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THE WEEKLY ONTARIO. THURSDAY DECEMBER 7, 1916



of the push button was only a touch, and there was no an-swering skirl of the bell in the adjoining room. But as if the intention had evoked it a shadow crossed behind the superintendent's chair and came to rest at the end of the roll top desk. Lidgerwood looked up with his eyes affame. It was Hallock who was standing at the desk's end, and he was pointing to the memorandum on

the calendar pad. "You made that note three days ago," he said abruptly. "I saw your train come in and your light go on. What bill of lading was it you wanted to see me about?" For an instant Lidgerwood failed to

understand. Then he saw that in ab breviating he had unconsciously used the familiar sign "B-L," the common abbreviation of "bill of lading." "Sit down," he rapped out. "That isn't 'bill of lading;' it's 'building and loan.' " Hallock dragged the one vacant

chair into the circle illuminated by the

"We can cut out the details"-this from the man who, under other conditions, would have gone diplomatical-ly into the smallest details. "Some years ago you were the treasurer of the Mesa Building and Loan associa-tion. When the association went out of business its books showed a cash balance in the treasury. What became of the money?"

Hallock was silent for a time, so long a time that Lidgerwood burst out impatiently, "Why don't you answer

"I was just wondering if it is worth while for you to throw me overboard," said the chief. clerk, speaking slowly and quite without heat. "You are needing friends pretty badly just now. if you only knew it, Mr. Lidgerwood." W. D. Hanle & Co. The cool retort, as from an equal in rank, added fresh fuel to the fre. "I'm not buying friends with conces-sions to injustice and crooked deal-ing," Lidgerwood exploded. "You were 329 Front St. Bellevile in the railroad service when the money was paid over to you, and you are in the railroad service now. I want to **Give Your** Wife know where the money went." "It's none of your business, Mr. Lidan Interest "By heavens, I'm making it my into the unused space under the raftthe family's finanwere robbed say that you are an emcial progress by openzier, a thief. If you are not you've ing a Joint Account got to clear yourself. If you are you can't stay in the Red Butte service In the Union Bank another day; that's all." Again there was a silence surcharged with electric possibilities. When Hallock spoke it was still without anger. "I don't care a hang for your chief clerkship," he said calmly, "but for reasons of my own I am not ready to quit on such short notice. When I am ready you won't have to discharge me. Upon what terms can 1 stay?" "I've stated them," said the one who was angry. "Discharge your trust, make good in dollars and cents or THE show cause why you were caught with an empty cash box." "You seem to take it for granted that I was the only grafter in the building and loan business," the chief clerk objected. "I wasn't. On the con-OF CANADA HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO trary, I was only a necessary cog in the wheel. Somebody had to make the deductions from the payrolis, and"-BUSINESS ACCOUNTS "I'm not asking you to make ex-cuses," stormed Lidgerwood. "I'm tell-All' classes of business accounts clises, stormen inter work on the good! ing you that you've got to make good! If the money was used legitimately you or some of your fellow officers in the company should be able to show it. If the others left you to hold the bag it is due to yourself, to the men who were held up and to me that you set yourself straight. Go to Flemister -he was your president. wasn't he?--and get him to make a statement that I can show to the grievance con tee. That will let you out and me Hallock stood up and leaned over the dest end. His saturnine face was a mask of cold rage, but his eyes were "If I thought you knew what you're "If I thought you knew what you're saying." he began in the grating volce, "but you don't-you can't know!" Then, with a sudden break in the flerce tone: "Don't send me to Flem-ister for my clearance-don't do it. Mr. Lidgerwood: It's playing with fire 1 Painting Repairing Upholstering didn't steal the money: I'll swear to it on a stack of Bibles a mile high all kinds of Automobiles Repaired Flemister will tell you so if he is paid Painted, and Upholstering, ms price. But you don't want me pay the price. If 1 do"-"Go on," said Lidgerwood, frown-ing. "If you do, what then?" commerc allBodies for Ford: Cars

are after and a good deal more gain 1 am going to ask you if it is north while to throw me overboard?" You've had my last word, Hallock. and all this talk about consequences that you don't explain is beside the Get me that statement from er and do it soon. I am not to have it said that we are fightng graft in one place and covering it ck straightened up and but-

"By all the rules of the game

nding the road he was filling Angels with a growing army of ex-em-ployees, desperate and ripe for any

"I can't help it, Mac," was his in-variable reply. "Unless they put me out of the fight I shall go on as I have gun, staying with it until we have a ailroad in fact-or a forfeited charter. Do the best you can, but let it be plainly and distinctly inderstood that the man who isn't with us is against us, and the man who is against us is ing to get a chance to hunt for a new job every time."

Whereupon the trainmaster's homely face would take on added furrowings of distress

"That's all right. Mr. Lidgerwood. That is stout, two fisted talk, all right, and I'm not doubting that you mean every word of it. But-they'll murder you. "That is neither here nor there-what they will do to me. I handled them with gloves at first, but they

wanted the bare fist. They've got it now, and, as I have said before, we are going to fight this thing through to a complete and artistic finish. Who goes east on 202 today 7" goes east on 202 today?" "It is Judson's run, but he is laying

What is the matter with

"No; just plain drunk."

"Fire him. I won't have a single olitary man in the train service who gets drunk. Tell him so." "All right; one more stick of dynamite, with a cap and fuse in it. turned ioose under foot." prophesied McClos-key gloomily. "Judson goes." "Never mind the dynamite. Now. what has been done with Johnston, that conductor who turned in \$3 as

the total cash collections for a hunfred and fifty mile run?" "I've had him up. He grinned and mid that that was all the money there was; everybody had tickets."

"You don't believe it?" "No. Grantby, the superintendent of he Ruby mine, came in on Johnston's

train that morning, and he registered a kick because the Ruby Gulch station agent wasn't out of bed in time to sell him a ticket. He paid Johnston on the train, and that one fare alone was

Lidgerwood was adding another mi-nute square to the penciled checker-board on his desk blotter. intends to kill you. You can take it straight. He means it. And that was

what brought me up bere tonight, not "Discharge Johnston and hold back that memorandum on your desk calenhis time check. Then have him artested for stealing, and wire the legal department at Denver that I want him

Again McCloskey's rough cast face became the outward presentment of a ul in anxious trouble. "Call it done-and another stick of

dynamite turned loose," he acqui-escod. "Is there anything else?" "Yes. What have you found out about that missing switch engine?" "Nothing yet. I'm bunting for proof." "Against the men you suspect? Who are they, and what did they do with

McCloskey became dumb.

"I don't dare to say part of it until I can say it all, Mr. Lidgerwood. You hit too quick and too hard. But tell me one thing-have you had to report the loss of that engine to anybody birther no?" higher up?"

in that in addition to the evil of short locked up puzzle box every way I could locked up puzzle box every way I could think of ever since. Hallock knows where that engine went." "What makes you think so?"

"I'll tell you. Robinson, the night eer, was a little late leaving ber that night. His fireman had gone home, and so had the yardmen. After he had crossed the yard coming out he saw a man sneaking toward the shifter, keeping in the shadow of the coal chutes. He was just curious to want to know who it was, and he made a little sneak of his own. When found it was Hallock he went home ight no more about it till I got to talk."

Lidgerwood had gone back to the pencil and the blotting pad and the making of squares. "But the motive. Mac?" he questioned without looking up. "How could the theft or the detion of a locomotive serve any se that Hallock might have in

McClosky did not mean any disre-spect to his superior officer when he re-corted: "I'm no cyclopedia. There are lots of things I don't know. But un-loss you call it off I'm going to know a few more of them before I gnit." "I don't call it off. Mac. Find out what you can. But I can't believe that Hallock is beading this organized robbery and rebellion."

"Somebody is heading it to a dead moral certainty, Mr. Lidgerwood. The licks are coming too straight and too all timed "

"Find the man, if you can, and we'll minate him. And, by the way, if it mes to the worst, how will Hepm, the town marshal stand?" The trainmaster shook his head.

"I don't know. Jack's got plenty of nd, but he was elected out of the ops and by the railroad vote. If it mes to a showdown against the who elected him"-"That is what I mean," nodded Lid

rerwood. "It will come to a showdown sooner or later if we can't nin the ringleaders. Young Rufford and

a dozen more of the dropped employees are threatening to get even. That train wrecking, mis witches, arson-anything you like. At the first break there are going to be some very striking examples made of all the wreckers and looters we can

land on. Where had McCloskey fallen

the idea that this carefully laundered gentleman, who never missed his daily plunge and scrub and still wore im-maculate linen, lacked the confidence of his opinions and convictions? The

ster knew and he thought Lidgerwood must also know that the first w of the vengeful ones would be cted at the man rather than, at:

the company's property. "I guess maybe Hepburn will do his duty when it comes to the pinch," he said finally. And the subject having apparently exhausted itself, he went apparently exhausted itself, he went about his business, which was to gall up the telegraph operator at Timan-yoni to ask why he had broken the

requiring the conductor and enders in his presence. Lidgerwood closed his desk on the pen-ciled blotting pad and groped his way. down the unlighted stair to the Grow's

sht and the starry dome of it faced for the superintendent ash of red lightning and a the lap louder than the crash of wor When he began to realize

ad the draftsman's mother as anxiously from the door. "What was it?" Lidgerwood asked

"A man tried to kill you," said Day on in his most matter of fact t T happened along just in time to j to his arm. That and your quick d iid the business. Not hurt, are you Lidgerwood was gripping the and trying to steady like a violent attack of ague, w

"No." he returned, mastering hattering teeth by the supre fort of will. "Thanks to you, I gues--I'm-not hurt. Who w-was the man ?"

"It was Bufford. He followed as from the Grow's Nest, Williams a him and put me on, so 1 follow him." "Williams? Then he isn't"-"No," said Dawson, anticipating th query. "He is with us,: and be swinging the best of the engineers in line. But come into the dotte and in me give you a drop of whisky. This thing has got on your nerves a hit-and no wonder."

"Bufford, you said. You mean the discharged telegraph operator?" "Worse luck," said Dawson. "It was his brother Bart, the lookout in Bedlight Sammy's, the fellow they call "he killer."

> CHAPTER VILL BRIDGE TIMBER

was on the morning following the startling episode at the Dawson gate that Berson, lately arrived from the west on train 204, can into the superintendent's office with the light of discovery in his eye. But the fight of discovery in his eye. He the discovery was made to wait. "What's this they were telling me down at the lunch counter just not— about somebedy taking a pot shot it you last night?" he asked. "Dough-erty said it was Bart Rufford. Whe

Lidgerwood confirmed the gossie with a nod. "Yes, it was Rufford, be Dawson says. 1 didn't recognize him, though. It was too dark." "Well, I'm mighty ghad to see that he didn't get you. What was the new?"

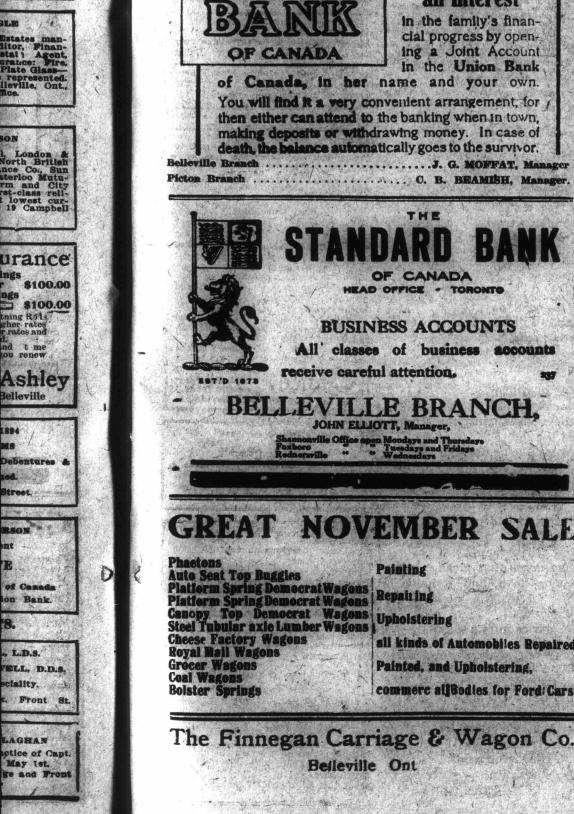
"I don't know definitely.. I suppor R was because I told McCloskey I discharge his brother awhile back." "A pretty close call, wasn't it, was Dougherty only putting on a fe frills to go with my cup of coffee?"

"It was close enough," admitt Lidgerwood, half abseitly. He will thinking not so much of the narr scape as of the fresh and humiliati evidence it had afforded of his of wretched unrendiness

"All right; you'll come around to ray of thinking after swille. I on, Lidgerwood, you've get, to yenreeff when you live in a gun co try. I said I wouldn't do it, bu have done it, and Fli tell you ri new when anybody in this blas desert makes monkey motions at I'm going to blow the top of his

The Kind You Have Always Boucht shaded desk electric and sat on the "IS IT WORTH WHILE TO THROW ME OVER BOARD?" edge of it, with his hands on his knees. "Well?" he said in the grating ert-I ought to be giving you twenty-four hours to get out of gunshot. Mr. Lidgerwood. Instead of that I am goroice that was so curiously like Grid. ing to do you a service. You remem **Poultry Wanted** ber that operator. Rufford, that you lischarged a few days ago?" "Tes." "Bart Rufford, his brother, the look out at Redlight's place, has invited a few friends to take notice that he We will pay you the Highest prices for

For a long time after the door had jarred to its shutting behind Hallock jarred to its shutting behind Hallock Lidgerwood sat at his deak idle and abstractedly thoughtful. Twice with-in the interval he pulled out a small drawer under the roll top and made as if he would take up the weapon it contained, and each time he closed the drawer to break with the tempta-tion to put the pistol into his pocket. Later, after he had forced himself to go to work, a door slammed some-where in the dispatcher's end of the building, and automatically his hand shot out to the closed drawer. Then he made his decision and carried it out. Taking the nickel plated thing from its hiding place and breaking it to eject the cartridges, he went to the end door of the corridor, which opened into the unused space under the raft-



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CHAPTER VIL THE BULLER. ALLOCK leaned still farther over the desk end. "If I do you'll get what you

ers, and fung the weapon to the far thest corner of the dark loft. Lidgerwood had found little difficulty in getting on the companionable side of Dawson, so far as the heavy muscled,

silent young draftsman had a compan-ionable side, and an invitation to the family dinner table at the Dawson cotninute." tage on the low mesa above the town

had followed as a matter of course. Once within the home circle, with Benson to plead his cause with the meek little woman whose brown eyes held the shadow of a deep trouble. Lidgerwood had still less difficulty in

arranging to share Benson's permanent

table welcome. Lidgerwood's acceptance as a table boarder in the cottage on the mesa being hospitably prompt, he was com-ing and going as regularly as his over-sight of the 300 miles of demoraliza-tion permitted before the buffoonery of the Red Butte Western suddenly laugh-ed liself out and war was declared. In the interval he had come to concur very heartily in Benson's opposition to Gridley as Faith Dawson's possible

choice. There was little to be done in this field, however. Gridley came and went, not too often, figuring always as a friend of the family and usurping no more of Miss Dawson's time and atention than she seemed willing to bestow upon him. Lidgerwood saw no chance to obstruct and no good reason for obstructing. At all events, Gridley did not furnish the reason.

After the storm broke there were no more quiet evenings on the cottage porch for a barassed superintendent Lidgerwood came and went as befor when the rapidly recurring wrecks did not keep him out on the line, but he scrapulously left his troubles behind him when be climbed to the cottage

on the mesa. Quite naturally his silence on the one topic which was stirring the Red desert from the Crosswater hills to Timanyoni canyon was a poor mask. The increasing gravity of the situation wrote itself plainly enough in his face, and Faith Dawson was sorry for him, giving him silent sympathy unasked if not wholly unexpected. The town talk of Angels, what little of it reached the cottage, was harshiy condem-natory of the new superintendent. After the mysterious disappearance

After the mysterious disappearance of the switching engine-mystery still unsolved and apparently unsolvable-he struck fast and hard, searching painstakingly for the leaders in the re-bellion, reprimanding, suspending and quietly. And the second Whish in a we

"No-that is, I guess not. Wait a

A touch of the bell push brought A fouch of the peri push brought Hallock to the door of the inner office. "Hallock, have you reported the dis-appearance of that switching engine to Mr. Frisble?" asked the superis-

dent. The answer seemed reluctant, and it was given in the single word of as-

"When?" asked Lidgerwood "In the weekly summary for last week. You signed it," said the chief clerk.

"Did I tell you to include, that par-ticular item in the report?" Lidger-wood did not mean to give the in-quiry the tang of an implied reproof, but the fight with the outlaws was beginning to make his manner incl-

"You didn't need to tell me. I know

my business," said Hallock, and his tone matched his superior's. Lidgerwood looked at McCloskey and at the trainmaster's almost im-perceptible nod, said "That's all," and allock disappeared and closed the

"Well?" queried Lidgerwood sharply when they had privacy again. McCloskey was shifting uneasily from one foot to the other.

from one foot to the other. "You're got a man for your chief clerk who has kept this whole town guessing for two years. Mr. Lidger-wood: Some say he is a woman killer, but they all agree that he's as spite-ful as an Indian. He wanted your job. Supposing he still wants ft?" "Stick to the facts. Mac," said the su-merintedant "You're theoriting new

perintendent. "You're theorizing now. "Well, by gravels, I will!" rasped McCloskey. "Hallock puts in his day-

time scratching away at his desk out there. But when that desk is shut up you'll find him at the roundhouse, over in the freight yard, round the switch shantles or up at Biggs'-anywhere he can get half a dozen of the men to zether., I haven't found a man ye that I could trust to keep tab on him, and I don't know what he's doing, but

I can guess." "Is that all?" said Lidgerwood

14. K. K. T. T. M.

"No, it isn't. That switch engine dropped out two weeks ago last Tues-

"I shall have to report it to General Manager Frisble, of course, if we don't find it." "But haven't you already reported ht?" The day passenger from the east yea, in, and the hostler had just coupled engine 266 to the train for the night -run to Red Butte. Lidgerwood mark-ed the engine's number and saw Daw-

on talking to Williams, the en as he turned the corner at the pasger station end of the build Later, when he was crossing the open. plana separating the railroad yard

- Caser

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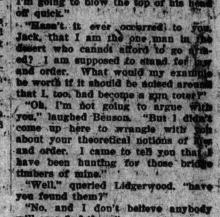
FLASH OF RED LIGHTNING.

from the town, he thought he heard

the draftsman's step behind him and

waited for Dawson to come up. The rearward darkness, made black, w by contrast with the white beam of

the 266's headlight, yielding no one and no further sounds, he went on,



"No, and I don't believe anybody

"But you have discovered

thing?" "Parily yes and partly no. -I think I told you at the time that they vin-ished between two days like a buff of smoke, leaving no trace behalf them. How it was done I couldn't magine. There is a wagon road pur-alleling the river over there at the siding, as you know, and the first thing I did the next morning was to look for wagon tracks. No set of wheels carrying anything is heavy as those 12 by 12 twenty-fours had going over the road." hing?"

where they is the engineer. "Hy theory was that they were taken then? The couldn't have been fonted fown in river, could they?". "It was possible, but not at all probable," said the engineer. "Hy theory was that they were taken away b

comebody's railroau, car. Serve we only two sources of information first-the night operator 'at Lit Butte, twelve miles weak, and trackwalker at Point of Rocks, wh trackwalker at Point of Rocks, who beat goes down to within two or the miles of the Gloris bridge. Good at Little Butte, reports that there vi-nothing moving on the midhight freis dist, and Shaughnessy. The fractwar-er, is just a plate, universited if He knows a lot more than he will te "Still, you are looking a good more cheerful than you were h week." was Lidgerwood's suggestio "Tes. After I got the work star again with a new set of timbers and no further sounds, he went ou, past the tar paper covered hotel, past the flanking of saloons and the false fronted shops, past the Arcade with its crimson sidewalk eye setting the danger signal for all who should en-"Tes. After I got the work started again with a new set of timbers I spent three or four days on the ground digging for information like a dog aft er a woodchuck. There are sume prou-pectors panning on the bar three miles up the Gloria, but they knew aothing ter Redlight Sammy's, and so up to the mesa and to the course of 7 o'elect

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His hand was on the latch of the poryard gate when a man rose out of. and state the state the gloom-out of the ground at his a reprised to he a stand