come under the influence of white teaching and example. he marriage customs of the people. says the author, I asked one of my-

riends, "How many wives have you?" "Three," said he. "How did you get them?" "Well, I gave a horse for the first ranks. ne. She was not very good-looking, cook, so I paid two horses for her. the services of a lawyer for reasons The third was a beauty. She was a best known to himself, looked over good cook and she had a fine disposi- the jurymen and then turned to the tion; I gave three horses and a gua judge.

and a saddle for her. She was a After narrating this in a business- edly, "not unless you dismiss that like fashlon, he turned to me and jury and get in a new lot. There said, "Apawakas, how many horses isn't a man amongst 'em but owes me

did you pay for her?" "Apawakas" is the Indian name my wife. It means White Antelope. was rather taken aback to have the tables turned upon me so quickly but determined to make the best of of obtaining a wife.

Afterward the explanation was given of setting up housekeeping, and old him that the mother-in-law provided pillows, blankets, and many o the necessary things for the house. When this point was reached the red men could not restrain their laughof the white men. After they were able to control themselves, one of them said, "They paid you for taking

AGED AND INFIRM

mand them to do. When it begins to die out, however, their respect for t One of them, being in a hurry, started to_cut across a yellowing patch

THE HEWETSON COMPANY'S

Though Saturday afternoon, 25th York restaurant were surprised to fluit July, presented a cheerless face as far on the bill of fare the item, "green as the weather was concerned, the bluefish." faces of those who attended the annual pic-nic of the Brampton and bluefish are green bluefish?" Acton staffs of the J. W. Hewetson "Frosh-right from the water," said 'can't you recall the Martin who was Company were a bright and happy the watter, offband. She seemed as if she were too tired the much-talked-of event, and the know well enough they do not take a very busy scene on the arrival of the disputed item. "Walt one moment!" Stabley called the radial trains from the north bear- "Oh, that, sir!" he said, with an air

the Acton ladies, it was to be expected But when he saw the old hands tion staged between four teams,

> under the direction of Messrs. H. she Denny, Wallace Brown, Walter Booby and E. J. Langevin. Following is a Boys' running, 12 to 15 years-

> > Cirls' balloon, (pushing balloon with hands)-M. Blair, Connie Rich-Married men's saddle race-Messrs C. Smye and L. Masales. Rade on all fours, men and boys.

open-Gordon Miller, Charence Hus-

Thread the needle race (mixed,

Girls' running, 12 to 15 years-Lor-

ladles and gents)-M. Vanwyck, A. Candy race (ladies, open)-Margaret

Balloon race, (men, open)-Alex Savage, Jack Pollard. Ladies' clothes pin (open)-Miss II. Browning, Mrs. Wm. Bafley. Wheelbarrow race (men's, open)

R. Dunbar and M. Gaskea; W. Murray and A. Lawrence. Pop bottle race, (men's, open)--Harry Barrett and Winnie Beeby; W. Little and V. Sanger. Song race: ladies and gents - M

Thompson and R. Massey: V. Sanger

Cracker race-Mrs. W. Bailey.

ladies appeared to have reached a spindard too high to beat. It was marked by the generous quantities provided, and the supper hour was one of enjoyment, social as well as material. Mrs. R. Blowett and Miss K

ing and the return journeys were made that once a year brings fellow-workers together in this happy manner, when work is forgotten and all enjoy an afternoon of pleasure and relaxation

A MARKET FOR WOMEN'S

vantage-point of the college student." One wonders how that "vantagethe old over the purple flowers. Behind the to make the best of it. It snowed and college. The two girls might have difhouse, a grass field went down toward hailed and blew. We did not dare to ferences as to the desirable characsleep, but kept our hands and feet terestics of lovers; but husbands for impulse, and presented it to the tramp, the way from America to see whether the old man waited for Stanley to pass dazed by the electric shock that he kept . Perhaps, however, the college girl may be expected to demand a superior breakfast of frozen oranges and sar- as essential for the smooth conduct forced to wait for the sun to give of enough importance for the editor just been organized to go to our relief. and told her that his paper was soon his private satisfaction that "The Come Man" was good enough for her!

SEVERAL TRUE

slight personal feeling invades their

New SMP



All Lines of S. M. P. Carried by James Symon

A LUXURY

Two gentlemen dining in a New

"Waiter," one asked, "what sort of

HIS WIT WAS NOT HEAVY

It was a crowded car, and the thin man looked angrily at his stout neighbor, who occupied two seats and overlapped a third. "These cars ought to charge by siz)

and weight!" he grumbled to his wife, as he pulled his coat out from under The fat man give one calm, unmoved glance at the diminutive figure beside "If they did they'd never stop to le

you on, my little man," he said, with



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uestion: Can McLaughlin-Buick 4-wheel brakes be applied while turning corners?

nswer: Certainly. The brake on the outside front wheel is automatically released, making steering easy and car control sure. Only one such device has so far been perfected, and McLaughlin-Buick has it.

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Georgetown

Ontario

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