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Sabbath Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Happy Helpers Mission Band

Wennesday of every month at 4.80 p.m.

Sunday Services. II a.m. and 7 p.m.

at 11 a.m. and 3rd Sunday at 8.80 a.m.

Girls, Mondays, 7.80 p.m. Y.P.B., 1st & 3rd Wednesdays.

Sunday School at 2,80 p.m.

very month at 8 p.m.

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COUNTY OF HALTON

LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR

R.O. Thompson Georgetown; 4. Geo. R. Agnew, Acton; 5. Wm. Frazer Campbellville; W. J. Stuars, Serlington. NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS-I. Wm. Panton, Milton : S. W. S. Savage, Oakville,

Audit of Original Justice & roombs, 7th January, 8th April, 5th July, 7th October, 10 a.m. By order W. L. DICK, Milton,

Clerk of the Perce.

Travellers' Guide. JANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY 10.52 a.m. 1.50 p.m. (Sat. only) Strength 6.00 p.m. (ex. Sat. & Sun.) 7.47 p.m.

GOING NORTH.

Author of

"The Voice of the Pack" **SODS**

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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hope is that you will come at once to |to the trunk of a great oak tree. save me."

Bruce's eyes leaped over the page: then he thrust it into his pocket. He slipped through the rear door of the house, into the shadows.

CHAPTER XIX

in an 18 Karat White Gold-mounting. As Bruce hurried up the hill toward the Ross estates, he made a swift calculation of the rifle shells in his pocket. The gun held six. He had perhaps | to this wing of the house. If he could hand, fifteen others in his pockets, and he reach this spot in safety he could ap. If there had been a single ray of hadn't stopped to replenish them from proach within a few feet of the house light under the door or through the hadn't brought Dave's rifle with him, flat, then slowly crawled toward it. quite different. He would have opened

chance of success. Catalogue and inspect our work in MILTON CEMETERY the clan was closing about the house, The girl had kept her head even

> miration for her passed over him. ample for him. He knew that on strategy could achieve the thing he had set out to do. His impulse was to storm the door, to pour his lead through the lighted windows; but such things could never take Linda out Simon's hands. Only stealth and cau- and the range was close. tion, not blind courage and frenzy. could serve her now. Such blind

wait for another time. He knew only the general direction of the Ross house where Simon lived. Linda had told him it rested upon the crest of a small hill, beyond a ridge of timber. The moonlight showed him a well-beaten trail, and he strode

swiftly along it. He had a vague sense of familiarity with this winding trail. Perhaps he had toddled down it as a baby, perhaps his mother had carried him along it on a neighborly visit to the Rosses. He went over the hill and pushed his way to the edge of the timber. at once the moon showed him the over her. But the heavy stock used! SAM HENSON

He couldn't mistake it, even at this distance. And to Bruce it had a singular effect of unreality. The mountain men did not ordinarily build homes of such dimensions. They were usually MILTON | merely log cabins of two or three lower rooms and a garret to be reached the Rosses, however, had fully a dozen size in the mystery of the moonlight. only the shadow of the brambles, ST, PAUL'S UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA He saw quaint gabled roofs and farspreading wings. And it seemed more like a house of enchantment, a struc- throat at a sharp crack of brush be-Ladies' Aid: Last Monday of the month at

> End. Material could not be carried blind mole, had made the sound. over its winding trails except on pack over the steep trails.

ers had coveted it. It seemed the acme of luxury to them. 'And more the Rosses had died, sooner than rethe Turners had left such a debt of had expected this window to be locked. die the strength to repei the heathen However, she had said that she would fellow occupants of the room—fully seizes by murder isn't his." from our walls, and the land will not be confined in an interior room, and seven brawny men seated in chairs "What a man holds with a hard fist bet worth living in, anyway. But it possibly the Turners had seen no need about the walls. "Let's hear you drop and his rifle—in these mountains—is

and it had been a task worth while to was quite in darkness.

Bruce saw the broad lands lying un- In a moment he found it. He stood der the moon. There were bundreds walting. He turned the knob gently: f acres of alfalfa and clover to fur then softly bulled. But the door was alsh hav for the winter feeding. There leeked were wice green pastures englysred There was no some now but the by the moon, and helds of corn laid bout beating of his own heart.

earned their right to live.

They were worth fighting for, those

Not for nothing have a hundred generations of Anglo-Saxon people been tillers of the soil. They had left a love of it to Bruce. He knew what it would be like to feel the earth's pulse through the handles of a plow, to behold the first start of green things in the spring and the golden ripening in fall; to watch the flocks through the breathless nights and the herds feeding on the distant hills.

Bruce looked over the ground. He knew enough not to continue the trail By Edison Marshall farther. The space in front was bathed in moonlight, and he would make the best kind of target to any rifleman watching from the windows of the house. He turned through the coverts, seeking the shadow of the forests at one side.

By going in a quartering direction he was able to approach within two hundred yards of the house without I know from its structure that they emerging into the moonlight. At that will lock me in an interior room-in point the real difficulty of the stalk the east wing. Use the window on that began. He hovered in the shadows. side nearest the north corner. My one then slipped one hundred feet further He could see the house much more plainly now. True, it had suffered neg

> lect in the past twenty years it need ed painting and many of its windows were broken. Bruce rejoiced to see panels, he could weak the lock; and on his smiling. It was almost as if he that there were no lights in the east if he did so, whether he could escape were of the wilderness breed himself, wing of the house; the window that with the girl before he was shot down. Instead of the son of cities. "I'm here, Linda had indicated in the note was But his hand, wandering over the just a black square on the moonlit lock, encountered the key.

that moment of crisis. A wave of adwould quite fail to catch it. If they It would mean a swift and certain end of all messages. The Turners Are you here?" would lose no time in emptying their

> The place was deeply silent. He like the faintest, almost imperceptible felt a growing sense of awe. In a mo gust of wind. But there was no doubtment more, he slipped into the shad- ing its reality. A living creature ocows of the neglected rose gardens. | cupied this place of darkness with him didn't wish to risk the success of his expedition by fatiguing himself now.

meet in the room where Linda was Nevertheless, the stock of his rifle felt good in his hands. Perhaps there would be a running fight after he got. the girl out of the house, and then his cartridges would be needed. There might even be a moment of close work with what guards the Turners had set

He wanted his full strength and

breath for any crisis that he should

like a club, would be most use to him Many times, he knew, skulking figures had been concealed in this garden. Probably the Turners, in the days of the blood-feud, had often waited in its shadows for a sight of some one of their enemies in a lighted winwith a ladder. The ancestral home of dow. Old ghosts dwelt in it; he could a see their shadows waver out of the rooms, and it loomed to an incredible corner of his eyes. Or perhaps it was blown by the wind.

Once his heart leaped into his ture raised by the rubbing of a magic side him; and he could scarcely relamp, than the work of carpenters and strain a musculer jerk that might have revealed his position. But when he Probably its wild surroundings had turned his head he could see nothing great deal to do with this effect. but the coverts and the moon above where were no roads leading to Trail's them. A garden snake, or perhaps a Four minutes later he was within

animals. He had a realization of tre- one dozen feet of the designated wina cholous difficulties that had been con- dow. There was a stretch of moonquered by tireless effort, of long light between, but he passed it quickly. And now he stood in bold relief. He Was Considerably Surprised. He as possible. against the moonlit house-wall. He was in perfectly plain sight of

be hewed from the forests about. Its any one on the hill behind. Possibly stone had been quarried from the rock, his distant form might have been discliffs and hauled with infinite labor cerned from the window of one of the lesser houses occupied by Simon's kin. He understood now why the Turn. But he was too close to the wall be visible from the windows of Simon's house, except by a deliberate scrutiny. clearly than ever he understood why he Hosses had died sooner than re-He was considerably surprised. He

Then a strong man laughed grimly in hatred to Linda. All men know that Some way, he felt less hopeful of suc- the darkness. the love of home is one of the few cess. He recalled in his mind the digreat impulses that has made toward rections that Linda had left, wondercivilization, but by the same token it ing if he had come to the wrong winhas been the cause of many wars. Per- dow. But there was no chance of a haps the day is coming when this love mistake in this regard; it was the north- came accustomed to the darkness. He py in the dead of night-but it isn't will die in the land, but with it will eromost window in the east wing, began to see the dim outlines of his your house to start with. What a man

vas not dead to the mountain people. of barriers other than its locked door, your rifle," one of them said. No really primitive emotion ever is. Probably they had not even anticipated The Rosses had known this instinct that Bruce would attempt a rescue. and He let his rifle fall from his hands. He thewed and of real natural virtue, they slipped silently into the room. Except knew that only death would be had known pride of race and name, for the moonlit square on the floor it answer to any resistance to these men.

He stood a moment, hardly breath- without looking at him, bent to touch They had given their ing. But he decided it was not best to it to the wick of the lamp. fiber to it freely; no man who beheld strike a match. A match might reveal The tiny flame sputtered and flickthe structure could doubt that fact. his presence to some one in an adjoin- ered, filling the room; with They had simply consecrated their ing room. He rested his hand against shadows. Bruce looked about lives to it; their one Work by which the wall, then moved slowly around. Simon sat beside the fireplace, they could show to all who came after the room. He knew that by this course that by their own hands they had he would soon encounter the door that, caught the light brightened and steadled into the interior rooms.

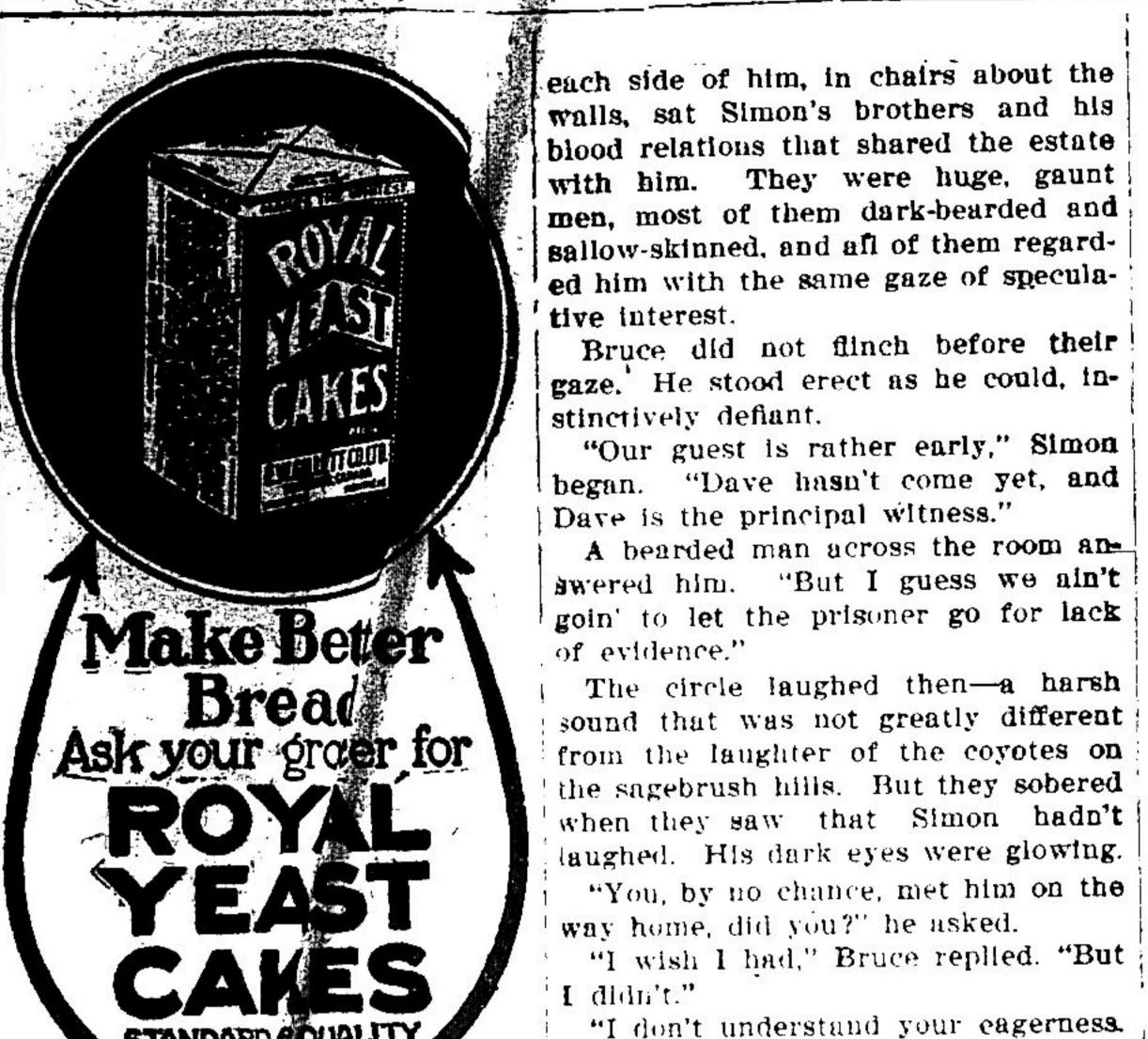
bolt being sild into place.

CHAPTER XX

Bruce recognized the grim voice as

Simon's heard on one occasion before.

Then Simon scratched a match



terest. Somehow, they hadn't counted am I not?" he said. "It isn't as if you

STANDARD & QUALITY FOR OVERSO YEARS

came to my house first." It was easy, after all. He turned the There was a neglected garden close key. The door opened beneath his "And I'm wondering if you remember what I told you just as you left Martin's store that day-that I gave no

the supply Elmira had brought. He and still remain in cover. He went keyhole, his course would have been Once a light sprang up in a window the door suddenly in that case, hoping his pack. He knew that the lighter he near the front, and he pressed close to take by surprise whoseever of the traveled the greater would be his to the earth. But in a moment it went clan were guarding Linda. To open a away. He crept on. He didn't know door slowly into a room full of ene-Obviously the girl had written when when a watchman in one of the dark mies is only to give them plenty of windows would discern his creeping time to cock their rifles. But in this figure. But he did know perfectly just case the room was in darkness, and all what manner of greeting he might ex. that he need fear was making a sudpect in this event. There would be a den sound. The opening slowly single little spurt of fire in the dark widened. Then he slipped through and ness, so small that probably his eyes stood ten breathless seconds in silence. "Linda," he whispered. He waited

rifles at him, and there wouldn't be the heard a sound—a sound so dim an slightest doubt about their hitting the small that it only reached the frontie. mark. All the clan were expert shots of hearing. It was a strange, whisper ing, eerie sound, and it filled the room

The circle laughed again, but Simon silenced them with a gesture. "You're He lay quiet an instant, resting. He and was either half-gagged by a hamivery keen," he said. kerchief over the face or was trying "Then where is Linda?" Bruce's to conceal its presence by muffling its eyes hardened. "I am more interested breathing. "Linda," he said again. in her whereabouts than in this talk There was a strange response to the calling of that name. He heard no

"The last seen of her, she was going whispered answer. Instead, the door up a hill with Dave. When Dave rehe had just passed through shut soft.

MY SOUS -

turns you can ask him." The bearded man opposite from Simon uttered a short syllable of a laugh. "And it don't look like he's going to return," he said. The knowing look on his face was deeply abhorrent to Bruce. Curlously, Simon's face flushed, and he whirled in his chair.

You didn't seem overly eager to meet

Bruce smiled wanly. These wilder-

"Yes, you're here," Simon confirmed.

remember that," Bruce replied.

Simon studied his pale face. "Per-

"I saw no reason for listening to you.

don't see any reason now, and .

wouldn't if it wasn't for that row of

haps you'll be sorry you didn't listen.

before this night is over. And there;

are many hours yet in it. Bruce-you

came up here to these mountains to)

"Simon, I came up here to right

wrongs-and you know it If old

"And tonight," Simon went on as)

he had not been answered, "you have a

round be an the evidence the courts

would need, Bruce that you crent in-

to car house in the dead of night. Te

anything happened to you here, no

word could be raised against us. You

"So I can suppose you left the

were a brave man, Bruce."

wounds are opened, I can't help it.

open old wounds."

ness men regarded him with fresh in-

"Do you mean anything in particular, Old Bill?" he demanded. "It looks to me like maybe Dave's forgot a lot of things you told him, and he and Linda are havin' a little sparkin' time together out in the

The idea seemed to please the clan.

But Simon's eyes glowed, and Bruce himself felt the beginnings of a blind rage that might, unless he held hard upon it, hurl him against their re-[morseless weapons, "I don't want any more such talk out of you, Old Bill," Simon reproved him, "and we've talked to make clear," Bruce went on in the just refuse to answer." enough, anyway." His keen eyes stud- strong voice of a man who had con- "I trust the ropes are tight enough led Bruce's flushed face. "One of you quered his terror. And it was not be about your wrists." give our guest a chair and fix him up cause he did not realize his danger. in it with a thong. We don't want He was in the hands of the Turners, cutting the fiesh se it bleeds." him flying off the coop and getting and he knew that Simon had spoken shot until we're done talking to him." certain words that, if for no other forward with sudden force, striking followers, he would have to make good. Had Expected This Window to Be looped his arms to the arms of the was face to face with his destiny, chair with thongs of buckskin. Anoth- steadled him all the more. er thong was tied about his ankles. The boy that had been wakened in For a fleeting instant he hoped that Then the clansmen went back to their his bed at home by the ring of the the wind had blown it shut. For it is chairs.

always the way of youth to hope—as long as any hope is left. His heart these dramatics," Bruce said coldly instead, stern and courageous and unleaped and he whirled to face it. Then And I don't particularly like veiled flinching. he heard the unmistakable sound of a threats. At present I seem to be in vour hands." "You don't seem to be," Simon an sentence." Some little space of time followed

in silence. He struggled with growing swered with reddening eyes. horror, and time seemed limitless. are." "I have no intention of saying I'm

sorry I didn't heed the threats you gave me before—and as to those I've heard tonight-they're not going to do you any good, either. It is true that As Bruce waited, his eyes slowly be you found me in the house you occu-

> his," Simon contradicted him. "Besides, you got me here with a rick," Bruce went on without heeding him. "So don't pretend that an vickedness you do tonight was justi-

fled by my coming. You'll have to answer for it just the same." Simon leaned forward in his chair, His dark eyes glowed in the lamplight. "I've heard such talk as that father talked like that a few times

The words seemed to strike straight All of them seemed strain



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Parliament Buildings, Toronto HON. JOHN S. MARTIN

W. B. ROADHOUSE Deputy Minister

He spoke the last sentence with calm assurance. Though spoken soft-



Everything is Tolerable Clear to Us credit for at least natural intelligence.

Your Sentence." ly, the words rang clear. But the answer of the evil-hearted man before whereabouts?" him was only a laugh.

One of the clansmen pushed a chair reason than his reputation with his Bruce knew that no mount of his life Then one of the men doors of escape open to him, and he

'phone bell had wholly vanished now. "I really don't see the use of all A man of the wild places had come "Everything is tolerable clear to us

"I want you to kn make any evil wrong, or the put make any less sur your power to kill me while I that you'll do it. But let me tell you this. A reign of bloodshed and crime kings up here, and you think the law

"And this was the man who was g ing to renew the blood-feud- aireudy hollering about the law," Simon said to his followers. He turned to Bruce. "It's plain that Dave isn't going to come. I'll have to be the chief witness myself, after all. However, Daye told me all that I needed to know. The first question I have to ask of you. Fol ger, is the whereabouts of that agreement between your late lamented father and the late lamented Matthew Ross, according to what the trapper Hudson told you a few days ago." Bruce was strong enough to laugh In his bends. "Up to this time I have given you and your murderous crewd Said, "Except he replied, "but I see I was mistaken -or you wouldn't expect an answer

"I won't give you the satisfaction "And there's one thing more I want of knowing whether I know or not.

"Do you mean you don't know its

to that question."

"Plenty tight, thank you. They are

eyes bluzed- im fired of talking better it will soft me." "We'll come to that shortly

Bruce made ao answer, only

without filnching into his questi



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