Travellers' Guide.

1 57 p.m. Saturday only

5.59 p.m. Except Sat. & Sun]

ing West-12.48 a.m.: 4.30 p.m.

ioing East-7.25 a.m., 3.43 & 9.44 p.m.

ANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY

11.48 p.m; 8.06 p.m. | 7.28 a.m; 4.23 p.m.

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farmer, the season for all kinds of fruits and earlier than it does for

your tomatoes, are first on of cherries or tomatoes

avoid breaking prices in been accustomed to dump yours.

ks from the time it took administration effectually rigid enforcement of the

rketing

e abie to sell the increase

the premium to which

full measuse — through

, the proper technique as ber methods of financing, read and profit by.

did absolutely nothing to within reach of Canadian

power—to quote his own h July 20th—"to put into s of Canada to build up a ficiency with that of any

Is Mr Meighen's pledge to United States fruits and

you would bffers you—



Igoing to assist in the celebrations in the opening of the new Australian capital same time an intensive study of conditi Dominion will be made. They will obtain ment and a study of the Dominion's whole will be made. Conferences of a sh " meached at the 1924 South African meets The members of the party from left

10.00 a.m. 10.00 a.m. 10.00 a.m. 10.00 a.m. ULBREA - 1. Wm. Panton, Milton : 2. W. S. Savage, Oakville; 100 R. Agnew, Acton: 5. Wm. Frazer Campbellville: Charle and County Court Sittings with or without Jury. without Jury 8th April and 5th October, 10 s.m. and so often at oth January, 2nd April, 2nd July, 1st October, 10 8.20.

MUNTY OF HALTON

COURTS CALENDAR

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

The

FRANCIS LYNDE

Though I had been over the road the pop of a whip-lash. with Mr. Norcross in his private car

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about this siding ten miles west of dead." Frank Ticket Agents or C. E. Horn-Banta. So I asked Kirgan. ng. District Passenger Agent, To-"That siding isn't in any such shape that the Fast Mail could get by with- She's got her nose shoved a piece increased my appetite, gave me out seeing a 'meet' train on the side-

> "Hardly, you'd think. I reckon we are "Nobody but the boys on our train, When did you notice that you were when the splinter that had been broken out when up a stump, Jimmie. That siding is I reckon." part of an old 'Y' at the mouth of m guich that runs back into the moun-

The big master-mechanic shook his

tains for maybe a dozen miles or so. They tell me the 'Y' was put in for the Timber Mountain Lumber outfit your supper, call up your fireman and

STANLEY BRAUND

Conveyancer, Notary Public, Insurance ' awfully hard-headed.

"If there was the least little scrap-a quick at the telephone. a heap clearer in your mind when you get a good square meal inside o' your

G. RAMSHAW .. ing to go around the lower end of Mr. Norcross. He said he didn't want;



ali" says-

"One need never apologize for the pen he owns, if it's a Waterman's." It reflects the power of your own personality it's "easy to look at" in any company Waterman's has an untainted family tree. It has hobnobbed with royalty. Its mark has been the deciding factor in the world's big events. Why associate with fountain pens of doubtful character? Drop into our store today and well show you why Waterman's enjoys such

engineer swung down from the step YOUR STRENGTH AND VIGOR to "spot" the engine on the table.

MILTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1926.

knew the engineer by sight. His name was Gorcher, and he was a reformed cow-punch'-with a record for getting out of more tight places with a heavy train than any other man on the divi-"Here's looking' at you, Mr. Kirgan," he said, with a sort of Happy

Hooligan grin on his smutty face. "You been passin' the word, quiet, among the boys to keep an eye out 'r that Atlantic-type that got lost i the shuffle, ain't you? Well, I found "What's that-where?" snapped Kir-

gan, in a tone that made a noise like "You know that old gravel pit that any number of times since we had digs into the hill a mile west of the taken hold, I didn't recall the detail old 'Y' on the Timber Mountain grade?' topographies very clearly, and I Well, she's there; plumb at the far couldn't seem to remember anything end o' that gravel track, cold and

> "Crippled?" Kirgan rapped out. "Not as we could see; just dead. off the rall." Kirgan nodded. "Who else saw!

"All right. Don't spread it. Want to make a little overtime?" "I ain't kickin' none." "That's business. After you've had how.

when they used the gulch mouth for report to me here at the round-house. They had one We'll take a light engine and go down give you the soft, velvety skin that along and get that runaway." ly. "The Timber Mountain company ply because it wasn't marked on the digestion. Biliousness, Constipation, opened some time after the map had i

fireman to report back. Kirgan and I crossed the yard and headed for town. I left the master-mechanic at i You'd think this would have settled the door of a Greek eat-shop that he But I hung on like a dog to a patronized and went on up to the "Say, Mart," I insisted, "this 'Y' to my piece of canned pumpkin pie. siding we're talking about is just when the kid from the dispatcher's running jump at the guess. around where the Ten-Sixteen ought office came into the grill-room, stretchto have met the Mail; so far as we ing his neck as if he were looking for comes in, he may be able to give you can tell by this map it's the only place somebody. When he got his eye on more of the particulars," Cantrell was ing them off, Kirgan made a couple where it could have met it. And the me he came across to my corner and beginning to say; but good gosh!— of swift measurements with his pocket old gulch track would have been a handed me a telegram. It was from I couldn't wait. I was scared stiff tape. mighty good hiding-place for the stolen Mr. Chadwick, under a Chicago date for fear I shouldn't be able to get "These two, right here, boys," he line, and it was addressed "To the back to the round-house before Kirgan ordered, indicating a pair of rails in were a couple of bunks built against it against the 'Flyer's' leaving time,"

"There ain't any track there," said General Manager's Office," just like started out on that engine-rescuing the other leg of the "Y," and string to that 'Y' siding ten miles west people, perhaps—had wired him that of Banta, and I was sure that if I had a new general manager had been ap-ing her with water.

reason even to imagine that Mr. Nor- It was Mrs. Shella on the wire, and

to put 't on the wire."

"Yes; just a minute ago."

of our young men—Branderby—has we reached the end of the "Y" there discovered—in some way that he didn't he'd said. The old saw-mill track was care to explain over the phone—that still there, leading off in the dark up there was a plot of some kind con the gulch, but the two switch rails lower Nevada arenue on the night likelf was as rusty as if it hadn't been Mr. Norcross disappeared. From white nsed in years. Branderby says, I take it that the ewhat you heard from Mr. Cantrell plot was overheard, in part, at least, may have been all true enough," Kirby some habitue of the place who was gan said, while I stood swallowing too drunk to get it entirely straight hard and staring down at the broken four of Clansban's men, and, as anything to do with the big boss, Them to steal a locomotive. Do you know the Mall, all right, and they came

anything about that?"



"I must tell you that "Fruit-a-tives"

your normal weight and appetite; strength and vitality. roubles that are keeping you pale and listless and miserable, the In-

juices, combined with tonics. 25c. and 50c. a box - at dealers When Gorcher had gone into the Frerywhere

something else about sending a note to somebody at the Bullard-a note that 'would do the business.' was the

"That note was sent to Mr. Norcross!" I broke in excitedly, taking a followed went like clockwork. There

out on the tank track and were fill-"They took Mr. Norcross with them had been cut.

paper office, for I keeled over into with the roofs falling in.

Kirgan's arms and sort of half fainted, Because, when I came to, right good.

again, Kirgan had me up on the fireman's box, with an arm around me to hold me there: Billy Gorcher was on the other side of the cab, niggling the throttle; and the light engine was clicking it off about fifty miles an hour on the straight piece of track between Portal City and Arroyo.

CHAPTER VIII

'A Close Call humored me by having Billy Gorcher he pushed the door open with his foo. stop, and now he was trying to make and shoved in; and for just one half-

nection. You see, I've been here be-

had been taken out and the switch

master-mechanic, has known it, was got the Sixteen in, on the gravel I gine without making any public site he was saying. He had the lantern,



MISS EVA EMOND

into the gravel bank, but she ain't more energy and better colour, and looking at was a fresh spike hole; fresh beyond all question of doubt a long room, bare of furnishings, and

I took the lantern from Kirgan in bubbling over with energy and the my one good hand, and he stood there happiness of good health. But waiting for me while I walked on out to the chopped-off end of the sawas I went along. There were fresh rusty timber track I knew my hunch ;

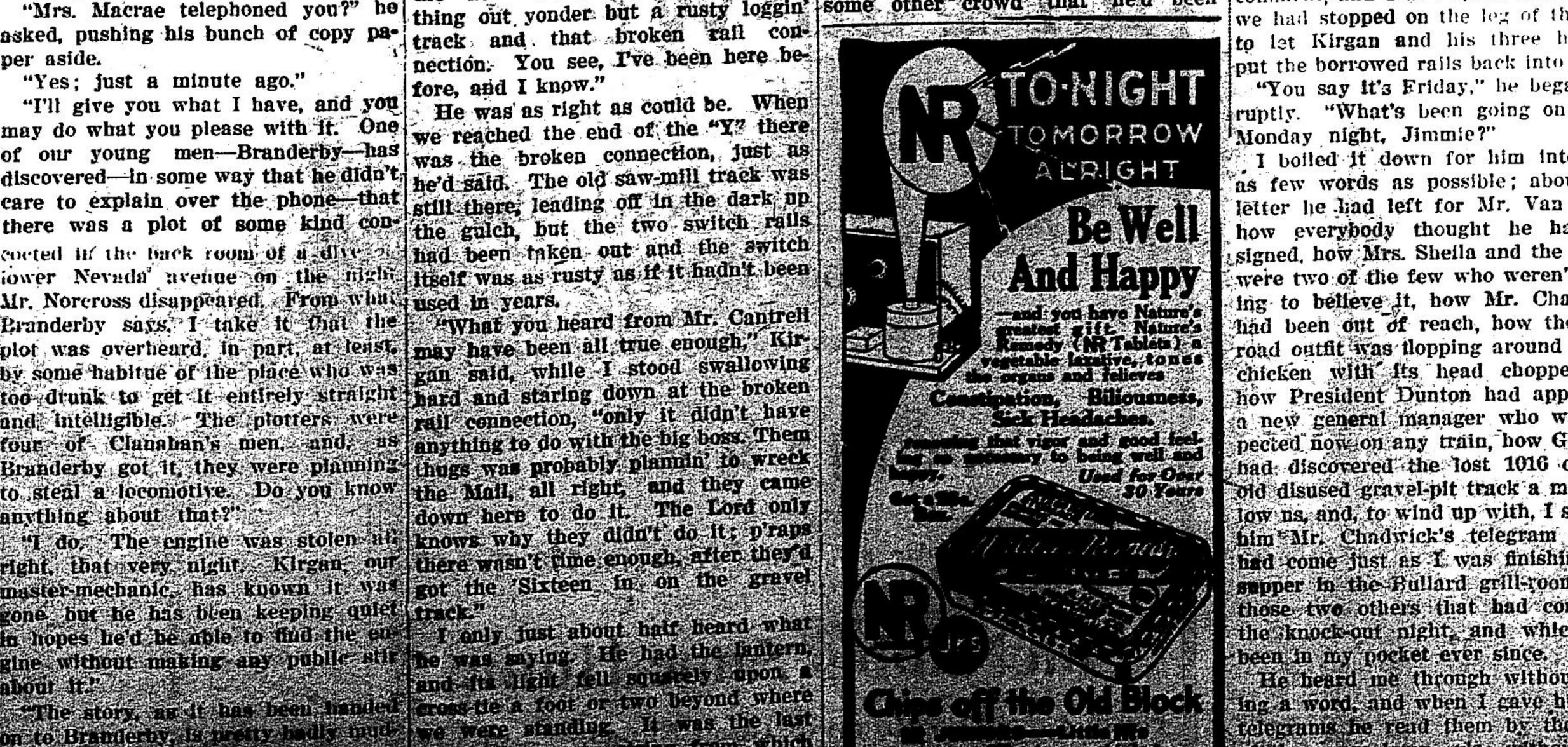
"Come here, Mart!" I called, and "Fruit-a-tives" is intensified fruit when he came, I showed him the new old rusty rails of the timber track that proved as clear as daylight that them away this side of the rains and the snows that had rusted them. Kirgan didn't say a word-not to me. He just took one look at the rubbed rails and then yelled back to

Gorcher to run out on the "Y." What were tools, a spike-puller and a driv-"If you will wait until Branderby ing-maul on the light engine's tender, and while the two firemen were throw-

the and on a bench by the door there was got in its work to pay for and with a single exception they were stopped swearing over come of him, Mr. Norcross hadn't as the quick sprint down from the news- all dilapidated and dismantled, some the bunk

the stop signal.

across the little creek and up the hill



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Total Resources \$ 230,000,000

It Wasn't the Voice of Any Dead Man.

The light of the lantern showed us because there was a clean new splinter dark and musty from having been ting that dead engine out of the gravel and go to it. It's a short mile and to get back to Portal City in a hurry, and Gorcher will take us." And then to Gorcher: "We'll run to Banta ahead

> We made Banta | R record clip. While he was in the Banta wire office. getting orders for Portal City, Mr. Norby the light of the gauge lamp. Gorcher came back pretty soon with his clearance, which gave him the right to run to Arroyo as first section of Number Eighteen.

of Number Eighteen and get orders

there. Move lively, Billy; time's pre-

The boss blew up like a Roman candle when he saw that train order It meant that we were to take the siding at Arroyo with the freight that was just behind us, and wait there for the westbound "Flyer," the "Flyer" Leiter due in Portal City from the cast wait at Arroyo, but the anxiety was

there, all right. "Billy, it's eighteen miles to Portal, and you've got twenty minutes to make "That's enough," I gasped; "I'm and relaid to bridge the gap of the was a lot of canned stuff and a box have to lose any more time getting

"Let her go!" snapped the boss. "I'm taking all the responsibility."

