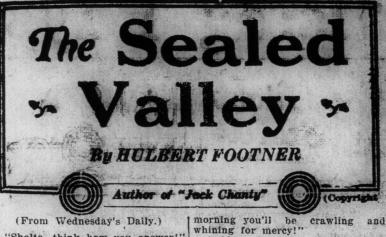
FEDERAL SEAR SEARCH AND SELECTION OF THE SERVICES OF THE SERVI



Joe dug his knuckles into Ralph's shoulder and, leaning the weight of

The other men began to remon-

strate. "You'll do for him," said Stack,

the next thing I do to him will make him tell!"

CHAPTER XX.

The Secret Escapes.

It was only in Ralph's presence that Kitty's pride sufficed to bear

to investigate. She dared not dis-

who would stop at nothing, so they

Valuable Sugegstions

for the Handy Home-

maker - Order any

Pattern Through The

Courier. State size.

She awaited his return in a state

"and we won't learn anything." Joe left off with a shrug. "I have all night," he said; "but

"Sholto, think how you answer!" he cried. \_ "You and I have our dithe cried. "You and I have our differences, but you're an honest man! You've got nothing to do with this vermin! Look in their faces; it's written plain enough there. They can't look in a man's eyes, the mean and cowardly—"

I no Mixer turned purple, and instinctively jerked away his head and it fell on his sore shoulder. As a result of his exertions with the ax, it was now puffed up, throbbing, and exquisitely painful. When Joe Mixer turned purple, and the door. She rose and listened at the door. Jim was snoring like an exhaust-pipe. /"He can sleep!" she thought, she exquisitely painful. When Joe Mixer turned purple, and to tell on his sore shoulder. As a result of his exertions with the ax, it was now puffed up, throbbing, and exquisitely painful. When Joe Mixer turned purple, and to tell on his sore shoulder. As a result of his exertions with the ax, it was now puffed up, throbbing, and exquisitely painful. When Joe Mixer turned purple, and the door.

Joe Mixer turned purple, and springing toward Ralph struck him violently across the mouth with the back of his hand. "Shut your head!"

inps on his shoulder. "Mean and cowardly blackguards, without decency or manliness!" he cried defiantly.

Joe made to strill

big Jim held his arm. "The man is bound," he said laconically.
"Then let him keep a clean tongue in his head." muttered Joe the his head."

"Then let him keep a clean tongue in his head," muttered Joe, turning away.
"For God's sake, think it over before you join in with them!' Ralph begged of Jim.

It turned him sick; cold perspiration sprang out all over him. He felt tempsclopeness beginning to slip.

"I see no reason why I should not consciousness beginning to slip. He answer a civil question," said Jim bit his lip to keep from betraying

Jim thought he was being fair and disinterested, while he was being swayed by his feelings no less than an angry woman. "If the girl is straight she has nothing to fear from anybody. She was here this "Aha!" cried Joe delightedly.

Ralph groaned? "You'll be sorry for this!" he muttered. "Where does she hang out?" Joe "I don't know," said Jim.

wits had no answer ready. Stack spoke up. "Robbery." he said smoothly. "They broke into Mr. Mixer's store. There are no police in the country, so we have to bring

them to justice ourselves."
"It's a lie!" cried Ralph scorn-"That little lickspittle confessed to me that he had trailed me all the way from the coast, because

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him up an hour longer than his time. He refused to return to the point, from a secret fear perhaps of learning something that would shake the philosophic stand he had taken. He returned to his bunk in the kitchen and Kitty locked herself in

her room.

Here she was at least free to listen without being sworn at. She flung herself across her bed with her head on the window-sill. The night was absolutely still except for the tireless voice of the brook. Its senseless chatter and brawl drove

She could hear nothing above She could hear nothing above it. To be obliged to wait and listen, practically a prisoner with only her imagination free to create the worst—real madness lay that way. If they were going to carry him off bound and helpless, she knew she must follow or die.

She rose and listened at the door. Jim was snoring like an exhaust-

A blow accompanied this. Ralph instinctively jerked away his head

it.

Joe chuckled. "So that's the sore
place, eh?"

He struck him again. Ralph took
it with set teeth.

She ran around the house and
down the trail toward the river. It
was not yet dark. Fearful of being
it with set teeth. doubled up under the willow-bran-ches like a partridge in cover. Every few seconds she stopped short, holding her breath in the ef-

> The turmoil of the brook still drowned all other sounds. A suggestion of men's voices and coarse laughter only tantalized her ears. Yesterday if anybody had told Kitty she would be spying on a camp of rough men to-day and listening to their talk she would have covered

her head in shame. She never thought of shame now She came closer and closer by little runs until no more than twenty yards separated her from their camp. She could see the light of their fire reflected on the high branches overhead. Here she crouched down behind a thick screen of leaves prepared to spend the night if

For a while she could hear nothing. She began to fear that they must have gone, after all, taking him. Suddenly a disembodied voice

went down the river."

"We'll get her!" cried Joe.

"What do you want with asked Jim curiously, "and there?"

Joe looked disconcerted. His thick wits had no answer ready.

"I don't know," said Jim.

When she and Jim returned to the shacks she collapsed again, and Jim had no difficulty in reasserting his parental authority. When the sudden hue and cry was raised after Ralph, Jim ordered her to remain behind locked doors while he went the said. "Try him again."

Kitty's heart stood still at the picture this called up. There was a sudden hue and cry was raised after Ralph, Jim ordered her to remain behind locked doors while he went the said. "Try him again."

When she and Jim returned to the said. "Try him again."

Kitty's heart stood still at the picture this called up. There was a sudden hue and cry was raised after the sudden hue and ture this called up. There was a pause; then another voice said bru-

She had no clue to the scene o her previous knowledge, but her in tuition told her what was taking place. Another pause, and a soft, torn groan reached Kitty's ears. She sprang up electrified. bordering on distraction, her quick imagination running ahead to ple-ture horrors overtaking the man she

Gone were all maidenly modes On his coming in she read in his face that the worst had not hapand shrinkings. Fiery-eyed and selfpened—but less than the worst was pened—but less than the worst was bad enough.

Little by little she wormed out of through the branches and stood

he thought l'd made a strike here in the country!"

Stack's eyes bolted; his little body writhed, and a curious, painful smile distorted his ashen face.

Jim shrugged and turned away. "It's nothing to me," he said. "Fight it out among yourselves."

As soon as Jim was safely out of hearing Joe turned to Ralph with an evil smile.

In pened—but less than the worst was bad enough.

Little by little she wormed out of the hald learned.

Jim affected to make light of the matter, insisting that Ralph was getting no more than his due. Kitty's truer instinct warned her that the half-breed, who slept by the fire, woke up and partly raised himself, who would stop at nothing, so they

(Continued in Friday's Daily.)

"Now I've got you where I want you!" he said triumphantly. He drew a significant line across his throat. "I can string you up to the tree over your head if I want, and go scot free for it!

"Setting a traveller's boat adrift is worse than murder up here! And I got three witnesses to swear to it. No jury in this country would convict. They'd thank me for strangling a coyote!"

Ralph proudly held his tongue. His air of unconcern infuriated the ex-butcher. "Damn you! I'll lower your proud stomach!" he cried. "I'll give the night to it! I've been saving up for this! Before "No with the shack was a ghastly bretense for her. Her hands shook so that she could scarcely lift the dishes. Her distracted eyes saw nothing they were turned on, all her faculties they were turned on, all her faculties they were turned on listening for sounds from the point. Jim, exaspondent.) Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dawes and family, spent Sunday in Brantford. Mrs. Wm. Clement spent over Sunday in Hatchley the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Lorne Scott. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Swears and of her distress, lost his temper and stormed at her with inconsistency worse than that he accused her of the ex-butcher. "Damn you! I'll lower your proud stomach!" he faculties they were turned on, all her faculties they were turned on listening for sounds from the point. Jim, exaspondent.) Mrs. Mrs. Lorne Scott. Mrs. and Mrs. Gordon Swears and children spent Sunday at Mr. C. H. Radford's. Mrs. Mrs. Charles Read, spent Mrs. M Secord has returned home after a week's visit in Harley. Mr. and Mrs. John Swears of Burford, are visiting their daughter Mrs. Charles Radford.

ford, are visiting their daughter Mrs Charles Radford.

Mrs. Wm. Coakley has returned tome after a visit in Brantford. We are sorry to report Mrs. John Read on the sick list. Mrs. Joe Dawes spent over Sunday

## BURFORD

(From Our Own Correspondent.) Mr. J. Hall has been on the sick Mr. E. Wingrove has purchased the Griffith Farm north of the vil-

lage.

Mr. Gilbert French is building a house on his place west of the village.

Mrs. J. Shellington of Burgessville is visiting friends here.

Miss Lunday of Mt. Pleasant spent the week-end with Mrs. Jos. Elvidge.

Mrs. Rutherford of Brantford is visiting relatives here.

Miss Hazel Elliott spent over Sabbath at the parental home.

Mrs. Benson Rutherford is visiting her mother, Mrs. Burgess in London.

Mrs. Burgess has returned home after spending a few months in To-

The death occurred at the home of Dr. Johnston on Saturday when the Doctor's sister-in-law Wealthey Rounds passed away. Miss Rounds had spent all of her life in or near Burford and was loved by all her friends. She was a member and faithful attendant of the Methodist hurch, and for years helped in the Missionary Society and Ladies' Aid She leaves to mourn her three sisters, Mrs. Pearce and Miss Ada Rounds of Brantford and Mrs. Cam-eron in Saskatoon. The funeral took place on Monday at 2 p.m. intern-

ery.
A quiet wedding took place at the parsonage Tuesday morning when Miss Gladys Swears was united in marriage to Mr. Donald Riggleworth. The happy young couple left for points west on the 11 a.m. train.

The boys at the front are busy. Vote for Cockshutt factories busy to help them.



The chubby babies - the hard-working wives - the feeble old folk of the British or Canadian sailor-what can he do for them when he himself is broken or maimed, drowned or blown up, at his perilous calling?

Nothing. His wage is pitifully meagre. His life hard. There are no pensions or "allowances" as in the army.

One hundred and forty five British ships sunk without a trace-"spurlos versenkt" is the infamous phrase-and thousands of other sunken ships have taken their toll of brave sailor men-

Yet never a British sailor has refused to sign on for another ship. They know of the thousands and thousands of tons of supplies that must be kept moving to the boys at the front. They know that cessation of British sea traffic would be the cutting of the

We who sleep safely at night from the Hun because of the heroic work of the Sailor amidst hidden mines and slinking murderous submarines—will we not be generous on

jugular vein of our war.

## Sailors' Day Dec. 8th

when the Daughters of the Empire will ask for our subscriptions for the sailors of the British Navy and the Mercantile Marine. Canada's gift last year of \$700,000 "for the relief of British and Canadian Sailors and their dependents, for Sailors' Homes, Institutes and Hospitals in Canada and throughout the British Empire" and for the work of the Navy League-will surely be surpassed.

The Sailor gives his strength, his life, his all for us. What shall we do for him? Objects of the Navy League of Canada ONTARIO BRANCH

Affiliated with the Navy League of

schools.

To raise funds for the relief of British and Canadian Sailors and their dependents for Sailors' Homes, Institutes and Hospitals in Canada and throughout the Empire.

To encourage volunteer Naval Brigades for boys and young men in which they can receive practical and theoretical instructions in seamanship to prepare them for service in our Mercantile Marine.

It shall be a fundamental principle of the League that its objects, membership, management and conduct shall be absolutely unconnected with and free from all party politics and from every organization connected with party politics.

Patrons-Their Excellencies the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, K.G., &c. of Devombire, K.G., &c.
Col. Sir John Hendrie, K.C.M.G., C.V.O.,
Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.
Hon. Pres.—Sir John C. Eston, K.B., S.S.D.
Pres.—Commodore Aemilius Jarvis, S.S.D.

of the Navy League of Canada, Lieut. Col. CECI

Help the Sailors



ECEMBER

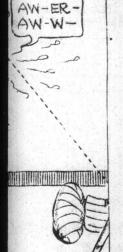
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ABS Country

TREET "We meet all trains."

y Wellington







LADY'S DRESS.

The fact that there is neither waist gathers nor inside belt to bother with is ple but very smart little dress, No. 8442. The upper section haugs straight from the

Size 36 requires 51/8 yards 36 inch material, % yard 36 inch contrasting goods and

To obtain this pattern, send 15 and help keep the munition cents to The Courier, Brantford. Any two patterns for 25 cents,