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the same amount at cost. With this
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COUNTY OF HALTON
LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1907

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.	1908 Jan.
1 Milton	Friday	10.30 a.m.	11	8	10	12	13	8	10
2 Oakville	Tuesday	12.30 p.m.	8	5	7	9	10	5	7
3 Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	9	6	8	10	11	6	8
4 Acton	Thursday	10.15 a.m.	10	7	9	11	12	7	9
5 Campbellville	Saturday	9.30 a.m.	12	9	11	13	14	9	11
6 Burlington	Monday	11.00 a.m.	7	4	6	8	9	4	6

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—1. Wm. Panton, Milton; 2. Arthur Hilmer, Oakville; 3. Lachlan Grant, Georgetown; 4. R. J. McNabb, Acton; 5. Wm. Frazer, Campbellville; 6. O. T. Springer, Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 11th June and 10th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 2nd April and 1st October, and so often at other times as may be required for the despatch of business.

County Court Sittings—formerly Terms—7th January, 1st April, 2nd July and 7th October.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 2nd January, 2nd April, 3rd July and 1st October.

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

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WM. PANTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Money to loan. Office: over Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

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Barrister, Solicitor (County Crown Attorney) Conveyancer. Money to loan. Office: Court House, Milton, Ont.

VICTOR CHISHOLM,
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Sunday School and Bible Class: 2.30 p.m.
Epworth League: Monday, at 8 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
Pastor's Class: Friday, at 7.30 p.m.

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REV. W. M. MCKAY, Minister.
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Sunday School: 2.30 p. m. Judge Gorham's Bible Class in Church at 2.45 p.m.
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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.

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Sunday School: 2.30 p.m.
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Friday evening service, 7.30 p.m.

ST. ANDREW'S R. C.
REV. FATHER O'REILLY, P.P.
Mass: Second Sunday of every month at 11 a.m.

Travellers' Guide.

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GOING EAST.			
7.00 a.m.	10.06 a.m.	11.15 a.m.	8.08 p.m
GOING WEST.			
9.03 a.m.	5.26 p.m.	6.57 p.m.	8.46 p.m

—SUNDAY—
West 9.03 a.m., 8.46 p.m. East 6.48 a.m., 8.08 p.m

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GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
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With Edged Tools

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN
Author of "The Sowers," "Roden's Corner," "From One Generation to Another," Etc.

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Jack was sitting forward in his chair with his immaculate dress shoes on the fender, his knees apart, his elbows resting on them, his eyes still fixed on the fire. Sir John looked keenly at him beneath his frowning, tashless lids. He saw the few gray hairs over Jack's ears, the suggested wrinkles, the drawn lines about his mouth.

"You have been ill?" he said.

Joseph's letter was locked away in the top drawer of his writing table.

"Yes, I had rather a bad time, a serious illness. My man nursed me through it, however, with marked success, and the Gordons, with whom I was staying, were very kind."

"I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Gordon."

Jack's face was steady, suavely impenetrable.

Sir John moved a little and set his empty cup upon the table.

"A charming girl," he added.

"Yes."

"You are fortunate in that man of yours," Sir John said; "a first class man."

"Yes. He saved my life."

Sir John blinked, and for the first time his fingers went to his mouth, as if his lips had suddenly got beyond his control.

"If I may suggest it," he said rather indistinctly, "I think it would be well if we signified our appreciation of his devotion in some substantial way. We might well do something between us."

He paused and threw back his shoulders.

"I should like to give him some substantial token of my gratitude."

Sir John was nothing if not just.

"Thank you," answered Jack quietly. He turned his head a little and glanced not at his father, but in his direction. "He will appreciate it, I know."

"I should like to see him tomorrow."

Jack winced, as if he had made a mistake.

"He is not in England," he explained. "I left him behind me in Africa. He has gone back to the simiacine plateau."

The old man's face dropped rather piteously.

"I am sorry," he said, with one of the sudden relapses into old age that Lady Cantourne dreaded. "I may not have a chance of seeing him to thank him personally. A good servant is so rare nowadays. These modern democrats seem to think that it is a nobler thing to be a bad servant than a good one. As if we were not all servants!"

He was thirsting for details. There were a thousand questions in his heart, but not one on his lips.

"Will you have the kindness to remember my desire," he went on suavely, "when you are settling up with your man?"

"Thank you," replied Jack. "I am much obliged to you."

"And in the meantime, as you are without a servant, you may as well make use of mine. One of my men—Henry—who is too stupid to get into mischief—a great recommendation, by the way—understands his business. I will ring and have him sent over to your rooms at once."

He did so, and they sat in silence until the butler had come and gone.

"We have been very successful with the simiacine, our scheme," said Jack suddenly. I have brought home a consignment valued at £70,000."

Sir John's face never changed.

"And," he asked, with veiled sarcasm, "do you carry out the—er—commercial part of the scheme?"

"I shall begin to arrange for the sale of the consignment tomorrow. I shall have no difficulty, at least I anticipate none. Yes, I do the commercial part as well as the other. I held the plateau against 2,000 natives for three months with fifty-five men. But I do the commercial part as well."

As he was looking into the fire still, Sir John stole a long comprehensive glance at his son's face. His old eyes lighted up with pride and something else, possibly love. The clock on the mantelpiece struck 11. Jack looked at it thoughtfully, then he rose.

"I must not keep you any longer," he said somewhat stiffly.

Sir John rose also.

"I dare say you are tired; you need rest. In some ways you look stronger, in others you look ragged and pulled down."

"It is the result of my illness," said Jack. "I am really quite strong."

He paused, standing on the hearth rug, then suddenly he held out his hand.

"Good night," he said.

"Good night."

Sir John allowed him to go to the door, to touch the handle, before he spoke.

"Then"— he said, and Jack paused. "Then we are no further on?"

"In what way?"

"In respect to the matter over which we unfortunately disagreed before you went away?"

Jack turned with his hand on the door.

"I have not changed my mind in any respect," he said gently. "Perhaps you are inclined to take my altered circumstances into consideration, to modify your views."

"I am getting rather old for modification," answered Sir John suavely.

"And you see no reason for altering your decision?"

"None."

"Then I am afraid we are no further on," he paused. "Good night," he added gently as he opened the door.

"Good night."

* * * * * * * *

Lady Cantourne was meant for happiness and a joyous motherhood. She had had neither; but she went on being "meant" until the end—that is to say she was still cheery and capable. She had thrown an open letter on the little table at her side—a letter from Jack Meredith announcing his return to England and his natural desire to call and pay his respects in the course of the afternoon.

"So," she had said before she laid the letter aside, "he is home again—and he means to carry it through?"

While she still sat there the bell rang. When Jack Meredith came into the room she rose to greet him with a smile of welcome.

"Before I shake hands," she said, "tell me if you have been to see your father."

"I went last night—almost straight from the station. The first person I spoke to in London, except a cabman."

So she shook hands.

"You know," she said, without looking at him—indeed, carefully avoiding doing so—"life is too short to quarrel with one's father. At least it may prove too short to make it up again—that is the danger."

"The quarrel was not mine," he said. "I admit that I ought to have known him better. I ought to have spoken to him before asking Millicent. It was a mistake."

Lady Cantourne looked up suddenly.

"What was a mistake?"

"Not asking his—opinion first."

She turned to the table where his letter lay and fingered the paper pensively.

"I thought, perhaps, that you had found that the other was a mistake—the engagement."

"No," he answered.

"Millicent will be in presently," she said; "she is out riding."

They talked of his life in Africa, of his success with the simiacine, of which discovery the newspapers were not yet weary, until the bell was heard in the basement, and thereafter Millicent's voice in the hall.

Lady Cantourne rose deliberately and went downstairs to tell her niece that he was in the drawing room, leaving him there waiting alone.

Presently the door opened and Millicent hurried in. She threw her gloves and whip—anywhere—on the floor and ran to him.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried.

It was very prettily done. In its way it was a poem.

"And, Jack, do you know," she went on, "all the newspapers have been full of you. You are quite a celebrity. And are you really as rich as they say?"

"I think I can safely say that I am not," he answered.

Lady Cantourne left them there for nearly an hour, in which space of time she probably reflected they could build up as rosy a future as was good for them to contemplate. Then she returned to the drawing room, followed by a full sized footman bearing tea.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried.

She was too discreet a woman, too deeply versed in the sudden changes of the human mind and heart, to say anything until one of them should give her a distinct lead. They were not shy and awkward children. Perhaps she reflected that the generation to which they belonged is not one heavily handicapped by too subtle a delicacy of feeling.

Jack Meredith gave her the lead before long.

"Millicent," he said without a vestige of embarrassment, "has consented to be openly engaged now."

Lady Cantourne nodded comprehensively.

"I think she is very wise," she said.

"I know she is very wise," she added, turning and laying her hand on Jack's arm. The two phrases had quite a different meaning. "She will have a good husband."

"So you can tell everybody now," chimed in Millicent in her silvery way.

Lady Cantourne was not very communicative during that refined little tea a trois, but she listened smilingly to Jack's optimistic views and Millicent's somewhat valueless comments.

"I am certain," said Millicent, at length boldly attacking the question that was in all their minds, "that Sir John will be all right now. Of course, it is only natural that he should not like Jack to—to get engaged yet. Especially before, when it would have made a difference to him in money, I mean. But now that Jack is independent—you know, auntie, that Jack is richer than Sir John."

Lady Cantourne was rather thoughtful at that moment. She could not help coming back and back to Sir John.

"Of course," she said to Jack, "we must let your father know at once. The news must not reach him from an outside source."

"I will write and tell him," said Jack quietly.

Even funerals and lovers must bow to mealtimes, and Jack Meredith was not the man to outstay his welcome. He saw Lady Cantourne glance at the clock. Clever as she was, she could not do it without being seen by him.

So he took his leave, and Millicent went to the head of the stairs with him.

CHAPTER XXI.

Of late Sir John had felt a singular desire to sit down whenever opportunity should offer, but he had always been found standing on the hearth rug by the butler, and, hard old aristocrat that he was, he would not yield to the somewhat angular blandishments of the stiff backed chair.

He stood for a few moments with his back to the smoldering fire, and, being quite alone, he perhaps forgot to stiffen his neck, for his head drooped, his lips were unsteady; he was a very old man.

A few minutes later, when he strode into the dining room, where butler and footman awaited him, he was erect, imperturbable, impenetrable.

At dinner it was evident that his keen brain was hard at work. He forgot one or two of the formalities which were religiously observed at that solitary table. He hastened over his wine, and then he went to the library. There he wrote a telegram, slowly, in his firm, ornamental handwriting.

It was addressed to Gordon, Loango, and the gist of it was—"Wire whereabouts of Oscard—when he may be expected home."

At half past 8 Jack arrived. Sir John was awaiting him in the library, grimly sitting in his high backed chair, as carefully dressed as for a great reception.

He rose when his son entered the room and they shook hands. There was a certain air of concentration about both, as if they each intended to be. Oscard would not have needed to say more than they had ever said before. The coffee was duly brought. This was a revival of an old custom. In bygone days Jack had frequently come in thus and they had taken coffee before going together in Sir John's carriage to one of the great social functions at which their presence was almost a necessity. Jack had always poured out the coffee—tonight he did not offer to do so.

"I came," he said suddenly, "to give you a piece of news which I am afraid will not be very welcome. Millicent and I have decided to make our engagement known."

"You know," said Sir John gravely, "that I am not much given to altering my opinions. I do not say that they are of any value; but, such as they are, I usually hold to them. When you did me the honor of mentioning this matter to me last year, I gave you my opinion."

"And it has in no way altered?"

"In no way. I have found no reason to alter it."

"Will you, at all events, give me your reasons?" he asked. "I am not a child."

"I think," he said, "that it would be advisable not to ask them."

"I should like to know why you object to my marrying Millicent," persisted Jack.

"Simply because I know a bad woman when I see her," retorted Sir John deliberately.

"I am sorry you have said that," said the son.

"Just," continued the father, "as I know a good one."

He paused, and they were both thinking of the same woman, Jocelyn Gordon.

Sir John had his shy about Millicent Chyne, and his son knew that that was the last word. She was a bad woman. From that point he would never move.

There was a long silence, while the two men sat side by side gazing into the fire.

"I am getting too old to indulge in the luxury of pride," said the father at length. "I will attend your marriage. I will smile and say pretty things to the bridesmaids. Before the world I will consent under the condition that the ceremony does not take place before two months from this date."

"I agree to that," put in Jack.

Sir John rose and stood on the hearth rug, looking down from his great height upon his son.

"But," he continued, "between us let it be understood that I move in no degree from my original position. I object to Millicent Chyne as your wife. But I bow to the force of circumstances. I admit that you have a perfect right to marry whom you choose—in two months' time."

So Jack took his leave.

"In two months' time," repeated Sir John, when he was alone, with one of his twisted, cynical smiles—"in two months' time—qui vivra verra."

* * * * * * * *

There are some places in the world where a curse seems to brood in the atmosphere. Maala was one of these. Perhaps these places are accursed by the deeds that have been done there. Who can tell?

Could the trees—the two gigantic elms that stood by the river's edge—if could these have spoken, they might perhaps have told the tale of this little inland station in that country where, as the founder of the hamlet was in the habit of saying, no one knows what is going on.

All went well with the retreating column until they were almost in sight of Maala, when the flotilla was attacked by no less than three hippopotamuses. One canoe was sunk and four others were so badly damaged that they could not be kept afloat with their proper complement of men. There was nothing for it but to establish a camp at Maala and wait there until the builders had repaired the damaged canoes.

The walls of Durnovo's house were still standing, and here Guy Oscard established himself with as much comfort as circumstances allowed. He caused a temporary roof of palm leaves to be laid on the charred beams, and within the principal room, the very room where the three organizers of the great simiacine scheme had first laid their plans, he set up his simple camp furniture.

Oscard was too great a traveler, too experienced a wanderer, to be put out of temper by this enforced rest. The men had worked very well hitherto. It had, in its way, been a great feat of generalship, this leading through a wild country of men unprepared for travel, scantily provisioned, disorganized by recent events. No accident had happened, no serious delay had been incurred, although the rate of progress had necessarily been very slow. Nearly six weeks had elapsed since Oscard with his little following had turned their backs forever on the simiacine plateau. But now the period of acute danger had passed away. They had almost reached civilization. Oscard was content.

When Oscard was content he smoked a slower pipe than usual, watching each cloud of smoke vanish into thin air. He was smoking very slowly this the third evening of their encampment at Maala. There had been heavy rain during the day, and the whole lifeless forest was dripping with a continuous, ceaseless clatter of heavy drops on tropic foliage, with an amalgamated sound like a widespread whisper.

Oscard was sitting in the windowless room without a light, for a light only attracted a myriad of heavy winged moths. He was seated before the long French window, which, since the sash had gone, had been used as a door. Before him in the glimmering light of the mystic Southern Cross the great river crept unctuously, silently to the sea. It seemed to be stealing away surreptitiously while the forest whispered of it. In its surface the reflection of the great stars of the southern hemisphere ran into little streaks of silver, shimmering away into darkness.

All sound of human life was still. The natives were asleep. In the next room Joseph in his hammock was just on the barrier between the waking and the sleeping life, as soldiers learn to be. Oscard would not have needed to raise his voice to call him to his side.

The leader of this hurried retreat had been sitting there for two hours. The slimy moving surface of the river had entered into his brain; the restless silence of the African forest alone kept him awake. He hardly realized that the sound momentarily gaining strength within his ears was that of a paddle—a single, weakly irregular paddle. It was not a sound to wake a sleeping man. It came so slowly, so gently through the whisper of the dripping leaves that it would enter into his slumbers and make itself part of them.

Guy Oscard only realized the meaning of that sound when a black shadow crept on to the smooth evenness of the river's breast. Oscard was eminently a man of action. In a moment he was on his feet and in the darkness of the room there was the gleam of a rifle barrel. He came back to the window—watching.

He saw the canoe approach the bank. He heard the thud of the paddle as it was thrown upon the ground. In the gloom, to which his eyes were accustomed, he saw a man step from the boat to the shore and draw the canoe up. The silent midnight visitor then turned and walked up toward the house. There was something familiar in the gait—the legs were slightly bowed. The man was walking with great difficulty, staggering a little at each step. He seemed to be in great pain.

Guy Oscard laid aside the rifle. He stepped forward to the open window.

"Is that you, Durnovo?" he said, without raising his voice.

"Yes," replied the other. His voice was muffled as if his tongue were swollen, and there was a startling break in it.

Oscard stepped aside and Durnovo passed into his own house.

"Got a light?" he said in the same muffled way.

In the next room Joseph could be heard striking a match, and a moment later he entered the room, throwing a flood of light before him.

"Good God!" cried Oscard. He stepped back as if he had been struck, with his hand shielding his eyes.

"Save us!" ejaculated Joseph in the same breath.

The thing that stood there, sickening their gaze, was not a human being at all. Take a man's eyelids away, leaving the round balls staring, blood streaked; cut away his lips, leaving the grinning teeth and red gums; shear off his ears—that which is left is not a man at all. This had been done to Victor Durnovo. Truly the vengeance of man is crueler than the vengeance of God!

"Good God!" cried Oscard.

Could he have seen himself, Victor Durnovo would never have shown that face, or what remained of it, to a human being. He could only have killed himself. Who can tell what cruelties had been paid for, piece by piece, in this loathsome mutilation? The slaves had wreaked their terrible vengeance; but the greatest, the deepest, the most inhuman cruelty was in letting him go.

"They've made a pretty mess of me," said Durnovo, in a sickening, lifeless voice, and he stood there with a terrible caricature of a grin.

Joseph set down the lamp with a groan and went back into the dark room beyond, where he cast himself upon the ground and buried his face in his hands.

"O Lord!" he muttered. "O God in heaven, kill it, kill it!"

Guy Oscard never attempted to run away from it. He stood slowly gulping down his nauseating horror. His teeth were clinched; his face, through the sunburn, livid; the blue of his eyes seemed to have faded into an ashen gray. The sight he was looking on would have sent three men out of five into gibbering idiocy.

Then at last he moved forward. With averted eyes he took Durnovo by the arm.

"Come," he said, "lie down upon my bed. I will try to help you. Can you take some food?"

Durnovo threw himself down heavily on the bed. There was a punishment sufficient to expiate all his sins in the effort he saw that Guy Oscard had had to make before he touched him. He turned his face away.

"I haven't eaten anything for twenty-four hours," he said, with a whistling intonation.

"Joseph," said Oscard, returning to the door of the inner room—his voice sounded different; there was a metallic ring in it—"get something for Mr. Durnovo; some soup or something."

Joseph obeyed, shaking as if ague was in his bones.

Oscard administered the soup. He tended Durnovo with all the gentleness of a woman and a fortitude that was above the fortitude of men. Despite himself his hands trembled, big and strong as they were. His whole being was contracted with horror and pain. Whatever Victor Durnovo had been, he was now an object of such pity that before it all possible human sins faded into spotlessness. There was no crime in all that human nature has found to commit for which such cruelty as this would be justly meted out in punishment.

Durnovo spoke from time to time, but he could see the effect that his hissing speech had upon his companion and in time he gave it up. He told haltingly of the horrors of the simiacine plateau; of the last grim tragedy acted there; how at last, blinded with his blood, maimed, stupefied by agony, he had been hounded down the slope by a yelling, laughing horde of torturers.

There was not much to be done, and presently Guy Oscard moved away to his camp chair, where he sat staring into the night. Sleep was impossible. Strong, hardened, weather beaten man that he was, his nerves were all a-tingle, his flesh creeping and jumping with horror. Gradually he collected his faculties enough to begin to think about the future. What was he to do with this man? He could not take him to Loango. He could not risk that Jocelyn or even Maurice Gordon should look upon this horror.

Joseph had crept back into the inner room, where he had no light, and could be heard breathing hard, wide awake in his hammock.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a loud cry:

"Oscard! Oscard!"

In a moment Joseph and Oscard were at the bedside.

Durnovo was sitting up, and he grabbed at Oscard's arms.

"For God's sake!" he cried. "For God's sake, man, don't let me go to sleep!"

"What do you mean?" asked Oscard. They both thought that he had gone mad. Sleep had nothing more to do with Durnovo's eyes—protruding, staring, terrible to look at.

"Don't let me go to sleep," he repeated. "Don't! Don't!"

"All right," said Oscard soothingly—"all right. We'll look after you."

He fell back on the bed. In the flickering light his eyeballs gleamed.

Then, quite suddenly, he rose to a sitting position again with a wild effort.

"I've got it! I've got it!" he cried.

"Got what?"

"The sleeping sickness!"

The two listeners knew of this strange disease. Oscard had seen a whole village devastated by it, the habitants lying about their own doors, stricken down by a deadly sleep from which they never awoke. It is known on the west coast of Africa, and the cure for it is unknown.

"Hold me!" cried Durnovo. "Don't let me sleep!"

His head fell forward even as he spoke, and the staring, wide open eyes that could not sleep made a horror of him.

Oscard took him by the arms and held him in a sitting position. Durnovo's fingers were clutching at his sleeve.

"Shake me! God! Shake me!"

Then Oscard took him in his strong arms and set him on his feet. He shook him gently at first, but as the dread somnolence crept on he shook harder, until the mutilated inhuman head rolled upon his shoulders.

"It's a sin to let that man live," exclaimed Joseph, turning away in horror.

"It's a sin to let any man die," replied Oscard, and with his great strength he shook Durnovo like a garment.

And so Victor Durnovo died. His stained soul left his body in Guy Oscard's hands, and the big Englishman shook the corpse, trying to awake it from that sleep which knows no earthly waking.

So, after all, heaven stepped in and laid its softening hand on the judgment of men. But there was a strange irony in the mode of death. It was strange that this man, who never could have closed his eyes again, should have been stricken down by the sleeping sickness.

They laid the body on the floor and covered the face, which was less grewsome in death, for the pity of the eyes had given place to peace.

The morning light, bursting suddenly through the trees as it does in equatorial Africa, showed the room set in order and Guy Oscard sleeping in his camp chair. Behind him, on the floor, lay the form of Victor Durnovo. Joseph, less iron nerved than the great big game hunter, was awake and astir with the dawn. He, too, was called now. He had seen death face to face too often to be appalled by it in broad daylight.

So they buried Victor Durnovo between the two giant palms at Maala, with his feet turned toward the room which he had made his, as it really is, to arise when the call comes and undertake one of those marvelous journeys of his which are yet a household word on the west coast.

The cloth fluttered as they lowered him into his narrow resting place, and the face they covered had a strange mystic grin, as if he saw something that they could not perceive. Perhaps he did. Perhaps he saw the simiacine plateau, and knew that, after all, he had won the last throw, for up there far above the table lands of central Africa, there lay beneath high heaven a charnel house. Hounded down the slope by his tormentors, he had left a memento behind him surer than the torturing knives, keener than the sharpest steel. He had left the sleeping sickness behind him.

His last journey had been worthy of his reputation. In twenty days he had covered the distance between the plateau and Maala, stumbling on alone, blinded, wounded, sore stricken through a thousand daily valleys of death. With wonderful endurance he had paddled night and day down the sleek river without rest, with the dread microbe of the sleeping sickness slowly creeping through his veins.

To be continued.

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Weddings In Church.

The Bishop of Ottawa, in a recent sermon at All Saints' Church, in connection with the dedication of a chime of bells, urged that the marriage ceremony should be celebrated in the church. Too many wanted to be married in their homes. If the ceremony was right, it should be celebrated in God's house. It would almost seem, he said, as if sometimes all was not right. He deplored the present-day tendency of keeping to so large an extent the courtship and engagement of young people a matter of secrecy. This was unbecoming, and did not spring from the purest and highest feelings. He certainly approved of having the marriage bells ring out throughout the whole community, as it was better to have the people crowd to the church of God to witness such a ceremony than to have a marriage in secret.

It Is Queer.

Little Boy — Isn't fathers queer? Auntie—In what way? Little Boy—When a boy does anything for his pa, he doesn't get anything, but if anotherman's boy does it he gets a nickel.

A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

There are unscrupulous dealers who for the sake of trifling gain are willing to sacrifice the health perhaps lives—of little ones. This is proved by the fact that there are a number of imitations of Baby's Own Tablets offered. The mother can protect her child by seeing that the full name Baby's Own Tablets and four-leaf clover with child's head on each leaf, is found on the outside wrapper around every box. Do not take anything else as you may endanger your child's life. If you cannot get the genuine Tablets from your dealer send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get a box by mail post paid.