

THE HOME TOWN PAPER

When the evening meal is over, an' the dishes are washed, you settle down to your mind with happenin's of the day. Come a news item, or a brushin' from your face a frown. As you scan the weekly paper from your old home town.

It tells you all about those sick, an' those who come an' go. Likewise the comin' vendue at the farm of "Hilly Brown." The burnin' of the Cider mill belongin' to "Hilly Brown." Get a write-up in the paper from your old home town.

There ain't an entertainment or a meetin' where they pray, But what I know about though I'm livin' far away. If the chicken is in the ragin' or the mumps is goin' round, I pursue it in the paper from my old home town.

I read the mornin' papers and the evening papers too. And I sometimes pick a novel up an' scribble away at it. But when I want some pabulum, which nowhere else is found, I unwrap the little paper from my old home town.

They say our good and bad deeds are recorded up on high. So that God can see us when it comes our turn to die. If that be true, I know a man who's going to the "other side." He's the gent who runs the paper in my old home town.

"SO KEEP." The judge was not a religious man, neither was he strictly irreligious. His old parents were "praying people" and while he had reverence for God and things sacred, he had personally little need, he thought, for religion. Prayer was an attitude of mind which he could not assume, an experience in his helpful, prosperous life that he had never known and could not understand.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep." By mere chance, maybe because the words ended the first verse, the child had taken "so to keep" for the name of the prayer.

"What I was fifteen years old, says a man of middle age, I never refused the chance to earn a quarter by mowing some one's lawn or spading a garden or wheeling away a load of ashes; but if you try to hire a boy to do those things now, the chances are that he will laugh at you."

THE LOGIC OF YOUTH "Father," exclaimed John, vigorously, "why don't Quakers take off their hats?"

The Free Press Short Story

PLAYING IN THE OPEN

BY LESLIE E. DUNKIN

ONE more week before the Beverly Hotel had to be finished. Glen Donovan, drumming nervously on the worn desk in the small office at Florida, member of the firm, and Sam Levertov, the Markle contractor, wanted to stop at his office at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

"Sam Levertov?" The young man's eyes and tone of voice betrayed marked surprise. "Yes, Sam Levertov. He seems to have something rather important on his mind from what he said over long distance while you were out this morning."

"Does he want our assistance to swing the hotel job for himself?" puzzled the young contractor now. "Exactly that, but evidently he wants to see you about something connected with it. Do you have your bid ready?"

"A fairly close estimate, but I haven't shaved down a little more, if necessary." "The careful not to make it too low. Remember it's better to miss than lose money on the job, or to do inferior work to realize a profit. Whatever you do, Glen, play fair."

"Don't worry. He doesn't have any weak bunch of amateurs when he hits us." Nothing more was said concerning the possible hotel job until the following day when the junior contractor stepped into his room to keep the engagement with his competitor in the neighboring city.

"Play fair!" His father's warning thundered in the boy's ears. Glen looked at the top of the sheet. Yes, there at the head of the sheet was the revealing statement, "Beverly Hotel Brick Work."

"Play fair!" He repeated in his ears. "Play fair!" "Play fair!" "Play fair!" He tossed the paper hurriedly on the table. He would be taking unfair advantage in scaming his competitor's estimate.

Approaching footsteps resounded in the hall. "There they are!" exclaimed a young stenographer, almost flying toward the table from the doorway. "I forgot to put those in the safe." She gathered up the loose sheets, including his hands, and hurried them into the small safe in the adjoining private office.

"What I was fifteen years old, says a man of middle age, I never refused the chance to earn a quarter by mowing some one's lawn or spading a garden or wheeling away a load of ashes; but if you try to hire a boy to do those things now, the chances are that he will laugh at you."

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

The schoolhouse of fifty years ago is surrounded by a glamour of recollection. It held a varied life. It was the background of numerous diverse experiences, and it came to have a sort of personality of its own. The very type is being forgotten now. It is worth preserving.

From the closet vestibule the children passed into the old schoolroom, which was filled with desks and benches. One-third of the space, that in the front of the room, was given to the teacher's platform and desk, to the long benches and reciting class, and to the huge air-tight stove, shaped like a barrel, burning logs four feet long, and giving out a steady heat.

"The second week of the month of waiting passed. The third dragged by, and the fourth slipped away. The builders were evidently keeping very quiet. The last week also went by without any definite returns.

"The young man moved meacally in his chair. "I thought yours would be lower than ours," he stammered. "Oh, yes, that paper you saw contained our extremely low figure, from which we have now regular business. I never care who sees that. In fact, I had it left."

"For me? Well, I didn't look at it. Did you leave it there for me?" "The color rising in Sam Levertov's cheeks was the only answer to the pointed question, but it was an answer to help him.

"Never too late with me," declared Sam. "I'll give you a cool thousand to withdraw your amount. I can arrange for that to be done. Instead of losing fifteen hundred you'll be a thousand to the good without any risk at all."

"The wit of the Irish is proverbial. In instances are not wanting to show that they have all their wits about them in time of danger. An Irish wit was once in the outfit of an improvised baseball diamond.

There comes a time when the souls of human beings, women more than men, begin to faint for the atmosphere of the country by the opening of a way line constructed not so long ago. Counting upon the opportunity of sales by means of the new line were actually accomplished, when the immense stacks for the handling of hundreds of thousands of phonograph records of local Grande should materialize.

"The greatest friend of time is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice, and her constant companion is humility." Colton. Action may not always bring happiness, but there is no happiness without action.—Dierael. The truly valiant dare everything except doing any other body an injury.—Sir P. Sidney.

"Poor old Bill! He's so short-sighted he's worse than blind." "Well, I can't see when the boss ain't looking, so 'an to keep shovin' all the time!"

CORNISH MINERS

One of the most memorable nights in Cornwall is an ascent of miners withdrawn from one of the platforms of the man-entire. To the rhythmic beat of that strange machine, one by one of the Cornish figures rise from the abyss, step off and on, singing as they file past.

"The story of Veran is known all over Cornwall. He and his mate were working far below the surface, putting in shifts. Suddenly it was noticed that a "hole" was about to explode.

"In that narrow drift, only one of the two men could be saved. Veran, who had the surface, saw the danger, and his comrade to the surface, and flung himself upon his knees in prayer, expecting death.

"Veran, who had the surface, saw the danger, and his comrade to the surface, and flung himself upon his knees in prayer, expecting death. He was found upon his knees, unable to move—but safe!

"In 1906 the Geographical Society of Toronto had a thirty-day expedition in the Arctic Ocean, off Cape Bathurst. Two were afterward picked up by Arctic whaling vessels, and in the winter of 1909 a third was found cast up on the shore of Sora Island off the coast of Norway.

"Peter Gibbs had never known wealth, but on the other hand, he had never known the price of poverty. This some people said, was because he was constitutionally impervious to pricks of any kind.

"Well, son, what's the secret?" inquired the man, and stopped his pipe alongside the outfield of an improvised baseball diamond. "Twenty-three to nothing," replied the youthful soldier.

"Why, no," said Peter, cheerfully. "I've got the promise of some wealth, sawing down to Miss Randa's when I get round to it, and my wife she's got the promise of some washing when her rheumatism are better, and my boy's most fifteen, and we expect he'll be teaching district school in two, three years and Aunt Mary has just written 'I can wait another year before paying her that six-fifty I've been under obligations for since she was here a few years back.' Take it by all large I'm feeling pretty forward."

"The SMP Enamelled Drain Board shown above is made in the SMP Enamelled Sink. Size 20" x 24". Has the same material as SMP Sinks and is complete with fittings and fittings for setting up. A great labor saver. Price, complete, \$12.00.

For sale by plumbers and hardware stores throughout the country, or write SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. LIMITED, 1000 WEST TORONTO, WINNIPEG, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER, CALGARY.

STILL BLOWING HARD

Two young lawyers, both trying to make reputations as orators, happened to be pitted against each other in an argument. Both spoke at great length, and in closing the second speaker remarked that he was sorry to find his colleague on the wrong side, for there was every reason why they should agree.

"We were brought up together, we studied together, and we were born on the same day." "Did I understand you to say that you were born on the same day?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir." "Then it must have been a very windy day."

"DID HIS DUTY" Clerk—"Can you let me have tomorrow afternoon off, sir? My wife wants me to go shopping with her." Employer—"Certainly not; we are much too busy." Clerk—"Thank you very much, sir; that's what I hoped you would say."

"A TRAVELLED CASK" In 1906 the Geographical Society of Toronto had a thirty-day expedition in the Arctic Ocean, off Cape Bathurst. Two were afterward picked up by Arctic whaling vessels, and in the winter of 1909 a third was found cast up on the shore of Sora Island off the coast of Norway.

"ON THE ROAD TO WEALTH" Peter Gibbs had never known wealth, but on the other hand, he had never known the price of poverty. This some people said, was because he was constitutionally impervious to pricks of any kind.

"GOOD REASON" "Well, son, what's the secret?" inquired the man, and stopped his pipe alongside the outfield of an improvised baseball diamond. "Twenty-three to nothing," replied the youthful soldier.

"Every Woman Needs A Sink" Why get along without a kitchen sink? Here is a new SMP Enamelled Sink. It's the very latest. Made of rust-resisting Arconon Iron, with three coats of pure white enamel, same as on bath tubs. Size 20" x 24". Has the same material as SMP Sinks and is complete with fittings and fittings for setting up. A great labor saver. Price, complete, \$12.00.

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IN HIS OWN TIME

An old Scotchman, named Robert Gordon, was recently ill. His high, says the New York Times, been wheeled into making his will by a crowd of greedy relatives.

"D. Uncle Robert, sir," he urged, referring to the next letter of the signature. "The old man's eyes snapped. "Deed!" he growled. "I'll do when I'm ready, ye avaricious wretch!"

"MARY'S MULE" Mary had a little mule— It followed her to school. Which was against the rule. Now the teacher who was a fule Tried to put out the mule— She poked it with a 12-inch rule. And for sixteen weeks there was no skule.

"NOTICE TO CREDITORS" In the Burroughs Court of the County of Haldon, in the estate of Annie Molozzi, deceased.

"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.

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