

THE BACKWOODSMAN

By Acton Seymour.

"You are going?" she asked, starting after him, her hands outstretched. "I propose to save your property," he declared "If they get away with what they're after, now, we may as well give up the fight for the rest. Possession is more than nine points, the way the game is played up here, Miss Corran. I've been studying the matter, and I know. They shan't have it!"

"Let them take it," she cried passionately "It's all steal and cheat and struggle and fight for a little more money. I don't want money that's gained that way. Let them take it! I order you to stay here!"

"I'll have to disobey that order," he said. "I've taken the position of your manager. I'll be pointed out as a coward and a shirk if I let them rob you. I can't hold up my head again. It's a matter of honor, Miss Corran. I must go."

She saw that words were useless. She hurried to him, and clasped his hand.

"Then, go, with my godspeed," she cried. "Go, and win!"

The Corran spirit — the spirit of Queen Clare, of the Great Toban — spoke, then. He raised her hand and kissed it. Uncontrollable impulse prompted him.

"I can't help winning, carrying that word from you," he said, gazing into her sparkling eyes.

He left her, running down into the village, Romeo Bragg at his heels leading his weary horse.

A half hour after, Harry was marshaling his men toward the north.

Harry had no doubt as to the zeal and loyalty of his rough-and-ready troops. He strode with them about, and found that keeping up with their woodsman's lunge taxed his strength.

He did not have to urge them forward. They were on a mission for "Queen Clare."

Each man carried his provisions. They ate beside running brooks. At night they leaned against trees and slept.

It was late in the afternoon when they arrived in the neighborhood of the operation on Number Eleven.

Harry had been pondering on methods as he trudged through the woods. He determined to speak softly at the outset, and so he left his men behind him in a ravine, and went alone to the camp of the trespassers.

They were making a wholesale slaughter of the tract. Harry's forerunner sensibilities were pained by evidence of the rough-hacking. The mere system of operating would have convinced an expert that these men realized that they were not dealing with their own property.

Without difficulty, he found the man in charge — a short-necked, pig-eyed, thorough specimen of obstinate bull strength.

The thieves had picked their tool well.

He broke in on the young man's first speech of protest.

"Go settle that with headquarters. I'm set here to get this timber out. I ain't paid for nothin' else."

"But you know you're operating on land that belongs to the Corran estate."

"Don't know nothin' about it. It ain't my work to locate operations. I'm hired to fell timber and get it out."

"Who hired you?"

"That's private business between me and them that pay me my money. I ain't supposed to tell my business to every stranger that comes along."

"I'll be no stranger to you in mighty short order, my man," declared George, his temper rising. "I'm Miss Corran's agent and manager of her lands, and I order you to stop cutting here."

"Then you and Jep. Wiggins have got it settled who's really manager, have you?" sneered the man. "You may have it settled to suit you, but that don't convince me. I tell you to go to headquarters!"

"I'm going to headquarters — you can be sure of that. I'll trace this thing to the men who order it. I'll begin with you. Who gave you your instructions to cut here?"

The man was stubborn and insolent. He had received his orders, evidently.

"You ain't goin' to worm nothin' out of me," he growled. "I've been in law, once, and I don't propose to get there again."

He turned and stamped away, shouting orders to a crew.

Harry followed him, determined to force information, and crying certain angry threats. The man whirled and struck. The blow was unexpected.

and so was the manner in which George, prize wrestler of his college, received it. He caught the boss' wrist, snapped it under his left arm, leaped back, dragging the fellow off his footing, and drove his right hand, palm open, with an upward blow against his face. It's a cruel feat of the Japanese system, and the man belated in agony. He stood staggering with his eyes shut, and George struck him again, this time with his fist, felling him. He felt lustful joy as he did it. He was beating these l.utes of the woods on the plan they had chosen. He had found that the manners of the gentleman did not prevail.

The boss struggled up, holding his bruised face, running about searching for a club, howling commands to his men to help kill "the craw-fisted hyena."

The young man hurried away. He was not prepared to fight a multitude. The boss contented himself with hurling rocks after his foe. He also expressed himself fully as to what he would do if George ever showed himself there again.

After Harry had rejoined his men and explained the situation, he sat in silence. The outlook was not encouraging. Might had plainly superseded right in that section. His men were silent, too. Romeo Bragg solemnly wrenched off a chew of tobacco, his eyes on vacancy.

"Mr. George," he said, at last, "in times like these I go back to the fightin' part of the Old Testament for my Scripture. That and the Golden Rule." Harry glanced up at him inquiringly. "I mean to say, about doing unto others what you'd like to have 'em do to you. That fellow over yon, there, is working on the Golden Rule. And if he wants it done, it will be done. He's set the example. Will you excuse me for a few hours? I want to traipse down to one of old Corn Corran's depot camps that's below here."

He departed promptly, accepting his chief's gloomy silence for his answer.

George waited as patiently as he could. In that crisis there seemed to be nothing else that he could do.

The night had fallen when Bragg came back. He brought a sack that he handled with care. He stood in the light cast by the little camp fire over which the men had frizzled bacon for their supper.

"I ain't presumin' to give off orders," he said. "I'm only helpin' accordin' to my lights and followin' a few Scripture texts about swappin' eyes and teeth, even Stephen, when the occasion rises. This, here, is the baby!" He patted the sack.

"Dynamite!" said. "One of them sticks in the gizzard of that steam log hauler, other sticks scattered under their bridges and along that road they've built, and mebbe a stick under their wangan camp where their provisions are stored — and I reckon they'll be the ones that will have to go to headquarters — for fresh orders and a few things to do business with! At any rate, there won't be much lumberin' goin' on here at Number Eleven for a while!"

"Wicked! That's a wicked proposition, Bragg!"

"Well," drawled Romeo, "it ain't exactly like a croquet game at a Sunday-school picnic, I'll admit that; but, on the other hand, them critters over that ridge ain't Sunday schoolers, either!"

George weighed the matter in its various aspects. The thieves were brazen and reckless trespassers. Their property had no right on Clare Corran's land. They were robbing her wantonly, wasting almost as much as they felled. He believed he could see their ultimate object — it was to force her to sell other holdings on threat of being the victim of further marauding. In his study of the conditions in the north country, he had learned that this scheme had been employed in other cases.

Decency held him back — the code as it was observed in that section prompted him to go ahead and play the game as the others played it.

He was suddenly aware that men had surrounded them. An oath from one of his dozing crew informed him. In his preoccupation, he had not thought of posting pickets. He was new to the dangers of the woods.

When he leaped to his feet, Blinn Wiggin faced him — a rifle across his arm.

"I'm going to give you a chance, dude," he said, with insult in his tone. "We've got you deal to rights. Your chance is this — you strat and hike that way." He pointed in a direction away from Corran-acche. "And you keep going. Don't you ever come back. That's your chance, and if you don't take it, you'll swamp callers for a golden harp — and you

can take that straight from me."

It was insult that sought to provoke. Harry understood. He restrained himself.

"I've got nothing against the rest of you," Wiggin went on. "I'll simply advise you to be getting back to where you came from. It's you I'm after. I've got you," he said to George.

"So you've turned into a hired thug, have you?" inquired Harry, surveying him contemptuously.

The men who stood in the shadows were armed. Most of them appeared to be woodsmen from the near-by operation. They were not particularly savage looking. Some of them were grinning, as though their expedition were a lark. But Wiggin prompted by his grudge, did not try to hide his animosity.

Continued next week.

The Barker House Will Have Annex In Near Future

The Barker House is to have an annex and it will be in readiness for occupancy about the first of the new year, if Mr. T. V. Monahan, the progressive proprietor, is able to bring his plans into effect.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Monahan closed with the Sharkey estate for the property formerly known as the Royal Hotel, situated in the brick block immediately across the alleyway just above the Barker House.

The intention is to have a bridge across the alleyway to form a corridor connecting the main hotel with the annex, and it may be that there will also be a separate entrance to the annex, as well, from Queen street. Permission for the construction of the "bridge" between the two buildings will have to be secured from the City Council, and it is expected that there will be no trouble in that.

The property which will become the annex is admirably suited to that purpose and will provide about twenty-five new rooms for the Barker House. The rooms all have high ceilings and will be bright and airy, a number of them being so arranged that it will be possible to have four or six suites of rooms while fifteen of the twenty-five rooms will be fitted with private baths. With the annex available the Barker House will have upwards of seventy-five rooms available for handling its steadily increasing business.

Mr. Monahan will not be content with this improvement, but will continue along his well laid plans to place the Barker House in the front rank among the hotels of the Maritime Provinces. He is already arranging to have the office and rotunda of the hotel enlarged so that it will be about twice its present size, but will be unable to have that work undertaken before next spring. During the time that he has been in control of the hotel Mr. Monahan has succeeded in greatly increasing the patronage of the Barker House and now that it is "Government House" for both the Provincial and Federal administrations, a bright future is assured.

Puzzling.

When Bilkins was away from home on a long business trip he got a letter from his wife that still puzzles him. It ended thus: "Baby is well and lots brighter than she used to be. Hoping you are the same. I remain, Your loving wife."

GREW THINNER EVERY DAY

Appetite was Poor, Bizzy, Faint, Weak, Continuous, Cruel Backache.

Another Case in which Dr. Hamilton's Pills Saved a Life that Physicians Despaired Of.

What a pitiful sight it is to see a handsome, able man being gradually robbed of good looks, health, and ability to work. Such cases are frequent—the one here described being that of E. P. Lascelles, a well-known Printers' Supply man, residing in Hamilton. "About six months ago I began to notice a worn, tired feeling coming over me. I was unable to shake it off. It was not the fatigue that follows hard work—it was sort of an unaccountable laziness that assailed me. I was anxious to work, but didn't have the energy. Something was dragging me down, robbing me of my health and spirits. I got tired of taking prescriptions that did me no good and used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Their action soon proved to me that I was suffering from a terribly congested liver and acute indigestion. Dr. Hamilton's Pills brought back my appetite, cured the heavy pain in my side and back, gave me a new grip on life. I gained in weight and now I am stronger, look better, work better than ever before I was taken sick."

If you want to get back the vigor and spirit of youth, if you want the sparkle of robust health on your cheeks—use Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly. They cleanse, purify, tone, strengthen—make the sick well. Give this grand medicine a faithful trial, 25c per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers, or The Catarroze Company, Kingston, Ont.

**SMOKE SHAMROCK PLUG TOBACCO**  
Finest Quality.



Chris'mas Turkey Not so Dear This Year

Although it seems rather early to talk of such matters at present, a well known local market dealer made the prediction this morning that turkey at Christmas time this year will be much cheaper than for some seasons. The supply throughout the country districts seemed to be good, and the price even at present was reasonable. In the American markets they were low in price, and it was reported that lower prices were looked forward to.

Poultry of all kinds was plentiful in the market this morning, and prices were reasonable. Turkeys were not in great demand, but chickens sold quite well.

The Evening Times

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING KINNAN & MARVIN Wholesale Druggists Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Sir John Milbanke Has Option On The Miramichi Mill

Chatham, N. B., Nov. 10—Carl Riordon, of the Riordon paper mills in Ontario, and Charles Read of Ottawa, interested in several large pulp and paper manufacturing, arrived in town yesterday morning and proceeded at once to the Miramichi pulp mill, which they inspected. They are acting as representatives of Sir John Milbanke, of England, who has taken an option on the big property, and is a possible purchaser.

The visitors went through the mill thoroughly. They returned to-day. It is expected that the report they will submit will be a very favorable one, as Mr. Riordon confessed he was surprised at finding a mill of such a solid and substantial character, and he sees greater possibilities of profit than even the permanent liquidator, William Dick, felt justified in holding out to the possible investors as an inducement for them to come and inspect property.

Mr. Dick has been leaving no stone un-

turned to get the mill in operation again and is much pleased with the prospects at the present time. The report has to go to England before Sir John Milbanke's action in the matter can be known, but Mr. Dick has arranged to have his decision by cable as soon as the report reaches Sir John, because he has had several other inquiries both from England and the States respecting the mill. —Evening Times.

Reduction in Price of Cement.

In November, 1910, it was announced that the price of Cement had been reduced. That announcement was admitted by many as corroborative of the opinion that the merging of the Cement interests in Canada would prove a good thing for the public.

The theory of a consolidation such as the Canada Cement Company is that the consolidated interests are in a position to effect economy in production and distribution.

That the Canada Cement Company are working upon the idea of increasing consumption by lowering prices, rather than curtailing production and obtaining higher prices, is clearly shown by its President's report to the Shareholders at the last Annual Meeting, when he stated: "It is confidently expected that the increased demand and increased output will result in further savings in the cost of manufacture and distribution, and it is the policy of your Directors to give your customers the benefit of these reductions."

This is further evidenced by the announcement, which was made on November 1st, 1911, of a still further reduction in the price of cement. The reduction in some districts is 10c. per barrel, and in others, 5c. On the whole it will probably average 7c per barrel. This reduction—with the reduction made last year—means a very large saving to the cement consumers of Canada.

We trust that the expectations of lower cost voiced by the President of the Canada Cement Company, will be realized again next year, so that the Company may continue its policy of giving the benefit of these reductions to its customers—thereby enlarging the uses to which Cement may be put.

Two Children At Pasteur Institute

Toronto, Nov. 14.—Two children were admitted into the Western hospital this morning to receive the Pasteur treatment as a result of the attentions of a pet cat afflicted with rabies. The older of the two, a girl of fifteen, was severely bitten on the leg, while the other victim, a three year old boy, had his hand bitten.

**Boys! Girls!**

See what you can get free for a little of your spare time.

As we told you a few weeks ago—we are after two thousand NEW SUBSCRIBERS—We have not got them yet—We have got a part of them—and until we get the full number of two thousand New Subscribers to THE DISPATCH we are going to give every boy or girl that gets us.....

3 Subscribers, a Boy's Watch  
5 Subscribers, a Ladies' Wristlet Watch  
6 Subscribers, a Goldfilled Expansion Bracelet or, a .22 cal Stevens-Maynard Jr. Rifle

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