Could be know and understand,: He would need no guiding hand, But he's young and hasn't learne How life's corner must be turned; Doesn't know from day to day There is more in life than play, More to face than selfish joy-Don't forget he's just a boy.

Being just a boy he'll do Much you do not want him to He'll be as careless in his ways. Have his disobedient days Wilful, wild and headstrong, too, Just'as, when a boy, were you; Things of value he'll destroy, But reflect, he's just a boy,

Just a boy who needs a friend, Patient, kindly to the end: Needs a father who will show Him all he wants to know. Take him with you when you walk, Listen when he wants to talk. His companionship enjoy, Don't forget he's just a boy.

MAN FOR A TEXT

As he entered the little study at the

agitated voice, "pastor, my brother-in- that's what it is." law is in there, full of liquor. He's ugly. I'm afraid he's going to make diclously, "that you'd know a mon- the campaign on his willing shoulders, Learning of this, Barnabas promptly policeman to come and clear him on your foot."

"Why, no, George," said the minislarge portion of them young folks. with a flushed face, and glared at the

did not disturb the folk greatly. · "I believe he is not going to bother us much, after all," thought the min-

the man rose to his feet and comtried to say, no one knew, himself least of all. It was some mumbled, incoherent talk. But the young people after their fashion, straightway began

You know him well enough, most of known in these parts! There stands the profligate son of a good mother: might have been a happy and pros- wouldn't. How'll we begin proceedperous man. See what drink has made in's ?" of him! Give it but half a chance, and it will do as much for you. Tell as that? Isn't"that sign enough ; make you all temperance men for

of a Divine Saviour, the help of the Almighty. And there the man stood, of admiration and envy. Tacity he all the while, motionless as a statue, was accepted as the mainspring of amid the stillest kind of stillness, the their engine of war, as the general of silence of a great, listening company. the campaign against the monopoly of And when the preacher had made an Barnabas Beagle. end of speaking, the drunkard stag-

gered out into the night. Now there was in the audience that years had been the victim of the drink Abel Martin. shortly before found drunk on the There came a clattering on the stairs, to pay." street and helped home to his house, and Barnabas Beagle, stout, proclaim-This man, going out with the crowd ing horse from every feature, red of after the service, had no sooner reach- cheek, with hair that curied in tight er the sidewalk than he turned back, little twists all over his head, and blue

dressed, but shaky and infirm, with hair prematurely white, and a sallow Tickled to death to be of service to face marred and scarred by his vices. the Council." "Good evening, Mr. Black! Come in, come in! I'm giad to see you. Have a chair," said the parson, cordially. shook like a leaf, "I'm all broke up. the public of this bere town." I've come to sign the pledge." "Stephen, I haven't any faith in tha pledge. What's a pledge? It is nothing but a promise, and a promise is too hard for you to keep. You've igned it over and over again, and

every time you break it within "I know, I know, parson! But this time I'm a-going to do what I never describes you to a T. You've got all public-spirited people to help break did before. I'm going to give my heart the busses there is, and for all we the monopoly and save money at the with his arm round him, prayed for this here town lays at your mercy, were offered. Barnabas serenely made him; and the man prayed for himself Havin' no competition, you kin raise demand for a quarter to the hotel and with a new note in his trembling prices; you can gouge us and hold-us fifty cents beyond. the minister, a few weeks later.

"No, pastor," said one of the men,

you mean? He hasn't gone to the Then he opened his mouth and roared men with heavy grips, and with glad "No, but he's dead and burled."

"Yes, pastor. Monday he was taken Councillor Murtin in the ribs. At sign and to the band wagon. sick. They carried him off to the length he became preternaturally They loudly demanded to be enlighthospital. He died within twenty-four sober. hours, and they buried him right away. But," said the man, "he never

NOT A BARBER SHOP A clergyman, while visiting friends, was wonderin' whether to eat, it, 'I abas', conveyance, Four strangers once tucked his napkin under his col- might as well have the game as the took the band wagon, all passengers lar, to protect his clothing from the name. Therefore, gentlemen, one and for the hotel. That was all. With juice of the grapefruit at breakfast. all, bein's I'm a monopoly, I'm a goin' cracking whips, both equippages He laughed as he did it, and said it to monopolize a little. Follerin' out started on their way, Barnabas carryreminded him of a man he once knew that line of argument, from and after ing three passengers and collecting ing, and he accidently lost his footwho rushed into a restaurant and, the present minute, my rates for car- fares of one; dollar; the municipal hold, and slipped over the bank into senting himself at a table, proceeded ryin' folks from the depot to the hotel carrier bearing six and collecting but the river. An old gentleman who was to tuck his napkin under his chin. is twenty-five cents, and for cartin' seventy-five cents. Barnabas chuck-He' then called a waiter and said, 'em from their houses is half a dollar. led.

The Bree Press' Short Story

The Monopoly of Barnabas Beagle

BY CLARENCE B. KELLAND

Town Councillor, was excited- travelin' soon!" He rushed up the stairs to the

"Martrin," Jacob began shrilling, ashe burst into the room and mopped who seemed likely to burst with sup- able to control rates!" his brow with a huge blue handkercchief, "we've been neglectin' our without our seein' it, that has got to opoly." be stamped out in the grasp of an iron hand? What d'you s'pose?"

"Ain't nobody violatin' the licker law, is they?"

"Worse! Worse'n that! And who'd church just before evening service, the ever thought one of 'em would ." minister found one of his men await- growed up right here in Sand Hill? It's a monopoly. Martin, one of them "Paster," broke out the man, in an graspin', grindin', unholy monopolies "I don't believe," said Martin, ju-

trouble. Hadn't we better get a opoly if it walked right up and stepped gave thought to ways and means. Jacob bristled. "I guess I read the papers and the baggage must be had. For an hour tor. "I shouldn't like to do that, You magazines and sich; and if a feller Jacob vainly endeavored to scale this know he might hear something that don't git to know monopolies from obstacle, but his indomitable will finwould do him good. Don't worry. It ground floor to flagpole, like he was nally led him to a path that might

won't kill us if he does interrupt us. born and brought up in the same reach its crest. We've been interrupted before now." . house with 'em, he ain't very quick in The path took the It was a good congregation that the his mind. I've read about railways lage band wagon, a cumbersome affair folks for preacher looked down upon that night and trusts and pools and consolida- on wheels, consisting of a huge wooden "We'd be reasonable," declared Mr. -a company of honest, self-respect- tions till I kin see 'em with one hand body, with long-parallel, cloth-uphol- Whittle, anxiously, "and, bein' friends "Well, bein's you're posted, you would serve its purpose. It was own- money like you be." But there in the forefront of the big might's well out with it. Who's mon- ed by Henny Richards. opolizin and Hill?"

ever undertook to preach to," said the if there's any competition. Does anyne else own a bus? What other feller carries passengers and trunks to "How these Germans do the depot? Nobody! Barney Beagle olds us in the holler of his hand Ic's grasped off this here necessity minister thought. The drunkard made tall yer, Martin Goodhand, if he took notion he could raise the fare from the depot to the hotel to a quarter astead of ten cents-that's what he could do! He could charge folks fifty cents for takin' 'em and their baggage a train, and they couldn't raise a hand to prevent him. Now what you

here town, it's our bounden duty to look to the intrests of all the folks hat live here. Who knows what minute Barney Beagle will shove his hands deeper into their pocketbooks and haul people from the depot to the start a village bus line, and the profit can come off'n the taxes. It's bound to be a pop'lar measure, Martin, with everybody exceptin' Barney.'

"Jacob"-Martin struck the table didn't think you had it in you, Jacob. He to the Legislater after this-no,sir,

summon Barney Beagle in front of it that case he echomes one of the monoplies spoke of by the Supreme Court, that eats out of the hand of the puband lie without bitin' off a finger. If he's steadfastly in the drunkard's face, the stiff-backed, we kin perceed with

stronger measures." The village councillors were called together, and Jacob Whittle's discovery was laid before them. One and all sat aghast at the calamity that penitence, promised him, in the name had well-night overtaken them, and one and all gazed on- Jacob with eyes

> "Has Barney been sent for?" de-"He's coming up the street now.

saying to a companion, "I'm going eyes that twinkled, and a broad mouth, o see the parson."

Open more often in hearty laughter than bent in smile, entered noisily. came to the study door-decently "Afternoon, gentlemen, one and all!" he roared. "What can I do for you?

"Set down!" President Goodhand matter we want to talk over with you "Pastor," said he, in a voice that -a matter touchin' the interests of "I'm set," responded Barnny.

f'It's been discovered," began the president, "that you're a monopoly. "I cat'cate. It's where a feller has got all there is of it and is reaching

"You've got the idee, all right; that on was a legend which begged all know you may be strotchin' out after same time. Prices of five cents to They prayed together. The parson, more. You ain't got no competition; the hotel and fifteen cents elsewhere up and nobody knows when you'll up Jacob stood in the waiting-room "What's got Stephen Black?" asked and do it. That there is a possibility anxiously. How, he thought, could

purpose of preventin'i" Barnabas looked from one councillor was offered by the municipal band to another, and his eyes disuppeared to wagen. a mass of wrinkles that always came The train drew in and a desen "Never see him again! What do at the commencement of a laugh, people alighted. Two were travelling until the lamp in its bracket threaten- shouts as of those who sight an old ed to fall. He pounded the table and acquaintance, they halled Barnabas. strotched forth a powerful hand to dig Mutely, but grinning, he pointed to his

"Gentlemen, one and all," he said, and threw their baggage on the roof with solemnity, "you're right! It never and entered the bus. hadn't occurred to me before-never. Two other individuals chose "Yes," responded the waiter, in a my business has growed so profitable Grocer Higgins, frowning.

ACOB Whittle, newly elected shope every one of you is thinkin' With that Mr. Beagle stamped out office of Martin Goodhand, of the room, chuckling and leaving leagues to fight for another week. who had been president of the Board behind him a thunderstruck Tewal for a time so long that the memory Council, each member of which looked ated. "He's got to come to terms. into his neighbor's face with dismay He's got to! Then'we kin git an ironwritten on his features. Simultan- chad agreement out of him, and his cously all, turned to Jacob Whittle, monopoly will be busted. We'll be

"We got to fight!" Jacob rasped. Barney perched inperturbably on the duty. Not knowin'ly, Martin, not de- "We will not be trod on. We'll run a high seat of his bus, He made no comliberately, but neglectin' all the same competing line, and we won't charge plaint, his face bore a took of content-What d'you s'pose, Martin, is existin' but half of Barney's old prices. Then ment and his voice was often lifted in this town right under our noses, we'll see where he'll' be with his mon- in song.

Meantime Barnabas Bengle hurried to the printing office and had printed Martin leaned forward, his jaw set two huge placards with black letters In that time Barney must surrender, on red paper, reading:

> BARNABAS BEAGLE Bus Monopoly Prices Double and Custom Solicited These he fastened, one on each,

Main Street. Jacob Whittle with the burden of lodged a formal protest. First, it was clear, a conveyance capable of transporting passengers and

stered seats. It was uncovered, but of your'n, we hate to see you losin'

Forth sallied Jacob to the Richards jest how you feel about me. But for the destruction of the octobus monopoly. He summoned Henny, who fault. Nobody knew it till you found t out." emerged from the barn.

"Henny," he began, "be you a "I be," declared Henny, drawing himself up. "I ain't missed a vote

Henry scratched his head. "If it was lendin' the village this ested the diplomatic Jacob. "Gratis?" asked Henry.

"Gratis," nodded Jacob. "In that there case," Henny in' out rapid. Besides, I've-At this point Barnabas Beagle apbacked toward Henny, evidently wish-"Liked to choke!" gasped Barnabas. on ch?"

"But-" he wheezed

"I want to hire it for a few weeks declared Barnabas.

Barnabas grunted scornfully. "I'll give seventy-five," he said. Jacob glared at the monopolist.

Jacob paid over a day's rental with

reluctance, his eyes fixed on the proevening another man who for many kin hear the rattle of his bus," said baleful glare. He even shook his fist. habit, one whom the minister had very The councillors waited breathlessly. Beagle," he vowed. "You'll be made of it! I reckon, Jacob, we bester leave Barnabas smiled tolerantly, and Henny Richards doubled up with suppressed laughter. Presently the lat-

ter recovered sufficiently to ask if Jacob desired horses and driver. "I kin rent 'em to you and drive myself." he offered. "How much?" "Two dollars a day for the horses

and a dollar a day for me." Jacob recognized the price as rea- rent 'em a band wagon I bought just sonable and closed at once. His cam- recently." ordered sternly. "There's a serious paign against monopoly was costing five dollars and fifty cents a day, and he was pledged to carry fares at half flourishing unrestrainted in Sand Hill. Barnabas' old rate. He hoped the opposition would be-unable to hold out long against such competition. The following morning the active campaign opened. Henny appeared the band wagon, just as Barnabas drove up on his bus. Barney's sign

was still displayed; on the band wag-

"I this here Council is setting for the any reasonable-person choose to ride with Barnabas when such a bargain

ened as to what they called "the joke,"

I'm what you said, one of them mon- band wagon. Next came Higgins, the opolics. It's a mean thing to be and a grocer, returning from the city. He hard name to be called, but like the took in the situation at a glance, and, dog said when he killed the shoep and with a wry mouth, climbed into Barnnear by fished him out

That bein' the case and mein' as how That afternoon Jacob approached

opoly? Be you going to let a restraint THE LITTLE BOY WHO DIENT of trade rob you?"

"He'll never hold out," Jacob reiter

if any taxpaper protested, for the ex-

Forthwith the monopolist was sum-

moned again to the Council Chamber.

of fare?" demanded Jacob.

"You raised your prices."

Here Martin Goodband

"You're losin' money every day."

"We'll show you, Barney Beagle!

"Jest a minute," returned Barnabas

guess I rec'llect right-you're paying

two-fifty a day for that old band wag-

"And two a day for the hosses?"

a day of what I made before. But."-

helpin' me out," Barnabas explained

with a broad grin; "payin" me a mat-

"What?" roared Martin, seconded

Jacob-"I got other rescources."

fore," Barnabas pointed out.

band wagon nor them hosses."

"What?" shouted the Council

"No," replied Barnabas happily, "I

... "And then bid again' me to raise the

"You was wantin' competition," said

Barnabas walked to the door, racog-

"Seein's competition's withdrew," he

said, "my charges comes down to the

old figger that was good enough for

me," and went out. In a moment he

pocked his head in at the door .- "If

this here Council ever wants to go out

on a pic-nic," he said, "I'd be glad to

So saying, he retired, to assume the

THE MOTORIST PASSES BY

some motorists to "give a lift" to pe-

Nobody can suppose that a motorist

latter chooses to go to law and sue

of the journey. Until the law is

amended to make it so, no person can

logically complain if motorists do not

"How did you come to fall

river, my little man?" he asked.

guiding hand of the only monopoly

Martin Goodhand arose slowly,

to it. For me, I'm satisfied."

of that is clear profit."

hire!" yelled Jacob.

Barna bag.

nixing defeat.

You can't go playing no tricks on us

own pocket. We'll bust you!

got the better-of him.

Martin nodded.

KNOW HIS OWN FAMILY "When Barney Beagle is it, I am. said Higgings. "His trade is wuth Once upon a time wilttle boy dreammore to me than savin' a quarter two ed that he went to heaven. He had or three times a year." been thinking about heaven during the So matters went on for a couple day, wondering about it and wishing weeks, the refermers spending five that he might go there to make a visit dollars and fifty cents for their con- without staying forever; and that very veyance each day, and never taking night he made his visit. in more than three dellars in fares. The dead toss of sixteen or eighteen

ly on the way to heaven, he wondered dollars a week-for no trains arrived still more. He supposed that, of on Sunday-was carving great chips course, he would find only the people off their enthusiasm. Barnabas' carn-there who had died; and since he did ings were being cut in two, of course. not know any little boys who had died, Even with his increase in price, he he feared he might be lonesome. Yet did not make as much money as beno one had over suggested such a fore, but he showed no sign of weak- thing as being lonesome in heaven. He dld not really worry about it; he just Jacob alone, of the councilmen, was indimitable, and he inspired his col-When he arrived he looked for the

great gates which he had heard about. There were several of them, but the beautiful of all was labelled plainly, "For Children." He had wondered how one entered, but now it was all very plain. The gate stood wide open to receive all the little children The third week passed, and still who were constantly passing in, and no one quetioned his entering with

the rest. The little boy looked about to find familiar face; and though he had never seen one of the children before, Whittle, with perspiration streaming every looked so friendly that he did from his brow, begged the Council to not feel at all strange. In fact, he remain steadfast for yet another week. thought to himself: "How nice It is to be among a lot of children of my he urged, with almost frantic insistown kind! At our Sabbath Schools But Barnabas did not surrender, and there were so many poor ones and dirty ones and foreigners, and they were so after the fourth week the village coundifferent from me! I am glad that all cillors had had enough. Seventy-five of us here are Canadians." dollars wasted in four weeks! It was In his pleasure he smiled happily. not to be heard of longer. . Besides. of his bus, and drove noishy down the town lawyer had told them that it and a bright-faced boy beside him said: "It is nice here, isn't it?" might come out of their own pockets

"Yes," said our little boy. "So much nicer than at home! I mean the boys seem picer. There are no poor ones "No, we are not poor here," said the other. "But, O my! You should have "Be ye willin' to sign an agreement seen my home before I came here. The

to let this here Council fix your rate house was almost tumbling down, and we were happy if we had one real meat "Now, Mr. Whittle," said Barnabas a day. Father was hurt in the mines. in a pained voice, "how could I do so that he couldn't work; and mother that? Maybe you'd have me carryin' could not always make much money.

It made the 'little boy feel quile strange to find that he had been soeven now he knew that the poor boy did not look poor. He seemed just ! He ran on a little farther till another child stopped him-a beautiful

after her day's work was done. But] it surely is nice here, isn't it." Barnabas made no reply, and Martin Again the little boy looked sur kicked the table in disgust. His anger prised. How was it that she seemed just like himself? Again he ran on are so many of our kind here; no

> foreigners, you know.' "But do we not all asked one. "What do you mean by foreigners

oplied the little boy: "but I mean we "But not one of us came from Canada," said one. "We were just talking he paused and grinned amiably at about it when you came. My home was in Japan." "And mine was in India." "And mine was in

look like Japanese and Chinese ter of four-fifty a day, and two-fifty Africans?" he asked. Just then a beautiful see Henry Richards don't own that that here you see only what is in the heart? And did you suppose that the great Father gave different kinds of

bought em from Henny just before country and some in another?" The little boy looked and wondered Then he heard a wonderful choir far The sweetest and brightest and best. When the dear little children of every

monopoly-bustin' to them that's used Shall crowd to His arms and be Then the little boy understood at last. It was because all these children loved their Heavenly Father that they seemed just'alike; and he could hardly wait to return to his home in Canada, and find some other members of that family whom he had thought different, but whom he knew to be his own little

> brothers and sisters.-World-Wide. A GOOD MEMORY NEEDED

A lecture tour includes some of the most delightful, experiences, Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell says in his autobiogpick up a pedesfrian anywhere? One home, a new city and a new audience frequently sees in the press reports of lead the lecturer into Jamentable

law suits in which a person who has lapses. been given a free ride in another per- In a car full of people a man asked son's car has suffered injury in a me one day how I liked Toledo. I remotor accident, and has recovered plied that I had never been there. heavy damages from the motorist who "Strange," he murmured, "because you by getting into an accident that he one side and a gentleman on the other. could avoid, and yet, though his own I had been introduced to them, but leg may be broken, and his valuable caught neither name. They did not heavy damages for the injuries sus- and therefore mumbled, "Pray let me ained by his free passengers if the present to you Mrs. M-m-m." We've been married for thirty years." amending. The passenger who pays reception that everyone were his name his fare is doubtless entitled to dam- pinned on his breast. I wondered if ages if injured while in a conveyance there were may connection.

Young Wife Afraid to Eat Anything

afterwards. Since taking Adlerika I can eat and foel fine." (signed) Mrs. A. Howard. ONE poponful Adlerika removes OAS and often brings surprisingly relief to the stomach. Stop that full, bloated feeling. Removes old waste matter from intestines and dignified manner, "but not a sham it needs my attention, why good after. "What's the matter?" he demanded, replied the shivering boy. "I came to Excellent for obstinate constipation. Incom, gentlemen, one and all, and I "Ain't you goin' to help bust the monC. P. R. MAKES GRAIN HISTORY



grain harvest of 1925, the Canadian one-third cars per minute. Pacific Railway has established record after record in the marketing and loading of grain so that the figures of the close of navigation but this

lines from August 1 up to midnight Friday, December 18. It is shown bels of wheat and 36,345,590 bushels that on one day, Friday, November 20, of coarse grains. During the same 3,559,000 bushels of grain were mar- period 118,160 cars carrying approxiketed and on Friday, November 13, mately 173,104,000 bushels were loaded, 1,994 cars compaining approximately Of this loading, 9,000 cars went to there was not a single case of car 2,921,000 bushels of grain were loaded. Vancouver, and a considerable amount shortage justifying the provisions In the twenty-four hours of that day was absorbed by interior flour mills, made in the way of up-to-date facilithis represents 81 cars foaded every but the great bulk went to the head ties and heavy freight power.

Usually marketings and loadings yards, including North Transcona, the

Arthur, passing through the Winniper having a capacity of 10,000 cers.

420 mile stretch of double track line o the lake front and on this run some records were also made, the highest any one day being 1,640. The daily

adian Pacific Railway for the conveyance of the crop worked smoothly and

Who Pays For Advertising

There is an old and, praises be, a rapidly disappearing notion among the general public that advertised goods are higher priced than those whose desirable qualities are never thrust upon them from the printed page.

"Who. pays for advertising?" was an oft-repeated question in the days when the Baloney Barons and Ketchup Kings were driven to their offices behind a highstepping team of bays and surely, the general public thought, when they purchased a fifteen cent can of advertised soup they received only ten cents' worth of food value and five cents' worth of advertising --- for how else could the advertisers afford to pay for so much costly space? Increased prodution, lower manufacturing and sales cost per unit were unknown terms to

No business has flourished more during the last quarter century than that of advertising. A comparison of almost any kind of publication to-day with those of a few years ago will show an enormous increase in the amount of advertising carried. Records show a similar growth in direct mail advertising.

Could any enterprise, unless based on the soundest of business principles, withstand the test over a long period of years and experience the growth which advertising has enjoyed?

It is indeed surprising, when facts are considered, that even the small number of anti-advertising people still demand, "Who Pays for Advertising?" when it is so obviously the non-advertising competitors of advertised products who eventually sign the checks .-- The Northern.

Your Advertising in the Acton Free Press Will More Than Pay For Itself