# The Free Press Shart Story

## DOLLY BLY'S MEAN TRICK

BY SHELDON C. STODDARD

said his brother, irrelevantly.

I don't take any stock in what we hear

more nights, and-There's a good place

Preeman looked sharply. "I guess sh

"I've watched all the while. She's prob-

A few minutes later they looked up to

"Quick, Dave! We must head her of

fore the hard, determined face was turn

point of scrub-pine.

"Sho, now, shot" he said.

dealy pointing. "We'll get a lot of right in: I'll take ve there-wohn part and over again the father

gether, and instantly both snrang to their

the cross-road at a swift walk.

There are berries beyond."

cross-road?

OURE a beauty, Dolly Bly, a | berries, Preem. The weather has been regular beautyl That's what just right for them." you are!" The pretty bay mare cocked an ear knowingly at the speaker, a stout boy of fifteen:

"If 'twasn't for your one mean trick!" continued the boy, caressing the glossy neck. "It's a dreadful pity, Preem!"

Preeman Baker looked at the handsome bay with all the critical keenness of the born horseman.

"I don't know that R is, Dave. In I'll never see one! Dave, sometimes fact, I rather think it han't. We never should have owned her if she'd been all right. The price would have been away

beyond father." "I guess that's right, Preem," said the s'pose you're thinking of horse-thieves. younger boy, alowly.

"I know it is. There's good blood in about them; it's always away off somethat mare. We needn't mind her one failing, now that we've learned what it is. But wasn't father surprised-weren't we all surprised that first time she pulled now," said his more thoughtful brother.

at the halter!" "Nover saw anything like it." said times in Broome-that's the last report. David. "I'd heard of 'pullers' before, and There's truth. In it, too, for the county thought Y'd seen some, but Y found Y has offered two hundred and fifty dollars didn't know anything about it-not a for Trawney-he's the head man-or for thing."

"Pather says she can pull more at the ture; and they say a wealthy stockhalter than she can with collar and owner in Broome, who lost a fine horse. traces, and I believe he is right. I never has offered to duplicate the reward to fore," added Preeman. Presently his fellow-"I'rawney Joe" they call him-Mert Edsen somewhat one evening a in the papers." week or so ago." He chuckled softly.

"How?" questioned David. "It was the first time I'd driven Dolly. Impressed by his brother's carnestness Mort came tearing along as he always docs-it was pretty dusty-and he drew out to go by the first thing. I suppose he thought I had old Samson, as usual, and he slashed up abreast with the roan that he thinks is so fast. I waited till the road and soon drew up at the place he'd got fully abreast, and then I pulled indicated. The boys ate their lunch up a little sharp on the lines and clucked leisurely, while the mare stood hitched

-just onco-to Dolly." "What happened?"

"Nothing much-only-well, the mare harnessed to anything. had begun to fret when she first heard them coming, and when I clucked I felt Wen, and the young fellows were soon something of a jolt. Dolly lily had deep in the heart of the first big "patch." lifted the front wheels clear of the ground They picked steadily for perhaps an hour at the first stride; in a precious few and had nearly filled their pulls seconds somebody dropped behind-and I when David moved over toward can tell you it wasn't Dolly Bly."

David grinned in huge delight. Pre- me Dolly acts curiously, Freem. She has sently both boys turned to look toward out browsing the birches! and see how the house, where, on the shaded porch, a she stands with her head up!" slender, pale-faced woman was sitting. After a little interval David said, wist- is all right," he said, after a moment

she ought to, Preem.

The shadow that had formed on his home." brother's face grow deeper. "The ought to be more in the open air, with change of scene, the doctor says, she's been sick feet. The mare was soing off toward weapon threw himself forward to countoo long. I wish we had a phaeton, Dave, and a decent harness, now that we have Dolly. I don't wonder mother . hasn't or she'll go home!" shouted Freeman, and wanted to pound along with old Samson both set off at a run, "It's queer what and this rickety old democrat."

- He glanced with an air of extreme I'll take her if she turns north!"

"She's always worked too hard-she's she turned squarely north toward the such a slender little mother!" Freeman's river road, and now at a smart trot voice took on a sudden gruffness at the Freeman Baker was a runner of no mean

"And I've got twenty-five," said Free- the bed of the wagon the figure of a "But what's that toward a harness and phaeton?" He pulled off the rusty old harness. "You'll have to wear the old traps, Dolly, for all I see," he dd toward him, that it was the fellow

said, as he led the mare into her stall. Daniel Baker, father of the two boys, whom he had spoken—the fellow with had not prospered. He had, like many the evil eyes. Leaning forward in the another, bought his farm when values of all kinds were high, and for years he sharply with the lines. Instantly she had made a sturdy fight against heavy sprang into a run, and Freeman reached odds. He was still hi debt, but lately, the road some rods behind. The wagen with the help of his boys, was gaining presently disappeared behind a jutting

One morning early in August Mr. | David came panting up, his eyes round Baker said, at breakfast; "I've been think- with excitement and alarm. threshed, and there will be quite a call, dawn; his distress manfully. for it, I guess, Dave, you had better go | Freeman's face took on an expres-

"May I have Dolly?" the boy asked. "Ves -- unless vou prefer Samson" said can't make fast time on this rough gross, nough

his father, dryly.

"Take a day off and go if you like, yellow road, silent and deserted." Nothing the boy blessed the day he had learned Preem," sald his father. "Oct the pails and we'll be off," said heard,

Freeman, briefly,

"Devil's Wen" lay wild and rugged in examined the tracks critically. the August sun. It was a lonely enough! "I'm sure, almost, he's gone up the place, with no human habitation within triver," said Preeman. He drew a long several miles. The Wen was a moder- breath. "Woll, I suppose it's useless to ately steep hill, covered with scrub-pine follow; we can't catch him; if we did, and "silver-top," and forming a part of he'd be too much for us. He'd proba vast reach of wild country stretching ably shoot! But, Dave, this thing ought back well toward the Canada line. Here to be telegraphed right away and-hark!" and there in sheltered places buckle- There was a sound of wheels, and dirbarries throve and ripened to perfection; ectly a team turned into the road below but by far the greater part of the whole them, evidently from one of the riversection was covered with thin soil, thats. It was driven by a stout farmer, through which "hardheads" and ledge The young fellows hailed him and eagerly explained.

It was not yet moon when the two boys turned into the narrow, grass-grown right in broad daylight, hev? cross-road that led up past the Wen and bold that was-dretfull"-"He glanced mi over into the river road some miles be- the Wen road apprehensively. vond. Bafely stowed in the body of the he continued, "hain't Beard non seen democrat were two clean bags of the nothin'. Course ye must telegraph.

way, anyway. We got to look out for -plumb et up!"

Preeman, looked at his brother's flushed face. "You'd better go home, Dave," he when, shortly after eleven; he heard the sald .- "You'll be tired enough. - It's far enough to hoof it from here, and I can

see to ft, you know." "I'm going with you," said David.

The farmer's stout horses forged along smartly, and in less than an hour Precman's message was going over the wires to reach, ere long, every town and hamlet in that part of the country. The trip to the station fud disclosed no trace peering anxiously into the long body of of the mare.

in the place and secured a supply of "I don't like the looks of that fellow." doughnuts and cheese. It we then five o'clock, "Now for a fifteey-mile tramp, Davel" he said. "We cap cut off several David turned in surprise. "Who? Oh, miles by taking a beating for the Wen." that fellow we passed just as we took the Go ahead," said his mother, gloomily. The boy's heart was

"Not at us." said Freeman. did look mighty sharp at the mare; if he didn't have an evil eye, I hope and in the lonely, bush-lined gully of almost wish Dolly weren't quite so hand- Little Eagle Creek it was almost dark "Pshaw!" said the boy, regarding the to rest and get a drink from a cool spring in the gully. The walking, exmare complacently. "I don't, then, cept for occasional thickly overhanging

struck the lonely creek. Very little had where." He spoke with youthful assur- they said, each being busy with his own They were about to go on, when "Not so far off as it might be just curious sound close at hand startled

"Twice in this county and two or three

Freeman shook his head. "Too heavy for a dog or fox." he said. "Hark! It's information that shall lead to his cap-

Presently they saw the thick boughs of a low overgreen near at hand move saw such downright vengeful pulling be- my one who shall actually deliver the gently aside; then a man stepped into view, and close behind him an animal of continued: "I think, though, I surprised over to the authorities. His picture is some kind. The man was a big bewhiskered fellow, but the unimal-the something in it." said David, somewhat alert ears, the bly eyes, wide apart, and "I sh'n't turn Dolly out to pasture any the white crescent in the forehead could belong to none other than their own

to stop. Dave, by those acrub-birches. man had recognized, despite the big fulling of yours, Dolly Bly, that one David, who was driving, turned from false whiskers, the rogue of the cross- trick, we'll never, never call it mean road. With the halter looped around again." his waist, thus leaving his hands free to part the heavy boughs, he was leading to the wagon. She was never tled, for the mare, harnessed to a buggy, careshe would not try to run away when fully along the run.

For a few seconds the three stared at The berries were fine that day on the one another without moving a muscle, the boys almost too astonished to breathe, and the man still holding the bough he welf. had just carefully lifted: "

Suddenly the man's hand shot with guick motion behind him, and a secon brother and said, uneasily, "It seems to later Freeman caught the glint of shining barrel; the heavy revolver rose to a level with his breast. For an instant Freeman's head swam dizzily.

But the demerade had reckened without Dolly Bly. The sudden release "Mother doesn't get strong as fast as ably had all the leaves she wants. Let's of the bough and the quick motion of get two or three quarts more and then go' the fellow's arm almost in her face startled the sensitive mare, and started back. The thief heard motion, and even as he raised teract it.' As the halter tightened with a sharp, savage jerk, a lightning change beneath.

> started her. Cut across south, Dave! powers, and he had nearly succeeded

fore his astonished eyes, there rose from Excited by her strange surroundings. the report of the revolver, and perhaps a few paces and charged. He struck th by the sprawling figure pitching grotes- coat and the tree with full force, and Preeman knew instinctively, and bethey had passed that morning, and o fifty feet away from where she started. wagon, the rouge shupped othe mare There, the halter rope broken and the paroxysm ended, she stood panting and

trembling violently. The desperado, bruised and nearly him breathless, tried dizzlly to rise. But Freeman Baker, dazed only for an in-"Che's stant, was quick to see his advantage ing, boys, about that seed wheat over at stolen .- Freem! - She's stolen! -- We never | and to seize it. Picking up the smoking. Marshall's. - It's a vers the variety, and thall see -Dolly Bly again, never!" he revolver, he thrust it into his pocket I'm anxious to get some. I hear he has cried. "Its face was pale, but he milned then hurled himself upon the burly villain and bore him again to the ground

"Quick, 'Dave!" he shouted, "Jerk out over to-day and get it; four bushels will sion of quick determination. "Yes, she's the check-rein and tie his arms before stolen, fast enough, but come on. Let's ; he comes to, and cut away those broken make a run for the river road. He thills before the mare humps again; lively

David needed no bidding. Already with "I might go up on to Devil's Wen and They started off at a steady lope, and quick, sure fingers, he was securing the get some huckleberries-the road goes reached the river at last, hot, tired and long, pliant strap. The thief lay quite past there, and there'll be time. Can't dusty, For nearly a mile in either direc- still, but he was rapidly regaining both tion they could see the long line of his wits and his breath. It was then

was visible. Not a sound was to be to the "Injun knots." Freeman went to the overturned buggey "Too late!" muttered David; but both searched it, and returned with a halter bound the fellow thoroughly. Then he turned him over and bulled the half above the right ear. That scar had been described in many a newspaper.

> "Trawney Joe!" shouted David, ex-"That's the size of it, Davy!" , said Dolly up the creek and look for wagon. It can't be far off. If you can't find it, we must fix this buggy somehow. If we can't do that, we'll the him on the mare's back. And hurry! We must get the trouble and the meal digests naturally

"No." to stuy with this gentleman." Parmer Baker and his wife had great confidence in their heys and in their other powder or tablets. It never comes atlan, let loose to worry over triffes, will kind o' one-hoss, but it'll do. 'Hout five the mother grew worried as the hours

her, carefully hiding his own anxiety. was so unlike his boys! He wished they

had taken old Bamson. A great throb of relief stirred his heart wound-of-wheels, Lantern in hand, he harried to the door and threw it open. The big eyes of the bay mare blinked at him wisely in the sudden light. David ant on the sent-alone.

"Is that you, Dave? - Why, where's Preem?" the father asked, anxiously. "Here, father!" came sturdly from the darkness behind. Raising his light and the wagon, the astounded father beheld a minute how dull and uninteresting our his oldest born calmly sitting astride prone; the boy held in his hand a blg is practically the essence of life, as it revolver, the barrel of which glimmered were, but, whether it to a blessing or duskily in the hantern light

"Holding down five hundred dollars, sore over his loss. The little mare had father," replied Freeman, "that we found up Little Engil Creek. This is a chap The shadows were long on Devils Wen, they call Trawney Joe!" Again he dis-

"By George, Freem!" was the father when the boys stopped for a moment brief comment. He looked at both sturdy no small measure of proud respect. "It was Dolly Bly, father," said David;

bushes, had not been bad since they and then followed questions and unswers "And now, father," Preeman said at ast," "I wish you'd harness old Hamson. This fellow is going behind from bars; before I sleep again."

The capture of /Trawney Joe pract illy broke up horse-stealing operations in that section. A short time afterward the Baker boys received the rewards sure it has a history all its own and I that had been offered.

The next day but one after that event an handsome bay mare, wearing a fine. nickel-trimmed harness and attached to and tall. Kind, sympathetic, queen of a low easy phaeton that shone with all them all. It peeps through the windows the pride of newness, might have been seen standing in front of the Baker homestead. The little, slender woman was again on the porch; but now in the "If they've done all that, there may be hearts of both boys gave a great thump, pale face there was a faint flush, surely of hope once again. The tales it could Ah! that long, allky mane, those small, prophetic of health. Preeman helped his mother into the pretty carriage.

> And David, twisting one hand careasingly into the mare's silken mane, whis-A second glance at the man, and Pree- pered into her ear, confidentially, "That

"Just for you," he said, gally,

### A RAM OUTWITTED

rams have reminded a reader of a story that he heard his father tell about him-

The part of West Virginia in which he have character but I want to tell you lived was thinly settled at that time. Late now of our rise in high society I might one afternoon when he was ten years also say into Royal circles. Not the old he had to go to one of the neighbors society of to-day but of yesterday, when on an errand and on the way had to Queen Victoria held Court, and damsels cross a field where the rams were segre- were their gowns with more elegance gated from the rest of the flock. . .

When he was near the middle of the fron, shoe-shoe of their silken skirts as field an angry blat attracted his atten- Partner gathers the sticks of green corn tion. It was Old Mose, the hero of many to put in the mangers for the cows. Yes a battle, coming towards him at a fast if I shut my eyes I can hardly believe clip. The boy made for a small walnut the fascinating rustling, swishing sound tree that stood near by and, frantically comes from anything so ordinary ar grabbling the lowest branch, awang him- corn. It seems far easier to imagine ! self up to safety just as the ram charged am in the company of Court ladies with

She threw herself back, filled with away, but Old Mose was obstinate and rustling silks and sating the old, insane fury. The small cars refused-to stray far from the tree. Night To-night I must do the chores alone were laid back close to her head, the was fast approaching, and, naturally not as Partner has gone to a threshing, but broad teeth showed white, and her head wanting to remain there till morning, the I shall not find it at all monotonous seemed to cut the air with vengeful, boy decided on a ruse. Removing his because I shall attend a new Court, and twisting jerks. Taken by surprise and coat, he climbed carefully to the ground, there will be fresh dresses and different totally unprepared, the fellow was hurled taking care to keep the bole of the tree faces. to the ground with savage force. There between himself and the run. Slipwas a loud report as the weapon, jerked ping the coat round the trunk, he mov- in head but still a greyish green, I walked

and then waited. Old Mose healtated, then he backed off quely toward her, the mare fairly outdid it was the first time in all his conquests herself. The buggy was overturned and that an attack had failed to move an both thills were snapped short off as enemy. Again he backed off and chargshe flew backward in zigzag curves and ed, and again the enemy was unyielding, erratic wrenches to bring up at last Then, seeming to realize that something was wrong, and bleeding freely, he ran to

> Ever after that escanade Old Mose would fice whenever anyone approached

of stomach trouble, say medical authori- our very eyes the great miracle of tles, are due nine times out of ten to an Nature's unfolding goes on from year and prevent the formation of gas, sour- able to sweep floors, to know she has a ness or premature fermentation by the use of a little Bisurated Magnesia at Jamily to wear the socks. For those who,

taken in a little water with the food will many things, niust be held in check and neutralize the execss acidity which may not left to run wild. Our imagination out of here; it is getting dark. I'm going and healthfully without need of pepsin magnify our aches and, pains will we

> Get a few ounces of Bisurated neals from any reliable druggist. Ask for

# Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

Neighbors, have you ever considered what a wonderful quality we have in the gift of imagination. Just think for work would sometimes be if we were legs of a man who lay bound and totally lacking in imagination. Why it curse, is open to question and depends "What are you doing, Freem? . Who entirely upon which we choose to make

> Perhaps imagination, or lack of it, is one reason why young folk quit the farm. If they haven't got any and their parents haven't got any, why they miss half the Joy of farm life, because there are so many things which we cannot see bul of which we may be subconsciously aware To unimaginative people a tree is only a

> tree, useful perhaps as shade for the cows' and may later be converted into lumber or firewood, but they never see the turn of the leaves when the east wind blows or hear the whispering messages that are borne on the breeze. Trees have individuality. We have an elm pathetic when lashed in a storm and creep by that tree in awe because I am believe it mourns for its past.

> By the house stands a poplar, graceful and shelters the lawn; it has lived through the ages and watched children born. It quivered in awe when the Great Bhadow came, but whispered its message tell of the pranks it has seen, the hopes and the fears and the smiles in between. Its companions have dropped to the ax one by one but the poplar still stands in its place in the sun.

> Up the back lane stands another elm and its symmetry is perfect. It may b a granddaughter of the first elm but with quite a different disposition, It is more like a coquettish dancing nymph, with frocks all frills and laces. It stands aquiver with joy and life; the sun is filtered through its branches making a pattern on the ground like the finest of Torchon laces.

And the muples and cedars-they all than case. Each night I hear the froubeautiful dresses, not made with the soft He tried his best to make the ram go clinging materials of our day but with

Several weeks ago, when the grain was violently from his hand, fell to the ed it slowly up and down a few times; through a barley field. A high wind was blowing and the barley was swaying and autvering in the wind. To watch it made me dizzy and I had all the sensations of a trip on the ocean, without its unpleasant accompanying results. Then I came to an old stump, and sat down for awhile and thought how nice it would be if I were really on an ocean liner, speeding, speeding away to the Old Country. "I nearly said "home." wier home when I left it, because mother was there, but now-well, it hurts less to think of it as the "Old Country."

Sometimes we get a letter-just such a letter as we all get at times-where we can read in between the lines and find therein more beauty or pathor than there is expressed in the written words Don't we find the same thing, perhaps even more so, in our every-day life? The farmer follows the plow; the sod is turned over, furrow after farrow. Nothing very wonderful in that perhaps, until we remember that between plowing and haryest - or between the lines, as it were-Indigestion and practically all forms God creates plant life anew and before

And the housewife washes dishes, Mundane chores in themselves; tiring, disagree with them, that irritate inonotonous, but between the dishes and reason and make it a practice to realization of what a splendid thing it is unteract the effect of the harmful acid to have the health and strength to be through forced finetivity cannot lead a There is probably no better, safer or | normal life; there is also the consoling thought that "they also serve, who only

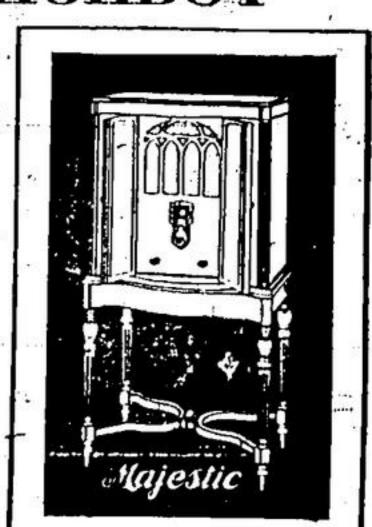
overy-day life, but imagination; like so be present and prevent its further forms - is not given to us to conjure up a lot of slights and fancled insults nor to think we have everything on the medical list except a housemaid's knee. Ymaginbisurated, form is not a laxative. 'Try Fortunately it will also go a long way "There's, the Wen!" kried David, sud- mile to Turner's. Tell ye' what, get went by that dark August evening. Over next meal and see if the best towards curing them if directed into the

# Introducing

The New

Super-Screen Grid Super-Colortura Dynamic Speaker A New Motif in Cabinet Design

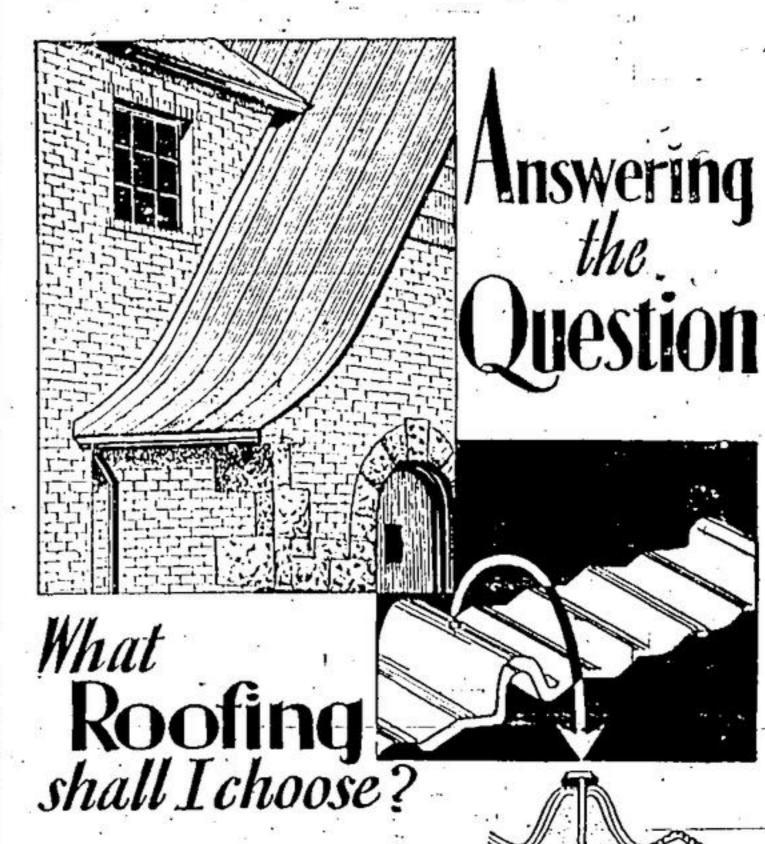
COMPLETE WITH TUBES



Think of it, the New Majestic Models for 1931 are 50% more sensitive ... 35% more selective ... than ever before!

This graceful Highboy with shaped front has seven tubes, including four screen grid tubes. Handsome legs and stretchers. Speaker grille at top. Make it your radio!

See it at our store today! W. D. TALBOT - Acton, Ont.



We say positively that Colored Rib-Roll represents the greatest advancement in the roofing in-

dustry in 25 years. A critical examination of Colored Rib-Roll will convince you that it is the logical roofing to use on your home.

Here are the Unique Advantages of Colored Rib-Roll

Permanence—a metal roof with a galvanized iron base. Cannot warp. - - whrink, pool, crack, curl or bulgo.

Fireproof-Sparks cannot ignite Colored Rib-Roll's metal surface. Beauty-colors to match brick, stucco, wooden structures, stone or any

Lightning Protection-Properly grounded according to the Ontario Eightning Rod Act, Colored Rib-Roll gives complete lightning Economy Can be laid right over old shingles with maximum spec

Write today for free sample of Colored Rib-Rolle together with descriptive booklet.

### Put It On With PRESTON LED-HED NAILS

Note the generous overlap which means a perfect joint. Note how. the lead on the head of the Led-Hed\_Nail\_scals the milliole. Prodon-Lod-Hod-Nuils-are -colored to match.

We Also Make

the famous Preston Steel Truss Barns, Barn Door Hardware, Galvanized Tanks, Barn Ventilators, "Council Standard Rib-Roll for barns and ou -building and all-kinds of the metal building materials.

COLORED RIB-ROLL **Eastern Steel Products** Preston, Ontario

seed wheat, as also the lunch-basket and Turner's Station's th' nighest office—ability to take care of themselves, but us a liquid, milk or citrate and in the soon produce a first class case of nerves. Free Press Ads. Will Sell Your Goods Let Us Convince You