

THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

ALWAYS REMEMBER

By Denis Morrison

John Bowman was only half thinking what he was doing as he stepped into the skiff and set the oars in place. Alice's last words kept running in his ears and ranking in his mind. They vaguely alarmed him. It was so unlike Alice to have a sharp tongue.

"I'm ashamed of you," she had said. "That raggedly old straw hat—you've worn it seventeen years. Look at it. All torn and dirty. And these soiled old trousers and that funny-looking shirt, John Bowman you're a scare-crow. An old ragmuffin. 'Twouldn't surprise me if you scared half the fish in the stream to death!"

John Bowman could take kidding. It wasn't what Alice had said so much as the way she said it. With a rasping overtone of impatient anger in her voice. He gave her as good as he'd got.

"I hope I catch a lot of fish," he had thrown at her over his shoulder. "I'll bring 'em back to you and you can go into the business. Mrs. Bowman, 'Fishwife.' That's what you remind me of."

They hadn't either of them laughed. It was a bitter parting. And that was why John Bowman was scarcely heeding his grandson 7-year-old Jackie, as he pushed the skiff into the current and hopped over the gunwale barefoot into the stern.

Old John—who really wasn't so old at all, having yet to see his fifty-eighth birthday—reflected as he leaned on the oars that Alice had gone through a good deal of late that might have shortened her temper. They had been a long time married now and it was too late for them to begin quarreling.

Mainly, he decided, it must be the matter of their daughter who was Jackie's mother. Jessie and her young husband got along as well as most inexperienced couples. But it was difficult for a man just starting out to find himself these days. Maybe the young folks should have waited a little longer. Maybe they shouldn't have had three youngsters, one after another before they had got a chance to settle down and find out for themselves what married life was all about.

Well! They had their family and that was that and there was nothing any one could do about it. Little Jackie had come to spend the school vacation with his grandparents. And the first week they'd hitched up the trailer and driven out here to the woods. Old John looked forward with pleasure to teaching Jackie something of woodcraft and the ways of the elusive denizens forest and stream.

"Hey Gramp?" Jackie said. "What is it, son?" "Are you gonna let me shoot your shotgun this summer?" "Shotgun? My goodness Jackie, it'd knock you down. Nope, you'll have to wait until you're ten years old. Maybe longer unless you grow into a big, strong boy. But there's a fine, shiny new airgun in the trailer and tomorrow we'll set up a target."

"Aw heck!" said Jackie. Old John glanced round his shoulder and grinned. Jackie was dragging his bare feet in the cool brown water. He had a freckled face and sun-burned blonde hair, and snubby nose. Old John remembered that he had looked like that once. A long time ago.

"I was twelve years old before my father let me shoot his shotgun," he said. "Aw, I bet they let you shoot a rifle when you were littler, Gramp. I bet you didn't havta shoot no ole airgun."

"There wasn't any such thing in those days, Jackie. But I'll bet you I was a better fisherman than you are when I was seven years old. That's what I'll bet."

"I ain't never but caught one fish, that I had to throw back. Will you show me how to throw out a trout-line?"

"You bet I will son, and I reckon we might's well begin right now. Here, hand me that reel and rod and that can of worms. We'll just see how they're bitin' and remember, you got to keep still or you won't even get a nibble."

Their luck was middling. A while after noon John Bowman braced the skiff and built a fire of driftwood and twigs. Jackie brought the frying pan and bacon and went back for the bread and toaster. Old John wharf a few deft twists of a razor sharp clasp-knife initiated the boy into the mysteries of cleaning a fish. In no time at all the frying pan was sizzling with fresh crisp, fried pick-erel.

"Gee Gramp you're sure a swell fisherman," Jackie said in admiration. "Why you could go into the business if you had to I'll bet. Just

fish for a livin' Gee, that'd be swell huh?"

"Reckon it might get tiresome in time, son," said John Bowman.

Jackie did not see his grandfather's forehead crease. As John jarred the dottle out of his pipe and tamped in a new load of tobacco the thought of Alice came into his mind again. He'd told Alice she reminded him of a fishwife. He shouldn't have done that. He was sorry. But then she shouldn't have called attention to his unkempt costume.

Heaven knows he'd like nothing better than to buy the whole outfit. Yes, and a power launch with a gasoline motor in it, and a new rifle and one of those whip-cord hunting jackets he'd seen advertised and what else, but he didn't. No he shelled out cheerfully enough for everybody but himself. Not that he grudged his daughter or his son-in-law anything he could give them to improve their lot and make them happier. He guessed Jackie's father was right when he said steady good-paying jobs were hard to get in any line. Even so, that was no excuse for Alice to hop on him the way she did.

Jackie was elated and complimented by his man-to-man intimacy with his grandfather. He lay on the lush grass that grew down until it almost reached the shoreline.

"Can you make the smoke come out of your nose, Gramp?" he wanted to know.

"I can but it isn't much fun. Sorta chokes me. You see, this pipe is an old-timer. I've had it, lemme see, now—why son, I got this pipe before your ma and pa were married. A long time before you were even born."

"Gosh! I'll say it's an old-timer! I've seen fellers blow cigarette smoke out o' their noses."

"Well, I don't smoke cigarettes, you see. When I was a young fellow it wasn't quite so much the fashion and girls and women didn't hardly smoke at all."

"Does Gramp smoke?" "Good hickory no, son," John Bowman chuckled. The thought of Alice with a cigarette in her mouth amused him.

"Well, my mom does. Her cigarettes are always all red on the end she sticks in her mouth when she throws them away."

John Bowman laughed again. Absently. This was always bringing things to mind. That old brier whose bowl was warm between his fingers. Alice had given it to him for an anniversary present. They remembered their anniversaries in those days. The children were still small and John recalled that that was the very summer when he had finally felt able to take out the endowment policy. That strong bulwark against worry. Coming due now in another few weeks and they'd collect the principal. Nothing more to worry about for the rest of their lives.

My, how the thought revived and rejuvenated him, made him feel young and confident once more! He looked at little Jackie and smiled to think how he had warned Alice not to go gossiping about that they were grandparents because it might jeopardize his job. Well, he was independent now, or would be as soon as the insurance company's fat cheque was deposited to his account.

"Gramp, there's somethin' I'd like to know," Jackie said with serious camaraderie.

"All right, son shoot. That's what I'm here for."

"Why is it that folks who are married fight with each other so much? Fellers fight, yes. But that's because some guy is always tryin' to put something over on some other guy, or because he thinks he's smart."

Old John eyed his grandson. "Why son, I can't hardly say — they really shouldn't of course. But grown-up folks have a lot of things to think about you see, that don't even occur to little boys like you. You'll find out soon enough when you grow up yourself."

"I s'pose I will. Say how long have you and Gram been married?"

"Oh, a long time. Let's see now, 'twas—well good hickory son, do you know something? Thirty-four years! As sure as you and I et pickereel for know something? Thirty-four years! day. Jackie, I'll tell you what lets you and I do. Good hickory It's gonno be fun too. Instead of fishing any more we'll just go back into those woods and see if we can find ourselves a bouquet of flowers. I'll bet there'll be lots of spring blooms left."

"Gee, Gramp, that's be lots of fun!" Jackie cried.

Purple violets grew in the lush, damp ravines where humus lay thick and moist. Johnny-jump-ups and forget-me-nots and buttercups, Calendula, Canterbury bells, crocuses, John

Bowman came upon a bed of maiden-hair ferns which he despoiled and Jackie discovered such a bonanza of violets that his grandfather had to snip off a length of fishline to tie around their stems and hold them together.

On the way home John sat in the stern and give Jackie his first lesson in managing a rowboat — how to dip the oars shallowly, how to bend the blade at the end of the stroke and lift the oars without catching a crab. He gave the instructions like he had done a lot of things that day, only half-thinking of what he was doing. He was thinking of Alice and of a day, long, long ago when they had put out together on a voyage that hadn't over yet and a voyage that wasn't all been clear sailing.

"Don't holler," he told the boy. "We'll surprise Gram, eh?"

The tempting odor of cooking food reached them as they approached the trailer.

"A day in the open gives a couple of men an appetite, eh, Jackie," said old John.

"Oh boy!" Jackie cried. "I'll say!" Mrs. Bowman's face, pink and perspiring and good-natured showed for a second from behind the screened partition that separated the trailer into two sections.

"John," she said, "you'll find clean clothes laid out."

Then she vanished. Old John stealthily stepped into the trailer. Alice loved to keep it prettied up with flowers and there were vases scattered around. But the first thing his eye lit on was something on a hanger. A splendid new tan whip-cord hunting coat with deep pockets. Just the thing he'd been wanting and hoping to own for years. He heard a noise and turned. Alice stood there, her apron a riot of fresh flowers with the dew still sparkling on them. Her fat, round face was shining and so were her eyes, and the sparkle in them did not come from dew.

"John," she said. "I'm sorry. I want you to forgive me."

"Forgive you? Why Alice I'm downright-ashamed of myself, Jackie, where are you?" "Right here, Gramp. What do you want?"

"I want you to look at something. I'm going to kiss your Gram right in the middle of her nose. See?"

"Attoboy, Gramp!" said young Jackie.

A Few Achievements of Hepburn Administration

The fearless administration of the public affairs of Ontario by Premier Hepburn has resulted in many benefits for the people of the Province of Ontario which are revealed in the following brief resume of three years' efficient leadership:

Cut salaries of Cabinet Ministers \$2,000 each and eliminated private autos of same which had been supplied by Henry government.

Reorganized Compensation Board and cut wide swath in expenditures. High salaried executives were retired.

New provincial loans floated to retire bonds issued by Tory governments and new bonds placed at record low rates of interest.

Entire cost of future building of highways taken over.

One-fifth of revenue from beer and wine licenses to be divided among municipalities in which licenses for sale of such beverages are issued.

In his 1936 budget speech he promised Ontario a balanced budget in 1937. Gratifying increase in revenue made possible an actual and very substantial surplus last year.

Ontario Hydro saving \$500,000 monthly under new contract negotiated with Quebec companies.

Ontario's income tax bill passed. Dropped amusement tax on entertainments held by religious, charitable and educational organizations in 1936.

Nearly \$13,000,000 shown as a favorable balance for Hepburn administration over record of Ex-Premier Henry in 1934.

Presents budget in which Hepburn declares "Ontario is marching on to a balanced budget" and steady reduction of provincial debt.

Assures searching examination on question of succession duties. Millions saved in interest charges.

Northern Development Board abolished, saving province hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Sweeping reductions in Hydro rates. Saving to Ontario power users of \$4,797,762.00.

Government surplus of \$9,313,938.54 in famous "Sunshine Budget." Provincial debt reduced by \$26,000,000 as compared with 1934.

Abolished Amusement Tax. Labor Board organized.

Increased Mothers' Allowances and assumed municipal share of Old Age Pensions.

Highways modernized; mileage increased. Municipalities relieved of all charges.

Eight large new industries established, old industries revived and employment greatly increased.

Mill subsidy to municipalities out of surplus, directly affecting every taxpayer in the province.

Reduced cost of license plates on passenger automobiles \$5, effective October 1st, a direct saving to thousands of motorists.

Industrial Standards Code; minimum wages for men; Industry and

He doesn't get a diploma for proficiency in one subject. And if he ranks high enough to have a capacity for gratitude, he also has a capacity for generosity.

TRAVEL SERVICE

Steamship Reservations to Great Britain and the Continent.
Premier service to West Indies
PASSPORTS ARRANGED FOR
Rail tickets and sleeper Reservations
Can. National Station
Richmond Hill
Y. B. Tracy, Agent, Phone 169

NATURE SAYS CHEW!



KEEPS TEETH SPARKLING

WESTERN Canada
Special Bargain
EXCURSIONS

From all Stations in Eastern Canada
GOING DAILY — SEPT. 18 — OCT. 2 inclusive
Return Limit: 45 days

TICKETS GOOD IN

- COACHES at fares approximately 1c per mile.
- TOURIST SLEEPING CARS at fares approximately 1 1/4c per mile.
- STANDARD SLEEPING CARS at fares approximately 1 1/2c per mile.

COST OF ACCOMMODATION IN SLEEPING CARS ADDITIONAL

BAGGAGE Checked. Stopovers at Port Arthur, Armstrong, Chicago and west.
Tickets, Sleeping Car reservations, and all information from any agent. ASK FOR HANDBILL

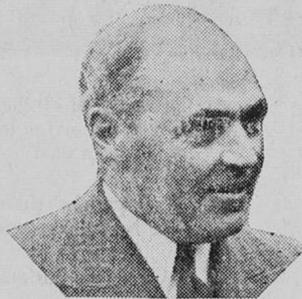
CANADIAN NATIONAL

(ADVERTISEMENT)

(ADVERTISEMENT)

(ADVERTISEMENT)

TWO VIEWS ON THE LIQUOR QUESTION



"THE PROFIT" — says Mr. Hepburn

"THE PEOPLE" — says Mr. Rowe

FOR three years the liquor problem has been out of control in Ontario. Mr. Hepburn, worried by the rising tide of public indignation, now tacitly admits the fact. In acknowledgment of the situation, he makes another typical last-minute, pre-election promise.

But Ontario voters are not going to be fooled again.

"Revenue First" — Hepburn

"Profit" has been Mr. Hepburn's liquor policy ever since he took office. Here are his own words as quoted in the Border Cities Star, Windsor, October 26, 1934:-

"Another thing that the Province requires is revenue. I am informed that since Mr. Odette took office, he has turned over to the Treasury \$2,800,000. Let these people point out some other source of revenue. Do they want higher gasoline or corporation tax? Do they want a Provincial Income Tax? It is obvious that if we lose the revenue from the Liquor Control Board, we will have to get it elsewhere."

"People First" — Rowe

Contrast this "liquor for profit" policy with Mr. Rowe's clean-cut stand in the interest of the people.

Mr. Rowe has pledged himself: "I will return to a policy of control by a responsible board, free from political patronage. A survey will be made by the new board of all licensed hotels. I promise you that these mushroom dives which have sprung up and flourished under Hepburn will be closed—and stay closed."

The Conservative Party takes the position that public revenue should not be gained at the expense of decency.

No More Mushroom Dives

When Mr. Rowe is elected, beverage rooms will be confined to standard hotels which respect the law and give adequate service to the public.

Restaurants, taxi offices, rooming houses and hot dog stands will not, by means of a few "jerry-built" changes in construction, be able to qualify as standard hotels.

Beverage rooms will not be forced on communities where they are not wanted. Nor will such places flourish in the shadow of the churches of the Province.

Non-Political Control

Under Conservative administration, by means of a responsible non-political control body, beverage rooms will be so regulated that they will cease to be a blot on the social and moral life of Ontario.

A vote for the Conservative candidate is a vote for this policy of control.

YOU Can TRUST ROWE
VOTE CONSERVATIVE

Issued by the Liberal-Conservative Party of Ontario.