STICK IT OUT

When your world's about to fall And your back's against the wail, When you're facing wild retreat und When it seems that naught can stop All your pleas and plans can't stop it, Get a grlp upon yourself and-stick

Any craven fool can quit, · But a man with pluck and grit Will hold until the very final shout; In the snarling teeth of sorrow He will laugh and say: "To-morrow The luck will change-I guess PH

The luck does change; you know it, All the records prove and show it, strangled doubt, Who hesitate nor, swerve Who have grit and guts and nerve. And whose motte is-'play hard and

stick it out."

stick it but." So you, when things go wrong, And you think you can't last long, the final bout; Smile, smile at your beholders, Clench your teeth and square your

but stick it out! NEWS FROM OVERSEAS

Selected from the Acton, England, Express of May 24

against the use of Rosemont and Cref- cate it to-morrow." field as a bus route. The death is announced of Miss F. K. Sargent Brown, A.R.A.M., pro-

fessor of music, 8, King Edward'sgardens, Acton Hill. Lady Brittain was among those present at the Women's Writers' luncheon held in the Rembrandt Hotel, Kensington, on Tuesday.

Gunnersbury Park will be formally opened to the public at 8.30 to-day, ed, "I haven't the heart to attend by the Right Hon. Neville Chamber- nics!" lain, M. P., (Minister of Health). Bridge-road, celebrated its 57th anniversary on Sunday and Monday.

its factory areas are apparently making up for lost time. The 9th Acton Girl Guide Company (X.W.C.A.) will give an operatta entitled "The Wishing Cup" on Wednesday in All Saints' Hall, South Ac- you from moping." ton, at 8.15 p.m., on behalf of their

A fifteen-year-old lad was charged at Acton Police Court on Monday with it had been given out. stealing and receiving, on Saturday, a erty of his sister. He was remanded. possible, slip your card into the box, He picked it up, held it aloft as if impulsively. At Acton Police Court on Wednesday a lad was fined 10s. for failing to give audible and sufficient warning of his approach while riding a bicycle

Down-road, Teddington, was charged on a warrant at Acton Police Court on Tuesday with assaulting Annie Silver, three dollars for the privilege!" his wife, of Churchfield-road, Acton. Local trade was, I believe, somewhat being auctioned?" asked Ruth. depressed last week, but an undertaker told me that he had been exceptionally Mrs. Dennis, cheerfully and vaguely. busy, burying both Capitalists and

Industrial Acton, after a certain amount of misgiving, quietly went back to work at the week-end, generally resolved to make the best of a trying and anxious position for both employers and employed.

On Tuesday the Mayor and Mayoress of Aoton attended & concert prefacing the Whitsun holldays, at West-Lourne Middle Class Schools, West- all the proceeds had gone to pay her

old school. The sixth Hanwell Band contest, her tender heart persisted in clinging which will be held in Elthorne Park, pathetically to the old belongings. on June 3rd, has attracted entries Since babyhood she had been brought from the leading South of England bands, including last year's prize win- to be forced to give it up was hard. ners in both divisions.

The Mayoress of Acton and the Deputy Mayoress visited York-road Mission, North Acton, on Tuesday to write, had knelt beside the bed night, and were entertained to tea and by which her mother had been wont a concert. The Mayoress was pre- to pray. Then Ruth went into her seried with a beautiful bouquet of own little room, intending further to

Harry G. Smith, a glass-worker, of no fixed abode, was charged on remand at Acton Police Court on Wednesday with stealing from a room, at 35, Colville-road, Acton, a pair of boots, value 14s., the property of Jas. Smith, a barman.

What is possibly a unique incident occurred at a meeting of Actor Under- think that the fragrant breath of it ground railwaymen two days after the would never again steal to her through end of the strike. Before deciding to the dusk. sign on for work they passed a unant-meus vote of thanks to the police for thing that brought her back to calm-

Constabulary were visited at their dollars," was her conscientious headquarters in the Steyne on Satur- thought. She sat up and dried her day evening by Sir Harry Brittain, tears, reflecting on the bareness of Ald. R. J. Hewett (Mayor of Acton), her cupboards. She had cleared them and the Commandant of the X Division thriftily and purposely for her de-

ion Specials. At their own suggestion, many chicken and a few other things were South Acton rallwaymen, especially left. those associated with the Underground system, attended a special cook," Ruth observed to herself. thenksgiving service for the national

Sunday afternoon. from the Imperial Graves Commission she soon found content in being busy. a cross 20 feet high in Portland stone. So anxious was she that the pros-etc., as a memorial to the 75 soldiers buried in Acton Cemetery, where it should get his money's worth that she

Park bandstand, the Ealing Town prepared company for it; she baked Prize Band played a well-chosen and a little cake, some biscults, and some well-executed programme of popular cup custards. The fairy who watches music, which was much appreciated over a baking, and sometimes turns by a Jarge number of promenaders cretchety and spoils everything, was

Havill conducted. "Liquor is our enemy," said a notice only all appetizingly odorous, but all outside an Acton Church, which hap- in the right bewitching hues. pens almost to front one popular lopens almost to front one popular lo- "I'll keep it a symphony in brown cal hotel, and has two others, one on and cream color," decided Ruth, gaseach side of the road, on its left front. ing at the feast with an artistic and The proximity of churches to this appreciative eye, when she had sot it. often friendly enemy is more marked out on the kitchen table to cool. So

in the country than in the London su- she iced her yellow cake with chocoburbs. . Mrs. E. Goddard, 160, Bollo Bridge- custards and the brown and yellow roud, widow of Mr. W. Goddard, who chicken; then she chopped figs within had carried on business and resided in the buttered halves of her biscuits. Acton upwards of 35 years, collapsed When the went to sleep she dreamed and died suddenly on Saturday, May that young Gerald Connor, the post-

week, for which many beautiful flow - cheap for the pleasant company it A sight which much appealed to the humorous sensibilities of the good- dream as she was packing the box, humored crowd watching the endless Ruth both smiled and blushed. Would procession of vehicles of all kinds Gerald Connor bid for it? That merry along the main road during the strike and handsome boy was a great favorwas the appearance of several hugo its in the village, and to have him and heavy brewers' drays packed with buy any girl's box at the auction would milk cans and labelled, "Food only, be considered by her as a most excit-urgent." Some openly rejoiced to see ing compliment. that even beer had to take second "Make it as attractive as possible,"
place in time of crisis during the Mrs. Dennis had said. So Ruth hunt-

## TOMMY'S CHOICE

boy at the bottom of the class, "which silver spooms." Except for those two would you rather have a whole apple spoons, nothing would have happened

inside," explained Tomm

Without hesitating Tommy replied "Attractivel was a mean and shabby that he would prefer the two halves. word for that gargeous box of lunch-"Why?" asked the teacher. con! Never one win cored for the outside of things, but wished them "Why?" anked the teacher.

## The Bree Bress' Short Story

THE AUCTION LUNCHEON

HEN good-bye till to-morrow, wrapped her box in stiff brown payer, Ruth Allen!" -called ample and tied it with stout cord. Mrs. Dennis, as she backed her slow way down Ruth's somber little street gown, and took garden path to the front gate. She the luncheon to the grove. She took such pains to make her voice that the chairman of the committee masterly pretense of having to look "Who do you suppose did it?" All the men who win are men who sound cheerful that is sounded rather looked at it without approval when he inside for the name of the maiden alarming instead. Mrs. Dennis was took charge of it, and although she with whom he was to eat luncheon, kind that she had lost all her shyness the village postmistress, and if she did did not know why at the time, she Gerald bowed to Crissy, and led her now. Her smile made her face very trouble herself to learn every one's understood fully later on. business, it was only in order to do every one a kind turn if she could. boys and girls, and Ruth noticed that "I wish you'd thought twice before her own black frock was out of place goodles, appeared in the auctioneer's hope my daughter will turn out as refusing to come over to our house to arcong the dresses of the other girls.

door of the big Allen homestead, as her as on allen. They had sine rely very, very happy here while father new had already adjusted them; ves papered box. and mother were alive." She stopped to the idea of getting along without The sight of the poor, neglected ara mioment to steady her voice, and her; and seeing no substantial reasons then continued: "And this is my last for including her in conversations re-Following a petition from the resi-night in the dear old place, for the garding festivities of the future, in again in the course of the sales, but

"I know." said Mrs. Dennis, promptly, "and I call them brutes." asked Ruth, laughing. She was so

sounded as sad as a sob. "have you put up your lunch for the Crissy as the belle of the grove. auction to-morrow?"

The United Methodist Church, Bollo Pic-nics Addlesticks!" The lunch took place. is a business affair, got up by the The auctioneer Jumped to the top of Ladies' Aid to pay off the church a big table, and had the lunch-boxes debt. Mark my words-the minister piled around him.

and the chimneys and steam vents of hart." "If that's the way of things, maybe I'd better go."

said Ruth, for she had not paid much like fairy jewel caskets. Ruth's lay his automobile with the evident intenattention to the announcement when among them as plain and homely as tion of riding away and cating at his one And the salary is good. Now sides and on the back panel. "Why,' you prepare lunch for two, box it, make it look as attractive as attractive thing off his hands at once.

then take it round to the Sunday staggering under its weight, and be-School grove at about eleven o'clock gan to coax for bids. to-morrrow and give it to the comare to be auctioned off, and the boy plain exterior. Think of the good er amiably, looking from one to the is my name. Archibald Silver, a motor-driver, of who is the highest bidder for a lunch things within! You should feel the other. name he finds inside. Lands, I've How much am I bid? Don't keep me his improvised platform, and explain- name of the buyer of her house. seen a young fellow pay as high as waiting. I'm not strong enough to ed the nature of the fete; he ended ... "Why, I am Ruth Allen," she said, a graceful appearance.

"How do they know whose lunch is your hungry lives! Speak up!" "Oh, they seem to guess," explained "Good night again, child; I really must suppose," said the subtle auctioneer.

run along." Upon the disappearance of this ver good-hearted neighbor, Ruth went slowly into the house and wandered through all the rooms, taking a last farcwell of them . Her utmost bravery could not keep the tears from crowd-

ing to her eyes. The sale of the place had left her not only homeless, but penniless, for bourne Park, which is his Worship's dead father's debts. She freely admitted the justice of the sale, but up to feel that the house was all hers; The inspection was finally over, She had closed door after door, had-kissed the desk at which her father used think out her plans for the dreary future. She was to go to an aunt in

Boston, and stay on sufferance with that unsympathetic lady while she sought for work. No wonder her home-loving, shy heart was wrung. Ruth reopened her trunk, and placed inside it a branch of sweetbrier she had brought from the garden. To

"If somebody is to pay three dollars The Acton members of the Special for it, it has got to be worth three parture. Only a small uncooked

"Night or no night, I see I have to She set about it at once, and as she strike settlement at All Saints' on moved quickly about the spotless kitchen,-very cheery with its two The Town Council agreed to accept bright lamps and its glowing range,is to be erected free of cost to the took unusual pains with everything she did. The chicken looked so small On Sunday evening, in the Acton in the commodious oven that Ruth who had defled the cold. Mr. George this time in her smilingest mood; the dainties came out of that oven not

late, to match the brown and yellow in the neighborhood was shown at the sum of seven thousand dollars for it, fureral in the Acton Cemetery last and that he had considered the sum

> purchased for him! In the morning, remembering this

ed for a big white cardboard box, and proceeded to pack the dainties in it. She wrapped each thing up in waxed paper, and tied to it a little bunch of A teacher was giving an arithmetic brown and yellow nasturtiums. She put in two damask napkins, and for "Now, Tommy," she said to a small the sake of the cup custards, two

that did happen

putting it down and taking up another. his other was in the likeness of banket of pink roses; streamers of pink satin ribbon hung down from the sides, and the high handle was torned with a bow the mate of which nestled on Crissy's curly head, "Now

gentlemen, what am I offered for this dream of dawn, for this-" But his poetle eloquence was cut short by a sudden shower of bids:

"And a half!" "Two dollars!" This from Gerald Connor. Crissy's color la need. "And 'a half!"

"A dollar!"

"Three dollars!"

"And a half!"

"Five dollars!" Then she dressed herself in her No one raised that bid. The basket triumphantly to one of the many lil- pretty. tle tables that dotted the grove. The grove was well filled with gay Next, a blue forget-me-not chest of

ill. It had been tried once of twice

"Can I buy something to eat?" the

"Chance of your life!" shouted the

"Fifty cents!" The purchaser reach-

What's the row?" asked the strang-

here," he said, by way of introduc-

boy and disclosing her card.

man called. .

auctioneer.

hand. Another conscious girl laughed canable." That you've got to quit nor wait the sleep. I hate to think of leaving you all of whom were in party attire. She and blushed, and canother burst of eager bidding began. Then another here by yourself with nothing except admired the effect, but could not approve the choice, for the grove was victor or victim-led another happy to Ruth. "They are not all sad ones, Mrs. on the edge of the public road. Then partner to another table. The bidding And you'll fight! You'll win if you Dennis," said Ruth, bravely. Her Ruth noticed a subtle little something went out with the prices ranging from black dress made her look very pale else; the young people, although kind two to four dollars, until the grove was and slight, and she leaned against the to her, were now mentally regarding a-twitter with merry couples; and the if she needed its support. "I was deplored her coming departure, but freight except Ruth's luckless brown-

following a pelition from the rest. night in the dear old place, for the garding festivities of the future, in no one appeared to care for it. Mrs. out at dents, it was decided to protest people who bought it wish me to va- which she would have no part, they Dennis's advice to "make it look as hers. somewhat shut her out. attractive as possible" had evidently Ruth felt the change keenly. Once applied more to the outside than to she had held position and place in the the inside—so Ruth was beginning to village, had even been counted at realize. Now she was the only girl him the whole story of her bereaveone of the "rich" ones, and had always left unaccompanied; and she was feel- ment, her losses, and her uncertain worn out with grief that the laugh been the centre of her little world. ing conspicuous enough to want to future. Now that centre was pretty Crissy drop through the earth, when an ap-Denn. Gerald Connor was not the proaching automobile attracted her "By the way," said. Mrs. Dennis, only boy who considered resy-cheeked attention by slowing down to a stop in when Ruth had finished her story. front of the grove. Its one occupant,

At twelve-o'clock the growd-was a stout, pleasant-faced man, looked dren so." "O Mrs. Dennis," Ruth remonstrat- augmented by many young men and smilingly at the lunching crowd, and fice. And the auctioning immediately ing on the table.

was going on, so filled with chagrin this choice opportunity of food?" was she for the plainness of her box. The others were marvels of beauty, ed into his pocket for the coin: "Much better. There's a good child, and had evidently cost as much money If you fix up your lunch it will keep as time, for they were all decorated

> a giant brick. The auctioneer tried to get the un-

"How much am I offered for this, mittee. At twelve o'clock the lunches gentlemen? Don't be misled by a. has to eat it with the girl whose weight of this prize, gentlemen. Come! hold it up long. This is the chance of by stripping the cover from Ruth's startled. All the lads laughed good-naturedly, but-none of them bid. "Oh, well, the best for the last, I

napkins and spoons, Ruth shyly con-

one of the little tables. This is not lunch; this is a feast," said the man, as Ruth spread it out. First appreclatively tucking one of the nasturtiums into his buttonhole, he attacked the chicken and sandwiches, and began obviously to enjoy him-

His manners were perfect, for al his informality. Many interested gionces shot toward him, until Ruth felt herself becoming as conspicuous by her prominence as she had been before by her loneliness. But she admitted to herself that it was extraordinarily pleasant. "This is the best cooking I have

thated for years," he declared, when was handed to Gerald, and after a he reached the custard and cake. "I did said Ruth, die had been se "You? Then I consider you a won-

> derful young person; and I heartily He drew from his pocket the picture of a six-year-old child, and showed it "What a darling little girl!"

the father, smillingly wistfully at the picture. Then his face clouded. "She hug lost her mother." he said. "Oh, I am very sorry. "I pity youand your little daughter. I know what it will be for her because I-I-" She looked down at her black dress and the man understood. He reached out and laid his hand consolingly upon

"I was afraid so," he said. His sympathy was so sincere that presently Ruth found herself telling

you will try to find?" the man asked, "I should like to teach. I love chil-

hew about this thing? Yes or no?"

faltered: "But I don't know where you live. lousest duty of all?" cried the gallant I don't even know your name."

"And this is the young lady right face lighted up delightfully.

"Why, that just settles it!" he de- standard. At night they can be recog-

"Will you really do me the honor tainly seem to belong, my dong girl. to share the lunch with me?" he said. I'll send my servants right down for Seeing no other way to regain her you to supervise, if you'll be so kind. home. Say that this thing is settled." and broke suddenly into tears.

sented; and the two were soon seated day or two. You will be there to poorer class in London speak, is the welcome us. It will be like coming pronounciation of "a" as if it ere "i." Ruth dropped her head to the table that depends on that peculiarity for "This is terrible!" exclaimed the man, patting her shoulder. "Tell mo how I have hurt your feelings." "You haven't!" sobbed Ruth, com-

## NEW CEMENT BRIDGE IN NASSAGAWEYA

At Lot 4. Between Concessions 5 and 6 to be Built on Tender

At the May meeting of Nassagaweya Council, accounts were passed as fol-Jas. Service, shovelling snow \$ 1.75 the bison wot they drinks aht of?"

W. King, dragging ..... Stokes, dragging ..... G. W. Harris, Road Supt. ...... 231 00 J. W. Moffat, postage ...... R. Somerville, townline C. Ramshaw, plow repair ...... G. W. Harris; grading ...... .-33 00 Moore, shovelling snow .... G. W. Harris, bridge repair .... W. Panton, printing ...... Blacklock, dragging ..... E. Agnew, Good Ronds Con. .... E 'E Ellenton, culvert;" G. W. Harris, dragging G. W. Harris, Good Roads Con.

Council as Court of Revision made the following changes on the assessment roll: west half lot 29, con. 4. den't, someone else will reduced from \$1,800 to \$1,000; east half lot 4, con. 3, from R. Calrns to Wm. Cairns; east half lot 10, con. 3, from P. Woods to Harry Woods; gast half Apology, alone, does not atone. lot 30, con. 5, from J. Ingle to Frederick Rife; west half lot 7, con. 7, from E. Harvey to S. Heatherington; A. Hilts assessed as householder cast vant of stupidity, It is nothing but a

half lot 9, con. 3. The clerk was instructed to ad vertise for tenders to build a concrete bridge lot 4, between cons. 5 and 6. Tenders to be opened June 16th. JOHN MARSHALL, Clerk

BUILD A NEW CAR FOR KING

wanted to find a gentle, competent chosen by the King for the upholsteryoung girl to be friend and guardian ing of a car he has ordered for his auctioneer, holding up his unsalable to my little daughter, whom I am personal use, and which is to be de-Ruth hardly heard a word of what package. "What Will' you give for bringing into the country because she livered very shortly. The car is to is so frail and small. I have a nurse have a 35-120 horsepower chassis. for her, a cook and a maid. Yet she During the past 14 years the King still lacks the most important thing has had four 57 horsepower, sixof all. You could give it. Will you cylinder limousines, and the new car Jumping out of his car, the buyer itry? These three women that I em- will be of similar make. It will be with tinsel, and satin ribbons, and ran to the table, threw down the cole, play are faithful, but they need a head. painted in royal claret, picked out "Tell me what I am supposed to do," tissue-paper flowers, and they looked grabbed the box, and started back to Your position in my house would not with vermillion, with the royal contbe a hard one, but a very important of arms, painted by hand, on both All the fittings, lamps, clocks and Conquering an imprudent and eager speedometers are to be of brass, and wish to answer "Yes," at once, Ruth the mountings in plain mahogany. The windows will be frameless plate glass and made extra wide, and the "Why, I'm going to live here," an- roof will he more than the average

swered the man, genially. "And this height, to allow for plenty of room He placed his card in Ruth's hands, car will be a little longer than those The auctioneer leaped down from and she read, "James Eustace," the at present in use, and the tall body It was his turn to be surprised. His the King's cars. When he is usin

A COCKNEY BISON.

One of the curiosities of the cock-And my baby and I will follow in a ney dialect, which so many of the The Sketch tells an amusing story

The boys of a London school had been taken to the zoo, and an Inspector who visited the school soon afterwards began to question them about ortably. "You've healed them. I'll their adventures. "Did you see the elephants?" 'he ry my hardest to be what you want."

Yes, they had seen the elephants. "And the hippopotamus?" Yes, and the hippopotamus.

"And did you see the bison?" he

There was a puzzled silence. He repeated the question. "Did you see the Again the puzzled look; then one boy asked, "Blehse, sir, do you mean

continued.

Habits are the only colwebs

FACT AND COMMENT

3 20 maid of all work," says the old citi-82 05 zen of Little Lot," is a man about 10 00 the house who will do some work." Stand on your own feet; if you

Redress remains a Debt that must

is the greatest of blesssings; the ser-

Flies, Mosquitoes Roaches Bedbugs EFUT ST STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)

## Great Rejoicing by RheumaticCripples

If 80 Crippled You Can't Use Arms or Logs, Rhoums Will Help You er. Nothing to Pay

Get a bottle of Rheuma to-day and wear a satisfied smile on your face to-It's a remedy that is astonishing the whole country, and it's just as good for gout, sciatica and lumbago as for rheumatism. It drives the poisonous waste from the joints and muscles-that's the secret of Rheuma's success. But we don't ask you to take our word\_for it; go to E. J. Hassard or any

good druggist and get a bottle of

Rheuma to-day; if it doesn't do as we

promise get your money back. It will

be there waiting for you.

KEV<sub>1</sub> "is good tea" TEA Red Rose Orange Pekoe is extra good. Won't you try it this time?



clared. "You don't move out at all, nized by a blue light, and all the trafyou see. You stay where you cerfic immediately gives him precedence. Get your Job Printing at the Free Press

