

THE HAILEYBURIAN

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Another Year Passing

Once again the festive season of Christmas is about over and the year draws to an end. It has not been a year of plain sailing. There have been grave difficulties met with in all communities and there are many people who have suffered badly, through no fault of their own. However, there appears to be a definite feeling that better times are coming, and this will go a long way toward overcoming the gloom that the depression has cast.

In our own community things might have been worse. It is believed that no one has suffered through the lack of at least the necessities of life and, while a great many have been forced to go without much of their accustomed luxury, there has been no actual want. This condition is not the most satisfactory, but it is the condition of many communities and it will take time to remedy.

For the coming year little can be held in the way of hope for early improvement, but one may be justified in saying that before 1933 is ended there will be a change. It will no doubt come gradually, and no one need expect anything in the nature of boom days, but it will come surely. There will be better times, just as every other depression has been followed by a period of prosperity, and with this belief firmly fixed in our mind, we extend to every one of our readers our best wishes for a "Happy New Year."

NEW YEAR'S DAY

Eternal Time, the margined space,
Another year has run its race—
A reflex of the light;
The ornate hues that fleck the bloom,
Reveal the shadow of its doom,
Like floss of the night.

The annual start that marks the span,
To decorate the mind of man,—
That once was blunt and crude;
Utopian ties the miraged view,
But 'neath the velvet pleasant dew,
Lies wealth of gratitude.

The milestones that recount the past,
Direct the route on which is cast,—
Another year of hope;
With time the onward march swings on
A tribute to the past that's gone,
With bigger tasks to cope.

The cosmic star blaze out its trail,
The mountains tower beyond the vale,
The universe serene;
Yet mankind irksome in his sway,
Looks forward ever to the day
To hold and be supreme

Aye, New Year's Day, symbol of Hope,
Strengthen the hands the feeble grope
To conquer, love, obey;
Forbid the ruthless stroke of Fate,
Shall displace Love for one of Hate,
Reverse the golden day!
W. McGuire

Haileybury in 1925

Items from the Files of The Haileyburian of Seven Years Ago

Four fire alarms in five days, after the brigade going without a call for four months, was the result of the recent cold snap.

At the end of the year the Banque Canadien Nationale here will be closed and the business turned over to the Royal Bank.

The curling season here was officially opened on Christmas Day, with the ice in fine shape and plenty of players on hand for the first games.

Roads have been marked out across the lake and the covered stages are now making their regular trips between Haileybury and the Quebec side.

The Christmas fund for the Children's Shelter reached the total of \$157.65.

A fine additions to the equipment of the Boy Scouts was made through the generosity of Lorne Howey, in the form of a punching bag.

The Portage Murder

By Leslie McFarlane

Chapter VIII
The Knife

Blake had not left his revolver in the canoe by accident. He wanted an excuse to go back alone.

As they came up from the landing he had seen the dark shape of another canoe, drawn up among the bushes on the bank. It interested him, as he had not seen it on his first visit to Levert's place, and he sought a chance to examine it at close quarters.

When he had recovered his revolver, Blake went up the bank until he reached the partly hidden craft, and drew a small flashlight from his pocket.

Its beam revealed a red canoe, light and well-made, evidently freshly painted. He bent down, examined the bow and the sides, and he uttered a short exclamation as he found what he had expected.

On the left hand side of the bow was a wide abrasion, a scrape that had marred the fresh new surface. Ootherwise the canoe was undamaged.

Blake straightened up and switched out the flashlight. Then he took shells from his pocket and reloaded the revolver.

He turned, and was just about to retrace his steps to the path when a dark figure seemed to rise out of the earth before him.

Recognition flashed upon him even as the figure slipped toward him as silently as a ghost. This was Tom Beaver, the halfbreed, and he advanced with the silent tread of a cat.

"What do you want?" said Blake, gripping his revolver in readiness.

"Want to speak wit' you," said the breed.

"I'd like to speak with you. I've got some questions to ask you. When was this canoe painted?"

Tom Beaver came closer.

"Yesterday."

"Who owns it?"

"Levert."

"When did he use it last?"

"Not for t'ree, four days. We put it here to dry."

"It's been used since it was painted."

Suddenly the breed's lank arm shot out. The attack was so abrupt, so swiftly launched without warning, that Blake was caught off guard. His right wrist was seized in a grip of iron. An agonizing wrench and the revolver spun out of his hand before his finger could reach the trigger. The weapon thudded into the bushes.

At the same time, Tom Beaver's right arm went up. Blake caught the flash of a knife.

He stepped back and dodged just as the knife came swinging down. It missed his body, ripped through the cloth of his shirt, but Tom Beaver relaxed his grip on Blake's wrist and the sergeant struggled free. He swung with his right, catching the breed beneath the ear as he lurched past with the momentum of the knife-thrust.

Blake was not set for the blow, however, and it only staggered the other man. Tom Beaver recovered his balance in a moment, crouched and came in again.

Blake eyed the knife, stepped back again just as the breed's arm rose. He leaped aside as the fellow plunged at him, then sprung in, fists swinging. One blow sent Beaver's head back with a jerk, another thudded into his ribs. The knife swung viciously and Blake leaped back again.

He saw that he was gradually being forced toward the edge of the steep bank. The bushes to his right were so heavy that he did not dare circle in that direction for fear of being tripped by the stubborn thickets. There was open ground to his left but the bank sheered in at that point and the halfbreed barred the way.

Tom Beaver realized that he held the advantage. Even if his knife-thrusts failed of the mark, he could still force Blake back.

The breed crouched in the gloom, feinted suddenly, and lashed out as Blake dodged. Tom Beaver darted forward. Blake fell flat on the ground. His hands went out. He seized the plunging breed by the ankle, wrenched him off his feet.

They rolled over and over in the grass. The knife stabbed through the gloom once, twice, and each time Blake evaded the thrusts, for the breed was swing-

ing wildly.

A terrific kick caught Blake on the side of the jaw. He tumbled back. The breed scrambled to his feet, stepped back, recovered his balance. Blake crouched, his fingers touching the ground. They faced each other. The halfbreed leaped in. Blake straightened up. His arm shot out.

The blow caught Tom Beaver flush on the point of the jaw while his knife was still raised in mid-air. He tottered, stumbled back, his hands clutched wildly at the air as the knife fell from his grasp, and then he reeled back over the edge of the bank.

A wild, terrified cry cut the night silence. It was followed by a tremendous splash.

Breathing heavily, Blake strode forward and looked over the edge into the black water twelve feet below. He could see nothing, heard nothing. He waited there for some time but there was not a sound.

Then he turned and went back toward the canoe. He snapped on the flashlight and found his revolver again.

Then he turned back toward the cabin.

If that last yell of terror had been heard by the men in the cabin they had not bothered to investigate. This circumstance puzzled Blake. They must have heard Tom Beaver's shout as he plunged over the bank. But the door did not open. No one appeared.

Blake advanced cautiously. There was something wrong. He sensed it. And, instead of going directly to the cabin door, he slipped around to the side of the little building, moving silently in the lush, damp grass, and made his way toward the window.

He could hear Levert's voice. Blake crouched beneath the window, then slowly raised himself so that his eyes were above the sill.

He first saw Levert, standing just a few feet away, his back to the window. Beyond the trader, on the other side of the cabin, stood young Arthur Page, his arms raised. A little distance away stood the older brother, Martin.

Levert was armed with a rifle. It was levelled directly at Arthur.

"You heard that shout, eh?" Levert was saying. "You know what it means. It means that Tom Beaver has finished with that Mounty. When you showed me that revolver of Toby Greer's, I knew what happened, understand? Then I knew that this man Blake lied when he said he was only bluffing Sarrazin in saying that he was from the police. He is better out of the way. He only makes trouble for all of us."

"You rat!" snarled Martin. "And what do you want?" "You know what I want. You are coming back North with me and we will stake those claims again—fifty-fifty. You take half and I take half."

"And when we get to town I'll tell the whole story and you'll be flung into jail."

"No," said Levert, softly, "you will not do that. Right here, you will write and sign a paper that you killed this man Blake. And it will be witnessed by your brother. When we get back to town and record those claims, you will keep quiet, because I will have that apper and if you say anything to the police about me I will show it to them and say I SAW you kill Blake. I will say you killed him because you had killed Sarrazin and he tried to arrest you. How about that?"

There was a heavy silence.

"And what if I don't take you up North to the claims?" demanded Martin.

"You will promise, now. If you do not...." Levert gestured meaningly toward the young man against the wall.

"You'll shoot him?"

"I do not want to shoot him. But maybe it will be necessary to make you sensible."

"To blazes with him, Mart!" said the younger man. "Let him go ahead and shoot."

"And after that," went on Levert, "I shall get Tom Beaver to talk with you for a while, and maybe afterward you will think it best to do as I say."

"Torture, eh? I know what that darn halfbreed will do."

"Then, if you know," said Levert, "I think you will be sensible now."

"How did you come to know

about the claims we staked?" demanded Martin. "How do you know they're rich?"

"I know."

"It was the Indian. That's how you found out. He drifted into our camp while we were staking the claims and we were afraid he would get wise to what we had found, so we sent him south. You dug the information out of him, eh?"

"No matter how I got the information. What are you going to do?"

"It was the Indian," said Arthur. "He came to me at the railway and told me you had sent him out to get me, and that I was to go down river and you'd meet me."

"We wanted to send you on so you could stake some of the land for yourself."

"The Indian said he had got drunk on the way out and that he had told Sarrazin about the find. That's how I knew you were held at Sarrazin's camp. When the Indian found what Sarrazin had done he got frightened and came out to tell me."

"Never mind all that," growled Levert. "You better start writing that paper."

Martin looked at the rifle, and then at his brother. "I won't sign any confession to a murder I never committed."

"No?" said Levert. "I give you three minutes. If you are not sensible by then your brother will be shot. After that, Tom Beaver will make you tell me where to find those claims."

"And when you've found them" declared Page, bitterly, "you'll get rid of me."

"Better to be alive and have half the claims than to be dead and have none at all."

Blake slowly raised the revolver. He covered the trader. He had to be careful, for Levert's rifle was still levelled at the man against the wall.

Blake tapped sharply on the glass with the barrel of the weapon.

Levert turned halfway around, startled. Then he recollected himself and swung his rifle back so that Page was still covered.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"You're covered, Levert!" said Blake. "Drop your rifle on the floor. Put up your hands. Quick!"

For a moment Levert did not move. Then he lowered the rifle, bent as though to place it on the floor.

Suddenly he sprang toward the wall, out of range of the window. In the same instant Blake fired, but he knew he had missed. He saw Levert's rifle swinging toward him. He fired again through the shattered glass and ducked out of sight.

The rifle spoke. A bullet whistled overhead. Then the hollow, explosive crash of a revolver echoed in the narrow confines of the cabin.

It was followed by a thud of a falling body.

"Get his rifle, Mart!" he heard Arthur shouting. "Grab that gun!"

A heavy footfall. Then Martin's voice: "There's no need. He's dead."

Blake ran around to the front of the cabin. He flung open the door.

Sprawled on the floor beneath the window was Levert, the trader, his rifle still clutched in his lifeless hands. Martin was bending over him. On the opposite side of the cabin stood Arthur, with Toby Greer's revolver.

At that instant Blake heard a sound from the landing—the unmistakable rattle of a chain, the clatter of a paddle. He wheeled about and ran down the path. (To be continued)

TOWN OF HAILEYBURY

Notice of Registration of By-law

NOTICE is hereby given that a by-law was passed by the Council of the Corporation of the Town of Haileybury on the 13th day of December, 1932, providing for the issue of debentures to the amount of \$53,000.00, for the purpose of constructing water-works, and that such by-law was registered in the registry office of Haileybury in the District of Temiskaming on the 16th day of December, 1932.

Any motion to quash or set aside the same or any part thereof must be made within three months after the first publication of this notice, and cannot be made thereafter.

Dated the 20th day of December, 1932.

H. CLIFFORD, Clerk.

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Reduced \$50^{XX}

to VANCOUVER-VICTORIA, B.C. also to Seattle, Washington

For health and pleasure escape from Winter to Canada's Evergreen Playground on the sunny Pacific Coast—to balmy days of golf and other summer activities, with winter sports nearby amid mountain grandeur. Fares this winter are approximately \$50 lower than ever before and reduced rates at hotels make your holiday still more economical.

Tickets good going Nov. 15 to Feb. 28. Return limit, April 30. Generous stop-over privileges at intermediate points.

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Tickets good going until Feb. 28. Return limit, April 30. Generous stop-over privileges at intermediate points.

Low Short-Limit Tickets also on sale until Dec. 22 to other Pacific Coast points, including California, return limit Jan. 25.

Return FARE

From HAILEYBURY to

VANCOUVER VICTORIA SEATTLE

\$117.05

Full information from

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Haileyburian Condensed Ads. Will Bring Results