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VOLUME 52. MILTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1911. No. 16

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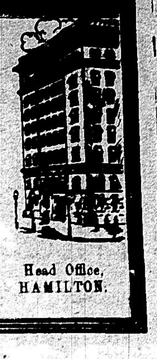
Total Assets	40,000,000



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COUNTY OF HALTON
LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1911

Place of Sitting	Date	Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.	1912 Jan.	Mar.
Milton	Tuesday	10 a.m.	10	10	12	14	15	10	12	8
Oakville	Friday	12.30 p.m.	7	9	11	12	7	9	5	
Georgetown	Wednesday	10 a.m.	11	8	10	12	13	8	10	6
Acton	Thursday	10 a.m.	12	9	11	13	14	9	11	7
Campbellville	Saturday	10 a.m.	14	11	13	15	16	11	13	9
Burlington	Monday	10 a.m.	9	6	8	1	11	6	8	4

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF JUDGES, CLERKS, BAILIFFS, ETC.
Chas. E. Bailey, K.C., Judge County Court Sitings, with or without Jury, 13th
Edward Doakie, Burlington.
General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, 3rd April and 3rd October, and so often at other
time as may be required by the Judge in his discretion of business.
County Court Sittings, 3rd January, 3rd April, 3rd July and 2nd October.
Surrogate Court Sittings, 3rd January, 4th April, 4th July and 3rd October.

By order W. I. DICK, Milton,
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Sunday School and Bible Class: 2.30 p.m.
Epworth League: Monday, at 8 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
Pastor's Class: Friday, at 7.30 p.m.
W. M. S.: First Monday of the month at 8 p.m
Ladies' Aid: Last Monday of the month at 3 p. m

KNOX CHURCH
REV. W. M. MCKAY, Minister.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 2.30 p. m. Judge Gorham's Bible Class in Church at 2.45 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 7.30. p.m.
W. F. M.S. meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 3 p.m.
The Mission Band meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 4.30 p.m.

GRACE CHURCH
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Sunday School: 4.30 p.m.
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Travellers' Guide.

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GOING EAST.
6.57 a.m. (flag). 7.25 a.m. 10.23 a.m. 2.55 p.m. 5.30 p.m. 8.15 p.m.
GOING WEST.
8.43 a.m. 9.04 a.m. 3.23 p.m. 7.07 p.m. 8.25 p. m.
—SUNDAY—
West 9.04 a.m., 8.25 p.m. East 6.57 a.m., 8.15 p.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
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GOING NORTH. 7.45a.m. 4.45p.m.
GOING SOUTH. 10.25a.m. 8.35 p.m.

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A TENDERFOOT'S WOOING

—BY—

CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY

(AUTHOR OF "GOLD, GOLD IN CARIBOO," ETC.)

Supplied Exclusively in Canada by The British & Colonial Press Service, Limited.

"The old man in there," replied Bill, looking over his shoulder nervously, and speaking in a hushed voice.

"Yes. Can you steady him like that whilst I throw a hitch around him. Don't let him roll."

"I'll try, Jim; but his legs are like water. You can't hold them. They slip all ways to once."

"They won't do that long. Now! How's that?"

Combe had taken the tie rope from the pinto's saddle, and with it had lashed the doctor's feet together under the belly of his horse, after which he had passed the bight of the rope round his victim's waist, and secured him firmly by it to the horn of the saddle.

"I guess he'll ride like that for a bit," he said, looking critically at his work. "Seems pretty well packed, doesn't he?" and taking the doctor by the shoulder he swayed him tentatively in the saddle.

"Yes, he'll stay there till you untie him, but what are you going to tell the ferryman?"

"That's my trouble. I'm blanked if I know how I'm going to fix that, unless I gag him too. I wish the doctor was not too drunk to sit on by himself."

"If he wasn't he wouldn't go."

"Yes, he would, with this," and the light flickered on a barrel hardly harder than the speaker's face.

Bill looked at Combe, doubtfully. He had known Jim many years, but had never seen the man he saw now. The sight staggered him and made him doubtful of the share he had taken in the proceedings.

"You don't mean no foul play by him, do you?"

"No, of course not. A dead ass ain't no good. Hand me his bridle," and Combe reached from the saddle for it. But Bill held on to it.

"See here, Jim, this is a mighty ugly business. It is for a woman?"

"For a woman, sure. Hand over, or they'll be after us."

Still the man doubted, and Combe saw a bar of light in the front of the Ideal. Some one had opened the door to look out. The crowd was growing impatient for its drinks.

There was no time to be lost. It was cruel, but he had to do it.

"Bill," he hissed, "when she died, wouldn't you have done this or any other blanked thing to save her?"

"My God, yes," was the startled answer. Without further demur Bill handed over the bridle and Jim, turning the horses sharply down hill, disappeared into the night, whilst the widower slunk through the back premises into the Ideal.

CHAPTER XIV.

It seemed to the doctor that his pace was suddenly accelerated. In his dream flight he began to move with quite phenomenal rapidity. In all previous expeditions of the kind, the motion had been a steady sailing, so steady that if he had not seen the steeples and towns going by below him, he would have considered himself absolutely stationary in space. But now he was going at a great speed and jerkily. Yes, certainly jerkily, and the atmosphere was becoming distinctly colder. He had entered a stratum of cold air. Ah, yes, that must be it. He was getting higher; he was in fact rocketting. That was it, he was rocketting. Quite natural, he reflected. You hit a bird in the head and it rockets. The whiskey has hit me in the head and it rockets. Certainly I am rocketting.

But as his thoughts grew less vague his body grew more and more cold. The spirit was dying out in his blood, and his tightly bound extremities were beginning to freeze.

He became conscious that he was no longer in the streets of Soda Creek. He could hear horses' feet and gravel which rattled and slid beneath them, and a jerk which threw him heavily upon his horse's neck woke him to the fact that he was riding down an extremely steep incline into a grey sea of icy vapor.

It has been said that Doctor Protheroe was one of those men who had the faculty of becoming drunk a dozen times in the twenty-four hours. His recovery from the effects of drink was as rapid as his lapse into drunkenness and now his brain began to work again almost normally.

He realized that he was riding tied in his saddle, his arms pinioned and his mouth gagged, and that someone, also riding, was leading his horse along the edge of a grey flood from which came a roar and an incessant grinding sound. Dr. Protheroe's earliest impression of a river was the union of a dozen tiny springs which well up from the earth's heart amongst meadow sweet and fritillaries, in his native Wiltshire, or at the widest a junction of little brown rills which wind chattering to their meeting place through the purple heather of that which English folk call a mountain, and so gathered and united, wander on, picking up a little friend here and another more fully grown further on, until together they turn a miller's wheel or dream through lush hay fields to the sea.

But the Fraser, by which that silent figure led him, is not a river of this kind.

Born of the snows in that barren land where earth's ribs show above the last of the black pines, the Fraser is bitter and savage from its birth. There are no lush grass lands for it to flow through, no miller's wheels for it to turn.

Its course is through sand and gravel; that it is gold gravel makes it no more beautiful; past grey benches stained in leprous patches by vivid metallic colors. It has nothing to do with farming until, weary of life and retired from business, it reaches its muddy delta, where it farms because it is too feeble to do anything else.

Its life's work was mining. It is the great sluice box of northern British Columbia, the great water power which eats away the gold-bearing rocks, which builds the sand bars and feeds them year by year with much fine gold, which tempts the strongest of our men with the possibility of quickly earned wealth, and having sucked their lives out of them, leaves them stranded in such back waters as Soda Creek.

The banks of it under which Jim Combe led the doctor's stumbling horse, were sheer cliffs of gravel, the raw edges of a great earth wound, through which the river tore its course, and the brim of it was no place of primroses, but a fringe of great boulders, too heavy even for its strong waters to move, and here and there the bones of a stranded pine.

Far overhead the two could see a few tall conifers, towering in the night mist, and behind them, up stream, the dull red light which marked the centre of such life as there was in Soda Creek.

When a cable crossed the river they paused, and Jim dismounting went down to the water's edge. The ferry was there, moored to the bank, the ice-cakes gathering round it as it lay, but there was no boatman by it, and the little shack in which he sheltered was empty. Jim got into the ferry and tried to move it, but the chain of it was secured by a great padlock. It was kept for the public's convenience and the ferryman's profit, and the ferryman had gone.

"Curse it. That's what I might have expected," Jim muttered, "but I didn't see him in the saloon when we left."

For a time he wrestled with the lock and tried to break it with a boulder from the beach, but such attempts had been foreseen and the fastenings were too strong to yield to rude surgery.

"Doesn't matter much if they do come now," he said to himself, and began to halloo on the off-chance that the ferryman might be within hearing. He even took out his revolver and fired a shot, but for awhile there was no response. The ferryman had concluded that his cowboy passenger of the morning was as other cowboys he had known, and would be as long over his half-hour's business as they had been, and, Caribou, being a free country, he had gone where he listed.

But the revolver shot had roused others, if it had not called the ferryman. The red glow in the centre of the townlet was redder now and larger. The door of the Ideal was wide open, and there were voices on the night air, the voices of men which grew closer as he listened. Possibly Bill's suspicions had found voice at the last moment, the revolver shot having confirmed them, and now the whole drunken gang was out looking for the doctor and his abductor. It did not matter much. He could easily escape such a posse as they were likely to form, but he turned towards his captive. It was no use keeping him any longer.

"Hullos, you are awake, are you? Want them wraps off your mouth?" he asked, cynically. "They'll keep the cold off your chest," but he moved towards him and released the doctor from his gag.

"You might as well untie my hands whilst you are about it. They are nearly frozen already," said Protheroe in a matter-of-fact tone.

Jim looked at him in some surprise. The sobering effect of the ride had been even greater than he had anticipated.

"I guess you can sit on then by yourself," he remarked, unfastening the rope which bound his captive's legs, before freeing his hands. "Steady! Don't fall off as you ride back, and don't try any monkey tricks with me. It ain't worth it," and then, reassured by the doctor's appearance, he let his hands go.

"Now you might as well ride back and finish the night with your pals. Sorry I troubled you."

But the doctor remained sitting where he was.

"You ain't afraid about finding your way, are you?" asked Combe. "They'll be here pretty soon now, if they don't fall in and get drowned. I'm not coming along. Soda Creek might not be healthy for me just now."

Still the doctor sat where he was, stretching his cramped legs, feeling the stiffened muscles of his arms, swaying a little in his saddle, and looking at Combe.

"You must have wanted me pretty badly," he said at length, and there was no trace of anger in his voice, no protest against his attempted abduction.

"Guess I did, or I shouldn't have took you."

"What is it? A woman? You aren't married?"

Jim laughed a hard laugh.

"What is it then? You aren't drunk or a fool?"

"Ain't I? That new tenderfoot, Anstruther, has broke himself up pretty badly. Miss Clifford is nursing him and wants a doctor."

"Ah!" grunted the doctor, and whistled a strange hollow whistle like that of a fog horn. It was a curious trick he had on occasions of insight. He knew the Risky Ranch pretty well, though he was no favorite there, and he knew its internal history, and could have made shrewd guesses about Miss Clifford and Jim Combe, and even about Mr. Anstruther. The ways of the world are very much alike everywhere, and doctors know them better than most men.

"What is the matter with Anstruther?"

"Ribs broke, two or three, and may be something worse inside."

"Well he will get over that without my assistance or die. Does it matter?"

Jim looked at him stupidly.

"To you," the doctor added.

"No, I don't know as it does matter a whole heap. I rode that devil here in a day and a night to get you. If I wasn't broke when we left," and he pointed to the weary roan. "I've had to poor old Bill; I've stolen a horse and done my best to steal a man. I don't suppose it does matter," and he sat down on one side of the boulders, whilst the hue and cry came nearer. He could see their lanterns flashing now like drunken stars along the edge of the bank not half a mile away.

"If you had told me that it was for a woman I would have come."

"But it wasn't."

"No?" hesitating questioningly on the monosyllable, "but you told Bill so. Why didn't you lie to me?"

"It wouldn't have helped. You didn't go for Bill's woman."

The doctor flinched for the first time, and opened his mouth as if to defend himself, but thought better of it, and shrugging his shoulders asked:

"Have you got all my instruments and things there? That is my bag, I think," and he pointed to the satchel strapped upon Jim's horse.

"Yes, I got them before I left."

"Very thoughtful of you. Hand them up for me to look at. I'm too stiff to get off my horse yet."

Jim obeyed, and by the faint light of a match, which Jim had to hold for him, the doctor explored the interior of his grip-sack.

"Our friend Bill got these, I imagine," he said. "He was thinking of his own case. He always is. Wrap them up in this and put them on the bank. Someone will find them and we shan't have any use for them on this trip. We don't want to carry any more than we are obliged to."

Jim struck another match and the doctor finished his examination.

"They have all the ordinary appliances for cases of accident at Roit's, I suppose?" He was quiet now and business-like.

"I guess so."

"Well, these will do then. We shall make them all in a devil of a mess, but the water-proof case will save some of them. I'm glad you brought that, Mr. Combe."

There was a pause whilst Jim fastened the bag in its place again, the lights were growing very close now, and the voices of the searchers plainly audible. Combe could distinguish his own name, uttered from time to time.

"Well, what are we waiting for? Aren't you coming?"

"Back to Soda Creek?"

"No, to the Risky. Isn't that where you wanted to take me?"

"We can't. That blanked ferryman has gone and I can't break the lock."

"Is that so, and Jim Combe can't cross this bit of a river without a boat to get back to the man Miss Clifford is nursing? Shaw! Here is the way," and the dare-devil, crammed on his head, spurred his beast into the edge of the grey flood that went roaring by, slipped and recovered, sitting his horse now as firmly as Combe himself might have done; slipped again, and the next moment was swimming, horse and man, deep in the angry waters of the Fraser.

CHAPTER XV.

"Well, I'm blanked! Protheroe! You infernal drunken fool, come back. Come back, I say. You'll drown, sure."

But Protheroe took no notice of Jim's frantic cry. In that roar of waters which was already about his waist, and seemed to be climbing to his ears, he could hear nothing from the shore which he had left, and if he had done so, he had sense enough to know that it would have been more dangerous to try to turn back than to go on.

Jim saw that himself, as the words left his lips, but it is the fashion of human beings in dire straits to cry for the impossible. And Jim was in a worse strait than the doctor. In the swirl at his feet there were two small objects, somewhat darker than the heaving darkness around them. They might well have been pieces of driftwood, being hustled down stream, but to Jim they would be in that dreary future in front of him, the horse he stole and the man he murdered.

And the unsteady lights of the Soda Creek lanterns were dancing along the river's course coming down stream towards him, nearer and nearer, until he could hear the voices of those who carried them in spite of the noise of the waters.

With a curse he swung himself into the saddle, and wrenching the roan's head round viciously, he galloped up stream for fifty yards, over a chaos of slippery boulders.

Then he turned his horse's head towards the river, and drove his spurs home, but though the colt's spirit was broken by bitter hard work, his instinct recoiled from this new peril, and he rose fighting and pawing the air on the very edge of the flood.

It was in vain. The man's blood was up and the ice-coated boulders gave the beast no footing. With a crash the two went into the river, the horse on its side, whilst the man, thrown clear of his mount, disappeared some feet down stream of him.

Twice the beast was turned over in the flood, and for a few moments the water swept over the man, but before of Protheroe, Jim had regained his horse's head, and twisting the fingers of one hand in the beast's long mane, swam steadily on the down stream side of it.

Once he had his head above water, the colt swam superbly, driving against the current with all the energy of young life battling against death, so that before they had half crossed from shore to shore, Combe and his horse were level with Protheroe, and making some sort of a breakwater for him.

But it was not enough. The doctor was still in the saddle, and Combe could see the pinto's head sinking lower and lower. If the doctor stayed where he was, the horse embarrassed by his weight, must drown, and in spite of his efforts Combe could not make his voice heard in that swirl of waters. On the bank, the noise was as the indistinct roar of a mob, but in mid-stream each voice became distinct, individual and hostile.

He heard the waves roaring at him, he could feel the undercurrents pulling separately at him, he knew what they wanted, and the fury, and the number of them daunted him.

His only chance was to cling to his horse; his only hope of saving Protheroe seemed to be to let go, and if possible, drag the doctor out of his saddle.

But at the last moment Protheroe seemed to realize what was required of him, and slid out of the saddle, holding on to his horse's mane, and swimming as Jim swam.

By this time both horses had drifted below the level of the ferry, which was now crowding with men, gesticulating and apparently shouting to the two in the water, and some of the more sober among the lantern bearers having got the ferry out towards mid-stream, were endeavoring to let a rope down towards the doctor.

But it was hopeless fishing. The line was not long enough, and the casting of it inaccurate. Neither Jim nor the doctor attempted to avail themselves of it.

Side by side, stunned by the noise around them, they battled with the Fraser, whilst though the farther bank seemed to come no nearer, the red lights of Soda Creek grew more dim and distant, and the figures on the ferry more indistinct.

Luckily for the swimmers there was even less ice in the river than there had been in the morning when Combe crossed it. The frost had not held in the upper country through which flow the tributaries that supply the Fraser with its first run of ice, but there was enough of it to add to their difficulties.

Suddenly the light of Soda Creek went out altogether, and the dancing lanterns on the ferry disappeared, and at the same time a new sound struck upon their ears, a dull, grinding noise, which grew louder and more distinct with every second that passed.

They had drifted past a bend in the river, and at the next, to which they were being hurried, the ice was packing. If they got into that pack before reaching the further shore, it would be the end of them. The horses, spent already, must go under in the churning and grinding ice.

Straining his eyes to the utmost, Combe thought that he could just distinguish the line of the farther bank; it was nearer than the ice pack which he could hear in the dark below him, but was it near enough? They were being carried down stream many yards for every foot which they made in the direction of the shore. It was just one of those positions in which death is made doubly hard by the temptation to struggle against it. Death itself is probably not so very dreadful. Nature is full of bogies to coerce her wilful children, and the last bogie of all, used mainly to make us play out our innings to the end, is possibly the most gentle fraud amongst them, but that struggle in the dark against the irresistible waters, with life and safety so near at hand, was bitter to bear, and at the very climax of it Jim's horse gave in and turned its head down stream.

In a moment they were racing towards their death. After all that long stubborn fight against the stream, with the shore almost within reach, the failure of the roan's courage had ruined them. If he had been alone it is possible that Combe would have given in then and drifted down quietly to his death, rather than fight longer against the inevitable, but the sight of the other man still struggling, and obviously spent, roused him to one more effort.

It was useless to shout to the horse, but with his free hand he managed to strike it in the face, and drag its head almost under with the other, until in despair the beast turned up stream again. But it was too late. Jim knew it, for he could hear the ice teeth gnashing almost at his heels, and he only struck out still from a stubborn determination to fight to the last inch.

His reward exceeded his hopes. Since he plunged into the Fraser it had seemed to Combe that he and his horse by immense efforts had just managed to remain stationary upon a plane of sliding water which carried them towards the ice pack, but now for the first time the long lean head which had bored down upon him, pushing him always nearer and nearer to eternity, began to forge ahead. There was no doubt of it.

They had reached the eddy under the shore; the big boulders loomed up, grew clearer, and the roan struck bottom.

At the first touch Combe's knees seemed to give under him. All his strength had gone, and having come through the depths he seemed likely enough to drown in the shallows. It was only by an immense effort of will that he braced himself sufficiently to stagger out of the eddy. He could have fallen where he landed, but a cry from the doctor found one last reserve of strength left in his companion, and calling upon that last reserve Jim blundered down the bank and into the water, falling against a great mass of rock, which broke the force of the river at the bend.

By what seemed a miracle to the people had just made good his footing on the very last point between it and the swirl which led to the ice pack, the doctor was too spent to profit by his horse's good luck, and though he grabbed him as he was swept by, he could do no more.

For what seemed to him five of the longest minutes he had ever spent in the water crushed him against the rock tooth, whilst his arm was locked with the pain of keeping his head crooked in that bundle of wet clothes which swayed with the current, and which he had not strength to throw back.

He could hold on to it, he would hold with it rather than let go, but he could not find the strength needed to drag it to his own place of safety.

Jim felt his body slipping away from the rock which sheltered him. Insistently, like an angler who plays the strain he dare upon a hooked fish, the waters drew him from his hold, and then there came one of those strange chuckling sounds which he makes amongst the boulders.

In his light-headed condition it seemed to Combe the laugh of a devil who wins, and it touched some spark of his nature, of which for the moment he had lost control, the strength came back to his muscles, and with a desperate effort he drew Protheroe to him; dragged him somehow to the river's brim, and dropped him there where the waters lapped over the boulders of the dry land.

For a long pause there was no sound but for the ravings of the doctor, baulked of its prey, and the howling of the wind, which wined like a wolf among the sage brush along the cliffs above them.

Utterly spent, the two lay where they had fallen, and had they wished they could not have moved. Only the roan stood upright, and his strong knees were bent, his head hung, and his whole body was racked with shivering fits.

Combe was the first to recover. Dragging himself to his feet, he crept over to the doctor's horse.

"You've got to get up, old fellow," he said, "or you'll die on our hands. We can't spare you yet," but the poor beast lay with head stretched along the ground and took no notice of him. It had made up its mind to die.

"Can you help, Doc?" Jim asked. But the doctor shook his head, and lay still, nor was it until nearly an hour later that Combe contrived to get his companion and the two horses to the top of the cliffs, upon which he built a roaring fire, not only for the sake of comfort, but as a sign to whom it might concern that they had survived the river crossing.

"And now, Doc, I guess you will well get along towards the ranch. There'll maybe be someone there to-morrow, unless they've all given us up for good. You will have had about enough by one while, I expect."

"What! Give up the run when I have jumped the big brook?" [illegible] Jim."

"Then you mean coming on?"

"I started to get there, and I'm going to get there with both feet, as you would say in your picture fashion."

Jim pulled at his pipe in silence for some time, then in a shamefaced way he said:

"I owe you an apology, Doc."

"For abduction? Yes, I believe there is some trivial penalty attached to that form of amusement."

"No; not a blanked bit for that. You'd have done the same only I know it. It's just for not knowing you. I'm sorry. I ought to have known you were a man."

"I was drunk. Anything is good enough for a drunk."

To be continued.

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