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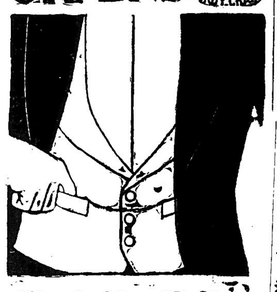

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COUNTY OF HALTON
LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1924.

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan	Mar.	May	June	Sept.	Nov
1 Milton	Friday	10.00 a.m.	11	7	9	27	5	7
2 Oakville	Tuesday	10.00 a.m.	8	4	6	24	2	4
3 Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	9	5	7	25	3	5
4 Acton	Thursday	10.00 a.m.	10	6	8	26	4	6
5 Campbellville	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	12	8	10	28	6	8
6 Burlington	Monday	10.00 a.m.	7	3	5	23	8	3[illegible]

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. Frazer Campbellville; 6. W. J. Stuart, Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings with or without Jury, 10th June and 9th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 1st April and 7th October, 10 a.m., and so often at other times as may be required for the despatch of business.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 3rd January, 3rd April, 3rd July, 2nd October, 11 a.m.

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

Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING WEST.	GOING EAST
12.48 midnight	6.55 a.m.
8.12 a.m.	9.30 a.m.
8.47 a.m.	10.33 a.m.
2.50 p.m. Saturday only	3.43 p.m.
4.30 p.m.	5.03 p.m.
6.57 p.m. Except Sat. & Sun	7.43 p.m.

—SUNDAY—
Going West—4.32 p.m.
Going East—7.26 a.m., 3.43 & 9.43 p.m.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY

GOING SOUTH.	GOING NORTH.
12.01 p.m ; 8.13 p.m.	7.30 a.m ; 4.23 p.m

The MAN NOBODY KNEW

By

Holworthy Hall

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...talk about it, does it?"

"Then suppose," said the young man placidly, "you define your idea of a good job. I'm rather particular."

"But you admit you're out of luck and—"

"But you admit I'm a whirlwind." The young man smiled with fain amusement.

"I said you ought to be—with training."

The young man's mouth turned upward at the corners.

"Go ahead and describe the job."

"Well, my idea of a pretty sweet job for a man of your age is—to start, of course—about twenty a week and commissions."

"Yes? What per cent commission?"

"Oh, eight to ten per cent."

The young man glanced at Harmon and laughed quietly.

"You're a broker, of course, but that doesn't sound much like conservative investment securities to me. What is it—industrials?"

Harmon grimaced.

"Yes, I'm a broker." He set down his glass and fumbled for a card. "There! But I was thinking more about stocks than bonds. Some new Montana properties—copper and zinc. Metals are the big noise these days. I guess you realize that, don't you? Munition work."

The younger man glanced at the card. "My name is Hilliard. Well—is competition so keen you can afford to pay that high for business, or is the stuff just hard to sell?"

Harmon, who had begun to nod assent to the first question, looked rather blank at the second, but rallied quickly.

"Competition. But there's money in it, and you'll get your share of it too—believe me! I've got a sneaking suspicion that you and I can do business together. Want to consider it?"

"All this on such short acquaintance? Aren't you taking a fearful chance?"

Harmon saw that the young man's irises were extremely luminous and clear; he leaned forward seriously. "I'm simply backing my hunch, son. In the long run it pays me—pays me well. I've sort of taken a fancy to you. As far as I know you may be the rottenest salesman in the whole United States; I wouldn't hire your experience without some references, and maybe a surety company back of you; but I'd hire that face of yours, and your manner, and your voice offhand. I'd hire your front—not your past! And let me tell you right now, son, I never made a trade as fast as this before in my life. But there's something about you that . . . Well?"

The young man was thoughtful and unblinking.

"Let Them Make Me Look Like That."

"You're actually making me a proposition, are you?"

"Absolutely"—Harmon's fist on the table provided the exclamation point. "Here—I don't know you, and you don't know me, but if you're hunting for a job you've found it. . . . It's your next move."

The young man's lips parted in grave good humor; Harmon was spellbound at the effect.

"I'll try not to keep you waiting. This speed of yours rather entices me. Besides, if my face is my fortune, I'd better find it out as soon as possible. This organization of yours is in New York city, isn't it?"

"My headquarters are, but I'd want you to work outside. I've got one special town in mind—up the state. That's where this list is. It's always been one of our hardest markets, and it's got money to burn. Can't swing it, somehow—they don't respond to any ordinary selling talk; they're too hidebound conservative. You know the kind. Government-bond crowd. And for a year or so they've been making war profits till you can't see 'em for dust. Manufacturing town. And I'd like mighty well to ship you up there for a month or two; give you time enough to get your bearings, and turn you loose. You ought to do great work in a place like that. They need a chap like you—confound it!" He halted abruptly and shook his head in great bewilderment. "I can't make it out at all! You've got the appearance of a . . . well, a sort of a strait-laced youngster, if you know what I mean, and yet the way you say things, I—"

The young man gestured blandly.

"And the town you have in mind?"

"It's Syracuse, New York."

"Syracuse?" The young man's chin was squared by a ruler, and noticeably thrust forward.

"Yes; know anybody there?"

Hilliard laughed unpleasantly, and resumed his former attitude.

"Why, it so happens," he said, biting the words off sharply, "that I was born and brought up in Syracuse, and if there's any one place in the world I care less about than any other place that's the one . . . I'm sorry, but I'm afraid we're at cross purposes.

"Meaning What?"

when I get home is to hunt up a couple of good salesmen myself. Are you hunting for a good job, or aren't you?"

"Aren't you a little hasty?" The young man's intonation was sardonic.

"I've cleaned up most of my money," said Harmon very slowly to the ceiling, "by making quick decisions. I make up my mind pretty fast. If you can interest me on short notice you can interest other people. Mind you, we're just discussing this—sort of thinking out loud. No obligation on either side. Doesn't do any harm to

RICH IN VITAMINES

MAKE PERFECT BREAD

...from here on."

Harmon showed his vexation "What's the matter? Haven't you kept on good terms with your old friends?"

"No."

Harmon frowned.

"Well, is it so bad you couldn't do any business there? How do they remember you?"

The young man regarded him stonily for an instant; then gradually a far-away expression crept into his eyes; he started and caught his breath.

"I'll let you judge for yourself." He brought out a flat leather wallet, from which he extracted a tiny photograph torn from an old passport. "What do you think of that?"

Harmon scanned it superficially.

"Nice-looking boy. Who is he?"

"It was taken two years ago," said Hilliard, resting his elbows on the table. "You wanted to know how they remember me, so I'm showing you. That's a photograph of me, taken two years ago."

"Impossible!" Harmon snorted it. "That doesn't look any more like you than . . . than I do! Let's omit the comedy; I'm talking business!"

The young man's mouth curled. "Don't be mistaken, Mr. Harmon—there's very little joking in me when I ever mention Syracuse." Harmon shivered at the tone, but waved the photograph in scoffing accusation.

"You're not trying to sit there and tell me—"

"I told you I was in hospital for nearly a year, I believe," said Hilliard icily. "It was shrapnel—across the face. As a matter of fact I didn't have much of any face left. But the surgeons—they're pretty clever. Yes—they're clever!" Hilliard's eyes were needle points. "They make a man over from his own photograph. In my own case I preferred it differently. So when they asked me for something to use as a pattern in remodeling me I gave 'em this!" He tossed out a picture postcard, soiled and frayed. "Well, that's where the trouble began. They cursed me up and down for a . . . still that part of it won't interest you!" His eyes were blazing now, and his voice shook with passion. "Naturally I hadn't meant it as d——d literal as all that . . . but they had me under ether before I could help myself . . . and they went through with it . . . and cursed me some more afterward . . . They couldn't copy it exactly, of course, but they did the best they could. . . . Gloated over it! Took infinite pains to make it perfect . . . and sneered at me while they did it! Sneered—and laughed. . . . Well, you've got the results in front of you. That's what I was—and that's what I am! What's your opinion now?" The last sentence came snarling through set teeth.

The broker's pupils had dilated grossly; his eyes wandered vacantly from the photograph to the postcard and back to Hilliard's face. His whole imagination was pinned down and crushed; he swore softly under his breath and wet his lips.

"It's a . . . a miracle!" he stammered. "A miracle! . . ."

"The photograph," said Hilliard harshly, "is the way they remember me up in Syracuse. Do you think they'd ever recognize me now?"

"It's a miracle . . . it's paralyzing! . . ." Harmon swallowed hard and looked down almost fearfully at the time-worn postcard. "There's so much difference . . . nobody'd ever think of it without knowing . . . but when you see the original! . . . It . . . It knocks me all in a heap! It's staggering! And they did that to you! Just to think they could do that to you! . . . I've got to have a drink!"

Hilliard motioned impatiently, but his fit of rage was slowly going down

"There's no miracle about it at all. It was good plastic surgery. If they'd sent me out looking as I used to you wouldn't call it a miracle, would you? No. It's only what they did do that makes it staggering. But it's clever—oh, yes—clever! And you can see for yourself how few marks of it there are." He drew a long breath and managed to smile again; but the effect was shocking, for while his features were composed and kindly his eyes were venomous. "Well, I certainly never intended to go to Syracuse again for pleasure, but if there's enough compensation to pay for the risk I'm not afraid to try it on . . . business." His accent sent cold chills coursing down Harmon's spine. "In fact now that I think of it, it ought to be rather amusing!"

The broker was striving to pull himself together.

"But why on earth didn't you have 'em use your own picture for a copy . . . if they're as clever as . . . Oh!" He stopped short and his chin dropped. "Oh! Is that the answer?"

"Yes," said Hilliard, reclaiming the two photographs. "That's the answer. I didn't mind starting over again only——" He sighed and inhaled mightily. "Only take my advice, Mr. Harmon, and don't lose your temper just before an operation."

Harmon breathed more freely, but he was still in violent intellectual distress. He round face was rapid with

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awe, and he was tongueing his lips in constant nervousness, for the complete possibility of the situation was creeping over him.

"If that's the case," he ventured, "why . . . they surely needn't recognize your name either, Mr. Hilliard, need they? I mean, if you had any idea of going back to your home town incognito, as it were—"

"They wouldn't recognize anything about me," said Hilliard dryly. His teeth, showing at the moment, were white and regular as a young wolf's. "We won't discuss that side of it just

"But Why on Earth Didn't You Have Them Use Your Own Picture?"

now, though. Let it if I go back, I'm incognito—and don't make any mistake about it. Is that quite clear?"

Harmon swallowed again.

"They'd recognize your voice, wouldn't they?"

"I had to get used to this one myself. Something went wrong with my vocal chords, and the antrum on both sides was hurt; it seemed to have an effect like changing a sounding-board."

"So! And you used to be fatter in the face, didn't you? How about your general size, and so on?"

"I've taken on twenty-five pounds; my face is a lot thinner, but there's a reason. It hasn't grown on me; it was manufactured. Incidentally, while I think of it my stride's shortened six inches. That's another identification gone. Bullet in my knee. I don't exactly limp, but—"

Harmon was beaming now, and flushed with excitement.

"That's great. Oh! that's wonderful! Wonderful! Nobody'll know you from Adam! Thunder and lightning, what a chance—what a chance! Hold on—how well do you know the big men in Syracuse? Well enough to know what their weak points are? Well enough to know how to approach 'em? Know Cullen? Know the Durants? Know Embree and McEachern and Cooke? Know—"

"At one time," said Hilliard, with sudden tragedy in his eyes, "all those people you've just named were about the closest friends I had in the world."

"Well, if you've got nerve enough to try to pass yourself off as a stranger, why—"

"Just a moment!" The young man's gesture, although calm, was nevertheless commanding. "Now ... I lived in Syracuse twenty-... If I ever had any friends there I've lost 'em now. I—"

"Whose fault was it?"

"Whose fault? Don't ... me laugh! The point is that ... and I aren't on speaking terms."

"Go ahead," said Harmon ...

"Do they know you went to ...

"They don't know anything ... between two days. I've never ... anybody so much as a line ... where I was, or what I was ... went over on a tramp. A Fr... tenant got me into the army. ... didn't give a d——n whether I ... killed or not—and then I got ... His hand was on his cheek. ... long scar crossed it. "And ... year I've been hoping that ... some time, I could get ... of those men . . . ... len and Durant and McEachern ... back hard—you understand? ... this suggestion of ... the opening. Perhaps ... what I'm wondering. ... over. That's all."

Harmon controlled ... voice, when it came, ... and seductive.

"Well," he said, "can't you ... any harder at people ... treated you right than by ... up there and making ... ting something over on 'em ... big, you understand ... those fellows look cheap? ... ter than using a club on ... Coals of fire, man, coals of fire! ... 'em what you can do—and ... satisfaction in that. Don't ... enemies—you don't have to! ... profit out of 'em! And then ... oh well, I don't care what you do ... that—come out in the open and ... 'em the ha-ha or not, just as you ... Could anything be a better little come back than that? More sort of Biblical and thorough? Poetic justice? Could it?"

Hilliard was still alert and rigid.

"There's a good selling argument? And something good to sell?"

"As straight as a shoestring, and as sure as you're a foot high. And if you can't do business on this basis, you couldn't sell gold eagles for a dollar apiece! That's flat!"

"So! You could go back—and honestly make good? All the way? Prove what I can do? And not have any backfire in it?"

"And have a chance," said Harmon, nodding, "to put yours ... again. That's what ... was. If you're going to ... your hard luck, boy, ... speak up. That's my ... on this thing the ... Let's play it together ... sort of whitewashing ... help you. I don't care a ... what you did to get in ... cuse—it's success that counts ... ing else but success. Is it a ... gain?"

Hilliard stared ... flected; yielded ...

"It's a bargain! ... you!"

"Good! Now ...

"One moment! ... each other. Don't ... that I've done ...

"Mr. Hilliard ... like that to me ... up from the start ...

"Yes, but I want ..."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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