

THE TIME OF HARVEST

Time winnows beauty with a stormy wind. Driving the dead chaff from the living grain...

THE FAST MAIL

The engineer of "215" read the order from the superintendent, and simply said, "I'll be there."

Green lights, red lights, white lights and lights on the bridges and up and down the river, lights of engines drawn up on sidings to let the mail go by...

Eighty miles an hour, even ninety at some of its stretches, the fast mail made that night. Four hours of breathless, ponderous speed...

Was there time for a morning prayer? Hardly. Yet the habit of a lifetime was strong upon him, and the visitor dropped for a moment on his knees at the head of the train...

It was still night when the 215 started back eastward, hauling the "Colorado Limited." But a brighter light began to glow along the rails...

HOW DIMPLES COME Have you a dimple? If so, do you know what it really is? A dimple is actually nothing more than a dent or depression in the skin...

UNDoubtedly A LIBEL A story is told about a group of strangers talking amiably together in a country inn. One said: "I was born in Virginia, the mother of statesmen and fair women..."

HE HAD TRIED BOTH "Now, my boy, tell me how you know an old partridge from a young one, asked the squire in an English school."

The Free Press Short Story

ON THE BECKET "FOLLER"

BY SHELDON C. STODDARD

"SADIE! Sido Gordon! Sido! Sido!" Madge Gordon ran up the hill, her face flushed with excitement...

"There was a sound of light but deliberate footsteps up stairs, and directly after, a girl whose pliant face wore an exaggerated solemnity, appeared in the doorway and asked anxiously, 'What's the matter?'

"Excited, too, you will say presently," Uncle Freeman and Aunt Effie have invited us to spend two weeks—two weeks—with them at Mountain Holm!" Madge waved the letter excitedly...

"Two weeks of it, Madge?" "And, we can go, for cousin Katy said she would come and help mother any time this summer if we were away."

"What's just it, you know what father said when he paid the bill?" "Never mind that, father," said the girl, quickly. "We thought it might be so, but we also thought you might possibly know of some way that we could earn some money."

"Where?" There was a quick avowal of silence. "I don't know," said the girl, "but I'm afraid I must disappoint you. I have another year—but there, I know. Another year is almost like never to young people. It is too bad, my girl, but I can't do anything about it."

"You know," he went on, "I bought the big foller—I know I should 'fallow' in the presence of two cultured young ladies, but I bought it anyway. It has been cut and burned over twice, and this year it is covered with raspberry bushes, loaded with the largest raspberries that I ever saw. There are bushes!"

"The berry crop, generally, is short this year," he continued, "owing to the dry weather. But this piece of new land at the foot of the mountain, where the hotel man at Beachgrove pays fifteen cents a quart for raspberries, now the foller is there, it is lovely, and it is reached by a very rough road, but if two young ladies whom I know wish to pick berries, and secure the services of Master Ben Gordon, the famous half-brother of the Beagun eleven, the foller is a study, boy of thirteen, with an immense shock of red hair, 'as team general helper, I shall be glad to lend them one fat, black horse, named Peter, and one demerol wagon, shipping crates and necessary supplies."

"You have a large washing," said Sadie, nodding at the long line of clothes. "I take 'em in, miss," replied the woman. "It's five 'im 'doin' besides my own washin' an' ironin'. I'm late the day, but I was givin' a hand to the childer with the berries this mornin'."

John Scott Deacon—An Appreciation The passing of John Scott Deacon seemed to have demanded more of a brief notice in the obituary column of the press. By many of the citizens of Ingersoll who have known middle-aged life he will be remembered with kindly feelings as a former principal of the public school for a dozen years or more. What I have to say regarding him is based upon intimate acquaintance extending over nearly 60 years. I am sure that many of you will find much interest in what I have to say regarding him.

"What's the matter with you?" exclaimed Mike, in surprise. "Pat glared at him. 'This thing may be pretty to look at,' he said, 'but I'm hanged if I can get the exchangin'!"

"No, he couldn't possibly. Of that we are certain," said Sadie. "A look of relief passed over the rest of the children. They were all waiting for the first pickin' this mornin'—the gray eyes shone, and well he took it to Bridge Station this afternoon."

"What? You? After all that washin'?" exclaimed Madge. "The bit two miles of a half mile. 'What do you get for them?' asked Sadie. 'Eight cents the quart. They're high this year.'"

"Remember, all you need to do is leave the note and come away," admonished her father. "I don't believe you've moved there within the year, for I know nothing about them. They may be a rough lot."

"It was past three o'clock when the Gordon wagon turned into the Lynx Creek road, and shortly after, drew up in front of the unpainted house of the Holley 'tribe,' which stood in the centre of a rather large, treeless yard. A long line of newly washed clothes showed conspicuously. Everything about the place seemed tidy."

"The peace movement is nothing but the substitution of law for war. The world has already learned to do this in hospitals, towns, cities and states. The next step is to establish this principle between all nations of the earth. It is not a matter of religion or arrangement, they hinder progress—B. Briggs."

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PUZZLED PAT

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SENTENCE BERMONS

It pays to remember: That the judgment day is the day we make for ourselves. That life's simplest pleasures are the ones with the lasting joys.

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SEX IS NO BARRIER MAN or woman—you determine if all that is necessary to earn an income of from \$5000 to \$10000 a year, have the leisure to enjoy the good things of life and be respected in your community as a member of dignified profession.

CANADA'S STANDARD CAR No. 9 Question: Why do you find better workmanship in McLaughlin-Buick motor cars? Answer: McLaughlin-Buick's precision methods are possible because of McLaughlin-Buick's great volume. It would be impossible to put such fine workmanship into McLaughlin-Buick cars for their price, if McLaughlin-Buick built but a few thousand cars a year.

Spade Work That Gets the Trade To get steady sales in satisfactory volume, you must build up confidence in your store and its service. Advertising in THE ACTON FREE PRESS will lay the foundation of such confidence. Advertising does the spade work that leads to bigger sales. It will tell folks about your store, its service. It will tell them about the goods you have to offer. Let your advertising in THE FREE PRESS be a standing invitation to the folks around here. As a rule, PEOPLE SHOP WHERE THEY FEEL WELCOME