# The Free Press Shart Stury

# The Tree Trooper of Hogback Ridge

ONCEALED by dusk and by the thicket in which he crouched, the man was keeping a vigil of cautious waiting upon the outskirts of the camp when a figure in khaki appeared, coming down the newlymade trail.

"Howdy, son," he called softly: The young man stopped

"I reckon you're one o' Cap' Zach-'ell's boys."

"Yeah, I be." "Know Slim Davit?"

"Sure I know him." "When you go in, jus' hand him this, will you?" The man lifted a gunny sack. "And," he added casually, "nobody better not see you."

"What is it?" "Some un I told him I'd git fur him. piciously positive; the young man con-

"Don't guess I'll take it," he said, who got the money for this liquor?" and walked on briskly down the trail. Presently the whistle of another young man was heard. The older man studied

the face in the light of the rising moon and let the young fellow pass without speaking. When a third woung man anpeared, the watcher hailed him and made the same request. Finally number three book the sack and the man disappeared into the undergrowth. The boy did not carry the sack far.

His pace slackened; presently he sat down on a log, felt the contents, an in this camp?" oddly shaped package wrapped in paper. and nodded to himself sagaciously. At that moment, hearing the bugles of Camp Kenton sound taps, he rose, then sat down again and waited. In a few momenta a fourth young man came hur- You could have saved the whole trouble rying down the trail and number three hailed him.

you get in, just set this down by Slini Davit's cot, will you?"

face of the boy who held it was familiar, think you can keep your wits about you but he had not yet had time to learn and not get into another scrape like the names of his more than two hundred camp mates. The request seemed an odd

"Why don't you take it in?" demanded | walked out. .

"He isn't in my barrack."

hesitate?

Inside the barrack, groping his way that of Slim, who instantly sat up.

"Hello," whispered Slim.

"Hello." Ward answered. boys gave me this for you."

"Oh! Yeah! Thank you. Good boy." Blim reached out and took it. He snracked his line, and in a flash Ward realized annoved to be mixed up in any shady sflair; and yet, after all, it was Slim's affair, not his. He went on, between the you're a man, you'll go in there and say know, you can't cushion life, make it long rows of cots, until he found his so to Captain Zach, right now." Instead own. There he undressed, crawled into he looked straight at the other and his blankets and in ten minutes was sound asleep, as little troubled by conscience as by his healthy digestion.

Civilian Conservation Corps was working, Recreation Hall. One of the boys was purchased, at less than two dollars an radio was bringing the voice of a familia' door. acre, a large tract of land so "pore" that, crooner, and no one was paying the as one mountaineer had said. "Hit would slightest attention to either. He sat not raise a fight," but valuable as a down in a corner. The letter was from for several months now the boys of Cump Kenton had been at work under experts. making trails surveying and building roads, policing and improving their own quarters. Much of this work lay some miles from cump, and at the end of the following day Ward and the others of his squad were just leaping down from. the truck which had brought them in when some one called to him. Iti! You are wanted," and pointed to the captain's office

Ward enfered, without thought of that he felt the omission of the salute which army regulations demand and the rules of the Civilian Conservation Corps do not and resolved again not to be pre-Judiced, by it.

"Ward Laices, str." "Drink, do you, Ward?"

"I didn't bring any boose into camp, sir." Ward stared at the captain. Suddenly he remembered and his rightcous indignation went out of him like the

"I don't know, sir," he stammered, maybe—perhaps I did."

"You think perhaps you did?"

air from a punctured tire.

"Yes, sir." "How was it?"

"No. air."

Ward told the story as could without giving names. "And the man who gave you

sack?" "I don't know his name, sir." "You don't?"

"Would you know his face?" "I-yes, I believe I would." 'S all right." The assurance was sus- the liquor. Slim Davit is in the hospital the floor were Navajo blankets and Or- ply paper bags, this method of growing trong. We cat less wear poorer clothes with a fractured tibia. Two other men could not go to work this morning. Now.

> "I don't know, sir." .\_ "You didn't get any?"

know it was liquor. That is-Again he hesitated.

"No. str." "You know that we don't allow liquor

"But you did not report it?"

"Yes, sir. I do know that, sir." The captain looked at him fixedly, Slim will lose half a month's pay, if me.

other men are fined and will lose time.

if you'd let that sack alone, or if you had reported it. I'm not doubting your "Hello, Ward, out prefty late, aren't word: that you didn't know what it held -though you will admit that that sounds a bit fishy; but you have certainly been "No: an' they won't do that. When dumb about this thing. There's been no complaint of you so far; you've had a good record: I won't be hard on you. Ward Lucas looked at the sack. The But, if I fine you three dollars, do you this?" The captain paused and then

Without a word, Ward turned and

added: "That's all."

The captain sighed as he looked after him. 'He took no pleasure in being severe "A man gave it to me. Sang, I reckon, ed to him by their parents and their late, and nobody is trying to kill you; no country, and he was expected to care for lox barrages, no airplanes, no gas at-"What "sang" might be Ward had no them. His last outfit had completed tacks. And then no drilling in the mud idea, and he hesitated to confess his their six months with an average in- and no saluting anybody. I don't know ignorance. He was vaguely suspicious, crease in weight of fifteen pounds a man; why that should have trked the boys so He did not know this boy who stood that was good but other results were waiting, sack in hand, and yet he did more important. They must not acquire real, great enemy-nature." know Slim - easy-going, irresponsible. Vicious habits. A whill of wood smoke The host asked a score of questions friendly with everyone. Slim would do from the little stove in the corner none personal. Ward answered freely, anything for him. Why then should he brought a swift, vivid memory. Five and presently, quite at ease, was asking "Give it here," abruptly consented thousand boys like these, he had been he learned, was Keith Batterson, and he

demands brought out the best in men. A dozen steps from the captain's door. Ward turned sharply at a remembered

voice that called cheerfully: "Hello. Got bawled out, did you?" The question was asked by the boy who had given Ward the sack the night be-

"You are responsible for my fine, my spoiled record for everything:

passed on without a word A home letter was warting for him, have to. Don't you smell smoke?" He trust it, unopened, into his blouse asked suddenly. In the county where their unit of the packet, and after mess went over to the

> a dozen lines before he, too, was deaf and Dear Bud. We all miss you awfeeland I don't see why you can't come Blanche this older sister! has her job back again, though maybe just for a day or so, we don't know I asked Mr. Flint if when you came nome he couldn't give you back your help of course oil would be only

cold and has been in bed two days. She keeps saying. "I hope Ward is all right." Ever since Myrtle Rann's mother died last year. I keep thinkfor always. Don't worry, but-Two pages more followed with "we captain. niss you" recurring again and again.

Ward had never been away from home until he joined the Civilian Conservation answered Corps, and during his first week he had endured tortures from homeslokness. That had passed, or he thought it had; as he made friends, steadied into the

Ethel's letter was of course nonsense. Mr. Flint was just talking and Blanche would have work for a week at least. The part was not nonsense that his people missed him, or that he missed them-terribly. Just now the whole affair was made far worse by this last reprimand that he felt to be Captain Zach's injustice. Suppose he just walked off! What could be done about it? This was not like the army, no getting arrested for desertion. The other officera could not stop him if he went to the captain and said he was going to leave. Suppose he said nothing, what then?

day, after noon mess, he could lose his squad and -cross the ridge into Blair County, It was not more than a dozen miles. At the little station of Gunther a freight was due about midnight. He could jump that freight and to-morrow be home! He would say hello, see how all his people were and come back. He ought to see his mother; she was sick. What would Captain Zach say to him? What could be say, or do? Perhaps dock him a couple of days' pay. The vision was all as attractive and alluring as are

All at once a plan came to him. Next

most things we wish very much to do. At nine o'clock next evening, Ward was lost; the sky was threatening. He stopped to ask his way at a lonely cabin -the only light he had seen in the past half hour-and stared in amazement at the room into which he was invited. iental rugs - which he did not recognize better grapes is called "bagging." a low, cushioned morris chair. walls were lined with books, and on the "No. sir. I told you-I didn't even etchings. The middle-aged man who respeech was not that of the mountaineer.

> night you would need a guide, and that freight you speak of has been taken off a week. There's nothing else for it." He caused to listen to a roll of thunder "You'll have to put in the night with

Nothing else was left for Ward to do.

"Yes, air." "I knew Zachwell in France.

the rest sent home."

"Yes, sir." "How are your barracks?"

"Fine." "And the men?"

"Well-all kinds."

His host laughed "That, of Course, adds to the interest and yet he dared not be lenient. These But you've got it soft no offence-I'm two hundred young men had been trust- | glad of it. You don't have to kill or much, but it did, You are fighting no

months ago, in the Sierras, with a questions of his own. The man's name, told a few war-time incidents, one of a man who, in the woods at night when it 'rained rain and other things," had been cleaning his weapon and shot himself in the leg "accidentally."

"It was pretty thick that night." Mr Batterson admitted, but poor fellow that shot didn't help a bit: He got first aid, but his ambulance train was wrecked easy and always safe, and you can't run can. Better take it: on the chin if you

Ad the "terrain" and realized that the victory was won. The forest was too recently acquired for regular lookonts to have been established, but thanks to a telephone message, to the speding of trucks over rough roads, and to seven hours of stuboom -intensive - fighting Camp Kenton's first forest fire had been

triumphantly stamped out "Looks' like the front, doesn't it? mused his friend.

"It is the front," answered the captain, and then added, "Incky you were here to telephone "I didn't telephone. Oive the credit

to that young tree trooper " He pointed "Looks pretty much all in," said the

No wonder. He must have had track Then he was back here and fighting as-

The captain looked again. "I remember him. Two nights ago he did some: thing mighty dumb."

# Weekly Garden-Graph

Written by DEAN MALLIDAY for Central Press Canadian



Beauty masks for better\_

by the simple expedient of provid-

each bunch with a "beauty mask,"

On Since beauty masks for grapes are sim-Two ment, cover each full bunch with a paper other two hung several paintings and this week's Garden-Graph. This "beauty" Printed Word. mask" will protect the fruit from birds ceived Ward was roughly dressed, but his and insects, and will permit it to develop

into full size without blemisn.

### TRINIDAD'S LOVELY ROADS ARE DUSTLESS

Two thousand miles of well-offed or asplaticd roads provide fascinating excursions under archways of bamboo and through miles of sugar cane, cocoa plantations and virgin forests, interscersed with glimpses of the primitive bar pic-'aresque habitations of the native folk Thus the visitor is lured along country

roads that lead to palm-fringed bays where one may laze in the blue waters of the Caribbean or battle with the tumbling surf of the Atlantic.

"Lady" liners of the Canadian National Steamships sail fortnightly from Halifax and Boston to a dozen ports. en route through the Caribbean to Trinidad, providing seven days ashore there with hotel accommodation and meals included in the Round Voyage fare, or the passenger may continue the of the route, with two days ashore.

How should I know? Be thankful he

The captain said nothing, but Ward vas not reprimanded or questioned, and dressed his burns and gave him two days off, with pay. In the Recreation Hall, he read and wrote letters—with a bandaged right hand: He was regarded, he found. as something of a hero. The second day letter came from Blanche, saying his mother was up and about again. His

Four months later. Ward appeared one

"It's this way," he explained. "I'd my sister has regular work now and a man that I used to be with says he'll give me my old job back."

"I'd take it." The captain spoke with decision. "This life hasn't much more to teach you. My advice is, go back to the afe\_that you know the best and make a place for yourself there."

thought." Ward packed up his few belongings and at noon mess said good-by to his friends.-He loved his home, he was thrilled at the thought of returning to it: Kenton, with the flag flying over it, he



Fastern Steel Products

A realistic advertisement currently on the biliboards annuonces the price of a certain automobile as being F. O. B Windsor, with standard equipment, including sales tax. This pessimistic view acknowledges that though budgets may come and budgets may go, the sales tax in some degree of severity is likely to stay with us. It is standard equipment. That term has meant during the course of the automobile's development an increasing number of things.

It is a fitting term to apply to taxes Decade by decade, taxes have meant an increasing number of things. Although not such pleasing additions to our conomy as the self starter, the horn and the spare time, new forms of taxes have been loaded through successive admit istrations upon that hard-driven vehicle. the taxpayer. The sales tax has proved fiself - to be, from the tax collector's standpoint, one of the least painful forms of taxation. Like the tremendously heavy, yet unseen burden of the atmosphere, the sales tax presses down everywhere upon a largely unaware populace. We have become economicly stooped and round-shouldered without knowing what thing was shoving us down. injures no individual or group sufficiently at any particular time to incite to rebellion, yet its long term effect on the have less fun, because of the sales tax. as such; before the open fire was drawn . To give your grapes a beauty treat- And a further gloomy thought is that udvertisements are becoming so hones has tied at the top, as illustrated in that this one is probably right. The

## STANDARD EQUIPMENT

# STAMP CLUB



For ten cents and the label end, showing the teapot tredemark, from any packet of SALADA TEA we will send you a Beginner's Outfit of: 1-64 page Stamp Album. 2-100 all-different stamps. 3-Big list of thousands of stamps offered Free in exchange for SALADA labels. SALADA STAMP CLUB - 461 King St. W., Toronto

## THAT'S DIFFERENT

Talkative Stranger-How would you feel if you had a head of hair that was rapidly turning grey?

Man with His Hat On-I'd feel grand. Talkative Stranger-What! Are you

Man claking his hat off)-No: I'm

## TONGUE-TWISTERS

Can you say these sentences very quickly several times running? Try. to

Mrs. Minnie's Mouse's mouth muffler Seth sat on seven sets of chiffon A finnicky ignorant inky Indian. A wish-washy wizard's ship.

## MISTAKEN IDENTITY

A public official was making a speech on some momentous question, and,

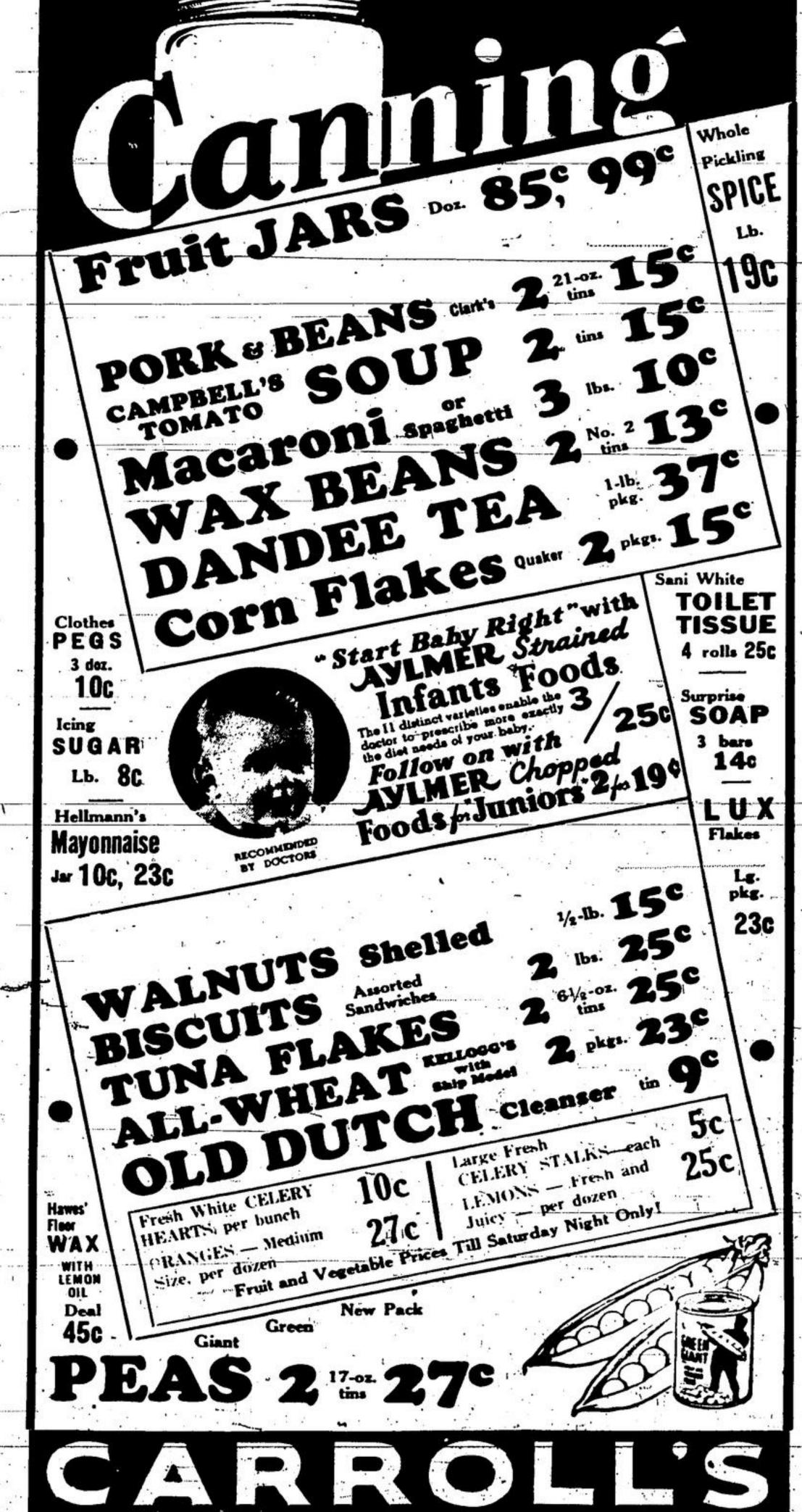
concluding, said: "In the words of Daniel Webster, who wrote the dictionary, 'Give me liberty of give me death'!"

One of his colleagues pulled at his cout, and whispered, "Daniel Webster did" not write the dictionary; it was Noah." "Noah nothing," replied the speaker, 'Nouth built the ark."

## THE REASON

about to the nilse I drop them."

"A naturalist says in this book that "Huh! So that's why they never re-



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