### The Free Press Short Story

#### BOGTROTTER" "THE IRISH

T. S. STRIBLING

legged soldiers jeered in French larger while two evictors prepared for a fight. James Martin, American correspondent, stepped out of the stinging tropical sunshine of the beach into the to look cool in his pin-striped fiannels. "What's the scrap?" he inquired. "Affair of honor?"

plained an onlooker in rapid French; for here were camped the Arab and "they fight for the reputation of their Berber forces then hostlie to France. planes."

minutes."

"Would you stop an affair of honor for a flight. M'sieu?" oried one of the short French soldiers in a shocked voice;

"The safety of Prance first," declaimed Martin, holding up his hand and repressing his American inclination laugh.

"Ah!" The French soldiers thought it over. "It is true."

Both fighters hesitated. Patrick Meagher one of the first aviation instructors imported by the Prench government glanced up at Martin and growled in English. "Then let him meet me on the gun deck of 'd'Entrecasteaux' to-night. I'll teach him to call T'Aigle' an antiquated relic." He suddenly shifted from third to second person. "You crasy, nogood Frinchman!"

Jean Oriet, who understood English as well as Martin, nodded a curt acceptance of the challenge, as he picked up his tight-fitting coat with the gold wings embroidered on the cuffs. Holding his shoulders with angry squareness, he marched out of the improvised hangar and proceeded toward his own monplane farther down the beach.

Martin followed the trim Frenchman into the beating sunlight. The soldiers divided impartially into two squads to shove the hydroplanes across the strip of sand to the bay. Meagher and Oriet were due to make a reconnaissance flight over the dangerous area south of Algiers. Hot-headed pair! Fighting just before going on patrol! Martin grinned to himself. He was flying with Oriet.

Beferred Moors helped move the bales of esparto gram that impeded the progrees of the hydroplanes. The cool-looking reporter followed Oriet. When the monoplane reached the edge of the water, the aviator climbed to the cockpit without a word, his face still flushed from his quarrel. He made room for Martin, who clambered aboard in sympathetic silence.

The airman pushed the compressed air starter. A moment later, 'le Paucon' was roaring like a machine gun. Oriet cut down the motor and looked at Martin. "Don't see why I ever spoke to that hedgehog!" he growled in go English. "The Irish bogtrotter! I was simply arguing my monoplane was faste: than his biplane, when he gets red in his flat face and yells out-"

Martin stretched his arms above hi "It's the heat," he soothed "Mragher's a decent chap."

"He brugged because he could ge T'Aigle' up first," pursued Oriet, with French irrespressibility "He caused me to be sore at him. He gets up first certainement! His ship has greater lift at low velocity. Viola! Look! He's up already!" The aviator pointed at the rival biplane that was satting over the prow of "d'Entracastleaux," that lay like on fortress on Algiers' bay

"Le, Faucon" roared into motion, and soon was dodging about the harbor in and out among the tramp steamers, past a big Hamburg-American liner, around coal burges. Oriet cut his motor again "Meagher will think he was right

about his argument because I rise so slowly!" he shouted wrathfully. "Meagher's all right," protested the

reporter "After all, you don't get off

Oriet growled impatiently and gave before it, the ship gained speed rapidly. Martin felt the bump of the pontoons grow less

They gave the water a final pat then "le Paucon" sailed upward like a huge flying fish close beside the immigrantpacked decks of a Hambury-American liner. - Martin caught a gust of hissing cheers from the American-bound immigrants. The big steamer seemed to slide backwards and downwards. The harbor. the bay, Algiers, the Mediterranean, and the southward stretch of country spread out under them as though some invisible hand were gradually unfolding a great relief map.

As Oriet sent "le Faucon" aloft in great circles, the map grew broader and less detailed. 'The harbor diminished to a jetued ring marked out of the wide

## GOOD SHOES

FOR YOUNG AND OLD "Correctly Fitted" B. D. RACHLIN, Acton

the state of the s

of the hangar, a knot of red- races of Algiers were transformed into a giant's stairway.

A thin line of railroad stretched through flat greens and browns that presented lush jungle-covered hills sandy stretches. Nestling in the arid sweating crowd, but somehow managed southern tablelands, Martin could see one of those small salt lakes, looking very like a blue eye surrounded by a white cornea of sait, set in a brown face. This "It's about their hydroplanes," cx- region was the object of the air patrol

The young American drew, out his He was delightfully cool now, and as dashed through the pain's. That instant batant-" watch. "They haven't time to fight," he the motor climbed the air, he had "They make a flight in five physical lightness of feeling that some- toons of the demolished "l'Aigie." As do ye think I am? It's all or none with how made troubles seem unimportant she sank, they dived into the water and The quarrel between Oriet and Meagher, his own difficulty in getting cables to his motoplane. newspaper, his lack of recent stirring news, a sarcastic letter from the editored at Oriet. "Just why did you and Meagher quarrel anyhow?" he shouted to the pilot.

Oriet, likewise, had responded to the thrill of flying. He laughed. "About our ward weapons. machines that's all!"

"What aroused his temper?" Oriet throttled down to make talking easier. "I must have made him mad by quoting a mathematical formula for lift. You know Meagher was brought over as a mere instructor in the mechanical end of aviation. He knows nothing whatever about mathematics."

Martin laughed and looked toward the serrated horizon of the Atlas range. "Where's Meagher now?"

nodded at something white moving far below "lePaucon" as it sped along. The reporter started. "Is that

Meagher's 'l'Aigle' away down there?" Oriet nodded.

"Can't the Arab snipers reach him?" "They do not shoot often. higher than he looks, anyway."

Presently Oriet shut off power entirely

ful pop-popping of rifles far below. at the uselessness of the distant volley. "Meager," explained the Frenchman

aconically. "He is coasting now. You will hear his engine start presently." The reporter stared below at "l'Aigle." Another volley burst out, not much plane full speed and tipped up her breath under a vague impression that louder than the anapping of fingers, but still no sound issued from the hiplane's

Oriet glanced down anxiously, "Wonder what they are doing to Meagher." "Why, they're chasing him," cried Martin. "Cavalry's after him, and those

bly things, with red spots-" "Camels," supplemented Oriet. "You see their blankets from the air."

"Chasing him like ants after a butterfly," cried the reporter; "and Meagher's readed for the lake "

"He is?" cried the Frenchman in sharp surprise "Something's happened

"He's going three times as fast as the amels and horses," consoled Martin Leave them in a walk."

Oriet answered by tipping the monolane downward. The air rushed upward in a gale. The antilke cavalry below grew larger. The scudding biplane became more defined. Martin felt his breath torn from his lips. "Going after him?" he shouted, clinging to his

Oriet stared fixedly ahead and said nothing A volley from the long Arab rifles sounded louder than ever. A bullet struck the thin steel motor shield with a sharp slinging note, another tore a hole through the fabric.

Martin peered over the side of the ockpit taking in the detail below him. In his mind he was writing his storythe camel riders, with their long rides, their bright carpota, their upturned brown faces, the Berbers on tough little Algerian pontes, their turbans looking

like spots of white. He shivered The biplane was fully a half ahead of the motley cavalry, but it had nearly reached the ground. As it aproached the white salt rim of the lake, it appeared to graze the tips of some tall cocoanut palms. It then glided slowy, making the utmost use of its altitude about five hundred yards farther, and

settled as gently as a duck. Oriet pushed forward his stick "Le Faucon" took a steeper bank and darted at the crippled biplane like a striking kingfisher. To Martin the surface of the lake seemed to darken; broaden, and leap bodily toward him. From the rear, the reporter heard the sharp spatting of rifles. Thirty seconds later, the hydroplane touched water, rebounded like a skipping stone, then settled in the choppy waves not ten yards from its sister craft.

Oriet jerked off khaki blouse, kicked off shoes, and the next instant, to Martin's utter amazement, dived headlong into the lake. He came up sputtering and blowing, and headed for the biplane.

Martin sat in the bobbing ship, staring. Oriet caught "l'Aigle's" pontoon, the motor where Meagher already worked. The big, Irishman and the trim Prenchman, without saying a word, began to take apart the engine in furious but orderly haste. They clung to the wire bracings like spiders and laid out

nuts, bolts, plates on the aviator's seat. Martin watched them, his eyes straying every moment or two toward the over!" palms at the lower end of the lake. He kept a keen outlook for some aigns of the pursuers. Suddenly he caught a his body forward. glimpse of running horses and cariels, and the glitter of steel. "Here they come!" he yelled. "Will she ego?"

For answer, Oriet suddenly shoved all detached bolts, wheels, and nuts into the lake. He grabbed a wrench and Meagher caught up a hatchet. Together they climbed to the top wing and began lashing and banging the silk into threads. They broke and bent the delicate trussing, enapped wires, ruined the control The bracing wires sang queer tunes under their furious strokes. The framework snapped. They attacked the biplane with a bastinado of ringing blows. struck out, hand over hand, toward the

ward their craft, the cavalry whosled up. Meagher whirled for the return. all his troubles dropped away. He glanc- The horsemen dismounted, knelt on the sand and made ready to fire. Martin Irishman's handling of "le Paucon" that watched the levelled rifles with queer fascination. He recalled that the Arabs Meagher's tuning up, before the hydrowere expert shots with their long, awk-

The rifles flamed. The sound came to the reporter like whip-cracks over his Bullets snipped through the The reporter felt himself over mentally were within the last hundred yards of and was a little surprised to find himself shore and going seventy miles an hour. whole and alive.

the little cockpit. The pontoons sagged face. deep in the water. Oriet pressed the Oriet peered over the side of the cock- starting lever; the big propeller began Irishman, "we won't have to chop this been the subject of repeated complaints pit for a moment. "Down yonder." He to whirl, and the motor began a sudden loud barking like a badly scared terrier.

> hastily mounted. They divided into two the water faded away. He is squads and gave chase around the lake. to both sides.

and the monoplane sliced through the voice of her motor arose to a scream. tin's chest and stomach. Every sinew in an impression that the Department of high air with a whistling sound. Below The heavy red pontoons gradually pulled his crouching form strained as though Highways is adopting an apathetic atthem the hostile country lay like a great out of the water and rushed along de- to help lift the hydroplane. Suddenly capitating the waves into feathery spume. "le Paticon" vecred, taking him contour Suddenly both men caught a spite. The swift motion again brought relief of the sand slope like a tip tilted swalfrom the stupefying tropical heat, "Lay low. A thorny cactus scratched th "That for us?" inquired Martin, smiling low there," bawled Meagher to Martin, bottom of one pontoon from end to end. "ye're catching the wind like a Zeppelin From down the lake came a faint popairigible."

canned shrimps. Oriet gave the hydro-

elevators. The pontoons lifted until they then dropped back like a water-logged Irishman's ear. dinghy. Oriet out the mother."

"Jiggle her, man, jiggle her!" thundered Meagher. "Ye can't rise square ders. "Mon ami," he began with an like that!" "We've got to go back," anapped Oriet, saved my honor, and 'Le Faucon."

lake, not a hundred yards distant. "Start They were doing the hundred yards at

Oriet glanced quickly at the Irishman 'If you will." he shouted anxiously. Meagher grabbed the control in gree relief, gave "le Paucon" a quick turn that sent the end of the hydroplane under the water with the noise of a

"Lemme have it!" he bellowed.

cataract and almost flung the two passenzers into the lake. Next instant the monoplane righted, straightened. went dashing down the lake atraight at the enemy to recoup her distance for "If you'll let me out!" shouted Martin,

clinging to the rail, "maybe they would Minister of Highways, Just then the picturesque cavalcade let me get to a cable. I'm not a com-

The squads on both sides of the lake were taking careful aim at the crasily As the men splashed desperately to- spinning hidroplane. They fired just as

Somehow there was a spirit about the was entirely lacking in Oriet. Under plane was a third of the way back to the lake's end, her pontoons were just snapping the tops of the rollers. .

"Le Paucon" swooped down the lake with the noise and the speed of a des fabric of the wing, cut a wire or two, liriou loon. The exhaust of her motor splashed victously around the swimmers. had risen to a high, vibrant roar. They Even then, somehow, Meagher forced out epilepsy, heart condition or paralysis, A desultory firing began as the two another few miles of speed. The salt-

'un to pieces, eh?"

The water beneath them was a blur "Thank heaven," gasped Oriet, "they of whitish green. They were running fore. Recently, however, they have been didn't touch the motor!" The loaded over ten inches of water weed. Next hydroplane began moving down the lake. instant Meagher tipped up the elevators The Arabs gave a parting volley and of the hydroplane. The rushing hiss of which was released from what should

They flashed over the white rim making straight for the sand bank. A mick-"Le Paucon" gathered speed and the ly sensation knotted the muscles of Marping of rifles. "Le Paucon" climbed up Down the lake rushed "le Paucon" athwart hill and crowning palms like a

with the men packed down like three hah hawk overburdened with a salmon. Martin, who had been holding his

formed but a thin-line of gureling apray. guardedly as he leaned forward. "To swung aboard, and clambered quickly to The ship seemed within a hair of rising, the cable station, Pat!" he yelled in the

Oriet, too, bent over, thrust an impulsive arm about the Celt's great shoulemotional catch in his voice. "You have looking white-faced at the end of the must apologi-"

Meagher grinned, in the best of spirits. 'Ah, sure now, don't bother about me bad temper. Twas the heat. I'm not thirty miles an hour. Meagher worked forgettin' you came down to get me. And say, I meant no harm whin I called ye a Frinchman."

#### BEWARE-THE LAW

It has frequently been suggested that very drunk driving conviction should result in suspension of license. many does it surprise to learn that every drunk driving conviction does result in suspension not only of driver's licenses but also of motor vehicle permits and markers? These statements were made by Hon. T. B. McQuesten, K.C., Ontario's

Of thirty-two thousand suspension twenty-six thousand have required the surrender or confiscation of markers as well as drivers' licenses. Some 25,000 delvers have been refused licenses, because of their failure to satisfy examiners of their ability, at least on first examination.

Licenses and permits and markers also are suspended in every case of drunk driving and also in cases of recklass driving and speeding resulting in socidents. Licenses are frequently suspended in reckless driving cases whether or not accident results.

Hundreds-of licenses have been cancelled because of information that a driver has become unfit because of mental illness, injury, or various physical defects. auch as poor vision, nervous breakdown. Hundreds of licenses have been sus-

swimmers climbed dripping aboard "le rimmed sand bank at the end of the pended because of operating records Faucon." They squeezed hurriedly into lake came leaping straight into Martin's which show that drivers have frequently been convicted of minor offences or been "If we don't get over it," shouted the involved in minor accidents, or have of dangerous driving.

These facts have been published beforgotten, if one can judge by the avalanche of misleading information have been authoritative sources, charged the Minister of Highways.

The realization of these facts will be far more conducive to safe driving than titude towards those whose driving f Cangerous.-Picton Times.





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AN BREGOR IN THE PRINTING

### Prehistoric Bones Found in Ontario



Gigantic, ancient bones recovered from swampland near Norwich, Ontario, are believed to prove conclusively that huge prehistoric monsters roamed Ontario millions of years ago. A large leg bone, two pelvic bones and a pair of petrified tusks, believed to belong to a Dinoceras, a carnivorous mammal which weighed nearly 20 tons, were found. Terry, a six-weeks old puppy, is shown examining what is that to be one of the pelvic bones.

HAPPY DAYS

June is here a month of summer, sunshine, weddings and roses. Everybody's happy! Even the June bride! She has Carroll's to help her plan her meals. Her

husband is proud of her because she gives him such good food but keeps within their budget.



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