

**A BOY'S SONG**

Where the roads are bright and deep,  
Where the grey trout lies asleep,  
Up the river and over the hill,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,  
Where the hawkborn blung the sweetest,  
Where the meadow lark falls free,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the flowers now the open,  
Where the hay the black and greenest,  
Where the meadow lark falls free,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is deep,  
Where the shadow falls the deep,  
Where the meadow lark falls free,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the little boys should drive away  
Little sweet maidens from their play,  
Or have to hunt and fight and  
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play  
Through the meadow among the hay,  
Up the water and over the hill,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

—James Hogan

### Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for  
The Free Press by  
JUDY O'GRADY

In spite of the deprivations of heat and water I am still in the job—in fact, very much on the job—that is to say I can judge by the very definite signs in the region of what used to be known as one's waist line. This is due to a race with the weather. Last Saturday broke dull and threatening and there were three loads of wheat still out in the field, needless to say both partner and I were anxious to see them under cover before rain came. I got along very nicely when we kept a steady, even pace but hurrying isn't at all my line. The wheat came in the noon. I did not take the time to place the sheaves as lightly as they should have been, consequently I was for ever falling through holes between sheaves and when one is hot and hurried, little interruptions like that one gets used to. I was not hurried, however, we won the race but only by the skin of our teeth. For the wheat was laid on with my Saturday work!

Sunday was very different. Friends of ours called for us in their car and took us home to spend the day with them. They, too, live on a farm out on the outskirts of a city, which I thought was the cleanest, prettiest city I had seen for a long time. Not being anxious to bring down a storm of abuse upon my head or to start a controversy it behoves me to keep quiet as to which city it was that everyone will be satisfied, and since I say it was so clean and so pretty you will all feel quite as to which city it was in which you are particularly interested. Speaking of cities, reminds me of the amusing contest which took place on I. O. D. E. meetings. Pictures were taken upon the wall and from them we were supposed to find out the name of the town or city which they represented.

One group comprised the picture of a busy town and the smaller picture of a city. The picture of a busy town was a picture of a city with a brain-wave and a picture of a city with a brain-wave. I don't know of any city as clean and so pretty you will all feel quite as to which city it was in which you are particularly interested. Speaking of cities, reminds me of the amusing contest which took place on I. O. D. E. meetings. Pictures were taken upon the wall and from them we were supposed to find out the name of the town or city which they represented.

This afternoon I thought I would make use of a last picking of raspberries, so I gaily called forth my basket and found it empty. I was disappointed as I did not have some raspberry vinegar. Moral: Gather raspberries while ye may! (with apologies to Robert Herrick) headed off my raspberries I came home and played with the children. Molly and Pat had three little visitors in so there was quite a merry crowd and we took it in turn to hold the tape-line while the rest of us ran races.

I always find little visitors somewhat distracting as I love to play with them or watch them at it. This afternoon I got along pretty well on the whole, the worst thing I did was to make a light cake without any baking-powder! I suppose the present had time to read short duration for I see the barley is ripening fast and there is still seed alfalfa to cut and battle with. I found that I had made raspberries in a few days right on until Christmas. The present of the Harvest moon, showing in the distance, sky last night and away in the distance one could hear a threshing machine on the road and the papers beginning to pad their columns with Exhibition news. There is a freshness in the air, night and morning, which bespeaks early fall and a hundred and one other things preliminary to a change in the season.

Parts of the garden have taken on a dejected appearance, the burns have appeared on the burdocks, devil's needles, sick to one's stockings and clothes, hens are beginning to moult, young roosters starting to crow, the children have done their stockings, we will keep a sweater handy, apple-sauce appears on the table and the children have been sampling apples unfit for present consumption, with the usual result. All inflicting pain, I am beginning to wonder whether we shall get a day in the Exhibition. Last year we hardly had time to read accounts of it, let alone see things for ourselves. Some folk tell us that it is some thing over again, year after year, and to make one's visit an unusual event is waste of money. On the surface, such a statement may be true but only if one is in the habit of making a perfunctory round of the booths. To any person making intelligent interest in the exhibits of exhibits, demonstrations, and lectures, there is always something new to see and hear, something fresh and new. Too often time is wasted in the midway, which might be used to greater advantage in the permanent exhibits, the Industrial Hall or the Women's Wing.

The Many-Purpose Oil. Both in the house and stable there are loads of use for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Use it for cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, the pains of rheumatism and sciatica, sore throats and chafes. Horrors are liable very largely to similar ailments and in such a variety of ailments and are equally susceptible to the healing influence of this fine oil, especially which has made thousands of friends during the past fifty years.

### The Free Press Short Story

#### THE PEACEMAKERS

By HENRI B. GILCHRIST

ALICE had always thought, Grace rather stupid, she was sure. No girl who was not stupid would have contrived, a quarrel on the eve of a house party. And Mary was easy to get along with, the most pleasant-tempered of all the girls in the house. Only an snip of a stupid could have quarreled with Mary.

"What am I to do, Alice?" asked Aunt Janet. "I can't give a house party with two of my guests not on speaking terms. I've talked to them both and they're adamant. As far as I can see, we shall have to give to the house party."

"O Aunt Janet, not that! Couldn't you ask some one else in their places?" "Can't find 'em, my dear," her aunt replied. "I've canvassed the possibilities thoroughly. There aren't two other girls who are congenial and who are able to go. The Dillons have an uncle coming. The Grayings leave next week for California. There's some perfect good reason in every case."

"Cousins on the way to visit her." "Idiot!" "Mother needs her. They have a household of company for the summer." Alice frowned in perplexity. Then her lips cleared. "Make it a house party, Aunt Janet. 'Tis almost as much fun as a night."

"Think how six would rather round in two cars! And what about the tennis court? When you all want to play at once?" "Two could play singles, Aunt Janet, and with two courts—"

"I'm sorry," Grace said. "But the house party is Aunt Janet's affair, isn't it?" "Alice stared. 'You don't mean that you're willing to break it up—you can't mean that!'"

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#### COINCIDENCES

Some marvelous things happen in this world of ours, things that seem to fit in with the course of events. Here are two coincidences that are true in every respect, the names and locations only being changed.

A young married man, who had called on a lady friend, was asked by her what he had done for the day. He replied that he had been to a party at the home of a friend. She asked him what he had done for the day. He replied that he had been to a party at the home of a friend.

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#### TRAINING THE BABY

After Mrs. Walters had "read up" the subject thoroughly and tabulated the various phases of the matter, she had a methodical mind, she told her husband that she was going to make a change in the way of raising her baby.

"Well," said the lawyer, "I have just been reading the history. I asked you about it because I remembered that you spent a year or two at West Point. The trial for some trivial offence against discipline. He replied that he did."

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### The Old Guide's Warning

The old guide knows that careless hunters cause many forest fires resulting in the destruction of excellent hunting grounds as well as valuable woods. The good hunter is careful with fire in the woods.



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