Yet cannot quench thee? Doth a dead April's memory Waken this perfect minstrelsy, Or vision of a lovely flower In some predestined, imminent hour So shake and rend thy little spirit

All the gray bough with green is drest,

Ah . . . gone! but still the high rebar of amber breaks the west. A fragrance filters through the rain. That which was dead shall live again! The last chill doubt the earth had

Thou canst not bear it?

Lo, it hath perished! -Nancy Byrd Turner.

A MISSIONARY BOX

"Listen, girls!" said Aunt Lois, when the sewing circle had settled itself to merrily busy. "Here's something that a newspaper an item in which appeared the name of Rev. Philo A. Townsend, and some good things he had

"What of it, Aunt Lois?" asked one of the younger women. She was "Aunt Lois" to them all, and they were all

must be forty years ago. ... don't suppose any of you remember, but I do. He was a student then, and a bright one, too, but had to stop came here; as a supply. Everybody says sho is about as badly spoiled as What was left of the jelly, by the time liked him, and said he would grow to a nice young, girl can be." do much to help him, and I don't know for it, and didn't she let her pound

he's pastor of that great city church!

"Do you suppose he remembers it?

the letter which, as they had learned back his earlier gratitude with lnew sacrifices the little society had made in the doing of such deeds in the years of its history, and added, "but just one

Further inquiry had been made by the members of the society, who now told what they had learned of Mr. people who had to struggle. He had given financial aid to at least fourteen plete their education. He had been a discoverer of gentus. One of his proteggs was a writer of note. Another, whom he had adopted as his own son, was a sculptor, and had just recently completed for a Western city a ten thousand dollar statute which

"O girls," said Aunt Lois when these it gets started, and how it keeps on multiplying itself in ways we can never know, I take new heart, and it makes hard work easy." -

RAPID TRANSIT

interested friend, as the two women hung out their clothes on neighboring

the other woman, eagerly. "My ole I know; they sew it up in a cloth, at the same moment, instead of havman and me, we nebber got home from Put an apple in the mouth-Oh, that ing the soup come lagging along about spending de day with Susannah till is for a whole pig. Pshaw! This here an hour behind time. I think I shall "Is dat so?" said Mrs. Johnson, who cook the thing-whatever it is-in the ing lessons this winter." had been alive to this state of affairs, oven, the way Hannah does." but wished to appear ignorant. "Well,

clothes-pins between her lips. facing round backward and put that lowed the meat into the oven.

WORLD-WIDE PHONE

England it is customary to say, "Are and napkins were missing. When she your there?" If the line is busy, the returned to the kitchen she found that operator will say, "I am sorry but the the he had taken advantage of her number is engaged." In Sweden the absence and had gone out. operator announces herself with a Linden rebuilt it cheerfully, adding had lots of better chances, and that I number, such as "four seven," in the a solltary stick of hardwood to the could not see why you wanted to go Swedish equivalent. This gives her kindling. Then she went to the gar- in with him. position at the switchboard. In Paris den, where she gathered some flowers she says "I am listening." In Ger- for the table and a bunch of parsley, shaprised father. many, instead of giving a number in When she returned to the kitchen the digits as we do, for instance, two- fire had gone out. five-seven-eight, they say the equiva- The cook gave a gasp of astonishlent of twenty-five seventy-eight. In ment, not unmixed with dismay. Then, Germany this takes the form of five with an anxious glance at the clock, and twenty, eight and seven. What she rekindled the fire. happens in Russia is still less pronouncoable. In Switzerland, where an sigh of relief. "Surely that will be the rich by having a corner in operator must know both French and time enough. I never could see how wheat?" German, the answer corresponding to Hannah could keep so busy with so "the line is busy," is, "the number 000 little to do. - She gets herself so undoes not answer." Japan refuses to necessarily mussy, too."

be short even over the telephone. The Linden glanced at her reflection in and couldn't you plant wheat there if operater opens with the greeting, the little mirror over the sink, and you wanted to and get rich like the "Moshi, moshi," and then "Nuban," was surprised to discover a black other man?" meaning, "Number please." lish equivalent of "Hello," which he out.

The Bree Press' Short Story

How Linden Improved the Cooking

CARROL WATSON RANKIN

abominate lamb chops! This

"Don't you like the butter-beans?" asked Mrs. Braddock. Linden shrugged her shoulders. might if they were properly cooked, said she, ungraciously. "There isn't

enough salt in them.' Patient Mrs. Braddock sighed. think Hannah does very well. know she has been in this country only a short time, and she is only a ittle older than you are. She has learned our ways very quickly." But Linden continued to grumble ven up to the end of a really excellent neal. The bread, she averred, was too heavy, the butter-balls were too

"Linden is utterly unreasonable." said Mrs. Braddock, when the door with boys around." had closed behind her daughter. "The missionary box for let me see-it

> know?"- said Mrs. Braddock, bridling. looked positively tempting. "Didn't Grandma Braddock give her the sugar bowl every time she cried the library table with the hammer

if we women hadn't taken hold and when nothing else would satisfy her? "I know, I know," said Mr. Braddock, hastily. "But Linden is not a child any longer. Why don't you let

will enjoy her meals better if nah a week's vacation very soon.

But Linden never received the les-"Go right along and never mind the house," said Linden. 'Don't worry and chatted with his somewhat crestabout the cooking. I believe I have a fallen daughter.

"Well," said Mrs. Braddock, "I shall have to go whether Linden can cook or not. Perhaps you can induce Hannah's sister to come for a few days." cessity," said .Linden, rather loftly, look. "We're going, for once, to have our beefsteak broiled properly. You need

This was said with a new-born air! said the confident cook; "but you are no limit

to have a good dinner to-night. den, in her exalted frame of mind.

tion, but the feeling gradually gave scrambled egg.

"I should think the butcher would appetite.

So Linden slid "the thing," which dock, promptly.

has most destructed de dashboa'd ob the plate into a roasting pan, and said Max, "but I'll do the best I can." de cart ebery time we tried to ride carried it, to the oven. The neighbor nedded, with two big any fire in the stove! It's a good thing there's plenty of time. "My Pomp," said Mrs. Johnson, very It was a good thing, too, that there proudly, "has got do contribance ob was plenty of kindling, or the fire Mr. Coolidge wished to stand on good Mr. Edison or any ob dose inventing might never have started. Some un- terms it was with Charles Davidson.

pussons, and he just turned de seat washed sweet and white potatoes fol- Esq., with whom he was trying to artrifling mule in backwards, and set a "I should have something cooking portance. So, says the Argonaut, when basket ob oats just behind de dash- on top of the stove," said Linden, took- he returned to his suburban home from boa'd, right in plain sight ob dat of ing around with a perplexed air. Han- the city and found his wife and his mule, and he done push us along to de nah always does. Oh, coffee, of course. sanctuary faster dan Pomp an' me eb- I think I'll make jelly of these cran- ing Mr. Davidson, he was a trifle in-

Linden lingered lovingly over the task of setting the table. It really the visitor had departed, "what did The telephone is part and parcel of looked-so_well that no one-least of all civilized countries, and every all Linden-would have suspected that country has its own "call" customs. In the salt, tablespoons, carving-knife

"A whole hour!" said Linden, with a

streak down one side of her mose. She "True," and the relieved father; When Sir Herbert Tree attempted washed her face and hands and then had not thought of that" in the United States to use the Eng- turned to inspect the fee. It was "And I told him, too," said William considered a violent, nerve-racking "This," said Linden, "is an abomin- "Did you, indeed?" word, the reply to his fare you there?" able stove." "Yes. You told mother yesterday was store the devil do you She devoted ffteen minutes to the that she was worth her weight in gold

DESPISE mushed potatoes," t dropped it four times, and the groove said Linden, eyeing her plate butter-boards became sticky and they would not work. The completed built was grimy in appearance and any thing but round. Linden consigned to the stove and decided that plain butter was good enough for the Braddocks. Even the cutting of the bread presented hitterto unsuspected dif-

> "Hollo, the cook!' cried a hearty "How's the dinner. "Almost ready," said Linden, had just emptied her first decidedly

"What's happened here?" asked her brother, Max, coming in at the back door. "It looks as if you had murdered somebod in the kitchen, dragged the body through the shed and

large and the pudding was too sweet. "That's cranberry jelly," explisined Linden, crawling behind the stove to ing shot, "I shall have decent things rescue a fugitive potato. "I wish you would go out of the kitchen and stay out, till dinner's ready. I can't cook

worst of it is that it is largely, our The roast, garnished, with parsley, own fault. We have always encour- looked very much like one of Hannah's aged her to express her, opinion free- roasts, for the parsley concealed certain scarlet rivulets that trickled over "Yes," said Mr. Braddock, "we have the platter. The potatoes looked well, sat back and applauded when we too. The cook did not suspect that should have punished her. Mother they were of adamantine hardness. playground, at 11.30. "Who began it, I should like to it from the saucepan to a glass dish,

her try her hand at cooking for a after trip to the sideboard, the chinapresent arrangement? Perhaps she articles. Mr. Braddock sliced a few Mrs. Braddock. "I've promised Han- | coffee was muddy and contained frag-While she is gone I shall give Linden When Linden raised the cover of the sons. Hannah had been gone less poached egg floating seronely on a than twenty-four hours when a tele- dark-brown sec. She had dropped gram called Mrs. Braddock to the bed- an unbeaten egg into the boiling cof-Mr. Braddock ato bread and butter

"There's chivalry for you!" thought Max. "Or can it be that father is "Provided somebody class makes the setting Linden a shining example?" But in spite of her father's' act, Lin-"Don't discourage her," said Mr. realized that it was, in all probability, Braddock. "If the worst comes to the the worst meal that had ever been ant across the street from the office. the cook was too chagrined to eat

mean to devote the afternoon to cook- potatoes, to make tea and to scramble Mrs. Braddock, in the bustle of de- permit her to serve this trustworthy

There was meat in the ice-box, touch her own cooking. She felt that

But the longest week does either mutton, veal, beef or forever. Upon her return Hannah was bork but there doesn't seem to be any amused at the warmth-of-Linden's ciks hab got to the up in de mid- distinguishing feature," said Linden, greeting, at the condition of the kitchtouching it gingerly with one finger, en floor, and at the size of the girl's

label it. However, it doesn't matter "How nice these lamb chops are!" particularly. I'll just read up the di- said the deposed cook at dinner that rections for cooking all four, and then night. "And, oh, aren't these the lovechoose the easiest way." Here's the liest mashed potatoes? I think Hanbook. 'Make a dressing'-Well, it is nah is the cleverest person I know. I to de sanctuary in peace and quiet- not veal, at any rate, for there isn't have the profoundest respect for anyany place to put the dressing. Basto body that can cook five or six things "Laws, no, I ain't hear noffin!" said well, Now what does that mean? Oh, at once, and get them done precisely cook-book isn't any good! I'll just drop everything else and take cooknow, you know how dat mule ob ours happened to be a leg of mutton, from '"I won't promise to eat the results,

"William," said Mr. Coolidge, after

"Oh, lots of things," replied William. "Talked business with him mostly." "Talked business? What business?" "That business he and you are talking about going into. I told him you "What better chances?" asked

"But what chances do you refer to "Why, weren't you reading the other night in the paper about a man's get-

Well," continued William, "don't you

single butter ball .- She and make pretty heavy you know.

LOCAL EVENTS IN OLD ACTON.

Items Gleaned from the Acton, England, Gazotto-Express The local newspaper of Acton, Mid-

dlesex, England, had the following region as "Barefoot Sam." He was a At Acton Adult School on Friday so many ways that his presence, al ovening, Mr. E. E. Botts gave a fan- though uninvited, was to fertited by the tern lecture, entitled, "In Burroy amateur sportsmen.

The little aprons sent out with the invitations to the Mayoress's at home for the Hospital, on February, are still and were greeted enthusiastically by a coming back with full pockets. fund of Acton Catholic Church was made on Tuesday evening, when

dance was held at the Grand Hall, Lt.-Col. Atkinson, D. S. O., barrister, of the Pensions Issue, Office, Acton, lectured to the Twickenham Literary and Scientific Society on Monday on "Hunthr in the Law." The Acton Central School old pupils

assembled at the school on Friday evening to enjoy a concert arranged on behalf of the Old Girls' Associavoice from the hallway, nearly an hour tion by Miss Gladys Hall, in aid of the Acton Hospital. Five Acton lade, who were summon ed at Acton Police Court on Wednes-

> were fined 2s. 6d. each. Members of the Actoh Chamber Commerce paid a visit on Wednesday afternoon to Messrs. Price and Co.'s candle factory, Battersea. Mr. P. G. Fanghanel, who died last week, aged 72, at 23, Shaa-road, East Acton, was an old and much-respected lated, "Well, I snum!" and nothing resident of the town, in which he became a householder upwards of 45

> The thirty-sixth annual meeting of the Acton Conservative Club, which was held in the club-room Avenuelast week, was more largely attended he was filled with a sense of delightthan in previous years. The Acton section of X Division of the Metropolitan Special Constabulary . "I am sure you are not the sort of

Lynton-road, North Acton, at - 8 a.m.

The new headquarters of the 7th cton Scouts will be formally opened to-morrow at 3.15 p.m., by the chairman of the Acton Boy Scouts' Assoclution, Ald, Miss Smee, J.P. At Acton Police Court on Saturday

the Acton Brotherhood at the Congregational Church, Mr. Walker Robnson, who presided, was accompanied by Messrs. Hawkes and Symons. Mr. Vincote, the speaker, took for his sub-

Church on Tuesday afternoon. William Anderson Houston, can- an important relation to him in his

property of Maurico Wallace. He got Patrick E. S. Brennan, of Mill Hillroad, Acton; a 'bus conductor, was

fined 20s. at Acton Police Court on

The Acton Education Committee has had one or two experiences in endeavoring to obtain sites for new schools deemed to be imperatively your number, and I shall know you in

future. God help me." So said William Haynes, a laborer, of Valotta-

ROYALTY AND WHISKERS

first bearded sovereign for nearly 300 years. Charles I. was, the last king prior to King Edward, to wear a heard When George Ill. was on the throng no beard had been seen in England within living memory. Like our presont king, Charles I, seems to have copied his father. James l'a beard, too, had been in a way, rather a novelty, because his three immediate predecessors had been a boy and two wo-All the Saxon kings fayored his brother, John, Henry III., and first three Edwards were all razershy. Indeed, from 1066 to 1413 no clean-shaven king sat on the throne of man Conquest, there have been thirtoon beard-wearing kings, fourteen clean-shaven kings, and six who shaved the chin, but not the upper

EARLY TO BED

Go to hed early, wake up with joy. Go to bed late, cross glel or boy. Go to bed early, rendy for play. Go to hed late, moping all day. Go to bed carly, no pain or ills. Go to bed late, doctors and pills.

NOT A "REEL MESS"

A party of young men who were off on a lishing excursion some years ago were joined, by an eccentric old man, skilled as a fisherman, known in that good . cook, and made himself useful ir One morning two members of the

party returned to camp with their appetites well sharpened for breakfast third man, who said, "You just came perch you ever laid eyes on." only a rick of bones, from which every fibro of meat had been taken. Sam was nowhere to be seen. When he returned no comments were made upon the circumstance; but in the afternoon, when the company were lounging on the bank, Sam drawled out: "I'd like to have all the fish I could eat, jest once. I ain't had a mess of

big catfish, three years back." "Sam," remarked one of the group dryly, "I thought you had quite a fair mess this morning. That perch weighed about ten pounds, I've been inform-"Oh, yes," replied Sam, with no sign

fish sence Pete Follet ketched that

unsuccessful attempt at gravy over the day for gambling in Coville-road, of ombarrassment on his placid countenance, "I ate that; but what I mean s a reel, reg'ar mess!" The company pondered on this renarkable statement in absolute silence for some moments, until at last the man who had caught the perch ejacu-

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

road, Acton, on Thursday evening in tracted courtship, and now, although ed security, he thought it wise to ask Reserve will hold their monthly drill girl who would tell of her domestic on Sunday, in the Central School's troubles before a man had eaten his

STRANGELY FORGETFUL

face of one who had sustained such



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KINNY MEN CAN DO THE SAME

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