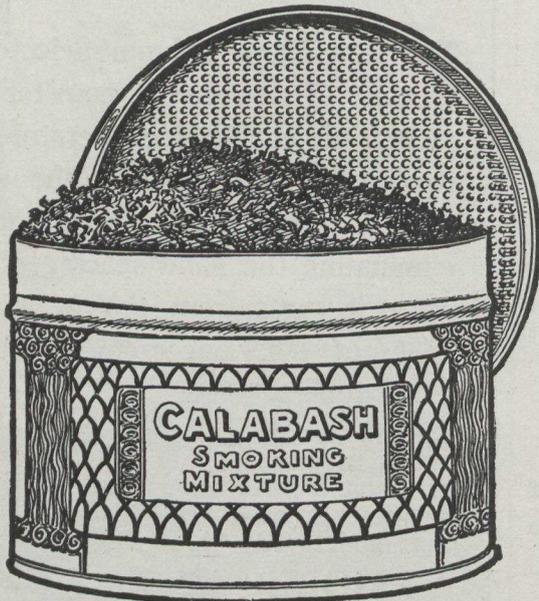


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### A FRIEND OF CREVIA

(Continued from page 12.)

sped south the special train which bore the first citizen of Apulia to meet his former foe but present ally, and through devastated and tenantless towns journeyed the latter. Their place of greeting was a white-walled hamlet, which lay like a pinch of salt in a green bowl of the hills. From it in gentle slopes the ground shouldered slowly up with luxuriant undulation to the sky-line, and this latter was broken where one barren crag thrust its rugged shoulders to a vast and lonely altitude. Outside the village a skeleton square was formed in which Crevian and Apulian uniforms alternated in sharp and vivid contrast, and in the middle stood a table draped with flags. From opposite corners advanced the two men who had directed the bitter struggle so miraculously ended. They looked long each into the face of the other, and simultaneously extended hands. Around them reigned a silence broken only by the stamp of a horse's foot or the jingle of a bit. The very air seemed charged and tense with the burial of an ancient feud and the dawn of greater and better years; the rustle of papers, the very moving of a pen was an epoch in national reconstruction.

Unconsciously the Crevian leader raised his eyes and saw ascending from the crag which overhung the hamlet a column of dense smoke. His lifted hand drew all eyes to it, and from its base soared into air some object, gigantic and bird-like. Clear-cut against the sky, gathering form and definition, it wheeled in royal curves down the giddy height which gave it birth; breasting the summer airs it came, embued with the life of its enchanted progress. Two long pinions could be descried supporting an oval body from which was suspended a cage of metal plates ribbed with portholes like monstrous eyes. Swooping in long semi-circles it drew near till it hovered gray, hawk-like and menacing above the wondering square. Along the smooth, dull sides of its body the sun flashed on projecting tubes from which death had descended upon Tarsis. It halted on inclining wings, and then dropped to earth with a sudden and fierce precision till it rested within the square, dire and menacing, portentous with devastating power. A plate of the cage slid open noiselessly, there throbbed out a whirring of invisible mechanism, and the old Crevian commander stood beside his aeroplane. Trim and erect as of yore, in uniform and decoration, he saluted the colours. Then with a gesture of profound respect he addressed the Presidents, in a voice vibrant with the ring of great deeds done, and yet softened by the shadow of a great fatigue. His eyes rested on the treaty, vivid with seals of the allies. "Gentlemen," he said, "on that day when the command of Crevia passed into other hands, the conquest of the air had neared solution, but the end was not yet. The experiments made in secret and lonely places could not justify a publicity which might lead to the ruin of my plans. Finally, however, just as my country was battling with her last breath for national existence, I came into my own. I threaded the air as no living creature had done before. In the isolation of the hills by blood and sweat and infinite labour was born what stands before you. With yonder smoke vanishes the possibility of another creation such as this. The world's peace is imperilled by aerial navigation—nothing is secure. A fool may wreck a city, a madman may end a dynasty. What has been may be again, but not the product of my hands or brain." He stepped forward and touched the lever. The aeroplane rose slightly, its steel prow directed towards the precipitous rock from which it came. Then gathering speed it cleft the air, straight as a bullet, in marvellous flight, through the quiet atmosphere it diminished like a droning bee, swifter and ever swifter it sped, impelled by its racing engines till its velocity hurled it against the stark face of the mountain, and it dropped a crumpled and shapeless mass into the tangled forest below. He turned to the standards and saluted. "With or without me, long live Crevia," he said.

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Private Clifford of Toronto, wins both the King's Prize and the Prince of Wales' Prize at Bisley

(Canadian Associated Press.)  
Bisley, Eng., July 22.—The greatest feat ever performed in the history of rifle shooting at Wimbledon, or Bisley, was that performed by Private Clifford, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, Toronto, this afternoon. On Wednesday last the Canadian marksman won the second most valuable prize of the meeting, the Prince of Wales £100. To-day he added to it the blue ribbon of the meeting, the King's Prize of £250. Never before have these two rich prizes fallen to the same man.

The bronze medal awarded the leader at the end of the first stage was won this year by Corporal Trainor of Toronto  
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