

The Road to Content Corners

BY C. COURTENAY SAVAGE.

It was still early in the morning of Dominion Day when Boyce Hewett turned his automobile from the main highway to the country road that led to Content Corners.

The game went on. Hewett forgot business. His soft white shirt was crumpled and dirty. The crease was gone from his immaculate gray trousers.

Presently a watch was consulted. "Gee! I promised to be home at twelve sharp," said one of the older boys. "There's going to be big doings in town this afternoon and I'm going to be there."

"Yeah! Say, it's hot! I'm all wet." "Let's go swimming—let's!" A quarter of a mile away was a famous old swimming hole where the water was deep and clear, the thick hedge of trees and bushes shut out the rest of the world and the stream was wide enough for a short race.

The perspiration was rolling from his face and the back of his neck burned where the hot sun had reached the tender skin. He looked at the pool and grinned. "Sure! Come on!" he said, and five minutes later they all splashed into the cool water.

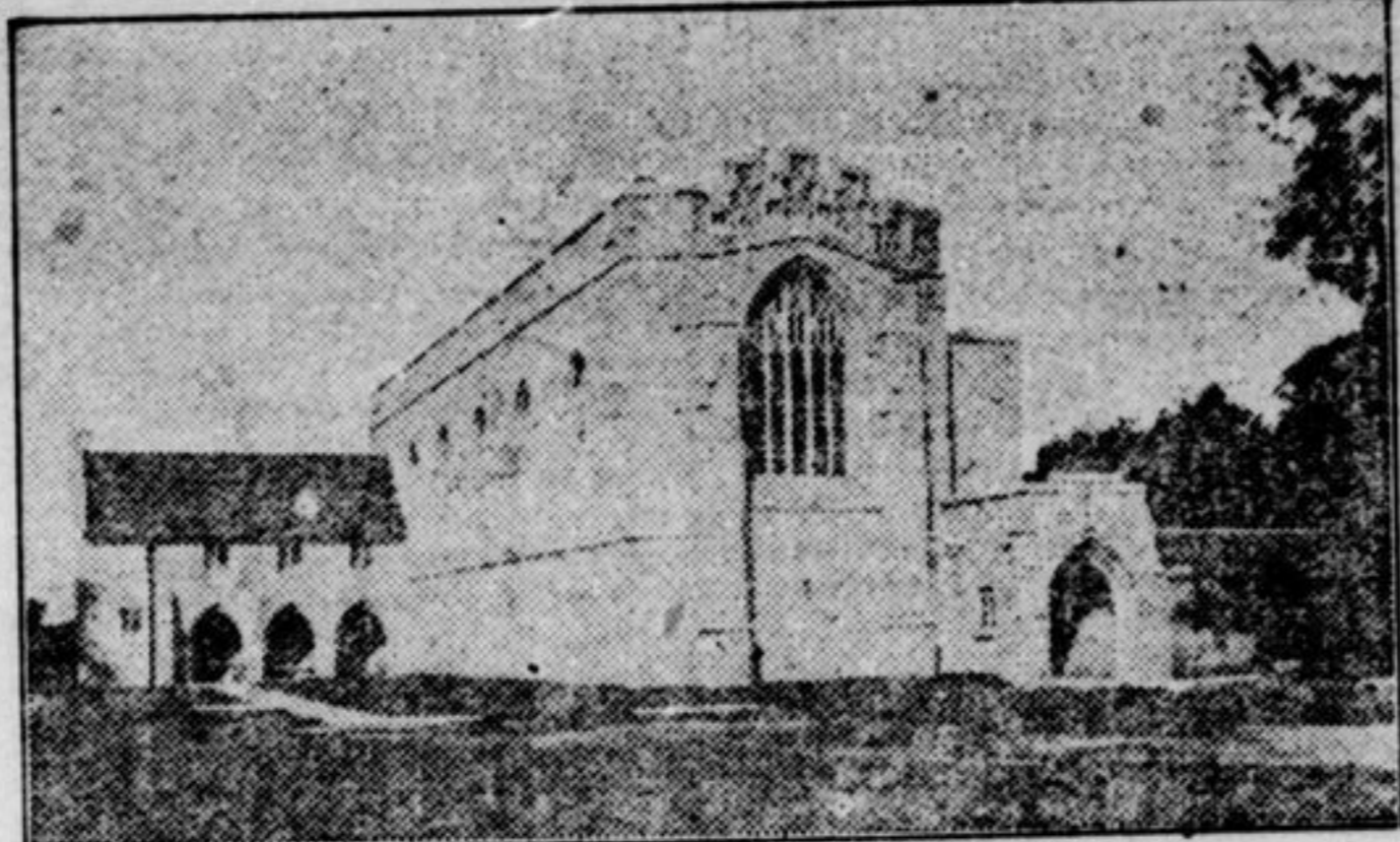
There is no sensation on earth quite akin to throwing out the trappings of civilization and drifting unhindered through water. It is freedom, cleanliness! Hewett lay on his back, floating, his eyes to the heavens.

When they were dressed, he offered a ride home to any who lived down toward the village. They climbed happily and begged him to "let her out."

As he drove over the bridge from which was visible the point of land caused by the meeting of the two small streams, he glanced quickly in its direction. He meant to look over that land very carefully, to be sure it was as good a site as he had imagined. There was no time now, however, for he had telephoned early that morning to Betty and told her of his intended trip. She had made him promise to be their guest. He knew that all morning Mrs. Sawtell had been busy in the kitchen, just as his own mother would have been. Twelve was the universal noon meal hour for Content Corners and he wanted to be on time. He was hungry for what would come out of the kitchen—and other things.

Betty was in the rather spacious garden of the well-kept cottage, a pretty picture in her soft white dress. She greeted him cordially, with a wistful shyness that made him suddenly guilty that he should have stayed away so long and his letters been so few. Mrs. Sawtell offered him the frank affection that Betty had been too shy to give him. She had always liked Boyce. She had no misgivings in her heart that some day he and Betty would marry.

After dinner they all went to the village green, where there was to be singing and speeches. The speaker of the day was the local political leader, a rather forceful talker. Boyce listened half-heartedly. Within him, a battle was raging. This was such a big chance to make money; but was it square? A shout from the ball game seemed to echo to him—*Play fair!*



MEMORIAL CHAPEL FOR RIDLEY OLD BOYS

Ridley College Memorial Chapel, the gift of Ridley Old Boys, dedicated on Sunday, June 17, at St. Catharines. The handsome structure forms a striking addition to the college buildings and represents an outlay of \$125,000 entirely contributed by former Ridley College students.

He glanced at Betty, sitting beside him. Would she smile so sweetly if she knew the truth? "They did their share in the making of this nation," Boyce heard the speaker again. "Now it is *our* time. It may not seem that we can do a great deal, here in this little village but if we live our lives so that we reflect the true spirit of Canada, then we shall be doing our share. We can't all be famous but we can all be clean, upright men and women, working for the good of the community and so for the good of the whole country. We can maintain that most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man."

An honest man! Boyce started mentally, as the words hit him. Mentally, he hit back. He was honest! What he proposed to do was quite within the law. Within the law, yes—but playing fair? He thought of the baseball game of the morning and how the boys yelled for fair playing. The whole world seemed to be thinking of it—*hurting it at him*.

When the exercise were over, he walked silently home with Betty. "How would you like to be rich?" he asked suddenly. "I don't know," she considered. "There are lots of things nicer than a lot of money. It doesn't buy a really happy time nor health, nor—"

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"You couldn't do that—you would not have done that if you had the chance!" "I wonder! Well—I'm not going to do it. I'm going to do something else instead. I see straight now. I'm going to tell the folks how much their land will bring and not to sell it to the first land shark who reads the announcement of the new road."

"Let's tell Mother," Betty said suddenly. She could not put her feelings into words—Mother would understand everything. "Yes, but first, dear, there is something I must tell you," and he drew her close to him.

"The Board of Directors will probably want me to represent the railroad interests here at the Corners. I'm going to try to be the type of man the speaker was talking about to-day—a good, honest, hard working citizen. I want them—and you—and Mother to be proud of me. I know we've never really been engaged but, Betty, you know—"

"I know," she breathed softly. "I know!" and she might have said more if he had not kissed her. Before Content Corners went to bed that night, the news of the coming of the railroad had spread. Men and women brushed away the tears at thought of boys who had gone away to work and who would be coming back with the pride of opportunity. In their dreams they saw progress, comfort, luxury, coming to them on rails of steel. And everywhere the name of Boyce Hewett was mentioned with pride. It had been a great Dominion Day.

Late that night, Boyce Hewett, driving back to the city, looked out across the dusk and smiled. He felt mentally, morally, as he had felt physically in the water of the swimming-hole that afternoon—clean, honor—that was the height he had gained, the honor for which Canadians died. Then, too, there was Betty—and Betty was Love! Honor and Love! What more could any man want? It had been a great Confederation Day.

Useful Peanut. An Alabama experimenter with peanuts so far has found that 145 different food products and otherwise useful articles can be derived from them.



Rippling Rhymes Walt Mason

HAVING A JOB "My task, it is hateful," you plaintively sob; you ought to be grateful that you have a job. You ought to be thankful; when payday arrives you'll have a tin bank full of X's and fivees. "The wood I am sawing is too tough to burn; the wage I am drawing is half what I earn; the ax and the wedges my shoulders have lamed; no wonder man hedges when labor is named. I'd like to cease splitting and sawing the logs; I'd cut out my knitting and cease with the dogs." I hear you complaining, you're weary of toil, of striving and straining and digging the soil. But when you deliver the honest old sweat, you ride in your flivver, and you're out of debt. Your wife has a mantel, a lid that is new, on payday your aunt'll be wearing one, too. Your kids are all fussy in worsted and silk, your brindled cow, Bossy, is furnishing milk. Your home is a haven where you may repose; why croak like a raven and catalogue woes? Just lose the employment that worries your heart, and all the enjoyment of life will depart. You ought to be grinning since you have a job; heave smiles that are winning and cut out the sob.

IN RABBITBORO



WELL, THIS IS A NICE TIME TO BE COMING HOME, DAD DUMBBUNNY! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

WHY—YOU SEE, I STARTED HOME EARLY, AN' I MET CHARLIE COTTONTAIL, AN' HE SAID HIS WIFE WAS AWFUL NERVOUS 'CAUSE A FOX HAD BEEN PROWLIN' AROUND THE HOUSE ALL DAY, AN' HE ASKED 'TO COME OVER AN' STAY TILL HER FATHER ARRIVED....."

AN' THEN WHEN HER FATHER ARRIVED I CAME RIGH' HOME! I HOPE THAT EXPLANATION IS SATISFACTORY!

IT IS MORE THAN SATISFACTORY! IT IS INSPIRED!!

THE AUTOMOBILE

THE GRANDFATHER OF MODERN RIFLE

FACTS ABOUT THE ANCIENT CROSSBOW.

All European Armies of Fourteenth Century Possessed Troops of Arbalestriers.

Among weapons, none has a more fascinating history than the crossbow or arbalest. Probably not one in a thousand of the vast number of them used in great fighting centuries has come down to us. Indeed the maker of crossbows met with serious opposition in his own day. The arbalest was counted on so deadly a weapon that, at the Lateran Council of 1139, its use was frowned upon by the Pope. The crossbow, so the papal edict declared, was a barbarous weapon unfit for use among Christians. But the bow had a powerful champion in Richard Coeur de Lion, the most ingenious and daring warrior in the annals of the middle ages.

King Richard liked the arbalest—and his own way—and accordingly he armed some of his crusaders with his favorite weapon, and evaded the decree by using only infidels as targets. When the crusaders returned home, they too prized their bows highly, and did not lay them aside. Still another papal edict was issued, condemning the barbarous things, but to no avail. One satisfaction the Church had, some years later, for Richard himself died from the effect of a crossbow shot in the shoulder, at the siege of Chalus Chabral.

Even then, moral or not, the use of the crossbow continued, until, in the fourteenth century, all European armies had troops of arbalestriers. They were formed into confraternities, used as guard duty in times of peace, and were given many privileges by way of encouraging them to greater skill. The Genoese even had arbalestriers for hire; at Crecy the French employed six thousand of these mercenaries. The Gascons and the men of Brabant were noted for their skill with the bow, and many towns of northern France maintained their own companies of arbalestriers who were called to occasional service under the powerful dukes when a quarrel was to be settled.

England Preferred the Longbow. England lost interest in the crossbow early, preferring the lighter longbow which, though less deadly in its single shots, could be fired many times to the crossbow's once. With the longbow there was no need of a steel winder to draw back the stout cord, or of a "goat's foot" lever to accomplish the bending of the heavy wooden or metal bow before an arrow could be fitted into place.

There were several well-known devices for winding a crossbow, but none of them made the process a short one. Modern tests have fixed the average time required at about eight minutes, a deadly length of time when one is under fire. Often the arbalestrier went into battle attended by a second man who carried his pavis, the enormous shield behind which he crouched to avoid the enemy's shot. There is an old legend that the English longbowman sometimes shot an arrow with a string attached to it, into the leather or wooden surface of the shield behind which his adversary wrestled with the cranequin of an arbalest. Then by pulling the string, he tipped over the pavis and uncovered his foe. Yet the English valued the crossbow; Froissart records an occasion when the English king borrowed the French arbalestriers for use in a war in which France was not concerned, and it is on record also that a company of English longbowmen served in the French forces of Richelieu at the siege of La Rochelle.

Eiffel Tower. When the Eiffel Tower was built for the Paris exposition of 1889 many persons declared that it was a menace and would soon blow down. The designer, M. Alexandre Eiffel, maintained that it would stand twenty years, and now a group of engineers who have examined it say that it is good for more than twenty years yet. The tower paid for itself many times over during the war by the services it rendered as a wireless station.

Genesis of Wigs. The wearing of wigs had a medical origin. A skin disease on the top of the head of Francis I. of France, which induced alopecia, or bald patches, compelled his Majesty to cover himself with artificial hair, and his courtiers all followed suit.

Zinc in the Human Body. In researches at the Pasteur Institute in Paris it has been discovered that zinc is an essential and permanent constituent of the human body. It appears that the metal exists in all organs, although in rather small percentage, about 0.0061 by weight. One Order Was Enough. An income tax form was returned recently with the following remark: "Sir, I belongs to the Foresters and don't wish to join the Income Tax." Fortunes are spent on advertisements, but I understand they are nothing to the fortunes made by advertisement.—Sir Henry Duke.

BE PREPARED! A GOOD SLOGAN FOR AUTOISTS. The motorists who are going on tour this summer should consider the Boy Scouts' motto: "Be Prepared." It is a good idea to check up on items that may be needed. Have a special corner in the garage or closet in the house where various things can be collected. While the automobile of to-day is a pretty reliable vehicle, it should be remembered that a tour often takes one to out-of-the-way places where service stations are scarce and where the driver is more dependent on his own resources than usual, in case anything goes wrong with his machine.

BEWARE OF CARBON. If the engine shows a tendency to knock when going up hill it would be well to have the carbon removed before going on tour. It is disagreeable to have to take a hill on second speed that ought to be taken on high. The car should be gone over systematically to be sure that all nuts are tight and properly supplied with cotter pins or lock washers. All parts should be carefully scrutinized to see that there are no cracked or badly worn parts that are likely to give out under the strain of touring.

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