The Bree Press' Short Story

THE DERELICT

CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES

rips, laughed across pebbled shoals and

swift, powerful current. A black, bent

figure crossed the old less bridge and

James Duby harbored behind the mask

he stopped. He left the road by a fallen

log, doubled back on his tracks and lay

down under a dwarfed pine where the

needles were dry and thick. He was

tired, and he fell asleep almost instantly.

heard his own name mentioned

scorpions was purely Scriptural.

"Weel, lad, I suppose maybe he's now

sweater on his back and MacLaren's

food in his belly—it's shameful, that it

is! Put out the fire, and we'll be on

The old man, lying concealed in the

bushes, once more laughed gently. When

they had gone he crawled down to the

roadside and stared at their blackened

fire. He chuckled and patted the red

sweater behind which was concealed the

thick roll of stolen bills. "They're after

me." he whispered to no one at all

"MacLaren's found out and sent 'em."

He set off after his two pursuers. Pre-

sently he came to an old dead pine

broken off thirty feet above the ground.

unfastened it carefully. He felt an im-

who were trying to find him.

swirled down under the alders in

AMES DUBY came to the lumber jed, and he entered softly. He fumbled camps on the Abol River, a worn- along the counter, which was piled with out backwoods derelict. On the shirts and socks and trousers, and felt eve of a January blizzard he thrust his his way over the brad boots, the axe shivering form into the cookroom, hud- shelves and the account books. He knelt died by the hot stove and cried. "Beans, in front of the little safe and with his beans-Jim Duby wants beans; he's ear close to the door turned the knob, listening to the click of falling tumblers.

They poured beans on a tin plate and James Duby knew more about safe locks watched him eat. He put the edge of than any man on Abol. Before he had the plate to his mouth and pushed the become a vagabond he had worked in a tion assailed him with rules that can be laid own for any lights. If these are being swung in the beans with his knife. The gravy drip- shop where safes were made, and since terror. The fear grew on him until he person whose work takes him into houses hand, he may think they are intended ped down on his ragged coat. then he had not forgotten.

"More!" he quavered. fuls and hot black tea in a quart dipper. safe, took out a long black pocketbook. I'll go back-I'll go back!" short-handed the boss ordered a cookee the long dark road that led under the the hands of his pursuers. out in place of the injured man, and arching pines next morning, much against his will old Jim Duby was given a thorough bath and set at work paring potatoes and washing dishes

"As wuthless a man as I ever see Donald MacLaren grumbled, not minding in the least that the old man was listening to every word. "There's not been another time since I can remember the first clear day. treat him square: he's human!" McLaren stamped out of the room, leav-

ing old Duby gaping at the unflattering summary of his character. MacLaren had known James Duby forty years beof fore, but none of the men knew that. When he woke he heard voices. The storm cleared; a week passed and the old man was still at work.

"Do you know, Mr. MacLaren," cook said one day, "I'm beginning think the old fraud actually likes it." "It's three square meals a day and

warm bunk at night! The hills are cold in January. He'll go with the coming of spring." MacLaren looked off at the white

summit of Russell Mountain and smiled grimly.

The rain and sleet of gray March and the wild freshets and warm winds of April found the old man almost contented in his quiet way. Ignored by the at this minute chucklin' over last night's men, cursed by the cook, patronized by work. Three hundred dollars is no great the cookee, he pared potatoes and washed of a loss, but him with MacLaren's d-do?" he stammered. dishes from gray light to sundown, ate, slept and seemed satisfied; but ever and anon the keen glance of Donald Mac-Laren would detect a yearning, wistfulness in the old man's eyes, and now and again the cook would find him staring at the leaping rips of Abol, at the wet, bare ground, at the budding branches of

On a morning in early May he shuffled into the office. looked timidly away from MacLaren's stern face and said goin' on."

black book, took out three bills, pushed them across the desk and bent over his

"What's this?" quavered the old man. "Wages." MacLaren did not look up "I warn't hired out." The old man waited for a reply, but got none.

ain't asked nawthin'." MacLaren raised his head, pointed at later Donald MacLaren himself turned the door and again frowned over his problem.

saw the track of a patched shoe. The old man reached out a trembling hand, took the money, thrust it inside his sweater, which MacLaren had given sweater caught on a broken limb, and he

him, and went out. "Good for nothing!" MacLaren growl- pulse to tear it off his back. It seemed ed to the cook that night after supper. to him that he could feel Donald Mac-'T've seen 'em before. I knew he'd go in Laren's eyes fixed upon him that Donald

MacLaren's voice was calling on him to At the moment when MacLaren spoke keep the money, but to give him back those words the old man was squatting the sweater because the sweater stood in the underbrush on the hillside, watch- for kindness and good will. The old ing the camp with eyes from which man faltered. For a moment he rubbed timidity and indecision had departed, the roll of bills in his shirt pocket; then eyes in which had appeared subtlety, he pushed on again more swiftly than

craft and cunning. One by one the camp lights appeared, Presently he began to talk to himand the small stars twinkled in the gray self. "Money!" he chuckled. "I'm rich! sky. Two teamsters with swinging lan- I'll go to Oldtown: I'll go to Bangor: terns splashed through the slush in the perhaps I'll go to Boston. I'm ruchcamp yard. The high-pitched voice of no, Mr. MacLaren ain't callin'; he don't Sammy Clarksen, the ballad singer, want his sweater-" quavered through a chorus and died Ten minutes he walked on in silence: The yellow light disappeared then he began to talk to himself again. from the windows of the bunk room. The "Turn on the hand that feeds them." lantern in the cookroom was extinguish- Those had been the man's words. The ed. The little camp lay in the star- old fellow tried to think that he did not light, a huddled mass of low, squat, care; a year before he would not have shadowlike buildings. On every side tall cared. But MacLaren had taken him pines waved their boughs and whispered in; MacLaren had treated him, square; treatment and should prove especially in the night wind. By and by the old MacLaren had paid him wages without man, James Duby, came down the hill his asking. The old man chuckled deep from his hiding place. He placed his in his throat. "Hee, ho!" he muttered. foot silently on rocks, bare earth and "I'm gettin' soft-yes, I'm gettin' soft!" and a little granulated sugar; stir until logs that would not crackle or turn. And he marched determinedly on. He smiled craftily and paused to survey He passed spruces, firs, cedars and

open | marsh. He -waded through the the silent camp once more. that is everywhere on a clear night. As the sedars, "Soft," he muttered to himhe paused in front of the office building self. "Soft," he repeated again and reduced. Parmint used in this way acts the slim born of a crescent moon dis- again and grinned at his own weakness. appeared behind the brow of Russell "Boft, soft, soft!" The words failed to action that helps to obtain the desired Mountain, and he smiled, for he plan- stir him; he felt weak, old and discon- results. The preparation is easy to ned to travel far that night with only solate. Through the mists of half a make, costs little and is pleasant to take. life-time came a picture of one Macthe stars to guide him.

The door of the office was never lock- Laren whom he had known; he had this treatment a trial.

known him forty years before: he had left him on the noon of yesterday.

"He used me white," the old man said to himself. "He used me white, and I used him dirt!" The idea preyed upon B. Dole, a celebrated dog fancier, to proon his back. Then he cried, "Soft!" But solidated Gas and Affiliated Gas, Electhe word came without conviction or tric and Steam Companies. force. He climbed up, up, up, until from out over the rolling forest and the silver dog, it's news." In many more cases lakes. He went down, down, down, until than most people realize, when a dog with himself.

was a man," James Duby muttered. "I'll his master's property. -The prime in- himself or those he guards. take him back his money! I'll put it, in stinct of any dog is to protect, with his Naturally, too, a dog uses his eyes all life if necessary, those he loves: his safe. Then I'll go away."

When he had finished they pointed to a shut the door, pushed back the bolts and He turned back into the short cut, fact that virtually all dogs will first anvacant bunk, put the oldest blankets into threw off the combination. He paused stumbling in his haste, tripped over a nounce the visitor's presence to their can be observed by everybody called it and left him sleeping the sleep of a moment by the counter, feeling of root and tumbled headlong. He heard masters by barking. That is, of course, upon to go from house to house and exhaustion. It would have been murder the warm coats and gloves and boots; voices and gathered himself together. provided they are not taken by surprise. thus encounter all types and sizes of to send him out into the threatening then he went out into the yard. It was Two men were sitting on a log beside Thus it is well not to approach a dog's dogs: storm. While he slept and as the first early May; he had no need for winter the road. James Duby had been away domain too quietly. Another important Always let a dog know you are apteamster was brought into camp with a in the shadows of the lonely camp and had miscalculated the amount saved by teeth unless startled by some sudden Because the crews were slipped as silently as a marten down the short cut. He was about to fall into motion which they fail to understand

"They mustn't git me!" he sobbed. "They'll never believe me! The white water of Abol leaped away I was goin' and away: it roared angrily over the

the underbrush, scaled "blowdowns," his confident bearing and normal actions swung round in a long curve and then that he has legitimate business, the dog cut back sharply. Behind him he heard will either evidence friendship or conthud of running feet.

"They mustn't git me. They mustn't of his aged face all the resources and git me!" he sobbed. "I was goin' to be trickery of a long life of petty crime. square. But they won't believe it!" He plugged along at a stiff pace and covered sixteen or seventeen miles before

Tears started from his eyes as he He rolled into a ravine, doubled, clam bered over the ledges, topped the hill and ran straight down the long ridge. He no longer heard steps. He ran and ran and ran till sharp pains pierced his shoulders and dull aches seized his legs.

At last he fell exhausted and lay on Crawling silently out of his hiding the ground among the cedars. It was a place, he stretched himself in the thicket wet place, full of tangled tree trunks and of young firs. He recognized the voices long dark moss. The woods were silent; of the speakers. For a time he listened the two men did not appear. After a time the old man got up.

with his mouth open; then the corners of his eyes wrinkled in a crafty smile, don't care," he whimpered; "they used and he laughed noiselessly. He had me dirt; I ain't goin' to take it back after all. I'll keep it-serve 'em right!" "That kind ain't never to be trusted. The old man raised his eyes, and in-They'll turn on the hand that feeds stantly his heart leaped. them and bite it like a scorpion, that trembled: his breath came and went they will!" The speaker's knowledge of There on the hillside above him, sitting on a log, was Donald MacLaren.

"We-ell," said MacLaren, grimly. James Duby gulped and stepped slowly back. "Wh-what are y-you g-goin' to

"I've got you, old man! What am . going to do?" MacLaren looked off at the blue peaks beyond the broad valley; they were peaceful and far away. "What am I going to do?" MacLaren looked again at the old criminal in front of him and smiled, but his eyes were stern "You old reprobate, I could break every bone in your lean body; I could land you behind the bars for a year of hard labor; I could do all that and more What am I going to do? Where's that

The old man clutched at his sweater. frantic haste. Yes, it was gone. For a moment he could not speak. With the He turned into the bushes with twinkreturn of his voice he stammered, "Iling eyes. He had travelled that road I've lost it!"

years and years before, and he knew more MacLaren seized him and searched of its short cuts than either of the two him and was convinced that he had spoken the truth. "What am I going to But there was another man who knew do?" MacLaren cried again and laughed more even than he. Twenty minutes hoarsely. "Nothing! You're too low down to be beaten up!" He pushed the into the short cut and smiled when he old man back on the moss and went off up the hill. As the old man climbed the hill the

James Duby watched him out of sight He was about to set off when his eye (Continued on Page Six)

Cut This Out

EXCELLENT RECIPE FOR CATARRH. CATARRHAL DEAFNESS - AND HEAD NOISES

If you know of someone who is troubled with Catarrhal Deafness, head noises or ordinary catarrh cut out this formula and hand it to them and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. Scientists for a long time past have recognized that catarrh is a constitutional disease and necessarily re-

quires constitutional treatment. Sprays, inhalers and nose douches are liable to irritate the delicate air passages and force the disease into the middle ear which frequently means total deafness, or else the disease may be driven flown the air passages towards the lungs which is equally as dangerous. The following formula which is used extensively is a constitutional

Secure from your druggist I ounce of Parmint (Double strength). Take this home and add to it 1/4 pint of hot water dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. This will often bring quick relief from distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing He crosseed the yard in the half light tamaracks and again clambered through become easy and hearing improve as the inflammation in the custachian tubes is directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system and has a tonic Every person who has catarrh or head

DOGS-HOW TO APPROACH AND

HANDLE THEM

him and set him picking at the sweater mote safety of employees of the Con- all of them first want to use their keen

he was once more in the swampy low- bites a man it is really the man who

on the premises. One of these is the abruptly on the premises. or which they construe as a threat to themselves or to the safety of the person and property of their master. If the dog has a chance to give the visitor the Running like a fox, he dived through "once-over" and the visitor shows by tent himself with quietly watching what

the intruder is about. Just as many persons resent a slap on the back, particularly from one who do nothing that might frighten him.

is a comparative stranger, so to many dogs dislike being petted until they have made their own introductions. Virtu-The following was written by Frank ally all dogs relish having their heads scratched behind the ears, but virtually sense of smell in forming their impressions of the visitor. Thus, before It was Charles A. Dana, the celebrated touching a dog, he should be given a the gray ledge of rock he could look far editor, who said, "When a man bites a chance to sniff the hand that may be

A keen sense of hearing is another land, and all the time he fought a battle causes the biting. Few dogs, like few element in forming impressions for dogs. human beings, go out of their way to He places much reliance on the sound of He climbed a long ridge and stood cause trouble, and when trouble does the intruder's voice. If the tone is motionless among the beeches. The air occur, and a man is bitten by a dog, it quiet, confident and friendly, the dog was still and warm; the leaves were is usually because the dog fails to under- quickly decides that here is a person pushing out; the fern fronds were un- stand that the use of his teeth is not who is not going to do anything sudcurling slowly. "He treated me like I necessary to protect either his master or denly and means no harm either to

the time and is suspicious of objects he James Duby paused. A sudden fear No two dogs are alike in disposition does not often see, such as unusually that the two men might catch him be- any more than are any two human shaped bundles, or in the case of repair fore he could carry out his good resolu- beings. But there are some general men or meter readers, tools or flashbecame sick with dread. The road was where there are dogs which naturally to strike him. They should be carried The bolt slid back; the door creaked below him. "I mustn't let them git me," cannot read a badge or know at a glance under the arm or in the pocket in ap-They gave him three heaping plate- open. The old man fumbled in the he wailed; "I'll go back like I came! that the visitor has legitimate business proaching a dog and not taken out too

There are several general rules which

accept them as such and show no alarm. Sudden or unexpected moves are likely to be misunderstood by a dog. Speak to strange dogs in a confident friendly voice, not sharply or scoldingly

A dog should not be touched unless you have met him often enough to es tablish a friendship.

Always allow a dog to approach and

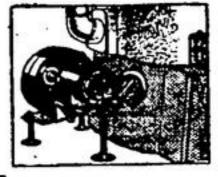
Make all your movements natural;

Poor old Jones is still paying \$1600 A TON FOR COAL PAY ONLY SQUO lones is like that. Still thinks he's living in boom times. I've bought a Gilson Magic Blower and cut my fuel bills. I can burn cheap, small-sized coal-and save \$65.00 in

MAGIC BLOWER GILSON

than Jones' place."

FITS ANY FURNACE



A Gilson Magic Blower is just the thing to cut running expenses of the home. Easy terms let it pay for itself. It's silent, safe and automatically controlled. Nothing to get out of order. Fully guaranteed. Only takes a few hours to install. No changes needed. See us and save fuel money.

a winter, and I'll bet my house is warme

W. F. Mooney, Acton

Free Press Ads Will Sell Your Goods Let Us Convince You

A FURTHER STEP on the Road to Recovery



A Statement by the Prime Minister of Canada

HE Dominion of Canada will offer for public subscription within the next few days the 1934 Refunding Loan. It is an undertaking of such significance to every citizen that I think it fitting to present this brief

The 1934 Loan is not an incidental effort. It is a partessential part—of the great debt conversion programme in which Canada has been engaged since 1931, and by which we are refunding at maturity the large sums borrowed for wartime purposes. The national importance of this programme—and of the 1934 Loan as part of itcannot be over emphasized. It is important from three aspects: 1—National Credit; 2—National Economy; 3—National Recovery. I shall deal with each of these in turn.

1. National Credit

National credit means to a nation what an honest reputation means to a man. Its maintenance is a primary essential and necessitates that each obligation be met fully and promptly, as it comes due. Our debt conversion programme is then, in the first instance, our method of

meeting our obligations and thus maintaining our credit. By this programme Canada has already refunded \$858,000,000 of maturing wartime debt; and completion of the 1934 Loan will bring the refunded total to over one billion dollars. As a result, Canada's credit stands notably high, both at home and in the great money markets of

Striking evidence of our high credit standing was given within the last few months when Canada secured immediate over-subscription of a long-term loan in London at a price to yield the investor less than 31/2% and, in New York, obtained a one-year Loan of \$50,000,000 bearing interest at 2 per cent. And there is equally striking evidence at the present moment in the fact that every internal issue of Dominion of Canada Bonds now outstanding is selling today at substantially above its issue price. The twelve year 4% Bonds of the 1933 Refunding Loan, issued at 96%, are now selling at 104 to yield approximately 31/2%.

2. National Economy

The debt conversion programme, in the second place, is providing substantial savings in public interest charges. The debt which we are refunding was incurred with interest rates at artificially high wartime peaks. Refunding is now being accomplished with interest rates throughout the world moving steadily downward toward more normal levels-an encouraging world movement which is essential to business recovery. By refunding under these conditions Canada has already obtained a reduction of the previous interest charges amounting to more than \$9,000,000 per annum, and completion of the 1934 Loan will provide a further saving of over \$5,000,000 per annum.

The annual saving of over \$14,000,000 thus secured has a lirect cash benefit to every tax-payer. This saving has much more than offset the interest charges on the debt which has been incurred to meet the extraordinary burden of unemployment relief. It has, to a considerable extent, offset the heavy burdens which the depression period has imposed with respect to railway and other current requirements. It will also pave the way to tax reductions with the return to better times.

3. National Recovery

The debt conversion which Canada has achieved since 1931, by thus maintaining national credit and securing national economy, has been a major factor in our progress

A year ago, preliminary to the 1933 Refunding Loan, took occasion to express the belief that Canada had passed the low point of depression and was definitely upon the road to recovery. Today, our progress toward recovery is a matter of established fact. Since the low point of February 1933, the trend of business has been moving steadily upward in an improvement so marked and so consistently sustained that we need no longer doubt its reality. The facts of business recovery are written beyond dispute in our statistical records. The most significant indices relate to physical volume of business, industrial production, carloadings, electric power production, employment and

prices. Here is the record in each case:

PERCENTAGE INCREASE ince Low Point Physical volume of business... Industrial Production..... Electric Power Production.... Employment..... Wholesale Prices..... Farm Products Prices..... *In the case of carloadings, employment and prices, the latest figures available are those for August; in other cases, those for July.

Our external trade figures are equally encouraging. During the first eight months of the present year, exports of Canadian products increased approximately \$99,000,000, or 32.7% over the same period last year. The corresponding increase for imports has been slightly under \$93,000,000,

A Further Step

Anyone who reflects upon these three aspects of credit, economy and recovery will at once appreciate that the debt conversion programme is vitally important to every Canadian and that, consequently, the success of the 1934 Loan is the personal concern of every man and woman in

The 1934 Loan is a further step in a great national undertaking: its success means a further step on the road to recovery. I know that I need not stress the attractiveness of the Loan as the soundest possible investment, for that will be universally recognized. I do, however, earnestly call upon my fellow Canadians to support this Loan to. the limit of their abilities as an opportunity to promote our national welfare. I know of no way in which the individual citizen can render greater service to himself and to his country.

DOMINION OF CANADA 1934 REFUNDING LOAN