

The Free Press Short Story

WOLF! WOLF!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

HE snow was not deep, but firm and crisp in the dry cold. It made a pleasant, soft crunch under his long, webbed snowshoes as Sam Purdie came swinging across the slant of the ridge. He had been fishing through a hole which he had chopped through the ice in the little lake beyond the ridge, and he had a couple of big trout in his haversack. And now, as the last cold glow of pinkish saffron was fading behind the black curve of hills to the westward, he was in a hurry to get home. He did not notice the austere, desolate beauty of that dying glow in the distance. He was hungry, and hoping that his fire had not gone out during his absence. Yet he was not thinking of his supper with any great relish. He was tired of thick, fat bacon and soggy flour flapjacks and stewed dried apples. He was even somewhat satiated with fried trout. His thoughts turned to a fresh meat—a tender, juicy steak, yes, that was what he hankered after! But what was the good of dwelling upon it? He proceeded to comfort himself with the prospect of a big mug—several big mugs—of hot, black tea, well sweetened with molasses. That, at least, one never tired of; and at the thought he hastened his pace, with that long, deliberate, loping stride of the trained snowshoer, which seems so leisurely and yet eats up the miles so fast.

Absorbed in these thoughts, Purdie rounded a dense patch of young fir growth—and stopped short with a grunt of surprise. A half-grown deer, landing from a wild leap, had almost collided with him. He had one vivid glimpse of the slender creature as it checked itself violently, its eyes starting with terror, its flanks heaving with exhaustion, its flaring nostrils spattering blood and foam. Then, as it leaped aside, staggeringly, his axe hurtled forward with sure aim, and the doe came down, its muzzle plowing up the snow. "Here's my fresh steak!" thought Purdie exultantly, as he sprang forward. As he examined his prize, which had evidently been hunted long and hard, a chorus of savage snarls arose behind him. He turned sharply. Not forty paces back, bunched on the trail of the deer, stood six or seven wolves, glaring at him with eyes like points of pale green fire. They all stood stiffly braced, the thick hair erect upon their necks with rage. Purdie sensed their hate. Their fury at being thus balked of their kill when it was almost in their teeth. But he had a poor opinion of these small, gray, Eastern wolves. There was no denying, however, that they had done him an exceedingly good turn. The best-trained hunting-dogs could not have run that deer better for him. He grinned at them amiably.

"Thank ye kindly," said he. At the sound of his crisp voice the wolves stirred uneasily, but, to his surprise, stood their ground. "You needn't worry," he continued, raising his voice sharply. "I ain't a-going to ask you home for supper. Now git out! Scat!" He took a stride forward, lifting his axe. And the gray forms, seeming to shrink, slunk aside and vanished among the dark firs. "An' that's that! Glad they ain't timber wolves," muttered Purdie, stooping to pick up his prize. Slinging it over his shoulders, he headed downward, he started once more for home, with joyous anticipations. The discomfited wolves he completely dismissed from his mind. To reach his cabin he had yet a couple of miles to go. For perhaps half a mile his way led across an open slope, broken only by an occasional bush or rounded boulder covered with snow. There was not a breath of wind. In the still cold the moisture of his breath froze stiffly about his bearded lips. The dull gray-violet and confused pallors of the winter twilight faded into the unbroken dark transiency of a night of steel-sharp stars.

Presently the trail which Purdie was following led him again along the edge of the trees, on his right, while on his left the open slope fell away abruptly to the bed of the frozen and buried stream. And now Purdie was awakened from his anticipations of supper by a sudden glimpse of dim, gray shapes keeping pace with him among the trees higher up the slope. The woods at this point were open and scattered, and he made out these gray shapes, as they darted furtively from covert to covert, quite clearly enough to understand what it meant. The wolves whom he had robbed of their prey were seeing him home. He was annoyed, and also surprised. Such persistent audacity was not like wolves as he knew them. Then his surprise diminished—and his annoyance increased—as he reflected upon a fact which he had noted earlier in the winter but had not paid much attention to. This year was one of those strange, regularly recurring periods of a rabbit famine—those years when the rabbits die off in myriads during the summer or autumn, and all the hunting beasts, to whom the swarms of big, lusty snowshoe rabbits are as their daily bread, find themselves faced with something near starvation. Yes, he had noticed how scarce the rabbit-tracks were that winter. That accounted for the incredible boldness of these gray vermin, in presuming to trail a man. They were ravenous. And then his keen eyes informed him that the wolves had in-

god him backwards. To save his balance he was forced to lose his grip and throw up his hands. The carcass of the doe was snatched from him. A desperate stroke of his axe cleft the head of a wolf which was just making a slash at his left. Another lightning blow struck short; but sent its victim off yelling with the loss of an ear. And in the next two seconds Purdie gained his door and slammed it behind him, leaving his precious prize to the famished scoundrels. Kicking his feet clear of the hampering snowshoes, Purdie snatched up his rifle, took one hasty glance to see that the chamber was full loaded, and strode to the door. In a cold rage he flung it open. The body of the deer was completely hidden by the snarling, tearing, fighting pack. He stepped outside, set the gun to his shoulder, and with a grim smile began picking off his antagonists carefully, one by one. He was a sure shot, and his victims dropped in silence, while those untouched went on greedily tearing at their prey. Not till five had fallen did the survivors awaken to the noise of the reports. Then, suddenly realizing the situation, they lifted their dripping muzzles and fled away in silence, through the glimmering dark. "That'll larn 'em, I reckon!" muttered Purdie, as he stepped over to see what was left of his precious fresh meat.

Assuredly, those wolves had never been taught the hygienic importance of eating slowly and chewing their food thoroughly. Even in the few moments which Purdie had allowed them they had got away with most of the carcass. Purdie turned the torn remnants over, rather ruefully, with his foot, then cleaned them carefully with handfuls of snow and trimmed them up with his knife. This done he found there were still a few good cuts left, besides any quantity of bones for soup. He dissected four generous cutlets, hung the carcass, by length of rabbit wire, from the branch of a tree beside his door, at such a height that no night marauders could reach it either from above or below, and dragged the dead wolves indoors to be skinned, for their pelts, at his leisure. He lighted his tin lantern, got the fire going in his handy little stove, and then, in huge content, proceeded to cook himself such a meal as his whole being had been hankering after for many weeks. Outside, in the immense and voiceless solitude, the cold of space itself settled down upon the world. But in the warm, dimly lighted cabin the savory smell of frying venison filled the air, and Sam Purdie, scratching his head as he watched the frying pan, felt that life was not so bad after all as some folks made it out to be.

"WORLD'S OLDEST BANK" The distinction of being the oldest bank in the world, belongs to the Riksbank of Stockholm, in Sweden, which has a continuous history from the year 1668. The Bank of England began operations in 1694. The Bank of France was a creation of Napoleon in 1800. The Nederlandsche Bank dates from 1814. The Reichbank began no longer ago than the German Empire—1875. It is possible to argue that the Banca d'Italia descends from the famous Banca San Giorgio, which flourished in Genoa from 1148 to 1797; but the Banca d'Italia, as we know it to-day, was not formed until 1893, and did not become the sole bank of issue for Italy until 1926. The Bank of France, the Reichbank and the Federal Reserve system were formed for the express purpose of serving as central banks, and formed at times when modern banking methods had attained a recognizable similarity to what they are to-day. The Bank of England grew up with banking. It sprang out of the days when goldsmiths supplied the safe deposit facilities when the traders wanted, and the "Old Lady of Threadneedle-street" has seen all of modern banking grow up beneath her own eyes. Perhaps no other of the leading central banks holds within itself such an accumulation of banking lore and wisdom. She has weathered wars and depressions and panics, and no calamity in her long history has shown her to the world in a stronger and more helpful light than aftermath of the World War. The Bank of International Settlements—the so-called World Bank—was an outgrowth of the Young Plan for dealing with reparations and other complicated financial problems arising from the World War. It may be said to have actually begun with the meeting in Basle of 16 financial experts representing various countries on April 22, 1930. The Bank of International Settlements, technically and legally, is Swiss in nationality, having been granted a charter by the Swiss Government and being located at Basle. It was contemplated under the Young Plan that the World Bank "shall perform as trustee for creditor countries the entire work of external administration of this plan, shall act as agency for receipt and distribution of funds, and shall supervise and assist in the commercialization and mobilization of certain portions of the annuities."

THE PEPPERMINT HARVEST A minor but interesting and important harvest is the peppermint crop; the pretty blue flowers of which are now falling to the reaping-hooks. The plant, found wild in many parts of Britain, and specially cultivated in the southern counties, has its precious and pungent—though, in bulk, overwhelmingly pungent—oil extracted by special processes of distillation. The yield, however, is only some 10 lb. per ton of peppermint plants. Besides being in great demand for candy manufacture and medicinal purposes, peppermint oil is shipped abroad to form an important ingredient in many liquors.

The Community's Social Side of Life

Visitors to and From Town During the Past Week, as Gleaned by The Free Press

Miss Ruth Gibson spent the week-end with friends in Guelph. Miss Anna Wright, B. A., spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. F. Roney. Mrs. B. M. Wilson attended the funeral of the late W. T. Wiggins at Norval on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hall and family, of Kitchener, spent Sunday with relatives in Acton. Mrs. Wm. Johnstone is in Weston while Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McLean are on a holiday trip to South America. Mr. and Mrs. A. Kelly, of Vancouver, B. C., visited at the home of Mrs. A. Reesor for a few days this week. Misses Mae Chisholm and Grace Gibson spent a week's holiday with Mr. and Mrs. S. V. King, of Georgetown. Mrs. R. P. Johnstone, of London, is visiting with her mother, Mrs. Arch. McPherson, who has been confined to bed the past few weeks.

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Household Ideas and Suggestions

JANUARY SURPRISES

During the cold weather months many foods are off the local market. This does not mean that the "surprise" dish must be eliminated. Cranberries, prunes and other foods may be utilized with excellent results. PRUNE JUNKET 1 junket tablet 1 tablespoon cold water 1 pint milk 3 tablespoons sugar 1/2 teaspoon vanilla flavoring 1/2 cup mashed prunes Put 2 tablespoons of mashed prunes in the bottom of each dessert glass. Dissolve junket tablet in 1 tablespoon cold water. Add sugar and vanilla favoring to milk. Warm to lukewarm—not hot (110 degrees F.) Add dissolved junket tablet and stir a few seconds. Pour over prunes and let set until firm—about 10 minutes. Then chill in refrigerator and serve.

LEMON CREAM JUNKET WITH CRANBERRIES

1 package lemon junket powder 1/2 pint milk 1/2 pint light cream 1 cup cranberries 1/2 cup water 1/2 cup sugar To make cranberry sauce: Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes. Add cranberries and boil without stirring until all the skins pop open (about 5 minutes). Remove from stove and allow sauce to cool. To make junket: Prepare according to directions on package, using 1/2 pint milk and 1/2 pint cream instead of 1 pint of milk. Chill in refrigerator. Immediately after the junket sets, or when ready to serve, put 1 tablespoon of cranberry sauce on each dish of junket.

FAIRY SPONGE CAKE

(Makes 1 cake) 1 1/2 cups sugar 2 tablespoons corn syrup 6 tablespoons orange juice 6 eggs 1 teaspoon grated orange rind 1 cup flour Boil first three ingredients to short thread (240 degrees to 242 degrees F.) Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Beat whites, pouring hot syrup over the whites. Fold in well beaten yolks, grated rind and lastly the flour. Bake in an ungreased tube pan 45 minutes to 1 hour in a slow oven (300 to 324 degrees F.). Frost with boiled orange icing. Store in airtight, cake tin.

LUNCHEON DISHES

Try a savory meat loaf or a platter of baked oysters for the luncheon main dish. Your guests will be delighted if the following recipes are followed when preparing these dainties: SAVORY MEAT LOAF 2 thin 2-inch slices salt pork, diced 2 pounds round beef, ground 1/2 cup quick-cooking tapioca 1/2 small onion, finely chopped 2 cups canned tomatoes 2 1/2 teaspoons salt 1/4 teaspoon pepper Fry out salt pork until golden brown. Add pork and drippings to other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Bake in loaf pan, 7x5x3 inches, in hot oven (450 degrees F.) 15 minutes; then decrease heat to moderate (350 degrees F.) and bake 30 minutes longer. Serve hot or cold. Garnish with parsley. Serves 10.

BAKED OYSTERS

1 1/2 cups milk 3 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca 2 1/2 teaspoons salt Dash of pepper 1 cup oysters, cut in half 1 egg, slightly beaten 4 tablespoons cracker crumbs, buttered Scald milk in greased casserole in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 15 minutes. Add quick-cooking tapioca, salt and pepper, and bake 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring every 5 minutes. Add oysters and egg. Cover with buttered crumbs. Bake 15 minutes longer, or until crumbs are browned. Serves 4.

INTERMEDIATES LOSE JUNIORS TIE AND LOSE

(Continued from Page One)

two more penalties in this period and Acton none. With the opening of the third period Guelph went on the defensive. Lawson, for Acton, had a nice solo flight, but failed to beat the goalkeeper. About midway in this period E. Marzo got the butt-end of a stick in the face and he was carried off the ice. The mishap seemed to take the kick out of the locals. Guelph got another nice goal in this period, Klein putting in Jones' pass out. Acton boys put-up a real tussle and the fans were pleased with their performance. Byrne, in goal, did not play as well as he did against New Hamburg. Considering the condition of the ice, it was remarkable that play was as clean. Each team drew a penalty in the final period. The line-up was: Acton—Goal, Byrne; defence, E. Marzo, Lawson; centre, Marshall; wings, Lantz, McGeachie; subs, I. Marzo, Gibbons, Mooney and Tyler. Guelph—Goal, Rump; defence, M. Young, Jackson; centre, Jones; wings, Klein, R. Young; subs, Fedorick, Meun, Beattie, Ambrose and Hamilton (sub goal). Referee—G. McKay, of Hamilton.

INTERMEDIATE GROUP STANDING

Table with 5 columns: Team, P, W, L, T. Rows: Georgetown (3, 3, 0, 0), Milton (2, 2, 0, 0), Oakville (2, 1, 0, 1), Guelph (3, 0, 2, 1), Acton (2, 0, 2, 2), Burlington (2, 0, 2, 0)

JUNIOR GROUP STANDING

Table with 5 columns: Team, P, W, L, T. Rows: Preston (1, 1, 0, 0), Guelph (2, 1, 1, 0), New Hamburg (1, 0, 0, 1), Acton (2, 0, 1, 1)

HOCKEY NOTES

Acton Intermediates go to Guelph tomorrow night to meet the representatives of the Royal City. Neither of these teams have won a game, so somebody's going to change positions. The next game in Acton—weather permitting—is on Monday night, when Burlington will be guests. Burlington have no wins to their credit, either. Oakville won from Burlington by a 7-1 score on Tuesday evening. Percy Allen couldn't have been playing in Toronto that night. Georgetown won from Guelph by a 3-1 score on Tuesday. Our neighbors are improving this year and heading the league. The Guelph Mercury says Burlington rink was destroyed by fire. It's a false alarm, brother. While the firemen are in charge of the Burlington Arena there has been no conflagration that we have heard of.

"Hot Time" and "Pack Up Your Troubles" were both played by the band on Monday night. The score was just the same. Friday, the lucky 13th, Acton goes to Guelph for a game in the Royal City. Howard Teasdale, of Brampton, will be the referee for the Acton-Guelph game to-morrow night, and Nels. Siebert, of Kitchener, will handle the New Hamburg-Acton contest in New Hamburg. Teasdale handled the Junior game here last Friday.

Curly Brill of Guelph hockey team, who was seriously injured in a game, is now progressing nicely. Fans in all sections will wish him a speedy recovery. Marzo, who was injured on Tuesday night in Guelph, will be in the game in New Hamburg on Friday. These Juniors are sure gamey and it takes a lot to put them out.

Halrold Mooney got a nasty skate cut in the leg at the Guelph game on Tuesday and "Stew" Lantz also got a skate cut.

TWO FOOLS

He had dined very well and was doing his best to fit his key into the lock, singing a happy song meanwhile. After a time a head looked out of the window above. "Good away, you fool," cried the man upstairs, "you're trying to get into the wrong house." "Fool, yourself!" shouted the man below, indignantly. "You're looking out of the wrong window!"

CLUTCH OF CIRCUMSTANCE

There are few of us who can resist the temptation of taunting another with doing what he has said he will not do, and yet there are fewer of us who are foolish enough to refuse to do what common sense and reason alike point out as being necessary and wise. The man who refuses to change his mind, no matter what the circumstances may demand, is not honest with himself. The man who insists upon being consistent with himself no matter what reason may appear for a change, is not the man to whom a nation will have the right to be proud. We all blunder in judging men; we all make mistakes in diagnosing situations; we are all practically certain to say things which had better not be said; shall we then be too small to admit our error or too weak to retrace our steps? Surely the first man is the one who most cheerfully admits his mistake, and attempts to rectify it. Yet it is not easy either for youth or age.

Letters to the Editor

The Free Press welcomes letters to this column on matters of general interest to its readers, but does not necessarily endorse the opinion expressed. Communications must be signed, but may be published over a pen name if so desired and specified in the letter. Communications should not be over 500 words in length and must be received not later than Tuesday at noon to ensure publication in that week's issue.

Editor Free Press

Dear Sir: Many of your readers, still left in the community, will be glad to read the record, as recently given in your paper of the progress of Rev. D. M. Johnston through years and various changes in American Methodism, ending up at present with being assistant pastor with his son in the "larger parish" of Morristown. I felt constrained to write congratulations to "Dan," as we knew him near "the Brick," to remind him of being in a "goodly company" from what was the Georgetown M. E. Circuit, as it was when I first knew him, about '83. Rev. Bishop T. W. Warne, of India, who was buried at Ballinacree on the past year, preached his first sermon in the old fifth line church in his own community. Rev. Dr. W. P. Leek, brother of Rev. J. T. Leek, who was a young man on that circuit, in '83, preached his first sermon in the same church, he told me in a visit here. He is now in charge of Bellin Memorial Hospital, at Green Bay, Wis. His brother died at Allendale, Ontario, about a year ago. Yours, J. S. C. Stevens Point, Wis. January 6, 1933.

YOUR OPTIMISM

Real optimism has to be earned. If you go across the street in the face of the traffic signal, declaring blithely that everything will be all right, you are not an optimist, but an idiot. Yet that is typical of numbers of you young people. You are optimistic without any reason to be. You do not look ahead—your plan, nor work hard; yet you assure yourself that everything will be all right. Of course that is just a comfortable superstition.

FIFTY-FIFTY

Self confidence and self-control should be a fifty-fifty proposition. Sometimes young people have a large amount of self-confidence and little self-control. The result is unfortunate. You may be confident that you are going to stand well in your studies, but if you have not the self-control to refuse invitations to several parties a week, you are not likely to lead your class. You may be sure that you can make your mark in school athletics, but if you have not self-control enough to say "No" when offered indigestible refreshments at eleven o'clock at night, your hopes are not likely to be realized. So it goes. Worth school days up. Self-confidence is worth little without self-control. Self-control is hardly possible without self-confidence. Make them fifty-fifty.

GREGORY THEATRE FRIDAY, JANUARY 13 "KONGO" A weird drama of black magic in the African jungle, starring Walter Huston, Lupe Velez and Conrad Nagel. Comedy, "Dream House." SATURDAY, JANUARY 14 "77 Park Lane" A full-blooded comedy in a mystery setting, starring Dennis Fox, Mervyn Leroy and Betty Stockfield. Fox Movie-tone News. Cartoon, "Boss's Soda Fountain." MONDAY, JANUARY 16 "Silver Dollar" The epic story of a man who was made by silver and ruined by gold, starring Edward G. Robinson and Bebe Daniels. Comedy, "Flirty Sleepwalker." Scenic "Voyageur Trails." Just 9 more weeks to complete the 53-piece set of Free Dinnerware.

Special for Cash! For Friday and Saturday 300 Pounds Fresh Hams 10 lbs. for 90c 5 lbs. for 50c TRIMMED BUTTS OF PORK, 5 lb. piece, for 50c LOIN ROASTS, per lb. 12 1/2c FIRST SATURDAY CUSTOMERS To the First 25 Customers on Saturday morning we will give a Half Pound of Salada Tea for 20c. BEEF CUTS CHOICE RIB ROASTS, per lb. 14c THICK RIB ROASTS, per lb. 12c THICK SHOULDER ROASTS, per lb. 11c and 12c SPECIAL 2 lbs. LARD for 20c 3 lbs. LARD for 25c To Every Customer Purchasing an Order of \$1.00 or More, One Pound of Lard will be Given for 5c. PATTERSON'S MEAT SHOP WE DELIVER PROMPTLY PHONE 178

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