SISTERS THREE

Continued from Wednesday

In another second she was inside the gunsmith's shop, and Gaston had shut the door between themselves and the crowd. The old man put her into a chair and was regarding her with eyes that shone with pride and delight.

"Eh, Master Gaston, but yon be a fitty maid!"

Then Gipsy began to laugh. With her this was the natural rebound from a period of strain and tension. She looked up into the dark, gloomy face of the tall man beside her, and something of Audrey's whimsical humour seemed to look out of her golden-brown eyes.

"I don't seem aware of it if you have."

"Eh, but it were a foine shot—that it were! Clean through the heart of he! I saw, I'd bin afeard to try! But the maid, her took the gun and shot un clean dead. I was fair mazed to see it! Eh, but ef somebody hadn't done it, you widden be standing there so big and bold, Master Gaston!"

Gipsy stood up, arranging her hat and ruffled curls with deft feminine touches, in spite of the fact that she had just been playing a man's part in a scene of extreme excitement.

"My father taught me to shoot. He said he must have a boy, and the only boy of us had died as a child, so he took me instead. I've shot at a mark from being quite a little girl, and for years I used to go out with the guns when we had our shoots. I can shoot with a rifle too, and with almost any gun. It's no credit to me. I was just taught."

"And I suppose you've been big game shooting, and think nothing of grizzlies or lions or tigers and that sort of small fry. A mad wolf is nothing to you!"

"Mad! Was he mad?"

"I heard so. It was all over the place this morning, that a wolf had gone mad and escaped. We were going to organise an armed search-party for the brute, when all of a sudden he was in the midst of us."

"A mad wolf!" Gipsy blanched a little, realizing the imminence of her own peril afresh. She had read of mad wolves in Russia, and the horror of the narrative lived with her yet. "A mad wolf—and you knew it—and did what you did?"

Gaston very slightly shrugged his shoulders.

"The gun wasn't loaded, else I'd have shot the brute. One had to do something."

"Most people were content with shouting and yelling."

"Fools! They ought to have known that only made things worse. The brute might have kept on the skulk if they had not scared him by all that row. After that he was bound to go for something or somebody."

"I think I had better be getting home," said the girl. "My sisters might perhaps hear some rumor about a wolf at large and be anxious about me."

"I'll get your horse around to the other door in the back street," said Gaston; "you'll not be so bothered there by admiring spectators. And if you will give me three minutes I will order mine around from the Lion and see you home."

Gipsy opened her lips to decline this offer of escort, but already Gaston had turned on his heel, and the girl for almost the first time in her life, experienced a sensation akin to that of nameless, nervous fear.

She realized that on the whole she would not object to company on her homeward ride. It would be strange company in truth; but then, were not the circumstances strange indeed.

Her enemy had suddenly become her champion; and then she had turned the tables once again and had acted champion for him. Somehow it made the whole situation strange and complicated. Gipsy felt as though all her ideas had turned topsy-turvy with her; but she tried to set them in order—to grip her emotions and get them under control. Never had she been more glad of her skill with a gun than she was today. It would have been simply too awful for words if he had done all that for her and she had not been able to help or succor him. As it was the account was pretty evenly balanced between them. Onl ythings could never be quite as they were before. That Gipsy felt through every fibre of her being as she put her foot in Gaston's hand and felt the strong upward swing he gave her to lift her to the saddle. The next minute they were riding away side by side, taking the least-frequented route from the town, and, though they did not altogether escape a few ovations from isolated groups standing about, the chief excitement now centred about the corpse of the great gray wolf.

The story of the prowess of Gaston and Gipsy was already reaching vast dimensions. With a twist of his grim-set lips he amused her by two or three items of information which he had culled, and the girl's clear laugh rang out more than once, albeit Gipsy was not quite herself. Her nerves were throbbing in a fashion quite strange to her, and queer little thrills kept running all through her body, somewhat like those which she felt were agitating the frame of Viking, who started at every sound, snorted and paused before rounding each corner, and who tested her horsemanship pretty shrewdly to-day—a thing she could very well understand.

Gipsy saw that Gaston was scrutinising her and her horse, and more than once she saw that his left hand just moved her way, as though ready to be laid upon her bridle-rein should Viking suddenly seek to bolt and break away.

"He's got the jumps pretty badly, poor chap," the young woman observed, with a smile that was less grim than usual, "and no wonder either! He's a lot of blood and breeding in him, and that makes for nerves. I wonder why he didn't stampede with the rest? You never can reckon on horses. It's either cut and run—off like a whirlwind—or they stand like a rock and nothing will budge them. I've seen horses in a burning stable. It's a thing one doesn't wish to see twice. If you get them out by almost superhuman efforts, I've known them to rush back into the blazing building again to their death. One can't understand it, but so it is."

Gipsy rode on for a little while in silence. Then she spoke with quick vehemence.

"You saved my life—or Viking's—or both! I want to thank you for that."

"You needn't, for you saved mine afterwards, and we can cry quits As a matter of fact, don't think you were in danger, apart from what your horse might have done when the brute got him by the throat. I think he was going to spring for that."

"When you rushed out and grappled him with your bare hands."

"Do you call these my bare hands?"—and Gaston held out a large shaply hand in a thick dogskin riding-glove.

But against the teeth of a mad wolf!"

"Well he didn't get a chance with his teeth—you stopped that. I've had tussles before this with wild things at bay, I've been in tight corners before, but I'll tell you one thing—I wasn't clear a bit that in that crowd of yelling yokels there would be a single fellow man enough to take a gun and shoot the brute without shooting me. We don't bring up our youngsters as they were brought up once—handy and resourceful and courageous. We make 'em soft and namby- pamby, and then we wonder where all the good sort have gone who used to be of some use. So I wasn't clear what was going to be the end of it unless old Treyanna himself tried a pot shot, and he's a bit old and shaky, though a fine chap in his way. He knows plenty about guns, but I don't think he's used them much of late himself. However, there was one person there capable of doing the job, and that's all that really matters."

He looked at Gipsy and she looked a. him, and a red flush dyed her face. Something in the look of those dark sombre eyes of his stirred a feeling in her which was new and bewildering. As though in self-defence, she spoke out with a note of hasty defiance in her tones.

"Perhaps you think that if I were a nice girl I should tell you that after to-day we would renounce our right of way through your plantation and that you could lock up and chain the gates as soon as you like; but I'm not going to do anything of the kind, so you need not think it!"

"I had not thought it, thank you," he answered, with a coolness which was somewhat exasperating, "and I have not the least wish that you should be a nice girl."

"Thank you; I suppose you mean to say that a girl who rides cross-saddle and shoots wolves with a gun never could be nice—is scarcely a girl at all, in fact."

"I don't know that I thought it out like that. All I said was that I did not expect you to be anything different from what you were—at least, that was what I meant."

"It was not exactly what you said though I dare say it comes much to the same thing. Of course I quite understand. I know what men are about girls who do the same things as they do, and perhaps do them as well or better."

"Perhaps you heard what old Trevanna said as we left his shop, did you? 'I'll be hanged ef the women don't be as good as we at most kind o' work!' So you have least one admirer behind you at Rockho."

Was he laughing at her? Gipsy's face flamed, though she laughed because she could not help it.

At this moment they came to the parting of their ways.. There were the bridal path leading to the Crag and the wide road which would take him to his own home.

"Good-bye," she said, "and thank you—for everything!"

And, without waiting for other farewell or offer of escort, she set Viking at a long, smooth canter over the soft path and with a wave of the hand vanished along the tree-lined way.

Gaston Lebreton, cap in hand, sat watching her diminishing figure, and when it was lost to view he rode quietly homewards to the Keep.

(To be continued)

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KATHLYN WILLIAMS
In "The Ne'er Do Well," at the Brant

CAINSVILLE NEWS

(From our own correspondent.)

The Baptist Mission held their annual Rally Day on October 1st, which was largely attended. The program consisted of as follows: Solos were given by Grace Burke, Mae Davies, and Mrs. Vassant; an address on "Our King and Our Foes" by Mrs. Wrighton; an address on "Our Victory" by Mr. Pickwick.

A baby boy has arrived at the home of Mr. J. Miller.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. F. Cole is quite ill.

A Cradle Tea was held at the parsonage Wednesday Sept. 27th, when a goodly number of babies and mothers came out to enjoy the afternoon. A dainty lunch was served and the event proved quite a success.

Mr. Major Foulger returned to his home at Rainy River last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Poag and Master Gordon, were visiting in Middleport on Sunday.

Mr. Frank Cole and Master George Eade and Mrs. Carmody, were in Jarvis on Wednesday attending the funeral of Mrs. Eade (Sr.) who passed away on Monday, after a lingering illness, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Philips.

Mrs. J. Sullivan was in Toronto the fore part of this week, bidding her brother good-bye, who is to leave for overseas active service.

MOUNT ZION

(From our own correspondent.)

Mrs. Joseph Nemeth has returned home after a month's visit with her sister at Galt.

Mr. and Mrs. John Read and daughters, attended Norwich Fair on Wednesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Dawes, spent Sunday last with friends in Woodstock.

Quite a number from here attended the school fair at Cathcart on Monday last.

Mrs. A. Steele and daughter, of Flint, Mich, is spending a couple of weeks with their daughter and sister, Mrs. J. Wodhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Swears and children, spent Sunday under the parental roof.

Mr. Amos Hanson was the guest of friends in Northfield on Sunday last.

Miss Alice Clement has gone to spend some months with friends in Buffalo.

Mrs. Lot Brooks of Paris Plains, spent a couple of days last week with her brother, Mr. Wm. Coakley.

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE

SCOTLAND

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr. and Mrs. Langs of Round Plains visited Mr. Harry Langs.

Mrs. Dunn spent last Thursday in Buffalo attending the funeral of her brother-in-law.

We are sorry to report the death on Friday morning of Mrs. Charles McCombs, after a lingering illness. The funeral was held on Sunday to Scotland cemetery, and was largely attended.

CANNING

(From Our Own Correspondent)

A number from here attended the funeral of the late Filmore Showers, which took place from his late residence, Governor's Road, near Etona, to the Paris cemetery on Friday, the 29th Sept., and was largely attended. The Rev. Mr. Volick conducted the service in his usual earnest and comforting manner. The sincerest sympathy of a wide circle of friends is extended to the sorrowing widow and family in this their sad bereavement.

As next Sunday will be rally day in the Etona Sunday school, there will be no preaching service, as the time will be taken up with the school. Mr. John Elms, the superintendent of the Sunday school, takes a great interest in the work of the school in all its branches. His brother, William, is bible class teacher, and his earnest teaching is a great help to the spiritual welfare of his class. All are invited to attend and bring their friends, and have a good time together.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart of Tillsonburg, and Mrs. Pick and son and Mr. and Mrs. Karle of Brantford visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Buckborough, Hill House, recently.

Those from here who took in the Paris show last week, report having a good time.

Mr. Given was in Paris on Friday.

Mrs. Chesney was in Paris on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Given attended Divine worship at Paris on Sunday.

The repairing of the apron of the dam was finished last week, and the chopping mill is in full swing again.

A few from the village attended the Martin sale on the fourth concession on Monday, the 2nd.

Newport.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Rally day was observed on Sunday when the church was filled to its capacity. Rev. James Drew gave a splendid address on the word "Watch."

Mr. Will Franklin, the superintendent, presided. Solos by Mr. Rupert Greenwood and Miss Hilda Wood were very much appreciated.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hodge and family of the city, motored to Newport on Sunday and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fielding Emmott.

Mrs. George E. Wood spent Monday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Phillips and daughter, Marion, attended the Wesley Methodist Sunday school rally.

Miss Carolyn Emmott spent over the week-end at the parental home.

Mrs. Clinton Duckworth and wee son of the city, spent a few days with Mrs. Arthur Birdsall.

The Misses Phillipo were the guests of the Misses Atkinson on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Warne, city, were Sunday guests with Mr. and Mrs T. Emmott.

Miss Annie Drew is visiting at Preston.

Master Jamie Bailey took first prize on a calf at the school fair.

Wedding bells in the near future.

RANELAGH

(From our own correspondent.)

Mr. Hunter of Detroit is the guest of his nephew, Mr. Ransome Wood.

Mrs. W. Walker and Miss Terryberry were the guests of Mrs. George Cronkwright on Thursday.

Mrs. J. A. Jull spent Monday afternoon of last week with Mrs. Thos. Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. John Haggerman, and daughter, Ethel, of Scotland, took dinner at Mr. James E. Hoggard's on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Wood took dinner on Sunday at Mr. Walker's.

We are glad to report that the babe of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cooper, who has been seriously ill, is improving nicely.

Mr. Clifford Cooper and Master Eddie McIntyre of Brantford, spent over Sunday at Mr. R. Cooper's.

Sunday was anniversary day at Little Lake. Rev. Springer of Oakland preached both morning and evening to a full house.

The concert on Monday evening was a grand success.

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ONONDAGA COUNCIL

(From our own Correspondent.)

The regular October meeting was held in Middleport instead of Onondaga on account of the Hall being used for show purposes. All the members were present.

Several communications were received and ordered filed. Some of the council motored out to inspect the cement bridges that were being erected by James Thompson. They reported that the one at Patterson's was completed, one on the side road lacked the side railing, and the other bridge foundation was dug and ready for the cement, filling to be commenced some time that afternoon. Everything seemed to be satisfactory and they felt that the contractor deserves credit for the class of work he turns out.

The Onondaga Agricultural Society received the usual grant of $25.

Geno Deagle interviewed the council, claiming damages for one sheep killed by dogs. The council granted him $10. The following accounts were also paid: D. W. Moore, printing collectors' slips, $4.50; Ideal Brick and Tile Co., tile for beat 32, $6; R. Dougherty, repairing bridges and teaming, $16; Mr. Thompson also received $1,600 on account.

A by-law was passed authorizing the Reeve to borrow from the Bank of B. N. America $1,700 for current expenses.

The council expects to meet at Patterson's bridge on Tuesday afternoon Oct. 10th, at 2 o'clock to receive tenders for the filling in of the approaches to the three cement bridges.

The next regular meeting of the council will be held in Mitchell's hall on Monday, Nov. 27th.

BURFORD

(From our own correspondent.)

Howard Parker of Brantford, spent the week-end with Mr. E. W. Robinson.

Mr. F. Costin, of Cathcart, has purchased the house occupied by Mr. H. Bull.

Mr. Hitchmough has purchased Mr. E. Park's farm at the west end of the village.

Mr. and Mrs. Service Hunt have returned from their wedding trip.

Mrs. H. Stuart left last week to spend a few weeks in the Sanitorium at Battle Creek.

Mr. M. Bates of Mt. Forest spent a few days this week with Mr. Peter Bates.

Mrs. W. Rowe of Mt. Pleasant, visited Mrs. Henderson last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Haylon of Oxford Centre were Sabbath visitors in the village.

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