The Canadian Champion

VOLUME 43. MILTON, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1904. No. 49.

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Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
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9 01 a.m. 5.20 p.m. 7.24 p.m. 9.07 p.m

—SUNDAY—

West 9 07 a.m., 9.01 p.m. East 7.05 a.m., 7.59 p.m

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Milton	Wm. Panton	Friday, 8th.	11	13	8	Friday 9th	10	11.30 a.m.
Oakville	Chas. B. Patterson	Friday, 15th.	18	20	15	Wed., 7th	17	12.30 p.m.
Georgetown	Lachlan Grant	Wednesday, 6th	8	10	5	Thur., 8th	7	9.30 a.m.
Acton	Alex. McNeil	do.	9	11	6	do.	8	2.30 p.m.
Campbellville	Matthew Beattie	Saturday, 9th.	26	28	23	Sat., 10th	21	2.30 p.m.
Burlington	James Robinson	Monday, 4th	6	9	4	Tues., 6th	9	11 a.m.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 14th June and 8th December

County Court Sittings—formerly Terms—11th January, 4th April, 4th July and 3rd October.

For the despatch of business, 2nd January, 5th April, 5th July and 4th October.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 3rd January, 5th April and 4th October, and so often at other times as may be required

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Consequences.

Freddie—What are these consequences you are always talking to me about? Cobwigger—Consequences, my boy, are the debts we incur for the fun of having our own way.

The Consultation.

"They have called two doctors in for consultation."

"And do the doctors agree?"

"I believe they have agreed upon the price."

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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John Harkless was leaning on the pasture bars. The stars were wan and the full moon shone over the fields. Meadows and woodlands lay quiet and motionless under the old, sweet marvel of a June night. In the wide monotony of the flat lands there sometimes comes a feeling that the whole earth is stretched out before one. Tonight it seemed to lie so, in the pathos of silent beauty, passive and still, yet breathing an antique message, sad, mysterious, reassuring. But there had come a divine melody adrift on the air. Through the open windows it floated. Indoors some one struck a peal of silver chords, like a harp touched by a lover, and a woman's voice was lifted. John Harkless leaned on the pasture bars and listened with upraised head and parted lips.

"To thy chamber window roving, love hath led my feet."

The Lord sent manna to the children of Israel in the wilderness. Harkless had been five years in Plattville, and a woman's voice singing Schubert's "Serenade" came to him at last as he stood by the pasture bars of Jones' field and listened and rested his dazzled eyes on the big white face of the moon.

How long had it been since he had heard a song or any discourse of music other than that furnished by the Plattville band? Not that he had no taste for a brass band. But music that he loved always gave him an ache or delight and the twinge of reminiscences of old gay days gone forever. Tonight his memory leaped to the last day of a June gone seven years to a morning when the little estuary waves twinkled in the bright sun about the boat in which he sat, the trim launch that brought a cheery party ashore from their schooner to the casino landing at Winter Harbor, far up on the Maine coast.

Tonight he saw the picture as plainly as if it were yesterday. No reminiscences had risen so keenly before his eyes for years. Pretty Mrs. Van Skuyt sitting beside him—pretty Mrs. Van Skuyt and her roses—what had become of her? He saw the crowd of friends waiting on the pier for their arrival, the dozen or so emblazoned classmates (it was in the time of brilliant flannels) who sent up a volley of college cheers in his honor. How plainly the dear old, young faces rose up before him tonight, the men from whose lives he had slipped! Dearest and jolliest of the faces was that of Tom Meredith, clubmate, classmate, his closest friend, the thin, redheaded third baseman. He could see Tom's mouth opened at least a yard, it seemed, such was his frantic vociferousness. Again and again the cheers rang out, "Harkless! Harkless!" on the end of them. In those days everybody, particularly his classmates, thought he would be minister to England in a few years, and the orchestra on the casino porch was playing "The Conquering Hero Comes" in his honor and at the behest of Tom Meredith, he knew.

There were other pretty ladies besides Mrs. Van Skuyt in the launch load from the yacht, but as they touched the pier, pretty girls or pretty women or jovial gentlemen, all were overlooked in the wild scramble the college men made for their hero. They haled him forth, set him on high, bore him on their shoulders, shouting "Skal to the Viking!" and carried him up the wooded bluff to the casino. He heard Mrs. Van Skuyt say: "Oh, we're used to it. We've put in at several other places where he had friends!" He remembered the wild progress they made for him up the slope that morning at Winter Harbor—how the people looked on and laughed and clapped their hands. But at the veranda edge he had noticed a little form disappearing around a corner of the building, a young girl running away as fast as she could. "See there," he said as the tribe set him down; "you have frightened the populace." And Tom Meredith had stopped shouting long enough to answer: "It's my little cousin, overcome with emotion. She's been counting the hours till you came—been hearing about you for a good while. She hasn't been able to talk or think of anything else. She's only fifteen, and the crucial moment is too much for her. The great Harkless has arrived, and she has fled."

But the present hour grew on him as he leaned on the pasture bars. It had been a reminiscent day with him, but suddenly his memories sped, and the voice that was singing Schubert's "Serenade" across the way touched him with the urgent personal appeal that a present beauty had always held for him. It was a soprano and without tremolo, yet came to his ear with a certain tremulous sweetness. It was soft and slender, but the listener knew it could be lifted with fullness and power if the singer would. It spoke only of the song, yet the listener thought of the singer. Under the moon thoughts run into dreams, and he dreamed that the owner of the voice, she who quoted "The Walrus and the Carpenter" on Fisbee's notes, was one to laugh with you and weep with you, yet her laughter would be tempered with sorrow and her tears with laughter.

When the song was ended he struck the rail he leaned upon a sharp blow with his open hand. There swept over him a feeling that he had stood precisely where he stood now on such a night a thousand years ago; had heard that voice and that song and been moved by the voice and the song and the night just as he was moved now. He had long known himself for a sentimentalist. He had almost given up trying to cure himself. And he knew himself for a born lover. He had always been in love with some one. In his earlier youth his affections had been so constantly inconstant that he finally came to settle with his self respect by recognizing in himself a fine constancy that worshiped one woman always. It was only the shifting image of her that changed. Somewhere (he dreamed, whimsically indulgent of the fancy, yet mocking himself for it) there was a girl whom he had never seen who waited till he should come. She was everything. Until he found her he could not help adoring others who possessed little pieces and suggestions of her—her brilliancy, her courage, her short upper lip, "like a curled rose leaf," or her dear voice or her pure profile. He had no recollection of any lady who had quite her eyes. He had never passed a lovely stranger on the street in the old days without a thrill of delight and warmth. If he never saw her again and the vision had only lasted for the time it takes a lady to cross the sidewalk from a shop door to a carriage he was always a little in love with her because she bore about her somewhere, as did every pretty girl he ever saw, a suggestion of the faraway divinity. One does not pass lovely strangers in the streets of Plattville. Miss Briscoe was pretty, but not at all in the way that Harkless dreamed. For five years the lover in him that had loved so often had been starved of all but dreams. Only at twilight and dusk in the summer, when strolling he caught sight of a woman's skirt far up the village street, half outlined in the darkness under the cathedral arch of meeting branches, this romancer of petticoats could sigh a true lover's sigh and, if he kept enough distance between, fly a yearning fancy that his lady wandered there.

Ever since his university days the image of her had been growing more and more distinct. He had completely settled his mind as to her appearance and her voice. She was tall, almost too tall, he was sure of that; and out of his consciousness there had grown a sweet and vivacious young face that he knew was hers. Her hair was light brown, with gold lusters (he reveled in the gold lusters on the proper theory that when your fancy is painting a picture you may as well go in for the whole thing and make it sumptuous), and her eyes were gray. They were very earnest, and yet they sparkled and laughed to him companionably, and sometimes he smiled back upon her. The Undine danced before him through the lonely years, on fair nights in his walks and came to sit by his fire on winter evenings when he stared alone at the embers.

And tonight, here in Plattville, he heard a voice he had waited for long, one that his fickle memory told him he had never heard before. But, listening, he knew better—he had heard it long ago, though when and how he did not know, as rich and true and ineffably tender as now. He threw a sop to his common sense. "Miss Sherwood is a little thing" (the image was so surely tall), "with a bumpy forehead and spectacles," he said to himself, "or else a provincial young lady with big eyes to pose at you." Then he felt the ridiculousness of looking after his common sense on a moonlight night in June; also, he knew that he lied.

The song had ceased, but the musician lingered, and the keys were touched to plaintive harmonies new to him. He had come to Plattville before "Cavalleria Rusticana" won the prize at home, and now, entranced, he heard the "Intermezzo" for the first time. Listening to this, he feared to move lest he should wake from a summer night's dream.

A ragged little shadow flitted down the path behind him, and from a solitary apple tree standing like a lonely ghost in the middle of the field came the "Woo!" of a screech owl twice. It was answered—twice—from a clump of elder bushes that grew in a fence corner fifty yards west of the pasture bars. Then the barrel of a squirrel rifle issued, lifted out of the white elder blossoms, and lay along the fence. The music in the house across the way ceased, and Harkless saw two white dresses come out through the long parlor windows on to the veranda. "It will be cooler out here," came the voice of the singer clearly through the quiet. "What a night!"

John vaulted the bars and started to cross the road. They saw him from the veranda, and Miss Briscoe called to him in welcome. As his tall figure stood out plainly in the bright light against the white dust a streak of fire leaped from the elder blossoms, and there rang out the sharp report of a rifle. There were two screams from the veranda. One white figure ran into the house. The other, a little one with a gauzy wrap streaming behind, came flying out into the moonlight straight to Harkless. There was a second report. The rifle shot was answered by a revolver. William Todd had risen up, apparently from nowhere, and, kneeling by the pasture bars, fired at the flash of the rifle.

"Jump fer the shadder, Mr. Harkless!" he shouted. "He's in them elders. Fer God's sake, come back!"

Empty handed as he was, the editor dashed for the treacherous elder bush as fast as his long legs could carry him, but before he had taken six strides a hand clutched his sleeve and a girl's voice quavered from close behind him: "Don't run like that, Mr. Harkless! I can't keep up."

He wheeled about and confronted a vision, a dainty little figure about five feet high, a flushed and lovely face, hair and draperies disarranged and flying. He stamped his foot with rage. "Get back in the house!" he cried.

"You mustn't go!" she panted. "It's the only way to stop you."

"Go back to the house!" he shouted savagely.

"Will you come?"

"For God's sake," cried William Todd, "come back! Keep out of the road!" He was emptying his revolver at the clump of bushes, the uproar of his firing blasting the night. Some one screamed from the house:

"Helen, Helen!"

John seized the girl's wrists. Her gray eyes flashed into his defiantly. "Will you go?" he roared.

"No!"

He dropped her wrists, caught her up in his arms as if she had been a kitten and leaped into the shadow of the trees that leaned over the road from the yard. The rifle rang out again, and the little ball whistled venomously overhead. Harkless ran along the fence and turned in at the gate. A loose strand of the girl's hair blew across his cheek, and in the moon her head shone with gold. She had light

The rifle rang out again.

brown hair and gray eyes and a short upper lip like a curled rose leaf. He set her down on the veranda steps. Both of them laughed wildly.

"But you came with me," she gasped triumphantly.

"I always thought you were tall," he answered, and there was afterward a time when he had to agree that this was a somewhat vague reply.

CHAPTER IV.

JUDGE BRISCOE smiled grimly and leaned on his shotgun in the moonlight by the veranda. He and William Todd had been kicking down the elder bushes and, returning to the house, found Minnie alone on the porch. "Safe?" he said to his daughter, who turned an anxious face upon him. "They'll be safe enough now, and in our garden."

"Maybe I oughtn't to have let them go."

"Pooh! They're all right. That scalawag's half way to Six Crossroads by this time, isn't he, William?"

"He tuck up the fence like a scared rabbit," Mr. Todd responded, looking into his hat to avoid meeting the eyes of the lady, "and I didn't have no call to foller. He knowed how to run, I reckon. Time Mr. Harkless come out the yard again we see him take across the road to the wedge woods, near half a mile up. Somebody else with him then—looked like a kid. Must 'a' cut across the field to join him. They're fur enough toward home by this."

"Did Miss Helen shake hands with you four or five times?" asked Briscoe, chuckling.

"No. Why?" said Minnie.

"Because Harkless did. My hand aches, and I guess William's does too. He nearly shook our arms off when we told him he'd been a fool. Seemed to do him good. I told him he ought to hire somebody to take a shot at him every morning before breakfast—not that it's any joking matter," the old gentleman finished thoughtfully.

"I should say not," said William, with a deep frown and a jerk of his head toward the rear of the house. "He jokes about it enough. Wouldn't even promise to carry a gun after this. Said he wouldn't know how to use it—never shot one off since he was a boy, on the Fourth of July. This is the third time he's be'n shot at this year, but he says the others was at a—what 'd he call it?"

"'A merely complimentary range,'" Briscoe supplied. He handed William a cigar and bit the end off another himself. "Minnie, you better go in the house and read, I expect, unless you want to go down to the creek and join those folks."

"Me!" she exclaimed. "I know when to stay away, I guess. Do go and put that terrible gun up."

"No," said Briscoe lighting his cigar deliberately. "It's all safe; there's no question of that; but maybe William and I better go out and take a smoke in the orchard as long as they stay down at the creek."

In the garden shafts of white light pierced the bordering trees and fell where June roses breathed the mild night breeze, and here, through summer spells, the editor of the Herald and the lady who had run to him at the pasture bars strolled down a path trembling with shadows to where the creek tinkled over the pebbles. They walked slowly, with an air of being well accustomed friends and comrades, and for some reason it did not strike either of them as unnatural or extraordinary. They came to a bench on the bank, and he made a great fuss dusting the seat for her with his black slouch hat. Then he regretted the hat—it was a shabby old hat of a Carlow county fashion.

It was a long bench, and he seated himself rather remotely toward the end opposite her, suddenly realizing that he had walked very close to her coming down the narrow garden path. Neither knew that neither had spoken since they left the veranda, and it had taken them a long time to come through the little orchard and the garden. She rested her chin on her hand, leaning forward and looking steadily at the creek. Her laughter had quite gone; her attitude seemed a little wistful and a little sad. He noted that her hair curled over her brow in a way he had not pictured in the lady of his dreams. This was so much prettier. He did not care for tall girls. He had not cared for them for almost half an hour. It was so much more beautiful to be dainty and small and piquant. He had no notion that he was sighing in a way that would have put a furnace to shame, but he turned his eyes from her because he feared that if he looked longer he might blurt out some speech about her loveliness. His

Neither knew that neither had spoken.

glance rested on the bank, but its diameter included the edge of her white skirt and the tip of a little white, high beeled slipper that peeped out from beneath, and he had to look away from that, too, to keep from telling her that he meant to advocate a law compelling all women to wear crisp white gowns and white kid slippers on moonlight nights.

She picked a long spear of grass from the turf before her, twisted it absently in her fingers, then turned to him slowly. Her lips parted as if to speak. Then she turned away again. The action was so odd, somehow, as she did it, so adorable, and the preserved silence was such a bond between them, that for his life he could not have helped moving half way up the bench toward her.

"What is it?" he asked, and he spoke in a whisper such as he might have used at the bedside of a dying friend. He would not have laughed if he had known he did so. She twisted the spear of grass into a little ball and threw it at a stone in the water before she answered:

"Do you know, Mr. Harkless, you and I have not 'met,' have we? Didn't we forget to be presented to each other?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Sherwood. In the perturbation of comedy I forgot."

"It was melodrama, wasn't it?" she said. He laughed, but she shook her head.

"Purest comedy," he said gayly, "except your part of it. You shouldn't have done it. This evening was not arranged in honor of 'visiting ladies.' But you mustn't think me a comedian. Truly, I didn't plan it. My friend from Six Crossroads must be given the credit of devising the scene, though you divined it."

"It was a little too picturesque, I think. I know about Six Crossroads. Please tell me what you mean to do."

"Nothing. What should I?"

"You mean that you will keep on letting them shoot at you until they—until you"— She struck the bench angrily with her hand.

"There's no summer theater in Six Crossroads. There's not even a church. Why shouldn't they?" he asked gravely. "During the long and tedious evenings it cheers the poor Crossroader's soul to drop over here and take a shot at me. It relies away dull care for him, and he has the additional exercise of running all the way home."

"Ah!" she cried indignantly. "They told me you always answered like this!"

"Well, you see, the Crossroads efforts have proved so thoroughly hygienic for me. As a patriot I have sometimes felt extreme mortification that such bad marksmanship should exist in the country, but I console myself with the thought that their best shots are, unsupply, in the penitentiary."

"There are many left. Can't you understand that they will organize again and come in a body, as they did before you broke them up? And then, if they come on a night when they know you are wandering out of town"—

"You have not had the advantage of an intimate study of the most exclusive people of the Crossroads, Miss Sherwood. There are about thirty gentlemen who remain in that neighborhood while their relatives sojourn under discipline. If you had the entree over there, you would understand that these thirty could not gather themselves into a company and march the seven miles without physical debate in the ranks. They are not precisely amiable people, even among themselves. They would quarrel and shoot one another to pieces long before they got here."

"But they worked in a company once."

"Never for seven miles. Four miles was their radius. Five would see them all dead."

She struck the bench again. "Oh, you laugh at me! You make a joke of your own life and death and laugh at everything. Have five years of Plattville taught you to do that?"

"I laugh only at taking the poor Crossroaders too seriously. I don't laugh at your running into fire to keep a fellow mortal."

"I knew there wasn't any real danger. I knew he had to stop to load before he shot again."

"He did shoot again. If I had known you before tonight, I"— His tone changed, and he spoke gravely. "I am at your feet in worship of your divine philanthropy. It's so much finer to risk your life for a stranger than for a friend."

"That is a man's point of view, isn't it?"

"You risked yours for a man you had never seen before."

"Oh, no. I saw you at the lecture. I heard you introduce the Hon. Mr. Halloway."

"Then I don't understand your wishing to save me."

She smiled unwillingly and turned her gray eyes upon him with troubled sunniness, and under the sweetness of her regard he set a watch upon his lips, though he knew it would not avail him long. He had drivelled along respectably so far, he thought, but he had the sentimental longings of years, starved of expression, culminating in his heart. She continued to look at him wistfully, searchingly, gently. Then her eyes traveled over his big frame, from his shoes (a patch of moonlight fell on them; they were dusty; he drew them under the bench with a shudder to his broad shoulders (he shook the stage out of them). She stretched her small white hands toward him and looked at them in contrast and broke into the most delicious low laughter in the world. At this he knew the watch on his lips was worthless. It was a question of minutes till he should present himself to her eyes as a sentimental and susceptible imbecile. He knew it. He was in wild spirits.

"Could you realize that one of your dangers might be a shaking?" she cried. "Is your seriousness a lost art?" Her laughter ceased suddenly. "Ah, no! I understand Thiers said the French laugh always in order not to weep. I haven't lived here five years. I should laugh, too, if I were you."

(To be continued.)

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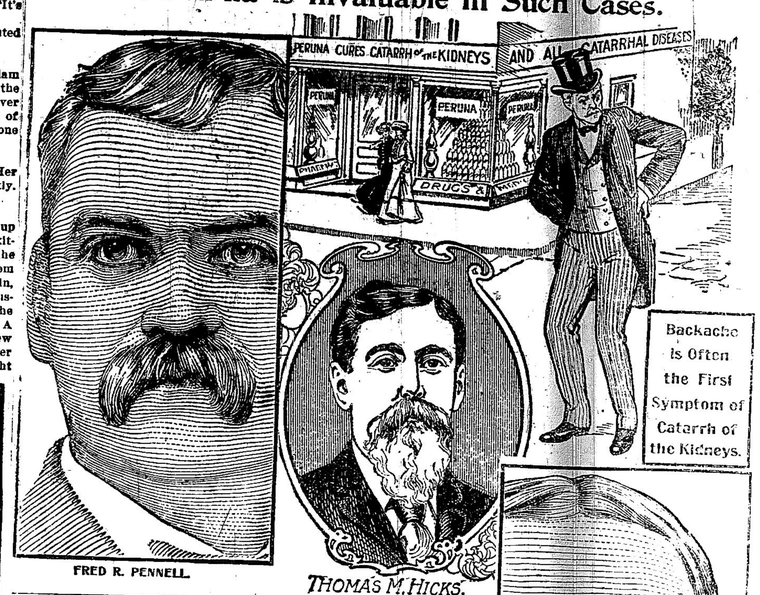

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S. L. EARLE.

DANGEROUS KIDNEY DISEASES CURED

Pe-runa Creating a National Sensation in the Cure of Chronic Ailments of The Kidneys.

Fred R. Pennell, Pianist, Grand Opera House, Hot Springs, Ark., writes:

"Two years ago I came to Hot Springs to take the baths and be treated for bladder and kidney trouble. After spending two months here under the care of one of the most prominent physicians and receiving little or no benefit, I was persuaded to try Peruna. I had little faith in it, but after using one bottle I noticed a marked improvement. Three bottles entirely cured me. I can cheerfully recommend Peruna to any one afflicted as I was."—Fred R. Pennell.

Thomas M. Hicks, 1131 18th St., Louisville, Ky., writes:

"Neglected colds, irregular habits and overwork brought on serious kidney and bladder trouble. My blood seemed inflamed with poison, my stomach became entirely demoralized, a bad odor emanated from my urine, and I realized I was a sick man. The doctors dosed me to their heart's content, but I kept growing worse. Then fortune brought Peruna to my notice, and I at once began to mend. I kept taking it for five months before I was completely cured. I feel now that I owe my life to Peruna and will never cease to be grateful."—Thomas M. Hicks.

S. L. Earle, Superintendent of Streets, Jacksonville, Fla., writes:

"I am a firm believer in Peruna. I find that it has been of practical benefit to a number of the men employed in the Street Cleaning Department in the city of Jacksonville. They are especially exposed to the inclemency of the weather and a number who caught cold, which later developed into pneumonia, kidney or liver trouble, were cured through the use of Peruna."—S. L. Earle, Superintendent of Streets.

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 HINT TO MOTHERS.

If you have a child that is sickly, fretful, nervous, restless at night, or suffers from any stomach or bowel troubles of any sort, give it Baby's Own Tablets. Don't be afraid of this medicine. It is guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Give the Tablets to the sick child and watch the quick relief and rapid restoration to health and strength. Thousands of mothers are using this medicine for their little ones, and they all praise it. What stronger evidence do you want? Mrs. D. A. McDairmid, Sandringham, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets certainly fill all the claim you make for them so far as my experience goes. I consider them a perfect medicine for children and always keep them in the house." You can get the Tablets from any dealer in medicine, or if you write The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., they will send you a box by mail, post paid, for 25 cents.