

The Free Press' Short Story

THE BIGGER MAN

By E. L. HALSTON

THE LUMBER stood in white piles on the wharf beside the little lake, and the loading of the "Bonnie Dune" would begin the following day. Captain Trevor had completely refitted the old schooner and had arranged for the insurance on the cargo and the vessel. The "Bonnie Dune" was his own property. Many a trip had he made with her on the lakes before he had deserted sail for steam, and finally sworn all navigation for a life ashore.

Eleanor Trevor was thinking of Ralph and his plan as she walked slowly down the sloping pathway to the wharf. She was to meet him and her father there to discuss the final arrangements, for Eleanor would be returning to the technical school in Cleveland on the morning train. Her vacation in the dear little home town was ending all too soon. As she stepped aboard the schooner, she hesitated at the cabin ladder. Looking down, she could glimpse three pairs of feet, one of which she recognized as belonging to her father. Some one laughed.

"Why, if you go afraid to make the trip, David, we can easily put some one else in your place," said Captain Trevor, tentily.

"Dave never would take any risks," reminded Ralph Morton, unpleasantly. Again he laughed, and there was a taunt in the laughter.

Eleanor ran down into the cabin. At sight of her, the two young men who stood facing each other, looked very sheepish. David Graham's face reddened. Ralph turned away with an assertive swaying of his shoulders.

"Hello, David," said Eleanor, offering her hand to him, for this was the first time she had seen him during her vacation. "What's all the argument?"

"No argument," replied David, forcing a smile. "I had just suggested to the captain that the 'Bonnie Dune' is waterlogged and unseaworthy, and it's risky trying to sail her, loaded with lumber, to Cleveland."

"And I say the old craft's as good as ever," rejoined Captain Trevor, indignantly. "I need another man on the trip, and I asked David to come. If he's afraid I'll hunt up another."

"I'm not afraid," replied David quietly. "I'm going along, but I do question the wisdom of the whole undertaking. It will be all right, provided we have fair weather—something of which we can't be sure in October."

"It's against the undertaking because it wasn't his suggestion; no he's knocking the 'Bonnie Dune' as unseaworthy," explained Ralph, significantly. "I've already told the load in Cleveland, and there's nothing to do but deliver the goods. The lake steamer's just about through the summer schedule and here's a chance to pick up some easy money, for we got the lumber from the farmers hereabout at rock bottom prices. We help them, at the same time we help ourselves. It's good business. Dave knows it, all right. He's sore because he never thought of it himself. That's the secret of it."

"Boys!" said the captain sternly. "All right, I'm just telling him," rejoined Ralph.

David remained silent, but his face was very white and Eleanor sensed something of the tension within; yet she could not condemn Ralph for his outburst. Ever since she was a small girl, she had regarded Ralph Morton as the bravest boy in her world. It was he who had led expeditions out on the ice when Lake Erie was partly frozen over. He had been the most daring and venturesome in small boats and was always a reckless swimmer. If any man had a right to berate another for cowardice, she felt that Ralph was that man.

She liked David, but that which had just happened had not drawn her closer to him; instead it seemed to have made her closer to Ralph. It was Ralph's idea of buying the lumber from the farmers and selling it in Cleveland that was giving her father this opportunity, by again putting the old schooner to use. What right had David to criticize? Surely, a seasoned sailor like Captain Trevor could be trusted to know whether or not his own boat was seaworthy.

Eleanor returned to her school the following day, and two weeks later, a letter from her father apprized her of the sailing date of the "Bonnie Dune." She could vision all that would happen for from childhood she had been familiar with such proceedings. The "Bonnie Dune" would follow the tug until she was well outside the pier heads; then the towline would be cast off. Captain Trevor would put the wheel over, the vessel would lean slightly from the wind, as her sails filled, and the gurgle of water would become audible beneath her bow.

A misty rain was falling when she went down town on the street car, she caught glimpses of a gray sheet of vapor, which she knew was the lake. By noon the rain had ceased and the day had become oppressively warm, even for the middle of October. Before bed time the wind veered to the northeast, and

ward the ready hands on the wreck that waited to catch it. It fell short, and he began to coil it in. Eleanor understood that if the line could be passed from the lifeboat to the men on the wreck, they could draw to them a cable and attach it to the stump of the broken mast. Down this taut line the crew could slide over the turmoil of the pitching lumber between them and the surfboat. Once past the lumber, if they fell, the boat could pick them up.

Again and again the surfman failed to cast his line to the wreck. It fell short each time, and she saw that the time in which rescue could be effected was growing short. She could see the three at the cabin roof. Although she could not at that distance recognize any of them, she had long ago decided their identities in her own mind. The one who stood upright by the mast was her father. Another, who kept close to him as if to save him from slipping, was Ralph Morton. The one crouching near these two must be David Graham.

Now she saw the man by the mast speaking to the one nearest him, and they evidently arrived at a sudden decision after consulting with the others. They cleared the tangles of a long rope and the one she believed to be her father laid it in loose coils on the cabin roof, while two others shielded it from the force of the gale so that it would not tangle but would run out freely. Another man brought up a block of wood which her father tied to the free end of the line. Her heart stood still, and tears blurred her eyes as she saw the one Eleanor knew must be Ralph, jerk off his oilskins and unlace and kick off his shoes. Since the lifeboat could not pass the line to the wreck, Ralph was going to try to carry it to the boat. It was a desperate chance. The timber surrounding the "Bonnie Dune" were not in violent motion all at the same time, but as each wave crest passed they settled into the trough, crashing together, and clung there for a few instants almost motionless. In these few instants a man might find footing on the unstable floor and run a few steps. Then as the crest of the following wave passed under him, the timbers would separate and let him through and returning with terrific force, crush him. It was better for one man to die than five, and there was a chance that he might get the line within reach of those in the lifeboat.

"That's Ralph! That's Ralph!" cried the girl as the man stood, block in hand, upon the bulwark, waiting for the right moment. Suddenly he made the leap and for just a moment she saw him amid the pitching timbers. As the next wave began to separate the lumber under his feet, he swung and hurled the line. A sob caught in her throat. He was gone.

The surfmen picked up the block of wood, detached the line, and made it fast to a stout cable. The four men on the wreck drew the cable to them, and it was fastened to the splintered stub of the mainmast. One by one they slid down it, and she counted them as they were pulled on board the lifeboat. Casting off the towline to the tug, it started for shore. Eleanor saw one of the surfmen bend quickly over the side, clutch something in the water, and with his mates' aid, drag it aboard. She knew that it was Ralph, poor, brave Ralph.

"Come," she gasped to her companions. "We must hurry!" They ran across the pier toward the coast guard station which the lifeboat would reach long before they did.

They had to make their way along the wharves, which were crowded with people, a cordon of police was holding back from the pier, and Eleanor saw the ambulance, with doctors and nurses waiting. The report ran through the crowd that the heroic man who had carried the line was still alive. Incredible as it seemed, no bones were broken. It was thought that he would live.

The explanations of the young men who were with her got the three past the police cordon, and Eleanor ran into the station straight into the arms of her father. As she clung to him, she saw the other men, Graves and Wilson, and then—Ralph Morton. She gazed at the latter in bewilderment. "But it was you—you who got the line to them," she faltered.

"No, Eleanor," replied Ralph. "It was a bigger man than I who carried the line."

Still dazed, Eleanor went with her father toward the door to an inner office where a young doctor stood. The door was partly ajar, and before she reached it, it was pushed entirely back, and two men appeared with a stretcher on which she could see David. His eyes were closed, but as he was carried past her they suddenly opened. "Why, hello, Eleanor!" he smiled.

Miller's Worm Powders are sweet and palatable to children, who show no hesitancy in taking them. They will certainly bring worm troubles to an end. They are strengthening and stimulating medicine, correcting the disorders of digestion that worms cause and imparting a healthy tone to the system most beneficial to development.

Over 41,000,000 pounds of lobsters were caught off the coasts of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Quebec in 1930, the largest since the record catch of 1917 which totalled more than 47,000,000 pounds. Of last year's catch nearly 10,000,000 pounds of live lobsters were exported to the United States, with Boston and New York the principal buyers, and about 5,000,000 pounds were canned.

Most of the lobsters caught off Canadian shores come from Nova Scotia, which last year accounted for 21,028,000 pounds, New Brunswick 8,000,000 pounds, Prince Edward Island 8,010,000 pounds, and Quebec 3,930,000 pounds, making a total of 41,078,000 pounds.

LOBSTER CATCH

A tug was just putting out, towing the lifeboat, and she called to the surfmen to hurry. Bobbing in clouds of spray, the boat followed the pitching tug slowly toward the wreck. The timbers taken seemed interminable, but finally she saw that the tug had brought the lifeboat as near as it could to the windward of the "Bonnie Dune." In the lifeboat a man stood up, supported by those on each side of him. In his hands was a coil of rope, which he swung to-

SPEECH

If the tone of voice in which you speak is important, what you say with it is even more so. The voice is the tone, the timbre, of the violin; speech is the air you play on it.

Although you may have all the outward semblance of a gentleman and all the inward grace of an angel, yet if you express yourself in careless or commonplace or crude language, the cultivated world will say, "This speech betrayseth thee." Your secret will be out. You are not of the elect, to whom our English speech is a beautiful implement, to be used delicately or forcefully, as the need is, but never heedlessly.

"Jew see Jim wen 'o was goan 'ome year'dy?"

"Nope, but I sorrin n'or ago."

"Say lady, xia your pipes?"

"Gee, Maime, ain' dis slush simplan' awful!"

"Year," "yep" and "yar" for yes; "naw," "nope" and "nit" for no; "feller" for fellow or mister; "guy" for man or person.

These and a hundred other crudities like them assual the ear every day; and often they proceed not out of the mouths of the ignorant and the uneducated but from those that have had abundant opportunity to learn to speak in a more seemly way.

Sometimes the carelessness is deliberate—the result of a feeling that too precise a speech savors of a sort of mental foppishness unworthy of a man. It is a mistake. One can speak good, strong English without being a prig or a pedant, but no one can speak the language of the crude and ignorant without thereby not only making himself automatically one of them, but what is not so often perceived, putting his family too into that class. For, unless we take thought to the contrary, our habitual speech through life is far more what we learn at home than what we learn in school. When, therefore, you speak ignorantly or boorishly, you are announcing to all within hearing that your family tree has had small acquaintance with the pruning knife of education.



Across the Street, Yet Miles Away

"There they are, thousands of customers daily going in and out, but as far as we're concerned they might as well be miles away.

"Jim, we've got to face the truth. There's nothing wrong with the customers. We're to blame. Ever since we cut down on our advertising, we've been cutting down on our number of customers. They're going over there, Jim, where they're invited every day."

Yes, customers are busy everywhere looking for goods to replace the worn out or depreciated things which they passed up in 1930. And 1931 is a replacement year, a recovery year, and people are buying in ever increasing volume, because they have to.

But they are careful in their buying. They want to learn about the goods, they soon will own. They scan the advertising pages more closely than ever before. In thousands of homes to-night men and women are deciding what they are going to buy to-morrow, and where.

Are you "in on" these home conferences? Do you have a representative—an advertisement—to tell how you can serve? Will they come to your store, or go across the street, or down in the next block, or to another town, to a competitor who is adequately telling his story in advertising?

In Acton you can sit in not simply on part of these conferences but on ALL of them. YOU CAN DO IT AT ONE ADVERTISING INVESTMENT! Concentrate in THE ACTON FREE PRESS. It offers you a hearing in practically every home in Acton and district. It is read by thousands of people for its advertising information. You have guaranteed attention. Your message in THE FREE PRESS is sought out by people who are in the market for merchandise. Its ability to produce results is attested to by 56 years years of successful performance for advertisers.

The Acton Free Press Halton County's Largest All Home-Print Newspaper

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO



ONE ANNUAL EXPOSITION OF WORLD PROMINENCE

"One seeing is worth a hundred tellings."—A Chinese proverb extremely apt in its application to the Canadian National Exhibition.

Huge, costly, permanent buildings housing displays from the ends of the earth are set like gems in an exquisitely landscaped 350-acre park along a mile and a half of Lake Ontario's shore. Over ten miles of paved highways wind about the many beautiful structures and the hundreds of engaging attractions.

Throughout the entire fourteen days of the fifty-third Canadian National Exhibition there will be features, displays, sport afloat and ashore, art, music and performances of magnificence and diversity.

Make Toronto your rendezvous during the Canadian National Exhibition, Aug. 28 to Sept. 12. Ask travel agents about special reduced rates by boat, train or bus. Send for literature describing this year's exposition.

Reservations now being accepted for "ORIENTIA," glamorous spectacle of the Eastern World—nightly grandstand pageant; also for the 4 concerts by internationally famous EXHIBITION 2000-VOICE CHORUS in the Coliseum.

GRANDSTAND PAGEANT "ORIENTIA"—Reserved seats \$1.00, Box seats \$1.50 each (3 or 6 chairs in each box).

EXHIBITION 2000-VOICE CHORUS Sat., Aug. 29th; Thurs., Sept. 3; Tues., Sept. 8 and Sat., Sept. 12. Grand floor reserved, 75c. Box chairs \$1.00.

AUG. 28 to SEPT. 12, 1931 WORLD'S GREATEST PERMANENT EXPOSITION

55th CONSECUTIVE YEAR \$21,000,000 INVESTED IN BUILDINGS, PARK, EQUIPMENT

SAM HARRIS President H. W. WATERS General Manager