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FOR 1906

	Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.	1907 Jan.
Friday	10.30 a.m.	12	9	11	13	14	9	11
Tuesday	12.30 p.m.	9	6	8	10	11	6	8
Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	10	7	9	11	12	7	9
Thursday	11.00 a.m.	11	8	10	12	13	8	10
Saturday	10.15 a.m.	13	10	12	14	15	10	12
Monday	11.00 a.m.	8	5	7	9	10	5	7

[illegible] CLERKS: 1. Wm. Pauton, Milton; 2. Arthur Hilmer, Oakville; [illegible] Georgetown; 4. R. J. McNabb, Acton; 5. W. I. Dick (pro tem), Milton; [illegible] Barrington.

[illegible] of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 12th [illegible] morning, on evening day at 1 p.m.

[illegible] Sittings, without Jury, 3rd April and 2nd October, and [illegible] often at other [illegible] required for the despatch of business.

[illegible] Sittings, formerly Terms, 5th January, 2nd April, 3rd July and 1st October.

[illegible] Jury Sittings, 3rd January, 3rd April, 4th July, and 2nd October.

By order W. I. DICK, Milton,

Clerk of the Peace.

Canadian Champion

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By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,

Author of "The Southerners," "For Love of Country," "The Grip of Honor," Etc.

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"Is this true? Can I believe you?"

"Else why should I jeopard my life by freeing you? I hate him, I tell you. Remember! The west gate! There are not 300 men here. The best fifty have gone with Teach and L'Ollonois; the rest are drunken and cowards. Here are weapons. Wrap yourself in this cloak and come. Say no word to any one on the way. As you love the girl, lose no time!"

As he spoke the old man cut the bonds of Alvarado, helted upon him dagger and sword, thrust a charged pistol in his hand, covered his head with a steel cap and threw a long cloak around him. The two then went forth into the night. Avoiding the notice of others, they hastened along the deserted parapet—for there were none to keep watch or guard—until they came to one of the ladders by which the buccaneers had entered the town. Down it Alvarado, first swearing again on the cross on his honor to respect his agreement with Hornigold and again receiving the man's assurance, dropped hastily to the ground.

There was no one to look, and he dashed recklessly across the narrow strip of sand to the shadow of the cliffs, along which he ran until he came opposite the place of his mother's death. The white water was rolling and crashing on the beach and the body was gone. With a hasty petition for the repose of her soul, he ran on until he reached the turn of the road. Unlike the priest, however, he did not pursue the mountain road, but after going a short distance he left the way, and plunged to the right through the trees directly up the side of the hill.

His face was cut and slashed by Morgan's dagger; his soul had been racked and torn by the scenes he had gone through; the plight of Mercedes stirred him to the very depths; his heart yearned over the slaughtered garrison, the ruined town, but with a strength superhuman he plunged at the hill in spite of the forest, groping about in the darkness with frantic energy until he found the traces of a slender, rocky path which led over the mountains.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE day after the sack of the town had been a busy one for the buccaneers. First of all, Morgan had striven, and with some success, to restore some sort of order within the walls. By the aid of his officers and some of the soberest men he had confiscated all of the liquor that he could come at and had stored it under a strong guard in the west fort, which he selected as his headquarters. The governor's palace on the hill above was a more fitting and luxurious residence, and it had been promptly seized, the few defenders having fled in the morning, but for the present Morgan deemed it best to remain in the city and in close touch with his men.

The Spanish soldiery had been cut down to a man the night before, and the majority of the hapless citizens had been killed, wounded or tortured. The unfortunates who were yet alive were driven into the church of San Lorenzo, where they were kept without food, water or attention.

The gates of the town and forts were closed, and some slight attempt was made to institute a patrol of the walls, although the guard that was kept was negligent to the point of contempt. As no enemy was apprehended, Morgan did not rigorously insist upon strict watch. Many of the buccaneers were still sodden with liquor and could be of no service until they were sobered. They were dragged to the barracks, drenched with water and left to recover as best they could.

Fortune favored them, too, in that late in the afternoon a handsome frigate, bringing dispatches from Cartagena, ran in and anchored in the roadstead. Her officers at once came ashore to pay their respects to the commandante of the port and forward their papers to the viceroy. Before they suspected anything they were seized and ruthlessly murdered. To take possession of the frigate thereafter was a work of no special difficulty. The crew were disposed of as their officers had been, and the buccaneers rejoiced greatly at the good luck that had brought them so fine a ship. On the next morning Morgan intended to march toward Caracas, whence, after plundering that town and exacting a huge ransom for the lives of those he spared, he would lead his band back to La Guayra, embark on the frigate and then bear away for the isthmus.

During the day Hornigold, whose wound incapacitated him from active movement, remained in command of the fort, with special instructions to look after Mercedes. By Morgan's orders she and her companion were removed to the best room in the fort and luxuriously provided for. He had not discovered the escape of Alvarado, partly because he took no manner of interest in that young man and only kept him alive to influence the girl and partly because Hornigold had assured him that the prisoner was taking his confinement very hardly, that he was mad with anger, in a raging fever of disappointment and anxiety and was constantly begging to see the captain. The boatswain cunningly suggested that it would be just as well to let Alvarado remain in solitude without food or water until the next day, by which time, the boatswain argued, he would be reduced to a proper condition of humility and servitude. Morgan found this advice good. It was quite in consonance with his desires and his practices. He would have killed Alvarado out of hand had he not considered him the most favorable card with which to play the game he was waging with Mercedes for her consent to marry him.

So far as he was capable of a genuine affection he loved the proud Spanish maiden. He would fain persuade her willingly to come to his arms rather than enforce her consent or overcome her scruples by brute strength. There would be something of a triumph in winning her, and this vain, blood stained old brute fancied that he had sufficient attractiveness for the opposite sex to render him invincible if he set about his wooing in the right way. Here again Hornigold, upon whom, in the absence of Teach, he depended more and more and in whom he confided as of old, advised him.

"I know women," said that worthy, "and all you want is to give her time. Wait until she knows what's happened to the rest of them and—you envy Don have power to protect her, and she will come to heel right enough. Besides, you haven't given her half a chance. She's only seen your weapon in hand. She doesn't know what a man you are, captain. Sink me, if I'd your looks, instead of this old, scarred, one eyed face, there'd be no man I'd give way to and no woman I'd not win! She'll be so anxious to talk to you in the morning that you can make her do anything. Then if you can starve that Spanish dog and break his spirit so that she'll see him crawling at your feet she'll sicken of him and turn to a man."

"Scuttle me," laughed Morgan, "I didn't know you knew so much about the sex. Well, I'll stay away from her till the morning. I shall be busy anyway trying to straighten out these drunken sots, and do you put the screws on that captain and leave the lady alone, but see that she lacks nothing."

"Aye, aye; trust me for them both."

Hornigold found means during the day and it was a matter of no little difficulty to elude the guards he himself had placed there to inform Mercedes of the escape of Alvarado and to advise her that he expected the return of that young man with the troops of the viceroy at 10 o'clock that night. He bade her be of good cheer; that he did not think it likely that Morgan would think of calling upon her or of sending for her until morning, when it would be too late. He promised that he would watch over her and do what he could to protect her; that he would never leave the fort except for a few moments before 10 that night, when he went to admit Alvarado. What was better earnest of his purpose was that he furnished her with a keen dagger, small enough to conceal in the bosom of her dress, and advised her if worst came to worst, and there was no other way, to use it. He impressed on her that on no account was she to allow Morgan to get the slightest inkling of his communication to her, for if the chief buccaneer found this out Hornigold's life would not be worth a moment's thought and Alvarado would be balked in his plans of rescue.

Mercedes most thankfully received the weapon and promised to respect the confidence.

As far as creature comforts were concerned, the two women fared well. Indeed, they were sumptuously, lavishly, prodigally provided for. Senora Agapida was still in a state of complete prostration. She lay helpless on a couch in the apartment, and ministering to her distracted the poor girl's mind, yet such a day as Mercedes de Lara passed she prayed she might never again experience. The town was filled with the shouts and cries of the buccaneers wandering to and fro, singing drunken choruses, now and again routing out hidden fugitives from places of fancied security and torturing them with ready ingenuity whenever they were taken. The confusion was increased and the noise diversified by the shrieks and groans of these miserable wretches. Sometimes the voices that came through the high windows were those of women, and the sound of their screams made the heart of the brave girl sink like lead in her breast.

For the rest, she did not understand Hornigold's position. She did not know whether to believe him or not, but of one thing was she certain—whereas she had been defenseless, now she had a weapon, and she could use it if necessary. With that in hand she was mistress at least of her own fate.

As evening drew on, everything having been attended to, Morgan began to tire of his isolation, and time hung heavy on his hands. He was weary of the women whom he had hitherto consorted with. The other officers, between whom and himself there was no sort of friendship, were busy with their own nefarious wickednesses in the different parts of the fort or town, and he sat a long time alone in the guardroom drinking, Black Dog, as usual, pouring at his side. The liquor inflamed his imagination, and he craved companionship. Summoning Hornigold at last, he bade him bring Donna Mercedes before him. The old man attempted to expostulate, but Morgan's mood had changed, and he brooked no hesitation in obeying any order given by him. There was nothing for the boatswain to do but to comply.

Once more Mercedes, therefore, found herself in the guardroom of the fort in the presence of the man she loathed and feared above all others in creation. She glanced at the clock, a recent importation from Spain, hanging upon the wall, as she entered and saw that it was half after 9. Ten was the hour Hornigold had appointed to meet Alvarado at the gate. She hoped that he would be early rather than late, and, if she could withstand the buccaneer by persuasion, seeming compliance or by force for a short space, all would be well, for she never doubted that her lover would come for her. Even if he had to come single handed and alone to fight for her, she knew he would be there. Therefore, with every nerve strained almost to the breaking point to ward off his advances and to delay any action he might contemplate, she faced the buccaneer.

He was dressed with barbaric magnificence in the riches and plunder he had appropriated, and he had adorned his person with a profusion of silver and gold and stolen gems. He had been seated at the table while served by the mulatto; but, as she entered, with unusual complaisance he arose and bowed to her with something of the grace of a gentleman.

"Madam," he said, endeavoring to make soft and agreeable his harsh voice, "I trust you have been well treated since in my charge."

He had been drinking heavily, she saw, but as he spoke her fear she would answer him accordingly, on his part he had determined to try the gentler arts of persuasion, and, though his face still bore the welts made by her riding whip the night before, he strove to forget it and play the gentleman. She answered his question calmly without exhibiting resentment or annoyance.

"We have been comfortably lodged and provided with food and drink in sufficiency, senor."

"And what more would you have, Donna Mercedes?"

"Liberty, sir!"

"That shall be yours. Saving only my will which you are married to me, you shall be as free as air—a free sailor and his free wife, lady. But will you not sit down?"

In compliance with his request, she seated herself on a chair which happened to be near where she stood. She noted with relief that the table was between them.

"Nay, not there," said the captain instantly. "Here, madam, here at my side."

"Not yet, Senor Capitan. It were not fit that a prisoner should occupy so high a seat of honor. Wait until—"

"Until you are Lady Morgan!" he cried, his face flaming.

She buried her face in her hands at his stupidity, for she feared her terror in the thought would show too plainly there, and then, because she dare not lose sight of him, she constrained herself to look at him once more. Her cheeks were burning with shame, her eyes flashing with indignation, though she forced her lips into the semblance of a smile.

"That surprises you, does it?" continued the man, with boasting condescension. "You did not think I designed so to honor you after last night, madam? Scuttle me, there!" pointing to his face "are fierce love taps, but I like you none the less for your spirit, madam. 'Fore God, it runs with your beauty. You are silent," he continued, staring at her with red eyed, drunken suspicion. "You do not answer."

"My lord," cried Mercedes, "I know not what to say!"

"Say 'Harry Morgan, I Love you, and I am yours.'"

"There is another present, senor."

"Where? Another? Who has dared"—roared the buccaneer, glaring about him.

"Thy servant, the negro."

"Oh," he faltered, "he is nothing. Black Dog will call him. He is my slave, my shadow, my protector. He is always by."

An idea had swiftly darted into the young girl's mind. If she could get rid of the slave she could deal more easily with the master. She was safe, she felt, and Morgan, it appeared, was not in full possession of his faculties or his strength from the liquor he had imbibed.

"Still," she urged, "I do not like to be wooed in the presence of another, even though he be a slave. 'Tis not a Spanish maiden's way, sir."

"Your will is my law," said the buccaneer, with a low, courtly attempt at gallantry. "As my law. Afterwards—well he shall be gone, mark, gone, lest he watch over thee. Now, sweetheart, we are alone. Shall we be English lovers?"

"The contract should have been carried on in Spanish, methinks."

"Indifferently, sweet."

"Well, I'll speak it yet. The lesson may as well begin. Say after me, 'Harry.' I prefer it to Henry, though I am a loyal knight of Henry, as shall be his mercy to poor King Charles. Go! rest him. Drink to the health of the king!" he cried, leaving a cup across the table toward her.

Resisting a powerful temptation to throw it in his face, knowing that the stimulant might be of assistance later in the trying ordeal through which she found herself, the girl raised the cup to her lips, bowed to him and swallowed a portion of the contents.

"Give it back to me!" he shouted. "You have tasted it! I drank it. Now the lesson. Say after me, 'Harry Morgan'"—

"Harry Morgan," groaned the girl.

"I love thee!"

With a swift inward prayer she uttered the hated words.

"You have learned well and art an apt pupil indeed," he cried. "I've know there are few women who can resist me when I try to be agreeable. Harry Morgan's way!" he laughed again. "There be some that I have won and many I have loved. None I love yet. So [illegible] man, let her be clipped willingly in arms—yet there's a pleasure in breaking in the jades, after all. Still, I'm glad that you are in a better mood and have forgot that cursed Spaniard rotting in the dungeons below in favor of a better man, Harry—no, I'll say, Sir Henry—Morgan on this occasion, at your service!" he cried, rising again and bowing to her as before.

She looked desperately at the clock. The hour was close at hand. So great was the strain under which she was laboring that she felt she could not continue five minutes longer. Would Alvarado never come? Would anybody come? She sat motionless and white as marble, while the ruffian stared at her in the pauses of his monologue.

He came around the table and appropriated her. Notwithstanding the quantity of liquor he had taken he was physically master of himself, she noticed with a sinking heart. As he drew near she sprang to her feet also and backed away from him, throwing out her left hand to ward him off, at the same time thrusting her right hand into her bosom.

He was right upon her now. She thrust him, unsuspicious and unprepared, violently from her, whipped out the dagger that Hornigold had given her and faced him boldly.

It was 10 o'clock, and no one had yet appeared. The stench from reverberated through the empty room. Would Alvarado never come? Had it not been that she hoped for him she would have drawn the tiny weapon into her heart at once. But for his sake she would wait a little longer.

"Nay, come no nearer!" she cried resolutely. "If you do, you will take a dead woman in your arms. Back, I say!" menacing herself with the point. And the man noted that the hand holding the weapon did not tremble in the least.

"Thinkest thou that I could love such a man as thou?" she retorted, trembling with indignation, all the loathing and contempt she had striven to repress finding vent in her voice. "Id rather be torn limb from limb than feel even the touch of thy polluting hand!"

"Death and fury!" shouted Morgan, struggling between rage and mortification. "That last fled to me then?"

"A thousand times yes! Had I a whip I'd mark you again! Come within reach, and I will drive the weapon home!"

She lifted it high in the air and shook it in defiance as she spoke.

It was a frightful imprudence, for which she paid dearly, however, for the hangings parted, and Carib, who had heard what had gone on, entered the room indeed, the voices of the man and woman filled with passion fairly rang through the hall. His quick eye took in the situation at once. He carried at his belt a long, heavy knife. Without saying a word, he pulled it out and threw it with a skill born of long practice, which made him a master at the game, fairly at the woman's uplifted hand. Before either Morgan or Mercedes was aware of his presence they heard the whistle of the heavy blade through the air. At the same moment the missile struck the blade of the dagger close to the palm of the woman and dashed it from her hand. Both weapons rebounded from the wall from the violence of the blow and fell at Morgan's feet.

Mercedes was helpless.

"Well done, Carib!" cried Morgan exultantly. "Never has that old trick of thine served me better. Now, you she devil, I have you in my power. Didst prefer death to Harry Morgan? Thou shalt have it, and thy lover too. I'll to it him limb from limb, and in thy presence too."

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" shrieked Mercedes, fastening herself against the wall, shrinking from him with wide distended eyes as he approached her. "Mercy!"

"I know not that word. Wouldst escape me? Hast another weapon in thy bodice? I'll look."

Before she could prevent him he seized her dress at the collar with both hands and, in spite of her efforts, by a violent wrench tore it open.

"No weapon there!" he cried. "Ha! What things at last the color to your pale cheeks!" he added as the rich red suffused the ivory of her neck and cheek at this outrage.

"Help, help!" she screamed. Her voice rang high through the apartment with a fearful and terrified appeal.

"Call again," laughed Morgan.

"Help me, help me!" she begged.

"Say, you must love to love me! Ho, ho!" he answered, taking her in his arms.

"Mercy! Help!" she cried in frenzy, all the women in her in arms against the outrage, though she knew her appeal was vain, when, wonder of wonders—

"I heard a lady's voice," broke upon her ears from the other end of the room.

"De Lussan!" roared Morgan, releasing her and turning to face the intruder. "Here's no place for you. How came you here? I'd chosen this room for myself. I wish to be rid of you of it, and thank me for your exit."

"I know not why you [illegible] Donna de Lara again [illegible] when better men are [illegible]," responded the Frenchman, standing with both pistols at his hip, [illegible] glances at her beautiful [illegible] array, "and if you keen for her you must fight for her. Monsieur [illegible] and saluting her, "will you have [illegible] your champion?"

His air was as gay and as if he had been a gentleman and found in honor to rescue a lady in distress and [illegible] honor instead of an [illegible] damned by her beauty and desirous to possess her himself.

"Save me! Save me!" she cried, "from this man!"

She did not realize the [illegible] De Lussan's words. She only saw a deliverer for the present. [illegible] minutes past the Frenchman [illegible] conceded any respect, her [illegible] come at any moment.

"I will fight the [illegible] for you," cried the Frenchman [illegible] and you, Master Morgan [illegible] you are a coward."

"I ought to leave you [illegible] mutinous hound," [illegible] "and hanged you shall [illegible] I have proved my [illegible] the sword, as in all other [illegible] the woman, Carib, [illegible] fray. Lay hand on her at your peril. Remember, she is [illegible]"

"Or it may be [illegible]" answered De Lussan as Morgan [illegible]

They engaged with [illegible] the room was filled with the [illegible] ringing, grating steel. [illegible] pins from her glorious hair. [illegible]

They engaged without hesitation

shook it down around her [illegible] ders and then stood [illegible] ing the fencers. [illegible] movement from the [illegible] stood at her arm. [illegible] of the fighters had [illegible] Lussan's skill was [illegible] chief buccaneer was [illegible] match. Presently the [illegible] pacity of the older and [illegible] ed swordsman began [illegible] slight advantage. Had [illegible] Frenchman, still keeping [illegible] guard, slowly retreated [illegible]

Both men had been [illegible] pled with the fierce [illegible] not heard the [illegible] side, a sudden [illegible] keen ear of the [illegible] detected that some [illegible]

"Master!" he cr[illegible] I hear shouts in [illegible] shrieks, groans! [illegible] arms! Lower your [illegible] cried again, as [illegible] the air. "We are [illegible] is on us!"

Instantly Morgan [illegible] broke away from each other.

"Tomorrow!" cried the [illegible] captain.

"As you will," returned [illegible]

But now Mercedes [illegible] her hope, lifted her [illegible] tremendous power. [illegible] hope, sent ringing [illegible] name which to her [illegible]

"Alvarado! Alvarado!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE highway to [illegible] ra and [illegible] ingly rough [illegible] best barely [illegible] at least two [illegible] are all the mounts [illegible] perhaps twenty [illegible] the crow flies it was [illegible] miles between the [illegible] them, however, the [illegible] of mountains rose to [illegible] fifteen feet. Start [illegible] level of the sea, the road [illegible] divide through a [illegible] tude of about [illegible] feet [illegible] the nice some 3,000 [illegible] which lay Caracas.

(To be continued.)

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP

Photo. by Notman, Montreal

CHARLES M. HAYS

President of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

One of the railroad men of the times who has mastered all the intricacies of railway work in his thirty-two years of continuous service is Charles Melville Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and second vice-president and general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway. Born in 1856 at Rock Island, Ill., at the age of seventeen he began to learn the ardous of railroading, working in the passenger department of the Atlantic and Pacific road at St. Louis. Then after a year of this schooling had proved his fitness, he was promoted to the auditor's department and later to the general superintendent's office. From 1878-86 he was secretary to the general manager of two big roads, then general manager, later attaining the dignity of general manager of the Wabash system and in 1894 was elected vice-president.

In the two latter positions Mr. Hays represented his company as director on the boards of the various companies in which his road was interested. In January, 1896, through the efforts of Sir Charles Rivers Wilson he was made general manager of the Grand Trunk at $25,000 a year with a five years' contract. The road was in a debilitated state of health; it needed heroic treatment, strong tonics quickly and properly administered, and deft surgery work in the way of cutting expenses and amputating useless members of the staff.

Mr. Hays made it clear that, as he was to be responsible for results, he must be free to select his own means to produce them. He was not to be a puppet nor a figure-head. He must have the support of the Board of Directors in carrying out what he decided the road needed. As the Grand Trunk had to meet American competition, it must win its way by recognizing and applying American methods. The English scheme of operating did not fit the situation; the road needed a fresh, vigorous, clean-cut business system, with the moss of tradition all removed. Mr. Hays prescribed this and he saw that the medicine was administered.

Old bridges that should long before have been put on the retired list were taken down, and modern steel bridges substituted; the road was double-tracked; primitive back-number rules and regulations were quietly eclipsed by introducing the Standard Rules in force in the States; the road-beds were brought up to concert pitch; the rolling stock made the latest and best; slow trains were displaced by fast-flyers; the road was transformed from a snailway to a railway; and trained men took the places of the old men whose one merit was influence at the home office.

In 1901 Mr. Hays retired to accept the presidency of the Southern Pacific; but the position proving distasteful, he was again secured for the Grand Trunk and is now busy with this road and his new project—the Grand Trunk Pacific R.R.

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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The so-called soothing [illegible] tain poisonous opiates [illegible] stupefy, but never [illegible] of childhood. Baby's [illegible] guaranteed to contain [illegible] s t on the stomach [illegible] to remove the cause [illegible] that affect little ones. [illegible] bring natural, healthy [illegible] child wakes up bright [illegible] A. Weeks, Vernon, B.C. [illegible] used Baby's Own Tablets [illegible] cheerfully say that I have found [illegible] all you claim for them." These Tablets are good for children of all ages [illegible] birth onward. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25c. a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.