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-SUNDAY-

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> 6.57 p.m. Except Sat. & Sun] 6.15 p.m. Going West-12.55a.m., and 4.32 p.m. Going East-7.26 a.m., 3.43 & 9.13 p.m. W M M KAY. Minister. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY Wednesday, at 7.30. p.m. H. & N. W. Division.

8.12 a.m.

8.47 a.m.

4.30 p.m.

GOING SOUTH.

1.30 p.m. Saturday only]

month at 4 30 p.m. 12.01 p.m; 8.26 p.m. | 7.20 a.m; 4.23 p.m. Young peoples unday in the month

.m. and 3rd Sun lay at 8.30 a.m. Meetings as announced -MILTON HEIGHTS.

baptism and churchings, Sundays, at

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH *REV. FATHER SAVAGE. THAFALGAR-2nd Sunday, 8.3 ately; commencing 2nd Sun January with Mass in Milton at 8.90.

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Clearing A Tale of the North

The Light

in the

Country in the Time of Silas Wright

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

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CHAPTER XVI.

The Man With the Scythe. It was late in June before I was able failed to serve the writs. The judge stopped. had appealed to the governor. People "Here's where the buryin' begun,"

were talking of "the rent war." What a joy entered my heart when hill was dug for a Fullerton." sulted the map and decided to leave of departed Fullertons. the boat at Chimney Point to find Kate "Say, look a' that," said my guide as aunt had said in a letter that old Kate mister." change had come over her. So I went time-worn words on a slab of stained ashore and hired a horse of the ferry- marble:

The Double Track Route I passed through Middlebury and rode into the grounds of the college. where the senator had been educated. "Proclaim his Word in every place and on out to Weybridge to see where That they are dead who fall from grace.' Sleeping cars on night trains and was sitting on its porch looking out their beauty, but in vain. at the sunlit fields.

Full information from all Grand when he was a boy?" I asked. "Yes, sir," the old lady answered.

"I am from Canton." She rose from her chair. "You from Canton!" she exclaimed. "Why, of all things! That's where my jest the same as dead to him an' boy's home is. I'm glad to see you. Go God. Say, he knew all about God's C. R. TURNER an' put your horse in the barn."

I dismounted and she came near me. "Silas Wright is my boy," she sa "What is your name?" "Barton Baynes," I answered as I

hitched my horse. "Barton Baynes! Why, Silas has hell ever since the world begun. told me all about you in his letters. know hell must 'a' been the invention He writes to me every week. Come of a man-that's sartin-an' and sit down."

Cobleskill," she continued to my sur- work is done," prise. "He said that he was glad you had decided not to stay." It was joyful news to me, for the

senator's silence had worried me and I

had begun to think with alarm of my Washington to-help him. The poor -no more'n I'm Bill Tweedy, which man has too much to do."

Conveyancer, Notary Public, Insurance to go," I answered. was. I used to read to him every eve- beat her fer looks. That was years ning when the candles were lit. How and years ago. Her mother died when self! I have known the mother's joy. grave in there with the sickle an' the depart in peace."

vation,' " I quoted. and much about your aunt and uncle." young scoundrel here by the name sald Mrs. Wright.

about me on the porch, the men hav- land down in the valley. He kep' com- squire had the palsy, so 't he couldn't ing come up from the fields. They put p'ny with her fer two or three year. my horse in the barn and pressed me Then all of a sudden folks began to lyzed—couldn't speak nor nothing to stay for dinner, which I did. As I talk—the women in partic'lar. Ye Where do ye suppose he was when was going the gentle old lady gave know men invented hell an' women found him?" me a pair of mittens which her distin- keep up the fire. Kate didn't look right guished son had worn during his last to 'em. Fust we knew, young Grimwinter in college. I remember well shaw had dropped her an' was keepin' how tenderly she handled them!

"I hope that Silas will get you to ye know why?" help him"-those were the last words Plum, Peach, Grape, she said to me when I bade her good-The shadows were long when I got

Shrubs, Roses, Etc. to Canterbury. At the head of its main street I looked down upon a vil-If you are considering planting, we lage green and some fine old elms. would be glad to quote you prices on was a singularly quiet place. I stopped in front of a big white meeting house. yard near the highway. Slowly he this grave an' put up the headstone an' his vitals. Ag'in an' ag'in he'd try to C. H. DAVIDSON, Manager swung his scythe.

"Do you know where Kate Fullerton BURLINGTON June, an' if I didn't know where she with my shovel, but I didn't.

vice between Eastern and Western trees?" ly hidden by tall evergreens.

place he's Kate's father." ing car Toronto to Winnipeg on Tues er more. By gosh! It's wonderful how days, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays. Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

In'. Say, be you any o' his family?'

In'. Say, be you any o' his family?'

In'. Say, be you any o' his family?'

"Nor no friend o' his?"

Say, mister, be you in a hurry?"

had been blood shed back in the hills, stained mossy headstones and graves One of the sheriff's posse had been se- overgrown with wild roses. Near the verely wounded by a bullet and had far end of these thick-sown acres he

said my guide. "The first hole in the

was aboard the steamboat, at last. There were many small monuments and on my way to all most dear to me! and slabs of marble-some spotted As I entered Lake Champlain I con- with lichens and all in commemoration

Fullerton, who had written to the he pulled aside the stem of a leafy schoolmaster from Canterbury. My brier red with roses. "Jest read that, was living there and that a great My keen eyes slowly spelled out the

> Sacred to the memory of Katherine Fullerton

he had lived as a boy. I found the A dark shadow fell upon the house Wright homestead—a comfortable of my soul and I heard a loud rapping the name?" white house at the head of a beautiful at its door which confused me until, valley with wooded hills behind it- looking out, I saw the strange truth of and rode up to the door. A white the matter. Rose leaves and blossoms haired old lady in a black lace cap seemed to be trying to hide it with

"I understand," I said. "Is this where Senator Wright lived "No ye don't. Leastways I don't belerton dug a grave here an' had an empty coffin put into it away back in 1806. It means that he wanted everysent more folks to hell than there are in it, I guess. Say, mister, do ye know

why he sent her there?" I shook my head. mostly fer women an' children—that's worked there for bout forty year, I scythe.

We sat down together on the porch. sartiner-an' fer all the men "Silas wrote in his last letter that didn't agree with him. Set down here you were going to leave your place in an' I'll tell ye the hull story. My day's there in the house livin'-with her fa-We sat down together and he went on as follows:

"Did ye ever see Kate Fullerton?" "No ye didn't, nuther. Yer too young Mebbe ye seen her when she was ol "I wish that he would take you to an' broke down, but that wa'n't Kate ain't. Kate was as handsome as a "I should think it a great privilege golden robin. Hair yeller as his breast an' feet as spry as his wings an' a "My boy likes you," she went on. voice as sweet as his song, an' eyes as "You have been brought up just as he bright as his'n-yis, sir-ye couldn't hard he worked to make a man of him- Kate was ten year old-there's her can truly say, 'Now let thy servant sheaf an' the portry on it. That was "For mine eyes have seen thy sal- squire married ag'in but the new wife "You see I know much about you an' you know, mister, there was a

Before I could answer he went on:

Heve ye do. It was 'cause her father orto 'a' seen the motions ne made with was richer'n the squire an' had prom- his hands an' the way he tried to ised his gal ten thousan' dollars the speak when I went in there, but all I day she was married. All of a sud- could hear was jest a long yell an' a den Kate disappeared. We didn't know kind of a rattle in his throat. Heavens what had happened fer a long time. an' airth! how desperit he tried to

then he tol' me the story. He turned tell me. Lord God! how he did work!' the poor gal out o' doors. God o' "All to once it come acrost me what Israel! It was in the night-yis, sir- he wanted-quick as ye could say scat. "Well, it's purty likely that I do," he it was in the night that he sent her He wanted to have Kate's headstun answered as he stood resting on his away. Goldarn him! He didn't have took down an' put away—that's what snath. "I've lived seventy-two years no more heart than a grasshopper—no, he wanted. The stun was kind o' layon this hill come the fourteenth day o' sir-not a bit. I could 'a' brained him in' on his stummick an' painin' of him

her in the poorhouse way over on an' see it an' that everybody would I could see the place at which he Pussley Hill—uh huh! She jes' put see her standin' here by her own grave, You may travel westward via the Port pointed far back from the village street her arms 'round my neck an' cried an' an' it worried him. It was kind o' like in the valley below us, the house near cried. I guess 'twas 'cause I looked a fire in his belly. she should come right over to our idee of layin' down fer his las' sleep wanted to as soon as she got well--no, sir!

yis, sir, I did. "No, sir-not eggzac'ly. He's dyin' "She was sick all summer long- my head an' never let on that I knew there—been dyin' there for two year kind o' out o' her head, ye know, an' I what he meant an' let him wiggle an'

derin' what they was goin' to do with



I Took It in My Arms.

an' I'll be gol dummed if it didn't grab hold o' my nose an' hang on like a puppy to a root. When they tried to take it away it grabbed its fingers into my whiskers an' hollered like a panther-yis, sir. Wal, ye know I jes' fetched that little baby boy home i my arms, ay uh! My wife scolded me like Sam Hill-yis, sir-she had five of her own. I tol' her I was goin' to take it back in a day er two but after it had been in the house three days ye couldn't 'a' pulled it away from her know it's done-no, sir-not 'til he woman, whom I loved for her sorrows with a windlass.

wuss a good boy. We called him Enoch-Enoch Rone-did ye ever hear

"I didn't think 'twas likely but I'm

alwuss hopin'. "Early that fall Kate got better an' asked.

"Wal, bout five year ago the squire can't git no news bout him. Mebbe stained engravings of scenes from the buried his second wife—there 'tis over he was killed by the Injuns." in there back o' Kate's with the little speckled angel on it. Nobody had seen gether in silence. the squire outside o' his house for pled so with rheumatiz. After that he lived all 'lone in the big house with ol' Tom Linney an' his wife, who've said the old man as he picked up his

"Wal, sir, fust we knew Kate was said. ther. We wouldn't 'a' knowed it, then, "Leastways there ain't no reason why if it hadn't been that Tom Linney ye should be." come over one day an' said he guessed bushes, Tom was walkin' the ol' man stopped an's p'inted at my house of the back door as I neared it. through the winder an' kep' p'intin'. Tom come over an' said he ca'llated the squire wanted to see me. So Gosh! How old an' kind o' broke down she looked! But I knew her the minute I set my eyes on her—uh huh—a she knew me-yis, sir-she smiled an tears come to her eyes an' she patted my hand like she wanted to tell me use his hands an' his throat was para-

"In bed?" I asked. "No, sir-no, siree! He was in hel -that's where he was-reg'lar ol' fashfor an' had recommended to every siz-"One day the ol' squire got me to dig spit out the thing that was gnawin'

day an' night. He couldn't stan' it. The Canadian National Railway, in lived I'd be 'shamed of it. Do you see "I found out where the gal had gone He knew that he was goin' to die purty addition to providing unexcelled ser- that big house down there in the an' I follered her-yis I did-found soon an' that Kate would come here

"Wal, that's the Squire Fullerton house an' stay jest as long as she beside that hell hole he'd dug fer Kate "Wal, ye know, mister, I jes' shook

knows the secret, I guess. Some day

'fore he dies, I'm goin' to take up that

How to open a Savings Account

You can open a savings account in The Bank of Nova Scotia with a small deposit. All you need do is to bring your money to the teller and sign your name on a card. The ledger-keeper then gives you a pass book, which is your receipt. It takes less than five minutes.

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ESTABLISHED 1832 Paid-12 Capital \$ 9.700.000

W. B. Clements. Manager. MILTON. Branch at Campbellville.

headstun an' hide it, but he'll never

gits to the judgment seat, anyway." and for my debt to her, and tained The old man rose and straightened kisses upon her withered cheek. Oh himself and blew out his breath and God! what a moment it was for both brushed his hands upon his trousers of us!

left the poorhouse afoot. Went away "Wal, sir, Enoch started off West there is no returning. somewheres—nobody knew where, bout three year ago an' we ain't heard She led me into the house. She Some said she'd crossed the lake an' a word from him since that day—nary looked very neat now—in a black gone away over into York state, some a word, mister. I suppose we will some gown over which was a spotless which said she'd drowned herself. By'm by time. He grew into a good man, but apron and collar of lace—and much we heard that she'd gone way over there was a kind of a queer streak in more slender than when I had seen into St. Lawrence county where Silas the blood, as ye might say, on both her last. She took me into a large Wright lives an' where young Grim-sides kind o'. We've wrote letters out room in the front of the house with a shaw had settled down after he got to Wisconsin, where he was p'intin' carpet and furniture, handsome once for, an' to places on the way, but we but now worn and decrepit. Old, time-

We walked out of the graveyard to-I could see a glimmer of a light in home and of my life in Cobleskill but years until the funeral—he was crip- the thicket of pines down the valley. I observed, presently, a faraway look in unhitched and mounted my horse.

"No ye ain't, nuther," he answered.

My horse, impatient as ever to find | ried!" the ol' squire wanted to see me-no, the end of the road, hurried me along sir, we wouldn't—fer the squire ain't and in a moment or two we were down to meet her by the big pine tree on the sociable an' the neighbors never dark under the pine grove that surrounded liver bank at eleven o'clock the third en his door. She must 'a' come in the the house of old Squire Fullerton-a of June, 1844. We are looking night, jest as she went-nobody see big, stone house with a graveled road ward to that day." her go an' nobody see her come, an' around it. A great black dog came A tall, slim woman entered the room that's a fact. Wal, one day las' fall barking and growling at me from the then and said that supper was ready after the leaves was off an' they could front porch. I rode around the house Kate rose with a smile and I followed see a corner o' my house through the and he followed. Beyond the windows her into the dining room where two 'round the room. All to once he and moving figures. A man came out dishes on it and a white cover, frayed

"Who's there?" he demanded. St. Lawrence county. Kate Fullerton a supper on deep blue china, cooked went there. Kate met me at the door, is my friend and I wish to see her." as only they could cook in old New dog. Kate'll be out in a minute." He chained the dog to the hitching cut off from his intelligence. It came post and as he did so a loud, long, out of the troubled depths of his wailing cry broke the silence of the misery. house. It put me in mind of the com- | So that house—the scene of his

n Lickitysplit. How it harrowed me! happy spirit of its master. In the he came out of the door with a lighted echoing through the silent chambers. candle in his hand, a woman following. | Kate said little as we ate, or as we How vividly I remember the little mur- sat together in the shabby, great room comp'ny with another gal-yis, sir. Do loned, down-east hell, burnin' with fire mur of delight that came from her lips after supper, but she seemed to enjoy an' brimstun, that he'd had the agency when he held the candle so that its my talk and I went into the details of light fell upon my face! I jumped off my personal history. "No ye don't-leastways I don't be ner in the neighborhood. He was set my horse and gave the reins to the tin' in his room. God o' Isr'el! You man and put my arms around the poor

by way of stepping down into this The way she held me to her breast world again out of the close and dusty and patted my shoulder and said "my loft of his memory. But I called him boy!"-in a low, faint, treble voice so like that of a child-it is one of the "What has become of Enoch?" I best memories that I take with

the new life now so near, from which

Bible, framed in wood, hung on the I told all that I had heard from her eyes and judged that she was not hearing me. She whispered:

"She has been at school in Albany "I'm very much obliged to you," I for a year," I said. "She is at home now and I am going to see her." "You love Sally?" she whispered. "Better than I love my life."

Again she whispered: "Get mar-

I could see the gleam of candlelight tables were spread. One had certain and worn. She led me to the other table which was neatly covered with "My name is Barton Baynes from snowy linen. The tall woman served "Come up to the steps, sor. Don't England. Meanwhile I could hear the git off yer horse—'til I've chained the voice of the aged squire—a weird, empty, inhuman voice it was, utterly

plaint of the damned which I remem- great sin which would presently lie bered hearing the minister describe down with him in the dust-was floodyears before at the little schoolhouse ed, a hundred times a day, be the un-The man went into the house. Soon | dead of the night I heard its despair

(TO BE CONTINUED)

And a Savings Account Not Yet Opened

What about the resolution made at the beginning of 1922 to start a savings account? Is it going to be the same story at the end of the year—nothing saved for the future? Do not continue putting it off.

A small amount will open an account. The assurance, independence and satisfaction which the knowledge of something in reserve always begets will be incentive enough for building

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