

SUNSHINE HILL

Press toward the top of Sunshine Hill. With persevering strength and will; Let neither rock, ravine nor space...

Press toward the top of Sunshine Hill. Uplifts its intent power and skill; Loved the courage in its breast; With faith unshaken and do thy best!

Press toward the top of Sunshine Hill, And know the thing, beyond the hill; To come to him at close of day Who fearlessly doth blaze his way.

Press toward the top of Sunshine Hill; The running water turns the mill; The steady wheels curve canvassed spurs; And send the silver past foaming whirl!

Press toward the top of Sunshine Hill; Try soul with smiling patience his; As up unmeasured heights you go; And leave the clinging mist below!

Press toward the top of Sunshine Hill, Leave not thy nerve or ardor chill; Yield not an ell to plague or slight; Till thou dost face the splendid light!

THE JUDGE'S MOTHER

Mrs. Smith had a paper to write for her club. The subject she had chosen was, "How can women uplift the coming generation?"

She was puzzled to choose the best of the many, which suggested themselves to her. Should it be through art, lecturing, literature or general reform?

She considered her difficulty to old Judge Adams, who was sitting with her husband on the veranda.

"I can only give you my experience," he said. "I was one of five brothers. All were men, and I had the greatest influence in the world, and each one of us owed his bent and force of character to our mother."

"Our father died when we were children. Mother made us what we were. Until we were gray-haired men we went to her whenever we were in perplexity. Mother's words were the right thing to do in this case!"

"She said nothing of law or politics, but she always had the right thing to say," said the judge, gravely. "My mother influenced the next generation to her own more strongly than any other human being I ever knew."

"She has no doubt a wonderful mind and a broad education," asked Mrs. Smith.

"No," the judge smiled. "She got her hold on us in very simple ways. I remember one of them. When we came home from school on cold days, our shoes and stockings; she rubbed the cold feet with her own hands. There was always a huge brown jug waiting before the door with roasted apples and sugar and hot water in it, and each one had his mug of the delicious stuff; and we were all warm, and joked and laughed, and no doubt opened our hearts to the dear, wise woman."

"All day long she was our comrade. Nobody came so close to us as she. We carried to her all our secrets and misdeeds when we were men, and she had done when we were boys. Two of us were ministers, two legislators who helped to form the laws of new states, and I doubt if one of us ever took an important step in life without being influenced by the opinion of that one good woman."

Mrs. Smith looked uncertainly at her paper, on which she had scribbled a few artists' lectures, civil and political reformers.

"You think, then," she said, "that women's strongest hold upon the world is at home, through love and a Christian life?"

"The judge's eyes twinkled. "I can tell you only what I know. I cannot decide for the world," he said.

THE ART OF "MOTHERING"

"How's your mother, Currie?" asked a friend of a twelve-year old city girl whose mother was a well-known worker in various organizations for the social betterment.

"I haven't seen mother for ten days," replied Currie. "She isn't up when I go to school, and she doesn't come home till after I'm in bed at night; but I guess she's all right."

A BABY GRAND

At a recent entertainment in one of the college settlements a small guest talked grandly to visitors about "our piano." Pieces played on the piano to amuse the children had evidently brought the subject to her mind, says a writer in the New York Press.

"One practical woman who contributes very largely to the supply of the settlement heard the child's remarks.

"It seems to me," she said, rather cursoriously to the head worker, "that a child whose family owns a piano is not really suffering. There are plenty who are really in need, and I don't think it right to include them in favor of one who owns a piano."

Seeking out the child, the head worker began to question her. "Did you say you had a piano at your house?"

"Yes, indeed," responded the child, cheerfully and proudly.

"Is it yours or your mother's?"

"It's mine. Santa Claus brought it to me last year."

The settlement worker saw light ahead. "And how large is your piano— as large as that," pointing to the upright in the room.

"Oh, no. Mine is a twenty-two-one, just about so high," and the little girl leered down and measured a distance of ten or twelve inches from the floor. It was, in fact, a child's piano—presented by the settlement itself.

The Free Press Short Story

HIS FAITHFUL "PARDNER"

BY M. O. WILCOX

He had tramp written plainly on his face; but his face was a clean face—in more senses than one. Walter first saw it peering in at him through the side window of the telegraph office, where he was on duty that night.

"Evening!" Walter said. "He was writing something on a yellow pad. There seemed a touch of the tragical in his anxious face, and then the small way station, with the void of night round him. Soon he opened the station door. 'Come in,' he called out.

The other came in, with the ready friendliness of his kind. Many of those cheerful wrecks Walter had seen, those purposeful wanderers on the still highways of the world. They used to go drifting down like birds of passage with a touch of winter, toward the sheltering slant of the vast city. This one seemed younger than most of his fellow wanderers, and although shabby and blackened by the soot of the city, his hands, blackened by railway grime, were slender and shapely, and told their own story of work and rest.

"Augh, but it's raw tui!" he said, with a shiver; for the chill of March and of winter were in the air. "Yes, it is," Walter replied. "Have you come far?"

"New York," he said, with receptive smile. "I've got the job, but I didn't like the job. Then I was in some cities, and worked a while, but I was a big strike—I can tell you it was pretty rough. Of course I had to go out with the boys."

"What was the trouble about?" "I don't know. But it don't make much difference, anyhow. I'd rather be on the track, and moving." He did a kind of a jig-step about the platform, and began to sing a song.

"There's a red light on the track for Charlie Brown." "There's a red light on the track for Charlie Brown." "There's a red light on the track; 'Twill be there when we come back. There's a red light on the track for Charlie Brown."

Walter did not pay much attention. He was listening to the noisy keys inside. They seemed to make him think of his own work, and he began to take a message. "It's late," he said. "She ought to be along now." He roused himself when his head sank toward the track.

"Pretty tired, ain't you?" the other asked. "The engineer drew his arm across his eyes to get them fairly open. 'I am pretty tired,' he admitted, with a short laugh. 'The wanderer, seated on the window sill, watched him curiously. To himself seemed bright-eyed and alert. 'I guess you don't care to see company to-night,' he said.

Walter roused himself again. "I'm afraid I'm not very good company myself. But here's Number 14 at last." Round the curve above the heavy freight train came panting. The locomotive labored and protested with intermittent wheezing; the engine seemed struggling against some heavy load. In fact, the fire was low in the engine; she needed both water and fuel. The car-trucks creaked for oil, and the engineer sagged down against the sill of the cab window when he leaned out to get his orders. The crew had been on duty now for thirty-six hours; the great rush permitting no rest to railway men, high or low.

The tramp, seated on the platform with his feet hanging comfortably down, listened to Walter while he talked to the engineer. "The Atlantic will be along now in about ten minutes. You'll have to go on the siding and let her pass. Comp. make it here!" The conductor, who had been sleeping, and Number 14 clanked slowly on again.

The tramp looked on with the eye of an expert. Here was his free old friend New York; it would be child's play to elude a crew in the condition of this one. Walter glanced at his watch. He was bending over the keys or watching daily from the Atlantic Pier to appear around the upper curve.

But this train was behaving queerly. It went slower and slower; it was coming to a halt, yet no switch was being thrown, no action taken to get upon the side-track. Some instinct bred of a wide experience made the tramp start up and walk toward the train. It was now at a full stop, and he seemed to be the only moving thing about. The engine was still chugging feebly—hardly louder than the snoring breathing of the men, who slept upon her. And yet, at the rear the other train snorted and rattled, beat on and overcame at last by toll too great for human flesh and blood. Number 14, with her rear lights out, and her crew like drunken men, lay out on the main track, like a rack of destruction in the path of the coming Atlantic.

It would be hard to say what possessed the tramp just then. The obvious course would have been to get the train crew sufficiently awake to get a danger signal; but apart from the difficulty of that, the tramp had a great liking for interchanges with brakemen. His first sensation was perhaps one of amusement that a certain corporation was shortly going to have a disagreeable surprise—but then he thought of Walter. He did not like the corporation, that was certain; but he liked Walter, and he was part of the machine.

"If anything goes wrong," he reflected, "it's likely to be my fault; and if anything goes wrong, it's likely to be my fault; and if anything goes wrong, it's likely to be my fault."

By the time he drew near the station after that stifling mile, his tongue was hanging from between his teeth; he trotted forward like a faithful, but it played-but dog. As he staggered up the platform a glance up the track told him that he was hope too early.

AN ORDERLY SCIENCE

When the principal of the academy descended to the office, she found her door open and the door ajar. The victor, whose two granddaughters were among her pupils.

"I'll not send for Dora and May, Mr. Winters," she said, after greeting her visitor.

"No, ma'am," said he, with an old man's emphasis. "I don't want the girls should know—but mother, who wants 'em to change their course?"

"Why, Mr. Winters," said the principal, surprised, "your granddaughters are doing well; they are both of a very scientific turn, and—"

"Astronomy comes later," said the puzzled principal. "Why do you wish this change, Mr. Winters?"

"Well, it's like this. Mother—that's Mrs. Winters—is a mighty neat house-keeper; when our daughter died and we took the twins, why, mother, she taught 'em orderliness first and then astronomy. Dora and May both took to it, and they're both of 'em. Since then mother's been about plumb distracted. First, it was leaves and flowers; then they got to books, and now she's up to the eyes in astronomy. That's about the moon and stars. Am I correct, ma'am?"

"Quite correct." "Well, that being so, she calculates the girls couldn't go and collect specimens at the time, and litter up the house so."

"The wrong sort of contentment." "Some people talk as though it were not satisfactory to want less as to get more. We are urged to secure contentment by limiting our desires, but that would mean limiting progress. Every step we take in advance nullifies our desire."

"There are some people who do not care for bath-tubs or soap. Those who cannot read do not want books or magazines. Those who cannot tell one tune from another are not in the market for music."

"A philosopher who has received a great amount of undesired credit for his wisdom, was visited by a monarch who asked what he could do for him. The philosopher replied, 'Give me a ray of my sunshine.' The man who cannot think of anything he would like but sit in the sun, deserves pity rather than admiration."

"Of course, people may lose their heads and cry for the moon, but there is a happy medium between that and being satisfied with the bare essentials of existence. The more we learn the more we develop, the more we want, and happily, the more we can get."

"The refreshment of change." "A charming lady who was rather socially inclined, but who was kept closely at home by the pressure of many cares, once said to her friend, 'I do just love to drink out of somebody else's teacups!'"

"A fitting present to this agreeable amateur in mother's little girl, whose supper invariably consisted of bread and butter, milk and apple sauce—a monotonous diet, of which she frequently complained."

"One day she was asked out to supper at a neighbor's. At a late hour the house found that no supper had been prepared for the little guest, so she sent one of her maids to the child's home for a supper. The little girl, on returning to her mother, was enthusiastic about the delightful visit, and particularly about the beautiful supper. Her mother had been obliged to pour milk and cream for herself from the daintiest little pitcher."

"And oh, such good apple sauce, mamma, the best I ever tasted!"

"INCREASE OF DAIRY EXPORTS." "In the seven months of this year ending with July, according to the Dairy and Cold Storage Branch, New York, Canada supplied the United Kingdom with 4,927,266 pounds of butter, compared with 4,223,472 in the same period last year, and 40,454 pounds of cheese compared with 20,153,504 pounds in 1925. In the twelve months ending with July our total exports of butter were 28,869,397 pounds, valued at \$10,317,819 compared with 13,474,241 pounds worth \$5,273,472 in the previous year and 140,143,300 pounds of cheese, \$27,894,655 in value compared with 119,235,500 pounds of cheese valued at \$3,952,876. This shows an increase in favor of 1924-25 of 14,294,016 pounds in butter and 20,015,500 pounds in cheese. The value combined increase in money of \$3,236,623, which amount the country has been enriched."

"Business is as good as we make it" is the answer of business leaders. And it is worth while to note that most big businesses owe much of their success and prestige to the steady use of Advertising.

Advertising in THE ACTION FREE PRESS would help you promote your business. It would attract new customers, retain the goodwill of old ones and increase public confidence in your store and service.

Advertising is simply salesmanship in the mass. It is an efficient, low-priced salesman. Investigate its merits.

HAD FEATHERED HIS NEST

The grape which worldly property is measured in is not always the same. But it does not so much matter what standard is used so long as it shows accurately the amount of gain or loss.

"I remember Bill Gowan as a shiftless young ne'er-do-well," said a farmer of Mr. Sands, revisiting his old home after many years' absence, "but I hear he left his widow quite a substantial property. How did he manage it?"

"He made the choice of an excellent wife, and she took him in the smartest way. She was a woman of sense, and when she was young she had been a very good girl. She was a woman of sense, and when she was young she had been a very good girl."

"You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't mind me, ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny. His mother'll have to buy a new boy."

"The victor." "You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't mind me, ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny. His mother'll have to buy a new boy."

"The victor." "You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't mind me, ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny. His mother'll have to buy a new boy."

"The victor." "You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't mind me, ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny. His mother'll have to buy a new boy."

"The victor." "You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't mind me, ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny. His mother'll have to buy a new boy."

"The victor." "You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't mind me, ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny. His mother'll have to buy a new boy."

"The victor." "You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't mind me, ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny. His mother'll have to buy a new boy."

"The victor." "You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't mind me, ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny. His mother'll have to buy a new boy."

THE VICTOR

"You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't mind me, ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny. His mother'll have to buy a new boy."

"The victor." "You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't mind me, ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny. His mother'll have to buy a new boy."

"The victor." "You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't mind me, ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny. His mother'll have to buy a new boy."

"The victor." "You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't mind me, ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny. His mother'll have to buy a new boy."

"The victor." "You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't mind me, ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny. His mother'll have to buy a new boy."

"The victor." "You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't mind me, ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny. His mother'll have to buy a new boy."

"The victor." "You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't mind me, ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny. His mother'll have to buy a new boy."

"The victor." "You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't mind me, ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny. His mother'll have to buy a new boy."

"The victor." "You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't mind me, ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny. His mother'll have to buy a new boy."

"The victor." "You naughty boy, where have you been?" demanded a mother of her son, who had been fighting with John next door. "You look at your clothes. I'll have to buy you a new suit."

You Cannot Surpass "SALADA" GREEN TEA. Its luscious freshness & rich strength make it finer than any Gunpowder, Japan or Young Hyson. Sold everywhere. Ask for SALADA to-day.

For Baby's Bath. More than that of any other member of the family, baby's tender, delicate skin needs the greatest care and attention. The soft soothing oils in Baby's Own Soap make it especially suitable for babies, and its clinging fragrance reminds one of the roses of France which help to inspire it.

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.

S. V. KING REPRESENTATIVE FOR THIS SECTION Georgetown Ontario. "Business is as good as we make it" is the answer of business leaders. And it is worth while to note that most big businesses owe much of their success and prestige to the steady use of Advertising.

How's Business? Advertising in THE ACTION FREE PRESS would help you promote your business. It would attract new customers, retain the goodwill of old ones and increase public confidence in your store and service. Advertising is simply salesmanship in the mass. It is an efficient, low-priced salesman. Investigate its merits. PROGRESSIVE MERCHANTS ADVERTISE

James Symon HARDWARE - MILL STREET. A Real Sink for \$12.00. Up to now kitchen sinks have cost \$15.00. Now at low cost we give you the newest type SMP Enameled Sink. This is a strong built up enameled sink, made in the best way. It is made of heavy gauge metal, with three coats of enamel. Complete with 12" back strainer, brackets, fittings, and full instructions. Standard size 20" x 30" x 6" deep. Price, complete, \$12.00.