# The Acton Free Press & Incommenced Press

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### THE HERO OF THE HILL

Do you ever stop to watch a horse There's something fine about the way he sends his rugged will Down through them quivering shoulders, till it seems as if he clutched And hurled the hill behind his heels until the top is touched. It gives a man new courage when comes to his steep grade,

To think of that example which plucky beast has made. But if the load prove stronger: if the horse, with hoofs outspread. Vith reddened nostrils, steaming flanks and bowing, straining head, Surrenders to the lnert mass, while th driver's only helps

Are strident oaths and the savage Why then the chief result is, that makes a fellow feel Ho'd like to take that driver's head that morning. and block the slipping wheel,

But I remember one time when driver had a heart. And worked with mind and muscle release the stubborn cart From the clay-rut, when some soldier who were loafing in the sun Let fall their laxy Jaws to laugh, and let their cheap wit run.

One cried, "Say, take that bag of bones and feed him to the crows!" And "Oh, he'd scare the crows away," the mocking answer rose, "He's good for some things yet, tha horse, for instance, making glue! There's a strain of Arab in him!' "Yes, a hard strain, through and !

"'Twill take a small torpedo, ever move that beast." "Better get one the size of that which "wrecked the Maine, at least!" So ran the jeering comment, till

last the bugler said, "Say, driver, if I blow the charge, d'ye think he'd drop down dead?" Twas then the driver answered, "Well, he might, but let me say That this old horse has heard the charge, when it meant, 'Charge,'

"Not on the dress-parade ground along with chaps like you, But on the fields of Cuba, where the Spanish bullets flew: and though he's drifted and don't look very trim, spirit yet in him. "Oh, nonsense!" said a sergeant, "Nonsense!" cried the rest, And the bugler raised his bugle, shouting, "This shad be the test."

Then out upon the air there fell ; dozen liquid tones. Like prophecies of glory mingling with the ghosts of groans, The sound the soldier hears and cheer although its mellow breath May send him where the cannon belch their black and bitter death. The sound which cries, "Destroy, destroy! and let the list be large!" The ringing of the bugle when it blows

the battle charge. And how the old horse heard it! U flung the heavy head, Wide grew his nostrils, straight ears, and quick the fever spread Through every nerve and muscle, as he forward plunged and pressed Straight up the steep, despite his load and stood upon the crest!

And were the soldiers laughing Not so. The scoffing jeers Gave way to shame a moment, then burst forth in cheers. And the sergeant cried, "Attention Fall in! Dress ranks!

Salute our gallant veteran-our rade, though a brute. God sent him oats and apples shelter of a stall. And grant we be as sturdy when we hear the battle-call!" -Edmund Vanco Cooke.

## THE OLD SKIPPER'S SERMON

A skipper who had lost his position on a fishing-boat because he would not fish on Sunday, was placed in charge know them, indeed had nover seen benevolent men in London who charged him to catch more fish in six days than other men in seven, and to preach the gospel as he went. Doctor Grenfell, the missionary to the Labrador fish-

grounds he was boarded by the skip- part of their punishment." pers of four other vessels, one of them being the "admiral" of the fishing fleet, casy. The young reporter rather prided war."

"Not this 'ere can't, but more whis- One morning, upon entering the key is what we want," they said. been sent on a hard enterprise. He the prisoners grouped under guard as believed himself able to catch more fish in six days than other skippers "Todd!" The familiar face instant-in seven, but the matter of preaching by lost its hopeless, dejected expresprepared to carry out the agreement

There was no grog on board, but the things. What's doing? Slumming best pot of tea the old man could brew was hot in the cozy cabin, and four mufflers were laid out. These the skipper handed to his visitors. 'Look yere," he sald, and this was the in-They saw them, folt them, and knew

they were warm and good. "What do they cost, Bill?" asked the admirai. - "I'll give 'em to ye on one condition, sald the preacher, progressing in his

sermon. "What's that?" asked the admiral, cautiously. "That ye'll admit there's love in

'em must have loved ye,' though yo not try any monkey shines.'

the mufflers and spoke their thanks. "Ow much more must Jesus 'ave loved yer, when 'e gave 'imself- for Todd, bewildered.

Doctor Grenfell adds that this provthat love. The admiral "became an is in another sock, and I have a luncheffective missionary among his ad- eon engagement in about fifteen min- friend was sitting. "Now," he said miring followers," and the skipper utes.' They didn't properly appreciate more than made his seven days' work the hint; so here I am." in six, and preached his sormon many

# APPLE TREE FERTILIZING

tending over three years at Sidney, tillzers upon the growth of apple trees. tell the judge so." tree; murlate of potash, 2 lbs. per tree; court habitues. declare that he was Percival Pilking-ham dashed out.

It was useless.

"Like a picture," assented Pilking he had glimpsed Pilk dency to check the growth. The var- were called, and all declared that they quarters with him letics of apples used in the test were: knew Pinky Warren very well indeed, King of Tompkins Co., Gravenstein, and that, furthermore, the prisoner fered to get twenty members of his Red Astrachan, Lowland Raspberry, certainly was none other. Grimes Golden, Orange Pippin and

# IMPOSSIBLE

She-"Will you be happy when you statt for France?" He-"Happy? We will be in ports-The Gas Attack.

# The Bree Press' Short Story

THAT WAS NOT

BY HENRY CARLETON

pillar which marked the centre of the be a mighty big favor to me if you torney, and had been in police court the bond house.

After awhile the visitor left. Todd sighed. "Enjoy your sleep this morn- ham would ask him, and he had dread ing?" bellowed Middleton. Todd jumped, and looked around to see that he and Middleton were alone in the room, worse luck. "Speaking to me?" he asked, innocently, "

"Huh! Think I'm practicing my vocal lesson? You're supposed to cover can be. police court. Why don't you do it some day?" "Who? Me?" Still very innocently "Whale of a story right under your

nose, and you never touched it." -"Oh, that?" Todd was disdained "Well, you see it was this way. He didn't want it to get into the paper." "Didn't w-what?" . The city editor looked apoplectic. Todd, in spite of his curiosity abou

Middleton's bursting, continued. "No he didn't want it to get in the paper. He said his family might not like the notorlety, and his family, it seems, are nice people, and besides-" "Well, listen, son," Middleton be gan, in a very acid, very exasperated drawl, "why didn't you ask me abou

"But it was just a case of speeding, objected Todd, with the air of having been needlessly trod upon. "Yeah, and just the mayor." mattered. Listen, if a dog bites a like fiction to sound plausible. Me- all there this morning to 'get me.' man, well, that isn't news. But if a man bites a dog-"I've heard that one," interrupted

Todd, disgustedly. "Any reason for doubting it?"

Middleton relented somewhat at havng won his victory. "You see, Todd," benefit, or for mine, but for all the people. It is our job to judge news from that standpoint. We can't let our personal likes or dislikes interfere." "I understand," replied Todd.

"And a reporter's job," continued the ity editor, "is to write every bit of news that he gets. Never promise to withhold a story: only the city editor ham declared that he has an alibi can do that." "Very well," agreed the reporter. "I'll

"This story about the mayor's speeding so important in itself, but it illustrated the lesson every reporter by three of the allied nations." must learn."

Todd, following this encounter, saw cording to his individual whims, arbi- let the story speak for itself. trarily accepted or rejected news. He had rather glarified in the sense of power which the idea gave him. Now

he realized that there was a deep, had done his best. underlying purpose in it, he saw a of his own sympathies. However, it did not greatly concern Todd. Most of the requests to withhold news came from the unfortunates

them before, it cost him no effort to reply, "I can't promise, but I'll take It up with my city editor." Like as not Middleton would tell him later, "They never stop to think what

but the respect of their friends does it?" When he arrived at the fishing- mean something. Loss of respect is Thereafter, Todd's conscience

who knew the character of his new himself with the idea that he could reenterprise, and came prepared to des- gard every case impersonally. Then came the blow.

courtroom, he saw a familiar face, sur-The skipper of the mission ship had mounted by a mop of red hair, among the falling.

was what appalled him. However, he sion, lighting in a smile of joy that seemed to wipe out all of the agony . "Percival Pilkingham!" cried Todd, in astonishment. "Percy Pilky. Of all Percival Pilkingham, whose name was a misfit if ever there was one.

shook his head soberly. The smile told me, one time, that he'd been vanished as suddenly as it had aptroduction to his sermon, "doy' see no choice in the matter of my present didn't take it very seriously, because peared. "No, I'm not. Fact is, I had "You-you're not-not-under

Nay, even-foreibly under arrest." "But what-what has happened?" "Well," explained Pilkingham, was strolling along the street, very and I just got to thinking maybe he quiet and calm and unobtrusively, when a large detective laid a none too 'em," said Bill, "for the ladies as knit with me,' he said. 'Pinky Warren; do

"I am. Emphatically under arrest

"'Wrong,' said I. 'Two more guess-"That's right," assented the aud- es. He didn't say a word. Not one serves a chance to get back on his single sound did he utter. He just feet again, and we'll try to give it to "Well, then, take 'em. They are jingled something which hung at his him." yours," and the sermon was conclud- belt and which sounded suspiciously like a pair of handcuffs. They were. The four men wrapped themselves in Til take your word for it,' I said, look-But as they were leaving, Bill added regulation size, shape and degree of shininess. And so here I am."

"But what's it all about?" asked "Oh, yes. I asked them that, at the for anything; it made him feel unheadquarters. They told me the Sand comfortable. ed a most effective sermon, for three Hill Bank had been robbed, "I'm sorrymen out of the four resolved to return about that, I said, but my money

"But surely you are innocent," pro-The other flashed a wry smile at am sure," he said, "that I haven't the him. "You and I are the only per- slightest idea of your legal capabilities,

fourteen charming thugs; back there, if you can spare the time run out to B. C. Dominion Experimental Station with the glowering and broken noses. Maywille and find the Presbyterian to determine the effect of various fer- say that it's true and are ready to minister. I happened to be ushering The following fertilizers were used "You've been 'framed;" cried Todd, crime of which I stand accused." goparately: nitrate of soda, two lbs. per lapsing into the vernacular of police

All this took a long time, and the offer was quickly vetoed by Sergeant judge, apparently growing tired, told Macdougall, also a Presbyterian and the officers to take Percival back to a friend of the pastore Sergeant Machis cell. "I'll hear this plea later. On dougall telephoned the prosecuting atthe face of it there seems no harm torney and the municipal justice, and in keeping him locked up for a while two minutes later Percival Pilking.

anything I can do?"

As the court adjourned, Todd hur- with everybody. frans- ried to his friend's side. "Is there Todd and Percival returned to the Gazetto office, and Middleton took

ilko the story."

Gazette, was chatting with a torney, and that will be all that's well, I'm going to tell you the whole visitor. Todd Eaton stole ap- necessary. Oh, wait. I almost for jot story. You can do whatever you like prehensive glances around the you're a newspaper reporter. It would with it. I leave it to you. room. It was directly between Todd could keep this out of the paper. I'm or perhaps I should say 'was' my twin and Middleton, and the latter was innocent, of course, but-well, you brother. .. He's not Pinky Warren any glad of it. The visitor was an at- know what it would do to my job at more, he's Pelham Pinkingham and he

> ed it. "I'll-do what I can," he said in It was the first time the harshness of the reportorial rule had struck home. Now he realized how cruel the law of "news is news no matter who it hits"

Then he smiled. "You can forget it, know, but the officers never got us to great attractiveness, put us in an institution. We lived--Todd returned to the Gazette with a heavy heart. He went to his desk and we were live-in the streets. sat down. For a long time he gazed at the red and white calchdar on the came. We were eighteen, and we both wall in front of him, unseeing,

The other's heart sank. Todd had

anticipated the moment when Pilking-

Middleton; he would not break it. ... declared, he would resign. The rule division. was too harsh; he dared not risk such ! a situation a second time. He could not appeal to Middleton to keep the wasn't. I saw where I had made my stincts is attracted by a girl whose story out, to "kill" it. The city editor mistake, and I started to make good, manners are the expression of crude was too hardened, too innured to the Well, when I got back, I found Pinky conceptions of what is-fitting. tearful appeals. He would say, "A had come back first and there he was friend of yours?" in bitter, contempt- in his old position of leader of the uous tones, and add, "He might have old Warren gang again. thought of his job before he did it." To make a long story short, I got Any story Todd could tell Middleton him to quit the old life, and we wen the city editor, sourly. "If it had been would sound improbable and melo- away, but the gang never forgave you, or the janltor, it wouldn't have dramatic. The truth was too much him, nor me. That's why they were

bond salesman and World War hero, of but Polham, while Pelham, well, he was under arrest here to-day as he said, "a howspaper belongs to its Pinky' Warren, charged with having up there has ever heard of the Warren

> the bank robbery, and denied that he was. Warren, but fourtgen former members of Warren's Third Street

and that he will be free as soon as he "During the late war, Pilkingham was cited for bravery under fire, and

Warming to his work, and having his chosen work in a new light. It had Todd finished one page of "copy" and told the hard, cruel facts in his "lead," seemed to him that newspaper work a second. Finally he gathered up was rather irresponsible. In which one the sheets and laid them on Middle did pretty much as he pleased, and ac- ton's desk without comment. He would Middleton was silent. Todd kn

the story. It told all the facts. He "Todd." . It had come. Middletor. duty that must be fulfilled regardless was going to say something about it. "Look here," said the city editor with a

grin. "Do you mean to say there's actually a person by the name of Percival Pilkingham? It sounds like ar-English novelist's nightmare." "Yes," replied Todd in a low voice "there is." Middleton laughed. "There couldn't be," he declared. "Nobody could grow

Look here," he said after a moment, they are doing until they get caught, "do you know, that name sounds ermen, told the story of his recent visit The court fine doesn't bother them, vaguely familiar? Where have I heard Todd hesitated. "You might have heard me mention it," he replied. "We

to manhood with a name like that.

were in the same company during the "What! Then it was Pilkingham that pulled you down into that shell hole after were hit?"

"And you-you'd write a story like this about it?" "News is news no matter-".

"No matter," said Middleton. "We'll the benefit of all the doubt in that ingly grateful if you'd .'kill' it. But

pretty tough sort of a youngster' We we both spent most of our spare time at the 'Y' hut and at the hostess' house and the like. There were a lot worse fellows who came right out of good homes. He pulled me out of that mess, and was decorated for it. I had not heard from him for five years, now, slipped back to his old habits." "I see. Well, I'm not going to run this story-just now. In the meantime, you'd better go see if you can do anything for him. If he's innocent, prove

"Thanks," replied Todd, feelingly. "Huh. Don't be in a hurry about he thanks. I may decide I want : gushy feature story about him-reformation, fall from grace, ifounded by police and old companions, second reformation-all that sort of thing." Middleton disliked being thanked

Todd went to police headquarters without delay, and readily gained adthrough the grating, "what can I do

for you?"..... Percival grinned aminbly, philosophically accepting a bad situation. "I sons that believe it. According to the but what you may do, if you really police, I'm 'Pinky', Warren' and those want to, is to get me an attorney, and in his church the Sunday night of the

Todd breathed a sigh of great re-

The minister told his story, and of-

Mr. Pilkingham," sald Middleton, "we'd

"I know," said the old newspaper man, evenly, "that there's somothing you at random from the

An office boy came in and laid sever- sters on the other." --I copies of the afternoon edition on he table. Percival picked one up and scanned it while the others waited. There's nothing here about me?" 'No." said Middleton. "We killed the

"I thank you for that. And now "Pinky Warren is my twin brother, use a line of it."

inguish me from Pinky, for, you see, we look just alike, except that my hair at home. Says the Outlook: s darker than his." Percival paused in his story, while Middleton recovered from his surprise, and nodded reminiscently. Middleton age and her mother. The young girl had headlined the exploits of the War- sat between the young men. It was ren brothers many times in days gone evident that she was in a state of by. "Our parents were killed in an mental elation, and believed that the "What you can?" echoed Percival. accident when we were fourteen, you dual attendance was a mark of her

"I used to be 'Red' Warren to dis-

well, I guess you know how boys like "We were pretty bad; then the war enlisted six months before the armis-There was, of course, only one thing tice. I got in Todd's company, and did

"That was all right. To tell the chanically his fingers dropped upon the familiar keyboard of his type-truth, when I saw Todd there, I writer, picking out the words slowly thought everything was ruined. I had and jerkily in time with his perturbed planned to admit that I was Pinky "Percival Pilkingham," he wrote, "a matter about me: I've no one to think

"Oh, that's all right," said Middleton embarrassed as usual when he was be-

"Well, that's the whole story," said "Two bad boys, who re-Percival. I suppose you'll put in a lot | back of all this. Something that has of stuff, with pictures of Pelham and not been told. That detective didn't his babies going to church on Sunday on one side of the page, and of the Third Street hangout and the gang-

"Best stuff in weeks," said Middleon contemplatively. "Reformation. brotherly love, romance, marriage, conenthudiasm, the thrill which only a newspaper man could appreciate as he sketched the possibilities of the 'spread' that had been unfolded. "But," he added with a gesture of mock despair. "I haven't the heart to

## BAD MANNERS

The girl who misbehaves in public displays bad manners, and calls attention to the fact that neither her head nor her heart has been trained The other evening a girl of eighteer ame to an entertalnment, accompanied by two boys of-about her own She carried on a running conversation with her two escorts that com-

pelled one man to leave his seat and go ! farther back in order to hear the lecturer, and subjected her neighbors to great discomfort and annoyance. What can be done to rouse mothers for him to do. He must write the a quick about-face, mentally and mor- to train their daughters to avoid story. He had given his word to ally as well as according to the In- prominence in public? What can be fantry Drill Regulations. But Pinky, said to the girls of this country that Once the story was written, Todd that is, Pelham, was in a different will make them see the absolute bad manners of dressing or acting in "Maybe Todd has told you that I public in a way which reflects upon wasn't all bad when he knew me. I their training? No man of nice in-



# Keep Them Going

One step won't take you very far, You've got to keep on walking; One word won't tell folks who you are, You've got to keep on talking; One inch won't make you very tall, You've got to keep on growing; One little ad. won't do it all, You've got to keep them going.

Advertising is the great running mate of Successful Salesmanship and the Geezer who tries to divorce them is unconsciously handing himself a letter of intro-.. duction to the Sheriff.

--- Ren Mulford, Jr.

# MAKING OUR RAILWAYS PAY

The sure way—the only way—that our perplexing railway problem can ever be solved.

Temporarily our Canadian National Railway system is in a hole. To deny the fact would be rank untruthfulness, to belittle its importance would be sheer folly.

But this huge public ownership enterprise CAN and MUST be pulled out of the hole, and it's up to the men and women voters of Canada to do it!

# A Loaf Big Enough for Two

If our foresight had been as good as our hindsight, we would never have built the excessive railway plant we have today. But what is done cannot be undone. There is no use crying over spilt milk. The problem now is to chart for ourselves the course that will most quickly and most surely place the Canadian National Railways on a paying basis.

Thus far the main effort of its management has been to get more businessfreight and passenger-for the C.N.R. by taking it away from the C.P.R. By that method, the cost of securing business is greatly increased for both systems, with no real advantage to either. They are merely fighting over the division of a loaf, which isn't large enough to provide sustenance for both.

The only way our railway problem will ever be solved is for the voters of Canada to see to it that our railways are given a bigger loaf to divide—a loaf of freight and passenger traffic that will be large enough for both systems to thrive on.

# We Have the Acorn, We Must Grow the Oak

How to increase freight traffic-that is the kernel of our problem! The average Canadian freight train earns \$5.00 per mile travelled; the average passenger train earns only \$2.00. So it's upon the freight end of the business that we must concentrate.

Of course, some kinds of freight are more profitable than others. There is very little margin of profit in carrying grain, first because the rates applicable to it are lower

per ton per mile than the rates on any other commodity, and second because the grain movement is a peakload traffic, calling for an enormous investment in cars that are idle the greater part of the year.

But there is a substantial margin of profit in hauling general merchandise. What can we do to ensure our railways getting more of it?

# Higher Tariff the Cure

Increase our population-start a big immigration movement—and the rest will follow as a matter of course! Easier said than done? Not at all! All we have to do to start the tide of immigration flowing through our ports is to hold out to the prospective immigrant the assurance of a steady job at good wages, or the chance to engage profitably in farming or some other form of production or service.

A higher tariff, that will be a real Protective Tariff, will give him a guarantee covering every point. And nothing else under Providence will!

# A Lower Tariff is Poison

A Tariff policy that allows the Canadian market to be supplied more and more by outside workers, automatically operates to reduce the freight traffic available for our When for instance, due to insufficient tariff protection, the Libbey-Owens glass factory in Hamilton was forced to surrender the Canadian field to its sister plant in Belgium, Canadian railways lost the hauling of 2,000 carloads of raw material per year!

If Canadian cotton and woollen mills only had the making of the textiles that

we import every year, our railways would have the hauling of another 50,000 carloads per year of raw material freight.

Picture to yourself the scores of other things that under a low tariff policy we import, when under a higher tariff policy we would be making them in our own workshops, and you can hardly fail to realize that the sane—the sure—solution of our railway problem is all ready-made for us, and awaits only our order via the polls to put it into operation. The necessary traffic is there. All we have to do is reach out and get it!

# Increasing Imports Mean

Bigger Railway Deficits Every time that low duties take away a portion of the domestic market from a Canadian industry and give it to a foreign industry, our railways suffer in four ways.

- 1. They lose the hauling of the raw material that such industry would have used.
- On the finished product, instead of the full local rate, they get only their proportion of the through import rate-a much lower net.
- When it results in the Western Canadian market being supplied from a U.S. factory, they lose the long East and West haul, and get only the short haul from the international boundary.

They lose the hauling of all the mer-

chandise that would have been con-

surned by the workers who, due to the

resultant unemployment, emigrate to

the United States.

Lower duties throw people out of work. They just as surely throw railways out of work. We can never save our railways by giving them less work. We must use our brains and our courage

# to secure them more work-better paid work! Higher tariffs will do it. VOTE CONSERVATIVE

FOR HIGHER TARIFF AND FOR LOWER TAXATION