The Canadian Champion

MILTON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1906. No. 31.

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COUNTY OF HALTON

LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR

FOR 1906

Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.	1907 Jan
10 a.m.	12	9	11	13	14	9	11
12 m.	9	6	8	10	11	6	8
2.00 p.m.	9	9	9	11	12	7	9
3.00 p.m.	11	8	10	12	13	8	10
3.45 p.m.	12	10	12	14	15	10	12
7.00 p.m.	8	5	7	9	10	5	7

Clerks: 1. Wm. Parties, Milton; 2. Arthur Hilmer, Oakville; 3. R. J. McNabb, Acton; 4. W. I. Dick (pro tem), Milton.

Court of Common Pleas and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 12th January, 2nd April, and 3rd October, and so often at other times as the business requires.

Jury Sittings: 8th January, 2nd April, 3rd July and 1st October.

Assizes: 8th January, 2nd April, 4th July and 2nd October.

By order W. I. DICK, Milton,
Clerk of the Peace.

Canadian Champion

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Church Directory.

METHODIST CHURCH

REV. T. C. BENNETT, B.A., 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 7.30 p.m.
Doctrine Class, Friday, at 7.30 p.m.

KNOX CHURCH

REV. W. M. McKAY, Minister.

Sunday Services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School, 2.30 p.m. Bridge St. Sunday Bible Class in Church at 2.30 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. BELL, M.A., Rector.

Sunday Services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School, 3 p.m.
Bible Class in Vestry, 3.45 p.m.
Holy Communion, 1st Sunday of each month at 8 a.m. and 3rd and 5th Sundays, 8 a.m.
Friday evening service, 7.30 p.m.

ST. ANDREW'S R. C.

REV. FATHER O'RIELLY, P.P.

Mass—Second Sunday of every month at 11 a.m.

Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING EAST.
7.22 a.m. 9.42 a.m. 11.11 a.m. 8.01 p.m.

GOING WEST.
10.02 a.m. 5.22 p.m. 6.50 p.m. 9.07 p.m.

SUNDAY—
West 9.07 a.m., 9.05 p.m. East 7.22 a.m., 8.01 p.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
(G. & N. W. Division.)

GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
7.35 a.m.	6.00 p.m.
10.15 a.m.	8.35 p.m.

1905

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The Substitute

By WILL N. HARBEN,

Author of "Abner Daniel," "The Land of the Changing Sun," "The North Walk Mystery," Etc.

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The woman sighed. "An' through all this last affair you hain't mentioned one person that's been on yore mind constant, George. I know you been thinkin' about 'er, fer when you was delirious the other night her name was on yore lips all the time. I set thar at the window, my boy, an' had the hardest cry I ever had in my life. I jest wish she could 'a' come in the room an' overheard all you said. George, you must 'a' been dreamin' that you 'n' her was fetched together, fer I never in all my days heard such tender words. You actually set up once an' put yore feet on the floor, an' held out yore arms an' called to 'er."

"I did have a dream of that kind," Buckley admitted under his breath. He was silent for a moment, and then he went on: "It was the most wonderful thing I ever experienced. It seemed so real. I thought I was lying helpless out in the sunshine and that she came to me across a meadow—an endless meadow covered with fragrant flowers. I thought her hands and arms were full of them and that she came to me laughing, singing, dancing. She seemed to have on the dress that she wore that night in Atlanta, though her hair was down and blown about by the wind. I thought she threw the flowers over me and held out her hands to help me up. And when we stood together, looking toward the setting sun, I thought I kissed her and that we stood alone in all the world—just she and I. I seemed to be unable to speak, but she told me that we were never, never to be parted. Then I thought something struck me like a stone in the forehead, and it began to grow dark and she vanished. It was a twinge in my wound that waked me."

"What a purty dream!" said Mrs. Hillyer musingly. "An' it seems to me that this life—or the future one—ought to be like that—be jest what a body would want it, I mean. It looks like a shame fer you to be tantalized that a-way, though, at sech a time. I reckon you heard the Cranstons was back from Atlanta."

"No; I didn't know it," replied Buckley. "When did they come?"

"Day before yesterday. They wanted to be here when the New York doctor come. He got here, Mrs. Dugan says, on this mornin's train an' went straight to the house. I axed 'er what he thought ailed the major, but she hadn't heard the last time I seed her. She'll git the news as soon as the family does, you kin bank on that, an' she'll fetch it in to me. She always told me that I was entitled to the fust slice of every pie she picks up. She says Lydia made 'em come home when they did. They was right in the middle of a whole lot o' lunches an' tea parties in the'r honor down thar, an' Mrs. Cranston, it seems, was in fer stayin' over an' gittin' the major's health report by mail, but Lydia said no, siree, it was her daddy, an' she wasn't a-goin' to stay away from 'im a minute at sech a time, even ef he did say they wasn't necessary. So she busted up the picnic, an' is thar with the old white head now. I never seed such devotion, an' that accounts fer the way she's treated you, George."

"Yes, she's a devoted daughter," Buckley agreed, "and he has been very much opposed to—to our friendship."

"Still, I'm puzzled about the way she's doin' right now," said Mrs. Hillyer, with a thoughtful frown. "Ever since you was laid up here I've been lookin' fer some'n' from her. I hain't the woman, I tell you, to be quiet at sech a time. At fust, while she was still in Atlanta, I 'lowed she simply hadn't heard about the shootin', an' when she got back I thought shore she'd write or gall to ax about you, but not a word or a line has come, an' I hardly know what to think about it."

"There is one thing which would explain it," said Buckley, and the observant woman saw his tense lips twitching. "She may be engaged to Telfare, an' he may have asked her not to communicate with me. If—if she has promised to marry him, she would respect his wishes. She's that kind of woman."

"George"—Mrs. Hillyer took a deep breath—"do you reckon she has agreed to marry that man?"

"I'm really afraid she has," Buckley answered. "I'm afraid she has given in to the wishes of her people."

There was silence for a moment; then Mrs. Hillyer broke it abruptly as she rose and moved toward the door. "Well," she said almost furiously, "ef she has—ef she has I'd never have the respect fer 'er I once had an' that I still have. The fact is I'm not a-goin' to condemn 'er tell I know she's done it. Thar's some mystery here, an' I'm goin' to find out what it is."

Half an hour later she burst into the room, a huge bunch of white and red roses in her hands. "Them beauties don't grow on but one lawn in this town," she said, with a joyous smile. "They come jest this minute, an' here's a note with 'em. I knowed she'd send some word, George. She ain't the woman to keep quiet when the whole county is braggin' about your bravery an' rejoicin' over your recovery. A natural woman will chip in at a time like this or die."

George took the note while she was putting the flowers into a big vase on a table near his bed. He opened it, and the glad light in his eyes went out. Turning back to him, Mrs. Hillyer noted the blank look of disappointment on his wan face.

"They are from Miss Cosby," he said faintly as with shaking fingers he restored the tinted sheet of note paper to its envelope. His eyes met the indignant stare of the woman.

"Miss Cosby!" she cried. "An' not a word from the other? It's a shame!"

"It's a sort of compromise," Buckley said bitterly. "I was really not expecting anything. Miss Cosby presents her compliments, admires what I did and is glad I am getting well. She's all right. She's a brick. The other—well, I must forget her, my good friend. I must be a man and forget her."

Tears shone in Mrs. Hillyer's eyes as she bent and stroked his bandaged brow. "George," she said, "they are influencin' 'er—them old folks are. She wouldn't do you this way of 'er own accord, fer she's a good, true girl."

"Perhaps—perhaps that's it," he said wearily and turned his face away.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ON the afternoon of the next day Hillyer returned. Leaving his horse at the door, he went up to George's room. His trousers were bespattered with mud and covered with the white hairs of his shedding horse.

"I've had a trip of it, George," he said, his face glowing, "but I was well repaid. You couldn't guess what I've been."

"How could I?" said Buckley, with a smile.

"I've got a heap to tell yet," the old man ran on, with enthusiasm. He sat down on the edge of the wounded man's bed. "Trabue's death worried the life mighty nigh out o' me tell I tuck a notion all at once that the bite o' the dog couldn't be any wuss'n the bark, an' that I'd better go see thar. old woman myself an' tell 'er the plain truth. I reckon I prayed a prayer fer every mile o' the way, my boy. I didn't know whar she lived an' had to go by directions to find 'er. I got to the foot o' Bald mountain jest about dark last

"I did have a dream of that kind."

night, an' a feller that lived on the side o' the road give me directions how to reach her house. I thought they was plain enough, but purty soon it got as dark as pitch, an' I was as bad as a blind man on a blind hoss. One thing the man said, though, was that as soon as I got a mile or two up the road I'd see the light from her kitchen fire. He said it could be seed for miles—that she never was knowed to shet 'er door this time o' year.

"Well, sir, I got then to prayin' fer a sight o' the light. I begged the Almighty to let it shine out as a sign I was forgiven fer my crime, but it was slow a-comin', 'an' when it did come I said to myself that a man was a fool to ask the Lord to make a sign out o' some'n' that wasn't any more'n natural, so I wasn't much comforted over that. Howsomever, I did feel a little mite better. It seemed so steady an' bright an' peaceful away up thar among the stars, above them rough rocks an' deep gullies. I started right for it. The road got so bad I had to git down an' lead my hoss. Sometimes we'd have to step over trees that lay across the way, an' then thar ud be a branch or a creek to ford an' fences to let down an' briers an' rocks an' steep places. But I kept up my heart. Sometimes the light ud be out o' sight completely, an' then ag'in it ud blaze up steady an' strong like a promise writ in fire.

"I got to prayin' more hopeful. Ever' time the light ud flare up out o' the gloom my sperits ud rise, till after awhile I felt as light as a feather. I sung an' shouted an' prayed an' hugged my hoss. It seemed like I was climbin' up to God. The light on the mountain was his presence. Once I fell down a steep bank in the dark, but I wasn't hurt, an' then ag'in I slipped on some rocks while I was crossin' a branch an' got wet to the waist, but when I scrambled out the light was a-shinin' brighter than ever. Finally I crossed a old field an' seed the open door of her house. A dog run out barkin', but I wasn't no more afeard of 'im than the apostles was o' snakes. I walked straight at 'im, called to 'im in a firm, friendly voice, an' patted 'im on the head, an' he licked my hand an' pranced about in front o' me like I was a old acquaintance he was glad to see. Mrs. Hambright was at the fireplace cookin' some'n' t' eat when I got thar, an' she invited me in. I went in an' shook hands an' set down in the chair she give me, an' she put more wood on the fire, fer she seed I was wet.

"'You don't know me, Mrs. Hambright,' says I.

"'No,' says she, 'I don't know you, sir; but that don't make no difference. I take in a lots o' folks that git benighted up here. Nobody would be mean enough to rob ur harm a woman as old as I am.'

"'That's so,' says I. Her head was as white as cotton, an' she was all bent over, but she had the sweetest, most patient face I ever seed. It made me feel easier about tellin' 'er who I was an' what I'd come fer, but I acknowledge I was afeard. Then she proposed to set the table, fer she said she knowed I was famished, but I wouldn't let 'er.

"'No; wait,' says I, 'wait till I've told you who I am, Mrs. Hambright,' says I, an' I couldn't look at 'er then. 'I'm Hiram Hillyer, the man who tuck yore pore boy's life.'

"I seed 'er sorter jump a little, an' then she got as still as a grave rock. I was afeared to look at 'er. All my new found hope seemed to be leakin' out o' me. I bowed my head an' waited fer 'er verdict. God knows I was miserable, but I was prayin' prayin' fer pardon—prayin' both to her an' God. She was still a long time. I reckon she was studyin' up what to say to me. Then she spoke. 'Did you come away out here jest to see me, Mr. Hillyer?' she axed in a trembly voice, an' I nodded, still afeard to meet her eye. 'I come to make a confession an' implore you to pardon me,' I said.

"'Pardon you?' she said, slowlike an' saft.

"'Squire Trabue's dead,' I told 'er 'He died two days ago.'

"'I heard he was low,' she said, 'an' I was sorry to hear it, fer he was a good man, but is that all you wanted to tell me?'

"'No,' says I, 'twasn't. Mrs. Hambright, the pension he's been payin' you all these years never come from the government. It was from me.'

"'Hiram Hillyer,' says she in her sweet old voice, 'I've knowed that fer twenty-five years. Squire Trabue told me an' axed me never to let on to you, fer he'd promised you never to let me know; but, Hiram, ef I've prayed God to bless you fer it once I have ten thousand times. I couldn't 'a' lived without that allowance. It has kept me in comfort an' enabled me to help my neighbors in time o' sufferin'. I've wanted to tell you how grateful I felt, but the squire wouldn't let me an' said you never wanted that old trouble mentioned, an' so I couldn't do it.'

"Then, George, I broke down completely. I couldn't hold in. I set thar an' cried like a child. I told 'er how long an' hard I'd suffered an' how I had tried in all manner o' ways to git forgiveness an' feel right, an' I never seed sech a look on a human face as was on her'n. She actually set down on the bare floor before the fire an' laid 'er thin, bony hands on my knee.

"'Hiram, my boy, my pore boy!' says she. 'Shoredy you hain't been all that time thinkin' yore God was that sort of a God. Why, he's all goodness, all glory, all infinite perfection. You've been blamin' yoreself fer some'n' another man done. It was a man you hain't seed in thirty odd year that shot my son in a hasty passion. God don't hold you—the new man—accountable fer that, but he's been holdin' you accountable fer thinkin' so ill of him, fer all yore worry has come from wrongly accusin' yore Holy Maker.'

"'Oh, George, she made it as clear to me as daylight. She was right—she was right. God don't hold a new, repentant man accountable fer what his old dead self done. She thought I wasn't convinced, I reckon, fer she got down on her knees an' sent up a prayer that ripped the roof off the house an' showed the glorious way clean to God's throne above the stars.

"'Lord, Lord o' Hosts!' I kin remember every word the old saint said. 'Show this pore, deluded man the truth. Tear away the mist o' doubt an' misunderstandin' that's clouded his conception an' dampened the ardor of his great soul. Give 'im peace right now, this minute. Pity him, Lord, an' don't let 'im cling to his old self. Show him the new soul that dwells in the old shell o' mortality, an' let 'im walk with bare head unburdened in the sunshine o' thy heavenly smile.' An,' George Buckley, when she riz to her feet I did see an' comprehend. I laughed an' sobbed an' shouted. My fear was all gone—all—an' it will never, never return, fer I understand now. She showed me. Jest think o' that—Lynn Hambright's mother was the one appointed to show me the truth—the old woman I was fearin' more than everybody else. She cooked me a good supper, an' after eatin' it I laid down in Lynn's bed—the dead boy's bed, mind you an' slept as sweet a sleep as I ever slept in my life, the fust fer thirty years. She come to me away in the night, pitapat, pitapat over the puncheon floor, jest like she used to go to Lynn, I reckon, an' spread more cover on me. It reminded me of my dead mother. I retched out an' kissed her hand an' drifted away in sweet

"She got down on her knees an' sent up a prayer that ripped the roof off."

dreams. This morning when I woke the sun was shinin' in my room, an I smelt some good meat a-fryin' an' good coffee a-boilin' an' seed that old woman a-movin' about the big, blazin' fire. George, George, God is good! She didn't want to let me continue the allowance, but when she seed how I felt she agreed to do it an' to come straight to me fer it in future. Now I'm goin' down an' tell Marthy all about it. All these years I've been afraid to mention the subject to her, but I can talk about it now to anybody. I wish I could reach the ears o' all the men on the face o' the earth who are afflicted as I have been. Ef they only knowed, as I now know, that God don't hold them accountable fer what the'r old selves done, they wouldn't suffer needlessly."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE next morning George's mother returned to Darley and came directly from the station to his room. As she entered he stared at her in surprise, for she was dressed in black, even to her sunbonnet.

"Mother," he asked wonderingly, "what has happened?"

She did not answer for a moment, but sat down near his bed and folded her bonnet in her lap.

"When I heard how you was hurt an' laid up," she said presently, "I writ Mr. Hillyer not to let you know about yore pa. He was a sight wuss when I got to 'im, an' they didn't see no chance fer 'im to live. He's dead, George; yore pore pa's dead an' buried. All his trouble is over. He's in God's charge now."

They were both silent for a moment, then Buckley said comfortingly: "Well, you must not grieve over it too much, mother. After all, it may be better as it is."

"That's so, George," she answered, "but my heart aches fer 'im. He wasn't treated right, my boy. It turned out just like I thought it would. The doctors up thar said his crimes and acts all come from that old hurt in his head. After his death they made an examination. They found 'at a splinter o' the skull had been workin' into his brain all these years since his fall off'n the wagon. It finally formed a abscess that killed 'im. Oh, the doctors raised a big fuss about it! They told me yore pa had been treated wuss'n a dog. They said what he done in violation o' the law was caused by the hurt in his head an' that he'd never 'a' touched a thing that wasn't his but fer that, an' when I told 'em how honorable all yore pa's folks had always been away back as fur as anybody could trace an' how hard you was stryin' to live the disgrace down they all got together an' writ an' signed a paper Mr. Hillyer's got it testifyin' under oath that yore pa wasn't naturally a dishonest man. They say, George, an' Mr. Hillyer says he'll put it through right away that they are a-goin' to git the legislature to exhonerate yore pa.

"Judge Moore was in the warehouse as I come by, talkin' to Mr. Hillyer, an' he come out an' tuck me by the hand, an' says he, 'Mrs. Buckley, me 'n' them twelve men made a awful mistake. An,' says he, 'ef a case like that had come up in a community whar doctors an' lawyers was up to the latest notch in new discoveries a plea of insanity would 'a' been made an' sustained. But,' says he, 'the twelve jurors will sign a paper with me, an' yore husband's name will be cleared.' Oh, George,' it mighty nigh breaks my heart. I jawed all them years that yore pa was jest mean an' stubborn an' had old Nick in 'im, while the truth was he couldn't help hisself. It's goin' to be in all the newspapers tomorrow. Are you glad to hear it, George?"

"More than anything," was the reply in a low, husky tone.

"I hain't through yet," went on the old woman, wiping her eyes. "They read Mr. Hillyer's letter to me about how you refused the combination to the safe, preferin' to die rather than give in, 'cause you wanted to show the world you was honest, an' how you was shot down so by heavin' between this life an' the next, an' I never seed a set o' men more anxious to be kind to a woman in affliction. They got the idea we was needy, an' started in to collect a lot o' money, but I stopped 'em. I told 'em you wouldn't like that.

"'No, I wouldn't,' said George. 'Glad I am glad they wanted to do it.'

"When I got to yore pa he was too far gone to know me," went on Mrs. Buckley. "I jest wish he had. I was so sorry fer him when I seed how he an' wasted he was, an' the gashes on his pore ankles what—"

She broke down in a fresh flood of tears.

George Buckley sat up in bed and said: "It's the way God. Providence—whatever it is that rules over all—has of managing matters," he went on, his eyes flashing rebelliously, "and, by Jove, I'm tired trying to do right. What's the use? Why should that poor man fall from his wagon while honestly endeavoring to earn a living for his family, and through that accident end his life in a prison? That's his fate, while such men as Telfare"—

"Don't, don't, George!" The old woman dried her eyes. "It may all seem wrong, but it hain't—it hain't! My faith in my heavenly father is brighter 'an it ever was. I don't know exactly what it 'ud be fer, but I feel like drappin' on my knees an' thankin' 'im at this minute. My heart is full o' sadness of a certain sort, but thar's another feelin' that I can't describe. As I was comin' on in the train I got to imaginin' seein' yore pore pa up in heaven, whar I know he is, an' the fancy struck me that our Saviour felt the highest place up thar, becaise he suffered the most to help others along, an' then the thought come that maybe up thar with the'r keen, spiritual eyes the angels had seed all the good that's growed out o' yore pa's sufferin', an' was givin' 'im credit fer his life down here. Thar's no telllin' what the good may be. Yore pa's trouble is at the bottom of all Mr. Hillyer's done fer you, all the kindness o' them men at the prison an' the sympathy that's floodin' this town right now, becaise one man was so wrongly judged. Why, George, it may make the courts more careful in the future, it may make doctors study diseases better, an' it will make some folks ashamed fer—fer ever sneerin' at the brave son o' such a man. George, thar's one heart in this town that's flowin' over with joy—ef the news has reached her."

"Do you think so, mother?"

"Oh, I know it, George—I know it. I'd give anything to see her face when it's told to 'er. She's led by them folks o' her'n to some extent, but below all that she's jest a good, strong, suffering woman."

George made no answer. They were both silent for several minutes, then Mrs. Buckley rose to leave. "I want to go out home," she said. "It will be sad, too, lookin' round the old place whar he used to be. Now he's gone, I don't seem to remember anything but the good, sweet things he used to do an' say before his affliction. He buried up thar, George, but after he's vindicated, we'll bring him down to me an' put 'im away whar he belongs."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE next morning at breakfast while Hillyer sat sipping his coffee his wife stood near the chair.

"It's time I played my last card," she was saying. "I tell you there's one mistake. I don't believe I set the question would let that pore boy come upstairs an' suffer without one word to her at sech a time—a time when the whole town an' county is talkin' about his manliness an' bravery an' the wrong done his daddy. That's like a woman one bit. Not one woman in ten thousand would stay away at such a time without some strong reason."

"Well, what are you goin' to do about it?" the merchant asked.

"Do? Why, I've got a case in my hand, as Mr. Trabue would 'a' done. The evidence is all in, an' I'm ready to weigh it when I sum it up. I'm goin' a-goin' to them weed-covered porches an' lay it out with 'em, one woman or t'other."

"You say you are?"

"Yes, I am. I know him very well, an' I'm not afeard to [illegible] ment. I'm a-goin' to take the letter George writ to you the night he was shot, an' yes, I am; you need not look about that. It is admissible evidence, an' strong evidence at that. Then I'm a-goin' to tell 'em what I think you have agreed on. That's my trump card. It'll knock out all the rest, I'm told; now you see ef it don't. I'm goin' to give them a-talkin' to, too, an' I won't forget soon, an' I'll do it, too, fer I don't expect to tell anything but the truth. Ef Lydia Cranston has engaged 'erself to that [illegible] on a rotten log, she'll have the [illegible] hen o' knowin' that there's one in the land that knows what [illegible] fer doing."

Hillyer rose, with a [illegible] a-give you kin sorter be [illegible] cases, an' I say go it [illegible] o' myself t'other day [illegible] major a piece o' my [illegible] reckon as well git [illegible] you. I wish you [illegible] tell he about the [illegible] and the sick. I've [illegible] reckon it won't hurt [illegible] says the New [illegible] as sound as a dollar."

About 10 o'clock Mr. [illegible] down to Cranston's. [illegible] in her best black [illegible] and bonnet, and [illegible] firm, decided tread. [illegible] by the maidservant [illegible] the sitting room, where [illegible] fore an open window [illegible] the balmy spring [illegible] was near him. [illegible] in with a glow [illegible] stirring it [illegible] her place [illegible] visit for [illegible] George [illegible] right [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]