

The Free Press Short Story

WIRES THAT WERE CROSSED

FLORINCE KERIGAN

CLARA MORGAN deftly wrapped a piece of woven green matting around a flowerpot and tied it with a pretty bow. The lily nodded gracefully from its tall stem and sent out a slight fragrance as she set it down on the floor with the others. Hundreds of lilies were in the big store, all wrapped and tagged ready for shipment. Clara worked fast, partly because so many, many lilies were left to do, and partly because she had to keep busy so she would not think too much. Tomorrow would be Easter. It would be her first Easter in the city, and the first Easter after her father's death. It would be the first time in all her life that she would not be sitting in the little white church on the hill, with the sunlight streaming through the stained glass windows—the first Easter that she would not hear her father's beloved voice closing the service with the lines he had always quoted: "Let not your heart be troubled. If it were not so, I would have told you."

as they stood at the door of the restaurant. "Are you too tired to walk?" Clara was tired, but she assented to the proposition and linked her arm in Grace's. Grace talked about sundry things that interested her, or had been of interest before the tragedy of her life had robbed everything of charm, and Clara listened. They discovered a mutual fondness for a number of things—for music and for a certain type of literature. Neither noticed that their footsteps were leading them down into the poorer section of the city, into darker and narrower and less clean streets. Suddenly the quiet spring night was split by an excited babbling of many voices and many languages. An excited crowd of people stood on the street corner, where there had been an accident. Grace and Clara pushed forward, and then drew back. A man lay on the sidewalk, and two policemen bent over him. A tiny girl with golden curls stood and looked down at him with frightened eyes, her face horror-stricken. "Daddy!" she called to him. "Daddy!" A stout Irish woman clasped the child to her heaving bosom. "Ah, ye poor lamb," she sobbed. "What's gone to happen to ye?" One of the policemen was asking questions of the bystanders. They had the number of the car that hit him. Yes, this was his child. No, there was just the two of them at all. No, he no hadda no folks, hadda only the bambino. "I'll be kapin' her while," offered an Irish woman. "Dat has no wurk but sare the little she'll ate—an she can slape wid Rose and Marie and Celie. 'Tis all alone she'll be, Mike Brannigan, and youse cop'll niver be sendin' her to the home while I'm able to take in washin'."

Weekly Garden-Graph Written by DEAN HALLIDAY for Central Press Canadian



Tents for tomato plants Young tomato plants, like small boys, like to live in tents. And gardeners have found that paper tents protect tomato plants from insects, birds, rodents, hail and wind storms. Similar tents can also be used to protect young melon and pepper plants.

HANNAH BAY BIRD SANCTUARY

The establishment of a bird sanctuary area at the southern end of James Bay by the Ontario and Dominion Governments marks another timely conservation measure in the interests of waterfowl. The new sanctuary embraces an area of approximately ten miles square in a region regarded as one of the greatest gathering-places for waterfowl on the North American continent. It includes a portion of the mainland and adjacent tidal waters on the east side of Hannah Bay, which is the southernmost extension of James Bay.

A-DIVOT EXPERT

"Going golfing? I thought you said you were going fishing." "Yes, but I require a few worms first."

A BUSY FELLOW

"What do I do?" said the railway worker. "Well, you know the chap that jumps the wheels with a hammer when the train comes in?" "I know," agreed the interested traveler. "Well, I help him listen."

THE TOWN AND THE NEWSPAPER

The newspaper is not merely a record of a community, but also its voice, by which it communicates with the world. If a town lacks a good newspaper, it is hard for it to improve its views on its neighbors or the public of the country. Its leading people may do their best to express the feelings of the town, but they lack the medium through which their voice can be heard.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

A coteranger who was ill was visited by the Bishop of Southwell. In discussing his illness the coter's wife said to the Bishop: "The trouble is that 'e 'as lost 'is 'oller. 'E 'as 'is trade is like yours—it's all 'ollerin'."

Gray Coach Lines advertisement with table of fares: CONTINENT WIDE DAILY SERVICE AT LOW FARES. ROUND TRIP. DETROIT \$8.55, CHICAGO \$16.50, LOS ANGELES \$72.75.

Murphy Paints and NARVO advertisement: Canada's Smartest Finish COVERS IN ONE COAT BRUSHES PERFECTLY DRIES IN NO TIME!

W. H. Lashbrook Mill Street ONTARIO

Cabinet Confers on European Situation. Leaving No. 10 Downing Street after a lengthy Cabinet session during which central European affairs were discussed, are three members of Prime Minister Chamberlain's Cabinet. Left to right are: Leslie Hore-Belisha, Minister of War; Malcolm MacDonald, Colonial Secretary; and Ernest Brown, Minister of Labor.

CARROLL'S Easter SPECIALS advertisement listing various products and prices: BACON, EGGS, FISH, PICKLES, JAM, RICE, etc.