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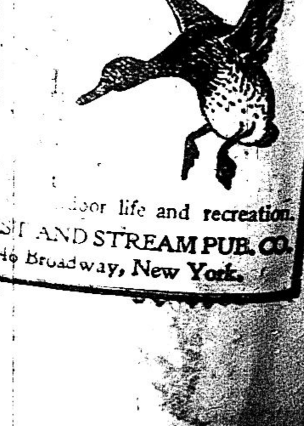

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Travellers' Guide.

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—SUNDAY—

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8.35 a.m. 6.00 p.m. 10.15 a.m. 8.35 p.m

COUNTY HALTON LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR FOR 1905.

Place of Sitting and Addresses of Clerks.	CLERKS.	January.	March.	May.	July.	Sept.	Nov.	Jan. 1906	Hours of Opening
Milton	Wm. Panton	Friday, 13th.	10	[illegible]	14	15	10	12	10.30 a.m.
Oakville	Chas. B. Patterson	Tuesday, 10th.	7	9	11	12	6	9	12.30 m.
Georgetown	Lachlan Grant	Wednesday, 11th.	8	10	12	13	8	10	9.30 a.m.
Acton	R. J. McNabb	do.	8	10	12	13	8	10	2.30 p.m.
Brookville	Matthew Beattie	Saturday, 14th.	11	13	15	16	11	13	10.45 a.m.
Burlington	P. C. Patriarche	Monday, 9th.	6	8	10	11	6	8	11 a.m.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 13th June and 12th December—on opening days at 1 p.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 4th April and 3rd October, and so often at other times as may be required for the despatch of business.

County Court Sittings—formerly Terms—9th January, 3rd April, 3rd July and 2nd October.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 3rd January, 4th April, 4th July and 3rd October.

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(County Crown Attorney)

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PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

Over the Border

By ... ROBERT BARR, Author of "Jennie Baxter, Journalist," Etc.

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The sentinel stopped in his walk and stood for a moment by the battered sundial, listening. Faintly in the still night air came to him across the fields the beating of horses' hoofs on the hard road. Striding athwart the broken lawn to an oaken door, he smote it with the butt of his pike, crying:

"Peace within there. The general is coming."

There was an instant hushing of the coarse song, then a laugh, and when some one in nasal tones raised the slow tune of a hymn the laughter became more uproarious, subsiding gradually, however, as voice after voice joined the drone. The sentinel now walked over to the main entrance and said to some one within the hall:

"I think the general is coming."

The watchman now resumed his promenade, but he shouldered his weapon and marched more like a man on guard. Several officers came out of the hall and stood listening on the broken sward. From the darkness emerged three horsemen, two following a leader, a thickset man, who came somewhat stiffly to the ground, as if fatigued with hard riding. To the one who sprang to the bridle he said curtly, "See the horse well rubbed down, and in half an hour feed him with corn." Then to his two followers: "Look to your horses first, and to yourselves afterward. Be ready in an hour."

The chief officer now stepped forward and said:

"You will surely stop the night, excellency? Everything is prepared."

"No. Did my order to stay the execution of Wentworth reach you in time, Colonel Porlock?"

"Yes, excellency. I would not have ventured to execute him without your sanction, although the death sentence was the unanimous finding of the court martial."

"The sentence was just. It may yet be carried out, or it may prove that the Lord has other use for him. Lead the way within."

General Cromwell gave no greeting to the different groups as he passed them, his heavy riding boots swishswashing against each other as he followed Colonel Porlock into the hall. He strode awkwardly, like a man more accustomed to a horse's back than a tiled floor. The colonel led him into the great dining room, one end of which was occupied by a shattered window, while the other was crossed by a gallery, and above all, very dim in the feeble illumination of two candles and some smoky torches, could be distinguished the knobs and projections of a timbered roof.

The vast room was almost completely bare of furniture, with the exception of a high backed carved chair, which doubtless belonged to it, and a stout oaken table taken from some other part of the house, replacing the long hospitable board that had witnessed many a festive gathering, but which had been used for firewood by the troopers. The general gazed about the ample apartment for a moment, as one who had never seen it before, estimating his bearings with the shrewd eye of a practiced soldier; then he pushed the table until it stood lengthwise with the room, instead of across, as before; glanced at the gallery and table, as if making some computation regarding their relative positions, drew up the chair and seated himself, setting the two candles by the edge farthest from him.

"Has Captain Bent arrived with his prisoner?"

"Yes, excellency. He came at sunset."

"Is he sure of his man?"

"He appears to be so, sir."

"Were any papers found on him?"

"Yes, excellency."

"The other prisoner, Wentworth, is little more than a youth, I am told."

"He is very young, excellency."

"How came he to be set on an important outward post that night?"

"There was danger of attack, and I placed him there of deliberate purpose. He was most reluctant to go, making one excuse and then another, saying he was ill, and what not. For more than a month he has been under suspicion of communicating with malignants, although we had no direct proof. He had been seen stealing away from the domain of Lord Rudby, the chief of the disaffected in this district. On the night in question he was watched, and as soon as he supposed himself alone he deserted his post, put spurs to his horse and rode straight across country to Rudby Hall."

"And was arrested there?"

"No, excellency. An unlooked for event happened. He rode out from the grounds of the hall, fighting his way, as it appeared, against a band of Rudby's followers, who were attacking him, and ran into the arms of our men, who were watching for him. The attacking party, seeing, as they supposed, an unknown force of rescuers, turned and fled. The night was dark, and the account of what took place is confused, but Wentworth was carried back to Corbiton, tried and condemned for deserting while on duty and holding commerce with the enemy."

"Umph! What version did Wentworth give of the affair?"

"He maintained he was no traitor, but did not give any explanation of his absence from duty."

"I thought Rudby had surrendered all arms and had taken the oath to remain neutral?"

"His men were armed with staves only, and so Wentworth, better equipped, held his own against them."

"What view did the court take of this affray?"

"They thought it merely a feint to cover the retreat of a discovered traitor. The night, as I said, was dark, and our men, being mounted, could not move silently. Knowing the house would be searched if Wentworth was hidden, this plan of seeming enmity against him was prepared beforehand in case of discovery."

"How old a man is Rudby?"

"Nearing fifty."

"What family has he?"

"His two sons are supposed to be with the king at Oxford. There is one daughter at Rudby Hall."

"Humph! Is this the young man who is said to be a son of the late scoundrel, Strafford?"

"Yes, excellency."

"In that very blood is hatred of the people, contumely and all arrogance. At heart he must be a royalist. And yet—and yet— Where was he brought up?"

"On the estate of Sir John Warburton, dead these some years back. Warburton was his grandfather."

"Where is the Warburton estate?"

"It adjoins the lands of Rudby."

"A-h! Is the boy's mother living?"

"No. His only relative is a sister who seems to be the most bitter king hater in all the land."

"Is there not a chance the boy was on his way to see his sister?"

"It was thought not. She has been at liberty to visit him here and has done so on various occasions."

"Has Wentworth ever been in action?"

"Oh, yes, excellency, and he acquitted himself bravely enough."

"No hanging back, no wavering in the face of the foe?"

"No, excellency."

"Humph! Send Captain Bent to me with the papers. When he is gone I wish you to bring me a trooper, some silent man who can be depended upon, an unerring marksman."

When Captain Bent arrived, he handed to the general the papers he had taken from Armstrong. Cromwell examined them with great minuteness in the light of the candles, then set them in a bunch on the table without comment of any kind.

"Did your prisoner resist at all or make any attempt at escape?"

"No, general."

"He made no protest then?"

"He said England and Scotland were at peace, that he therefore needed no passport; that his arrest was illegal and that you would be the first to admit as much."

"Humph. Was he thoroughly searched? Are you sure he had no other papers than these?"

"Quite sure, general."

"Very good. Bring the man here. If the door is open, come in with him. If it is shut, wait until you are called."

When the captain left the room the colonel entered with his trooper, who bore a matchlock. Cromwell dismissed Porlock, then said to the trooper:

"You will take your place in that gallery and remain there, making no sound. Keep your ears shut and your eyes open. A man will be standing before me. If I raise my hand thus, you will shoot him dead. See that you make no mistake, and I warn you to shoot straight. Go!"

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Captain Bent entered the galleried room with his prisoner, he found Cromwell seated at the table, his head bowed over some pages of manuscript on which he was busily writing. The general did not look up for a full minute, until he had finished the sentence he was inditing, then he raised his head and said quietly to the captain:

"Go!"

For one brief and lamentable instant the discipline which held the captain in its bonds relaxed, and he replied in surprise:

"And leave him unguarded, sir?"

Cromwell said nothing, but a look of such devilish ferocity came into his piercing gray eyes that the captain staggered as if he had received a blow, gasped, turned and fled. When the commander spoke to Armstrong there was no trace of resentment or anger in his tones.

"Will you oblige me by closing that door which Captain Bent has stupidly left open? You are nearer it than I."

Armstrong with a bow did what he was requested to do and returned to his place beside the table.

"I fear I must begin with an apology, a form of speech to which I am unaccustomed. You have been stopped quite without just cause, and I trust you have met with no inconvenience or harsh treatment in consequence?"

"With neither, General Cromwell, if I am not at fault in so addressing you. I suspect that there are not two such men as you in the army of the parliament."

Cromwell paid no heed to the compliment, if such was intended, but, although his voice was suave, his keen eye searched the prisoner like an east wind.

"The stoppage may indeed save you further annoyance if you intend to travel about the country, for I will give you a pass likely to prevent such a mistake in future. You are in the cattle trade, I am told?"

"Yes, general."

"It is a commendable traffic, with which I have no desire to interfere. You know of no reason for your arrestment by my stupid captain?"

"Truth to tell, your honor, and I know a very good reason for it."

"Humph! And what is that?"

"Some nights since, as I was making for the English line, I stopped for refreshment at an inn where I had been accustomed to halt in my travels. To my amazement, I was refused admittance by a man who stood on guard. We had a bit of a debate, which ended in my overpowering him and forcing an entrance, and which was more surprised—the dozen there gathered together, or me, with their sentry under my oxter—it would be difficult to tell. Swords were drawn, and I might have come badly out of the encounter had it not been that a friend of mine among the assemblage recognized me."

"I suppose you wish to mention no names?"

"I see no objection," continued Armstrong innocently. "I take it that the men were quite within their right in gathering there, although I contended they exceeded their right in trying to keep me out of a public house. My friend was the Earl of Traquair. These gentlemen, finding I was for England, asked me to carry a message to the king, but I explained that I had no wish to interfere in matters which did not concern me, and they parted to meet again somewhere else. There was a great splore about a spy that escaped, and I have no doubt if he saw me there and heard the proposal made to me he might well have brought my name and description across the border. At least that was the way I reasoned it out with myself."

"It is very like you are right. Spies, unfortunately, seem to be necessary when a country is in a state of war. Many unjustifiable acts are then committed, including the arresting of innocent men. But I am anxious nothing shall be done that will give just cause of offense to Scotland, a God fearing country and a friendly. When such injustice happens, as it has happened in your case, I try to make amend. How far south do you propose to travel?"

"I may go the length of Manchester or Birmingham. The distance and the time will depend on the state of trade."

"If you will tell me places you intend to visit I will include them in the pass I shall now write for you."

"That I cannot say just at the moment. I wish to follow trade wherever it leads me."

"Then an inclusive pass, extending as far south as Manchester, will meet your needs?"

"It will more than meet them, general," said Armstrong, with supreme indifference.

"As you carry no message from Traquair to the king I can write Oxford on your permit as easily as Manchester."

"Thank you, general; but Manchester will be far enough."

"I may say that we are strict about those whom we allow to journey to and fro at the present time, and if you should overstep the limit of this document you are liable to investigation and delay, and I may not be so near at hand on the next occasion."

"I quite understand, and if I wished to go farther south I would have no hesitation in begging permission of your excellency, but I doubt if I shall even see Manchester."

"You will not be leaving Corbiton until the morning, of course"

"No, general. I know when I am well housed."

"Then, as I have much to do, I will make out your paper later, and it will be handed to you in the morning."

"Thank you, general."

After giving some laconic instructions touching the welfare of the northerner to Captain Bent, who was hovering uneasily in the outside hall, Cromwell, bidding his enforced guest a cordial farewell, ordered Wentworth to be brought to him and retired once more into the dim council chamber.

With hands clasped behind him and head bent, he strode slowly up and down the long room in deep meditation, vanishing into the gloom at the farther end and reappearing in the limited circle of light that surrounded the two candles, for the torches had long since smoked themselves out, and there had been no replacement of them, none daring to enter that room unsummoned while the leader was within it. The watcher in the gallery felt rather than saw that there was an ominous frown on the lowered face as the commander waited for the second prisoner, over whom hung sentence of death.

This time a clanking of chains announced the new arrival, who was preceded by Colonel Porlock and accompanied by two soldiers, one on either side of him. The young fellow, who shuffled up to the table dragging his irons, cast an anxious look at the forbidding face of the man who was to be his final judge, in whose word lay life or death for him, and he found there little to comfort him. Cromwell seated himself once more and said gruffly:

"Take off those fetters."

When the command was complied with the general dismissed the trio and sat for some moments in silence, reading the frank, open face of his opposite.

"You are to be shot at daybreak tomorrow," he began in harsh tones that echoed dismally from the raftered ceiling. "I have examined the evidence, and I find your condemnation just."

"I have never questioned the verdict, general, nor did I make appeal."

The shaggy brows came down over Cromwell's eyes, but his face cleared perceptibly.

"You own the penalty right?"

"Sir, it is partly right and partly wrong, like most things in this world. It is right to punish me for deserting my post; it is wrong to brand me a traitor."

"Ah, you have found your voice at last, and there is some courage behind it. Desertion is an unpardonable crime. The point I press upon you is this: Your life is forfeit; yet, although your fault is unpardonable, I do not say it cannot be compensated for. Even my enemies admit I am an honest trader. I will bargain with you for your life. You shall buy it of me, and I shall pay the price, even though I do not forgive the crime. We will first, if you please, clear up the charge of treachery. You were visiting your own home that night, and as it is on the farther side of Rudby Hall your accusers naturally thought you had a rendezvous there?"

"No, general; it was my intention to have visited Rudby Hall."

"The residence of that foul, malignant Lord Rudby, so called?"

"Yes, but not to see his lordship, who is my enemy, personal as well as political."

"You are truthful, and it pleases me. Why did you make a foolish mystery of your excursions? I take the case to stand thus: Your grandfather and Rudby were neighbors and possibly friends. You were and are in love with my lord's daughter, but since you belong to the cause of the people this oppressor of the people will have naught of you. You have risked your life to see the girl, who is doubtless as silly as the rest of her class, as you will discover if I let you live. Stands the case not thus?"

"In a measure, sir, it does, saving any reflection on the lady, who"—

"Surely, surely. I know what you would say, for I was once your age and as soaked in folly. The question is, if you will risk your life for her, will you do what I ask of you to earn the girl and your life, or will you refuse and let her go to another?"

"Sir, I will do anything for her."

"Then harken well. There was here before me, where you now stand, some moments since, the most plausible liar in the kingdom. He told me truths which on the surface appeared to be treachery to his friend, but which he was well aware I already knew. This was to baffle me into believing him. He rides to Oxford to see the king, and in that I am willing to aid him. He may tell the king what pleases him and those who send him. Little good will it do any of them. In return the king is to give him a commission to be handed to certain lords in Scotland. If that commission crosses the border we are like to have a blaze to the north of us which I do not wish to see kindled until a year from now. Then, by God—then, by God's will I shall be ready for them. We shall defeat the Scots in any case, but if this commission reaches these malcontents we cannot have the pleasure—humph!—we shall be precluded from the duty of beheading the ringleaders without bringing on ourselves the contumely of Europe. Without the king's commission they are but broilers, marauders. With this commission they will set up the claim that they are belligerents.

"The commission must be intercepted at all costs. It will be your task to frustrate the intentions of the king and his Scottish nobles. But the task is more complicated than yet appears. It would be an easy matter to run this messenger through the body and there an end. I want what he carries, but I do not wish to harm the carrier. These Scots are a clannish, troublesome, determined race. If you prick one with a sword's point the whole nation howls. This, then, must be done quietly, so that we bring no swarm about our ears. William Armstrong is the messenger's name, and he has powerful supporters in his own country. He was stopped as soon as he crossed the border yesterday and brought here. He pretends to be an innocent trader in cattle and will likely keep up that pretense. I have appeared to believe all he says, and he leaves this house tomorrow morning with a pass from my hand, giving him permission to travel as far south as Manchester, which was all he asked. I would willingly have given him safe conduct to Oxford, but he was too crafty to accept such a thing. He thinks he can make his way south from Manchester. As a matter of fact, he cannot, but I wish to make the way easy for him.

"Of course I could give a general order that he was not to be molested, but there are reasons against this, as we have doubtless spies in our own ranks, and a general order would excite suspicion and would probably prove useless because this man, south of his permit's territory, will endeavor to go surreptitiously to Oxford and by unfrequented routes. It will be your duty to become acquainted with Armstrong and win his confidence. You will accompany him to Oxford and return with him. You will be protected by a pass so broad that it will cover any disguise either of you may care to assume. It is such a pass as I have never issued before and am not like to issue again, so I need not warn you to guard it carefully and use it only when necessary. It reads thus."

Here the speaker took up a sheet of paper on which he had been writing and, holding it so that the light from the candles fell upon it, read aloud:

"Pass the bearer and one other, without question or interference, from Carlisle to Oxford and return.

"The journey south will give you the opportunity to become acquainted with your man. On the northward march you must become possessed of what he carries, and when you bring it to me you receive in its stead pardon and promotion. If you do not succeed before you reach Carlisle, then I may crush him, possibly kill him as a spy. Will you undertake it?"

"'Tis an ungracious office you would bestow upon me, sir. I had rather meet him in fair fight and slay him or have him slay me, as God willed."

"There speaks youth!" cried Cromwell impatiently. "This man is a treacherous, lying spy, whose life by all the rules of war is already forfeit. I propose to discomfit him with his own weapons. Nay, more, I would fain save him from the destruction he merits. You are set to do him the greatest service one man can offer another. If you fail, he dies; if you succeed, he has probably a long life before him."

"Sir, you are in the right, and your argument is incontestable. I accept your command willingly."

A gleam of pleasure lit the rugged face of the general, for he was flattered to believe his prowess in controversy was no less potent than his genius in war. His voice softened perceptibly as he continued:

"You save your country and at the same time save your country's enemy. What excuse will you give to Armstrong for your desire to visit Oxford?"

"My friend, the son of Lord Rudby, is there. Although we are on opposite sides, he has none of the bitterness against me shown by his father. I will say I wish to confer with him."

"That will serve. Now this pass is for two, and you can offer Armstrong safe conduct under your guidance, giving what plea you choose for the absence of the man who was to accompany you and who, it may be, was supposed to have procured the pass from me."

Cromwell folded the pass and handed it to young Wentworth. "Go. This paper is your safeguard. I shall give the order that you are to be well mounted and provided with money. Send Captain Bent to me as you pass out."

(To be continued.)

"PUT THIS PASS IN SAFE KEEPING."

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP

Photograph by Notman, Montreal.

LORD MOUNT STEPHEN

The Career of a Great Canadian

The greatest philanthropist of Canada is Lord Mount Stephen; the greatest benefactor of the United States is Andrew Carnegie—both men who came to the new world as poor boys from the east of Scotland, have made great fortunes and have spread with lavish hand their accumulated wealth.

When George Stephen, the son of a poor carpenter in the small Scotch village of Dufftown was born in 1829, the outlook for a great success seemed surely dim and improbable. When, after completing the course at the little parish school he undertook to earn his living as herd-boy on the minister's farm in the glen, no vision came to him of the time when he would be known as a Lord, high in the councils of State, the friend of the King and the benefactor of his people. Then came an uncontrollable desire to see the larger world, and as an apprentice in the drapery trade he went to Aberdeen, and later to Glasgow and London. In 1850 he left England for Canada, where he engaged in the woolen business, and in a few years was well on the high road to prosperity.

In Canada he found his cousin, Donald Smith, later Lord Strathcona, and the two Highlanders who had played together as boys, joined issues, and soon, like the meeting of two brooks, their united efforts flowed in one channel. Both were directors in the Bank of Montreal, both are interested in railways, and both have achieved fame as philanthropists, statesmen, art connoisseurs and in diplomatic circles. In 1875 Lord Mount Stephen joined a syndicate for purchasing the bonds of the Dutch stockholders of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, which, when completed, controlled the Northwest of Canada.

When British Columbia entered the Dominion it was with the understanding that the Government would build a railroad across the continent. The Government failed sadly in its plans; in 1880, one year before the entire road should have been ready, only 700 of its nearly 3,000 miles were completed. Chaos prevailed and collapse was imminent. Then Lords Mount Stephen and Strathcona came forward and for a subsidy of $25,000,000, full title to the section already built, and a land grant of twenty-five million acres—a territory as large as Ireland and Wales—they promised to join the two oceans within eleven years. They accomplished the task in five. Lord Mount Stephen was made a baronet in 1886 and five years later was raised to the peerage with his present title, which was taken from a mountain near the railroad that his energy and enterprise helped to create.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by W. C. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture.

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