THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1925

YOU KISSED ME

The following was written in 1867 by a lady under twenty years of age. James Redpath, the historian, thought no much of the poem that he had an edition printed on white satin. John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, wrote of it and its young author that she had truly mastered the secret of English

You kissed rue! - My head Drooped low on your breast With a feeling of shelter And infinite rest, While the holy emotions My tonguo dare not speak Flashed up in a flame From heart to my check. Your arms held me fast; Oh! your arms were so bold, Heart beat against heart In their passionate fold. Your glance seemed drawing My soul through your eyes, As the sun draws the mist From the sea to the skies, Your lips clung to mine Till I prayed in my bliss . They might never unclasp From the rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart, And my breath, and my will In delirious loy For a moment stood still. Life had for me then No temptations, no charms, No vision of happiness Outside your arms. And were I this instant An angel possessed Of the peace and (the) joy That are given the blest, would fling my white robes Unrepiningly down I would tear from my forehead ts beauteous crown To nestle once more In that haven of rest-Your lips upon mine, My head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul In a bliss so divine, Recled and swooned like a druni Foolish with wine.

And I though twere delicious To die there, if death Were yet moist with your breath; If I might grow cold While your arms clasp me roun In their passionate fold. And these are the questions I ask day and night: Must lips taste no more Such exquisite delight? Would you care if your breast Were my shelter as then, And if you were here Would you kiss me again?

WHAT SHE COULD"

Francois Coillard, the 'apostle of the converts alike.

and fowl, and depositing them on the felt that he could carn a man's wage. can't run on the ice," said Artic. veranda of Monsleur Colllard's home late one night, Degan to sing the hymns he had taught them.

gifts as he opened the door. "Your friends from a distance have come to toll you they are glad you are well," responded the leader. Tears filled the missionary's eyes. Only too well he knew that many who 'had contributed to this love-offering

were very poor, and their gifts meant

Mateke?" the missionary asked, as she which, in a few weeks would be sawing neth had determined to use her as an placed the huge thing in his arms. "Do what you like," she returned, simply. 'It made me happy to have that gourd. I want to make you happy. I have nothing else."

"And why do you want to make happy," continued the old man. me when I am tired, and make me not

companions. "I shall never throw it ten miles out. companions. I shall never throw it . Kenneth walked homeward with lag- now, was running perfectly. He was . After a dinner of side-meat and now, Mateke. I will keep it always, ging steps, dreading the ordeal of re- fearful of the engine which had been corn-bread, he lighted a cigar, and the The gourd, withered, dry and color-

afraid of city dentists. Down south were not "night doctors," but at last to have the tooth out. Her mistress a 'painless dentist."

"Did it hurt?" I asked, when

tinly am glad I went to him. He take an' hooked them tongs onto my tooth an' he says, 'Good thing you didn't go to Doctor Jones down-stairs. This is the way he pulls teeth!" "Then he give a powerful yank, and

"'Huh!' he says. 'I recken you better be glad you ain't got Doo Jones them. workin' on your jaw. An' Doc Smith ain't no better. This is the way he

of them other doctors."

WHEN NOISE ANNOYS

ergies to something else, and see that ed he gave a little cry: "Blue water." doubtfully. they are given a time and a place when He passed the glasses to the bent little "Sure," s has a lot of energy which needs to do you see?" be let out in some way if he is to dea noise part of the time. If grown- alarmed look on the boy's face. "Well, ups realize this and give him a chance it isn't your funeral, is it?" to let off sienm, his excess energy will

The Bree Press' Short Story

THE TRIAL SPIN

By CARLETON CADY

beside the frozen bay. He bit his lips across the ice, row across the open flushed furiously as every eye, was with anger at losing his nerve just at water, climb across more ice. It would turned upon him. the moment he needed it. All the be a slow, laborious task, Kenneth same, he felt weak, and the hand he knew, and his heart sank at the drew a chair-up to his deak. "Sit brushed across his eyes was shaking thought. "They'll noven make it," he down," he ordered; then he smiled at with nervousness. There was melo- breathed. drama in the situation in which Kenneth found himself. He was to present "Well, what of it? I'm sure I'm not himself before the president of the going to lose any sleep over it. And—but I want to apologize for this morn-northwestern Paper Company, and tell well, after the way he treated you this long. I'm very sorry about that, and I

Kennoth squared his slender ardonic chuckle. shoulders now, and walked boldly into "I suppose, then, you'd let them the little office next to the mill. Ru- drown?" dolph Mueller, the president, looked up from the books he was going over after them?" with Smith, the clerk. The former's glance; was querulous. "Well?" Mr. do," Kenneth was forced to admit. Mueller was a small, active, nearsighted man, a paper maker by trade, and a millionaire by business acumen. "what in the world do you want?"

"I want a job," stated Kenneth, Mr. Mueller turned back to the books. "See MacLean, he runs this there." "He says he has as many men as his pay-roll will stand. He says to see

"Men!" Mr. Mueller caught up the Kenneth was thinking hard. Perword and toyed with it. He laughed, haps Smith was right. After all, he this youngster."

ever since he could walk. Born here. And they say he's handy with machinery. Got a boat-" "Well, I'm not Sir Thomas Lipton, snapped the president, coldly. "Come back when you've grown up. In the conically. meantime shut the door. Quick!"

"But my father-" "He's sick, and—"
"Company will look after him. That

century among the Barotal tribes of teen years, but for the winters spent was mourning among heather and the western Paper's Camp Number One, after Mueller and the pilot. Bring it to by the highway overseers. They will, and he knew Rudolph Mueller. Argu-Some little time before his death ment would be unavailing. The man ruled his camps and his mills with an him. The Basutos, learning of this, progress from the mill to the docks. the ice. planned a barquet for their beloved The boy was angry that he should

could give him a place. prise, stumbling over the abundant snow, a silver-winged airoplane, resttention. He glanced quickly over its smooth lines, over the delicate tracks it had made in its landing. Some day, he hoped, he would fly such a machine.

"May I look at it?" .. appointment in the absorption of the wide, with her engine mounted in the through traffic between Toronto and I suppose it is but right that a very named Mateke, arrived, carrying an motor, the controls, the marvel of the bow, and drawing not more than four Niagara Falls. enormous gourd. Although she lived machine so unlike the crudities of his inches of water. Last summer she had a long way from the village, and had own little sea sled, which now, for lack skidded the top of the bay, the fastbeen hard at work in the fields all of gasoline, lay idle in the beathouse est small boat on the east shore. She Sound. day, she would not consent to send below his home. Rudolph Mueller had was driven directly from an airplane her gift by another, but insisted on come north in his plane, speeding over propeller mounted at the bow. Her be-"And what am I to do with this, gan to his frozen pulp-wood camps, but with the coming of winter Ken-

ing into her wrinkled face, "that rests not able to see to the other side; the coming out of the water."

porting his failure. A warm breeze idle for months. Something might give from the south, sweeping up the length way at any minute. He sat low in the of the bay, fanned his face. Spring tiny cockpit. How long would it stand kin do foh you-all?" was coming, and the loe would soon the strain? Silently he prayed. He be breaking up. The logs would be was approaching open water, going stranger answered: coming to the mill from all the camps a little slower now. He must hit the along the shore, floating in huge rafts | water gently. towed by sturdy little tug boats. was buried in his books. If he could great strain. Splash! She them, went into the house, and return- eight to twelve," recited the clerk. not go to college, he could at least was bouncing now, up and down in ed in a-moment with a huge tin cup study by himself. At noon there was a manner quite unlike her smooth be- full of soft soap, a rough towel, and man, with bulging eyes. "When am I scared into good behaviour by the mere mighty heart of the biplane on the bay the throttle, as the stern, weighed his quest. began to beat, to hum, to roar. The under the added ballast, sank deep. great mechanical bird took to the air, He could not afford to ship any water asked the visitor. sliding first across the ice, gliding now. Faster! Faster! He must hit the pain got so bad that she consented then above the whiteness, a dark sil- the floe hard, and trust to luck as to lord, "the watuh's low, and you-all'll houette against the gray-blue of the the strength of the little craft. He gave hev to dam up the creek." tells of the old negro's experience with sky. From his window Kenneth watch- the engine everything he had, and then ed it grow smaller in the distance. Sud- crouched back in the stern to add his she denly he caught his breath. The silver weight to lifting the bow high enough bird was cutting strange circles, was to take to the ice. The "Skeeter" had

swooping lower and lower. He watch- to leap from the water, and clear at succeeds only in affording the witness ed intently as it hurtled toward the the first trial or not at all. There an opportunity to show off his own ice, regained itself, and then came to would be no second chance. If she wit at the lawyer's expense. And rest. "Engine trouble," he decided, and would slide back, storn first, under then the spectators are happy. returned to his book. An hour later he again looked out to see that an excited group of men skimming the water now, barely touch. fled that his only assets were his

Artie Smith, the little clerk, told him. craft had hit the water, as she hit the "The plane's still there," he said, "and ice floe, leaped into the air, and came, the court what else you have." the ice is breaking up. Feel that wind? down with a force that strained every And it's getting stronger. You know joint. On she went again. She had what that means." His voice was very taken the hurdle. Now it was smooth eager, almost exultant, and Kenneth sailing. The machine skimmed like looked at him sharply. "They may be a gull across the ice, steel runners

twis', easy as can be, an' out it comes. blowing hard, would cut the ice of the him Kenneth could see the two men Never hurt a mite. My lan', chile, I bay into strips. Under the plain it waving their arms from the cockpit of suttinly am glad I didn't go to none might crumble, or leave the machine on a huge sheet of floe, cut off from land. "Give me the glasses," the boy commanded, and for many minutes he studied the scene brought close by the Don't say "keep still" or "stop that powerful lens. The plane, with the racket" whenever Willie or Jack or two men, was three miles out. He Betty starts making too much noise could see them plainly as they worked on that water with a load." for comfort. Try to direct their en- over the machine. "Even as he look-

they may make a noise. Every child man beside him: "Look, Artie. What "Blue water." chuckled the other. velop normally. He must have an op- "They're cut off." He glanced at Konportunity to romp and play and make neth quiszically, and laughed at the in the air.

Kenneth did not reply. He looked not be so apt to come out at the wrong again through the glasses. The strip of time, or in the wrong place. A child blue water was widening, like a black can change them in a couple of mincan be taught that noisy games may cavern in a white desert and far away utes. They're the same, you see, and be played outside and that only the to the other side of the plane, he could mine's broken. That was what forced quieter games may be played in the see another line. The fliers were frap- us down." house. Then if he has a period of play ped. Once free from the main body "All right," Kenneth agreed. "I hate outside every day, he works off the of ice, the fice would break up rapidly. to leave the 'Skeeter' here to sink, noisiest part, of his energy and can Kenneth estimated the width, and he butadapt himself more easily to the de- guessed that in half or three quarters "That's all right," said Mr. Mueller, mands for quiet made by the grown- of an hour the plane would finally drop optimistically. "She'd likely sink any-

ward the low, rambling mill go out with it. They would drag it down. His protests were useless. He

Artie Smith smiled at him queerly. about his sick father, no longer able to morning-well, I guess you haven't any hope you will forget it." reason to be concerned." He gave a

"What else? Want me to swim out "I-I guess there isn't much we can "So, I'm not worrying," Artic Smith went on. "I gave my best to old Mr. Mueller, and what does he do. Makes As he said "Well?" it sounded like, me work like a slave in that little office over there. And what do I get for it? Just more work."

"Anyhow, there's another man ou "That's his job. He gets paid for it In the meantime, we may as well enjoy the show. - You don't get a chance very often to see an old slave driver

with something of sarcasm in his tone. had no reason for worrying about "Men, not boys. "You are too small." Rudolph Mueller. And yet—
He turned to the clerk, bent over the table of reports. "Artie, what about the skiff was painfully slow. They were not yet half way to the open water and the floe was breaking up. It would Artie Smith glanced up slyly, "Well, he's been hanging around this camp be two hours before they could get across. By that time there would be no need. Something must be done.

The water was widening. "They'll never make it," said Kenneth. "Probably not," said the other la Kenneth's horrified eyes were fixed upon the ever-widening strip of black which cut across the snow sheet like

an ugly wound. What could be done? The Numbers 2 to 17 Have been Als What could be done? The sea sled then came to the boy's mind. "Any gas at "Then get it. Quick. I'm going out Highways so far and have been placed

to the Bixby boathouse. He tore open vince. recovery several American mission- sharp resentment, marked Kenneth's pulling the heavy little craft out upon Quebec boundary to Windsor, via Tor-Smith had procured the gasoline, al- London and Chatham. teacher and his friends. They pre- not be given a chance. He was fam- though still very much in the dark as Road No. 3.—International Highillar with the work of the mill, and to what Kenneth proposed to do. "You way; Niagara Falls to Windsor, via paign of 1745.

> "Can't 'I? Look here." Kenneth pointed to the steel runners fitted on ern Highway, via London. As he walked slowly along the shore the bottom of the flat, shallow craft. | Road No. 5. Toronto to Jarvis, via of the bay, white under its cover of "The Skeeter' is designed to ride either Dundas Highway and Hamilton. ice or water." "Ever tried her?" Smith was very skeptical.

"No, this will be her trial spin." "Then don't." Kenneth did not answer. He was "Sure." The greasy mechanician practised eye over the "Skeeter's" Galt, Kitchener and Stratford. Soon Kenneth had forgotten his dis- craft, twenty-five feet long, seven feet ton to Stoney Creek; cut off for the frozen silences of northern Michi- haviour on the water was well known,

into the timber cut during the winter ice boat, and had, accordingly, fitted her with four parallel steel runners, At length Kenneth turned away extending high at bow and stern in a from the giant bird. Again that nausea slow curve. Now he determined to Perth. of disappointment swept over him. dash across the co, take to the water Gone was his chance, for the moment without stopping, and climb out on at least, of carning money for his the other side, on the floe, in the same sister, gone his chance of getting into fashion. "Some ballast for the stern. that make me glad even when I am college next winter. He looked out She'll need it to keep her bow high over the bay, endlessly white. He was enough to jump the ice when she's

"She hath done what she could," just one break in the cold monotony, nobly on her trial trip as an iceboat. not hear. His motor, roaring loudly of a stream:

> Splash! The "Skeeter" crashed into a momentary interruption as the haviour on the ice. Kenneth spened a pick and shovel, which he offered to a-going to git time to see the town?"

water, she would sink. Faster! Faster! The "Skeeter" was debtor's court in New York and testithing was wrong. He went down to There was a sickening impact, unlike Company. the quick swish with which the little

'monetrate my own method of sub- drowned." Smith appended in a tone sounding merrily to the accompani-Kenneth knew that the warm wind, whirring of the propeller Ahead of the disabled machine, and glided to a

"Hello!" It was the laughling voice of the pilot. . "Mighty glad to see you." Kenneth, breathless from his mad flight across ice and water, said, "We'd better be going back. Can't risk much "In that thing?" asked Mr. Mueller,

the extra ballast. "Come on." "Wait a minute," said the pilot. " haven't anything against that boat of yours, but just the same I'd feel better

Kenneth's face fell. Had the boy made his trip for nothing? "If you don't mind letting me borrow your propeller," said the pilot. "I

Soon the three were sliding across the ice at a speed such as the "Skeeter" had never dreamed of. Then they shot ice, and came to a stop in front of the poor and ragged;

A shout went up from the crowd. world. He was a messenger boy now, long, large cork. Slip the spout of the "Who's all right?" The answer came, earning two shillings and sixpence oil can through the hole until the cork 'Ken Bixby" from a score of strong Two husky sawyers lifted Kenneth

from the plane, and bore him on their shot if he could not afford to get Insert one end of it into the corl ENNETH Bixby felt the last of At the company's, dock, men were will you?" said President Mueller, and the world. He shipped abourd a steam- Shove it in far enough to hold the wire his courage ebbing as he walk- launching a boat, freighting it with the giants carried him before a shout- er as a stoker, and worked his passage securely in place. Your oil can spou ed slowly down the hill to- ropes, and six men were preparing to ling crowd. They would not let him to New York. For some time he stayed in that

Inside the little office, Mr. Mueller Kenneth's embarrassment. "Don't be afraid I'm going to thank you. You can't thank a man for saving your life, but I want to apologize for this morn-· His parents, happily for him, were

"You said you wanted a job. Well, in their joint lifetimes. Their son will you take a job as MacLean's as- took the money as a loan, and in a

"No," said Mr. Mueller, "don't think He was his own salesman, his own I'm offering this as a reward. I'm not, bookkeeper, and his own delivery cart, I know that you are the kind of a man so he knew that his customers were that I need in my business. I know well served. Gradually they increased that you're Big Jim Bixby's son. You but not fast enough to satisfy the have lived here long enough to know young grocer. He worked, as he says, all about the camp and mill, and you twenty-five hours out of the twentybuilt that boat, didn't you? Well, I four. That did not suffice; he decided guess I know enough about you. No. to advertise. don't thank me for it. I'm doing it First he bought twenty of the bigfor purely selfish reasons. But,-but gest hogs he could find in Scotland. perhaps you have other plans? Per- Next he decorated them with brilliant haps you don't want to go into the ribbons, and then, after every pig had paper business." He stopped, waiting been labelled "Lipton's Monsteys,"

"I want to go to college." Mr. Mueller stroked his chin. "En- sensation followed. The town talked gineering, I suppose. All right. Got "Lipton," and Thomas Lipton opened the money? Well, then, you can draw a new shop. half your first four years' salary dur- To-day four hundred and twenty ing the years you are in college. That business houses take their orders from ties you up for four years in the North- Sir Thomas Lipton. In Ceylon great western Paper Company, anyway." He tea plantations, belong to him, and

sistant?"

"I want to th-thank-" "No. No. You go to work to-morrow. That's all. In the meantime, his vast fortune. He drew a cheque shut the door. Quick." This time, however, President Mueller of the Northwestern Paper, smiled of Wales when she was collecting as he said it.

THE NEW ROAD NUMBERS

The following is the list of numbers that have been given to Ontario On the instant Kenneth was running in planning trips through the pro-

Road No. 3 .- International Highway; onto, Hamilton, Brantford, Woodstock, cessful smuggling. One of these re-

Welland and St. Thomas. Road No. 4 .- St. Thomas to North-Road No. 6 .- Hamilton to Owen orders of the king, marshal?"

Road No. 7 .- Northern Highway: Port Credit to Sarnia, via Brampton, Guelph, Kitchener and Stratford. Road No. 8 .- Niagara Falls to God- resting, and which took up all the busy starting the engine. He cast a erich, via St. Catherines, Hamilton, front part of the carriage. Road No. 8a.—Beach Road; Burling- shal, calmly, "is my tobacco-box."

Road No. 9 .- Arthur to Kincardine, box in proportion," and he closed the Road No. 10 .- Brampton to Owen door respectfully.

Road No. 12 .- To Kawartha Lakes, via Whitby and Lindsay, Road No. 12a-To Kawartha Lakes, via Port Hope and Peterbore. Road No. 14 .- Picton to Foxboro. Road No. 15 .- Kingston to Ottawa. via Rideau Lakes, Smiths Falls and

Road No. 11 .- Toronto to Muskoka.

Road No. 16.-Ottawa to Prescott. Road No. 17.-Point Fortune

Pembroke, via Ottawa. PREPARATIONS FOR A BATH

rest, and to the north, where the bay as he swept away in front of them. The paper, in telling the story, he adds astigmatism, and his case is one that when I die. I am glad to give you my opened into Lake Michigan, and to Put-put-put. Faster! The that his friends looked upon the story gourd—even if you do not want it, and the south with its miles of snow-laden little craft shot across the snow-laden with suspicion. He had arrived at a ice, the view was limitless. There was ice. The "Skeeter" was performing small settlement, and repaired to the Eagle House, which was on the out-Silver Island, with its virgin forest, The crowd cheered, but Kenneth did skirts of the town, and on the bank kins."

"Stranger, is thar anything we 'uns

"Wal, yes, come to think of it, I'd meals were served. like to have a bath." The proprietor let his feet drop from For the rest of the morning Kenneth the waves, and grouned under the the railing upon which he had hoisted ner from three to eight, supper from

A certain actor was before the poor

had gathered at the mill dock. Some- ing the crest of the waves. Crash! salary as a member of the Blank "But you must have something clae." said the presecuting gounsel. "Tell

"What-no personal property?" "Oh yes, a dog-and a watch." 'Now think hard. What else?" .persisted the attorney, believing he was on the right track. the witty witness.



A ROMANCE IN TEA

Over fifty years ago, a small boy into-the air, the dark-cavern of water used to wander open-eyed about the falling away beneath them. Ahead bustling docks which edge the Clyde the bane of every automobile owner's and below lay the Northwestern Paper at Glasgow His delight was to view life; but what can be done to eliminate Company's Camp No. One, like a map the great ships from China unloading them?, The oil can will not reach all of a village in bas-relief. They circled their fragrant bales, and he frequently parts of the springs; neither will be about, and the village came up to meet earned a few-pennies by making him- spread oil round-abrupt corners. them. Briefly they shot across the solf useful here and there. He was

thrifty people; By hook and crook they had saved four hundred dollars narrow street of Glasgow, started a tiny grocery store.

plain for all to see, he had them driven through the streets of Glasgow. A

Sir Thomas has been generous with for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars and sent it to the Princess money for a jubilee dinner for the poor of London. His munificence has frequently drawn royal attention, and it was for his charities he was knight-

As a yachtsman, Sir Thomas has always been known as a straightforward and enthusiastic sportsman. The yachtsmen of America found in him a good opponent in a generous con

COURTEOUS SMUGGLING

recalled various reminiscences of suclates to Marshal Saxe as he was returning into France after the cam-

French frontier a customs officer presented himself at the door of the carmage and said: "Have you anything contrary "No, monsieur."

"But what is that?" asked the officer, pointing to an immense barrel of topacco on which the marshal's feet were "That, monsieur," roplied the mar-"Ah, indeed!" said the official. "Well,

RADICAL CURE

In the public schools of some cities measures are taken, by presumably competent officials, to test the children's eyesight, upon the assumption -often too well founded-that the parents are not sufficiently watchful in that important particular. A little boy came home one day, soon after the fall term of school had opened, with the following note, duly signed by the principal; "Mr. Judkins: Dear Sir-It -becomes my duty to inform you that swer the next day:

NO TIME

"Mr. Kershaw: Dear Sir-Whip it

out of him. Yours truly. Hiram Jud-

his host, the a city hotel, and after having a room assigned to him, inquired what hours' "Breakfast from seven to eleven. luncheon from eleven to three, din-

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weekly,- sixty cents hard cash,-paid projects about one-half inch. Then every Saturday. Even then he was take a piece of stiff wire-copper wirenot satisfied, and he made up his mind is best-about eighteen inches long. learnings at school, he must get it in parallel to the spout and touching it To use it bend the wire into any country, supporting himself in a half curve necessary to get round corners a dozen ways, and keeping his eyes or into inaccessible places. Invert the open to American methods of business. can, press the bottom with the thumb He made up his mind that Yankee in the usual way, and each drop of shrewdness could make money out of oil will run down the length of wire groceries in Glasgow; so he borrowed to the end. When the wire is inserted a plentiful supply of it and returned between the automobile body and the leaves or the spring oil can easily be placed where it is most needed.

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