Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Free by GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

was auffering from the banal apring auto that the big sign had helped t wished they could stretch their work out

or and there is no dividing goes the post, leaving a nice sagging place on a reconnoitring tour of their own. Have you over noticed on a fidnday how many herds of cattle are on forbidden dering where the cows will be when you get back.

Buch a funny thing happened the We have a hen who persists in laying her daily egg in the buggy. Last Wednesday, being wet, I volunteered came back there was our Biddy walking settled herself to the business before her. When I told Partner, he said, "Ob yes, she was in the buggy when I went I thought for wheer persistence that was a pretty good example, considering I was gone nearly two hours. In fact thought until Thursday night it was the of that time we discovered he had a girl

what strenuous wock, but atill I went as letters.

alike we are not quite aure which is his ears, but they did not stings him seven or eight feet, that he fell. know that hen with the black tips to her thrust it under the nest. He didn't care save him from certain destruction. wings," and I am about at far from to remain at such close-quarters with After a few moments he sat up dated knowing what she means as I would be the troublesome insects, and when he and looked round him. The broken end without such an illuminating descrip- had pushed a part of the rag into a of a charred rope lay a few feet from

not so hard on one's knees as waxing escaped the flame and were darting from the white rock. floors, but still I must go to town and so viciously about his head. I am just going to make that indespens- He loosened the knot, which he had he had brought out a new rope, one that able cup of tea and then get away or tied in a bow, and let himself down had not been oiled. dear knows there won't be much in the almost as far as he could. He was eight house to eat to-morrow. I shall shut or ten feet below the torch, which atill my eyes as I go by the garden-it is in, blazed furiously.' Left free to swing but no sign of anything coming up-no straight down, the rope was not far from need to worry about the hoeing for a the place where the wasne' nest had been, . little while, at any rate, but still I hope Gordon had ducked his head to escape all my good seed and careful planting the surviving waspe as well as any singed motorcycles. will soon ahow results.

Many mothers can testify to the virtue. The olly spot on the rope had swuhr

The Bree Press Short Story

BURNING OUT THE STINGERS

JAMES SHARP ELDRIDGE

increase his tire sales, and a year after it was painted he had asked Gordon

crossing the little atream that skirted the bluff, made a circuitous climb to the tob of the cliff. He carried with him a long three-quarters-inch rope, a size that would easily austain his weight, and a mall wooden pulley with a book, a can of paint, a brush and a trowel.

Graphy the rope firmly with both hegen to let himself down.

on child welfare, which I particularly over the "T" and with his feet against the ground. wanted to hear. The paper was most the rough rock was pushing himself to With legs and arms clutching frantisinteresting and even surpassed my ex- the right so that he could work on the ally and with the rope drawn close there was simmons with more'n two longest. "I found that out when I was pectations, the house was the most de- lower half of the next letter, when, on against his chest, he walted for the hundud weight of hay down on the floor. Your age, and I decided that there are lightful old farmhouse, with the most looking up he saw something clinging to inovitable jerk that he knew would simust I wondered what in tunket he could be lots of things better than appearances. glorious troos, which I wanted to plok the under side of a tiny shelf almost above take the breath from his body. He was doin' with all that hay; so I watched. I've got 'em in my room, any time you'd up bodily and carry home, and I found his head. Even without the presence of determined that it should not break his And, b'lieve me or not, he was practicin' like to see. Anybody going to Cutter's an exceedingly comfortable chair, to I of the brownish-yellow kneets crawling grip. The drop of perhaps twenty feet pitchin'; and after I'd looked a spell I to eat?" just relaxed and enjoyed the whole over it he would have known the dirty occupied little more than a , second. went in. He kind of grinned a little, afternoon and came back less tired than gray object for a wasps' nest. A few though in that short time Gordon won- but pretty soon he got to talkin'; and when I' went. But to-day of the waspe were flying around it. | dered whether he had estimated the dis- then it all come out. there are wads of work to slo and visitors 'The nest was right where he should tance correctly, whether he should not "'I'm, light,' he says, and I've been coming to-morrow. However, most of it have to work as soon as he scraped the after all strike on the rocky slope before kind of worried that I hadn't more heft, is behind me now, and Partner is busy lower part of the letter, and he must all the rope paid out and the knot so's I'd be able to handle a hig forkful mowing the lawn, so that is one job less got rid of it in some way before he caught. could finish the Job. He decided to burn . There came first the jerk that took over, he says, and I figgered out a way ten years back, and he's been living by There has been no increase in the the wasps out. In his jumper pocket his breath and straightened out his legs to lift to advantage, so now I guess I himself. Collects books and pictures. barnyard family this work, except for the was an oil-sorked rag that he had used as if he had been the cracker at the can handle as big a forkful as anybody- fipending his money that way. I'd addition of seven little chicks from a to wipe his hands white painting; he end of a whip. More from the burning Matt Waning or anybody else. Lemme rather cat," self-set hen. The last calf of the season made it into a long cylindrical roll and of his hands than from any sense of show you, he save, and with that he has been taught to take its nourishment tied it with a string that he tore from motion he was conscious of slipping down did show mel . He rolled up a wad on' stylish one. from a pail and was very little trouble. the cloth. Next he awing, back to his the rope. Then again came the sonar the floor that I couldn't have stirred -"I wouldn't," said the married man, We have quite a nice looking bunch of first position and drew himself up until tion of falling, this time without so and give a heave and a twist and laid it Ayrables calves now, and their names he was almost level with the waspe nest much as the frietion of a rope running up on the mow as easy as I'd have hove are Priday, Norms, Straight Jane and and fully a yard to the left of it. One through a pulley to retard him. It my hat up there!" Nancy. Some of them look so much or two of the flying insects bussed about couldn't have been far, no more than "That was what I was scemin'.

grack under the nest he busied himself him, and a few yards away he beheld Well, it is very nice and restful tapping with getting down to a safer place; more the battered remains of the paint can.

> ones that might fall on him, but now he looked up. . What he saw :made him

Before Gordon had raised himself t feet an unexpected thing happened. off-soaked section of the rope comin ward three or four feet.

Gordon gassed. He should never able to pull himself through that yard to his clothes. For a moment he was all that hold him from death. He

He had already noted the position of a atunted tree far above him. He hea tunted tree growing near the edge of the chur of an automobile approachly nd ran the rope through the groove. | should of the occupants as they discove is had contrived a sling from a short ed his plight. They would come to his place of rope, and into it he fled one end rescue, but perhaps before they cou

pocket of his jumper he alipped into the less waiting for the end that appeared so Bimmons'd have the start of both of one allog and let himself over the brink. | movitable. Without any definite plan he

hands, he let it run slowly through the | -He had given up as impossible his be takin his watch out every little while the cliff. Smooth though it appeared names Perhans it was instinct that made from the road, there were numerous pro- | him retreat to the ground, though there | time. Jections and seams on the surface, so would still be a drop of twenty-five feet knows to good advantage either going down But before he had descended the ten or coming up. Gordon had lowered him- feet that brought him again near the membered picking up an overturned oil can and looped it quickly into the rope

Down he shot! The aling with only als hands and he grasped the clean dry at the brink of the cliff. Though the descen as Caleb stopped, "but what ittle oil could not injure a rope; prob- considerable resistance, Gordon felt that lit up over it this mornin'? You ably it would preserve it against decay. he was dropping with the greatest pos- Matt Waning go better'n a month ago, I have to have some extravagances." The rope was a little more than sixty sible speed. The rocky slope appeared didn't you?" low yards of the end loose and danging feet or more from the ground. "If "no after breakfast, and bein" it was rainy my wife has by it." the rope alter and tied it securely. Then the lark came, blistered hands or a disscraping the dried clay from the giant worst; for he would allp with greatly next door; but he hadn't. diminished speed down the remaining "I was goly past the barn after He had cleaned most of the surface length of rope to within a few feet of little, and when I got abreast of the

which, but that, of course, is a more He tied the rope securely in order to He felt a thorny shrub strike him be- gre't hand to have my judgment backed detail and if we are in any doubt Molly hold himself at that level; then he tween the shoulders, and he rolled down up by facts, and I diggered that it was can generally put us right. I never knew reached into his pocket for a match. the slope a few yards before he stopped. It don't when I ketched a man pracsuch a child, she actually seems to know The olly ray flamed the instant the Only the audden jerk of his body had ticin' to do more work in hayin'." one hen from another, while to me thay lighted match touched it; and with the been needed to break the rope where it "I sh'd say as much!" the deason asall look alike. Sometimes she will dome point of his trowel stuck under the wax burned. A few seconds more and scuted explosively. in and say, "Mother, you know that hen string that bound the rag he held his the resistance would not have been sufwith the light head," or parhaps, "You improvised torch at arm's length and neight to check his downward phings and

Gordon unlahed his tob, but not

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down, the athlete will find Dr. Thomas' hastly assembling outside, or to stay third day of June, A. D. 1930, the execu-Eclectric Oil an excellent article. It with the general. So I stood irresolutely tors will proceed to distribute the assets because they know from experience how making rag. A tongue of the muscles and singles pliable, by the door, "You can sit down," said Hymons; "It ignited the oil on the rope, which fished into a blase that shot upward until fully be rest upon them. It stands that may is nothing. A sentry has let off his rifle which they have not then received notice.

Histry

"Want to know!" said the descore

"He don't show up much 'longside stop to talk so much while he's working

hary of comment.

be fetchin' Leatt's along too. Not that he'd say anything; he'd carry 'em along A good part of the time-you could lay it

unpleasantly sticky. He at once re- his shoulder the strap that held the paint when I had to git rid of one of 'em I can in the garage a few days before; aling that approved him. Next he twined work right then for more'n one man and the collect tope had lain on the floor the boss and of the rone, of which I'd made up my mind to keep Simmons.

door I could hear somethin' goin' on in

tickled over," concluded Caleb. "I'm

KNOWN BY INSTINCT

To understand war, says the author of A People at School" is an instinct. To llustrate the aphorism, he tells a story of an English general whose upderstandaway at a typewriter for a change—it is of the waspe than he had expected had Above, a spatter of black paint trickled ing of sounds was phenomenal. One night, he says, after dinner, they were all sitting talking at headquarters, They were expecting an attack, and sentries and pickets were posted far out beyond the stockade.

Suddenly we heard one shot; of course every one jumped up. The bugles sounded; the men fell in; the officers ran to having claims against his Estate, are their posts. General Symone alone had required to send to the undersigned not moved. After listening intently for a moment, or two, he had sat down

I myself was between two minds. The Oil for the Athlete.—In rubblug whether to so out with one of the parties

SLATS' DIARY BY ROSH PARQUHAR

think. of cant what

int. well many ways I wess I no how ! arrive more sooner if we wood turn

about twenty I miles. mutch. I think she sed she wood like him without reply."

around and go the Oppialte way for

Tourday-They was fire down at Mr.

Wenkilay-Jaku and the was a digging servants, expenses, and so forth. He is nuh wirms tonits and we oud find but I very careless of his papers-would drop

Thirsday-Guzzon Clarrence was here cover. Mrs. Burke watches over everygots for trying to look and being 2

PAY-DAY

"I don't call being married an ex-"Hure mough," Caleb agreed. "That travagance," remarked a third. "It costs

> cont into his neatly pressed street lacket. "I don't see how any one can save money, a not in this world, at any rate. It costs

No one cared to just then, and the faded man went out slone. "What did he mean?" inquired the married man. "What has he got in his

come hayin'. But I got to thinkin' it clerk. "His wife died, you know, about

emphatically. "I know how he feels. His wife died, your say? - I never knew so think I'll go to Cutter's to-day."

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HAUGHTY PITT AND INSOLENT BURKE

painter during the reign of George III and noticed a half-length portrait.

quin said to Burke, "May your son have health, and be half what his father is!" Burke flew into a passion and said, "He to how more than his father can be!". "In his house," said Lord Inchiquir

ted You it was pritty tutt. I kin't got no "Burke is quiet if not contradicted in some to stay away from at hite enny anything, but walks about it, heedless of every concern, knowing nothing o on the floor a paper though it contained treaton, as he would do a newspaper thing-collects his acrans, arranges and

"!'My dear Jane," Burke will say, "I for one that she cannot remember: diction; it must be found!" Bhe er

Joseph Parington, a popular landscape s nearly forgotten; but his name has equired new note in a new field through the recent publication in the Allantic Monthly of extracts from his diary. He knew many of the distinugished men of his day and records, sometimes directly and again from their reports of one another, new and interesting bits of their carriage and conduct. Both the great statesmen Pitt and Burke figure in his gullery of portraits. A friend who knew (Jainshorough well told Parington the he had once called at the artist's sludio He was struck with the haughty ex

pression of the countenance and said so to Gainsborough, who expressed satis faction at the remark, since it proved that he had hit the character. Calrasat down in the sitters chair and, taking out a booke began to read. borough, struck with the hauteur and disagreeable manner of Mr. Pitt treated him in this way: he took up his palette and, according to be triffing among his colors, began carelessly to hum, 'toll, loll de roll.' On hearing him Mr. Pitt recollected himself, shut his book and sat to

Of Burke Lord Inchiquin reported that he was "insolent, impatient of contradic tion,-will hear no argument,-proud and carried away by passion on every occasion. He is admired by everybody, but ishing degree; the son would contradict

On a birthday of the boy Lord Inchi-

Bhe produces them. He asks sometimes "'Yes, yes, my dear Jane, no contra

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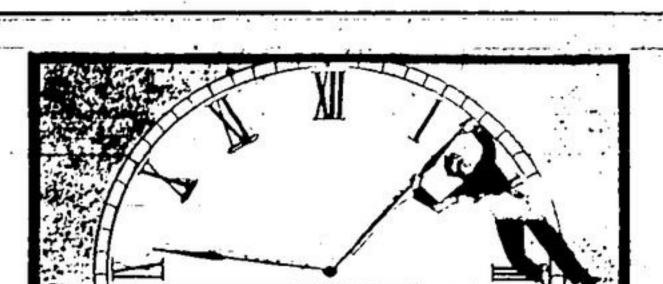
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