KEEN OBSERVER

The Free Press Short Story

On the Midnight Express

BY GRACE S. RICHMOND

OMESICKNESS! In spite of his and Jack impulsively stopped him. two years at a great preparatory school Jack Hilliard could never go back to it, leaving his home and his father and mother, without feeling a wrench of pain. He stood with them on the platform of the railway station, admitting to himself that saying good-by to them hurt just as much as the physical bumps and bruises of the

football field. "Why does summer have to end!" he said regretfully.

Mr. Hilliard smiled. He put his arm through Jack's, and father and son pac- | woman behind him kept at him till she ed together up the platform. The mid- made him admit it." night express was already late. It would have to make up time somewhere during the night.

woods," said Jack. "But the weeks at thing definite, and without loss of time.

mother."

She was a tiny figure in his big arms; accustomed to address his fellow players and when she emerged from his bear- in the "huddle" on a football field. like embrace she had lost her breath. He was a demonstrative boy, not one of Captain of the school football team Jack up, and I'll help you." Hilliard was a forceful, not to say imposing, figure on the field. But he lost all this dignity when at home. He romped with his mother still; and his mother adored him for his willingness to be as much of a boy as his six feet of strong

young manhood would allow. He smiled at her. - He wanted to leave her smiling. Every time a son bids farewell to his father and mother, if he grasp. thinks of it he knows that he runs the risk of never seeing them again. thought came into Jack's mind. He thrust it out again and drew his mother back from the edge of the platform, with a protective sweep of his arm, while the long train thundered into the station.

car doors. The conductor called "All than the shadow of an approving grin beaboard!" in a tone that clearly suggested neath his thick moustache. When they that the express was now going to make reached the sleeping car "Hiawatha," up lost time.

"Til see you at Christmas," called Jack | something into his hand. from the vestibule of his car. He waved ! his hand as the train, after only a mo- made the invalid comfortable in Jack's his general condition can." mentary stop, gathered headway again. lower berth, "can't you get him some-Homesickness! The feeling came on him thing to sleep on? A cup of soup and strongly. He squared his shoulders, as some bread?" the porter showed him to his berth. The parting was over. He was going back to football, to interesting studies, to all the contacts and excitements of school life. He put his mind on these things. but a vision of his home and of the delightful pair who were his father and mother came back to him, as it did so often in his daily life.

tion, he sat down on the edge of his From his pocket he also extracted a berth, took off his shoes, and then put chicken sandwich wrapped in waxed cheerfully. "Your doctor says so." them slowly on again. He felt that he paper. Jack's tip had been a liberal one, was not sleepy. His homesickness gnaw- and these provisions were from some who you are," he said. "You're Jack ed at him. It was absurd to be homesick mysterious hiding place known only to Hilliard." op that lurching, swaying train. The the porter himself. The stranger drank throttle must be wide open, and so was the milk and ate part of the sandwich, you know?" the steam whistle. The train screamed and then stretched out in the bed with and booted as it rushed through the a long sigh of relief. He lay looking up Jake Hewitt."

ering how soon he would be sleepy just shake hands and say good-by, for I It is hard to remember boyhood friends enough to forget his thoughts and go to change cars at Greenfield early in the by name, sometimes, if you haven't seem bed. Then he went out and stood in the morning, and you'll be sound asleep. Now them for years. Jake was the boy who vestibule. It was cooler there. The train you lie here till you get to Boston. Good- ran away. How long ago it seemed. It was speeding so fast, on a track with so by now, and better luck to you!" many curves, that he could hardly keep He was rising to go, but the bony hand though he was not at all an amportant his feet. The car behind Jack's car was clung to him and drew him back. The person. Poor little Mrs. Hewitt! How a day coach. He looked into it through poor fellow was very much exhausted; but she grieved when her boy disappeared. the glass window in the door. The scene his lips moved eagerly, and Jack bent to He wrote letters to her, sometimes, from which met his eyes was unfamiliar, and catch the whispered words, "Til never the West. But then the letters stopped." it interested him. At last he went into forget this." the coach and looked at the people in

Everybody in the coach, it was evi- somewhere before, I know." dent, was trying to sleep. People lay in stitudes of all kinds, trying vainly to the porter's voice, make themselves comfortable in the "Oh, I don't want to bother about that. But what disloyalty to his mother! How short, straight-backed seats with no pil- The car's all sold out, I see. Guess I'll foolish, how wicked, to think that he

emanciated caverns in his head.

in this face. Although he could not re- maybe I can help her with one of those cognize it, he nevertheless realized that kids." He sat down for a while in the it was strangely familiar. Pity surged seat behind her, noticing with relief that into his heart as he noticed the big bony both the babies soon fell fast asleep. hands, the ragged clothing, the small bundle tied in a bandanna handkerchief Certainly, Jack began to doze himself. He upon which the thred head tried vainly found a way of wedging himself into the to rest. This burndle was evidently the corner of the seat. His eyes were fast

poor traveller's only baggage, and & looks as if he might find things

"How far's that fellow going, please?" he questioned. 'He looks pretty sick to

Something of pity came into the conductor's voice accustomed though he was to such sights. "Boston," he answered. "I was talking to him not long ago. He's come down from Canada, he says. Pretty hard proposition for a chap just up from a fever. Fainted away after he got aboard tonight. Lets of sand, though. Never owned up he hadn't anything to eat for twenty-four hours till that old

Jack stood watching again when the conductor passed on. A notion that he ought to do something about it turned "That was a wonderful month in the suddenly into an inspiration to do some-

As he looked, the hollow black opened. Jack's purpose swiftly enlarged But you must face your own responsibili- into the desire to do the friendliest act ties at school. Play fair, and you can't possible under the circumstances. He fail. Now we must go back to your walked quickly over to the narrow seat, dropped on one knee so that he could Far away in the black night the train talk into the boy's ear, and began, whistle sounded. Jack Hilliard ran to though quietly, to speak in much the his mother and gave her a great hug, same decisive way as in which he was

"See here, friend, you can't sit up all night. I have a berth for you in the those who think it is childish to show next car. I want you to come and get their parents that they love them. As into it-right away, quick. Come, stand

The fellow straightened feebly, and Jack thought he saw a refusal coming. But he smiled into the pale face with a look of comradeship and laid his hand upon the other's shoulder with such an insistent friendliness that the sick boy hesitated, tried with faltering lips to answer, and then rose weakly to his feet, half pulled up by the other's strong

"That's the stuff," Jack went on hurcar door. "Just a few steps and we'll make it."

But he found that he had to put his arm around his companion and hold him steadily. They passed the conduc-The porter briskly opened the sleeping- tor, and he gave a curt nod with more Jack summoned the porter and slipped

"See here." he said when the two had

"No dining cah on de train dis time o' night, sah," said the porter. "I know. But there must be something to eat on board." He spoke in half

some milk perhaps, sah." "That would do." Now, ten miles out of the home sta- bottle of milk and a paper drinking cup. eyes opened.

at his new friend. Jack went into the dressing room at _"Now, I know you'll sleep." declared puzzle of Jake's identity in a moment or the end of the car, and sat down, wond- the friend, with satisfaction. "So I'll two. No wonder he looked so familiar.

Jack smiled, nodded cheerfully and an- he had died. swered, "That's all right. I've seen you, "Whar you goin' to sleep, sah?" came

go and sit up awhile."

attention and held it. It was that of a hand to pay for the milk and sandwich. dently placed themselves on a hopeless young fellow about his own age, who ap- Then he made the journey into the day trail. Here he was, sick, hurt and eviparently needed comfort more than any coach once more. As he passed down dently penniless, with no one to look out other person in sight. This boy showed the aisle, he glanced from side to side for him but a passer-by who had pitied in every line of both his face and body at the sprawling and uncomfortable trav- him in the train. the evidence of recent and severe illness. elers with a pleasant sense that at least His cheeks were thin, his lips lay in wist- one person of the number was now com- dead. Nothing stood in the way of a reful weary lines, and his big black eyes, fortably in bed. A weary little woman which now and then unclosed only to caring for two fretful bables looked up droop wearily shurt again, were set in at him as he went by, and he said to himself with a feeling of amusement, "I Jack found himself strongly interested don't know what may happen next, but

Perhaps their example was contagious. closed. His last waking thought "Foor chap," thought the more for- that he wished the engineer wouldn't go onets onlooker. "He's had a rough time, quite so fast around all those curves. Some time atterwards perhaps Where's he going, I won- minutes, perhaps an hour—there came terrific, grinding, splitting crash; alsle, Jack was suddenly hurled forward

seat, and then flung at full length on the floor. He had never known such a sensation or heard such sounds as now began to fill the air. Women were shricking. He got to his feet, knowing he was

badly bruised. The car was pitch-dark. As he felt his way forward toward the door, he realised that the train had stopped. It did not occur to him that he was in a train wreck. This consolousness came to him only after he had climbed down the steps to the ground The sleeper immediately in front lay turned over, with all its trucks off the track. A great hiss of escaping steam came from it and from the baggage car and the twisted tangled debris of the locomotive ahead.

A trainman with a lantern made his way forward along the day coaches. He climbed into the coach that Jack had just left. Jack followed, and was relieved to see that fright and excitement were the principal causes of the cries he had heard all around him. Soon he left this car again and ran forward with many other men to the scene of the disaster to the leading cars.

Even then, Jack's first and only thought was that he must find and rescue the boy for whose position in the upset sleeper he felt himself responsible.

The incidents of the next half-hour were blurred in his mind. He helped fellow passengers and the train men to enter the sleeper and to carry out many passengers. Some were badly hurt. end of the car had rammed into the baggage car, and had become badly twisted. The berths had fallen, some of them crosswise. Sleeping passengers were pinned under them, and it was only with great difficulty that they were extricated, one by one.

Jack remembered that his berth had been Number 1, at the very end of the car. With sinking heart, he scrutinized all the passengers as they were rescued. The pale boy was not found until the very last. Knowing his condition, Jack felt that it would be a miracle if he were still alive after such a shock.

But he was. Jack carried him out in his arms, with his head rolling helplessly from side to side. He laid the inert form down tenderly on the grassy bank at the side of the tracks. Smoke and flame were showing from the telescoped baggage car, and in the glare Jack satisfied himself that the boy's heart was still beating. He tended the unfortunate stranger as best he could until motor ambulances, summoned by telephone, began to arrive and take away those who were badly hurt.

An hour later, after telegraphing his own safety to his father. Jack found where the sufferers lav.

He soon succeeded in finding the bed. of his charge; and the surgeon had just finished applying bandages to a badly

sprained shoulder. "Not seriously hurt," he said to Jack. "He'll do very well, as well as a boy in

"Give every care, won't you sir?" Jack begged. And then, after a breakfast which he found went far to calm his own nerves, more shaken than he had at first realized, he returned to the hospital and waited a chance to speak to the stranger. He sat for some time by his bedside. Perhaps it was merely The porter hesitated. 'T could get quixotic to care so much how this boy came out. But Jack realized that he felt a real responsibility for him. It The porter came back presently with a was not long before the hollow black

"You're absolutely -OK." said Jack.

"Of course I am. But how-how do

"We used to live near each other. I'm He said no more, but Jack solved the

made a sensation when he ran away, al. Jake had disappeared as hopelessly as 11

What had the trouble been? Jack recalled that Mrs. Hewitt had made an unfortunate second marriage, and that was why Jake had probably disliked his home. would find any happiness in keeping her One figure at length attracted Jack's He put another coin into the porter's anxious about him. His feet had evi-

Mrs. Hewitt's second husband

TO RELIEVE CATARRH-AL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are hard of hearing or have head noises go to your druggist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength), and add to it 3 pint of hot water and a little granulated Take one tablespoonful four

the distressing head noises. nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs. little and is pleasant to take. Anyome who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a

Numberless are the stories told or George Washington. Upon one occasion while the American army was in camp Washington heard that the colored entries were not altogether reliable. He determined to test the matter for mimself. One night, therefore, when the password was "Cambridge," the General him. Saterday-well I fergot to carry in the went out and walked up to a colored

"Who goes there?" oried the sentinel. "A friend," was the reply: "Advance, friend, and give the counter-

"Roxburgh," said Washington. "No sah." replied the soldier. "Medford," said Washington. "No. sah." was the response.

"Charleston," said Washington The sentry lost patience. "I tell you, Massa Washington," he said emphatically, "no man can go by here without he sore at pa. even the we are not Speak-By 'Cambridge'."

union between mother and son.

Gently Jack questioned him. shook his head-faintly..... "Oh, yes, you're going home," said Jack irmly. It was his football voice again. "You're going home with me-

straight!" he added. Jake Hewitt's big eyes were fixed on the window. A shaft of sunlight stream-

"It feels good to be alive," he said un-"Sure thing," assented Jack. "I'll go home—if you think Mother will

take me." " said Hilliard. "If you play with your mother, she will play fair with I don't think that. I know it."

There was a frown on Jake Hewitt's "You look like a hobo to me. Don't you so well here of lately is on acct. of he know that all your bad luck has come boughten sam stocks that a frend tipped because you never gave your mother a him off on and ever sence that he had to

self that it wasn't fair to lecture a boy who had just been dragged out of the jaws of death. But Jake Hewitt was smiling now.

"I'm feeling sort of homesick," he said. "I guess you don't know what it is to feel that way."

"Oh, don't I though!" responded Jack.

SLATS DIARY BY ROSS FARQUHAR

Priday-Mr. Gillien brung home his pitchers witch he had tuk down at the fotograffers last weak and he looks so grouwchy that pa sed the fotograffer must of told him whut they was a going to cost before he pressed the Button on

coal witch pa ordered this morning and tonite when he cum home he cuddent see my side of the story and he tub me in to the Basemint and like to of wore out the Razer strap on me. I think he is very very onreasonable and from now or he is just my Muthers husband.

Sunday-Charlie Fleet and his new wife oum home frum there hunney moon last nite and they was a tawking to pa and ma includeing me and they sed they was wanderfully Happy and after they went on pa sed to ma that was just Beginneres Luck and she got very very ing I feel kinda sorry for him. Sum

Munday-Ant Emmy finished reading A Cereal story today and she sed to pa that she diddent think mutch Modern liteture becuz they was putting too much love in Fixion now days and pa replyed and sed Yes and they is a grate deal of Fixion in love to. Ma herd him say it.

Teusday-The teecher sent a note to Blisterses pa today and she sed she had cot Blisters in a lie and Blisterses pa rote back to her and sed for her please to give the Boy a Chance becuz mebby she woodent ketch him in a Lie after

heed had a little mor Xperience. Wensday. We had are test in Langwidge today. I rilly cant see no use in spending a lot of time lerning fokes to tawk English when the movie Stars get big wages becuz thew cant tawk it. Thirsday - Every buddy is tawking about how well Mr. Mull looks here

"You've had a rotten time." said Jack. of lately. he told the reason he looks go on a Strick Diet.

THE PACE

Did you hear that Jones, who married the banker's daughter, is pleading pover-

"It's not surprising. living up to their wedding presents."

HERE AND THERE

wear?-Andre Simon.

What we need is a little-more statesmanship in business and a lot more bisiness in statemanship.—Will Irwin.

Whether its marriage or business patence is the first rule of success.

Too much freedom for children is not good.-Mme. Sschumann-Heink.

Canadians talk more than citizens of the United States: according to telephone statistics. Canadians average 264 telephon call per annum per capita; Amer-

Women have always worked, but they have not always been paid.

The kind of advice we do not like to take often turns out to be the best.

Pride is of such intimate connection with ingratitude that the actions of ingratitude seem directly resolvable into pride as the principal reason of them.

RIGHT THEN AND THERE

furiously up and down his room as he Thursday, 1.15 p. m. to 4.30 p. m. Evenwaited for his office boy to appear. The ings on request. boy entered the room.

Manager (raving)-Forgot - forgot! Suppose I forgot to pay you, what would you say?

Office Boy-I should come and tell you at once, not wait a month and then kick up a fuss about it.

OFF COLOUR? HOW IS YOUR LIVER?

Wake up your Liver Bile -Without Calome

Your liver's a very small organ, but it cer-tainly can put your digestive and eliminative organs out of kilter, by refusing to pour out its daily two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels You won't completely correct such a condition by taking sales, oil, mineral water, laxative candy or chewing gum, or roughage. When they've moved your bowels they're through—and you need aliver stimulant. Carter's Little Liver Pills will soon bring back the sunshine into your life. They're purely vege-table. Safe. Sure. Ask for them by name. Refuse substitutes. 250 at all druggiats.

Business Directory

MEDICAL

DR. J. A. McNIVEN Physician and Surgeon Office and Residence-Corner Bower Avenue and Eigin Street.

DR. E. J. NELSON Physician and Surgeon Electro Therapy

LEGAL

P. O. Box # Phone No. 22 HAROLD NASH FARMER, M. A. Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyances, Etc.

MONEY LENT ON MORTGAGES Hours-9.30 a. m. to 5.00 p. m. Saturdays-12.00 o'clock

KENNETH M. LANGDON Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public

Acton Over T. Seynuck's Cafe Main Street & For Appointments Phone Acton 65-er Georgetown 88 Office Hours - Acton. Tuesday and

A. J. BUCHANAN, D. D. S.

Office: In Leishman Block ours: 9 a m. until 6 p. m. Evening by Appointment

Dental Surgeon

Gas for Extractions Closed All Day Wednesday

P. W. PEAREN, D. D. S., L. D. S Dental Surgeon Successor to Late Dr. J. M. Bell

VETERINARY

DR. A. G. M. BRUYNS Veterinary Surgeon Terms Reasonable

All Calls Receive Prompt Attention PHONE 135 - ACTON, ONTARIO Office: Mill Street-Next Wiles' Oafe

MISCELLANEOUS

FRANCIS-NUNAN

Bookbinder Account books of all kinds made to carefully bound.

New Batteries, guaranteed \$4.50 Save 30 to 50% on New and Used Parts Chains, Heaters, Anti-Freeze, Etc.

Axelrod Auto Parts

Phone 850 GUELPH 29 Gordon S

(Over Williams' Store)

D. SAVAGE For Over 25 Years Guelph's SAVAGE BUILDING, GUELPH

Phone 1091W

TO THOSE WHO REALLY CARE

Memories are Sacred Whether Life has been rich with experience or confined within narrow limits, there are always mem-ories held sacred beyond the reach of commonplace things. To those memories and to the finer things which they have in-

The beautiful custom of erecting a monument — dignified, lasting, beautiful—springs from this natur-Choosing such a memorial often somewhat involved with doubt, and we respectfully offer our services in the capacity of

"MARK EVERY GRAVE" Acton Monument Works J. NICOL & SON



The Door of Opportunity!

Advertisements are Store Windows

Penny Wise!

A penny saved is not always a penny earned. Sometimes it is two pennies lost. The merchant who spends nothing on advertising is practising false economy; his losses in sales far exceed the pennies saved.

The money spent for plate glass windows is not looked on as lost; nor is the money spent on better interior lighting.

Anything that increases favor, that adds to sales, that multiplies customers is very properly regarded as a good investment.

Advertising is a good investment --just as plate glass windows are. Advertising is the plate glass window the merchant can send into every home. Advertising sells more goods to more persons than shop-windows do.

A Word to the Public

Do you resent having a merchant address his message to you in the form of an advertisement in our columns? On the contrary is not your impulse to respond to his friendly over-