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Places of holding and Addresses of Clerks.	January.	March.	May.	July.	Sept.	Nov.	Jan. 1905.	Hours of Opening
Milton	Friday, 8th.	11	13	8	Friday, 9th	11	13	10.30 a.m.
Oakville	Tuesday, 5th	8	10	5	Wed., 7th	8	10	12.30 p.m.
Georgetown	Wednesday, 6th.	9	11	6	Thur., 8th	9	11	9.30 a.m.
Milton	Wm. Panton	11	13	11	Fri., 9th	11	13	10.30 a.m.
Oakville	Chas. B. Patterson	8	10	5	Sat., 10th	8	10	12.30 p.m.
Georgetown	Zachariah Grant	9	11	6	Tues., 6th	9	11	10.45 a.m.
Campbellville	Wednesday, 6th.	12	14	9		12	14	11 a.m.
Burlington	Saturday, 9th.	7	9	4		7	9	
Burlington	Matthew Beattie.							
Burlington	James Robinson							
Burlington	Monday, 4th.							

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 14th June and 8th December on opening days at 1 p.m.

Common Jury Sittings—First Monday in February, 5th April and 4th October at 10 a.m. For the despatch of business.

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"Hang them up yourself," he replied. "Who do you think's keepin' ye?"—London Standard.

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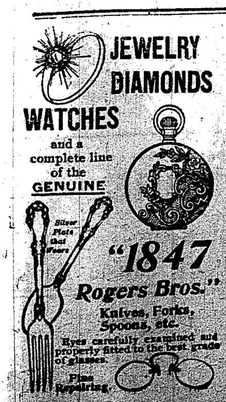

AN ILLUSTRATION

Shut one eye, hold a quarter close to the other and the sun will be obscured. Some people do this in a figurative sense when they become blind to facts, blind to reason and blind to advice.

The Light of our Bargains Shines for All

Accept our statements as facts, do no hesitate, do not think you will first look elsewhere, for then you will be

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THE STROLLERS

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM,

Author of "Under the Rose"

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In his impatience to possess the promised proof the day passed all too slowly. He even hoped the count would call, although that worthy brought with him all the "flattering devils, sweet poison and deadly sins" of inebriation. But the count, like a poor friend, was absent when wanted, and it was a distinct relief to the land baron when Francois appeared at his apartments in the evening with a buff colored envelope, which he handed to him.

"The suppressed report?" asked the latter, weighing it in his hand.

"No, monsieur; I could not find that. My master must have destroyed it."

The land baron made a gesture of disappointment and irritation.

"But this," Francois hastened to add, "is a letter from the Duc d'Aumale, governor of Algeria, to the Marquis de Ligne, describing the affair. Monsieur will find it equally as satisfactory, I am sure."

"How did you get it?" said the patroon thoughtfully.

"My master left the keys on the dresser."

"And if he misses this letter"—

"Oh, monsieur, I grieve my master is so ill he could not miss anything but his ailments. Those he would willingly dispense with. My poor master!"

"There! Take your long, hypocritical face out of my sight!" said Mauville curtly, at the same time handing him the promised reward, which Francois calmly accepted.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE city, bustling and animated by day, like an energetic housewife, was at night a gay demoiselle, awakening to new life and excitement. The clerk betook himself to his bowling or billiards and the mechanic to the circus, while beauty and fashion repaired to the concert room or to the Opera Francais to listen to Halevy or Donizetti. Restless Americans or Irishmen rubbed elbows with the hurrying Frenchman or Spaniard, and the dignified creole gentleman of leisure alone was wrapped in a plenitude of dignity, computing probably the interest he drew on money loaned these assiduous foreigners.

Soldiers who had been granted leave of absence or had slipped the guard at the camp on Andrew Jackson's battle ground swaggered through the streets. The change from a diet of pork and beans and army hard tack was so marked that Uncle Sam's young men threw restraint to the winds, took the mask balls by storm and gallantly assailed and made willing prisoners of the fair sex. Eager to exchange their irksome life in camp for the active campaign in Mexico, it was small wonder they relieved their impatience by many a valiant dash into the hospitable town.

Carriages drove by with a rumble and a clatter, revealing a fleeting glimpse of some beauty with full, dark eye. Venders of flowers importuned the passersby, doing a brisk business; the oyster and coffee stands reminded the spectator of a thoroughfare in London on a Saturday night, with the people congregating about the street stalls, but the brilliantly illumined places of amusement, with their careless patrons plainly apparent to all from without, resembled rather a boulevard scene in the metropolis of France. "Probably," says a skeptical chronicler, "here and there are quiet drawing rooms and tranquil firesides, where domestic love is a chaste, presiding goddess." But the writer merely presumes such might have been the case, and it is evident from his manner of expression he offers the suggestion or afterthought charitably, with some doubts in his mind. Certainly he never personally encountered the chaste goddess of the hearth or he would have qualified his words and made his statement more positive.

She was now silent as a mouse.

From the life of the streets the land baron turned into a well lighted entrance, passing into a large, luxuriously furnished saloon, at one end of which stood a table somewhat resembling a roulette board. Seated on one side was the phlegmatic cashier and opposite him the dealer, equally impassive. Unlike faro, the popular New Orleans game, no deal box was needed, the dealer holding the cards in his hand, while a cavity in the center of the table contained a basket, where the cards, once used, were thrown. A large chandelier cast a brilliant light upon the scene.

"Messieurs, faites vos jeux," drawled the monotonous voice of the dealer, and expectation was keenly written on the faces of the double circle of players. As the dealer began to shuffle together six packs of cards and place them in a row on the table he called out:

"Nothing more goes, gentlemen!"

The rapidity with which the cashier counted the winnings at a distance and shoved them here and there with the long rake was amazing and bewildering to the novice risking a few gold pieces for the first time on the altar of chance.

"Oh, dear!" said a light feminine voice as the rapacious rake unceremoniously drew in a poor, diminutive pile of gold. "Why did I play? Isn't it provoking?"

"You have my sympathy, Mistress Susan," breathed a voice near her.

Looking around, she had the grace to blush becomingly and approached Mauville with an expressive gesture, leaving Adonis and Kate at the table.

"Don't be shocked, Mr. Mauville," she began hurriedly. "We were told it was among the sights, and, having natural curiosity"—

"I understand. Armed with righteousness, why should not one go anywhere?"

"Why, indeed?" she murmured.

"But I'm afraid I'm taking you from your play?"

"I'm not going to play any more tonight."

"Tired already?"

"No; but—but I haven't a cent. That miserable table has robbed me of everything. All I have left"—piteously—"are the clothes on my back."

"Just so!" he agreed. "But it might have been worse."

"How?" in dismay. "Didn't that stony looking man rake in my last gold piece? He didn't even look sorry, either. But what is the matter with your arm?" The land baron's expression became ominous. "You shook hands with your left hand. Oh, I see; the duel!"

"How did you hear about it?" asked Mauville irritably.

"Oh, in a roundabout way. Murder will out! And Constance—she was so solicitous about Mr. Saint-Prosper, but rather proud, I believe, because he"—with a laugh—"came off victorious."

Susan's prattle, although accompanied by innocent glances from her blue eyes, was sometimes the most irritating thing in the world, and the land baron, goaded beyond endurance, now threw off his careless manner and swore in an undertone by "every devil in Satan's calendar."

"Can you not reserve your soliloquy until you leave me?" observed Susan sweetly. "Otherwise"—

"I regret to have shocked your ladyship," he murmured satirically.

"I forgive you," raising her guileless eyes. "When I think of the provocation I do not blame you so much."

"That is more than people do in your case," muttered the land baron savagely.

Susan's hand trembled. "What do you mean?" she asked, not without apprehension regarding his answer.

"Oh, that affair with the young officer, the lad who was killed in the duel, you know"—

Her composure forsook her for the moment, and she bit her lip cruelly.

"Don't," she whispered. "I am not to blame. I never dreamed it would go so far. Why should people"—

"Why?" he interposed ironically.

Susan pulled herself together. "Yes, why?" she repeated defiantly. "Can women prevent men from making fools of themselves any more than they can prevent them from amusing themselves as they will? Today it is this toy, to-morrow another. At length"—bitterly—"a woman comes to consider herself only a toy."

Her companion regarded her curiously. "Well, well!" he ejaculated finally. "Losing at cards doesn't agree with your temper."

"Nor being worsted by Saint-Prosper with yours," she retorted quickly.

Mauville looked virulent, but Susan, feeling that she had retaliated in ample measure, recovered her usual equanimity of temper and placed a conciliatory hand sympathetically on his arm.

"We have both had a good deal to try us, haven't we? But how stupid men are!" she added suddenly. "As if you could not find other consolation!"

He directed toward her an inquiring glance.

"Some time ago, while I was acting in London," resumed Susan thoughtfully, "the leading lady refused to receive the attentions of a certain odious English lord. She was to make her appearance in a piece upon which her reputation was staked. Mark what happened. She was hissed—hissed from the stage. My lord led this hostile demonstration, and all his hired claqueurs joined in. She was ruined; rusticated!" concluded Susan, smiling amiably.

"You are ingenious, Mistress Susan, not to say a trifle diabolical. Your plan"—

She opened her eyes widely. "I have suggested no plan," she interrupted hurriedly.

"Well, let us sit down, and I will tell you about a French officer who— But here is a quiet corner, Mistress Susan, and if you will promise not to repeat it I will regale you with a bit of interesting gossip."

"I promise; they always do," she laughed.

For such a frivolous lady Susan was an excellent listener. She who on occasions chattered like a magpie was now silent as a mouse, drinking in the other's words with parted lips and sparkling eyes. First he showed her the letter Francois had brought him. Unmarked by postal indications, the missive had evidently been intrusted to a private messenger of the governor whose seal it bore. Dated about three years previously, it was written in a somewhat illegible but not unintelligible scrawl, the duke's own handwriting.

"I send you, my dear marquis," began the duke, "a copy of the secret report of the military tribunal appointed to investigate the charges against your kinsman, Lieutenant Saint-Prosper, and regret the finding of the court should have been one of guilty of treason.

"Saint-Prosper and Abd-el-Kader met near the tomb of a marabout. From him the French officer received a famous ruby which he thrust beneath his zaboot, the first fee of their compact. That night, when the town lay sleeping, a turbaned host armed with yatagans stole through the flowering cactuses. Sesame! The gate opened to them; they swarmed within. The soldiers, surprised, could render little resistance. The ruthless invaders cut them down while they were sleeping or before they could sound the alarm. The bravest blood of France flowed lavishly in the face of the treacherous onslaught—blood of men who had been his fastest friends, among whom he had been so popular for his dauntless courage and devil-may-care temerity. But a period, fearfully brief, and the beloved tricolor was trampled in the dust. The barbarian flag of the emir floated in its place.

"All these particulars and the part Saint-Prosper played in the terrible drama Abd-el-Kader, who is now our prisoner, has himself confessed. The necessity for secrecy you, my dear marquis, will appreciate. The publicity of the affair now would work incalculable injury to the nation. It is imperative to preserve the army from the taint of scandal. The nation hangs on a thread. God knows there is iniquity abroad. I, who have labored for the honor of France and planted her flag in distant lands, look for defeat not through want of bravery, but from internal causes. A matter like this might lead to a popular uprising against the army. Therefore the king wills it shall be buried by his faithful servants."

As Mauville proceeded Susan remained motionless, but when he concluded she leaned back with a pleased smile.

"Well?" he said finally.

"How piquantly wicked he is!" she exclaimed.

"Piquantly, indeed!" repeated the land baron.

"And he carries it without a twinge! What a petrified conscience! That accounts for his unwillingness to talk about Africa," went on Susan. "Soldiers, as a rule, you know, like to tell all about their sanguinary exploits. But the tented field was a forbidden topic with him. And once when I asked him about Algiers he was almost rudely evasive."

"He probably lives in constant fear his secret will become known," said Mauville thoughtfully. "As a matter of fact, the law provides that no person is to be indicted for treason unless within three years after the offense. The tribunal did not return an indictment. The three years have just expired. Did he come to America to make sure of these three years?"

But Susan's thoughts had flitted to another feature of the story.

"How strange my marquis should be connected with the case! What an old compliment monger he was! He vowed he was deeply smitten with me."

"And then went home and took to his bed!" added Mauville grimly.

"You wretch!" said the young woman playfully. "So that is the reason the dear old molly coddle did not take me to any of the gay suppers he promised? Is it not strange Saint-Prosper has not met him?"

"You forget the marquis has been confined to his room since his brief, but disastrous, courtship of you. His infatuation seems to have brought him to the verge of dissolution."

"Was it not worth the price?" she retorted, rising. "But I see my sister and Adonis are going, so I must be off too. So glad to have met you!"

"You are no longer angry with me?"

"No; you are very nice," she said. "And you have forgiven me?"

"Need you ask?" pressing her hand. "Good evening, Mistress Susan!"

"Good evening. Oh, by the way, I have an appointment with Constance to rehearse a little scene together this evening. Would you mind loaning me that letter?"

"With pleasure; but remember your promise."

"Promise?" repeated the young woman.

"Not to tell."

"Oh, of course," said Susan.

"But if you shouldn't"—

"Then?"

"Then you might say the marquis, your friend and admirer, gave you the letter. It would, perhaps, be easier for you to account for it than for me."

Susan's feet fairly danced as she flew toward the St. Charles and burst into Constance's room, brimful of news and importance. She remained there for some time, and when she left it was noteworthy her spirits were still high.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A VERSATILE dramatic poet is grim Destiny, making with equal facility tragedy, farce, burletta, mask or mystery. The world is his inn, and, like the wandering master of interludes, he sets up his stage in the courtyard beneath the windows of mortals, takes out his figures and evolves charming comedies, stirring melodramas, spirited harlequinades and moving divertisement. But it is in tragedy his constructive ability is especially apparent, and his characters, tripping along unsuspectingly in the sunny byways, are suddenly confronted by the terrifying mask and realize life is not all pleasant pastime and that the Greek philosophy of retribution is nature's law, preserving the unities. When the time comes the master of events, adjusting them in prescribed lines, reaches by stern obligation the avoidless conclusion.

Consulting no law but his own will, the Marquis de Ligne had lived as though he were the autocrat of fate itself instead of one of its servants, and therefore was surprised when the venerable playwright prepared the unexpected denouement. In pursuance of this end, it was decreed by the imperious and incontrovertible dramatist of the human family that this crabbed, vicious, antiquated marionette should wend his way to the St. Charles on a particular evening. Since the day at the races the eccentric nobleman had been ill and confined to his room, but now he was beginning to hobble around, and, immediately with returning strength, sought diversion.

"Impossible!" he murmured.

"Francois," he said, "what is there at the theater tonight?"

"Comic opera, my lord."

The marquis made a grimace. "Comic opera outside of Paris!" he exclaimed, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"A new actress makes her debut at the St. Charles."

"Let it be the debut, then! Perhaps she will fail, and that will amuse me."

"Yes, my lord."

"And, by the way, Francois, did you see anything of a large envelope, a buff colored envelope, I thought I left in my secretary?"

"No, my lord." But Francois became just a shade paler.

"It is strange," said the marquis half to himself, "what could have become of it. I destroyed other papers, but not that. You are sure, Francois, you did not steal it?"

By this time the servant's knees began to tremble, and had the marquis' eyesight been better he could not have failed to detect the other's agitation. But the valet assumed a bold front as he asked:

"Why should I have stolen it?"

"True, why," grumbled the marquis. "It would be of no service to you. No; you didn't take it. I believe you honest in this case."

"Thank you, my lord."

"After all, what does it matter?" muttered the nobleman to himself. "What's in a good name today, with traitors within and traitors without? 'Tis love's labor lost to have protected it. We've fostered a military nest of traitors. The scorpions will be faithful to nothing but their own ends. They'll fight for any master."

Recalled to his purpose of attending the play by Francois' bringing from the wardrobe sundry articles of attire, the marquis underwent an elaborate toilet, recovering his good humor as this complicated operation proceeded. Indeed by the time it had reached a triumphant end and the valet had set the marquis before a mirror the latter had forgotten his dissatisfaction at the government in his pleasure with himself.

"Too much excitement is dangerous, is it?" he mumbled. "I am afraid there will be none at all. A stage struck young woman, a doll-like face probably, a milk and water performance! Now, in the old days actors were artists. Yes, artists!" he repeated as if he had struck a chord that vibrated in his memory.

Arriving at the theater, he was surprised at the scene of animation—the line of carriages, the crowd about the doors and in the entrance hall. Evidently the city eagerly sought novelty, and Barnes' company, offering new diversion after many weeks of opera, drew a fair proportion of pleasure seekers to the portals of the drama. The noise of rattling wheels and the banging of carriage doors, the aspect of many fair ladies, irreproachably gowned; the confusion of voices from venders hovering near the gallery entrance, imparted a cosmopolitan atmosphere to the surroundings.

"You'd think some well known player was going to appear, Francois!" grumbled the marquis as he thrust his head out of his carriage. "Looks like a theater off the Strand. And there's an orange girl, a dusky Peggy!"

The vehicle of the nobleman drew up before the brilliantly lighted entrance. Mincingly the marquis dismounted, assisted by the valet. Within he was met by a loge director, who with the airs of a Chesterfield bowed the people in and out.

"Your ticket, sir," said this courteous individual, scraping unusually low.

The marquis waved his hand toward his man, and Francois produced the bits of pasteboard. Escorted to his box, the nobleman settled himself in an easy chair, after which he stared impudently and inquisitively around him.

Having taken note of his surroundings to his satisfaction, the marquis at length condescended to turn his eyeglass deliberately and quizzically to the stage. His sight was not the best, and he gazed for some time before discerning a graceful figure and a pure, oval face, with dark hair and eyes.

"Humph! Not a bad stage presence!" he thought. "Probably plenty of beauty, with a paucity of talent! That's the way nowadays. The voice—why, where have I heard it before? A beautiful voice! What melody, what power, what richness! And the face"—Here he wiped the moisture from his glasses. "If the face is equal to the voice she has an unusual combination in an artist."

Again he elevated the glass. Suddenly his attenuated frame straightened, his hand shook violently, and the glasses fell from his nerveless fingers.

"Impossible!" he murmured. But the melody of those tones continued to fall upon his ears like a voice from the past.

When the curtain went down on the first act there was a storm of applause, and Constance as Adrienne Lecouvreur, radiant in youth and the knowledge of success, was called out several times. In the loges all the ladies were pushed up, "a compliment to any player," said Straws. To the marquis the ladies in the loges were only reminiscent of the fashionable dames with bare shoulders and glittering jewels in the side boxes of old Drury Lane leaning from their high tribunals to applaud the Adrienne of twenty years ago.

He did not sit in a theater in New Orleans now, but in London town, with a woman by his side who bent beneath the storm of words she knew were directed at her.

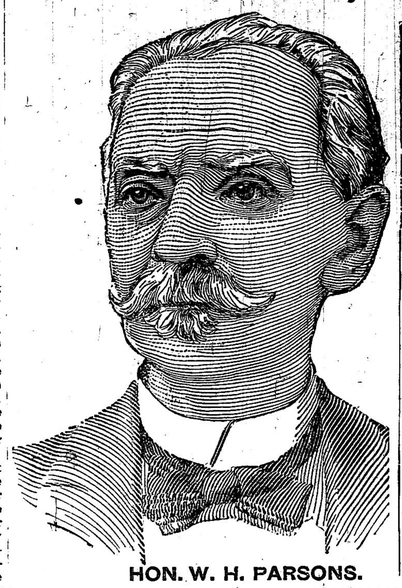
They were applauding now, or was it but the mocking echo of the past? The curtain had descended, but went up again, and the actress stood with flowers showered around her. Save that she was in the springtime of life, while the other had entered summer's season, that her art was tender and romantic rather than overwhelming and tragic, she was the counterpart of the actress he had deserted in London, a faithful prototype, bearing the mother's eyes, brow and features; a moving, living picture of the dead, as though the grave had rolled back its stone and she had stepped forth, young once more, trusting and innocent.

Could it be possible it was but a likeness his imagination had converted into such vivid resemblance?

To be continued.

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT

Was Alarmingly Afflicted With La Grippe. Cured by Pe-ru-na.



HON. W. H. PARSONS.

Pe-ru-na cures more cases of la grippe than all other remedies combined.

W. H. Parsons is Ex-State Senator and Ex-Special Judge of the Supreme Court of Texas, also Brigadier-General in Confederate Army. In a recent letter from 925 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., this prominent gentleman says:

"Upon the recommendation of personal friends and many strong testimonials as to the efficacy of Peruna in the treatment of the numerous symptoms of the grippe with which I have been afflicted for four months past, I have been induced to undergo a treatment with this justly celebrated formula. I feel a decided change for the better after using it only one week. It is especially good in toning up the stomach and has had a decided effect upon my appetite. I therefore feel much encouraged that I am on the road to complete restoration.

"My numerous friends in Texas, where I have had the honor to command a brigade of her Veteran Cavalry in a four years' war, may accept this voluntary testimonial to the merits of Peruna as a sense of obligation on my part for its wonderful efficacy."—W. H. Parsons.

There is no remedy in the world that meets the conditions produced by la grippe better than the remedy, Peruna. Peruna strengthens as it renovates, soothes while it stimulates, heals as it expurgates. Peruna is not a purgative, or cathartic, or sedative, or stimulant, nor a vegetable or mineral poison. It reaches the source of all diseases of the mucous membranes by its action on the vaso-motor system of nerves.

Every person who has had la grippe during the last year should take a course of Peruna. No one need expect perfect recovery unless they do so. The grippe has produced catarrhal inflammation of the whole mucous membrane, and perfect health is impossible until these are restored to a normal condition. Peruna will do. A great many remedies have been suggested for this condition from time to time, but Peruna appears to be the only remedy that has any substantial value in these cases. It has never failed to give satisfaction during forty years' experience and still occupies the unique position of being the leading (if not the only) specific remedy for the after-effects of la grippe.

Henry Distin, the inventor and maker of all the band instruments for the Henry Distin Manufacturing Co., writes the following from 1441 South Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.:

"I had a bad attack of la grippe in December which lasted more than three months, and which left me with catarrh, and several of my friends advised me to try Peruna. I began with a bottle the first week in March and it certainly did me a great deal of good. I was so well satisfied that I purchased another bottle and followed the directions, and can say that it has cured me."—Henry Distin.

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.

A reward of $10,000 has been deposited in the Market Exchange Bank, Columbus, Ohio, as a guarantee that the above testimonial is genuine; that we hold in our possession authentic letters certifying to the same. Every one of our testimonials are genuine and in the words of the one whose name is appended.

FRETFUL CHILDREN.

If children are cross, or fretful, or sleepless, in ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the reason can be traced to some little trouble of the stomach or bowels. Remove the cause and the little one will be bright, good-natured, and will sleep soundly and naturally. There is just one always absolutely safe medicine for little ones—Baby's Own Tablets. In homes where this medicine is used there are no sickly, cross, crying children. The Tablets will cure all the minor ills of little ones, and will do it safely and speedily—there is no doubt about this. Give the Tablets a single trial and you will be as enthusiastic about them as other mothers are. As for instance, Mrs. David Duffield, Ponsonby, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets saved my baby's life. They are a wonderful medicine for children and I gladly recommend them to other mothers."

Your children will take this medicine as readily as candy, and it is guaranteed free from harmful drugs. Sold by all druggists or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Daily Globe and Champion 1 year $4.25