The Arton Free Brenn

THURWDAY, APRIL 18, 1920

SUNSHINE Clad that I live am I: That the sky is blue;

Olud for the country lanes, And the fall of dew. After the sun the rain After the rain the sun;

This is the way of life, Till the work be done All that we need to do, He we low or high: Is to are that we grow Nearer the aky.

Just Plain Folk

Introducing Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by JUDY O'GRADY

Partner and I decided acons ago that awful days in back of me. Everything should we ever own a farm we would went wrong, and Jim making it works. call it 'Ginger Parm.' Why? Because Baby upset the ink bottle. Oh, I could whenever and wherever it was, it would have got the stain out of the carpet.

ly bought a farm in Old Ontario, and and to top it Jim brings home a stranger let me tell you, right here and now- to dinner! Oh, I almost died from in case there are any who don't know mortification and anger! Then instead it that besides brain and brawn, it reof him being extra nice he gets quiet
like a claim and leaves me to do all spiciest order to come anywhere near the entertaining. He never seems to see

-moned up sufficient courage to write the name 'ginger Farm' on the gatepost. Situated as it is on a main road make some tea. Cheep up, dear. Think it might attract too much attention. One hundred acres, more or less, is the both on the same day." extent of our property, which we have managed to farm with the occasional it, she sobbed. "It's uscless to tell you, assistance of the most nondescript hired for you'll only say I'm mean or somehelp imaginable. About them I might thing. But, mother, please be just. Has say more only they deserve an article Jim ever given me a present that I entirely to themselves

herd consisting of eight cows and two year that hideous green and yellow parayearling helfers, Peggy and Betty. In soil He knows I can't wear anything

Instead she wades through the water. - "couldn't you do . it for mamma?" In the summer twice, after heavy rain, laughing, she kissed the little two-yearthe current being so strong she was in old girl good-byc. danger of getting washed away. account of her malignant appearance mashed potatoes had gone in lumps.

and she has since lived up to her name. No other botsy is allowed near the trough ly when he turned up more than an until her thirst is quenched, no other hour late, putting two packages under cow may enter the yard before her, the table. I don't believe she is intentionally malic- Nola, determined not to quarrel, served lous or unladylike but she apparently the miserable dinner in frigid slience. means to impress them with her dignity | The presents tucked under the hall chased. and they respect her accordingly. Then we have Roberta, the brood sow, was no mistaking. One was a waist Roberta roams at will. She is a lady box. With apprehension she rememberof the greatest intelligence and has an eq how she had admired Cousin Lois. unfailing instinct for finding out when georgelte crepe watst before Jim. Oh, the hook has been left undone on the it had been a dream of a waist, a dell-

discovery. she would raid the hen-house, disturb chosen for baby? Her first birthday on the broody hens, upset the feed-bin, which she would really take notice of tunately coult not reach the eggs. handy and there wallow in the mud, aginable. How baby would love it!

by continually chasing the others-i.e. shapen, not soft and furry, but hard red mites, with a mixture of machine and of bristly cloth. oil and kerosene, we manage to keep "How absolutely hideous!" escaped the hens healthy and productive. cats. Stump was one of a litter of six heard of a blue rabbit?" collie pups. He was the dearest little | She retied the bundle a lump in her round ball of brown fluff with a de- throat, a little queer, cold feeling creepcidely abbreviated tail-hence his name. ing around her heart. It wasn't so much Stump is by instinct a 'heeler' but he the blue rabbit as what it stood for-

annoying habit of running to the road in business as in his family life. Very and barking at every car that passes. Jane Grey, both, as our nine year old colored blouse, but-oh, another rabbit. Mollie, are 'keeping-inside cats.'

certain quantity of visitors. We have to do a deal of stretching the hall and presently came back with to make both ends meet. It is so at two parcels. Note took the one he exa wider breach. However, we don't sit ed it on the empty chair next to her. down and broad over our troubles. We then with tense nerves she watched Jim are up and doing most of the time A unwrap his present for baby. 'ginger' is of great assistance.

there was the occasion last fall when child, thought her young mother. course, looked up, only to receive the less, ready to catch the frightened child butt end of the hammer right on my lo her arms. front teeth. Yes, indeed it was quite liaby looked long at the stuffed anififteen minutes before I saw the funny mal in her father's hand. She seemed side of that episode. But I felt it, oh fascinated by its very homeliness. Then least two weeks afterwards.

SO HELPFUL

A clergyman gives come pertinent instances of the unexpected to be met with in preaching. He says: At my time of life I ought not to be stunned by anything, but one day, after service, a good woman of my flocks did manage to take my breath away. I was preaching about God's wisdom in caring for us all, and I said that the Puther knows best which of us grow better in the aunlight, and which must baby and the bunny and cuddle them have the shade.

"You know you plant roses in the sun, and heliotropes and geraniums, too; but if you want fuchias to grow, you to at least a dozen stores trying to get I hoped the sermon would be a comforting one, and after it was over a woman came up to me, her face glowing No wonder ne man been the woman came up to me, her face glowing Nola, a warm feeling stirring in her

"O doctor, I am so glad for that "O doctor, I gip so glad for that chair next to her and, raising her eyes not shaking it warmly may hand met Jim's—all expectant, anxious for her My heart warmed as I wondered what approval. Blowly she untied the cord. tender place I had touched in her soul; but my joy lasted for a moment only. "Yes," she went on, fervently, "I "Yes," she went on, fervently, "I so long as it expressed his big love? She never knew before what was the matter lifted the lid and a waist came to view

The Poor Man's Friend .- Put up in shining dewy eyes: "Jim, my beautiful small teittles that are easily portable and waist!" sold for a very small sum, Dr. Thomas' Jim, actually beaming, gathered her to Eclectric Oil powerses power in con- his heart, waist and all. " I knew you centrated form. Its cheapness and the would love it, darling. When you admirvaried uses to which it can be put make ed Cousin Lois' and stood next to the It the poor man's friend. No dealer's yellow lamp shade I could not help but stock is complete without it.

VALUE DAL PAL VALUE DAL PAL PAL PAL VALUE

OUR COMPLETE

WEEKLY STORY

The Blue Rabbit

Lizette Woodworth Reese "Or your attitude perhaps?" the hard welking, ever patient woman

called mother in every family. times then perhaps I would take your everlasting advice, but as your experience is limited to just one sensible man, that those with whom, we come in con-"Hut," protested the old lady, "I haven't led. advised a single thing."

"Not in words, no, but I can feel that you take Jim's part." "You're nervous, child, or were I truthful I'd say irritable."

surely take all the 'ginger' we possess but along comes Jim with a patent stain remover, and the carpet is ruined! And success, and the smaller the capital the his blunders. And I am more than sick I must confess we have not yet sum- I can't stand it. Now this morning--" "It's sufficient, Nola. I'm going to

of to-morrow, your birthday and baby's could keep? Didn't I always have to Besides our horses we have a dairy exchange his impossible selections? Last

theory we are strong supporters of a yellow. It makes me look like a dried fine herd of pure-bred Ayrahires, up- up lemon. Yes, he should know it by to-date stables and equipment, resulting this time." She began to button up in a fat monthly cheque of \$100 or her coat. "No. I can't stay for any more. In reality we have a herd of wa, it's late and I must see to dinner. mongrel stock, good cows for what they Now, mother, don't say it. I can see, risings and burning irritations through-to walk the plank bridge over the creek, haby -- lifting the grave-eyed child tend to mint painful operations.

> Jim was late for supper. The chops "Been shopping," explained Jim brief-

table weighed heavy on her mind. There kitchen-garden gate. One can almost cate fiesh colored affair. But Jim would imagine her grunt of satisfaction at the acver select so lovely a thing. And the other package, of course, that was baby's Last summer en route for the garden present. What in the world had he

chew bits out of the shell and grit hop- gifts. Nola thought, with a pleasant feelper, scare all the laying hens but for- ing of satisfaction, of her own pretty gift for her small daughter-a wonderful the would next visit the ditch close white rabbit, with the softest fur imafterwards proceeding towards the After the dishes were washed and put garden. Portunately for the garden, as away, and Jim, very tired, went to bed. she reached her goal she was usually Nola overcome with curiosity, stood in discovered, and persuaded-not neces- the hall. What could be have bought sarily in endearing terms—to return from for baby? She fingered the bulky packages-something hard. In another mo-We have a small flock of O. A. C. ment the string was untied and the Barred Rocks. They are not the only paper pulled away, and there came to inhabitants of the henhouse but view a bright blue rabbit, clumsy, mis-

Nola's lips. "It's enough to frighten the Then we have, of course, a dog and child. And blue, bright blue! Who ever

is so scalons, that we have, perforce. Jim's blunders—his inability to do the to curtail his activities in that direction. right thing. Oh, she was tired of it all, To got even with us, or as an outlet tired of excusing, overlooking, repairing for his energy, he has acquired the his mistakes. Perhaps he was the same To complete the list of animals there than he was now. Oh, his life was full still remain the cats. Besides two name- of blue rabbits. And she was the victim. less felines at the barn, we have Jinnie. There was the other box, containing a who is a great-grandmother and Lady watst. It would not be a soft flesh in the morning the sun, streaming over Such is our farm and its quadruped the breakfast table proclaimed the fairfamily. Between them they provide cat weather for the double birthday. board for Partner and myself, two chil- Baby was cooling over the soft white dren, occasional hired help and an un- bunny-Nola's gift. And now Jim-a

smile from ear to ear- hurried out to any time but recent years have made tended to her and without a word placsense of humor and an extra dose of The wee girl with the soft fur of

win a bunny pressed to her pink cheeks, It is also surprising how it helps tolied her father until the string of see the funny side of things. At times, he bundle. Jim pretended to have no of course, one is apt to overlook the end of trouble with it and baby's eyes humor of the situation. Por instance, grew very big and interested. Poor little Partner was sitting on the beam at the Suddenly Jim tore away the wraptop of the mow fixing the hay fork-track plngs and held up- in all its awful home-"Look out" he cried suddenly. I, of linear-the blue rubbit. Nola sat breath-

yes, I felt it in my front teeth for at slowly her hold relinquished on the furry thing in her arms, it fell unnoticed to the floor. Her chubby hands outstretched, she cried cagerly "My bunny," my boo bunny! My bunny from daddy!" Jim held it high over her head, teasing and then, laid it to her arms. And Nola saw her little daughter nestle the blue rubbit in her arms, her face beaming with happiness, saw her press two reschud lips to the ugly bristly head! Then like a flash it came to Nola it wasn't the blue rabbit at all, but what it stood for! Daddy's present, laddy's love! Little baby understood and

appreciated. Nois saw her husband grab close to his heart, covering the abining little birthday face warm with kisses. "Nola!" cried Jim. "I just knew she'd one exactly like I had when I was a

She had her hand on the box on the Ituide, she told herself, was her blue rabbit, Jim's present all of his love for her! What matter, what color the waist,

-yellow! Like baby had done a few moments before, she held it in her hands with

see how beautiful you would look in a

waist of that color. It made me is late last night, honey. I. Just couldn't get the exact slude."

"My blue rabbit," she whispered, chuk-"Jim's wonderful love for me!" And then she run to the mirror, holding up the maize colored blouse to her face As though she saw a vision, a miracle her eyes opened wide, for that particular corn shade seemed to eateh the lights In her hair, and honeatly, it was the most becoming watst she ever owned.

RENEFACTORS

The people who teach us to see beauty we would not have discovered by our-ND it isn't only the things that selves, are great benefactors. Bometime. happen, tu. Jim's topping it a poem opens our eyes to some everyday v. h another biunder, and beauty that had excepted us by its very familiarity. Again, some one more sympathetic than we are, reveals to us the high ideals of a neighbor we had thought tother dull and uninteresting, or the kindness in another we had classified as crude and common. To find that the world is a loveller place than we had thought is wonderful, but to discover tact day by day, are finer than we dream-

----NOTHING TO BE PROUD OF

Do not think you have done enough when you have not criticized or found fault. That is merely negative. He ready to congratulate, to praise, to express appreciation. The people who are complacent ev r not having found fault are like a man who holds up a piece of blank on its contents. It is better to have the paper blank than to have it covired with scurrilous sentiments, but mere blankness is nothing of which to b

TOO BAD "What a sad looking store."

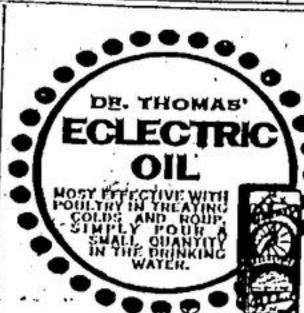
"Why? Because it "No, the books are in tiers."-Michigan

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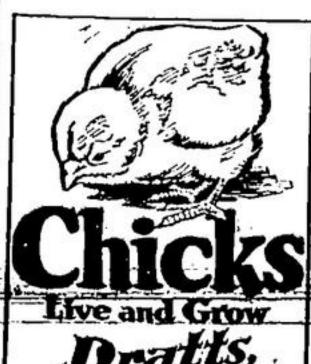
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DOWN BY THE OLD GARDEN GATE Do you remember, Molly, darling, in the days of long ago.
When I met you in the gloaming, you were dressed in calleo; the village bells were sweetly ringing

and my heart was beating too,

you whispered, "I love you!"

then I put my arms around you and

lown by the old garden gate aweetheart, here's where first I met you. here's where we stood in the pale moonlight, There was nothing but loving to do. fou promised that you would be mine sweetheart. When the robin again called his mate, And the years have brought joy since the day when a boy, met down by the old garden gate.

still remember, Molly, darling, how I took your hand in mine, And we strolled into the garden in that golden summer-time. When by the garden gate we lingered, sweetest perfume filled the air. An : my life was filled with sunshine when you gave your answer there.

IN THE SPRING-TIME An old couplet ran this way. "In the spring the young man's faricy lightly turns to thoughts of love." It was so sixty, Feart aga when the room; Down

ed; it was the case at the heginning of the present century; it is just as true to-day. Indications manifest this on all sides. As the robin calls his mate, 50 the young man calls the maiden he is attracted to, and the pleasures of the good old summer-time begin.

Thirty-five years ago the late J. W Bengough, who was quite a creditable poet, published his spring poem in "Motley: Verses Grave and Gay," a book of 175 pages. He loved charactering and in this poem voices the ideas of a dude Englishman, whom he calls "Pitzdudeson," as follows: The spwing has come again

With its gentle showahs of wain, And the wobin's sweet wefwain. Deah boy, deah boy-And I wish It would wemain Deah boy! I do aday the spwing. When the bl'ds begin to sing.

I think it just the thing. Dah bay, deah boy loov his a seems to bwing. is the which, doneher know, . heat a lot of beastly snow,

.... the mercury's down low. Deah boy, deah b. nd your baggy twowsers blow. Deah boyl And in summ-h-time it's hot, "Scuside bweezes," almply wot, You cawn't find a decent spot,

And your collahs go to pot, Deah boy! Autumn tints are well enough. But the weathaw's sometimes wough, And the leaves are dwopping off, Deah boy, deah boy! Deah boy, deah boy-Awftah ali-the spwing's the stuff

Deah boy I

ELEGY-WRITTEN IN SPRING Michael Bruce, an old-country poet I the early days, wrote this spring poem, which became quite a classic and appears in Crowell's book of favorite poems, and numerous other collections:

Tis past, the iron north has spent hi itern Winter now resigns the length-The stormy hewlings of the wind a. And warm o'er ether western breezes

Of gental heat and cheerful light the Prom Summer chimes, beneath atother aky. The sun, returning, wheels his good-o Before his beams all noxious vapor, fly Par to the north grim Winter draws his To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen

shore.

Where wah winds madden, and where tempeats roar. Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground Zgain puls on . . . be of cheales Agust pala actions thowas the All Smiling, the chariful fact of epiling

Where, im ned on los, he holds elemal

Behold! the trees new deck their withered boughs. Their ample leaves, the hospitable The taper cim, and lefty ash disclose, The bicoming hawthorne variegates

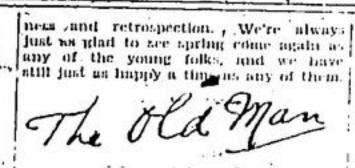
The lily of the vale, of flowers the green, Futs on the robe she neither sewed nor The birds on ground, or on the branches green. Hop to and fro, and giltter in he sun F. o as o'er eastern hills the morning From her low nest the fufted lark up springs; And cheeriul singing, up the an she

Still high she mounts, still loud and aweet she sings. Now is the time for those who wisdom Who love to walk in virtue's flowery Along the lovely paths of Spring to And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Our own Canadian poet, Wifred Campbell, in a very readable poem, characterizes Spring as:

"Scuson of life's renewal, Lave's rebirth. And all hope's young espousals. On your dream feel once more the ancient Stirrings of earth, And even 1, who feel thine unclent dreams, Do hall thee, wondrous spring; ave's rare magician of this waking world.

Mary and I have spent many happy spring-times together-more than half a acuson never fails to stir us to happi-

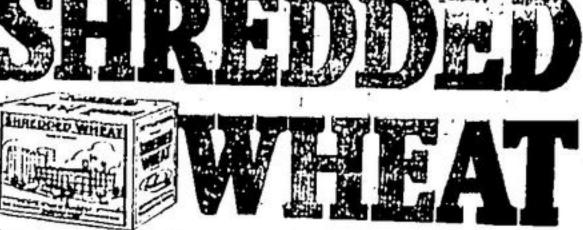


JUST PLAIN ENGLISH NELDED give the book an atmosphere of culture." "but it would have help'd still more if you had put in a little good Emidde here and there."



CAPABLE HIMSELF A father asked his son if he accuraany help with his lessons "Aw, no. Dad," replied the youngster, "I might an well get it wrong by myself

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