SALLY DOWS.

An After-War Romance of the South.

By Bret Harte.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

On the next Sunday he was early at church. But he had perhaps accented the occasion by driving there in a light buggy behind a fast thoroughbred—possibly selected more to the taste of a smart cavalry officer than an agricultural superintendent. He was already in a side pew, his eyes dreamily fixed on the prayer-book ledge before him, when there was a rustle at the church door and a thrill of curiosity and admiration passed over the expectant congregation. It was the entrance of the Dows party—Miss Sally well to the fore. She was in her new clothes—the latest fashion in Louisville, the latest but two in Paris and New York.

It was over twenty years ago. I shall not imperil the effect of that lovely vision by recalling to the eye of to-day a fashion of yesterday. Enough, that it enabled her to set her sweet face and vapory golden hair in a horse-shoe frame of delicate flowers and to lift her oval chin out of the bewildering mist of tulle. Nor did a certain light *polonaise* conceal the outlines of her charming figure. Even those who were constrained to whisper to each other that "Miss Sally" must "be now going on twenty-five," did so because she still had the slender grace of seventeen. The organ swelled as if to welcome her. As she took her seat a ray of sunlight that would have been cruel and searching to any other complexion drifted across the faint pink of her cheeks and nestling in her nebulous hair became itself transfigured. A few stained glass Virtues on the windows did not come out of this effulgence as triumphantly, and it was small wonder that the devotional eyes of the worshipers wandered from them to the face of Miss Sally Dows.

When the service was over, as the congregation filed slowly into the aisle Courtland slipped mutely behind her. As she reached the porch he said in an undertone: "I brought my horse and buggy. I thought you might possibly allow me to drive you—"

But he was stopped by a distressful knitting of her golden brows. "No," she said, quickly, but firmly, "you must not—it won't do." As Courtland hesitated in momentary perplexity, she smiled sweetly: "We'll walk round by the cemetery if you like—*it will take about as long as a drive.*"

Courtland vanished, gave hurried instructions and a dollar to a lounging negro, and rejoined Miss Sally as the delighted and proud freeman drove out of the gate. Miss Sally heaved a slight sigh as the gallant equippage passed. "It was a mighty pooty turn-out, co'nnle, and I'd just admire to go, but it would have been rather hard on the other folks. There's the Reeds and Maxwells and Robertses that are too poah to keep blood horses, and too proud to ride behind anything else. It wouldn't be the right thing for you to go whirling by scattering our dust over them."

There was something so subtly pleasant in this implied partnership of responsibility that Courtland forgot the abrupt refusal and thought only of the tact that prompted it. Nevertheless, here a spell seemed to fall upon his usually ready speech. Now that they were together for the first time in a distinctly social fashion, he found himself vacantly, meaninglessly silent—content to walk beside this charming, summery presence, brushed by its delicate draperies, and inhaling its freshness. Presently it spoke:

"It would take more than a thousand feet of lumber to patch up the cow sheds beyond the Mosely pasture, and an entirely new building with an improved dairy would require only about two thousand more. All the old material would come in good for fencing, and could be used with the new posts and rails. Don't you think it would better to have an out and out new building?"

"Yes, certainly," returned Courtland a little confusedly. He had not calculated upon this practical conversation, and was the more disconcerted as they were passing some of the other couples who had purposely lingered to overhear them.

"And," continued the young girl, brightly, "the freight question is getting to be a pretty serious one. Aunt Miranda holds some shares in the Briggsville Branch line, and thinks something could be done with the directors for a new tariff of charges if she put a pressure on them. Taylor says there was some talk of reducing it one-sixteenth per cent. before we move this year's crop."

Courtland glanced quickly at his companion's face. It was grave, but there was the faintest wrinkling of the corner of the eyelid nearest him. "Had we not better leave these *serious* questions until to-morrow?" he said, smiling.

Miss Sally opened her eyes. "Why, you seemed *so* quiet, I reckoned you must be full of business this morning; but if yo' prefer company talk, we'll change the subject. They say that yo' and Miss Reed didn't have much trouble to find one last Sunday. She don't usually talk much, but she keeps up a power of thinking. I should reckon," she added suddenly, eyeing him critically, "that yo' and she might have a heap o' things to say to each other. She's a good deal in yo' fashion, co'nnle—she don't forget, but,"—more slowly—"I don't know that *that's* altogether the best thing for yo'!"

Courtland lifted his eyes with affected consternation. "If this is in the light of another mysterious warning, Miss Dows, I warn you that my intellect is already tottering with them. Last Sunday Miss Reed thrilled me for an hour with superstition and Cassandra-like prophecy. Don't things ever happen accidentally here—and without warnings?"

"I mean," returned the young lady, with her usual practical directness, "that 'Tave Reed remembers a good many horrid things about the wah that she ought to forget, but don't. But," she continued, looking at him curiously, "she allows she was mighty cut up by her cousin's manner to yo'."

"I am afraid that Miss Reed was more annoyed than I was," said Courtland. "I should be sorry if she attached any importance to it," he added earnestly.

"And yo' don't," continued Miss Sally.

"No. Why should I?" She noticed, however, that he had slightly drawn himself up a little more erect, and she smiled, as he continued: "I dare say I should feel as he does if I were in his place."

"But yo' wouldn't do anything underhand," she said, quietly. As he glanced at her quickly, she added, dryly: "Do not trust too much to people always acting in yo' fashion, co'nnle. And don't think too much nor too little of what yo' hear here. Yo're just the kind of man to make a good many silly enemies—and as many foolish friends. And I don't know which will give yo' the most trouble. Only don't yo' underrate *either*, or hold yo' head so high yo' don't see what's crawlin' around yo'. That's why, in a copperhead swamp, a horse is bitten oftener than a hog."

She smiled, yet with knitted brows and such a pretty affectation of concern for her companion that he suddenly took heart.

"I wish I had *one* friend I could call my own," he said, boldly, looking straight into her eyes. "I'd care little for other friends and fear no enemies."

"Yo're right, co'nnle," she said—ostentatiously slanting her parasol in marvelous simulation of hiding a purely imaginative blush on a cheek that was perfectly infantine in its unchanged pink—"company talk is much pootier than what we've been sayin'. And—meaning me—for I reckon yo' would not say that of any other girl but the one yo're walking with—what's the matter with me?"

He could not help smiling—though he hesitated. "Nothing! but others have been disappointed."

"And that bothers *you?*"

"I mean *I* have as yet had no right to put your feelings to any test, while—"

"Poor Chet had, yo' were going to say! Well, here we are at the cemetery! I reckoned yo' were bound to go back to the dead again before we'd gone far, and that's why I thought we might take the cemetery on our way. It may put me in a more proper frame of mind to please yo'."

As he raised his eyes he could not repress a slight start. He had not noticed before that they had passed through a small gateway on diverging from the road, and was quite unprepared to find himself on the edge of a gentle slope, leading to a beautiful valley, and before him a long vista of tombs, white headstones and low crosses, edged by drooping cypress and trailing feathery vines. Some of them had fallen and been caught in long loops from bough to bough, like funeral garlands, and here and there the tops of isolated palmettos lifted a cluster of hearse-like plumes. Yet in spite of this dominance of somber but graceful shadow, the drooping delicacy of dark tasselled foliage, and leafy fringes, the waving, mourning veils of gray, translucent moss—a glorious, vivifying southern sun smiled and glittered everywhere as through tears. The balm of bay, southern-wood, pine and syringa breathed through the long alleys; the stimulating scent of roses moved with every zephyr, and the heavier odors of jessamine, honeysuckle and orange flowers hung heavily in the hollows. It seemed to Courtland like the mourning of beautiful and youthful widowhood—seductive even in its dissembling trappings, provocative in the contrast of its own still strong virility. Everywhere the grass grew thick and luxuriant; the thick earth was teeming the germination of the dead below.

They moved slowly along, side by side, speaking only of the beauty of the spot and the glory of that summer day which seemed to have completed its perfection here. Perhaps from the heat, the overpowering perfume or some unsuspected sentiment, the young lady became presently as silent and preoccupied as her companion. She began to linger and loiter behind, hovering like a butterfly over some flowering shrub or clustered sheaf of lillies, until, encountered suddenly in her floating draperies, she might have been taken for a somewhat early and far too becoming ghost. It seemed to him also that her bright eyes were slightly shadowed by a gentle thoughtfulness. He moved close to her side with an irresistible impulse of tenderness, but she turned suddenly, and saying: Come!" moved at a quicker pace down a narrow side path. Courtland followed. He had not gone far before he noticed that the graves seemed to run into regular lines; the emblems became cheaper and more common; wooden head and foot-stones of one monotonous pattern took the place of carved freestones or marble, and he knew that they had reached the part of the cemetery reserved for those who had fallen in the war. The long lines drawn with military precision stretched through the little valley and again up the opposite hill in an odd semblance of hollow squares, ranks and columns. A vague recollection of the fatal slope of Snake river came over him. It was intensified as Miss Sally, who, was still preceding him, suddenly stopped before an isolated mound bearing a broken marble shaft and a pedestal with the inscription: "Charles Dows." A few withered garlands and [illegible] lay scattered at its base, but notwithstanding the broken shaft was a perfectly fresh unfaded wreath.

"You never told me he was buried here?" said Courtland, quickly, half shocked at the unexpected revelation. "Was he from this state?"

"No, but his regiment was," said Miss Sally, eyeing the wreath critically.

"And this wreath—is it from you?" continued Courtland, gently.

"Yes, I thought yo'd like something fresh and pooty instead of those stale ones."

"And were they also from you?" he asked, even more gently.

"Dear no! They were left over from last anniversary day by some of the veterans. That's the only one I put there—that is—I got Mr. Champney to leave it here on his way to his house. He lives just yonder, yo' know."

It was impossible to resist this invincible *naivete*. Courtland bit his lip as the vision arose before him of this more *naif* English admirer bringing hither, at Miss Sally's bidding, the tribute which she wished to place on the grave of an old lover, to please a *third* man. Meantime she had put her two little hands behind her back in the simulated attitude of a "good girl," and was saying half smilingly, and, he even thought, half mischievously:

"Are yo' satisfied?"

"Perfectly."

"Then let's go away. It's mighty hot here."

They turned away and descending the slope again re-entered the thickr shade of the main avenue. Here they seemed to have left the sterner aspect of death. They walked slowly; the air was heavy with the hot incense of flowers; the road sinking a little left a grassy bank on one side. Here Miss Sally halted and listlessly seated herself, motioning Courtland to do the same. He obeyed eagerly. The incident of the wreath had troubled him albeit with contending sensations. She had given it to please *him*: why should *he* question the manner, or torment himself with any retrospective thought? He would have given worlds to have been able to accept it lightly or gallantly—with any other girl he could—but he knew he was trembling on the verge of a passionate declaration; the magnitude of the stake was too great to be imperiled by a levity of which she was more a mistress than himself and he knew that his sentiment had failed to failed to impress her. His pride kept him from appealing to her strangely practical nature, although he had recognized and accepted it, and had even begun to believe it an essential part of the strong fascination she had over him. But being neither a coward, nor a weak hesitating idealist, when he deliberately took his seat beside her he as deliberately made up his mind to accept his fate—whatever it might be—then and there.

Perhaps there was something of this in his face. "I thought yo' were looking a little white, co'nnle," she said quietly, "and I reckoned we might sit down a spell, and then take it slowly home. Yo' ain't accustomed to the so'th'n sun, and the air in the hollow *was* swampy." As he made a slight gesture of denial, she went on with a pretty sisterly superiority: "That's the way of yo' no'th'n men. Yo' think yo' can do everything just as if yo' were reared to it, and yo' never make allowance for different climates, different blood and different customs. That's where you slip up."

But he was already leaning towards her with his dark, earnest eyes fixed upon her in a way she could no longer mistake. "At the risk of slipping up again, Miss Dows," he said, gently dropping into her dialect, with a winning but unconscious flattery. "I am going to ask you to teach me everything *you* wish—to be all that *you* demand—which would be far better. You have said we were good friends; I want you to let me hope to be more. I want you to overlook my deficiencies and the difference of my race and let me meet you on the only level where I can claim to be the equal of your own people—that of loving you. Give me only the same chance you gave the other poor fellow who sleeps yonder—the same chance you gave the luckier man, who carried the wreath for you to put upon his grave."

Sally had listened to Courtland's declaration with prettily knitted brows, the faintest air of color and a half laughing, half superiar disappropriation. When he had finished, she uttered a plaintive little sigh. "Yo' oughtn't to have said that, co'nnle, but yo' and me are too good friends to let even that stand between us. And to prove it to yo' I'm going to forget it right away—and so are yo'."

"But I cannot," he said, quickly, "if I could I should be unworthy of even your friendship. If you must reject it, do not make me feel the shame of thinking you believe me capable of wanton trifling. I know that this avowal is abrupt to you, but it is not to me. You have known me only for three months, but these three months have been to me the realization of three years' dreaming!" As she remained looking at him with bright curious eyes, but still shaking her fair head distressedly, he moved nearer and caught her hand in the little pale lilac thread glove that was nevertheless too wide for her small fingers, and said, appealingly: "But why should you forget it? Why must it be a forbidden topic? What is the barrier? Are you no longer free? Speak, Miss Dows—give me some hope. Miss Dows—Sally!"

She had drawn herself away, distressed, protesting; her fair head turned aside, until with a slight twist and narrowing of her hand she succeeded in slipping it from the glove which she left a prisoner in his eager clasp. "There! Yo' can keep the glove, co'nnle," she said, laughing quickly. "Sit down! There is [illegible] the weather for [illegible] Well—yo' want to know why yo' mustn't speak to me in that way. Be still—and I'll tell yo'."

She smoothed down the folds of her frock, sitting sideways on the bank, one little foot touching the road. "Yo' mustn't speak that way to me," she went on slowly, "because it's as much as yo' company's wo'th, as much as our property's wo'th, as much maybe as yo' life's wo'th! Don't lift yo' comb, co'nnle—if yo' don't care of that, others may. Sit still, I tell yo'! Well, yo' come here from the no'th to run this property for money—that's square and fair business. That any fool here can understand. It's no'th'n style. It don't interfere with these fools' food affairs. It don't bring into the pride their any no'th'n saint. It don't separate father clannish ess. It does separate father and [illegible], sister and brother; and even and [illegible] got a foothold here and settled it they know they can always outvote yo' five to one! But let these same fools know that yo're courtin' a so'th'n girl known to be 'union' during the wah; that girl who has laughed at their foolishness; let them even think that he wants that girl to mix up the family and the race and the property for him, and there ain't a young or old fool that believes in so'th'n isolation as the price of so'th'n salvation that wouldn't rise against yo'! There isn't one that wouldn't make shipwreck of yo'r syndicate and yo'r capital and the prosperity of Redlands for the next four years to come and think they were doing right. They began to suspect yo' from the first. They suspected yo' when yo' never went anywhere, but stuck close to the farm and me. That's why I wanted yo' to show yourself among the girls. They wouldn't have minded yo' flirting with them with the chance of yo' breaking yo' heart over 'Tave Reed or Lympy Morris. They're fools enough to believe that a snub or a jilt from a so'th'n girl would pay them back for a lost battle or a ruined plantation."

For the first time Miss Sally saw Courtland's calm blood fly to his cheek and kindle in his eye. "You surely do not expect me to tolerate this blind and insolent interference?" he said, rising to his feet.

She lifted her ungloved hand in deprecation. "Sit still, co'nnle. Yo've been a soldier and yo' know what duty is. Well, what's yo' duty to yo' company?"

"It neither includes my private affairs nor regulates the beating of my heart. I will resign."

"And leave me and Aunt Miranda and the plantation?"

"No. The company will get another superintendent to look after your aunt's affairs and carry out our plans. And you, Sally—you will let me find you a home and fortune north. There is work for me there—there is room for you among my people."

She shook her head slowly, with a sweet but superior smile. "No, co'nnle, I didn't believe in the wah, but the least I could do was to stand by my folks, and share the punishment that I knew was coming from it. I despise this foolishness as much as yo', but I can't run away from it. Come, co'nnle, I won't ask yo' to forget this, and mo'—I'll believe yo' mean it, but you'll promise me yo' won't speak of it again as long as yo' are with the company and Aunt Miranda and me! There mustn't be more—there mustn't even seem to be more—between us."

"But then I may hope!" he said, eagerly, grasping her hand.

"I promise nothing—for you must not even have that excuse for speaking of this again, either from anything I do or may seem to do." She stopped, released her hand, as her eyes were suddenly fixed on the distance. Then she said with a slight smile, but without the least embarrassment or impatience: "There's Mr. Champney coming here now. I reckon he's looking to see if that wreath is safe."

Courtland looked up quickly. He could see the straw hat of the young Englishman just above the myrtle bushes in a path intersecting the avenue. A faint shadow crossed his face. "Let me know one thing more," he said, hurriedly. "I know I have no right to ask the question—but has—has—has Mr. Champney anything to do with your decision?"

She smiled brightly. "Yo' asked just now if yo' could have the same chance he and Chet Brooks had. Well, poor Chet is dead, and Mr. Champney—well—wait and see." She lifted her voice and called: "Mr. Champney."

The young fellow came briskly towards them; his face betrayed a slight surprise, but no discomfiture, as he recognized her companion.

"Oh, Mr. Champney," said Miss Sally, plaintively, "I've lost my glove somewhere near pooh Brooks' tomb in the hollow. Won't you go and fetch it, and come back here, to take me home? The co'nnle has got to go and see his sick niggers in the hospital." Champney lifted his hat, nodded genially to Courtland, and disappeared below the the cypresses on the slope. "Yo' mustn't be mad," she said, turning in explanation to her companion, "but we have been here too long already, and it's better that I should be seen coming home with him than yo'."

"Then this sectional interference does not touch him?" said Courtland, bitterly.

"No. He's an Englishman; his father was a known friend of the confederacy, and bought their cotton bonds."

She stopped, gazing into Courtland's face with a pretty, but vague impatience and a slight pouting of her lip.

"Co'nnle!"

"Miss Sally."

"Yo' say yo' had known me for three years before yo' saw me. Well, we met once before we ever spoke to each other!"

"The [illegible]" sang I to myself the ladies when [illegible] and I walked on yo' [illegible] gentleman, yo' [illegible] it. I reckon I stood on yo' [illegible] minutes."

"Not as long as that, my right," laughing, "if [illegible]y, with dancing eyes. "I, a dead of a no'th'n scum my foot o' My!"

"Yes," said the girl, actually set of a coast satisfy your friends, then."

"I want to apologize. Sit down co'nnle."

"But, Miss Sally—"

"Sit down, quick!"

He did so, seating himself sideways on the bank. Miss Sally stood beside him.

"Take off yo' hat, sir."

He obeyed, smilingly. Miss Sally suddenly slipped behind him. He felt the soft imprint of her little hands on his shoulders, a warm breath stirred the roots of his hair, and then the light pressure on his scalp of what seemed the lips of a child.

He leaped to his feet, yet before he could turn completely round—a difficulty the young lady had evidently calculated upon—he was too late. The floating draperies of the artful and shameless Miss Sally were already disappearing among the tombs in the direction of the hollow!

(*To be continued.*)

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Justice Rose's charge was strongly against the prisoner. He summed up his conduct in an impartial manner, but in a way that left little doubt in the minds of his hearers what the Judge's own idea of Luckey's behavior was.

As the foreman of the jury in reply to the usual question said "Guilty," there was a rustle through the crowded court. Luckey himself never moved.

Justice Rose then told the prisoner he had received an impartial trial and that the jury's verdict was undoubtedly a just one. He then sentenced him to be hanged in the Brockville jail yard on December 14. He knew of no circumstance upon which he could base a recommendation for mercy, and advised the prisoner to make every preparation to meet his Maker.

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LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR, 1893.

Place of Sittings & P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sept	Nov.	Jan. 1894	Hours of Opening
Milton	Wm. Panton.	12	17	12	21	15	17	21	9.30 a.m.
Oakville	R. Balmer	3	8	3	12	6	8	11	11 a.m.
Georgetown	L. Grant	9	14	9	18	12	14	18	9.30 "
Acton	J. Matthews	11	16	11	20	14	16	20	10 a.m.
Campbellville	Neil McPhail	8	13	8	17	11	13	17	10 a.m.
Burlington	Jas. Robinson	2	7	2	11	5	7	10	11 "

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 12th June and 12th December.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 4th April and 3rd October.

County Court Sittings, Formerly Terms—9th January, 3rd April, 3rd July and 3rd October, at 10 a.m.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts—5th January, 3rd April, 3rd July and 2nd October, at 11 a.m.

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—CARRIES A LARGE AND FULL STOCK OF—

SHELF : AND : HEAVY : HARDWARE

Paints.

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Glass.

Putty.

CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.

Dewar's Block, Main Street, Milton.

ADVERTISE !

.....IN THE.....

Canadian Champion

the best advertising medium in the county.

Look Here Every Week.

USE BINGE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF HOREHOUND

For Coughs, Colds, Etc.

—SOLD BY—

HIGGINBOTHAM & CO.

VOLUME 33.

The Canadian Champion

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

—AT THE—

TOWN OF MILTON

COUNTY OF HALTON, ONT.

CAMPBELL & PANTON,

PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE:—On Main Street, one door east of the Wallace House.

TERMS:—$1 a year in advance or within one month from the date of subscribing; if not so paid $2 will be charged.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	75	00
1 do	6 months	45	00
1 do	3 "	30	00
1 do	1 year	40	00
1 do	6 months	25	00
1 do	3 "	15	00
1 do	1 year	25	00
1 do	6 months	15	00
1 do	3 "	10	00
1 do	1 year	15	00
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Business Cards of ten lines or less $5.00 per annum.

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements without special instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing, otherwise the publishers will not be responsible.

Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual, company, institution, or fund, will be considered an advertisement, and charged accordingly.

No special notice of any kind admitted among the local news at less than 50 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Notices of births, deaths, and marriages, 25 cents each.

Transient advertisements ten cents per line, except those of lost, strayed, stolen, and wants, which will be inserted at 50 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Cash must accompany order in every case to insure insertion.

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LEGAL.

D. DEWAR, *Issuer of Marriage Licenses.* OFFICE—Dewar's Block, cor. Main and Martin Street, Milton. Also agent for Sun Life, and Sun Fire Insurance Companies.

D. McGIBBON, *Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Etc.* OFFICE—Booth's Block, Main St., Milton.

THOMAS. G. MATHESON, *County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Notary Public, Etc.* OFFICE—In Court House, Milton.

J. W. ELLIOTT, B. A., *Barrister, Etc., Notary Public.* MONEY TO LOAN. OFFICE—In rooms occupied by Duncan Dewar, Esq., (upstairs) Dewar's Block, Milton. 42

VICTOR CHISHOLM, *Barrister, Solicitor, Etc., Notary Public.* MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES. OFFICE—Next door to Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO., *Barristers and Solicitors.* OFFICE—Over Imperial Bank, 84 Wellington St. East, Toronto. Entrance, Exchange Alley. JOHN BAIN, Q.C. WILLIAM LAIDLAW, Q.C. GEORGE KAPPELE.

MEDICAL.

DR. McCOLL, M.B. & M.C.P.S.O. OFFICE HOURS—From 8 to 10 a.m. and 6 to 8 p.m. RESIDENCE—Corner Main and Commercial Sts., Opp. Commercial Hotel, Milton.

DR. D. ROBERTSON. SURGERY—Main Street, Milton, next door to McCollom's Drug Store. Residence and Private Office Charles Street.

DR. P. STUART. SURGERY—Main Street, Milton, next door East of McCollom's Drug Store. RESIDENCE—Charles Street.

DR. C. FREEMAN. CONSULTATION DAYS, Tuesday forenoon and Saturday afternoon. OFFICE HOURS—9 to 9 a.m., 12 to 1 and 6 to 7 p.m., or may be consulted whenever not professionally engaged at his office, Main Street, Milton. Calls and messages dropped into the letter box will be promptly attended to.

DENTAL.

DR. H. WINN, L.D.S., SURGICAL DENTIST. OFFICE—Dewar's Block, Main Street, Milton.

T. T. HARRIS L.D.S., DENTIST, - OAKVILLE. Will visit Milton on the first and third Wednesday of each month. OFFICE—Bennett House.

DR. J. HADDOW FELL, SURGEON DENTIST, BURLINGTON, - - ONT (Honor Graduate Toronto University) Will Visits Waterdown every Wednesday.

DR. GOLLOP, L.D.S., D.D.S., DENTIST, (Closely associated with Dr. Whaley, of Chicago.) Honor Graduate Toronto University. OFFICE—Over McPherson's Furniture Store. Will be in Norval 2nd and 4th Monday of each month.

Bill Heads, Note Heads, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Etc., Etc., Printed at this Office with neatness and despatch.