

## The Robbers of Markham Swamp

The following story is founded on fact and as the author aptly said "everyone in this part of the country who is not deaf has heard of the gang at Markham Swamp." The story was first published in 1886. It will run as a continued story in The Liberal.

Would he, Roland began to ask himself, have been hurried into the hasty words, the passionate feeling, which were really the origin of all this woe, but of his regard for her? No; he saw it all plainly now. He had courted this quarrel; he obtained what he sought, and now did he hold in his hands the bitter fruit?

"But he might have had his will; she was a lone girl; and her unnatural father was no less eager that the marriage should be than the base-born himself. Let it be!" Then a startled gleam came into his face.

"Ah, the sleuth-hounds are everywhere around," he cried, as faint and confused shouts came from the road and the country side. "But I am safe here, at least for a time," and he looked gratefully at the grand sheltering solitude about him. No footprint desecrated this sanctuary of nature.

He had taken nothing to eat since the evening before; and pangs of hunger began to gnaw him. He walked a short way toward a large grey rock near which he heard a gurgling sound, and as he advanced he saw that a little stream of water gushed from the base. He drank copiously of the pure, cold spring, and bathed his temples; but in carrying the water to his forehead he noticed that one of his hands was crusted with blood. Then for the first time had the thought of his wound recurred to him.

Stripping himself of his coat, waistcoat and shirt, he perceived that he had lost an immense quantity of blood. Tearing a piece off his linen shirt he proceeded to moisten the coagulated blood to ascertain the nature of the hurt. He soon found that the ball had hit him obliquely upon the breast glanced, and gone around, making a serious flesh wound. Probing with his finger he located the ball which had lodged in the muscles under his left arm. Taking his knife he inserted the hook with which it was luckily supplied, and, after much pain, and rending of the flesh and muscles, extracted the bullet. The bleeding soon became less copious; and from this he took much heart, for he was assured that no artery was severed. Having washed the wound he proceeded to make some lint, which he applied as skillfully as a surgeon could have done, after which he went to a fir tree and therefrom obtained a quantity of balsam.

His long experience as a hunter had taught him how to manage wounds; and he now prepared a number of narrow strips of linen. Upon each of these he spread a quantity of the fir balsam; and then put a strip across the wound. About a dozen similar pieces were laid across, and these held the wound together; after which he placed a couple of larger slips along the wound at right angles to the shorter pieces. He then dressed and seated himself upon a tree-hole, and once more became buried in his gloomy reflections.

It was not of his love that next he thought, but of his wretched predicament. He was aware that in his own territory he was exposed to constant danger of detection, yet he plainly saw that escape to the United States was impossible in his present apparel. The hue and cry would describe him accurately; the law would put a price upon his head; and what the cupidity of ordinary man-kind is he well knew. He had a half dozen sovereigns and a bank note in his pocket-book; but were he to attempt to purchase rougher clothes attention would at once be attracted to him. As the afternoon wore on hunger continued to torment him with increasing keenness. Knowing that upon the elevated ground he would be likely to find a hardwood grove, he set out, and, after an hours tramp, was rewarded by finding himself in a grove of beeches. He gathered nigh onto a pint of nuts which gave him some relief; and as he passed outward again to the pine region, he found a rowan tree loaded with crimson fruit. He ate several bunches of the bitter berries, and, having sated his appetite, filled his pockets. Then, seeking a dense part of the wood, he lay down to rest. He had resolved that when night came he would set out for Markham, and, trusting that there were several farm houses near that settlement whose inmates had not heard of the duel, he determined to obtain food. What he would do afterwards fate alone would determine. Laying his head upon a mossy hummock, comfortable as a pillow of eider down, despite the anguish of his heart, and the stinging of his wound, he was soon asleep, and dreaming of days when there was neither peril nor sorrow.

When he awoke he could perceive through the forest a slight tinge of crimson in the west; and he knew that the day was done. At first he could

he had come hither, but a sharp pain in his breast brought back the truth in its naked hideousness. Why should he ever have awakened? Was he not happy in that sweet, sweet state wherein the present had no place, and the happy past was lived again? For while he slept he once again met Aster. Tears were in her glorious eyes, and with trembling lips she told him that she thought he would never come. And, taking him to the bank of the little stream that brawled down down the rough slope of her father's common, she made him vow that he would never again leave her pining. And taking her head upon his shoulder he looked into her beautiful eyes, and he read in their tender glimmering depths the secret that she loved him. Ah, how happy was her lot? He kissed the upturned mouth and held her to his heart. They pledged themselves to one another for ever and ever. Then the angel who watched over his sleeping flew away, and he was awake.

A sound came to his ears. Alas! it was not the music of his beloved Aster's voice—but the baying of bloodhounds.

(Continued Next Week)

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# The Customs Scandal

With the customs investigation still far from finished, the King Government already stands convicted of having co-operated with smugglers, bootleggers, dopesters and thieves, and of having thus been a party to defrauding the National Treasury, strangling legitimate business, debauching officials, high and low, thwarting the administration of justice, and bribing the electorate!

To cite but a few instances--already proven--from its appalling record of malfeasance:

- 1 Stolen automobiles, smuggled into Canada with the connivance of Customs officials, were sold for a pittance to friends of the King Government, and those found guilty were allowed not only to go unpunished but to continue their nefarious trade.
- 2 Smuggled liquor selling was engaged in on a large scale by Customs officials whose duty it was to protect the Treasury.
- 3 Corrupt officials were unpunished and promoted; honest officials were punished and demoted.
- 4 Prison-made goods are on the prohibited list, yet tons and tons of such goods, produced in prisons where contagious diseases were prevalent among the inmates, were smuggled into Canada for sale to innocent Canadian consumers, with the direct knowledge and co-operation of Government officials.
- 5 Police officers—members of the incorruptible Royal Canadian Mounted—were withdrawn from the Quebec boundary line at the request of the smuggling ring. Honest traders had asked for increased police protection, but the King Government preferred to grant the request of those who were defrauding the public revenue.
- 6 Guilty knowledge even in 1923 of the frauds that were being practised has been proven against the King Government beyond the shadow of a doubt. Time and again, in 1924 and 1925, the Commercial Protective Association—an organization of business men—placed before Mr. King irrefutable evidences of it, that they had succeeded in tracing down at their own expense. With his Government hopelessly entangled with Canada's criminal element, Mr. King did not—dared not—take any action to remedy the appalling conditions.
- 7 A total revenue loss estimated at \$35,000,000 per year was the result of the smuggling thus condoned by the King Government.
- 8 A \$54,800 loss was sustained in one case alone when Mr. Cardin, Acting Minister of Customs and Excise, settled for \$3,200 with a dishonest importer, who, according to Mr. Cardin's own officials, had cheated the Treasury out of duties amounting to \$58,000. This deal was consummated just previous to the last election.
- 9 Free liquor, from Government warehouses in Montreal, was supplied in generous quantities to members of the King Government and to Government officials in Ottawa, in contravention both of the Federal Law and the Prohibition Law of Ontario.
- 10 The habit-forming drug traffic is one of the worst curses in the world today. Under the protection of the King Government, Montreal became one of the great dope-distributing centres of North America.
- 11 The peak of this corruption, and of this interference with the Customs collection and the administration of justice, is proven by the evidence to have been reached just prior to the general election of October, 1925, when, at the written request of Liberal candidates, Ministers of the Crown called off the Royal Canadian Mounted Police because they were enforcing the law, kept convicted crooks out of jail, and sanctioned Treasury frauds as a means of securing the return of the King Government to power.

Despite the fact that with Mr. Kennedy supporting them, the Liberals had a majority on the Investigation Committee, that the Chairman Mr. Mercier was a Liberal, and that the Prosecuting Counsel Mr. Calder was a Liberal candidate in the last election, and despite the further fact that the committee sat almost daily for five months, thus affording Liberal members ample opportunity to uncover malfeasance on the part of previous ministries, not one word of proof, not one breath of suspicion, was brought against the administration of the Customs Department under the Laurier, Borden and Meighen Governments, but only against its administration under Mr. William Lyon MacKenzie King!

Has anything more disgraceful ever besmirched the pages of Canadian history? Can a proud and honourable nation, whose people fear God and eschew evil, afford to condone such dishonesty, such corruption, on the part of its leaders and public servants?

**VOTE** for COL. T. H. LENNOX and R. H. MCGREGOR  
in North York in South York.

And avoid another Election!

Liberal-Conservative Victory Committee 56 King Street East, Toronto