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COUNTY OF HALTON
LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1906

Place of Sitting		Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.	1907 Jan.
1 Milton	Friday	10.30 a.m.	12	9	11	13	14	9	11
2 Oakville	Tuesday	12.30 m.	9	6	8	10	11	6	8
3 Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 p.m.	10	7	9	11	12	7	9
4 Acton	Thursday	11.00 p.m.	11	8	10	12	13	8	10
5 Cumnockville	Saturday	10.45 a.m.	13	10	12	14	15	10	12
6 Burlington	Monday	11.00 a.m.	8	5	7	9	10	5	7

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—1. Wm. Panton, Milton; 2. Arthur Hilmer, Oakville; 3. Lachlan Grant, Georgetown; 4. R. J. McNabb, Acton; 5. W. I. Dick (pro tem), Milton; 6. P. C. Patriarche, Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 12th January, 11th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 3rd April and 2nd October, and so often at other times as may be required for the despatch of business.

County Court Sittings—formerly Terms—8th January, 2nd April, 3rd July and 1st October.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 3rd January, 3rd April, 4th July and 2nd October.

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

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Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
Pastor's Class: Friday, at 7.30 p.m.

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Sunday School: 2.30 p.m. Judge Gorham's Bible Class in Church at 2.45 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.
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GOING WEST.			
9.02 a.m.	12.12 p.m.	6.50 p.m.	9.07 p.m

—SUNDAY—
West 9.02 a.m., 9.07 p.m. East 7.22 a.m., 8.01 p.m

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1906

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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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This was the road over which Alvarado and Mercedes had come and on the lower end of which they had been captured. It was now barred for the young soldier by the detachment of buccaneers under young Teach and L'Ollonois, who were instructed to hold the pass where the road crossed through or over the mountains. Owing to the configuration of the pass, those fifty could hold it against a thousand. It was not probable that news of the sack of La Guayra would reach Caracas before Morgan descended upon it, but to prevent the possibility or to check any movement of troops toward the shore it was necessary to hold that road. The man who held it was in position to protect or strike either city at will. It was, in fact, the key to the position.

Morgan, of course, counted upon surprising the unfortified capital as he had the seaport town. It was the boast of the Spaniards that they needed no walls about Caracas since nature had provided them with the mighty rampart of the mountain range, which could not be surmounted save in that one place. With that one place in the buccaneer's possession, Caracas could only rely upon the number and valor of her defenders. To Morgan's onslaught could only be opposed a rampart of blades and hearts. Had there been a state of war in existence it is probable that the viceroy would have fortified and garrisoned the pass, but under present conditions nothing had been done. As soon as a messenger from Teach informed Morgan that the pass had been occupied and that all seemed quiet in Caracas, a fact which had been learned by some bold scouting on the farther side of the mountain, he was perfectly easy as to the work of the morrow. He would fall upon the unwalled town at night and carry everything by a coup de main.

Fortunately for the Spaniards in this instance, it happened that there was another way of access to the valley of Caracas from La Guayra. Directly up and over the mountain there ran a narrow and difficult trail, known first to the savages and afterward to wandering smugglers or masterless outlaws. Originally and until the Spaniards made the wagon road it had been the only way of communication between the two towns, but the path was so difficult and so dangerous that it had long since been abandoned even by the classes that had first discovered and traveled it. These vagabonds had formerly kept it in such a state of repair that it was fairly passable, but no work had been done on it for nearly 100 years. Indeed, in some places the way had been designedly obliterated by the Spanish government about a century since. By nearly all the inhabitants its very existence had been forgotten.

It was this trail that Alvarado determined to ascend. The difficulties in his way even under the most favorable circumstances might well have appalled the stoutest hearted mountaineer. In the darkness they would be increased a thousandfold.

Along the base of the mountain the trail was not difficult, although it was pitch dark under the trees which, except where the mighty cliffs rose sheer in the air like huge buttresses of the range, covered the mountains for the whole expanse of their great altitude. Alvarado made his way upward without trouble or accident at first, and he made good progress for several hours in spite of darkness.

It had been long past midnight when he started, and it was not until daybreak that he passed above the familiar and not untrodden way and entered upon the most perilous part of his journey. The gray dawn revealed to him the appalling dangers he must face.

Sometimes clinging with iron grasp to pinnacles of rock he swung himself along the side of some terrific precipice, where the slightest misstep meant a rush into eternity upon the rocks a thousand feet below. Sometimes he had to spring far across great gorges in the mountains that had once been bridged by mighty trunks of trees, long since moldered away. Sometimes there was nothing for him to do but to scramble down the steep sides of some dark canyon and force himself through cold torrential mountain streams that almost swept him from his feet. Again his path lay over cliffs green with moss and wet with spray, which afforded most precarious support to his grasping hands or slipping feet. Sometimes he had to force a way through thick tropic undergrowth that tore his clothing into rags.

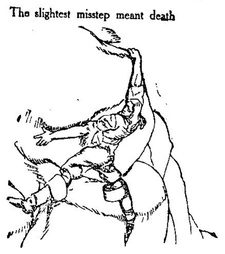
Had he undertaken the ascent in a mere spirit of adventure he would have turned back long since from the dangers he met and surmounted with such hardship and difficulty. With the pale, beautiful face of Mercedes to lead him, and by contrast the hateful, cruel countenance of Morgan to force him, ever before his vision, the man plunged upward with unnatural strength, braving dangers, taking chances, doing the impossible—and Providence watched over him.

It was perhaps 9 o'clock in the morning when he reached the summit—breathless, exhausted, unhelmed, weaponless, coatless, in rags, torn, bruised, bleeding, but unharmed—and looked down on the white city of Caracas set in its verdant environment like a handful of pearls in a goblet of emerald. He had wondered if he would be in time to intercept the viceroy, and his strained heart leaped in his tired breast when he saw, a few miles beyond the town on the road winding toward the Orinoco country, a body of men. The sunlight blazing from polished helms or pointed lance tips proclaimed that they were soldiers. He would be in time, thank God!

With renewed vigor he scrambled down the side of the mountain—and this descent fortunately happened to be gentle and easy—and, running with headlong speed, he soon drew near the gate of the palace. He dashed into it with reckless haste, indifferent to the protests of the guard, who did not at first recognize in the tattered, bloody, wounded, soiled specimen of humanity the gay and gallant commander. He made himself known at once and was confirmed in his surmise that the viceroy had set forth with his troops early in the morning and was still in reaching distance on the road.

Directing the best horse in the stables to be brought to him, after snatching a hasty meal while it was being sad-

The slightest misstep meant death



died and not even taking time to reclothe himself he mounted and galloped after. An hour later he burst through the ranks of the little army and reined in his horse before the astonished viceroy, who did not recognize in this sorry cavalier his favorite officer, and stern words of reproof for the unceremonious interruption of the horseman broke from his lips until they were checked by the first word from the young captain.

"Morgan and his buccaneers have taken La Guayra and sacked it!" gasped Alvarado hoarsely.

"Morgan! That accursed scourge again in arms? And my daughter"—

"A prisoner! For God's love, turn back the men!"

"Instantly!" cried the viceroy.

He was burning with anxiety to hear more, but he was too good a soldier to hesitate as to the first thing to be done. Raising himself in his stirrups, he gave a few sharp commands and the little army, which had halted when he had faced about and began the return march to Caracas at full speed. As soon as their maneuvers had been completed and they moved off, the viceroy, who rode at the head with Alvarado and the gentlemen of his suit, broke into anxious questioning.

"Now, captain, but that thou art a skilled soldier I could not believe thy tale."

"My lord, I swear it is true!"

"And you left Donna Mercedes a prisoner?" interrupted De Tobar, who had been consumed with anxiety even greater than that of the viceroy.

"Alas, 'tis so!"

"How can that be when you are free, senor?"

"Let me question my own officer, De Tobar," resumed the viceroy peremptorily, "and silence, all, else we learn nothing. Now, Alvarado, what is this strange tale of thine?"

In his eagerness the viceroy reined in his horse, and the officers and men, even the soldiers, stopped also and crowded around the narrator while he told the tale of the sack of La Guayra and the capture of Mercedes and himself.

"And how came you here, after leaving my daughter on the word of the buccaneer?" asked De Lara when Alvarado had finished.

"Straight over the mountain, sir."

"What! The Indian trail? The English way?"

"The same."

"What next?"

"At 10 tonight the sailor who released me will open the city gate, the west gate, beneath the shadow of the cliffs. We must be there!"

"But how? Can we take the pass? It is strongly held, you say."

"My lord, give me fifty brave men who will volunteer to follow me. I will lead them back over the trail, and we will get to the rear of the men holding the pass. Do you make a feint at engaging them in force in front, and when their attention is distracted elsewhere we will fall on and drive them into your arms. By this means we open the way. Then we will post down the mountains with speed and may arrive in time—nay, we must arrive in time! Hornigold, the sailor, would guarantee nothing beyond tonight. The buccaneers are drunk with liquor, tired out with slaughter. They will suspect nothing. We can master the whole 350 of them with fivescore men."

"Alvarado," cried the viceroy, "thou hast done well. I thank thee. Let us but rescue my daughter and defeat these buccaneers and thou mayst ask anything at my hands—saving one thing. Gentlemen and soldiers, you have heard the plan of the young captain. Who will volunteer to go over the mountains with him?"

Brandishing their swords and shouting with loud acclaim, the great body of troopers pressed forward to the service. Alvarado, who knew them all, rapidly selected the requisite number, and they fell in advance of the others. Over them the young captain placed his friend De Tobar as his second in command.

"'Tis bravely done!" cried the viceroy. "Now prick forward to the city, all. We'll refresh ourselves in view of the arduous work before us and then make our further dispositions."

The streets of Caracas were soon full of armed men preparing for their venture. As soon as the plight of La Guayra and the viceroy's daughter became known there was scarcely a civilian even who did not offer himself for the rescue. The viceroy, however, would take only mounted men, and of these only tried soldiers. Alvarado, whom excitement and emotion kept from realizing his fatigue, was provided with fresh apparel, after which he requested a private audience for a moment or two with the viceroy, and together they repaired to the little cabinet which had been the scene of the happenings the night before.

"Your excellency," began the young man slowly, painfully, "I could not wait even the hoped for happy issue of our plans to place my sword and my life in your hands."

"What have you done?" asked the old man, instantly perceiving the seriousness of the situation from the anguish in his officer's look and voice.

"I have broken my word, forfeited my life."

"You promised to say nothing, to do nothing."

"That promise I did not keep."

"Explain."

"There is nothing to explain. I was weak; it was beyond my strength. I offer no excuse."

"'Twas deliberately done?"

"I told her that I loved her, again"—

"Thou double traitor! And she"—

"My lord, condemn her not. She is young, a woman."

"I do not consider Captain Alvarado, a dishonored soldier, my proper mentor. I shall know how to treat my daughter. What more?"

"Nothing more. We abandoned ourselves to our dream, and at the first possible moment I am come to tell you all—to submit"—

"But your reason? Why do you tell me these things? If thou art base enough to fall, why not base enough to conceal?"

"I could not do so, your excellency. I am not master of myself when she is by. 'Tis only when away from her I see things in their proper light. She blinds me. No, sir," cried the unhappy Alvarado, seeing a look of contempt on the grim face of the old general, "I do not urge this in defense, but you wanted explanation."

"Nothing can explain the falsehood of a gentleman, the betrayal of a friend, the treachery of a soldier."

"Nothing; hence I am here."

"Perhaps I have estimated you too highly," went on the old man musingly. "I had hoped you were gentle, but base blood must run in your veins."

"It may be," answered the young man brokenly, and then he added, as one detail not yet told, "I have found my mother, sir."

"Thy mother! What is her condition?" cried the viceroy in curious and interested surprise that made him forget his wrath and contempt for the moment.

"She was an abbess of our holy church. She died upon the sands of La Guayra by her own hand rather than lend aid to the sack of the town."

"That was noble," interrupted the old De Lara. "I may be mistaken after all. Yet 'twere well she died, for she will not see"—

He paused significantly.

"My shame?" asked Alvarado.

"Thy death, senor, for what you have done. No other punishment is meet. Did Donna Mercedes send any message to me?"

Alvarado could not trust himself to speak. He bowed deeply.

"What was it?"

The young man stood silent before him.

"Well, I will learn from her own lips if she be alive when we come to the city. I doubt not it will excuse thee."

"I seek not to shelter myself behind a woman."

"That's well," said the old man. "But now what is to be done with thee?"

"My lord, give me a chance, not to live, but to die honestly. Let me play my part this day as becomes a man, and when Donna Mercedes is restored to your arms"—

"Thou wilt plead for life?"

"Nay, I will not live dishonored. Life is naught to me without the lady. I swear to thee"—

"You have given me your word before, sir," said the old man sternly.

"On this cross—it was my mother's." He pulled from his doublet the silver

"On this cross"

crucifix and held it up. "I will yield my life into your hands without question then and acclaim before the world that you are justified in taking it. I swear if I survive the day I will go gladly to my death at your command."

"I will trust you once more thus far. Say naught of this to any one. Leave me!"

"Your excellency," cried the young man, kneeling before him, "may God reward you!"

He strove to take the hand of the old man, but the latter drew it away.

"Even the touch of forsworn lips is degradation. You have your orders. Go!"

Alvarado buried his face in his hands, groaned bitterly and turned away without another word.

CHAPTER XX.

IT was nearing 11 o'clock in the morning when, after a hurried conference in the patio with the viceroy and the others, Alvarado and De Tobar marched out with their fifty men. They had discarded all superfluous clothing; they were unarmored and carried no weapons but swords and pistols. In view of the hard climb before them and the haste that was required they wished to be burdened as lightly as possible. Their horses were brought along in the train of the viceroy's party, which moved out upon the open road to the pass at the same time. These last went forward with great ostentation, the forlorn hope secretly, lest some from the buccaneers might be watching.

The fifty volunteers were to ascend the mountain with all speed, make their way along the crest as best they could until they came within striking distance of the camp of the pirates; then they were to conceal themselves in the woods there, and when the viceroy made a feigned attack with the main body of his troops from the other side of the mountain they were to leave their hiding place and fall furiously upon the rear of the party. Fortunately they were not required to ascend such a path as that Alvarado had traversed on the other side, for there were not fifty men in all Venezuela who could have performed that tremendous feat of mounteering. The way to the summit of the range and thence to the pass was difficult, but not impossible, and they succeeded after an hour or two of hard climbing in reaching their appointed station, where they concealed themselves in the woods unobserved by Teach's men.

The viceroy carried out his part of the programme with the promptness of a soldier. Alvarado's men had scarcely settled themselves in the thick undergrowth beneath the trees, whence they could overlook the buccaneers in camp on the road below, before a shot from the pirate sentry who had been posted toward Caracas called the fierce marauders to arms. They ran to the rude barricade they had erected covering the pass and made preparation for battle. Soon the wood was ringing with shouts and cries and the sound of musketry.

Although Teach was a natural soldier and L'Ollonois an experienced and prudent commander, they took no precaution whatever to cover their rear, for such a thing as an assault from that direction was not even dreamed of.

Alvarado and De Tobar, therefore, led their men forward without the slightest opposition. Even the noise they made crashing through the undergrowth was lost in the sound of the battle and attracted no attention from the enemy. It was not until they burst out into the open road and charged forward, cheering madly, that the buccaneers realized their danger. Some of them faced about only to be met by a murderous discharge from the pistols of the forlorn hope, and the next moment the Spaniards were upon them. The party holding the pass were the picked men, veterans, among the marauders. They met the onset with tremendous courage and crossed blades in the smoke like men, but at the same instant the advance guard of the main army sprang at the barricade and assaulted them vigorously from the other side. The odds were too much for the buccaneers, and after a wild melee, in which they lost heavily, the survivors gave ground.

The road immediately below the pass opened on a little plateau, back of which rose a precipitous wall of rock. Thither such of the buccaneers as were left alive hastily retreated. There were perhaps a dozen men able to use their weapons. Among them Teach was the only officer. L'Ollonois had been cut down by De Tobar in the first charge. The Spaniards burst through the pass and surrounded the buccaneers. The firearms on both sides had all been discharged, and in the excitement no one thought of reloading. Indeed, with the cumbersome and complicated weapons then in vogue there was no time, and the Spaniards, who had paid dearly for their victory, so desperate had been the defense of the pirates, were fain to finish this detachment in short order.

"Yield!" cried Alvarado, as usual in the front ranks of his own men. "You are hopelessly overmatched!" pointing with dripping blade to his own and the viceroy's soldiers as he spoke.

"Shall we get good quarter?" called out Teach.

A splendid specimen he looked of an Englishman at bay in spite of his wicked calling, standing with his back against the towering rock, his bare and bloody sword extended menacingly before him, the bright sunlight blazing upon his sunny hair, his blue eyes sparkling with battle lust and determined courage. Quite the best of the pirates, he!

"You shall be hung like the dogs you are," answered Alvarado sternly.

"We'd rather die sword in hand. Eh, lads?"

"Aye, aye!"

"Come on, then, senors," laughed the Englishman gallantly, saluting with his sword, "and see how bravely we English can die when the game is played and we have lost."

Though his cause was bad and his life also, his courage was magnificent. Under other circumstances it would have evoked the appreciation of Alvarado and some consideration at his hands. Possibly he might even have granted life to the man, but memory of the sights of the night before in that devastated town 6,000 feet below their feet and the deadly peril of his sweetheart banished pity from his soul. This man had been the right hand of Morgan. He was, after the captain, the ablest man among the buccaneers. He must die, and it would be a mercy to kill him out of hand anyway.

"Forward, gentlemen!" he cried, and instantly the whole mass closed in on the pirates. Such a fight as Teach and his men made was marvelous. For each life the Spaniards took the pirates exacted a high price, but the odds were too great for any human valor, however splendid, to withstand, and in a brief space the last of the buccaneers lay dying on the hill.

Teach was game to the last. Pierced with a dozen wounds, his sword broken to pieces, he lifted himself on his elbow and, with a smile of defiance, gasped out the brave chorus of the song of the poet of London town:

"Though life now is pleasant and sweet to the sense,
We'll be damnably moldy a hundred years hence."

"Tell Morgan," he faltered, "we did not betray—faithful to the end"—

And so he died as he had lived.

"A brave man," exclaimed De Tobar, with some feeling in his voice.

"But a black hearted scoundrel nevertheless," answered Alvarado sternly. "Had you seen him last night"—

"Ye have been successful, I see, gentlemen," cried the viceroy, riding up with the main body. "Where is Alvarado?"

"I am here, your excellency."

"You are yet alive, senor?"

"My work is not yet complete," answered the soldier, "and I cannot die until—I—Donna Mer"—

"Bring up the led horses," interrupted the viceroy curtly. "Mount these

Teach stood at bay

gentlemen. Let the chirurgeons look to the Spanish wounded."

"And if there be any buccaneers yet alive?" asked one of the officers.

"Toss them over the cliff," answered the viceroy; "throw the bodies of all the carrion over, living or dead. They pollute the air. Form up, gentlemen! We have fully twenty-five miles between us and the town, which we must reach at 10 of the clock. 'Twill be hard riding. Alvarado, assemble your men, and you and De Tobar lead the way. I will stay farther back and keep the main body from scattering. We have struck a brave blow first, and may God and St. Jago defend us further. Forward!"

CHAPTER XXI.

OLD Hornigold had kept his promise, and Alvarado had kept his as well. It was a few minutes before 10 when the first Spanish horsemen sprang from their jaded steeds at the end of the road. In that wild race down the mountains Alvarado had ridden first with De Tobar ever by his side. None had been able to pass these two. The viceroy had fallen some distance behind. For one reason, he was an old man, and the pace set by the lovers was killing; for another and a better, as he had said, he thought it desirable to stay somewhat in the rear to keep the men closed up, but the pace even of the fast and slowest had been a tremendous one. Sparing neither themselves nor their horses, they had raced down the perilous way. Some of them had gone over the cliffs to instant destruction; others had been heavily thrown by the stumbling horses. Some of the horses had given out under the awful gallop and had fallen exhausted, but when the riders were unhurt they had joined the foot soldiers marching after the troopers as fast they could.

Alvarado's soldierly instincts had caused him to halt where the road opened upon the sand, for he and De Tobar and the two or three who kept near them could do nothing alone. They were forced to wait until a sufficient force had assembled to begin the attack. He would have been there before the appointed time had it not been for this imperative delay, which demonstrated his capacity more than almost anything else could have done, for he was burning to rush to the rescue of Mercedes.

(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 its 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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Grit.

Grit is the grain of character. It may be described as heroism materialized—spirit and will thrust into heart, brain and backbone, so as to form part of the physical substance of the man. —Whipple.

FAMOUS PEOPLE
BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP

Otto Sarony Co., New York

EVANGELINE BOOTH
The Salvation Army's American Leader.

The Salvation Army, one of the most remarkable religious movements in the world, is a great organized body going out into the highways and byways of humanity. It seeks to bring the church to the people rather than merely to urge the people to the church. It has made religion a warm, inspiring reality to thousands; it has been practical, for it has carried the divine word to the poor, the sinning, the sorrowing and the suffering, and with it has ever extended the hand of human helpfulness, love and brotherhood. Its methods need no vindication; the transformed lives due to its influence are its living monuments.

The new leader of the Army in the United States is a young woman, Eva Booth, the daughter of the venerable General Booth, founder of the organization. Tall, slender, energetic, alert, with a sweet, mellow, far-reaching voice, she strikingly resembles her father, and went to America after her triumphant crusade in Canada with the reputation of being one of the best women orators in the world. She has a strength, sincerity and spiritual fervor that carry her audiences with her and sweep them on waves of religious fervor to higher spirituality.

As a child, with her sweet face and her little jingling tambourine, she ventured into the slums of Darkest London and faced without a tremor, degradation she could not understand; but which the sunshine of the love she radiated was at last to penetrate and soften. For a time she was compelled to go disguised as a flower-girl, but after suffering personal violence more than a hundred times and bravely leading her people where the police rarely ventured and were always needed, she finally triumphed, and to-day the name of Eva Booth is held in reverence in even the worst sections of London.

Through her personal influence obnoxious laws regarding public religious meetings in the streets of England have been repealed, and under her leadership the Army in England calmed the temper of street mobs and vanquished their opposition. She went to Cornwall, and talked to workers in the tin mines; undaunted she went into the mines under the sea, with the surf roaring overhead, to visit the sick and dying; she carried her message to the weavers of the Midlands, and braved her way through all difficulties to fight the battle of temperance and better living. She has held practically every rank in the Army, and in Canada, where she was in command, often traveled bravely through the provinces on snowshoes, preaching to men in the lumber camps. To-day she is the ruler of nearly 4,000 paid officers and more than 125,000 of an organized force that ministers day and night, unceasingly, to the temporal and spiritual needs of three million people.

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