

THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1926

The Free Press' Short Story

PLUCK

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

**AS YE BOW**

When I was young, I have no thought. Oh how I spent my money! My skins all were sunny; I couldn't get it in time. I thought I could ever come, or how that I might lose my pop— My joints go out at him. And a little bit of laying up. A job for tomorrow Just seemed to me like spreading goss.

And a great joy with sorrow;

No stories were told, and then I waited until I leaped. I sang— No thought of afternum.

Two easy come, and easy go;

The world is found in living them That seemed so ending;

Then spending, spending, spending!

But now I'm drawing near the lane— Of that long lane of life. I'm finding rocks and twisted heaps, And keeping what they said I read,

For that is what I seemed.

No room here for the path—

Now I have made the road;

I limp. I halt. I shuffle on.

There's no animal path.

Where I have laid my savings up—

I've been a plain darn fool!

—A. U. Mayfield.

**TWENTY YEARS AGO'**

From the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, July 12, 1906

The glorious twelfth.

Action L.O.L. will attend the demonstration in Guelph to-day.

Thunderstorms have been frequent.

The raspberry crop is rapidly ripening.

Amateur gardeners are boasting about having now potatoes for the

autumn.

Mr. John Williams has greatly improved his livery premises on Mill St.

Mr. John Ritchie, Lake Avenue, has 2,000 tomato plants in his condition.

He expects considerable revenue from this fall.

The Royal Canadian Humane Society diploma will be presented to Master Melville Williams for his heroic life saving exploit last winter, by Rev. Swackhamer, at the Council meeting next Monday evening.

Miss Daisy Nicklin had received the information that she was winner of the gold medal presented to the first student at Normal School each year.

Action Cornet Band fulfilled an engagement it received on Tuesday evening at a garden party at the old Academy by the Young People of the Presbyterian Church.

The Baptist Sunday School had delightful weather for their annual picnic on Tuesday afternoon in Warren's Grove.

Messrs. Kininford Bros. have sold their farm on the second line to Mr. Donald Walde. Mr. Walde takes possession on July 1, when the Messrs. Kininford will remove to the residence they recently purchased in Action.

**BORN**

JONES—At Sorrell, Quebec, on Monday, June 25, to Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Jones, a daughter.

**HUSBAND—Wife**, Man, on Saturday, July 1, to Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Husband, a son.

**MARRIED**

SIMPSON-LYNN—At the residence of the bride's parents, Main Street, Action on Wednesday, June 26, John Simpson, son of Mrs. William Carroll, Action, to Miss Louise Grace Wise, of Toronto.

**DIED**

ELLIOTT—At his home, Willow St. Action, on Friday, July 6, Elliott, in his 77th year.

**News of Local Import**

Burlington Minister Called to Edmonton

"Rev. Russel McGillivray, B.A., D.D., of Christ's United Church, Burlington, has accepted a call to the Central United Church at Edmonton, being an amalgamation of Westminster Presbyterian and Grace Methodist Churches. The call is for Action, but it is probable that it will be extended to September 1st, when Mr. McGillivray will leave for the West.

**Hogs are Bringing High Prices**

Fancy prices are being received on Toronto market for hogs these days, in fact they have reached the market price of \$14.00 a cwt. A farmer last week came home with the best returns obtained in several years. The prices paid by the packers for his select was \$12.40 and the medium for his select was \$12.90. He received a six pound hamstring and a lot of 51 hogs there were 105 selected. The average figure for the whole load was \$14.80. Not selected brought the neighborhood of \$25 each.

**The Children's Summer Holidays**

With the coming of the long summer holidays the responsibility of parents seems to catch them. Many dangers beset them while they enjoy the freedom during the summer vacation, and only constant watchfulness and strict discipline which need not necessarily be strict or hampered in the pursuit of legitimate pleasures—can guard them against the many pitfalls which beset the ways of youth if unrestrained and neglected, they are allowed to follow at all times their own inclinations.

**Better Service at the Home Office**

A certain pretty June bride of the community was persuaded to order her wedding invitations from the United States housewife and placing the order in the home office. The order was eventually filled, reached Action Post Office, was handed over to the customs official, and George McDonald sent out the order that the parcel was in hand. There were several days delay before the parcel was claimed. When the bride-to-be telephoned to the post office, the manager offered this suggestion: "Come with me to the Custom House." The manager offered this suggestion: "Come with me to the Custom House, and we can get the manager there to have the necessary imprints put on the envelope and accept it, and then the parcel, and deposit it upon payment of the postage due." Of course the Post Office was ready to oblige the bride. With his usual kind-heartedness, when a dame in trouble, George McDonald offered this suggestion: "Come with me to the Custom House, and we can get the manager there to have the necessary imprints put on the envelope and accept it, and then the parcel, and deposit it upon payment of the postage due." Of course the Post Office was ready to oblige the bride. "Made in U.S.A." at a reasonable price, and with characteristic promptitude. The manager was quick enough to reply in a little while, "I do, sir." If the order had been placed at home, the world would have been executed promptly and satisfactorily, and at a price which would have included postage, customs charges, and an extra charge for



**THE OLD MAN  
BEFORE  
BIG CLOCK**

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

his pay with the rest, and than I have went out."

"The next morning I was very busy and though I thought of my gentle man once or twice, I didn't manage to get down to the wreck till noon, soon after the whistle had blown for knocking off work."

"When I got there, I saw the Italians, the boys and girls sitting on the fence, eating their black bread and sausages, and chattering away as usual; but not sight of my gentleman friend in the throng."

"'Oh,' said I to myself, 'one day about seven years ago, maybe eight. Time goes so fast.' To keep my mind off the day, I kept to keep company with the others. This was the day I was sitting, reading the newspaper, when there came a knock at the door."

"'Come in!' I said; and I walked a stranger. He was a young man about twenty-five years, dressed like a gentleman, his clothes had a good deal of service. Tall, with his head held up, and grey eyes that met mine full and square."

"Always look first at a man's eyes, my boy! If he looks in your eye, he is not trying. If his eyes shift about here and there, as if they did not know where to look, or were afraid of seeing something they didn't like, that's nothing to do with him. That's my experience.'

"This young man came up to my desk, and spoke without waiting a moment. He was a good-looking fellow, with a smile, and a good deal of confidence. I felt, for he smiled, and said, 'I couldn't afford to lose such an opportunity! The boss is very friendly, and I have learned several phrases. Buon giorno signore!'

"'Any young schoolmaster,' I said, 'will take a bookkeeper. It is a great advantage for a bookkeeper to be able to speak and answer foreign visitors, and also to have some knowledge of French, it has never come in my way to hear Italian spoken. So now I am a bookkeeper. I got this grammar for fifteen cents, and added reading it with a smile—the book was pretty ragged and one cover was gone, and I think I am getting on pretty well.'

"'I shook my head. We never took strangers in that office at any time.'

"'No sir! We have no accommodate you.' I took up my pen and looked to see him go. Without a word, he stood still. 'I must work! I said; and trying to give you satisfaction, said to him, 'I shall be down in an old boudoir room, on the left of the entrance to the office, and as he was doing to get it from me at any moment, I shouldn't think that did, I suppose, he would flush a little. 'My references were in my wallet that was stolen, and it will be a week and a half before I get new ones. My native town is off in a small line, and letters take a long time to get there. I've always been fond of open-air exercise,' he added, with a quiet smile, 'and the hole where I had been digging, and have gotten lots of it.'

"'Back stiff?' I suggested.

"'So! So! I'll manage, though, often worse before it is good bread as any food, didn't you apply for a position as a bookkeeper? I asked, instead of this kind of thing?'

"'Nobody will take a bookkeeper, I think, unless he is a good worker, and a good one. I am a good worker.'

"'I am a good worker.'