

TRAVERTON

Corn, roots and fruits are nearly all housed throughout the vicinity. Mr and Mrs. Hugh Firth and family of Markdale spent the first of the week at the Firth homestead. Mr Will Jack reshingled his home last week. It didn't take long, as John Meagher was assisting him. Mrs Chas. McClocklin is threatened with appendicitis. Mrs T. E. Blair of Durham has spent the past fortnight on the farm, garnering in the apple crop and brightening up the home. Miss Clara Chard of Markdale suburbs, and her friend, Miss Collins of Toronto, were guests of Miss Mary Peart on Friday evening and attended Zion's concert. The Traverston mill has been turning out quite a lot of heavy lumber for the McGowan Milling Co., of Durham, the past few weeks. Mr and Mrs. Will Timmins were away to Vandeleur the first couple days of the week to attend the funeral of her cousin, Miss Warling, only daughter of Mr George Warling. The concert in Zion under the auspices of the Women's Institute of this section will long be remembered for the excellence of the addresses given. Dr. D. Jamieson not only ably and affably presided, but gave a fine address as well. Inspector N. W. Campbell's address on the present war, the causes leading up to it, the growth, development and ambitions of the military forces of Germany, and the need of men, munitions and money to resist and overcome this aggressive nation, was most graphically depicted. It was a masterly effort and won him hearty applause. Miss Flo. Barclay of town has rare gifts both in song and recital. Mrs. J. O. Greenwood sang a very sweet solo, Miss Rita Irwin playing for both singers. Duets by Marion and Johnny Boyd, Miss Muriel Beaton and Miss Myrtle McClocklin, and selections from A. G. Blair's victrola, added to the success of the evening. Miss Mary McArthur had a very humorous reading. A very hearty vote of thanks was tendered the speakers and others who contributed to the program. After singing the National Anthem, tea and lunch was served, and a very social half hour spent. The proceeds were over \$21. Much of the success of the evening was due to the executive ability of the local president, Mrs. W. J. Greenwood, and the secretary, Miss Mary Peart.

me. I'm going to fish, and I want to use this two jointed pole. Will you fix it for me?" "I'd like you to make me a promise, Miss Linda." "What is it?" "Not to go out at all today." "You don't think I'm in danger?" "You're in great danger, Miss Linda." "Then you must go out with me Joe. If you are with me they will not dare." "Look here, Miss Linda, if you'll stay in the house just over today I wouldn't wonder but it might be quite safe for you to go out tomorrow—and even after." "Joe, you mean you have discovered?" "No; I ain't discovered nothing, but if you stay in the way I ask maybe I shall." Joe took up his hat. "Where are you going, November?" I asked. "Over to Senlis lake, Mr. Quaritch. Will you see Ben Puttick and tell him I won't be back till lateish and will be cook the potatoes and the cornbread cakes if I don't get back to time? Miss Linda, will you please tell every one, even your father, that you have a mighty painful head and that's why you're staying in?" "Yes, Joe," said Linda. After Joe's departure I took a book and sat with it in the veranda, where I was joined in due course by Linda and Mr. Petersham. "It's cool here, the only cool spot in the place today," remarked Petersham. "Yes, and don't the spruces smell sweet?" said Linda. "Joe cut them to give me shade." She pointed to a row of tall saplings propped against the rail of the veranda so as to form a close screen. "Joe always thinks of things for people," she added. Petersham glanced from me to Linda. "If your headache is bad you had better lie down in the house," he said. "It is ever so much better, but I'll fetch some smelling salts." I was about to offer to bring them for her when I caught her father's eye behind her back and remained where I was. As soon as she had gone in Petersham stepped up to me and whispered: "To give her shade," he repeated. I looked around and nodded. "There is always shade here," he went on. "The sun can't get in through the pines on this side. The wood is thickest here." "That's true," I agreed, looking at the close grown junipers that stood in front of us. "Joe stacked these saplings against the rail for some other reason." "Of course. He knew that Linda would very likely sit here, and he was afraid." "Afraid? Of what?" said Linda suddenly from behind us. "No one could hurt me here. Why, I could call for help and you are both here. You could protect me." "Not against a rifle bullet," said Petersham. "For my sake, go in, Linda!" As he said the words from far away came the sound of a shot. Distance robbed it of that acrimony with which the modern rifle speaks, and it struck a dull, even drowsy note upon the air of that languid afternoon of late spring. "What can that be?" cried Linda. As if in answer came the sullen far-off sound three times repeated, and then, after an interval, a fourth. "Shooting!" cried Linda again, very white, her blue eyes wide with terror. "And it's from the direction of Senlis lake!" "Ben! Ben Puttick!" roared Petersham. But loud as was his voice, Linda's call rose higher. "Here I am!" We heard Puttick's voice from inside the house, and he ran out a minute later. "We heard five shots from Senlis lake," I said. "We must start at once, you and I. Mr. Petersham will stay with Miss Linda." Puttick looked me in the eyes. "Are you tired of your life?" he asked grimly. "We have no time to think of that. Get ready!" "There was five shots," Puttick said deliberately. "I heard 'em myself. That means Joe's dead, if it was him they shot at. If we go we'll soon be dead too." "Oh, you coward!" cried Linda. Puttick turned a dull red. "I'm no coward, Miss Linda, but I'm no fool. I'm a woodsman. I know." "There is a good deal of sense in what Ben says," I put in. "I think his best place is here with you. He shall stay to help you in case of need. I'll go and find Joe. After all, it's as likely as not that he was firing or perhaps some one else was firing at a bear." I hastened forward at the best pace I could attain until from a rising knoll I caught a glimpse of Senlis lake. The forest path here rose and fell in a series of short steep inclines. I labored up these little hills and ran down the slopes. Suddenly I came to a turn and was about to rush down a sharp dip when a voice, seemingly at my side, said: "That you, Mr. Quaritch?" "Joel! Where are you?" "Here!" I followed the voice and, parting some branches, saw Joe lying on the ground. His face was gray under its tan, and a smear of blood had dried upon his forehead and cheek. "You're wounded!" I cried. "His second passed through the top of my shoulder." "His? Whose?" "Him that shot at me." "Did you shoot back?" "He lies about ten paces west o' that small maple." "You saw him?"



Joe Leaned Against the Maple Tree and Looked Down on Him.

"Hardly. He had a black hat, I saw it move after he fired his fourth, and I shot back. If you'll give me your arm, Mr. Quaritch, we'll go up and take a look at him." With difficulty and with many pauses we reached the top of the little ridge. The dead man lay as Joe had said quite near the small maple. The bullet had entered his throat. He was a long haired, black bearded man of medium size. Joe leaned against the maple tree and looked down at him. "I seem to know the fellow's face," I said. "Yes; you seen him the day we come, cutting wood by the shack." "Now, Joe, lean on me, and we'll try to make for home," for I saw he was very weak. "Must just look around, Mr. Quaritch. See here! He was smoking his pipe. Look at the ashes—a regular handful of them. He must 'a' lain for me all of a hour before I come along. Here's his rifle—a 30-30. Wonder who he is?" Joe lay back, panting. "You're not able to walk," said I. "I'll go back to Kalmacks and get a rig to bring you home." "No, Mr. Quaritch. It would never be right to do that. It would give the other fellas warning." "The others?" "This dead fella's partners." "You know he has some, then?" "One anyway. But let's be moving. Out me a pole so as I can use it as a crutch." I did as he asked, and we commenced our long and, for him, painful walk back.

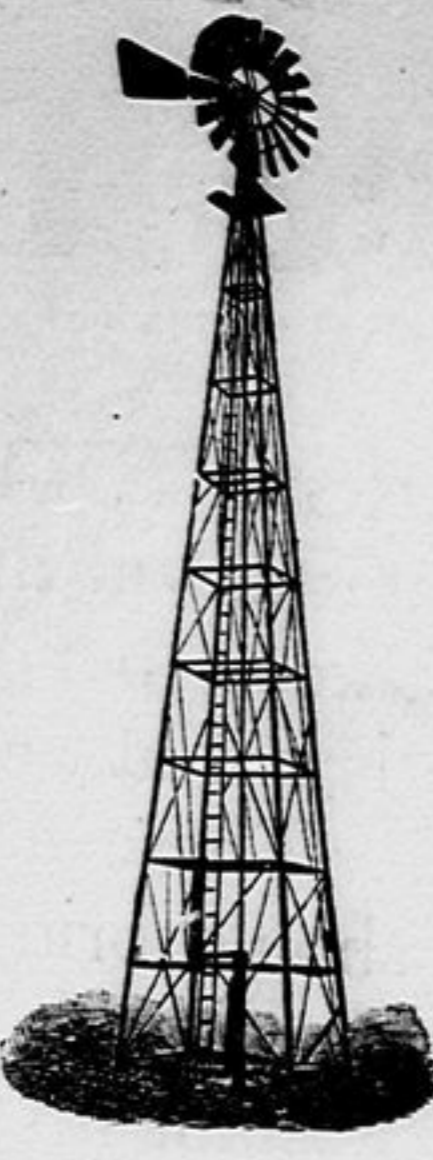
CHAPTER XVI. The Capture.

AS we walked Joe gave me in little jerks the story of his adventures. "I started out, Mr. Quaritch," he began, "and crossed the lake to the camp where Bill Worke was fired at—you mind Miss Linda dropped a brooch there? I had a search for it, but I didn't find it, though I come across what I'd hoped to find—a lot of tracks—men's tracks." "Who had been there since Saturday?" "Huh! Yes; only about two days old. After awhile I built a bit of a fire and cooked a pinch of tea in a tin I'd fetched along. Then after lunch—Joe always called lunch 'lunk'—I started back. I was coming along easy, not on the path, but in the wood about twenty yards to the south of it, and afore I'd gone above three or four acres a shot was fired at me from above. The bullet didn't strike me, but as I was in a wonderful poor place for cover—just three or four spruces and half a dozen sticks of wild raspberry—I went down, pretending I'd got the bullet, pitched over the way a man does that's got it high up, and I took care to get the biggest spruce trunk between me and where I think the shots come from. "Sometimes, if you go down like that, a man'll get rattled-like and come out, but not this one. Guess I'm not the first he's put a bit of lead into. He lay still and fired again—got me in the shoulder that time, and I gave a kick and shoved in among the raspberry canes in good earnest, had some of them whitey buds in my mouth and was chewing of them, when the fella shoots twice more—both misses. Then he kind o' paused, and I guesses he's going to move to where he can let me have it again. "I see the black hat on him for a moment and then I lets drive. I tried to get up to have a look at him." "Surely that was risky. How could you know he was dead?" "Heard the bullet strike and saw the hat go backward. A man don't nev-tan or fall over backward when he's shamming. I couldn't get to him—fainted, I guess. Then you come along." Continued next week.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES OF MULOCK BAPTIST CHURCH

The anniversary services at the Mulock Baptist church on Sunday and Monday were a decided success. Rev. J. B. Brown of Keady, preached morning and evening, to good-sized, appreciative congregations. On Monday evening, supper was served in the school house, followed by a patriotic program in the church. The great feature of the program was an address by Rev. J.K. Fairfull of Clinton, on "Fighting Machines, and how to use them." Mr. Fairfull delivered a most eloquent and stirring address, proving by his masterly handling of his subject the knowledge of the expert and the brilliance of the orator. All were agreed that instruction of a high degree was received at the hands of the speaker of the evening. Addresses were also given by Messrs. Brown, Wylie and Philpotts, which were most acceptable. The program was brightened most considerably by the music provided by the friends from Durham and Hanover. The work of the Durham quartette, Misses L. Walker and J. Wylie, and Messrs. A. Bell and T. Fallaise, solos by Miss Walker, Mr. Bell, Mr. Fallaise and a duet by Miss Walker and Mrs. Forsyth of Durham, were exceedingly well rendered and much appreciated. Mr. H. Jucksch of Hanover favored the audience with a couple of solos and was recalled for an encore each time. Solos were also rendered by Miss Wilson, Mr. Ruttle, of Hanover, and instrumental solos were given by Miss Walker of Durham and Mr. Hamel of Hanover, each item being exceptionally good. Mr. Adams of Hanover proved a most excellent chairman and kept his audience interested by his efficient handling of a good program, not the least worthy number being the chairman's address. The gathering broke up after the singing of Britain's Sons, and God Save the King. Neighbors should try to do as they expect to be done. The more talk it takes to run things the slower they move.

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ACT TODAY

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