bounds, have an odd sound in the cars of

carnivorous mankind. One enthusiastle

eating merely the raw fruits and grains

was not intended for man or boust

and fruit has hitherto made him rather

Another gentleman, who is not only

vegetarian but a considentious eater of

those fruits and grains which meet his

approval, would not discard the rind of

a fruit merely because it may be tough laving grown there; he says, it must be

intended for some good purpose, and he concludes that this purpose is connected

"I believe there must be something

medicinal or nutritious in the peal of

an orange," he writes a friend, "and so

I always cat it with the rest of the

fruit. I must confess, however, that it

Far removed from these ultra enthus!-

asts, however, are many persons who

have adopted the mild form of vegetar-

lantsm which consists in eating vego-

found. In London, especially, will such

wanderers from the beaten track find

ample sustenance in vegetarian restaur-

ants, one of which, "The Apple Tree,"

is so entirely satisfactory as to morit

Its bill of fare is long and elaborate.

If one dealres French names, they are

here to be found. Translated, the tempt-

You order "Saronny Steak," with

ambitious tolls, and beguiled into serving

produced, and when one investigates,

offers a hint of many grains and vege

tables so cumningly mingled and is

deliciously flavored that neither eye nor

tongue can distinguish form for distinct

A vegetable ragout sounds marvellously insipid, does it not? Yet when one

has before him a steaming plate of

tender young carrots, turnips and other

apring benefactions, flavored with won-

droug herbs, he must be an exacting

gathered delicious puddings of flas and

dates, plates of fruit smothered in cream

and many-colored salads, which delight

the eye and tickle the palate. Surely

for the flesh-nating tooth, it is by no

means so bad a thing to be a vegetarian

cellent leg wash for stock. Also re-

moves corns in horses and quickly re-

n a land where such provision is made

From "The Apple Tree" also are to be

man, indeed, if he is not content.

never seems to agree with me."

with the palate of man.

The Free Press Short Sturn

GOSPEL FISTS

BY RUEL McDANIEL

tendent, stroked his receding pected them to do. fashion of a man who is sometimes afraid The superintendent of the Circle Cross sawmill at Dibali Front the direction of a sinisterlooking shack a dozen yards away, on which were crudely painted Phate Gooden, Cold Drinks." Out of a group of several mill workers and camp followers there protruded fully turned upon the superintendent and the new home missionary.

missionary to have thanked the superintendent for his advice, driven away, and left this lawless sawmill town to be Diball Front. destroyed eventually by its own ain. The Reverend Paul Frazier was just twentythe glowering look of Phate Gooden had brought about the sudden change in the ter-of-fact. Paul already knew of the situation in that mushroom hawnill uten, then swept the floor. frontier. Few were the people, indeed. within a hundred miles of the place who had not heard many tales of the ungodliness of the town and of Phate:

in the sprawling shack on the only Gooden was in the centre, talking.

The town had given itself up meekly to not noticed before. Phate Gooden's bullying rule. Obviously That explained the situation. Phate punch in the stomach floored Gooden for

young missionary, while his followers voice of Gooden. He resumed his ring- ponent's face and wither him, but the gathered, grinning and leering, to watch ing. the procedure. "Look here, you young upstart of a psalm-singer," roared Phate, er, burst through the circle of followers time in all his life, Phate Gooden tasted in here awhile back. One of 'em dis- Safely in the rear Prazier saw the timed world without having his way seriously appeared, and he ain't been heard of since, pore fella. The other decided we didn't need no more preachin' to.

self, stopped back and eyed the menacing Gooden coldly; then he clambered carelessly into the ancient little automomile. "Piease tell your friends. Mr. Gooden, that we'll have services in the schoolhouse to-morrow evening at eight o'clock. I invite you especially to come!"

lawless leader of Diball Pront strode steps. back toward his followers muttering with enough to respect his disgust.

AMES LANGHAM, mill superingled loudly as they felt their caar ex-

"He knows enough about safety rules to out a harrowing battle in his mine of his own decisions. Finally he said to stay out of Diball Front to-morrow Should he retreat to leave Gooden and try to keep the schoolhouse door locked I wish he would come. We ain't had situation and thereby give them an ever

will take him by to-morrow nightly hoped that he was made of timber strong agreed one of the gang.

In the minds of many of the men however, including Euperintendent Jaz. Langham and the mighty Phate Gooden himself, there larked the distracting the sacredness of the church? slonary likely as not would be on hand to careless with their health!

That night nothing was mentioned Suddenly Langham's demeanor and of the affair, because earlier in the eventone froze into stiff formality. "I might ing Gooden had indicated with a playful advise you, Roverend Prazier, that Diball kick that landed a logger well out in Front is getting along very nicely with- front of the establishment where Phate out churches and preachers. For your held forth, that the subject was closed. own health, Bir, I would advise you to Just the same, nearly every one harstrike Diball Front from your visiting bored the thought that something was going to happen the following evening It would have been easy for the new to break the monotony of flat fights and ordinary free-for-all brawls that longer excited the sin-hardened town of

Considering the lack of conversation on the subject, the citizens of the town ancient little car come chagging over my own way. Stand back!"

Roverend Paul Prazier alighted from dust from his clothes, took his Bible and lighted the oil lamps that hung, cob- with fire. webbed, along the walls. He rang the

ed across the awkward street to a small en stared blankly as the untouched face restaurant to out his supper. It was of -Prazier bobbed back into position. nearly eight o'clock when he returned He struck wildly. Again the blow passes to the schoolhouse. He rang the bell harmlessly above the ducked head of the agen, more furiously than before. He missionary. Amazement spread over the The story went that Gooden had ar- looked at his watch. Eight o'clock, and faces of the spectators. In all their rived in the new town from parts un- nobody in sight. He waited impatiently days of worshipping the mighty Phate known and had guardedly refused to talk for several minutes; still no one came. Gooden, they never had seen a mar of the past. Because the little town He arose, picked up a book, and sang stand up after he had been swung at had come into the great Southern pine one of his favorite hymns, accompany- once by Gooden; and here was this slip timber country ahead of the law, he ing himself on the school organ; still of a boy bobbing around avoiding the recognized in the place an opportunity nobody came. He walked to the front blows at will. Gooden himself was little to turn his past experience to good stead of the building and looked out. Down less puzzled. He swung again, this time in making himself the leader of the in front of Gooden's place he saw at the stomach. Paul threw out his rough element that invariably fills a through the faint and solitary light in elbow and the drive glanced harmlessly frontier town. He set up his business that block, a crowd gathered. As usual, to the side. Gooden shot his left fist

dispense among other articles, trouble family come into the thoroughfure from so fast that it threw Gooden off balance a side street and head toward the for a fraction of a second. At this same among them James Langham, had pro- voice of Phate Gooden. The frightened chided that it was time he acted more tested against the rank violations be- man halted his family. Gooden made a determinedly. He shot a brisk fist to ing perpetrated openly by Gooden and sweeping, threatening motion, and the the chin of the floundering giant. Off his followers; but a few personal en- workman, his wife, and his children balance as he was, Gooden fell to the counters between those who protested walked meekly toward the crowd. He saw floor. Frazier was over him in an inand Gooden's men, with everything ar- Gooden motion the wife and the children stant. Gooden leaped to his feet, to be ranged beforehand in such a way that to the side and call the man to the met with a rapier-like thrust to the left the former did not have a chance, event- group. Watching the family, Paul saw temple. The little building shook from ually had taught the protesting citizens them. join a crowd of women and chil- the weight of the falling bully. This that caution was a safe' part of valor, dren over to one side, whom he had time he regained his feet more feebly,

a church was the last institution Gooden Gooden was watching the school building the third time. and his crowd wanted to see in Diball and was halting those few citizens who Consternation gripped his followers. Front, for they resented anyone meddling ventured to cross his will. Young Frazier Could it be possible that any man could in their little kingdom, especially a min- went back to the table, seized the bell, drive the mighty Phate to the floor? Reverend Paul Frazier said good-by the top step of the building and rang around like a wild duck with its wings to the superintendent and walked over this bell with all his might. He saw injured! to crank the antiquated car that had the group milling around the czar of Paul went over to the fallen man and brought him bumping over the rough Diball Front, saw Gooden move about assisted him to his feet. Gooden atcountry road to the little town. As he as a beast tormented in a cage. The tempted to strike again, but this time was about to climb behind the wheel, missionary smiled, and rang the bell the minister merely caught the defeated he heard a scolding, booming voice near more furiously. He stopped momentarily man's arm and held him back. The by. Phate Gooden thundered up to the and could hear the threatening, roaring gang-leader tried to stare into his on-

who surrounded him and strode toward the bitterness of defeat. After travelling here. A couple fellow like you butted the schoolhouse, the crowd at his heels. the toughest of the highways of the citizens and their families who would debated, he must bow before the power have come to the services had they been of this light-haired psalm-singert

was headed for the school building, Paul ingly. Gooden sent a pleading glance morrow night or any other night! Get ceased his ringing and went inside. As to his followers that signified his defeat he did no, he heard the trimphant more plainly than any action or words roar of the oncoming band. He smiled could tell. He wheeled about suddenly sagain. Reaching the low platform at his burly head drooping, and started the far end of the little building, he breaking through the crowd. seized his Bible in which he had placed "Hold on there, Brother Gooden, a marker at his text for the evening, commanded Paul. "Services are about offered up a prayer that these blind the arm of the former czar and gently right. . He was still praying carnestly front of the little platform that was to

Phate Gooden momentarily , halted the services." rage. "What's the matter, Phate? Did when he saw the missionary on his A spontaneous roar went up from the the young parson get your goat?" laugh- knees. The halt was brief, however, timid men and women who had watched ed a newcomer, who had not been an With a roar he burst in upon the sane- the events from a safe distance; and admirer of the czar of the camp long tity of the prayer with the fury of a Gooden's former followers joined in. All wounded beast.

Gooden knocked the joker "I have some other urgent business to prayer. Bo the church moved to Diball The rest of the crowd laugh- attend to!" He leaped to his feet to Pront.

VEGETARIANISM

meet the raging stare of the bully. Not expected turn halted him, gave young Prazier time to gather his wits.

gentleman announces his intention of The followers of Gooden had come behind him; now they were gatherin of the earth, believing that cooked food around the two, bantering among them selves, and egging on the leader. Cat He acknowledges that a diet of muts tiously the citizens and their famili who neither followed the czar nor dare ii', but cheerfully hopes to adopt, it to cross him, eased into the house and after a longer trial. timidly awaited the next turn of events

As his earnest eyes bored into the "He won't be here!" sneered Gooden, evil face of Phate Gooden, Paul fought the atruggling town? To retreat to cope with the situation, and church had sent him here because it had enough to muster the sinister influences that dimmed the light of Christianity

in struggling, lawless Diball -Front Should be reseson with this glant enemy who disregarded both human rights and thought that this impudent young mis- blazing eyes and anhaal-like face of the man before him told Paul that reason the extent of engaging in a common brawl with this man? Could be accomplich more-by-momentarily-withdrawing and working out some other avenue of

ing titles inovitably suggest the presence All of these questions passed through of meat, and inspire the inexperienced the young minister's mind in a jumbled eater with an excited longing to know stream of excitement. "What's Phate how it is all done. coln' to do next?" one of his trusty triumphant feeling that here, at last,

followers whispered to another. "Come on!" shouted another, "let's the cook has been caught in his own

The growd drew closer, "Hold on, up flesh. A sort of browned cake 1 should have been surprised the follow- there!" roared Gooden. "I ain't said ing evening about dusk to see a familiar, nothin' yet. I'll 'tend to this chap in

schoolhouse, and stop; but wonder rather hold back the infurlated Gooden, who than surprise gripped the populace; closed in upon the minister. The latter wonder as to what Phate Gooden would momentarily stepped back. Jeers wen power of reason snapped. Only on his automobile, carefully brushed the thought rang through his mind; he mus several soughooks from the rear seat, or his chance for saving the town from ing. He deposited the books on a desk no turning back, no avenue of escape. It at the far end of the building and was either to give in or to fight fire

Phate Gooden swung furiously at th school bell furiously for fully two min- young missionary's nose. Paul ducked with the agility of one who had been an These preparations completed he walk- active athlete from early boyhood. Good-

and struck aimlessly at the minister. A

and came to the door. He stead out Amazing, yet there he was, flopping

bully's piercing eyes were no longer Finally, in desperation, the gang lead- flery. They wavered, and for the first

Making certain that the surging crowd founded gang-leader's eyes shine leer-

dropped to his knees, and solemnly to commence." "The missionary select souls could be made to see the light of but firmly led him to a seat directly in The little car rolled away, and the when he heard a heavy thud on the serve as a rostrum. "Now, folks, if you will take seats, we can proceed with

gathered around the little rostrum, and A sudden blow from the sledge-ham- "Pardon me, Lord," muttered Paul, Paul Frazier resumed his interrupted

ON BROOKLYN BRIDGE

foolish, but wrong to eat meat, and their conclusions, pushed to their furthest

"How do you get that way?" stock market; I have lost my home; my wife has divorced me. There is nothing

"That may be true, Buddy," said the oliceman. "But what's the hurry? . Get on back in line and take your turn."

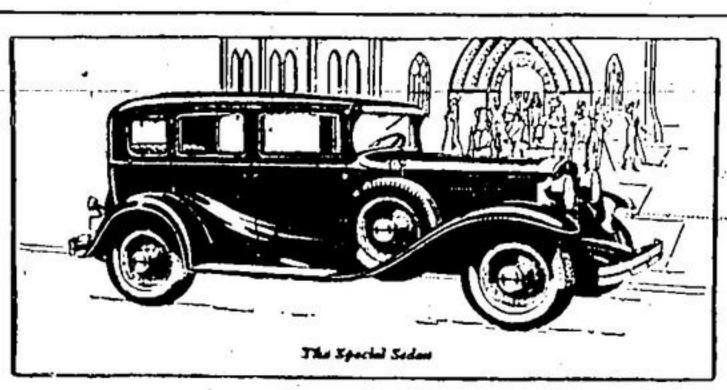
SOMETHING HAPPENED

Two Swedes were walking on a railroad track, when a train came along behind them. One of them was lucky enough to jump off the track in time the other not being so fortunate. The survivor told about it later.

leetle vay, and then I go back to see bout Ole. Putty soon I come cross an Ole's legs. Nex' t'ing see Ole's head Den I say, 'My goodness, someting must 'a' happened to Ole!"

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