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VOLUME 65 MILTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1925. No. 17

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## Church Directory.

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Choir Practice—[illegible] Friday evening at 8 p.m.
Women's Auxiliary—[illegible] Wednesday of each month at 3 p.m.
Girls' Friendly Society—[illegible] Tuesday of each month at 7 p.m.

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Evening Prayer and Sermon—[illegible] Sunday in Milton at 8.30 p.m.
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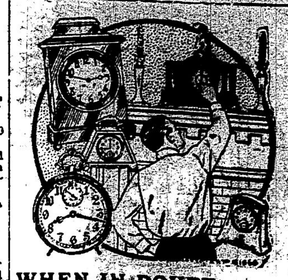

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COUNTY OF HALTON
## LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1925

| Place of Sitting | Day of Sitting | Hours of Opening | Jan. | Mar. | May | June | Sept. | Nov. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Milton | Friday | 10.00 a.m. | 9 | 6 | 8 | 26 | 4 | 6 |
| Oakville | Tuesday | 10.00 a.m. | 6 | 17 | 6 | 23 | 8 | 3 |
| Georgetown | Wednesday | 10.00 a.m. | 7 | 4 | 6 | 24 | 9 | 4 |
| Acton | Thursday | 10.00 a.m. | 8 | 5 | 7 | 25 | 10 | 5 |
| Campbellville | Saturday | 10.00 a.m. | 10 | 7 | 9 | 27 | 12 | 7 |
| Milton | Monday | 10.00 a.m. | 12 | 9 | 11 | 29 | 14 | 9 |

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—1. Wm. Paxton, Milton; 2. W. S. Sayers, Oakville; 3. A. Trier, Georgetown; 4. Geo. R. Ayrson, Acton; 5. Wm. Fraser, Campbellville; 6. W. J. Stuart, Hornby.
General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings with or without Jury, 2nd and 5th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.
County Court Sittings, without Jury, 14 April and 8th October, 10 a.m., and on other days if required.
Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 3rd January, 3rd April, 3rd July, 1st October, 10 a.m.
By order W. J. DICK, Clerk.
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. |
| 2.57 p.m. Saturday only | 3.43 p.m. |
| 4.30 p.m. | 5.03 p.m. |
| 6.15 p.m. | 7.43 p.m. |
| 6.50 p.m. Except Sat. & Sun | |

—SUNDAY—
Going West—12.48 a.m., 4.30 p.m.
Going East—7.26 a.m., 8.43 & 9.44 p.m.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY
GOING SOUTH. 12.01 p.m; 8.00 p.m. | GOING NORTH. 7.28 a.m; 4.23 p.m.

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| Mail and Empire | 5.00 | 6.35 |
| Toronto Daily Star | 5.00 | 6.35 |
| Montreal Fam. Herald and Weekly Star | 2.00 | 3.85 |

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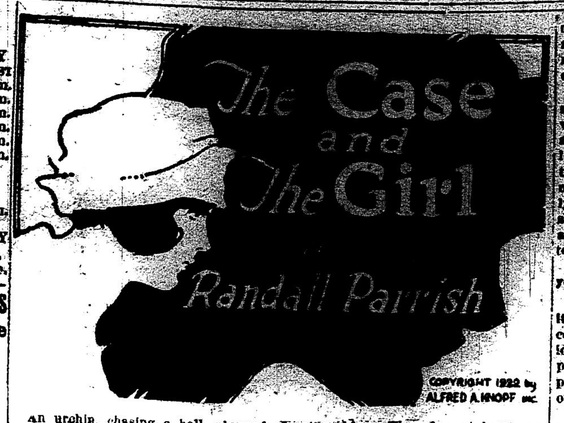


An urchin, chasing a ball, plunged recklessly beneath the auto, emerging with the sphere in his grimy fist. West stopped him with a question.

"Who lives in there?"

"I don't know. These folks just come in. They ain't got no kids. Here ye are, Micky."

"Wait a minute. Here's a dime for you. You say these people just moved in?"

"Yep."

"When?"

"Couple days, maybe. Hooligans moved out 'bout a week ago, an' then, a while after that, these guys moved in. I ain't seen nobody 'round, but a sorter middlin' ol' woman."

West, having abstracted all the information possible, made no further effort. The knowledge thus obtained as to the present occupants of the cottage did not exactly coincide with the story Coolidge had told. He had spoken of a widow with three children in destitute circumstances following the father's death. The boy asserted there were no children in the family. And they had just moved in, within a very few days, during which time the neighborhood had only glimpsed a "middling old" woman. It was strange at least, adding distinctly to the puzzle of the whole affair. West grew nervous, wondering why the two should remain so long within, out of sight and hearing. He had been waiting now for three-quarters of an hour. He opened the door of the car and stepped out upon the curb, almost tempted to investigate the cause of delay. As he stood there undecided, the two emerged from the cottage, and descended the steps together. Through the opened door he caught no glimpse of any one within, yet some unseen hand closed it quickly behind them.

They came down the narrow board walk together, Percival carefully holding the lady's arm to prevent her tripping over the loosened planks, but neither exchanging a word. Natalie appeared somewhat sobered by her visit, and West noticed that she had tied a light veil over her face, which slightly shadowed her features. It was only as they reached the curb that she spoke, her voice rather low and listless.

"Would you mind driving the car

"Really I Feel Quite Unnerved."

back?" she asked Coolidge. "Really I feel quite unnerved."

"No wonder," he returned sympathetically, "I have never witnessed a sadder case; the conditions were even worse than I imagined. I should never have brought you with me, my dear."

"Oh, I am not sorry I came; but it has been a lesson to me. I do not think I ever before realized what such poverty meant. It was most pitiful."

"Do not think of it any longer, Natalie," Coolidge insisted rather gruffly. "They are all right now. I shall telephone for a doctor as soon as we get back, and attend to the rent the first thing tomorrow."

"I know, Uncle, but I cannot forget so easily."

The returning ride seemed very brief, and, almost before West realized it, the car whirled in through the Coolidge gate, and came to a stop at the door. The party separated leisurely. Natalie disappeared somewhere within, while the two men strolled out to the tennis court where the guests were enjoying a spirited game. All met again at lunch, and then separated, some to motor over to the lake, the others amusing themselves as they saw fit. Both Coolidge and Natalie vanished, while West, finding himself alone, chose a book from the library, and, seized by a cigar, sought a shady nook on the porch.

The book, however, was but a mark for his thoughts, which continually revolved about the strange surroundings into which he had stumbled. He was [illegible]

meeting you have appealed to me strongly—more so than any other woman of my acquaintance. I confess I care for you—as a woman."

"Really you are quite flattering. I never dreamed I possessed such marvelous powers." She remained silent a moment, her eyes shaded by their long lashes; then uplifted them again to his face. "This makes it all the more necessary that I now speak plainly," she went on at length. "That I should explain to you it has all been a mistake. That was why I asked you to come here now."

"All a mistake! Not the trouble you were in, surely?"

"Yes. I must have dreamed most of it, I think. I have just had a long, confidential talk with Percival Coolidge, and we understood each other perfectly. Everything has been explained. So there is no necessity for our pretending any longer."

West rose to his feet, comprehending her full meaning, yet unwilling to yield his position without further explanation.

"Your words are certainly plain enough," he said slowly, "yet I trust I may be pardoned if I ask a question or so. Do you mean the mystery is already solved without my further assistance?"

"I am convinced there was no mystery; that it was only imagination, Captain West. My calling you was a mistake."

"There is no one impersonating you?"

"No."

"The checks at the bank; the strange person using your name; all these were myths?"

She laughed.

"Of course. I really believed all I said to you at the time, but everything has been explained since, and I realize how very foolish I have been."

"You sent for me, then, merely to say I was dismissed?"

"Yes."

"And you told Coolidge, of course, how I came to be here?"

"Yes."

"And the others? What will they think?"

"Why, that can make no difference. Let them suppose we had a quarrel, and that our engagement is broken," and she laughed again, evidently vastly amused at the idea.

"What Do You Mean by That?"

"But you, personally?" he insisted.

She sobered instantly, also rising, and facing him.

"Captain West, let us be sensible. I invited you here for a certain purpose. You were employed as much as any of my other servants. Is that a sufficient answer?"

"It certainly is. I will depart at once."

"Thank you. The limousine will be at the door. You will return to the club, I presume?"

"Temporarily, until other arrangements are made."

He bowed and left her standing there in the shadows, the expression of her face veiled, but there seemed no response, no softening in the rigid attitude of her figure. She did not care; was only interested in his immediate departure. The change had occurred with such abruptness, West was unable as yet to realize its full significance, but, with no attempt to combat her decision, left the room, closing the door behind him.

### CHAPTER VI

**The Body of a Suicide.**

As the car whirled West down the circling driveway, the only sign of life visible about the house was the motionless figure of Sexton on the steps. If either Miss Natalie, or Percival Coolidge, took interest enough in the proceedings to witness his departure, they chose to remain carefully concealed within. There was no pretense even at speeding the parting guest. He had simply been dismissed, turned out, decently enough, perhaps, considering his status, yet with a certain measure of contempt which rankled nevertheless.

The young man could not altogether reconcile this style of treatment with his preconceived conception of Miss Natalie Coolidge. He had been too deeply impressed by her to easily relinquish his previously formed opinion of her character. This latest action did not at all coincide with her former open friendliness. He had not gone to her as a servant, nor had she in any way treated him as such. What could account for so remarkable a change?

Perhaps it was the influence of Percival Coolidge. This [illegible] the very first Coolidge had disliked him instinctively, and made no effort to conceal his feelings; he resented the intimacy between him and Natalie, naturally enough, and would use every means possible to get the younger man completely out of the house. No doubt he looked upon him as dangerous. But why? There could only be one answer to this query. His own dishonesty; his secret knowledge of some trickery relative to the funds of the estate. He had convinced the girl of his honesty, but, more than ever, West believed the fellow a rascal.

These thoughts flitted through his mind, yet not consecutively, as the car left the grounds, and turned on to the main road, leading citywards. They were still skirting the Coolidge estate, although the house behind was concealed by shrubbery. Suddenly, just as they cleared the bridge, and began to mount the opposite grade, there came a sharp report, sounding so close at hand the chauffeur clamped on his brake, and glanced anxiously over the side of the car.

"Blow-out, wasn't it, sir?"

"No," said West shortly, staring himself out into the thicket of trees at their left. "It was a shot fired over there; a revolver I should say. Wait a second, Sanders, until I see what has happened."

It was largely curiosity which led him to leave the car. The sound of either a rifle or a shotgun in that lonely spot would have been instantly dismissed as natural enough, but a pistol was different. That was no place for such a weapon. It somehow had a grimly sinister sound.

Determined to learn exactly what had happened, West pressed his passage forward through the vines of the fence, and emerged into the field beyond. A half dozen yards and he found the clover trampled, as though a man had passed that way. The trail led into a shallow depression, past a rather large boulder, near which the trampling of the grass was even more plainly revealed, as though the stranger had remained here for some time, had even seated himself, and then, abruptly ended a few yards away. Evidently the fellow had turned back at this point and retraced his steps.

West, now thoroughly puzzled and already convinced that some mystery hovered over the place, began to circle through the untrampled clover, but without any defined purpose. All at once, at the lower end of the gully he came, unexpectedly, upon another trail, this one well marked, apparently frequently used, which led straight across the field, and terminated at a small gate leading through the wire fence. Evidently here was a short cut to the road, well known to the servants on the estate, and possibly others. The discovery, however, told nothing further than this, and contenting himself with another glance about the unchanged field of rustling clover, West proceeded along the course of the path, intending to thus rejoin the automobile, waiting his return behind the trees.

Within a few steps of the gate, which was closed, he came to a sudden, horrified pause, staring ahead at a strange something huddled in the path. It was a shapeless thing, bearing no resemblance to a human being, until he advanced closer; then he recognized the form of a man, curled up as a dog sleeps, face down, hidden by his arm, and limbs drawn up, as if in a sudden spasm of agony. A hat was in the path beyond, where it had fallen, and a revolver lay glittering in the sunlight a few feet away. There was nothing familiar about either the clothing, yet unquestionably [illegible] the body of a suicide. [illegible] they had heard, the [illegible] close to the dead man's hand were clear evidence of what had [illegible]

The unexpectedness of this mystery, the peculiar position of the man, the loneliness of that [illegible] field in which he lay, shocked West and, for a moment left him [illegible] hesitant. Who was the man? What

Who Was the Man.

could have led up to the pitiful tragedy? Yet he advanced step by step nearer to the hideous object in the path. The man had been shot direct behind the right ear, killed instantly, no doubt, as the deadly bullet ploughed through the brain. West lifted the [illegible] which concealed the face, almost shrinking from the suspicion which had begun to assail him. Then he knew who the dead man was—Percival Coolidge.

West stood guard beside the body until servants came and bore it to the house, but made no effort to follow. Instead he gave his address to Sexton and continued his journey into the city. After what had passed between them he had no desire to again encounter Miss Natalie; and under these circumstances, actually shrank from meeting her. Just what this man's death might mean to the girl he could not safely conjecture, yet deep down in his own heart, he felt convinced that this act of self-destruction would later prove to be a confession of guilt. Yet, be that as it may, he was already definitely ruled out of the matter. Not unless she personally sent for him could he ever venture to go to her again in any capacity. To his mind this decision was final.

He was called for the inquest and gave his testimony. The hearing was brief, and the facts ascertained so clear there remained no doubt in the minds of any one but what this was a case of suicide. No particular attempt was made to probe into the cause, the personal affairs of the dead man being left for later investigation.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

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