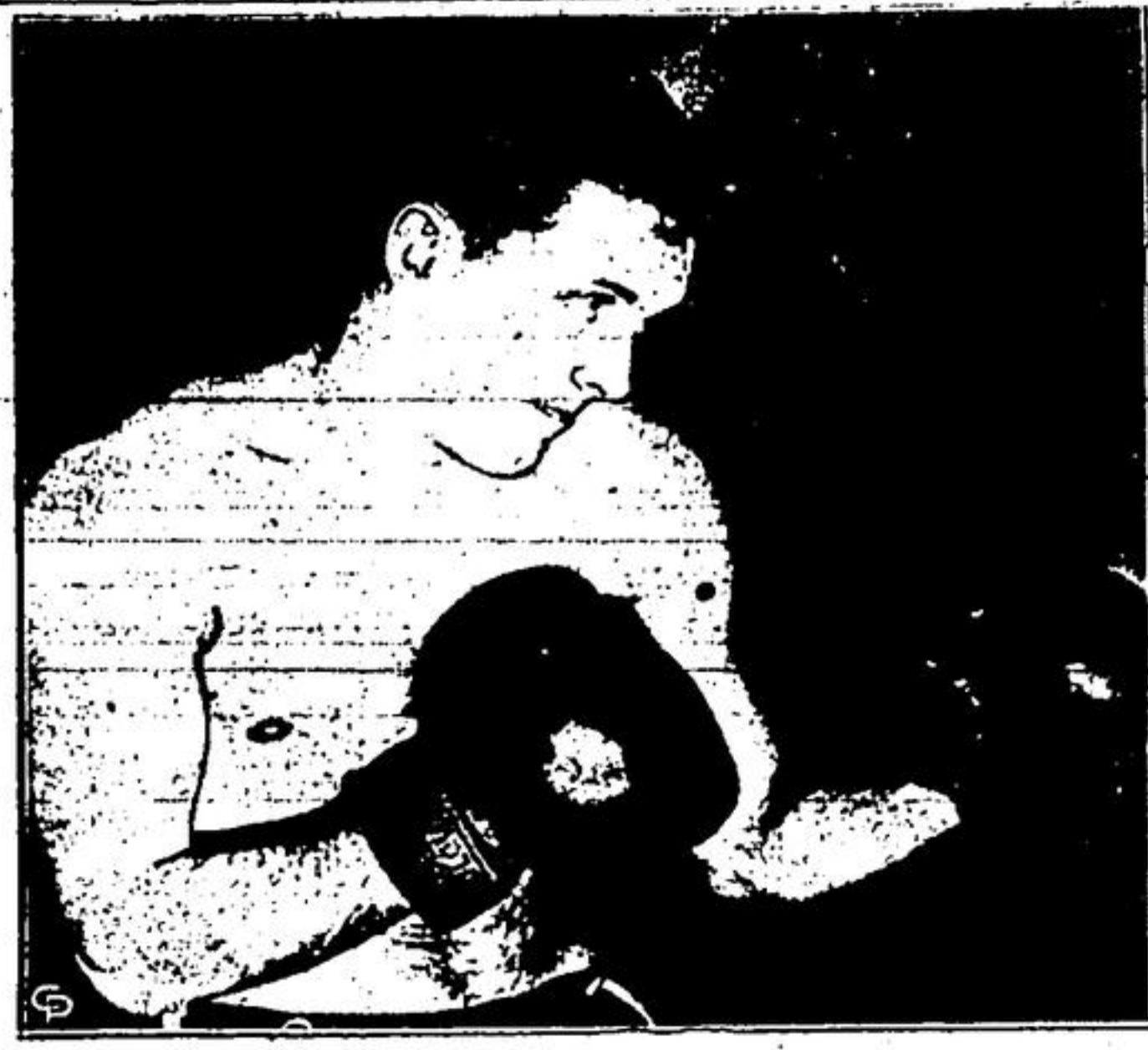


"Muzz" Patrick Grabs New Heavyweight Honors



MURRAY "MUZZ" PATRICK

Acco heavyweight hope of Canada—and perhaps before long of the entire boxing world—remains Murray "Muzz" Patrick, 29-year-old son of hockey maestro Lester Patrick, "Muzz", who is Canadian amateur champion, won the Catholic Youth Association championship of New York with five straight knockouts. Reports have it that he may soon join professional company. He adds track, basketball and ice hockey to his boxing activities and is captain and ace defenceman of New York Rovers, an amateur hockey aggregation. In fact he keeps busy sports-wise.

BEARS TENTH CHILD IN DERBY RACE



Her 17th child in 18 years has been born to Mrs. Hollis Timleck of Toronto, one of the leading contenders in the race for the Millar fortune. The child, a healthy girl weighing four pounds three ounces, is the tenth child born to Mrs. Timleck since October 31, 1926, the date on which Mr. Millar died, leaving \$500,000 to the mother in Toronto who had given birth to the greatest number of children between his death and its tenth anniversary. Mrs. Timleck claims this last birth places her in first position for the prize. She is shown above with six members of her first-

The Free Press' Short Story

The Little House on Vine Street

By MARIE McKEE

LINDENDALE was getting ready for Mother's Day. Luxurious Blaine Avenue was preparing for great florists' boxes containing orchids, Talsman roses, and other rare flowers to be delivered at the wealthy doors. Vine Street, with its modest, cozy little houses looked forward as on every year to the sight of young fathers with children clustering joyously around them as they carried carnations wrapped in tissue paper or pots of daisies and geraniums to their own homes.

Lantern Hollow was turning its attention toward the Goodwill Industries, where an elaborate Mother's Day celebration was to be held. The children of the Goodwill Sunday School had planted geranium slips in the cans painted a beautiful black or green, and were now watching them bud and blossom for Mother's Day.

Even Mamie Dease, who was now skipping toward the little green and white house on Vine Street to wait for her beloved Mrs. Patricia Wentworth, was wildly excited, although she was motherless.

Patricia Wentworth, herself, at the same moment Mamie left the hotel of the Hollow, was coming out of the gorgeous Wentworth apartments on Blaine Avenue, carrying a plain little cracker box. It was tucked very close under her left arm so that her mother could not see it when she pulled back the net curtains at the corner window to wave a lingering farewell. Patricia had packed it while she cooked breakfast that morning. It held a thin cheese sandwich, a plain little cup cake, and an apple.

This was not much of a lunch for any girl, especially one who lived on Blaine Avenue, but the two worn dollar bills in Patricia's purse had to buy fresh fruit and vegetables for breakfast and dinner for herself and her mother until Saturday. Her choice for lunch the rest of the week, lay between carrying a sandwich from home, or doing without anything. Her lovely mother, however, who now spent her days in a wheel chair in the finest of all the luxurious apartments in the big Wentworth building, must have the gorgeous roses Patricia had always given her on Mother's Day. Doing without things to have money to buy luxuries for Mother was a positive joy to Patricia.

A glance at her wrist watch made the girl quicken her steps toward the Hollow. She wanted to have time this morning to stop at the little green and white house. Mamie would be there to meet her, but the little girl could finish laying the shells around the bed of old-fashioned pink in the yard while Patricia had a few moments alone in the house.

When she first glimpsed the little house this morning, she saw Mamie sitting on the front veranda steps. Before she reached it Mamie was calling to her, "One of the peonies is almost in bloom, and the clematis vine has grown to another mark on the trellis!"

The two of them, the tall, slender girl with the glorious autumn hair and lovely sky blue eyes, and the little waif from Lantern Hollow examined the clematis together. They then turned to the peonies and almost sang over the bursting buds they found there.

The older girl then said to the younger one, "Mamie, while you finish laying the shell around the pink bed, I'll fuss around inside a minute or so."

In the little house Patricia did not stop to look at the pretty, gay paper on the walls, the wide window seat in the dining-room bay window, or the wonderful blue and white kitchen. She just crept into the little room at the side and knelt close to the window from which she could see the green roof of the new Industries building.

"O God," she prayed softly, "make it possible for me to keep my work down at the Industries and still have enough money to care for Mother darling, as she has always been cared for. Please send some one to me to live in the little house."

MINUTES—or HOURS?



The breakfast your family likes best is the easiest to serve! Kellogg's Corn Flakes—crisp and wholesome—are fully cooked and toasted. Ready to eat in an instant. Save hours of toil with this tempting, economical energy food. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Nothing takes the place of Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

lawn and twist the vines on the trellises. It was hard for Patricia, who wanted so badly to live in the little house and have Doctor Benson help her with the recent vines, to tell him she could not move Mother from the luxury of the Wentworth apartments to the little house. That was the reason her voice was so cold; the reason the luncheon became a formal meal instead of a gay party.

Worth Benson, who was hurt and puzzled by her attitude, bade her a very formal farewell at the Industries door. Patricia spent one of the most miserable afternoons of her life only to go home to find a letter from the Warren store manager in the mail box. It said her old position would be open for her the first day of June.

"I should be happy," Patricia whispered, "but I'm not. The salary is big enough to do away with money worries. But the people at the Industries will all forget me—forget they even love me. Unless I can make them remember."

That evening she made her plans. She would give the children of Lantern Hollow the best Sunday School on Mother's Day they had ever known.

Mother's Day dawned a perfect day in Lindendale. Patricia wheeled her mother to the nearest church for the morning services. After lunch she had Mamie take her out in her chair for the afternoon while, as Patricia told her mother, "I shall go to the Sunday School I like the best to-day."

She was wearing her prettiest spring dress and hat when she reached the Little Industries chapel. She looked around at the people in it—the mother of the Hollow, their children, the older board members of the Industries.

Just as Patricia was ready to start the afternoon's program, she heard a commotion at the doorway. She had almost reached it when, propelled into the room, came the beautiful wheel chair in which her mother lived. Mamie pushed the chair directly to Patricia.

"Isn't she the loveliest mother you ever saw?" her proud little voice piped up. "I saw her in the park after the matron at the Old Ladies' Home said the old lady I was going to borrow was sick. And when I asked her, she said she'd be delighted to play my mother this afternoon."

Patricia stooped to kiss Mother. "She is the loveliest mother in my world, Mamie," she said softly. "You see, she is mine."

After that everything went along as in a dream. Patricia directed the program, the serving of refreshments, and even the distribution of the geraniums. "I think," Mother's voice was filled with pride when the party was over. "I'll take my adopted daughter home to eat dinner with us this evening."

"Oh, ma'am! Oh, ma'am!" Mamie clasped her hands tightly together. She turned to Patricia. "And let's push her past the little house on Vine Street and pick the peonies for her!"

That was how Mother again saw the little house on Vine Street, the little house Father had bought because it was so like the one in which he and Mother had lived in their honeymoon days. "I had forgotten it," Mother's voice thrilled. "He said we were going to live here when we grew old. I love it. Can't we live here, Patsy dear?"

All at once Patricia was sitting on the arm of the chair near the peony clump, telling the whole story of the weeks since Mother had been hurt, even of the misunderstanding with Doctor Worth Benson. "I didn't dream you'd like the Goodwill, Mother," she ended. "I didn't dream you'd love this little house."

"We'll move right away." Mother's voice was brisk. "And you'll stay right at the Goodwill. You'll come home noons and some day I'll be coming to the Industries by myself. I'm sure that if I start on crutches in June, I'll be walking by Christmas."

While they were planning for delphiniums near the garage, Doctor Worth Benson came.

Mother's hand went out to him. "Patricia's been telling me you're to help us move," she began wisely. "We want to come the first of June. Won't you come up to the apartment for dinner this evening so we can make plans?"

Patricia saw the gleam of happiness flash into his eyes, caught the smile he sent her, felt his hand grasp hers. That was the reason she slipped back to the little house to go into the room which had become her sanctuary. She had to linger there a minute, not to make a request this time, but to give thanks.

RENTS A DOLLAR A YEAR

Houses with rents as low as a dollar a year are to be found at Augsburg, South Bayville. They have not been empty since they were built 400 years ago. Recognized as "the cheapest homes in all Germany," they are among 53 houses built by the German banker, Jacob Fugger, in 1520, "as a remarkable social experiment." Endowed by the Fugger family, "the richest in the world in their day," the houses were for "respectable old couples who may thus spend their last days in peace and security." The Fugger settlement, states Reuter, has a very contented population of 106 persons. "Yearly rent for a small house is only two marks six pfennings (about \$1). A large house costs twice as much."

WITHOUT A PURPOSE

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, and, having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you—Carlyle.

Any Time is Tea Time "SALADA" TEA

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DAILY CROSS WORD PUZZLE

Grid for a daily crossword puzzle with numbers 1-38 indicating starting points for words.

- ACROSS: 1-Tuft of hair above a horse's hoof; 2-Greek god of the lower world; 3-Feminine pronoun; 4-Exclamation of pain; 5-Large sea-going vessel; 6-Fear; 7-A drop; 8-Cocaine; 9-Throw about; 10-A newspaper paragraph; 11-Help; 12-A skin disease; 13-To caper; 14-Dominieering (coll.) word; 15-Wrath; 16-A little aprite; 17-An Egyptian slinging girl; 18-For example (abbr.); 19-A narrow inlet (coll.); 20-Title of respect; 21-The last course at a meal; 22-Tiny; 23-Convey, as property; 24-Nickel (symbol); 25-A slight taste; 26-Plays on eye; 27-A depression between two mountains; 28-Compass point; 29-Scraps of literature; 30-A letter of the English alphabet; 31-A fungus on eye; 32-A measure of length; 33-Hoeline.

Grid for a second crossword puzzle with letters F, E, T, L, O, C, K, S, H, E, R, D, I, S, P, O, N, S, H, I, P, A, W, E, R, Q, U, I, T, A, N, I, F, E, R, A, N, D, I, C, A, C, E, A, I, D, P, R, A, N, C, E, B, O, S, S, Y, A, N, G, E, R, E, L, F, A, M, A, G, E, T, E, R, I, A, T, A, Q, U, I, R, D, E, S, S, E, R, T.

Kaiser's Lost Brief Case Discovered in Winnipeg

Army officer "won" when ex-Emperor fled

By CENTRAL PRESS CANADIAN Winnipeg, April.—High in a Winnipeg office building reposes a handsomely tooled leather brief case, described by its present owner as the former property of his imperial highness, Wilhelm II, emperor of Germany, king of Prussia, who now resides in lonely exile at Doorn, Holland.



GRENVILLE C. HOWARD

Grenville C. Howard, known to his associates as "Red," now the proud possessor of the brief case, related one of the inside stories of the kaiser's flight to Holland. "In 1918, I was American army representative on the French army staff when word came that the kaiser was going to flee to Holland," Howard said.

"As a staff officer, I pretty well wrote my own orders and travelling instructions, so I immediately commanded myself to travel with all dispatch to Spa and to inspect the royal fugitive's train."

"I reached the station just before the train and when it drew up to a stop I climbed on board and began to look things over. During the course of my investigation, I spotted this brief case and decided that I needed it and the papers it contained. I guess you'd better say I 'won' it. The old seals will understand that way of acquiring things."

"I also 'won' a whole case full of Iron Crosses and while they lasted my friends were freely bestowed with this decoration. At that, I suppose you could say they earned them as much as some of the other recipients."

"The Iron Crosses and the brief case were about all of the souvenirs I managed to get away with. I picked up all sorts of things but if the high command didn't take them some of my pals won them from me."

"About the only other souvenir that I brought back is a memento of a plucking up a couple of British officers—both staff captains—whose car had broken down near Rouen. I was introduced to one of them as 'Capt. Winckler.' I never saw him again until I visited the E.P. ranch in Alberta years ago."

"Then it suddenly flashed upon me that he was the boy of it ranch—and now everybody knows him as King Edward VIII."