The Canadian Champion

VOLUME 43. MILTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1904. No. 35.

CANADIAN CHAMPION
—IS PUBLISHED—
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
At the Office of Publication,
MAIN ST., MILTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—$1.50 a year, $1.00 paid in advance.

TO SUBSCRIBERS—No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor. A post-office notice to discontinue is not sufficient.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	1 YR	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO.
Column	$60 00	$35 00	$20 00	$7 00
Column	35 00	20 00	12 00	5 00
Column	20 00	12 00	7 00	3 50
Column	12 00	7 00	4 00	1 50

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.

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

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.

WM. PANTON,
Editor and Proprietor

LEGAL.

D. Dewar,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Conveyancer, &c. Agent for Sun Fire Insurance and Sun Savings and Loan Companies. Money to loan at lowest rates. Office—Dewar's Block, Milton.

C. E. Hollinrake, B.A.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. Office: Town Hall, Milton.

Thomas G. Mathesون,

City Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. Office—In the Court House, Milton.

William I. Dick,

Barrister, Solicitor and Conveyancer. Money to loan. Office—Dewar's Block, Main-st., Milton, Ont.

Victor Chisholm,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c., Notary Public. Money to loan at lowest rates. Office—Next door to Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

J. W. Elliott, B.A.,

Barrister, &c., Notary Public. Money to loan. Office—First door east of Messrs. Lunn & Co's shoe factory, Main-st., Milton.

E. W. Boyd,

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Conveyancer, &c. Removed from Milton to Spectator Building, James St. South, Hamilton. Money to loan.

Storey & Grant,

DUNCAN S. STOREY. FREDERICK W. GRANT.
Barristers, &c.
MIDLAND, ONT.

MEDICAL.

R. K. Anderson, M.D.,

L.R.C.P., Edinburgh, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office, formerly occupied by E. W. Boyd, next door to E. Marchand, Jeweler. Residence, Corner Court and Main Sts.

P. Stuart, M.D.,

L.C.P. & S., Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office and residence, opposite town hall, Milton. Office hours—8 to 9 a.m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p.m.

H. A. McCall, M.B.,

Physician, and Surgeon. Coroner. Office hours, to 9 a.m., 12 to 2 p.m., and 6 to 8 p.m. Office, two doors east of Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

DENTAL.

B. Gallup, L.D.S., D.D.S.,

DENTIST. (Lately associated with Dr. Whaley, of Chicago.) Honor graduate Toronto University. Office: Dewar's Block, upstairs.

T. T. Harris, L.D.S.,

DENTIST, Oakville, will visit Milton on the last Wednesday of each month. Office: Bennett House.

J. ARTHUR ZIMMERMAN,
Druggist
Successor to
Garland & Rutherford
King St. East, Hamilton

WANTED.

Local agents and travelling salesmen for the sale of Fruit Trees, Ornamental Trees, Small Fruits, Etc. Steady work if desired. Pay weekly. Free outfit.

Over 600 Acres

under cultivation. Our stock includes all the best varieties as well as improved varieties not offered by other firms. We guarantee delivery of all stock in good condition. It will pay you to write for part time or whole time terms, as we offer the best inducements in the business. Apply now.

PELHAM NURSERY COMPANY,
17-15t Toronto, Ont.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Liver Pills
That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness, and regulate your bowels. You need Ayer's Pills. Vegetable, gently laxative.
J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
RUPP CTS. R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Church Directory.

METHODIST CHURCH
REV. J. W. COOLEY, Pastor.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School and Bible Class: 2.30 p.m.
Epworth League: Monday, at 8 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
Pastor's Class: Friday, at 7.30 p.m.

KNOX CHURCH
REV. EDW. F. MCL. SMITH, B.A., Minister.
Sunday services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 2.30 p. m. Judge Gorham's Bible Class in Church at 2.15 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 7.30 p.m.
W.F.M.S. meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 3 p.m.
The Mission Band meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 4.30 p.m.

GRACE CHURCH
REV. A. J. BELT, M.A., Rector.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 3 p.m.
Bible Class in Vestry, 9.45 a.m.
Holy Communion: 1st Sunday of each month at mid-day and 3rd and 5th Sundays, 8 a.m.
Friday evening service, 7.30 p.m.

ST. ANDREW'S R. C.
REV. FATHER O'REILLY, P.P.
Mass: Second Sunday of every month at 11 a.m.

E. & J. HARDY & CO.
Advertising Contractors
.....and.....
News Correspondents,
30 Fleet Steet, London, E.C., England.
A file of this paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given, if required.

PULVO HOT STOVE POLISH
AND METAL CLEANER COMBINED
The only Patented Polish in the World. No Dust, No Dirt, No Smoke, No Smell. Contains no benzine or other explosives. PULVO makes more polish and lasts longer than any other.
PRICE 10c. AT ALL GROCERS
SUGGETT & CO.

W. D. LINDSAY
STREETSVILLE
Pumps and Windmills
Repairing a Specialty.
Wood and Iron Pumps.
Brass and Iron Cylinders.
☞ Mail orders promptly attended to.

WANTED.

A man to represent "CANADA'S GREATEST NURSERIES" in the Town of Milton and surrounding country, and take orders for

OUR HARDY SPECIALTIES

in Fruit Trees, Small Fruits, Ornamentals, Shrubs, Roses, Vines, Seed Potatoes, &c.

Stock true to name and free from San Jose Scale. A permanent position for the right man on either salary or commission.

Stone & Wellington
FONTHILL NURSERIES
over 800 Acres 8-3m.
TORONTO, - - ONTARIO.

The Art of Growing Young.

To retain the spirit of youth while age weakens the body is a splendid thing. There are those of whom we say "He never grows old." Their hair may be whitened, their faces wrinkled and their shoulders bent, but in heart they are young. "If "their strength is labor and sorrow," their lively interest in the things that concern those of younger generations gives no indication of it. Their tenderest and inmost thoughts may be of the past, but they live in the present.

Self Made.

A Philadelphian was at an evening gathering recently, where he met a widow to whom he wished to be especially complimentary. "The fact is," said he during the after dinner conversation, "you women make fools of the men."

"Sometimes, perhaps," said the widow carelessly. "Sometimes we don't have to."

The Mean Thing.

"Phyllis is the meanest kind of a gossip."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because she never tells you anything herself, but gets you to tell her all you know."—London King.

Not a Compliment.

"He hasn't a very high opinion of your intelligence."

"How do you know?"

"I heard him refer to you once as an ideal juror."—Exchange.

If you be poor do not seem poor if you would avoid insult as well as suffering.—Goldsmith.

The Criminal Escaped.

Jack—You've heard about the escaping criminal who stepped on a slot machine and got a weigh? Mack—Yes; that's old. Jack—Well, even the bloodhounds couldn't get his cent.

Keep on trimming your lamps, tilling your soil, tugging and pegging away. You can never tell when the messenger of success will come.

THE STROLLERS

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM,
Author of "Under the Rose"

Copyright, 1902, by THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY

Soon the soldier, whose spirited dash down the main thoroughfare had awakened some misgivings in the little town, was beyond the precincts of village scrutiny. The country road was hard, although marked by deep cuts from traffic during a rainy spell, and the horse's hoofs rang out with exhilarating rhythm. Regardless of all save the distance traversed, the rider yet forbore to press the pace, relaxing only when, after a considerable interval, he came to another road and drew rein at the fork. One way to the right ran gently through the valley, apparently terminating in the luxuriant foliage, while the other, like a winding, murky stream, stretched out over a more level tract of land.

Which thoroughfare had the coach taken? Dismounting, the young man hastily examined the ground, but the earth was so dry and firm and the tracks of wheels so many it was impossible to distinguish the old marks from the new. Even signpost there was none. The roads diverged, and the soldier could but blindly surmise their destination, selecting after some hesitation the thoroughfare running into the gorgeous autumnal painted forest.

He had gone no inconsiderable distance when his doubts were abruptly confirmed. Reaching an opening, bright as the chapel of a darkened monastery, he discerned a farmer in a buckboard approaching from the opposite direction. The swift pace of the rider and

"Constance has been carried off!"

the leisurely jog of the team soon brought them together.

"Did you pass a coach down the road?" asked the soldier.

"No-a," said the farmer deliberately as his fat horses instinctively stood stock still; "didn't pass nobody."

"Where does the other road at the fork go?"

"To the patroon village. There's a reform orator there today and a barn burners' camp fire."

Without waiting to thank his informant, Saint-Prosper pulled his horse quickly around.

After impatiently riding an hour or more the horseman drew near the patroon village, a cluster of houses amid the hills and meadows.

In the historic market place, as Saint-Prosper rode down the street, were assembled a number of leaseholders of both sexes and all ages listening to the flowing tongue of a rustic speechmaker. This forum of the people was shaded by a sextet of well grown elms. The platform of the local Demosthenes stood in a corner near the street.

On the outskirts of the gathering, near the road, stood a tall, beetling individual whom Saint-Prosper addressed, reining in his horse near the wooden rail which answered for a fence.

"Dinna ye ken I'm listening?" impatiently retorted the other with a fierce frown.

The soldier's impatience and anger were ready to leap forth at a word. He wheeled fiercely upon the weedy Scot to demand peremptorily the information so unceilly withheld, when a gust of wind blowing something light down the road caused his horse to shy suddenly and the rider to glance at what had frightened the animal. After a brief scrutiny he dismounted quickly and examined more attentively the object, a pamphlet with a red cover, upon which appeared the printed design of the conventional Greek masks of tragedy and comedy, and beneath the tile, "The Honeymoon." The bright binding, albeit soiled by the dusty road, and the fluttering of the leaves in the breeze had startled the horse and incidentally attracted the attention of his master. Across the somber mask of melancholy was traced in buoyant hand the name of the young actress.

The soldier, without a moment's hesitation, thrust the pamphlet inside his coat, flung himself on his horse and, turning from the market place, dashed down the road.

CHAPTER XII.

"FOR a man who can't abide the sex this is a predicament," muttered the patroon's jackal as the coach in which he found himself sped rapidly along the highway. "Here am I as much an abductor as my lord who whipped his lady from England to the colonies!" gloomily regarding a motionless figure on the seat opposite and a face like ivory against the dark cushions. "Curse the story! Telling it led to this! How white she is—like driven snow—almost as if"—

And Scroggs, whose countenance lost a shade of its natural flush, going from flame color to salmon hue, bent with sudden apprehension over a small hand which hung from the seat.

"No; it's only a swoon," he continued, relieved, feeling her wrist with his knobby fingers. "How she struggled! If it hadn't been for smothering her with the cloak—but the job's done, and that's the end of it."

Settling back in his seat, he watched her discontentedly, alternately protesting against the adventure and consoling himself weakly with the remembrance of the retainer, weighing the risks and the patroon's ability to gloss over the matter, now finding the former unduly obtrusive, again comforted with the assurance of the power pre-empted by the land barons. Moreover, the task was half accomplished, and it would be idle to recede now.

"Why couldn't the patroon have remained content with his bottle?" he grumbled. "But his mind must needs run to this frivolous and irrational proceeding! There's something reasonable in pilfering a purse, but carrying off a woman— Yet she's a handsome baggage."

Over the half recumbent figure swept his glance, pausing as he surveyed her face, across which flowed a tress of hair loosened in the struggle. Save for the unusual pallor of her cheek she might have been sleeping, but as he watched her the lashes slowly lifted, and he suilenly nerved himself for the encounter. At the aspect of those beadlike eyes, resolute although ill at ease, like a snake striving to charm an adversary, a tremor of half recollection shone in her gaze and the color flooded her face. Mechanically sweeping back the straggling lock of hair, she raised herself without removing her eyes. He who had expected a tempest of tears shifted uneasily, even irritably, from that steady stare until, finding the silence intolerable, he burst out:

"Well, ma'am, am I a bugbear?"

In her dazed condition she probably did not hear his words, or if she did set no meaning to them. Her glance, however, strayed to the narrow window and then wandered back to the well worn interior of the coach. Suddenly, as the startling realization of her position came to her, she uttered a loud cry, sprang toward the door and, with nervous fingers, strove to open it. The man placed a detaining hand on her shoulder and roughly thrust her toward the seat.

"Make the best of it!" he exclaimed peremptorily. "I'm not to be trifled with."

"Who are you?" she demanded breathlessly.

"That's an incriminating question, ma'am," he replied.

"Perhaps you will tell me the meaning of this outrage; your smothering me—forcing me into this coach—and driving away—where?"

"You asked where we were driving? Across the country. What is the meaning of this—outrage, I believe you called it? All actions spring from two sources—Cupid and cupidity. The rest of the riddle you'll have to guess."

"But you have told me nothing," she replied.

"Do you call that nothing? You have the approximate cause—causa causans. Was it Cupid? No, for, like Bacon, your sex's 'fantastical charms move me not.'"

This sally put him in better temper with himself. She was helpless, and he experienced a churlish satisfaction in her condition.

As he watched her out of the corner of his eye, weighing doubt and uncertainty, new ideas assailed him. After all she had spirit, courage! Moreover, she was an actress, and the patroon was madly in love with her.

"It'll come out all right, madam; all right for both of us!" Which indeed was his thought. She believed him unsettled, bereft of reason, and, although he was manifestly growing less hostile, his surveillance became almost unbearable. At every moment she felt him regarding her like a lynx and endeavored therefore to keep perfectly still. What would her strange warder do next? It was not an alarming act, however. He consulted a massive watch, remarking:

"It's lunch time and over. With your permission, I'll take a bite and a drop. Will you join me?"

She turned her head away, and, not disconcerted by her curt refusal, he drew a wicker box from beneath a seat and opened it. His reference to a "bite and a drop" was obviously figurative, especially the "drop," which grew to the dimensions of a pint, which he swallowed quickly. Perhaps the flavor of the wine made him less attentive to his prisoner, for, as he lifted the receptacle to his lips she thrust her arms through the window and a play book dropped from her hand, a possible clew for any one who might follow the coach. For some time she had been awaiting this opportunity, and when it came the carriage was entering a village.

Scroggs finished his cup. "You see, we're provided for," he began. Here the bottle fell from his hand.

"The patroon village!" he exclaimed in consternation. "I'd forgotten we were so close! And they're all gathered in the square too!"

He cast a quick glance at her. "You're all ready to call for help, he sneered, "but I'm not ready to part company yet."

Hastily drawing up one of the wooden shutters, he placed himself near the window, observing fiercely: "I don't propose you shall undo what's being done for you. Let me hear from you"—jerking his finger toward the square—"and I'll not answer for what I'll do." But in spite of his admonition he read such determination in her eyes he felt himself baffled.

"You intend to make trouble!" he cried, and, putting his head suddenly through the window, he called to the driver, "Whip the horses through the market place!"

As the affrighted animals sprang forward he blocked the window, placing one hand on her shoulder. He felt her escape from his grasp; but, not daring to leave his post, he leaned out of the window when they were opposite the square and shook his fist at the anti-renters, exclaiming:

"I'll arrest every mother's son of you! I'll evict you—jail you for stealing rent!"

Drowned by the answering uproar, "The patroon's dog! Bullets for deputies!" the emissary of the land baron continued to threaten the throng with his fist until well out of earshot and, thanks to the level road, beyond their resentment. Not that they strove to follow him far, for they thought the jackal had taken leave of his senses. But there was no defiance left in him when they were beyond the village, and he fell back into his seat, his face now ash colored.

With fingers he could hardly control he opened a second bottle, dispensed

"I'll arrest every mother's son of you!"

with the formality of a glass and set the neck to his lips, repeating the operation until it was empty, when he tossed it out of the window to be shattered against a rock, after which he sank again into a semblance of meditation.

Disappointed over her ineffectual efforts, overcome by the strain, the young girl for the time relaxed all further attempt.

Despairingly she observed how the sun dipped and ever dipped toward the west, when suddenly a sound afar rekindled her fainting spirits. Listening more attentively, she was assured imagination had not deceived her. It was the faint patter of a horse's hoofs. Nearer it drew. Quicker beat her pulses. Moreover, it was the rat-a-tat of galloping. Some one was pursuing the coach on horseback.

Immersed in his own grapevine castle, her jailer was unmindful of the approaching rider, and she turned her face from him that he might not read her exultation. Closer resounded the beating hoofs.

Who was the horseman? Was it Barnes? Saint-Prosper? The latter's name had quickly suggested itself to her.

Although the rider, whoever he might be, continued to gain ground, to her companion the approaching clatter was inseparable from the noise of the vehicle, and it was not until the horseman was nearly abreast and the cadence of the galloping resolved itself into clangor that the dreamer awoke with an imprecation. As he sprang to his feet, thus rudely disturbed, a figure on horseback dashed by and a stern voice called to the driver:

"Stop the coach!"

Probably the command was given over the persuasive point of a weapon, for the animals were drawn up with a quick jerk and came to a standstill in the middle of the road. Menacing and abusive as the vehicle stopped, the warder's hand sought one of his pockets, when the young girl impetuously caught his arm, clinging to it tenaciously.

"Quick, Mr. Saint-Prosper!" she cried, recognizing, as she thought, the voice of the soldier.

"You wildcat!" her jailer exclaimed, struggling to throw her off.

Not succeeding, he raised his free arm in a flurry of invective.

"Curse you! Will you let go?"

"Quick! Quick!" she called out, holding him more tightly.

A flood of billingsgate flowed from his lips. "Let go, or"—

But before he could in his blind passion strike her or otherwise vent his rage a revolver was clapped to his face through the window, and, with a look of surprise and terror, his valor oozing from him, he crouched back on the cushions. At the same time the carriage door was thrown open, and Edward Mauville, the patroon, stood in the entrance!

Only an instant his eyes swept her, observing the flushed cheeks and disordered attire, reading her wonder at his unexpected appearance, and—to his satisfaction—her relief as well; only an instant, during which the warder stared at him open mouthed, and then his glance rested on the now thoroughly sober limb of the law.

"Get out!" he said briefly and harshly.

"But," began the other with a sickly grin, intended to be ingratiating, "I don't understand—this unexpected manner—this forcible departure from"—

Coolly raising his weapon, the patroon deliberately covered the hapless jailer, who unceremoniously scrambled out of the door. The land baron laughed, replaced his revolver and, turning to the young girl, removed his hat.

"It was fortunate, Miss Carew, I happened along," he said gravely. "With your permission I will get in. You can tell me what has happened as we drive along. The manor house, my temporary home, is not far from here. If I can be of any service command me!"

The jackal saw the patroon spring into the carriage, having fastened his horse behind, and drive off.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE afternoon was waning. Against the golden western sky the old manor house loomed in solemn majesty, the fields and forests emphasizing its isolation in the darkening hour of sunset, as a coach, with jaded horses, passed through the avenue of trees and approached the broad portico. A great string of trailing vine had been torn from the walls by the wind and now waved mournfully to and fro with no hand to adjust it. In the rear was a huge timbered barn, the door of which was unfastened, swinging on its rusty hinges with a creaking and moaning sound.

As gayly as in the days when the periwigged coachman had driven the elaborate equipage of the early patroons through the wrought iron gate this modern descendant entered the historic portals, not to be met, however, by servitors in knee breeches at the front door, but by the solitary caretaker, who appeared on the portico in considerable disorder and evident state of excitement, accompanied by the shaggy dog Oloffe.

"The deputies shot two of the tenants today," hurriedly exclaimed the guardian of the place, without noticing Mauville's companion. "The farmers fired upon them; they rallied, and one of the tenants is dead."

"A good lesson for them, since they were the aggressors!" cried the heir as he sprang from the coach. "But you have startled the lady."

An exclamation from the vehicle in an unmistakably feminine voice caused the "wachtmeester" now to observe the occupant for the first time, and the servant threw up his hands in consternation. Here was a master who drank all night, shot his tenants by proxy, visited strollers and now brought one of them to the steyn. That the strange lady was a player Oly-koeks immediately made up his mind, and he viewed her with mingled aversion and fear, as the early settlers regarded sorcerers and witches. She was very beautiful, he observed in that quick glance, but therefore the more dangerous. She appeared distressed, but he attributed her apparent grief to artfulness. He at once saw a new source of trouble in her presence, as though the threads were not already sufficiently entangled without the introduction of a woman—and she a public performer—into the complicated mesh!

"Fasten the iron shutters of the house," briefly commanded Mauville, breaking in upon the servant's painful reverie. "Then help this man change the horses and put in the grays."

Oly-koeks, with a final deprecatory glance at the coach expressive of his estimate of his master's light conduct and his apprehension of the outcome, disappeared to obey this order.

"May I assist you, Miss Carew?" said the land baron deferentially, offering his arm to the young girl, whose pale but observant face disclosed new demur and inquiry.

"But you said we would go right on?" she returned, drawing back with implied dissent.

"When the horses are changed. If you will step out the carriage will be driven to the barn."

Reluctantly she obeyed, and as she did so the patroon and the coachman exchanged pithy glances.

"Look sharp!" commanded the master sternly. "Oh, he won't run away," added Mauville quickly in answer to her look of surprise. "He knows I could find him and"—fingering his revolver—"will not disoblige me. Later we'll hear the rogue's story."

The man's averted countenance smothered a clandestine smile as he touched the horses with his whip and turned them toward the barn, leaving the patroon and his companion alone on the broad portico. Sweeping from a distant grove of slender poplars and snowy birches a breeze bore down upon them, suddenly bleak and frosty, and she shivered in the nipping air.

"You are chilled!" he cried. "If you would but go into the house while we are waiting! Indeed, if you do not I shall wonder how I have offended you. It will be something to remember"—half lightly, half seriously—"that you have crossed my threshold."

He stood at the door with such an undissembled smile, his accents so regretful, that after a moment's hesitation Constance entered, followed by the patroon. Sweeping aside the heavy draperies from the window, he permitted the golden shafts of the ebbing day to enter the hall, gleaming on the polished floors, the wainscoting and the furniture, faintly illuminating the faded pictures and weirdly revealing the turnings of the massive stairway. No wonder a half shudder of apprehension seized the young actress in spite of her self reliance and courage as she entered the solemn and mournful place, where past grandeur offered nothing save morbid memories and where the frailty of existence was significantly written! After that Indian summer day the sun was sinking, angry and fiery, as though presaging a speedy reform in the vagaries of the season and an immediate return to the legitimate surroundings of October.

Involuntarily the girl moved to the window, where the light rested on her brown tresses, and as Mauville watched that radiance, shifting and changing, her hair alight with mystic color, the passion that had prompted him to this end was stirred anew, dissipating any intrusive doubts. The veering and flickering sheen seemed but a web of entangling irradiation. A span of silence became an interminable period to her, with no sight of fresh horses or sign of preparation for the home journey.

"What takes him so long?" she said finally, with impatience. "It is getting so late!"

"It is late," he answered. "Almost too late to go on! You are weary and worn. Why not rest here tonight?"

"Rest here?" she repeated, with a start of surprise.

"You are not fit to drive farther. Tomorrow we can return."

"Tomorrow!" she cried. "But—what do you mean?"

"That I must insist upon your sparing yourself," he said firmly, although a red spot flushed his cheek.

"No, no! We must leave at once!" she answered.

He smiled reassuringly. "Why will you not have confidence in me?" he asked. "You have not the strength to travel all night over a rough road after such a trying day. For your own sake, I beg you to give up the idea. Here you are perfectly safe and may rest undisturbed."

"Please call the horses at once!"

An impatient expression furrowed his brow. He had relied on easily prevailing upon her through her gratitude, continuing in his disinterested role for yet some time, resuming the journey on the morrow, carrying her farther away under pretext of mistaking the road, until— Here his plans had faded into a vague perspective, dominated by unreasoning self confidence and egotism.

But her words threatened a rupture at the outset that would seriously alter the status of the adventure.

"It is a mistake to go on tonight," he said, with a dissenting gesture. "However, if you are determined"—And Mauville stepped to the window. "Why, the carriage is not there!" he exclaimed, looking out.

"Not there!" she repeated incredulously. "You told them to change the horses. Why"—

"I don't understand," returned the land baron, with an effort to make his voice surprised and concerned. "He may— Hello, there! You!— Oly-koeks!" he called out, interrupting his own explanation.

Not Oly-koeks, but the driver's face, appeared from behind the barn door, and, gazing through the window, the young girl with a start suddenly realized that she had seen him not for the first time that day—but where, when? Through the growing perplexity of her thoughts she heard the voice of her companion:

"Why don't you hitch up the grays?"

"There are no horses in the barn," came the answer.

"Strange! The caretaker did not tell me they had been taken away!" commented the other, hastily stepping from the window as the driver vanished once more into the barn. "I am sorry, but there seems no alternative but to wait, at least until I can send for others."

She continued to gaze toward the door through which the man had disappeared. She could place him now, although his livery had been discarded for shabby clothes. She recalled him distinctly in spite of this changed appearance.

"Why not make the best of it?" said Mauville softly, but with glance sparkling in spite of himself. "After all, are you not giving yourself needless apprehensions? You are at home here. Anything you wish shall be yours. Consider yourself mistress, me one of your servants!"

Almost imperceptibly his manner had changed. Instinctive misgivings which had assailed her in the coach with him now resolved themselves into assured fears. Something she could not explain had aroused her suspicions before they had reached the manor, but his words had glossed these inward qualms and a feeling of obligation suggested trust, not shrinking; but with his last words a full light illumined her faculties, an association of ideas revealed his intent and performance.

"It was you, then," she said slowly, studying him with steady, penetrating glance.

"You!" she repeated, with such contempt that he was momentarily disconcerted. "The man in the carriage—he was hired by you. The driver—his face is familiar. I remember now where I saw him—in the Shadengo valley. He is your coachman. Your rescue was planned to deceive me. It deceived even your man. He had not expected that. Your reassuring me was false; the plan to change horses a trick to get me here"—

"If you would but listen"—

"When"—her eyes ablaze—"will this farce end?"

Her words took him unawares. Not that he dreaded the betrayal of his actual purpose. On the contrary, his reckless temper, chafing under her unexpected obduracy, now welcomed the opportunity of discarding the disinterested and chivalrous part he had assumed.

"When it ends in a honeymoon, ma belle Constance!" he said swiftly.

His sudden words, removing all doubts as to his purpose, awoke such repugnance in her that for a moment aversion was paramount to every other feeling. Again she looked without, but only the solitude of the fields and forests met her glance.

To be continued.

HAPPY AND HEALTHY.

A Beautiful Canadian Girl Saved From Catarrh of the Lungs by Pe-ru-na.

MISS FLORENCE KENAH.

Miss Florence E. Kenah, 434 Maria street, Ottawa, Ont., writes:

"A few months ago I caught a severe cold, which settled on my lungs and remained there so persistently that I became alarmed. I took medicine without benefit, until my digestive organs became upset, and my head and back began to ache severely and frequently.

"I was advised to try Peruna, and although I had little faith I felt so sick that I was ready to try anything. It brought me blessed relief at once, and I felt that I had the right medicine at last. Within three weeks I was completely restored and have enjoyed perfect health since.

"I now have the greatest faith in Peruna." F. E. KENAH.

WOMEN should beware of contracting catarrh. The cold wind and rain, slush and mud of winter are especially conducive to catarrhal derangements. Few women escape.

Upon the first symptoms of catching cold Peruna should be taken. It fortifies the system against colds and catarrh.

The following letter gives one young woman's experience with Peruna:

Miss Rose Gerbing is a popular society woman of Crown Point, Ind., and she writes the following:

"Recently I took a long drive in the country, and being too thinly clad I caught a bad cold which settled on my lungs, and which I could not seem to shake off. I had heard a great deal of Peruna for colds and catarrh and I bought a bottle to try. I am pleased that I did, for it brought speedy relief. It only took about two bottles, and I considered this money well spent.

"You have a firm friend in me, and I not only advise its use to my friends, but have purchased several bottles to give to those without the means to buy, and have noticed without exception that it has brought about a speedy cure when over it has been used."—Miss Rose Gerbing.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

PUTTING BABY ASLEEP.

If baby is restless or sleepless do not give it soothing medicines to make it sleep. These medicines always contain opiates, and you are merely drugging the little one into temporary insensibility—in fact you are placing its life in peril. Restlessness and sleeplessness is usually the result of some trouble of the stomach or bowels, and if this is removed the child will sleep naturally, and awake bright and healthy. Baby's Own Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, and the mother has a solemn assurance that the medicine contains no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Reville, Gawas, Ont., says:—"My baby suffered from colic, cried a great deal, and was very sleepless. After giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared, and through giving him an occasional Tablet since, he has always been healthy, and is now a strong and rugged child. No mother should ever be without the Tablets in the house." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any dealer in medicine, or if you write to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., the Tablets will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box.

The Manitoba grain growers have passed strong resolutions in favor of Government ownership and operation of railways, as well as protesting against the shortage of cars and other drawbacks of the present service.