THE PRIZE THAT MOTHER WON

WITH her brows knit in deep thought, Sarah Jane Folsom sat by the table in her bare little room. Books, paper and pencil were arranged in a neat little pile before her.

"It's not because I'm really stupid that I can't think of anything to write," she said to herself bitterly. "It's because I'm so tired."

All that Saturday morning she had swept, and cooked, and washed dishes, and kept her younger brothers and sisters in order. Now it was late in the afternoon, and as she picked up the pencil and made meaningless marks on the paper before her, her mouth drooped hopelessly at the corners.

Suddenly the sound of merry laughter came through the open window. She raised her head and gazed out listlessly. Arm in arm, three young girls were coming down the sidewalk; their feet were fairly dancing with the joy of the bright June weather. Opposite Sarah's window they halted. The tallest girl made a trumpet of her hands and shouted, "O you, Sarah Jane Folsom! Come out here as quick as you can!"

Sarah thrust her tousled head out of the window. There was a wistful light in her gray eyes. "I'd just love to, but, O girls, I haven't even begun my composition for the contest Monday. Is yours finished, Anne?"

"Oh, yes, I finished copying the masterpiece this morning. Do come with us, Sarah—just for a short walk! Susan, here, has thought of the most marvellous scheme for entertaining the seniors. We really can't tell whether it's practical until you hear it and give us your opinion. You have the best old brain for such things. Come on, Sarah!"

"Girls, I just simply can't. Of course I haven't the slightest hope of winning the prize, but I promised mother I'd try. Besides I know I'd hate myself if I gave up now. So don't tempt me any more."

"O dear!" thought Sarah, as she watched the girls disappear around the corner. "They have all the time they want to study. I can't ever quite finish my lessons. Whenever I have a minute I peg and peg, but my work is just common, ordinary, middling! Why, I can't even write compositions like the other girls! I haven't time to put in all the nice-sounding words, and even if I did have time, I probably couldn't think of them. I know how Anne's composition will sound—fine, and easy, and flowing. And mine. Short, choppy sentences, common, pratical words! Practical, yes, I'm practical. That's the reason the girls wanted me to walk with them — to tell whether their plans are practical. I hate the word. If it weren't for mother, I'd drop everything!"

Her eye fell on the paper before her and she picked up her pencil wearily. Her composition was to ... ied to ... ite ... -

... still a fine-looking man. Then the twins, Harry and John, tumbled into the room, with their faces and hands disreputably dirty. Sarah silently urged them toward the kitchen sink. Close behind the twins came Florence and Mary, two attractive girls of thirteen and fourteen.

"Where's mother? Where's mother?" they each inquired in turn.

Sarah explained and then sat down in mother's place and began to pour the tea. It had always seemed an easy, pleasant task when mother did it, but it took Sarah a long time, for she had to stop and ask each member of the family how much sugar and how much cream to put in his cup. Mother always knew, and she had quaint, humourous incidents to relate as she poured the tea.

Sarah set down the teapot with a sigh of relief. The twins began to argue with each other. Father addressed a few remarks to the children, but, in general, conversation lagged, and the meal went on in gloomy silence.

"Oh," thought Sarah, "how different this is from supper last night! Having mother with us makes all the difference in the world."

They had all been so happy last night. Sarah remembered how their mother's eyes had lighted with interest when father told her about the customers who had come to the store that day; about little, barefoot Susan Jones, who had run a nail into her foot when she was passing the new house that was building down the road.

On hearing that last bit of news, mother had said, "I must go straight up to Mrs. Jones' and tell her what to do for Susan's foot."

Florence and Mary had told mother about a pretty hat, just the kind they wanted, that they had seen in the window of a millinery shop downtown.

"We'll try to manage a new hat for each of you girls," mother had said with a cheerful smile. "Perhaps we could steam that old, half-worn velvet cape of mine, buy a bit of ribbon"—and then had followed an animated discussion of ways and means.

How pleased and delighted mother had been when Sarah told her that Professor Oldworthy had complimented her upon her character sketch of Lady Macbeth!

"I knew you had it in you, Sarah," mother had remarked.

"Now," Sarah said to herself, when the dishes were washed and put away and she had climbed again to her room, "I simply must do something with that composition."

For a long time she sat and pulled her hair and frowned. She had not even chosen her subject. What great person should she write about? Suddenly she gave a glad little cry, seized a sheet of paper, and printed at the top of it in great, bold letters, "Mother."

Her pencil speedily squeaked its way down the paper; she wrote so fast that the rickety table wobbled. Incident upon incident cro... her mind; little, hom... r mother had d... home.

"See!" whispered Anne, touching Sarah's arm. "They're coming back already! Didn't take them long to decide."

The professor of literature stood in the front of the room and gazed calmly and benignly around. He cleared his throat two or three times. The students fidgeted in their seats.

"My young friends," he began, "I have listened with interest to the reading of your excellent compositions. From among them I have chosen one that to me seems fullest of meaning and strongest and best in literary style. The words are simple, practical, and well chosen—words that fully and forcibly express the thought of the writer. Above all, this composition in its sincerity has made, I am sure, a strong appeal to the heart of everyone who has heard it. It gives me the greatest pleasure to present the medal to Miss Sarah Jane Folsom who wrote 'Mother,'"

Sarah's face paled and she grasped the seat for support. Suddenly the colour came back into her cheeks and her lips parted in a glad smile. As if in a dream, she walked to the front of the room, where the famous professor of literature pinned the gold medal to her blouse. When she came back to her seat she saw Tom looking at her proudly. Tom was proud of her!

Sarah never knew how she reached home. Like a whirlwind she rushed up to her mother's room, threw herself on her knees by the chair in which her mother was sitting, and pinned the medal to her waist.

"Congratulations, mother, dear!" she cried. "See what you have won!"

"Why, Sarah, what do you mean?"

Sarah's words fairly tumbled over each other as she told her mother of the composition she had written.

"Don't you see," she said, "that I never, never could have written that composition and won that medal if it hadn't been for you? When I was trying to think of a great person to write about, I suddenly thought, 'Who can be greater than my own mother? Think of all she does for us and everyone!' I couldn't write fast enough to get down all I knew. I tell you what, it's one thing to read about great people in books, but it's quite another thing to live right in the house with one, and to love her and have her love you!"

Fly: "They say that money talks."

Willhide: "Then I certainly have had an impediment in my speech for a long time."

Betty: "Darling, I can hardly wait to see that dream of a hat you said your husband promised to buy you."

Peggy: "You'll just have to wait, my dear. That hat is still just a dream."

Frown: "I never thought you would get married. You always said ma... riage was a joke."

Looney: "I still think it is... trouble is that the joke's ..."

Boss: "I'm to ... secret order... stiff."

Ou...

"I admit," said the holiday-maker, leaving the crowded boarding-house, "that I do not mind sleeping in the breakfast-room. But I think you are going to far when in view of that, you charge me for breakfast in my bedroom."

A reader wrote to the editor, asking for advice. 'How can I keep my daughter home?" he asked. "I used to do it by hiding her clothes. This doesn't work any more."

"Hide her lip-stick," replied the editor.

NOTE ADDRESS LABEL ON THIS PAPER

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Mainly About People

Miss Kathryne Coyne spent the New Year's holidays with her father, Mr. Bernard Coyne.

Miss Altha Baker, of Cornwall, was the guest of Chesterville friends on New Year's Day and Saturday.

Miss Susie O'Neil spent New Year's with her cousin, Miss Irene Allen, and other relatives in town.

Miss Alice Suffel was in Winchester on Monday casting her vote in the municipal election.

Mr. D. Beattie, of Winchester, spent Saturday here at the home of his son, Mr. Geo H. Beattie.

Mr. Wm. F. Droppo has spent the past week with his daughter, Mrs. John Thorpe, of Hulbert.

Mr. Myles MacMillan, the R.C.A.F., of Barrie, spent a couple of days at the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. MacMillan.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Kelly and family spent Sunday in Bourget, the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Lefebvre.

Miss Beatrice Fulton, of Hermon, spent Christmas and the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Fulton.

Miss Dorothy Devaney is receiving the congratulations of her many friends on learning she was successful in passing the Nurses' Registration exams held in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbie Irving and Mrs. E. Vandusen spent the week end with Mrs. James Ouderkirk, of Berwick, who is seriously ill.

Mr. Hubert Dixon and Mr. Clarence Cross returned to Queen's University, Kingston, on Tuesday after spending the holidays at their homes here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Morris, Connie and Jackie, the Misses Ruth and Marion Droppo, and Mr. Fred Moore were New Year' guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Sutherland and Mr. Oscar Foster.

Miss Frances McAvoy is leaving to-[day] for Montreal to resume studies [at] college after spending the [holi]days at the parets, Mr. and [Mrs.] ...iths Falls, ...k end ...Mrs.

Leafs Lose Two Games To Cardinal's Sextette

Chesterville's Maple Leafs made a sad showing at the week end when they lost three straight games, one to Brockville and then two straight to Cardinal. The starch-town boys came from behind in their own territory Monday night to win 6-4 in overtime and they trimmed the Leafs here on Saturday evening 5-4.

The Cardinal team had failed to gather a point in their first three games and looked like easy meat for the Leafs here Saturday night, but the visitors had a 4-1 score starting the third period. The Leafs came back strong with three goals to tie up the count, but one minute afterwards Loughridge put his team one up at 5-4 and won the game.

Saturday night's game was a story of a different kind but with the same ending. The Leafs invaded Cardinal and had the edge at 4-2 in the third session. This time the Cardinals took the breather to come back strong with two goals to tie it up and then planted two in the overtime session.

Trinity United Ladies' Aid Met Yesterday Afternoon

The first meeting of the new year of the Ladies' Aid of Trinity United church was held yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. C. W. Casselman when a large number were in attendance. After singing the 23rd Psalm and the repetition of the Lord's Prayer in unison, Mrs. Hunt gave the scripture reading before the routine business was taken up.

It was decided to hold a bazaar some time in the month of April, and reports of the various committees were heard. A good programme was presented with Mrs. Donald Cross contributing a piano solo, Miss McGee a reading, Mrs. McElheran a reading, Mrs. W. N. Fulton a solo accompanied by Mrs. Reaburn. The meeting was closed with the Mizpah benediction.

Refreshments were served by Mrs. King, Mrs. Tait, Mrs. Bolster, Mrs. Durant and Mrs. Casselman, the committee in charge.

HOCKEY GAMES THIS WEEK.

To-night:
Cardinal at Cornwall
Prescott at Brockville
Saturday:
Prescott at Chesterville
Cornwall at Iroquois
Brockville at Cardinal
Monday:
Chesterville at Prescott
Cardinal at Brockville
Tuesday:
Iroquois at Cornwall
Wednesday:
Brockville at Prescott

FOOTBALL RETURNS IN MID-WINTER

With lawns and playing fields entirely free of snow, a record of some kind must surely have been established when a football was retrieved from its seclusion and a practise held on the lawn of Trinity United this week. Last week the same location provided a clear sheet of ice for skating from end to end, and hockey held sway.

STREETS CLEAR AS SUMMER.

As sure as shootin' if this weather continues, some one is going to make a squawk about the dust nuisance which is already being complained of by housewives.

BREAKS RIBS IN FALL.

Oscar Olsen suffered a couple of cracked ribs when he fell onto a suitcase he was carrying as he slipped on the icy roadway in front of his home Saturday evening. Olsen was on his way to the Arena to the Cardinal-Chesterville hockey game when the accident occurred.

INJURED BY FALLING TREE.

Tuesday afternoon as Harold Merkley of The Boyne was engaged in felling trees, he was struck by a falling tree, receiving very serious injuries to his head when a gash was cut 12 inches in length. He was rushed to the office of Dr. H. H. Caselman who inserted a number of stitches to close the wound.

IN MEMORIAM.

Scott—In sad and loving memory of my dear mother, who passed away on Jan. 7th, 1935.

God took her to His heavenly rest
Freed from all grief and pain,
But her face will linger before us
'Til we meet again.

—Ever remembered by her daughter, Mrs. P. Wagner.

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