TATIVE

ndition.

a 1 top.

ves

rootwear

MILTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1922.

had committed its first offense against

white and beautiful thing it had been.

great harvest of the lost watermelon.

- Better things had come in its place-

understanding and what more, often

one thing that sudden revelation of

puritanic spirit, and warmed it into

In the afternoon she sent me over

there I discovered a piece of the

rind of my melon in the dooryard. On

that piece of rind I saw the cross

which I had made one day with my

thumb-nail. It was intended to in-

dicate that the melon was solely and

wholly mine. I felt a flush of anger.

"I hate you," he answered.

"You're a snake!" I said

Trunk Ticket Agents or C. E. Horn- breast to breast, like a pair of young

feline ferocity.

here again."

"I hate you," I said as I approached

We now stood, face to face and

shove and told him I wouldn't. I

pushed up close to him again and

Suddenly he spat in my face. I

gave him a scratch on the forehead

upon each other and rolled on the

ground and hit and scratched with

Mrs. Wills ran out of the house and

leaking through the skin of our faces

"He pitched on me," Henry ex-

I couldn't speak.

came sobbling to his feet.

"He's a snake," I added.

"I scratched him, too."

I'll be there in a minute and fix

pail of water and washed my face

went on for a long time and gathere

I, from down in the fields, saw

precipice.

up that way?"

parted us. Our blood was hot, and

we glared into each other's eyes.

MILTON. \ new life and opened its door for me.

the heart of childhood had lifted my

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COUNTY OF HALTON

LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR

Hours of Jan. Mar. May June Sept. Nov 10.00 a.m. 10.00 a.m. 10.00 a.m. 10.00 a.m. 10.00 a.m. 10.00 a.m. NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS-1. Wm. Panton, Milton; 2. W. S. Savage, Oakville; 8. J. A. Tracy, Georgetown; 4. Geo, R. Agnew, Acton; 5. Wm. France, Campbellville, 6. W. J. Stuart, Burlington.

Sittings, without Jury, 4th April and 3rd October, 10 a.m., and so often at to the brook and wash the mud off be required for the despatch of business. Conveyancer, Notary Public, Insurance 9th January, 4th April, 4th July, 10th October 11 a.m.

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

C. H. HESLOP, V.S.

MILTON, ONT me and my spirit was no longer the JANADIAN PACIFIC KAILWAY Specialist in Surgery and Dentistry, Still, thereif is the beginning of wisalso Canine and Feline Diseases. dom and, looking down the long vista MILTON ONT 12.55 midnight 8.10 a.m. 8.43 a.m. flag Office Hours-8 to 9 a.m., 1 to 2 p. m., 6 to 8 of the years, I thank God for the

> H. WHEELER I have vainly tried to estimate. For MUSIC TEACHER Plano, Violin and Theory aunt's out of the cold storage of a PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY stopped for a few minutes to play with Henry Wills—a boy not quite The Double Track Route a year older than I. While playing

between

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ing, District Passenger Agent, To- roosters. He gave me a shove and J. A BELL, Agent, Milton. TELEPHONE 17.

C. R. TURNER with my finger-nails. Then we fell Funeral Director

and-Embalmer

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off" and shouted: The Light in the

A Tale of the North Country in the Time of Silas Wright

IRVING BACHELLER Author of "Eben Holden." "D'ri and I," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles" "Keeping Up With Lizzie," Etc., Etc.

(Copyright, 1917, Irving Bacheller)

"Uncle Peabody," I shouted, "my melon is gone."

"Well, I van!" said he, "somebody "But it was my melon," I said with a trembling voice.

"Yes, and I vum it's too bad! But, Bart, you ain't learned yit that there are wicked people in the world who

"Never!" said Uncle Peabody, "I'm afraid they've et it up." He had no sooner said it than a

sobbing. I lay amidst the ruins c as if the world and all its joys had so evenly matched that our quari

Aunt Deel spoke in a low, kindly Butcher & Live Stock Dealer tone and came and lifted me to my feet very tenderly.

to give you a present—ayes I be!" I was still crying when she took Dunkelberg." me to her trunk, and offered the grateful assuagement of candy and e belt, all embroidered with blue and

white beads. "Now you see, Bart, how low and mean anybody is that takes what den't belong to 'em-ayes! They're Everybody hates 'em an' sight—ayes !"

The abomination of the Lord was shook my soul! He who had taken

> "Sally, This is Barton Baynes. Can't You Shake Hands With Him?" Said

Mrs. Dunkelberg. My heart beat fast at thought of legendary Dunkelbergs. me over from top "Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Go dow".

strength, purify

told me to go home. I gave him a Ture food insures good health . CANADIAN MADE EW GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

perks! Come quick!" it seemed to

"Go right home—this minute—you Mr. Dunkelberg was a big, broadbrat!" said Mrs. Willis in anger. shouldered, solemn-looking man. Some-"Here's your tea. Don't you ever come how his face reminded me of a lion's which I had seen in one of my pic- dooryard the day that the old ragged who bore all sorts of indignities for save the dog. I took the tea and started down the ture books. He had a thick, long, out- woman came along and told our for- my sake. Fine samples of Wall Paper to select road weeping. What a bitter day standing mustache and side whiskers, tunes—she was called Rovin' Kate, One day when Uncle Peabody went this minute." said she. that was for me! I dreaded to face and deep-set eyes and heavy eyebrows. and was said to have the gift of "sec- for the mail he brought Amos Grim- When we had come down and the Terms Moderate. Main St. West. my aunt and uncle. Coming through He stood for half a moment looking ond sight," whatever that may be. It shaw to visit me. He was four years dog had followed, pulling the Tope the grove down by our gate I met down at me from a great height with was a bright autumn day and the older than I-a freckled, red-haired after him, Aunt Deel was pale with Uncle Peabody. With the keen in- his right hand in his pocket. I heard leaves lay deep in the edge of the boy with a large mouth and thin lips. anger. sight of the father of the prodigal son a little jingle of coins down where woodlands. She spoke never a word He wore a silver watch and chain, "Go right home-right he had seen me coming "a long way his hand was. It excited my curios- but stood pointing at her palm and which strongly recommended him in she to Amos. ity. He took a step toward me and then at Amos and at me. big, lion-like man. My fears left me Then his eye caught the look of de-suddenly when he spoke in a small

jection in my gait and figure. He hur- squeaky voice that reminded me of ried toward me. He stopped as I the chirping of a bird. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked make you a present," said he. gently, as he took the tea cup from It reminded me of my disappoint- fateful sheets of paper covered by I could only fall into his arms and gun at a squirrel and only the cap how she shook her head and sighed

express myself in the grief of child- cracked. me to tell him what was the mat- piece in the palm of my hand. Deel began to hurry about getting din- Swiftly the point of her pencil ran "That Wills boy stole my melon," ner ready while Uncle Peabody and over and up and down the sheet like guests, among whom was a pretty, pent. In the silence how loudly the "Oh, no, he didn't," said Uncle Pea- blue-eyed girl of about my own age pencil seemed to hiss in its swift lines

with long, golden-brown hair that "Yes he did. I saw a piece o' the hung in curls. "Sally, this is Barton Baynes-can't "Well by-" said Uncle Peabody, you shake hands with him?" said Mrs. stopping, as usual, at the edge of the

Dunkelberg. With a smile the girl came and offered me her hand and made a funny a fire in him." "And you fit and he scratched you bow and said that she was glad to see me. I took her hand awkwardly and made no reply. I had never seen "Don't you say a word about it to many girls and had no very high opin

Aunt Deel. Don't ever speak o' that As we sat there I heard the men talking about the great Silas Wright,

who had just returned to his home in Canton'. He had not entered my consciousness until then. While I sat listening I felt a tweak to the stable. Uncle Peabody met

of my hair, and looking around I saw Dunkelberg girl standing behit so that I felt and looked more respect-"Won't you come and play with

me?" she asked. took her out in the garden to show her where my watermelon ha of anything else to show her. As we

an opening for a door.

"Now you be my husband," said

of what they were. I knew that there ion must have halted her pencil. was none in our house. "What's that?" I asked.

She laughed and answered: "Somebody that a girl is married to." "You mean a father?"

"Well, we'll play we're married and woman. that you have just got home from a. The autumn passed swiftly. I went journey. You go out in the woods to the village one Saturday with Unneet you at the door."

I did as she bade me but I was not glad enough to see her. "You must kiss me," she prompted it was to me! Tears flowed down

said as she drew away from me and shook back her hair. "Golly! this is fun!" I said. "Now go to sleep and I'll tell you

story," said she.

pickles and preserves and frosted

A query had entered my mind and it soon after we had begun eating I

between a boy and a girl?" to the stove and shoved the teapot too, he could rip out words that had along, exclaiming:

"Goodness gracious sakes alive!" Mr. Dunkelberg's face was purple. body: up my mind that I had done some will." thing worse than tipping over a whatnot. Thoroughly frightened I fied and had another play spell.

voice of the katydids, and memory time. began to play its part with me. Best: After I ceased to play with the hair with the smell of roses in it.

CHAPTER II.

Wright, Jr.

"Ayes, Kate-tell their fortunes if

ye've anything to say-ayes!" She brought two sheets of paper and the old woman sat down upon the "Little boy, come here and I will grass and began to write with a lit tle stub of a pencil. I have now those his the scrawls of old Kate. I remember and sat beating her forehead with the knuckles of her bony hands after Aunt she had looked at the palm of Amos.

My aunt exclaimed "Mercy!" as she looked at the sheet; for while I knew not, then, the strange device upon the paper, I knew, by and by, that words: "Money thirst shall burn like

She rose and smiled as she looked

I see, now, her dark figure standing against the sunlight as it stood that day with Amos in its shadow. What a singular eloquence in her pose and gestures and in her silence! remember how it bound our tongues

-that silence of hers! The woman turned with a kindly smile and sat down in the grass again and took the sheet of paper gan to write these words:

"I see the longing of the helper. One, two, three, four great perils strike at him. He shall not be afraid. God shall fill his heart plained how they put the rope around out a comb with laughter. I hear guns, I hear many voices. His name is in them. the other end of it over the limb Suddenly it seems He shall be strong. The powers of darkness shall fear him, he shall be the air. a lawmaker and the friend of God and of many people, and great men shall "Is there a long rope here?" bow to his judgment and he shall-"

thoughtfully and did not finish the Aunt Deel brought some luncheon wrapped in paper and the old woman took it and went away. My aunt folded the sheets and put them in her trunk and we thought no more of

them until-but we shall know soon 'Once I had a father," I boasted. what reminded us of the prophet then you come home and I'll cle Peabody in high hope of seeing the Dunkelbergs, but at their door my cheeks and I clung to my uncle's hand and walked back to the main street of the village. A squad of small boys jeered and stuck out their

sorrows, no doubt, that led Uncle Peabody to take me to the tavern for "Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she dinner, where they were assuaged by cakes and jellies and chicken pie. At Christmas I , a picture-book and forty raisins and three sticks of candy with red stripes on them and a jew's-harp. That was the Christmas we went down to Aunt Liza's to tes and of grand ladies and noble gen- spend the day and I helped myself to said wonderful words in such a won- laughed at my greediness. It was the derful way. I dare say it prospered day when Aunt Liza's boy, Truman,

We sat down to one of our familiar with jelly and preserves and roast dinners of salt pork and milk gravy turkey with sage dressing and mince its end over the big be and apple pie now enriched by sweet and chicken pie. What an amount of shepherd dog had been notice the preparation we had made for the jour- mow near us for rats. ney, and how long we had talked about the dog who, suspecting the

In the spring my uncle hired a man to work for us-a noisy, brawny, "We'll draw him up on "Aunt Deel, what is the difference sharp-featured fellow with keen gray hurt him any," he proper eyes, of the name of Dug Draper. There was a little silence in which Aunt Deel hated him. I feared him heart smote me, my aunt drew in her breath and ex- but regarded him with great hope to take issue with claimed, "W'y!" and turned very red because he had a funny way of wink- silver watch. When the and covered her face with her nap- ing at me with one eye across the struggle I threw my kin. Uncle Peabody laughed so loud- table and, further, because he could and cried. Aunt Deel ly that the chickens began to cackle. sing and did sing while he worked-Mr. and Mrs. Dunkelberg also covered songs that rattled from his lips in a

their faces. Aunt Deel rose and went way that amused me greatly. Then, a new and wonderful sound in them. I made up my mind that he was like-The tea slopped over on the stove. ly to become a valuable asset when I Uncle Peabody laughed louder and heard Aunt Deel saw to my Uncle Pea-

Shep came running into the house "You'll have to send that loafer just as I ran out of it. I had made away, right now, ayes, I guess you

"Because this boy has learnt to took refuge behind the ash-house, swear like a pirate—ayes—he has!" where Sally found me. I knew of Uncle Peabody didn't know it but one thing I would never do again. She I myself had begun to suspect it, and coaxed me into the grove where we that hour the man was sent away, and I remember that he left in anger I needed just that kind of thing, with a number of those new words and what a time it was for me! A flying from his lips. A forced march pleasant sadness comes when I think to the upper room followed that event. of that day—it was so long ago. As Uncle Peabody explained that it was the Dunkelbergs left us I stood look- wicked to swear-that boys who did ing down the road on which they it had very bad luck, and mine came were disappearing. That evening my in a moment. I never had more of ears caught a note of sadness in the it come along in the same length of

of all I remembered the kisses and Wills boy Uncle Peabody used to -/ the bright blue eyes and the soft curiy say, often, it was a pity that I hadn't somebody of my own age for companys Every day I felt sorry that the Wills boy had turned out so badly, When the Dog Began to Struggin. and I doubt not the cat and the shep-I Meet the Silent Woman and Silas herd dog and the chickens and Uncle Peabody also regretted his failures, be near. She came and saw Amos Amos Grimshaw was there in our especially the dog and Uncle Peabody, pulling at the rope and me trying to

my view and enabled me to endure "Mr. Baynes said that he would

his air of condescension. He let me feel it and look it all Amos. over and I slyly touched the chain with my tongue just to see if it had -they're good enough for you." Aunt any taste to it, and Amos told me Deel insisted, and so the boy went that his father had given it to him and away in disgrace. that it always kept him "kind o'

"For fear I'll break er lose it an' find them. git licked," he answered. He took a little yellow paper-cov- aunt demanded. ered book from his pocket and began

to read to himself. "What's that?" I ventured to ask

"A story," he answered. "I met a could we find. ragged ol' woman in the road t'other day an' she give me a lot of 'em and last Amos had them in his hand. showed me the pictures an' I got to readin' 'em. Don't you tell anybody 'cause my ol' dad hates stories an' it was a gibbet. Beneath it were the he'd lick me 'til I couldn't stan' if he more. Boys that take knew I was readin' 'em."

I begged him to read out loud and -ayes I hope it awfu he read from a tale of two robbers be hung by their necks into my face. I saw a kind, gentle named Thunderbolt and Lightfoot who are dead-jest as he glow in her eyes that reassured me. lived in a cave in the mountains. They hang Q' Shep—ayes!—they She chapped her hands with joy. She were bold, free, swearing men who Uncle Peabody seemed examined my palm and grew serious rode beautiful horses at a wild gal- bad when he learned how and stood looking thoughtfully at the lop and carried guns and used them freely and with unerring skill and helped themselves to what they want-

He stopped, by and by, and confided to me the fact that he thought he would run away and join a band of

"How do you run away?" I asked. "Just take the turnpike and keep I goin' toward the mountains. When ye meet a band o' robbers give 'em the sign an' tell 'em you want to

He went on with the book and read how the robbers had hung a captive with the aid who had persecuted them and inter the first shelf fered with their sport. The story ex- and reached into the neck of the captive and threw delay whatever of a tree and pulled the man into

He stopped suddenly and demanded: I pointed to Uncle Peabody's hay

"Le's hang a captive," he proposed.

passively to the rope's cud. He time



Threw My Arms About Him and

"Come right down off'n that mow-

take me up with the horses, ' said "Ye can use shanks'

"Where are your pennies?" Aunt Deel said to me. I felt in my pockets but couldn't "Where did ye have 'em last?" my

"On the haymow." "Come an' show me." We went to the mow and searched

for the pennies, but not one of them I remembered that when I saw them

"What did she say?" I asked. "That he was goin' to be lingbelong to 'em-which I hope i

was talking wit

with a great crash.

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