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6.16 p.m.	7.43 p.m.

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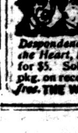

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COUNTY OF HALTON

LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR

FOR 1923

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan	Mar.	May	June	Sept.	Nov
1 Milton	Friday	10.00 a.m.	12	9	4	29	7	9
2 Oakville	Tuesday	10.00 a.m.	9	6	1	26	4	6
3 Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	10	7	2	27	5	7
4 Acton	Thursday	10.00 a.m.	11	8	3	28	6	8
5 Campbellville	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	13	10	5	30	8	10
6 Burlington	Monday	10.00 a.m.	8	5	7	25	10	5

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; 6. W. J. Stuart, Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings with or without Jury, 12th June and 11th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 3rd April and 2nd October, 10 a.m., and so often as other times as may be required for the despatch of business.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 9th January, 6th April, 3rd July, 4th October 11 a.m.

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The Knight of the Silver Star

A Romance of Drussenland

By PERCY BREBNER

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"You are not to show yourself. Remember, I command," and then she laughed. "But I love too."

Vasca came not too quickly upon his bidding, and, drawing the canvas a little aside, I could see him.

"Sir Vasca, we like not the place of this camp."

"It is well hidden from the enemy."

"And too inclosed for action should the enemy find it," she returned promptly.

"IT SHALL COME."

"I have already given my reasons for choosing it."

"And after thinking over them we find them bad ones. We have a cunning enemy to deal with. When we march we will change the disposal of our forces somewhat, else we may fall into a trap in these woods which surround us. You will place certain companies in the center as a main body and throw out two wings to protect us on either hand. You will hold command of the main body and place the knight you deem most fitted in command of the right wing. We have already instructed Sir Walen to gather certain companies to form the left wing."

"I would that your highness had first consulted with me."

"We have our own wishes to consult, count. Our presence here means that we are in command."

"Who commands the left wing?" he asked.

"Sir Walen and Sir Verrall."

"Sir Verrall!"

"Did you not know he had returned tonight? His knowledge will be of great moment to us."

"I was not told of his coming. His escape makes this expedition useless, your highness."

"Before us lies the capital, count. There is no turning back."

"I rejoice to hear you say that," he answered.

The scoundrel! I could well believe him.

"You understand how the troops will move?"

He bowed.

"Then strike the camp. It is to be done silently. We march tonight."

CHAPTER XIX.

WITHIN two hours the camp was struck. The count and I met as the forces were about to move.

"I have only just heard of your return, Sir Verrall. I congratulate you."

I thanked him.

"Is it by your advice that we move the camp tonight?" he asked.

"No. I had no idea such a movement was contemplated. You would have had a freer hand, count, had you not brought her highness upon this expedition."

"I made a mistake," he answered.

"A grave one, count. You must have a care that it does not lead you to destruction."

"You speak in riddles, Sir Verrall."

"Not such deep ones but that you can read them," I answered. "Indeed, it is a warning that I give rather than a riddle I ask. Your friends may be many, Count Vasca, but you have many enemies too."

"One stands before me," he said quickly.

"It is well to know how we stand toward each other, Count Vasca. I always watch my enemies."

"And I always crush mine, Sir Verrall, sooner or later. You may yet regret that you have avowed yourself my enemy."

"I come but recently from Yadasara, count. I heard enough to make me glad that I am not your friend."

"You choose a coward's time to speak your insults—a time when it is impossible for me to punish you."

"The time will come, count."

"It shall come!" he hissed.

He turned from me and disappeared in the darkness.

I was as far as ever from discovering how matured the count's plans were. I judged that the hurried moving of the camp did not suit his schemes altogether, but that it would have the effect of frustrating them I doubted. He would not have ventured upon such treachery had he not every prospect of success, and my hopes grew weaker as the main body and the right wing moved forward. If they were all traitors what hope was there? Sir Walen thoroughly trusted the left wing, and I was more inclined to think that he did so justly when I saw the pleasure of the men at the fact that the princess was to ride among them They welcomed me too.

It was a difficult night march. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been a foolish one. The woods were thick and the paths through them narrow. The men were forced in places to straggle and push forward in twos and threes. We instructed the men that in case of attack they were to fall back and surround the princess Her protection was to be their especial care. This arranged, Sir Walen took command, keeping as close to the main body as possible, while Jasar and I rode on either side of the princess. Jasar was mounted on a strong animal, and I saw a sword hilt peep from under his cloak.

The stumbling of Jasar's horse startled me.

"Heard you anything besides the tramping of our men, Sir Verrall?" he asked.

"No. Where?"

"To our right. Listen!"

I pulled up my horse. So did Daria hers.

I could hear the steady tramp of our own men around us, but there was another sound away to our right, a faint echoing tramp.

"An echo, I think."

And then, as if in contradiction, there came a clear sound, the jingle of harness, faint, but clear, as when in a company of horsemen several of the animals throw their heads up at the same time and shake their bridles.

"That cannot be an echo."

We rode on again and, overtaking a knight, I told him to hurry forward and tell Sir Walen that I believed the enemy were marching with us through the woods. Presently the knight I had sent forward returned. Sir Walen had instructed the men to go slowly and to keep well together, and he wanted me to make sure that I had plenty of men behind me to repulse any attack which might be made in the rear. Leaving the princess in Jasar's charge, I rode back and got the rear portion of the left wing close up. With an effort I spoke gayly to the men, and I was convinced now that they were to be trusted. Then I rejoined Daria and Jasar.

"It would be well to send forward to the count and call a halt," I said. "We are approaching open country, and we cannot tell what awaits us there."

"Act as you think best," Daria answered.

I sent forward to Vasca. The troops halted immediately, and a few minutes afterward Vasca himself joined us.

"A perilous journey, your highness, but well accomplished," he said. "After a short halt shall we move forward and camp in the open? Our vanguard is now at the edge of the woods."

"The open country may bring us in sight of the enemy, Sir Vasca," she said.

"Your highness will remember that it was not my wish to advance tonight. I, too, think it probable that the enemy are before us."

"They have been marching with us all night, count," I said. "Their movements were so well timed with ours that they must have been watching the camp."

"That is unlikely. Still, if it is so, we are prepared to meet them, I trust."

"Quite prepared," I answered. "True men have no fear even if numbers are against them."

I left him with Daria, Jasar keeping watch upon him, and joined Walen.

"Is the trap set for us, think you?" I asked.

"I do not know. We may have got out of it in time."

"At last you believe in the trap, then?"

"I cannot understand such villainy," he answered. "Yet"—

"Yet you believe it exists?"

"Why, yes, Verrall. Unwillingly I am bound to admit that I believe it."

"Pick me a dozen men," I said. "I am going to ride forward and see what is in store for us."

With my little company I went through the woods, keeping well away from the main body, but being careful not to go far enough to fall in with the enemy, who had kept pace with us through the night. In the gray dawn the enemy were taking up their position, ready to attack us as soon as we were in the open.

We went slowly and silently back. Life has an added charm when death stands near. The day had dawned, and, like myself, I doubt not that many of my companions wondered if they would see the close of it. Was there any way of insuring safety even for some of us? There was one way which held a prospect of success. I had thought of it before, but had put it aside as impracticable and dangerous, yet now it seemed worthy of consideration. Why not make Count Vasca a prisoner? It could be done quickly and quietly if he were still with the princess. Should he cry out there were many ways of silencing him. It seemed to me that it would be a small crime to silence so great a scoundrel forever. It was dangerous and would bring matters to a head suddenly.

Daria might not agree to this seeming piece of treachery, so I determined to make him a prisoner first and explain to her afterward.

I put spurs into my horse, but I was too late. Vasca had left.

A messenger was dispatched at once. Safety seemed to lie in Vasca's capture, and here was my opportunity. I drew Walen aside for a moment.

"He must not return," I said.

"Is that the princess' order?"

"No. Make him a prisoner first, ask her permission afterward. It is no time to be courteous."

"It may be a false move," he said doubtfully.

"Possibly, but it may be salvation," I answered. "Players for high stakes, Sir Walen, have to risk much."

But again my plan failed. The count excused himself from coming. The enemy was moving in the open, he said, and he could not leave his command.

"Are our troops moving?" asked Daria.

"They were about to do so, your highness," the messenger answered.

"Go to the count and command him not to move until he has our instructions. A guard for us, gentlemen. Sir Walen, move the left wing slowly forward, but not out of the wood. Keep in touch with the main body."

She mounted her horse lightly, Jasar holding her stirrup. "Sir Verrall, gentlemen, follow us. We will fight this battle our way, not in Count Vasca's."

She would have inspired any man with courage. She put a better spirit into me.

"Have a care, dear one," I whispered as I rode beside her.

"Have a ready sword to defend me if necessary," she answered.

We rode up to the count even as the messenger was delivering his message.

"We sent for you, count," she said severely.

"Pardon, your highness, but I could not come."

"We sent for you," she repeated. "Have you yet to learn the virtue of obedience?"

"Your highness, I"—

"Disobedience is the mark of a rebel. Count Vasca. Look to it or we shall be in danger of misjudging you. Do you only now discover that the enemy are before us? You have a poor knowledge of this campaign, it seems. The main body will advance at once into the open. The woods sweep round to right and left in a semicircle. The enemy are hidden there awaiting us. Your mission is to draw them from their hiding place." Then, turning to a knight with us, she went on: "Go to the right wing and command them to advance through the woods and attack the enemy in the rear on that side. There are half hearted warriors among us. We shall know how to deal with rebels. For Drussenland and for your princess, forward!"

I half expected the count to refuse, but he did not do so. Either he was uncertain of himself or the plans for success were so complete that the manner of attack was of little importance.

He gave a quick word of command, and as the troops moved we rode back and with the left wing set out to attack the enemy on that side.

There was a distant shout, and a flight of arrows fell among them.

"If a stray shaft should find a weak spot in Vasca's harness, all might be well yet," I said to Walen.

"He is not likely to run much risk," he answered.

"You are convinced now, then?"

"Yes, Verrall. It will go hard with us, I think, but at least we'll make history today. We shall have the enemy and the traitors before us, and we'll fight as we fought at the bridge. Traitors are mostly cowards, and they shall pay a dear reckoning."

Horsemen came from the woods on either side, and the battle in the open became general.

The princess halted.

"Those men fight like fiends," she said. "The treachery is not so deeply rooted as you supposed, Sir Verrall."

"A few men's lives are nothing to those who conceived the treachery," said Jasar.

"The greater the confusion yonder the more safety for us," I said to Walen.

"Our turn will come. We have only to wait," he answered.

With him I arranged what knights were to keep with the princess.

"She will want you with her," he said.

"When the time comes I ride side by side with you," I answered.

"I am glad," he returned.

We had not long to wait. From the woods opposite a large body of horsemen came slowly. I expected to see them charge into the thick of the fight, but instead they suddenly made a wide sweep and came toward us. Our archers sent one flight of arrows among them, and then we charged.

Powerful as the enemy before us were, they could not withstand our charge. We cut into them, sweeping them back in confusion. The same spirit was in us all. No quarter was asked for nor given, and many a rider, friend and foe, lay with limbs outstretched, his day's work and his life's work over. We turned and swept back again to the foot of the rising ground on which Daria stood with the company especially reserved to defend her. They greeted us with a cheer, and we shouted answer. It sounded like a cry of victory.

"They were driven back upon the main body, Sir Verrall. The face of the battle is changing."

Walen pointed with his sword. The fight which had begun fiercely was lessening. Our true enemies and our traitor friends were beginning to understand one another.

"We have shown them the men they have to reckon with," I answered.

Some show of fighting was still maintained in front of us, and our archers sent quick flights of arrows into the mass. They were all enemies there, though they would not have us think so yet. Then a mass of horsemen came toward us at a hand gallop.

"Does Vasca lead them?" I asked.

"I cannot see him," Walen answered. "You must live until later in the day to pay your debt to him."

"I shall live to do it," I answered as we charged again.

I felt that I spoke the truth.

It was a fiercer struggle than the first. Twice I was nearly thrown from my saddle, once, for a few moments, losing all consciousness of my surroundings and striking madly about me as a man might do in a nightmare. It was fortunate for me that my horse kept his legs It was Walen's voice that brought me back to consciousness

"Not too far, Verrall. They are surrounding us."

Mechanically almost I swung my horse round, and we began to fight our way back Walen's warning opened my eyes to the danger, and the press of the enemy, who had closed in behind us as we had fought our way through the mass in front, told me that they had outmaneuvered us Even now we were too late There was a triumphant shout as another body of horsemen were in our struggling mass and rode towards for the rising ground What could that little company do against such an overpowering enemy?

"For the princess!" I shouted, rising in my stirrups and swinging my sword with the renewed strength despair gave me. "Back to the princess, every one of us! We'll leave our bodies there, not here."

"For the princess!" some one shouted, and we dashed forward.

It was no small body of horsemen that turned to prevent us cutting our way to our comrades, but at least five to one.

"For the princess!" we cried.

"For the king!" they shouted answer.

And from many it was a lying shout. This was only the beginning of their treason. They were bent on being as false to the king presently as they had already been to the princess.

Side by side Walen and I went, inch by inch fighting our way toward the rising ground, encouraging each other, helping each other. How our companions fared I know not. Walen and I seemed to be alone in the midst of enemies. Still we went on step by step. There seemed no power strong enough to stop us. Success seemed certain when suddenly I was alone. A rush of horsemen parted us, and I saw my comrade carried away from me, hard beset. Still the fight was not lost. I shouted to him, and he heard me. I saw the horsemen nearest to him go down as he turned, fighting his way back to me, and I pressed my horse forward to meet him. And we succeeded. We did meet, but at what a cost! Even as I shouted in triumph a sword flashed above him and fell, splitting through his armor near the neck.

"I TOLD YOU THAT I ALWAYS CRUSHED MY ENEMIES."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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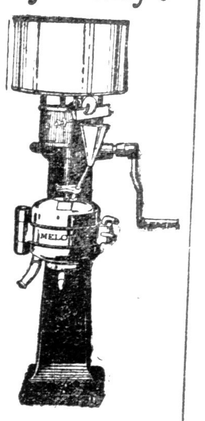

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