The Bree Press' Shart Story

"TO MY SON PHIL"

MALURA T. WEAVER

nize it?"

Romaine did not feel quite so gay. The

ment children_had broken this after-

noon. One of Philip's brushes lay on

was plied bigh with pans and dishes

There was not even a tea cake left after

u visit from Philip to the kitchen and

Romaine, gave the dinner gong 'a

The four of them gathered around

"I'm going to announce right now,"

the said wearily, "there'll be no desserb.

the brown bowl with that Sherlock

"I should think Kay could make her-

zelf a little useful to-night," Philip

grumbled after David had gone and he

and Romaine were tidying up the living

room. "What's she sulking about any-

"Her squabble with Dave, I suppose."

"Serious? Of course not. Love's a

with one application of equabbles."

Romaine awoke with a start.

ture. "You heard something too?"

"Downstalre, I thought." He threw

back the coverlet. "I'll go down to see."

listened intently a moment, then she

"It looks serious."

pared for bed.

short rauping sound

along like a ghost."

d have

to know

Avid York

out for dessert to-night.

vicious barra

HE man who was about to die little beast, which you aren't." playing beneath a fruit tree that, gorg- for one thing. I'll cut classes to-morrow all right, Mai," he called. eously in bloom, looked like a huge pink and have the settement youngsters in, powder puff. For some minutes he re- too, even if Linds isn't here to help, opened the safe, "just to be sure everymained motionless, his stony eyes miss- We can't disappoint them. Anyway, thing was all right," and rummaged ing entirely the lilt of spring in the air. there's no use changing all our plane." about in the interior. Romaine had just Then, prefaced by a short tap, the brass They all agreed, and little imagining noticed that the curtains of the left knob behind him was turned with a just how much their plans were going to front window were billowing out alightly little click. He knew the door was lock- be changed, the three of them trooped from a draught of air. Surely she had ed; he had locked it himself.

sfrom the other side of the partition.

"I do not wish to be disturbed, Mhis Wingate," said the man wearily, "for at least half an hour."

He allowed the window drape to tall tating frunkness. "It's a poached egg Mother's writing!" from his nerveless fingers. Turning to on toast with butter oozing down the The girls groped for each other unthe deak that stood in one corner, he sides." clumsily procured a long white sheet of paper and an envelope from a pigeonhole and began to write, laboriously, as though the act warranted great physical effort: "To my son, Phil, on his twentyfirst birthday-"

Springs came and went. The three who had played beneath the tree added stature in the fifteen years that passed. Romaine, the youngest, was still the smallest. She came through the gute now, banging it umartly. The house house scrangely dulet and deserted. Even the steps were alippery from a listless rain, as if they had not been twept. Romaine had counted on those to Help For the first time in a dozen years Romaine had to search for the door key in the wife hanging basket.

She flung her hat, coat, and an as- helped a little sortment of books, in a careless heap her skiter would beside the cold fireplace and shivered, to come to dinner? She thought she was spreading her fingers fanwise above the doing something nice, inviting him, when acreen. Tiresome, she reflected, if she had called to tell them he was leaving were coming down with a cold just when early in the morning. Kny had not even commencement doings were peeping over mentioned he was being transferred. the horizon and just when she wanted to cajole her mother into letting her the table: Phil, talkative; Kay, allent; go to Wyoming this summer. A few David, puzzled; Romaine, exhausted. sniffles and a sneeze or two would certainly nip that in the bud.

Where was Mother, unyway? She was And, Kuy, stop helping yourself from always home from the plant at four. That was an established household rule. Holmes air. It's gravy, that's what it Until four she was Mrs. Dunning, pre- 15. Meat gravy. My flour piste went sident of the Dunning Vinegar Pactory, haywire somehow, but I sort of like little Incorporated; but after that she was flour lumps in my gravy." just Mother.

It was uscless to ask Philip about her. Romaine could hear the clatter of his brushes as he worked, and the jerk; creaks of the floor boards as he moved about in the adjoining room. Probably way?" he had been cooped up there since nine this morning. Long and white against the gold of the table runner, a letter now attracted her attention. It was addressed to Philip, typewritten,

Romaine called him loudly. A frowning young person in a short blue smock appeared at the studio door. "What do you want, Maiz" demanded her brother. "Oh, stop daubing for to-day, will you, Phil? It's raining and this place is like

"But I'm busy. I just got in myself."

"Mother? No. If isn't the come yet? "She'll be coming along presently Islipped out of bed, thrust her feet into there she is now! Oh, is that you, Kay? slippers, and catching up a negligee, I thought it was Mother." moved slowly and carefully into Philip's

"Hasn't she come home yet?" "No. Phil, there's a letter for you'bed, she was startled to find her on the table. Maybe that explains it. | brother's eyes wide open. Where's your beau, Dave, Kuy?"

Kay tactfully ignored the question. She piled up her street wrans on another chair, remarking casually, "Mai, we're collecting a somewhat sketchy wardrobe for that second Reider girl. You're clothes for her."

"Well, I have some money for that lavender tulle hat I wanted. Mother gave it to me yesterday. You may have

"But you wanted that tulle hat rather badly, didn't you?"

"Naturally. But I'll get it anyway I'll just tell Mother what I did and she'll approve of my sacrificing spirit and buy me the hat as a surprise. Where's Dave? Do vou mean to say it's not un accident that he isn't trailing along as usual?

Kay did not answer. Philip, having meanwhile discarded his smock and drushed back his shock of unruly hair, which was a pecultar shade of silver bland, joined the girls. He ripped open the envelope marked "Phil."

"It's from Mother," he said after a "There's a wire and a note. The wire, addressed to Mother, of course, says, "Tins at Pucker Hospital This Morning Stop Serious Stop Come Signed Bennie.' In the note Mother says. Wire explains itself. Am leaving on the 2:15, taking Linds with me. Sufscient funds in house safe. If you need more, wire care of Packer Hospital. Will write tonight. Love, Mother."

The brief allence was broken by Romatpe's wall, 'Well, if that lan't just like Aunt Tina to get sick now. Y've got to tell Letty to-day if I can go to Wyoming for sure with her, and tomorrow Mother was having your settlement youngsters in, Kay, and the day after is Phil's birthday. Mother ought to be here to help celebrate such an important event so his twenty-first birth-

was already in his dressing gown, how- Romaine wanted to know. ever. "If you're going then," she said firmly, "I'm going with you."

department."

Her teeth clicked like tiny hammers. At habilitationlast she reached the telephone! moment of utter allence. Then, from the hall switch, Philip flooded the living tion yourself." stood at the bedroom window, "Oh, well, maybe I could cook Phil's room and the library with light. She avidly watching three children birthday dinner. I'll make some fudge heard him stamping about "Everything's

Romaine entered the library, Philip into the studio to view Philip's bitest closed all the windows but night. Kay, "Mr. Dunning?" a voice called sharply brain child. The landscape stood im- appearing in the doorway, exclaimed, portantly on an easel. "This is a scene "Phill What's the matter? What have with which both of you are familiar, you found? Why do you look so startthe artist explained modestly. "Recog- led?"

Philip backed away from the safe, "It's "Of course," said Romaine with devas- a letter, addressed to me and it's no

steadily and clung together. "It's from The following afternoon, however, Pather!" breathed Kay. "To my son, Philip, on his twenty-

basket of wash Mandy had just delivered first birthday," read Philip slowly, his protruded into the hallway. The end voice trembling a little. With care he table somehow had missed a dusting and ulit the envelope and took out the sheet. it wore a crop of gray whiskers. Kay's My boy, (he read aloud) perhaps street coat, her gloves, and the evening you will find it odd to read this when paper spilled out of the chair the settle-

you are twenty-one, and I shall have

been dead fifteen years. The doctor's verdict holds no loophole. top of the library table do: a little pool of There should be nothing sinister Chinese red paint. The kitchen sink about life that forces a doctor to tell a happy and memingly healthy mar that he will die-and soon. Ilfe has always been that way.' It will wallop you when you least expect it. An intelligent man prepares himself

> That is the reason for my writing this to you when you are grown and infelligent. I want my legacy to be more than money, and I have searched my vocabulary for words that are fitting for me, who am to die, to pass on to you, who have life before you and will pass this way but once. I have finally chosen two. They are not nouns; they are verbe:

they are uction. Analyze! Prepare!

You know what that means, my boy. It means that you analyze yourself, your desires, your responsibilities. It means that you analyze your agets and shortcomings. Be fair! Add to und take away until the real you stands alone. Then take this thing that has been stripped down, this thing that is you, and prepare it for the place it must occupy in the world. Prepare it for achievement, prepare it for its relationship with its fellow man, prepare it for eter-

Abruptly Philip coated speaking "That's all." he said with a catch in hi disease. Phil. You can't get rid of it voice. "That's how it ends, with the word 'eternity' cut in two."

It was quite late when they finished. "Phil!" He caught the look Romaine remembered to lock all the Romaine's dilating eyes, and followed doon; and the windows; then she pre- their gaze.

"Come out from behind that door! The wind rose. Great clouds, huddling he commanded sharply. There was together like so many sheep, shut out the slight movement of the protruding conmoon. Somewhere a shutter slammed, sleeve Romaine had finit seen, a face A clock chimed twelve. There was a appeared, then the whole unkempt person of a youth little older than Philip.

"Maurice!" Kay spoke. The sullen look vanished. The youth's face became childlike. "I was hungry Miss Kny. I wanted to find you." He smiled happily. "I knew you lived room. Gliding noiselessly toward the here."

When Maurice had been fed and put to bed in the smaller guest room, Kay He whistled softly under his breath, explained, "Of course he's a settlement You gave me a fright, Mai. I wake up boy, as you've guessed, and hopelessly with a jerk and then you come trailing subnormal. We tried to get him in a feeble-minded institution last year, but "S-shi" She silenced him with a ges- it was overcrowded. This year I think I can interest Mr. Radley in him." Kay might have been talking Chines:

so far as Philip and Romaine were con-

Bananas Golden FIRM RIPE Large 25c doz.

Romaine shivered. "Don't, Phill Can't cerned. "What are you gong to do with we lift the windows and s-scream?" He him? Give him back to Mr. Hadley?"

were as simple as that." A new Kay was gone between three and four weeks. 'IWell, come to the foot of the stairs | was talking. "We can't just 'give' him. On his return home, he found that to the phone table. If anybody's there, He can be taught certain things, of several of his mourning doves' nests had phone Portage 2000. That's the police course and with infinite care." This been robbed of their young. was a new Kay, not the Kay who Like a wraith Romaine followed Philip left a trail of disorder behind her, but found a pair of monkey-faced owls in cautiously through the upper hall, then an efficient Kny from whose tongue fell his tame tumbler pigeon house. The just as cautiously down the stairway, unfamiliar words - incarceration - re- owls had taken possession, and in their.

"Kay," said Philip slowly when she grown, as well as two freshly laid eggs could feel Philip moving on. There was had finished. "I don't know but that you belong in a feeble-minded institu- not only cleared the pigeon house of

"Why? Because I love this?"

(Concluded on Page Two)

Household Hints

By MRS. MARY MORTON

Menu Hint

LUNCHEON Asparagus on Toast Apricot Fluff-Soft Custard

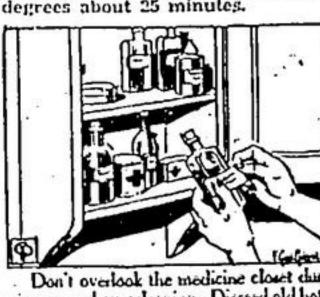
DINNER Roast Veal With Dressing Potatoes Baked With Meat Buttered Young Beets or Greens Lettuce, Watercress and Radish

Strawberries Cup Cakes Tea or Coffee The luncheon menu is not heavy but it is appetizing and nourishing. I always advocate the planner luncheon for the busy housewife. whether there are children or not It Is more important, maybe, thatthe luncheon menu be carefully

planned wher there are children. but women who do their own housework use a good deal of enorgy which should be replaced by food. A nourishing meal in the middle of the day and a rest before resuming her duties will keep the wife young and attractive. The apricot fluff is sice to serve at any beason of the year. To-day's Recipes

Apricat Fluff-On cup cooked dried apricots, four egg whites, six tablespoons powdered sugar, one teaspoon vanilla, two and one-half cups milk. Cook the apricots slowly in water to cover, add one-half cup sugar to the pound. Sleve and cool. Beat the egg whites stiffly, gradually add the sugar and beat well after each addition. Add the vanilla and a dash of salt to the apricots and fold in the eggs. Bring the milk just to the boil in a large shallow pan and drop puffs of the apricot mixture into the hot milk. Let stand two minutes, dipping the hot milk over the puffs. Turn them and repeat and lift to a plate. Bring the milk to the boll before adding more putts. Soft Custard Sauce: Four egg yolks and one egg, onefourth cup sugar, two cups scalded milk, one-half teaspoon vanilla, dash of salt, Beat the eggs with the sugar and slowly add the milk. Cook over hot water till it conts the spoon. Remove immediately from the hot water compartment or it may separate.

Three-Minute Cup , Cakes-Beat the following together for three minutes, but not any longer or the cakes will be tough: One-third cup butter, softened; one and one-third cups brown sugar, two eggs, onehalf cup milk, one and three-fourths cups cake flour, three tenspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon cinnamon one-half teaspoon cloves. Bake in greased muffin tins at 350 degrees about 25 minutes



les and stale medicines. Make fresh labels for those that are soiled or discolored, and see that everything is properly marked.

OWES INVADE SANCTUARY

Jack Miner recently went up to Hud-Kay laughed mirthlessly. "I wish it son Bay territory on a fishing trip, and

nest were two young owls, nearly full-These so-called "mouse-enters" had all the young pigeons, but where they had been feeding, remnants were found "No. Because you're a liability when of between fifty and one hundred young and full-grown mourning doves. These had been killed by the parent owls to feed themselves and their young. The wings and legs of the little doves were left. Several of the latter bore tags that 'Jack Miner had put on them.

Had these doves been allowed to live, they would have consumed millions of weed seeds. Because of a number of doves' crops and stomachs that have been analyzed, some have contained over ten thousand weed seeds.

Jack Miner was heard to may, as he looked at the remains of his slaughtered mourning doves: "I am certainly not in favor of laws protecting a hawk or ow that commits an act like this and preys on valuable bird life; while, at the sam time, we have other laws that prosecute and imprison humanity for its crimes.

"In other words," said Mr. Miner, "I am not in favor of imprisoning humanity for stealing chickens or shooting sone and insectiverous birds, or sportsmen for shooting game birds out of season, and protecting hawks; owls and vermin that do the same act 365 days in the year. "Purthermore," said Jack Miner, "the

habits of hawks and owk and vermin are no different outside of a bird sanctuary than they are inside."

FORGING AHEAD

Believe with all your heart that you will do what you were made to do. Never for an instant harbor a doubt of it. Drive it out of your mind if it seeks entrance. Entertain only the friend thoughts or ideals of the thing you are determined to achieve. Reject all thought enemies, all discournging moods-everything which would even suggest failure or unhappi-

VERY TRUSTING!

Rosalie (very wealthy): "What advice can you give me? I'm so afraid the men care only for my money.'

Julia: "My dear, don't marry any man to whom you would not trust your whole fortune, and then - don't trust him

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