

The Free Press Short Story.

"GET YOUR MAN..."

BLANCHE GERTRUDE ROBBINS

SCARLET TARGET flashing through the thicket along the shore schooled the brilliant note struck by the scarlet tunic of the Northwest Mounted Police officer paddling his canoe upstream.

"This must be the Indian encampment," he argued. "I expect I'll find my man here. I'll surely be glad to end this quest. It's been a stiff fight, but the clue leads straight to Three Feathers camp. I'll be mighty off the track if Husky Hal isn't hiding in one of those wigwags."

Scarcely had Laird Drummond landed than a little group of Indians came running through the thicket, a curious fear in their eyes as they caught sight of the uniform. Laird saw the fear and quieted their suspicions immediately.

Three Feathers came nearer and grumbled. The officer knew by the look in the old Indian's eyes that there was in reality a white man staying in the encampment; yet Three Feathers made no acknowledgment.

Laird turned toward the wigwags and with the air of authority announced his determination to search the homes of the Indians. Somewhere in the settlement he would find Husky Hal, wanted for breaking the law against illicit trading with the Indians.

Laird was sure he would know his man the moment he laid eyes on him. At a settlement some miles below he had been tipped off by an Indian guide that a white man, answering to this description was living with the Indians of Three Feathers camp.

Three Feathers and his followers made no protest. They were familiar with the ways of the Northwest Mounted Police. Laird read anger and resentment in their eyes, however, as he entered the first wigwag. For some reason they did not wish the white man molested.

Three wigwags were searched before the constable came upon the reason of his quest. In a rough camp built of birch striplings he saw a white man stretched out on a bed of bakkam boughs. He was studying a paper on which he had been writing.

With a startled cry he looked up and saw the red tunic of the Northwest Mounted Police officer's uniform; then he saw the faces of the Indians in the doorway. "What's all this?" demanded the white man in confusion.

"I guess you are the man I saw after I represent the law, Husky Hal, and I must ask you to come with me back to civilization."

Evidently the officer stopped to stare with amazement at the face of the white man who, springing to his feet, confronted him with incredulity blazing in his eyes. "Harold Beamish—it can't be—Harold, it just can't be that you are Husky Hal, the man I've been chasing hundreds of miles up rivers and straits and through the wilderness—it can't be that you are the man wanted by the law," broke out the young officer in protest.

"I don't get you, Laird. What's the big idea? Are you trying to arrest me and what for?" demanded Harold Beamish, his eyes flashing resentment.

Laird explained the situation and drew from his pocket his orders, and the written description of the offender.

"It seems to fit all right, Laird. I guess you know your bird when you've brought him down. You were always a stickler for duty; so it doesn't look as if it would do me any good to kick against the traces."

Harold Beamish spoke thickly and there was a note of sarcasm in his voice, when he did not deny that he was Husky Hal. Laird felt strangely faint. His tongue was thick and dry and his heart was beating tumultuously.

Harold Beamish was his schoolboy friend, the youth who had entered with him the Northwest Mounted Police service. Laird was now called upon to place his old friend under arrest, to take him back to civilization as an offender of the law. How was he to perform his duty?

He stood motionless. He was thinking of the days when they had made whistles from the elder bushes and swapped peapops and guinea pigs. He was thinking of those days when first they had joined the Northwest Mounted Police and Harold Beamish had chafed under the strict rule and discipline. Too often he had broken rules and then he had been let out. Laird had not blamed him so

much. Harold was the restless sort, scarcely fitted to the rigid routine and the discipline of the mounted police life. He had realized that Harold had really done no great wrong in disobeying stringent rules, but he had been careless and reckless and had shown a slight contempt for the word duty, which had enslaved Laird Drummond with idealistic principles and a determination to succeed as an officer.

"Yes, you answer the description, Hal, but it doesn't seem possible," stammered Laird, as he held his hand on the scarlet tunic of his old friend.

"Well, you've caught me. I guess you know your duty. I don't see any chance of escape. I haven't any arms," broke out Harold, his voice intense in its bitterness.

"Yes, Hal, I know my duty. I don't do any other way out. It hurts to do this thing—"

"It would," growled Harold, stooping to pick up the tasseled cap and jamming it lightly on his head.

The silence lay unbroken between the two young men as the canoe was paddled downstream. The scarlet-garbed police officer paddled with a fierce stroke that reflected his perturbed mind. Had he suspected that the white man hiding at Three Feathers' encampment was in reality Harold Beamish, would he have continued his quest? Would he have followed the clue to the Indian settlement? There was no escape from duty, however, now that he had discovered that the youth hiding with the Indians of Three Feathers' tribe talked perfectly with the description given of Husky Hal.

"Hal" was the name Laird had called the other when they had gone swimming in Peter's Pond. It hurt that Harold had taken that old nickname when he had struck the trail that had led to this.

The youth who had answered so minutely to the description provided by the Northwest Mounted Police sat with a slight smile of contempt on his face. He carried no luggage except a large bundle of papers that had been rolled in birch bark. Laird wondered idly whether or not those papers carried a secret diary of Harold's exploits during his associations with the Indians; but he asked no questions.

He preferred not to talk. He had a big problem to tackle. He had done his duty as an officer. He had tracked down and brought away the culprit recognized as an offender of the law. The journey was long, however, before he would reach civilization. There would be several days paddling and portaging, and several nights' sleeping out under the stars. There would be many an opportunity, perhaps, when the prisoner might escape that if the officer relaxed his vigilance.

Had Husky Hal turned out to be the ruffian whom Laird had supposed he was trailing, he never would have thought of relaxing vigilance. He would have kept his man covered even while they slept. There were moments, however, when escape might be quite possible if Harold would take advantage of the opening. Laird might make that chance of escape even easier. Did not he owe something to his old friend?

Pondering, protesting and arguing, Laird paddled the canoe down to Poplar Creek, his mental struggle becoming an agony. How had Harold chanced to yield to this temptation, Laird wondered? He remembered those days when Harold had visited his uncle, a missionary among the Indians, and had come home thrilled with the Indian stories and the Indian relics he had picked up at the mission. That was probably the reason that the Indian had lured him to the North, thought Laird.

Dusk was falling, and the young officer studied the shore line at Poplar Creek. Suppose they made camp at this point. Just below the turn in the creek there was a small Indian settlement. If Laird relaxed his vigilance during the night, Harold might easily steal away to the Indian encampment in a canoe and make his escape while the officer slept. It was his duty, however, to turn over his man to the authorities. No argument could assure him that any other course would be in compliance with his duty. On past the turn in Poplar Creek he paddled the canoe on to Duck's Bill, where the officer determined to make camp. There would be little possibility here of his man making an escape.

Despite the absence of possibility of escape, Laird kept a sleepless vigil, sitting most of the night in a cramped position. Harold Beamish slept soundly, occasionally muttering in a troubled dream. The young Northwest Mounted Police officer, watching in the uncanny light of the fire, studied the face of the man who was his prisoner. "Well, of all the things—of course—why, of course not—but it will all come out in the wash—it's sure to straighten out," Laird muttered suddenly.

One was much of the anxiety that had lined his face the preceding day; yet he relaxed not his watchfulness. With day break he aroused Harold Beamish and there was a note of good-natured fun in his voice as he suggested that the prisoner fetch a bottle of water

from the spring along the ridge. "Got to earn your breakfast, Hal," he suggested with a grin.

No flicker of a smile showed on the prisoner's face as grimly Harold picked up the water bottle and disappeared in the thicket. Laird built the camp fire and toasted the bacon. Suddenly the silence of the dawn was shattered by a sharp pistol shot and a man's startled cry. It came from the direction of the spring and Laird ran quickly to the ridge.

Harold Beamish lay prostrate on the ground. Blood was spurting from a gunshot wound in his shoulder. He was already unconscious. Laird heard a rustling in the thicket and caught a glimpse of an Indian stealing away. What was the meaning of all this? He stooped and lifted the injured youth, carrying him swiftly back to camp.

The wound in the shoulder was serious. There was not even time to eat breakfast. The officer must get his prisoner to the nearest hospital in the quickest time possible. He gave first aid speedily, then laying his patient in the canoe, started on the hurried trip in quest of a doctor.

"He must have a transfusion of blood; his condition is dangerous." The doctor in charge of the Little Red Cross Outpost Hospital displayed anxiety as he studied his patient.

The young Northwest Mounted Police officer stepped nearer the hospital bed and checked out eagerly. "I am ready, sir, to give him a transfusion of my blood—"

"But, but he is your prisoner. He is openly a breaker of the law!"

"That makes no difference. My blood is at your disposal. I only hope it is the right color, sir."

That afternoon as the injured youth fought for his life, Laird Drummond went back along the river route to find the Indian who had done the shooting. It was not a difficult quest and as he brought the young Indian brave down river, he heard the curious story.

The whole settlement had been on the alert watching for the white man with the red and black Mackinaw and the red-tasseled cap. He had betrayed the Indians and they were ready with their vengeance. The young Indian who had shot down Harold Beamish had chanced to be hunting near the ridge that early morning and had caught a glimpse of the red and black checked Mackinaw at the spring. He had aimed and the youth had dropped.

"It was the Mackinaw and the cap, but it was not the face of the white man we wanted," said the Indian simply, and Laird cried out his amazement.

The following morning Laird, bending over the hospital bed, demanded of the patient, "Hal, explain where you got that outfit you were wearing."

"What do you mean, don't you think it belongs to me?"

"I do not," broke in Laird.

"Well, a couple of days ago, I'd have kept mum, but the doc says you gave some of your good Irish blood for that transfusion that kept life in me; so I guess it's up to me to spill the beans," offered the prisoner patient. "You're right, those legs don't really belong to me. I guess they must have adorned Husky Hal, whoever he may have been."

"It all began when I was let out of the Northwest Mounted Police and it looked as though I wasn't going to make good at anything in life," continued Harold Beamish. "Then there came a yearning to be among the Indians. I'd often thought I'd like to learn their language, and I had a hankering to translate some of their stories into English. So I came away North, determined to live among the Indians and to master their folklore. There was a terrific storm on one of the lakes and my canoe was splintered to kindling. I was soaked and the rats was pouring in a deluge. Then I found a man lying dead in the shelter of trees. He had been struck by lightning. His clothes were dry, so I decided to make use of them. That accounts for the outfit."

"You know how superstitious the Indians are in regard to wearing the clothing of a dead man, so I never explained my strange apparel. I remember the man I found lying under the trees was mainly complexioned. It must have been Husky Hal. When you came to arrest me, I decided it was all up with me; that it wasn't worth trying any more to make good. It sure hurt to have my old pal believe I was guilty."

"Listen, old chap, I just couldn't believe you were guilty," broke in Laird. "The other night when you slept so soundly with the look of an innocent babe on your face, I knew you had an explanation."

"Laird, when you gave that transfusion of blood, was it just because it was your duty as a police officer?"

"It was because we used to be pals, old man," answered Laird huskily. "With some of your good Irish blood in my Scotch veins, I guess we're pals for always." Laughed the youth who had been tracked down by the Northwest Mounted Police, an unsteady note in his voice.

Douglas' Egyptian Liniment is a quick, certain remedy for Hoof Rot or Thrush. Four or five applications are usually enough.

ANOTHER CONTRIBUTION

A pretty girl who was collecting contributions for a hospital approached a man sitting at the wheel of an expensive car. "No," was his surly answer. "I contribute regularly to that hospital." "No doubt," replied the pretty girl, "but we're collecting money to-day, not pedestals."

1935 SPRING LAMB

Spring meal is here on young baby lamb in increasing quantities from week to week. Lamb dinners are now the order of the day, and special menus at conference banquets are not considered up to the minute unless 1935 spring lamb is the meat served for such occasions.

Roast leg of lamb, lamb chops and lamb stew are all popular, largely because of tenderness, juiciness and flavor which is so distinctive of meat from young lamb at this time of the year. Probably the main reason why roast lamb, lamb chops and lamb stews are so popular is because this meat solves the problem of variety during warm weather when the digestive system of many people demands a change to a lighter, more healthful and tender as well as richly flavored meat.

SUGGESTED DINNER MENU

- Tomato Cocktail
Vegetable Salad
1935 Roast Leg of Lamb with Dressing
Mashed Potatoes
Green Peas
Strawberry Shortcake
Tea or Coffee

The following recipe is recommended for dressing for Roast Lamb:

- DRESSING FOR ROAST LAMB
1 pint stale break crumbs
1/2 cup cracker crumbs
1/2 teaspoon sage
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon sweet majoram
salt and pepper
few drops onion juice
Moisten the bread and cracker crumbs with cold water and mix thoroughly with other ingredients.

IMPROVED

Warden (to Factor): "I think your congregation has turned the corner. We are getting a better class of butlers in the collection than we used to."

NO USE

"I should like to sell you an encyclopedia."
"Mo? Why, I don't even know how to ride one of the things."

Like a COOLING BREEZE!



HERE'S a breakfast for a hot morning: A bowl of crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes, with cool milk or cream, and some berries or sliced fruit. Delicious! And marvelously refreshing.

Kellogg's are rich in energy but light, easy to digest. An ideal dish for any hot-weather meal. The danger of heat-prostration is lessened when Kellogg's Corn Flakes are eaten in place of heavy, slowly digested foods.

Kellogg's are ready to serve. No cooking. They're the largest-selling Corn Flakes in the world because they're crisper—finer in flavor. And the patented heat-sealed WAXTITE bag keeps them oven-fresh, even in hot, sultry weather. Quality guaranteed. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



OVEN-FRESH FLAVOR PERFECT

WILD MUSTARD ERADICATION

Wild mustard, an insidious weed which grows prolifically throughout Canada on farms and waste places, is one of the commonest and most injurious of the mustard family. A single plant will produce from 15,000 to 20,000 seeds, and a single plant of tumbling mustard is credited with being able to yield 1,500,000 seeds. Eradication of mustard from badly infested land is very difficult as seeds lying several inches below the surface of the soil are capable of retaining their viability for many years without germination. Indeed, experiments have shown that mustard seeds can germinate after having been buried in the soil for forty years. Mustard seeds which have been ploughed under in previous years may be brought to the surface by subsequent cultural operations. In view of these and many other facts, a pamphlet dealing with the eradication of wild mustard has been issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, and may be obtained free on application. Since wild mustard seed matures earlier than the earliest grain crop, there is no possibility of harvesting the grain before the mustard has reached maturity. Consequently other methods of control, as advised in the pamphlet, must be adopted.

HOW TO MAKE ICED TEA

Infuse six heaping teaspoons of Salada Black Tea in a pint of fresh boiling water. After six minutes strain liquid into two-quart container. While hot, add 1 1/2 cups of granulated sugar and the juice of 2 lemons. Stir well until sugar is dissolved; fill container with cold water. Do not allow tea to cool before adding the cold water; otherwise liquid will become cloudy. Serve with chopped ice.

"SALADA" ICED TEA

A WORLD OF FLAVOR



ENSURES BREATH SWEETNESS

SPIRIT!

[James Mangan]

For five years we have been waiting for the depression to depart. Why is it still with us? Simply because we have waited --- and no one ever waited with Spirit.

Spirit moves mountains, accomplishes the impossible---in business, in science, in the arts. You hear of a firm that puts up a great sales record. You say: "They've got Spirit!" Or you ask, "Who's the moving Spirit?" You know that winning streak came out of Spirit, nothing else.

Let's show some Spirit in 1935. Show some advertising spirit! When you advertise you place a bet on yourself, and on your product. The only real test of sincerity is money laid on the line. When you lay it on the line with advertising, you prove to the world that you believe what you say.

It takes Spirit to be an advertiser. Spirit is the essence of advertising. For advertising is life, is speed, is business vibration. Vibrate in 1935 --- advertise! To ignore the fact that people don't care about you is not Spirit.

Spirit soars high, shouts loud, glows intensely. So does good advertising.

Put some Spirit into your business --- into your job. Spirit is invincible, irresistible, universal.

Good-bye to the Depression in 1935 ---if enough of us will only put enough Spirit into it.