MILTON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1921.

FANCY

By GEORGE BARR

McCUTCHEON

Author of "GRAUSTARK," "THE

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his voice, "it's about two mile and

"Why is it called Green Fancy?"

man's voice called out, "Whoa, dang

The door of the smithy had been

there is to say about it."

been off'n the place."

what that is."

No. 26

VOLUMB 6-

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Church Directory.

WM. PANION.

METHODIST CHURCH BES A K MARSHA. BA . Pastor Sunday Services Il a in an 17 pm Sunday Sensoliana Billio Class 2 80 p.m. Epworth League Monday, at 8 p m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 8 p m. W M S First Monday of the month at Sp.m. ladies Aid Last Minda: of the month at KNOX CHURCH REV N N. M. KAY Minister Saluar Services Liam and Tom. Bundar Bobone 2.30 1 10 Prayer Meeting Wednesday, at 7:30 p.m. W. F. M. S. mee's on the second Wednesday of

-mist fetery month at 4 30 p m GRACE OHURCH HEY THEAR F COURE Rector Rura: Dean of halton Suntay School Law par Young peoples don thas hell me hunch entrance by vestry age. Tha her Miss Young Bay cammunon ist Sunday in the month si .. s .. sad ar i Subday at 8 30 a m Woulder Assistary Meetings as announced tes announce es exitit collection of the re la relayer aw p m

The Massess Band meets on the second Wod

A. L. -AINTS -MILTON HEIGHTS " " " " " " Z player and sermon at 2 pm the district South lay Litary and sermon or allers and burchings, sunface at Sun 1 5 cent 61 2 30 pm With a lab of a terminated

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH HAV FAIHER SAVAGE MILLION AND THAFALLIAN . DIT SUNCAS. 5.30 ing franciary with Massi. Milton at 8 W. ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, HORNBY, LIV E O Twiss, Rector t Sunday of the month 5p m and an Sundays of the month.

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MILTON, ONT.

COUNTY OF HALTON

LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR

Hours of Jan. Mar. May June Sept. Nov 10.00 a.m.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS-1. Wm. Panton, Milton; 2. W. S. Savage, Oakville 3. J. A. Tracy, Georgetown; 4. Geo, R. Agnew, Acton; 5. Wm. Fraser, Campbellville, W. J. Stuart, Burlington. General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings with or without Jury, 19th June and 12th December, on opening days at 1 p.m. County Court Sittings, without Jury, 4th April and 3rd October, 10 a.m., and so often at other times as may be required for the despatch of business. Andit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 10th January, 1th April, 4th July, 10th Ostober 11 a m

By order W. I. DICK, Milton, Clerk of the Peace.

Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY 12.55 midnight 8.10 a.m. 8.4 (a.m. flag) GOING EAST. 6.55 a. m. 9.30 a.m. 10.37 a.m.

3.43 p.m. 5.08 p.m. 7.14 p.m. -SUNDAY--Going East-7.28 a.m., 3.43 & 9 11 p. n Going West -12.55a.m , and 4.32 p.m

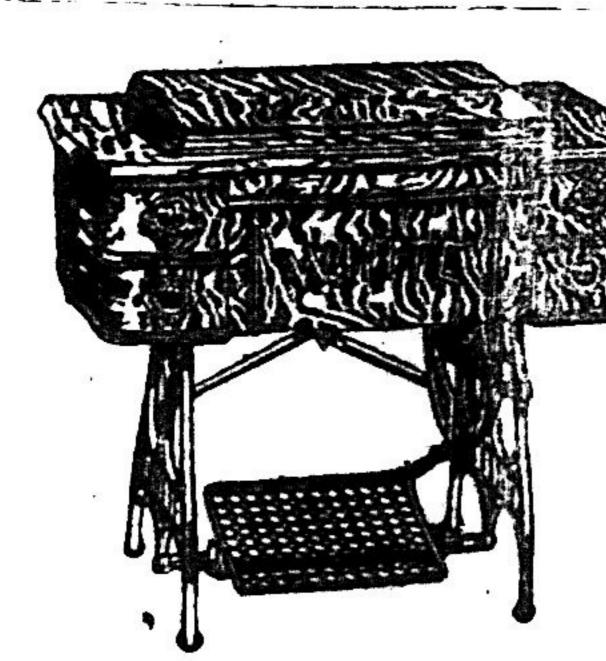
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY H & N. W. Division. GOING SOUTH. [12.0] a.m.; 8.26 p.m. [7.20 a.m.; 4.23 p.m.]

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ion, transport and theft also employ- his bed when he entered his room after ers' liability, public liability and pro- bidding his new actor friends good the narrow staircase. The bolts on up the road just above our house," perty damage.

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FIGNORIO, ONT. (Firmerly Wistors) father in many respects.

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men had disappeared. Instead of stopping directly in front of the steps the smith led his charges quite a distance beyond and into the darkness. position. He insinuated his long body

Agent for Dale's Funeral Designs.

have a nice day tomorrow, Mr. Barnes -nice, cool day for walkin'." Voices came up from the darkness. McCUTCHEON Jones had not been able to cover them with his own. Barnes caught two or three sharp commands, rising above Painting, Graining, Paper-Hanging, the pawing of horses' hoofs, and then

Jones with the laconic remark:

more. He leaned against one of the posts and, striking a match on his leg, relighted his pipe. "Kind o' curious about 'em?" he

"It never entered my mind until this instant to be curious," said Barnes. A. M. NEILSEN, D.C. Furniture, - Phone 63 -- Insure Your Automobile-- an hour ago to be curious about you," said the other.

fled by distance and then turned to

"They seem to be foreigners. Mr.

Jones' manner became natural once

CHAPTER IV.

An Extraordinary Chambermald, a Midnight Tragedy, and a Man Who Said "Thank You." Miss Thackeray was "turning down"

It was her costume that shocked him. What's the matter with him?" started to back out of the door with as he retreated into the room and be- "Was it up that far?" demanded the wrong room by mistake.

Barnes, I believe." He bowed, still quite overcome.

lyze you to find me here?" "I couldn't believe my eyes." moment's pause.

only duds I have with me. It wasn't necessary to put on this hat, of course, but I did it simply to make the character complete. I might just as well acter complete. I might just as well make beds and clean washstands in a please of strength—No. 1. \$1: please of strength—No. 1. \$1: please of strength—No. 1. \$1: please of strength—No. 3. \$5 per box. No. 2, \$3: No. 3, \$5 per box.



"I am very sorry," he said lamely. fortunes from your father and—the It was wet and warm. She did not others. It's—it's really hard luck." "Because it's a green house," re- "I call it rather good luck to have "Merci, madame," struggled from the plied Jones succinctly. "Green as a got away with the only dress in the lot man's lips, and he smiled.

"Isn't it possible that he isn't there sir." this woman today—and sometimes "By George," he said to himself, still Teutonic.

usual resting place for the night: Un-stant later. der a pillow. He was healthy and he was tired. Miss Thackeray, tremulously. She Two minutes after his head touched was very white, but still clung to the A moment later the horses-pranc- the pillow he was sound asleep, Trunk Ticket Agents or C. E. Horn-ing, high-spirited animals - their He was aroused shortly after mid-bar."

in the direction of the steps. The two in a loud voice from the road below; pounding on the tavern door. Springing out of bed, he rushed to Putnam Jones abruptly changed his front of the house-several of them-stairs and wondered who he was. and men on foot moving like shadows he really going to die?" between Barnes and the doorway, at among them.

the same time rather loudly proclaiming that the rain appeared to be over. locked and opened the door into the the craning men turned away sud-"Yes, sir," he repeated, "she seems hall. Some one was clattering down dealy. to have let up altogether. Ought to



"You See, Mr. Barnes, These Are the Only Duds I Have With Me." night. He was staggered and some- the front door shot back with resound- said young Conley, lowering his voice Miss Thackeray. She was by no jumble of excited voices as men crowd- of the helpless man. "It was about should be, nor was she as dumb. On Jones' voice rose above the clamour. home from singin' school up at Number mean?" he demanded sharply. the choicest raiment that her ward- everybody on the place?" he was say- the fence. Naturally I stopped, curi- you know about this business?" robe contained, and she was bright and ing angrily. "What's up? This is a ous like. There wasn't no one around, "How should I know anything about "Why why, how tightly he cheery and exceedingly incompetent. fine time o' night to be— Good Lord! fer as I could see, so I thought I'd it?" Not only was she attired in a low- "Telephone for a doctor, Put-damn' were. I thought it was derned funny, MILTON. necked, rose-colored evening gown, lib- quick! This one's still alive. The them hosses bein' there at that time o'

erally bespangled with tinsel, but she other one is dead as a door nail up at night an' no one around. Looked wore a vast, top-heavy picture hat Jim Conley's house. Git ole Doc mighty queer to me. Course, thinks GUARANTEED TIME PIECES

R. J. APINSTRONG

whose crown of black was almost whose down from Saint Liz. Bring I, they might belong to somebody wholly obscured by a gorgeous white him in here, boys. Where's your light? Visitin' in there at Green Fancy, so I feather that once must have adorned Easy now! Eas-ee!"

Language it's the late upless it's thought I'd—"

thing he feared had come to pass. Dis- "They was hitched jest about a hun-"Come right in," she said cheerily. aster had overtaken her in that wild, dred yards below Mr. Curtis, propity, "I'll soon be through. I suppose I senseless dash up the mountain road, on the off side o' the road. I hadn't should have done all this an hour ago. He was cursing half aloud as he any more'n got to our front gate when but I just had to write a few letters. I dressed, cursing the fool who drove I heard some one running in the road HOUSE 162 am Miss Thackeray. This is Mr. that machine and who now was per- up there behind me. 'Fore I knowed haps dying down there in the taproom. what was happenin', bang went a gun. "The other one is dead as a door nail," I almost jumped out'n my boots. The "You needn't be scared," she cried, kept running through his head—"the runnin' had stopped. The horses was observing his confusion. "This is my other one." rarin' an' tearing' so I thought I'd-" regular uniform. I'm starting a new A dozen men were in the taproom, "Where'd the shot come from?" de-

style for chambermaids. Did it para- gathered around two tables that had manded Jones. been drawn together. The men about "Up the road some'eres, I couldn't the table, on which was stretched the swear just where. Must'a' been up by She abandoned her easy, careless figure of the wounded man, were un- the road that cuts in to Green Fancy. Regular Champion manner. A look of mortification came doubtedly natives: Farmers, woods So I thought I'd hustle in an' see if into her eyes as she straightened up men or employees of the tavern. At a pa was awake, an' git my gun. Jest and faced him. Her voice was a trifle word from Putnam Jones they opened then pa stuck his head out'n the winhusky when she spoke again, after a up and allowed Barnes to advance to der an' yelled what the hell's the matthe side of the man. "You see, Mr. Barnes, these are the "See if you c'n understand him, Mr. I was mighty quick, 'cause pa's purty

Barnes," said the landlord. Perspiration was dripping from his long, rawboned face. "And you, Bacon—you and [Dillingford hustle upstairs and get a mattress off'n one of the beds. Stand at the door there, Pike, and don't let any woman in here. Go away, Miss Thackerny! This is no place for you." Miss Thackeray pushed her way past the man who tried to stop her

and joined Burnes. "It is the place for me," she said sharply. "Haven't you men got sense enough to put something under his head? Where is he hurt? Get that cushion, you. Stick it under here when 1 lift-his head. Oh, you poor thing! We'll be as quick as possible. There!" The man's eyes were closed, but at the sound of a woman's voice he opened them. The hand with which he clutched at his breast slid off and seemed to be groping for hers. His breathing was terrible. There was blood at the corners of his mouth, and more oozed forth when his lips parted in an effort to speak. any other house. That's about all "I have heard something of your mis- herself, the girl took his hand in hers.

gourd. A man named Curtis built it that cost more than tuppence," she Barnes leaned over and spoke to him a couple o' years ago and he had a said, smiling again. "Lord knows what in French. The dark, pain-stricken Defice Hours-stops in 1 to 'to in .' to fool idee about paintin' it green, would have happened to me if they eyes closed, and an almost imper-Might ha' been a little crazy, for all had dropped down on us at the end of ceptible shake of the head signified I know. Anyhow, after he got it fin- the first act. I was the beggar's daugh- that he did not understand. Evidently H. WHEELER shed he settled down to live in it, ter, you see—absolutely in rags. Glad he had acquired only a few of the and from that day to this he's never to have met you. I think you'll find simple French expressions. Barnes everything nearly all right. Good night, had a slight knowledge of Spanish and Italian, and tried again with no

The Double Track Route idee that he is a recluse, if you know He sat down abruptly on the edge of apparent that there was something he the bed and pulled his wallet from his wanted to say, something he had to his'n an' we walks up to where I seen the case? Well, I all Further conversation was inter pocket. He set about counting the say before he died. He gasped a dozen rupted by the irregular clatter of bills, a calculating frown in his eyes. words or more in a tongue utterly unhorses' hoofs on the macadam. Off Then he stared at the ceiling, sum-known to Barnes, who bent closer to to the left a dull red glow of light ming up. "I'll do it," he said, after a catch the feeble effort. It was he who spread across the roadway and a moment of mental figuring. He told now shook his head; with a groan the off a half dozen bills and slipped them sufferer closed his eyes in despair. He an' see if we c'n see anything. An' "Mr. Roon was how into his pocket. The wallet sought Its choked and coughed violently an in-

"Get some water and a towel," cried man's hand. "Be quick! Behind the

"Better leave this to me," he said in an instant later he heard a tremendous her ear. "There's nothing you can do." He's done for. Please go away." "Oh, I sha'n't faint—at least, not "Looks bad," said Barnes, gently Turning from the window, he un-opening the shirt front. Several of

> "Who is he, Mr. Jones?" "He is registered as Andrew Paul from New York. That's all I know. The other man put his name down as Albert Roon. He seemed to be the boss and this man a sort of servant, far as I could make out. They never! talked much and seldom came downstairs. They had their meals in their

"There is nothing we can do," said Barnes, "except try to stanch the flow ! of blood. He is bleeding inwardly, I'm left he sent a man out to see what it afraid. It's a clean wound, Mr. Jones. Like a rifle shot. I should say." "That's just what it is," said one of the men, a tall woodsman. "The feller who did it was a dead shot, you e'n Fancy." met on that. He got t' other man "Lordy, but this will raise a rumpus," grouned the handlord. "We'll have detectives an'-"

'I guess they got what was comin' to 'em," said another of the men. "What's that? Why, they was ridin' penceful as could be to Spanish Falls. What do you mean by sayin' that, Jim, They were queer actin' men, I'll have Conley? But wait a minute! How to say that." does it happen that they were up near your dad's house? That certainly a queer light in them. ain't on the road to Span-" "Spanish Falls nothin"! They wasn't about this, do you. Mr. Barnes?" he degoin' to Spanish Falls any more'n I am manded, suddenly.

at this minute. They tied their horses

ter. You betcher life I sung out who spry with a gun an'-I didn't want him

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She closed the door behind her, better results. German was his last what to do, an' listenin' fo the hoss what your real in He's there, all right. Every now leaving him standing in the middle of and then he has visitors—just like the room, perplexed but amused.

| What to do, an' listenin' to the hose what your real part of the nore, for the man obviously was not direction of the cross roads. Then the direction of the cross roads. they come down here for supper. They don't hesitate to speak of him, so he must be there. Miss Tilly has got the they come abstractly on the edge of the set down abstractly on the edge of the set out to see what it was all about.

The bloody lips parted, however, and the edge of the edge of the edge of the edge of the set out to see what it was all about.

The bloody lips parted, however, and the edge of the ed direction of the cross-roads. Then "I see," said

the hosses. Shore 'nough, one of 'em you know any mare : was still hitched to the fence, an' men, Mr. Jones, than jour t'other was gone. We stood around a i me?" minute or two examinin' the hoss an' "I don't know anything it is a then pa says let's go up the road a ways "What was their had a by gosh, we hadn't gone moren' fifty to bring his distributed to be feet afore we come plumb on a man sumption. He didn't worth layin' in the middle of the road. Pa to a reg'lar consumption shook him an' he didn't let out a he said, an' so he was le sound. He was warm, but deader'n a quiet place where she was

ing, District Passenger Agent. To-bridle bits held by a strapping blacknight by shouts, apparently just outno. We'd carry him down to our porch
I guess you'd call it is an' lay him there, so's he'd be out o' danger. I jumps on Polly an' lights out fer here, Mr. Jones, to telephone up to Saint Liz fer the sheriff an' the the window. There were horses in yet. Poor fellow! I've seen him up- into on the way. Polly shied somethin' terrible jest afore we got to the "Oh, for the I. pike an' I come derned near bein' Wait fill he's dead of throwed. An' right there 'side the road | whispered fiercely. was this feller, all in a heap. Thinks time in the world to tal I, you poor cuss, you must 'a' tried to hasn't more than ten mitter stop that feller on hossback an' he breathe unless that rules plunked you. That accounted fer the bere pretty soon. second shot. The thing that worries all

shootin', or was there two of 'em, one ! waitin' down the cross-roads?" "Must have been two," said Jones, houghtfully. "The same man douldn't have got down there ahead of him, that's sure. Did anybody go up to] Green Fancy to make inquiries?" 'Twasn't necessary. Mr. Curtis heard the shootin' an' jest before-we was all about. The old skeezicks that's

been drivin' his car lately come down! half-dressed. He said nothin' out of ' the way had happened up at Green # "It's most mysterious," said Barnes, glancing round the circle of awed faces. "There must have been some one lying in wait for these men, and with he very definite purpose in mind." "Strikes me," said Jones, "that these two men were up to some kind of dirty work themselves, else why did they say they were goin' to Spanish Falls?

His eyes met Barnes' and there was "You don't happen to know anything

CHAPTER V. WM. PANTON, Agent, MILTON what abashed by the appearance of ing force, and there came the hoarse out of consideration for the feelings. The Farm-Boy Tells a Ghastly Story and an Irishman Enters. means dressed as a chambermaid ed through the entrance. Putnam 'leven o'clock, I reckon. I was comin' Barnes stared. "What do you now. Keep still, all of you is he T.G. RAMSHAW should be, nor was she as dumb. On the contrary, she confronted him in "Keep quiet! Do you want to wake Ten, an' I passed the hosses hitched to "I mean just what I said. What do cough just now seemed

take a look to see whose hosses they | "Well, we don't know, who you are, be alive, Mr. Barnes Where it that

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