"I have fished in Lake Ont-

trout, the great majority were

Beach. They were caught very

known as many as 90,000 to be tak

often known of from 5,000 to 10,000

being taken, and have taken 40,000

myself in a seine several times; this

was in July, at Wellington Beach

2 Those that were saved of the 90,000

were lost because they could not be

taken care of. There was another

a haul as large as this taken at West

wester'. When I left Lake Ontario.

some fourteen years ago, there was

no whitefish to be had by the fisher-

men where these great hauls had

been made before, in fact the white-

fish fishery had ceased to exist, there

was no more of it. I left Lake On-

tario to fish here, and a number of

other fishermen also left there for the

Such was the fish wealth of Lake

Ontario not so very long ago! Half

a century of waste and slaughter

leaves the lake to-day almost a bar-

ren stretch of water. If it is not too

late, certainly it is not too soon, to

form fish protective societies in or-

tion of our fish may be carried on

The Suffragettes.

Canada awaits, not without trem-

bling, the honor of a visitation by

the Suffragettes. There are two great,

institutions on which we depend for

our civilization and happiness a the?

state and the family. Both are just

now in conflict with revolutionary

forces, which in both cases perhaps

have their source in passion as much

violent in their manifestations. Vio-

lent is surely not too strong an epi-

thet to be applied to the demonstra-

tions of the Suffragettes over the

water. Strange would be the state of

family in which one of these should

be wife and mother. The men alone

hake the laws because they alone

can uphold them. The men alone de-

clare war because they alone can

family, though with women as their

helpmates, because as a rule it is

parently is the ordinance of nature

bich assigns at the same time

fic charge seems to have been brought

by the Suffragettes against British

legislation. They do not, it is hoped.

want greater laxity of divorce. Upon

claim to be heard. Mothers cannot

well attend Parliament or public of-

fices, and vet their practical exclusion

from politics would be the exclusion

of the most important part, and, gen-

the Suffragettes have been using in-

it was the Tories, with their Primrose

League, that started the agitation in

Ten Months' Revenue.

the books of the Fine

of which \$17,446,975 was

streable to Public Works, Railways

Big Reunion of Canadians.

the begresenting all walks of life in

is a Lugland, gathered at the 21st

than the rekindling of old friendships

and of their buth were features of

Value Mayor Coates welcomed the

Piercing and said: "Canada has

and I us in every way, but her great

well received. Everything was Canse

shan in tone and nothing was omitted

and storing speeches lauding the

Faur hundred sturdy cons of Can-

Association recently in Wors

anquet of the Maritime Pro-

dear to every Cana-

it un to Jan. 31. was

that question the children have a

woman a sphere gentler, but not

any means less momentous.

Men, as a _le, regulate the

as in thought, and are consequently

der that a campaign for the preserva-

same cause."

ent and saw them counted.

BARRABARARA

VOLUME 48

MILTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1908.

A Savings Account is your best friend.

CONVENIENCE-No formality in opening accounts, or in depositing or withdrawing money.

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H. P. WANZER, Agent, Milton.

COUNTY OF HALTON LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR

tag	Div of	Hours of Upening	Jan	Mar	May	Tally.	Sept	Nov.	1909 Jan.	Mar
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NAMEN AT Lachlan G Sittings—formerly Terms-Lith January, 5th April, 6th July and 5th October By order W. I. DICK, Milton,

Tanadian Champion

PUBLISHED. VERY THURSDAY MORNING At the Office of Publication,

' naid in advance. of the theoreton. A possentice notice to dis-

continue is n sufficient.

LLGAL.

WILLIAM I. DICK.

Winz & Co s shoe factory, Main st., Milton.

DENTAL

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Clerk of the Peace.

ANTIST. Honor graduate Toronto University Office: Dewar's Block, apstairs. DENTIST, Oakville, will visit Milton on the last Wednesday of each month. Office:

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METHODIST CHURCH REV. T. C. BENNETT, B.A., Pastor. Sunday Services: II a.m. and 7 p.m. Sanday School and Bible Class: 2.80 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. KNOX CHURCH

REV. W. M. McKAY, Minister. Sunday Services: Il a.m. and 7 p.m. lass in Church at 2.45 p.m. Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 7.80. p.m. W.F.M.S. meets on the second Wednesday every mouth at 3 p.m. The Mission Band meets on the second Wed needay of every month at 4.80 p.m.

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GOING EAST. 7.00 a.m. 10.06 a.m. 11.15 a.m. 8.08 p.m GOING WEST. 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., 8.08p.m

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY (H. & N. W. Division.) GOING NORTH.



By FERGUS HUME,

my pretty one again—no, not over his shoulder. Beecot fancifully ed it in his pocket. "Perhaps it is," aggers in the church," and she gasped, er should suddenly appear. Deborah's | many years," he added musingly, "for this Paul was silent for a few minutes, confidential talk had not been without I remember playing with it when a looking at the floor. He wondered its effect on the young man, and Paul small boy." that he had not guessed all this beheld in Aaron a being of mystery. Often it had seemed strange to him How such a man came to have such a ther fainted." that so faithful and devoted a couple daughter as Sylvia Paul could not of retainers as Bart and Deborah Junk guess.

ing his own thoughts, "it's strange _"I want to pawn a brooch," said the music of the band playing the merthat you should wish her to marry Beecot, and he pulled out the case riest airs from the last musical comewould have bought it, but as it be- it does matter," said the girl seriously. "I'm glad enough to see her marry any one respectable, let alone a gent. Mr. Beecot, twenty year ago, a slip of ten, I come to nuss the baby as was my loving angel upstairs, and her ma had just passed away to jine them as

lives overhead playing harps. All these years I've never heard a young step on them stairs, save Miss Sylvia's and Bart's, him having come five years ago, and a brat he was. And would you believe it, Mr. Beecot, I know no / more of the old man than you do. He's queer, and he's wrong altogether, and that frightened of being alone in the dark as you could make him a corp. with a turnip lantern." "What is he afraid of?"

"Ah," said Beborah significantly, "what indeed? It may be police and it may be ghosts; but, ghosts or police, he never ses what he oughter say if he's a respectable man, which I sadly

"He may have his reasons to"--Miss Junk tossed her head and anorted again loudly. "Oh, yes-he has his MARSHALL E. GOWLAND, M.A., M.B. ley ones they are, I dessay. But there's somethin' 'anging over his head. Don't donor Graduate and Silver Medalist of ask me what it is, fur never shall you know, by reason of my being ignorant. wwo will be at the office on the something wicked, and shall I see my own pretty in trouble?" "How do you know there will be

trouble?" interrupted Paul anxiously. "I've heard him pray," said Miss Junk mysteriously-"yes, you may look, am rich." for there ain't no prayer in the crafty eye of him-but pray he do, and asks to be kept from danger"-

wages than the old man do give and So I ses to Bart, if there's danger and trouble and Old Balleys about, the sooner Miss Sylvia have some dear man to give her a decent name and pertect her the more happy old Deborah will be."

"Yes, yes, I see. Well, Deborah, you moconscious. can depend upon my looking after your pretty mistress. If I were only recon-Mr. Norman."

"Don't, sir-don't!" cried the woman flercely, and making a clutch at Paul's oughter do, he don't, no," cried Deb- in various offices round about come orah, "nor her ma before her, who enjoy rus in urbes, to listen to the her from this place of wickedness and for the coming of Sylvia. around the cellar with a shudder, hastily after committing the old man Suddenly she started and held up her to Deborah's care. At first he finger, nodding toward a narrow door lingered to see Aaron revive, but when footstep," she said in a harsh whisper, senses and opened his eyes he fainted "I'd know it in a thousand-just like again when his gaze fell on Paul, so

a thief's, ain't it?-stealing as you be left.

in so noisy a woman. Paul heard the jecture.

and resuming his downcast looks, ' shall do what I can. Let me see it." "Danger's the word, for I won't de the case. Slowly opening it under the ry in the sunshine of her lover's presgas, he inspected its contents. Sud- ence. Everything about Sylvia was denly he gave a cry of alarm, and the dainty and neat and exquisitely clean, floor in a fit or a faint, but certainly

CHAPTER III. EAR the Temple station of the Metropolitan railway is small garden which contains a certain number of fairly asked suddenly. arm: "he'll turn you out, he will, not sized trees, a round bandstand and a died with a starvin' 'eart. But you gay music. And lovers meet here also, run away with my sweetest and make so it was quite in keeping that Paul her your own, though her pa swears Beecot should wait by the bronze hunderbolts as you may say. Take statues of the Herculaneum wrestlers

colice courts." And Deborah looked On the previous day he had departed

Deborah, and whirled up the wooden what the serpent brooch had to do "Has your father ever said so?"

this mark to identify the brooch," she slept there all his life. I

"Why not? Does it matter?" should favor his wooling of Sylvin and "Here you are, Mr. Beecot," said looked straight in front of her. For again. "Paul, do you think it is quite they knew nothing about him. "All the cold of the cellar struck to his bench in a retired part of the gardens, gaged we have," he said alond, and follow-bones. "Well?" from his pocket. "A friend of mine dy, came faintly to their ears. "I think

> talks of going away." "Going away? Oh, Sylvia, and you never told me." "He only spoke of going away when I came to see how he was this morning," she replied. "I wonder if his fainting has anything to do with this determination. He never talked of going away before.

Paul wondered also. It seemed strange that after so unusual an event the old man should turn restless and wish to leave a place where he had lived for over twenty years. "I'll come and have an explanation," said Paul after a pause. "I think that will be best, dear. Fa-

ther said that he would like to see you again and told Bart to bring you in if he saw you." "I'll call today-this afternoon, and |

er people and other things. Let us Sylvia turned her face with a fond smile. She was a delicate and dainty little lady, with large gray eyes and father is afraid of dying suddenly." soft brown hair. Her complexion was transparent, and she had little color in ing of Deborah's talk. her cheeks. With her oval face, her looked very pretty and sweet. But was her expression that Paul loved. That was a triffe sad, but when she longs to my mother I prefer to pawn smiled her looks changed as an over-

through the clouds. Her figure was per-"Well, well," said Aaron abruptly fect, her hands and feet showed marks , "I of breeding, and, although her gray how selfish I am!" dress was as demure as any worn by a "My own, I wish I could. But the He stretched out his hand and took Quakeress, she looked bright and mer-The opal serpent!" he cried, but she was hopelessly out of the fashgrowing purple in the face. "Keep ion, It was this odd independence in mad. But there," Sylvia rose

The place was too public to indulge | that you may know what I feel. in lovemaking, and it was very tanta- speak to my father myself and say we ing it had not run out when your falizing to sit near this vision of beauty are engaged. If he forbids our marwithout gaining the delight of a kiss. riage I shall run away with you, Paul," Paul feasted his eyes, and held Sylvia's said poor Sylvia, the tears in her eyes. gray gloved hand under cover of her. Paul was so enchanted with this dress. Further he could not go.

"Horribly! You don't know half my down Gwynne street and shook her was thrown out of that high dogcart muscles. bad qualities. I am poor and needy head with a pursed up mouth when your father would insist on driving. cramps and colic, Nerviline is a perfect and ambitious and jealous and"-"There, there. I won't hear you run ognizing that it would be wise not unlucky, and as after a time your fayourself down. You are the best boy to follow her to the shop lest the sus- ther forgot all about it I let it lie in any bill.

"I certainly have found an enchant- Beecot went on his homeward way. | worn it, and as I think it is unlucky | prove how invaluable it guarded castle. What would your garret he met Grexon Hay, who was boy, I hope you will sell it. There is dealers. father say did be know?" Sylvia looked startled. "I am afraid 'I was just looking for you," he said, want to see the brooch again. But reof my father," she replied indirectly. greeting Paul in his usual self con- garding your health," etc. seems to love me and at other times

mon. I love books and art and gayety rule. Let me lend you a fiver." and dresses. But father only cares for Paul shook his head. "Thank you mally purchased should have demand jewels. He has a lot down in the cel- ill the same." might say. Don't tell him you've It was strange that the sight of the lar. I have never seen them, you brooch should have produced such an know," added Sylvia, looking at her "But Sylvia," cried Paul, catching effect on Aaron, and his fainting con- lover, "nor have Deborah or Bart. But Hay, who met his gaze calmly. firmed Paul's suspicions that the old they are there. Bart and Deborah say you know anything of that brooch?" what his mother had said.

While he was trying to solve the at 7 he sends Bart away home and Paul should think her father a tyrant,

ent it to has ever known. I do not need it for I asked you if you know anything Gwynne street on a certain day at

JAMES REYNOLDS, Port Hope, Ont. to have something on your mind about

"Sylvia, does your father drink al-

Paul snapped the case to and replac- and is very angry at those who drink

"I must go home now," she said, ris-

"Oh, no, not yet," he implored. "Well, then, I'll stay for a few minutes longer, because I have something to say," she remarked and sat down the man spoke again. gaged without the consent of my fa-ed quickly.

think it is as it should be. Were I man? well off f should not fear to tell your father everything, but as I am a pau-"For some reason my father wants to per he would forbid my seeing you keep himself as quiet as possible. He did he learn that I had raised my eyes to you. But if you like I'll speak, though it may mean our parting for-

"Paul." she laid a firm, small hand on his arm, "not all the fathers in the world will keep me from you. Often I have intended to tell all, but my father is so strange. Sometimes he goes whole days without speaking to me. and at times he speaks harshly, though I do nothing to deserve rebuke. I am afraid of my father," said the girl with a shiver. "I said so before, and say so again. He is a strange man and I don't understand him at all. wish I could marry you and go away aitogether."

"Well, let us marry if you like, though we will be poor." "No." said Sylvia sorrowfully. "Aft perhaps your father will explain. And father is, he is still my father, and at er all, strange and harsh though my now, Sylvia, that is enough about oth- times he is kind. I must stay with him

"What end?" Sylvia shook her head still more sorrowfully. "Who knows? Paul, my "By violence?" asked Beecot, think-

"I can't say. But every day after 6 he goes to church and prays plain about the brooch. he is afraid of every stranger who enters the shop. I don't understand cast sky changes when the sun bursts it," cried the girl passionately. don't like it. I wish you would marry me and take me away, Paul; but,

get away from that house. If it was I often think my father off! Keep off!" He beat the air with her dress which constituted another shook out her skirts, "I have no right letter from the pawnbroker saying "What's that?" asked Hay, who was to talk so and only do so to you that his assistant had sold the brooch yawning at the door. "No bad news, I

> speech that he would have defied pub- fused at once to give back the brooch "Can you be jealous, Paul?" Sylvia lic opinion by embracing her there and and insisted on my wearing it. I had then, but Sylvia walked away rapidly a bad fall while wearing it and then strains, swellings and stiffness and some Paul took a few steps after her. Rec- I am sure the brooch or the stones are picious old man should be looking out, my jewel case. For years I had not princess sleeping in a jealously When he drew near his Bloomsbury and as you need money, my darling man or beast. 25c. per sauntering along swinging his cane, no need to pawn it, as you say. I never

"What do you mean? It is a brooch of Indian workmanship; that is all things, that her father, now quite well, take it, to help you, thus killing two pears to have a fancy for you,"

a pause. "Aaron is a strange sort of

look at him. Good day." The more Paul thought of the episode of the brooch the stranger it seemed. and Sylvia's talk of her father's queer habits did not make Paul wonder the street? stairs to do so when he heard a "Beg blush, "but I have not seen her since

civilly, "but that gentleman you was got it. The old man has been asking a-talking to-know his name, sir?" "What the devil's that to you?" asked Paul angrily.

"Go and ask him for it, then." "I don't know his address, sir."

"Oh, be hanged!" Paul went on, when keep it from their master, seeing that Aaron, rubbing his hands as though some time they had been seated on a honorable for you and me to be en-"He's what I call a man on the mar- door for departure, "you know all Paul stared. What did the working- called a man on the market."

"Well," hesitated Beecot, "I don't man mean, and was he a working. Hay flushed and turned sharply.

CHAPTER IV. wanted to do so. A call at versed?" the office of a penny weekly had result- "No." said Hay, staring, "I never ed in the return of three stories as notice creatures of that class. Why? being too long and not the sort required. But the editor, in a hasty in- and where you lived. It seems you terview, admitted that he liked Paul's owe him some money." work and would give him £3 for a "That is very probable," said Hay tale written on certain lines likely to equably. "I owe most people money, be popular with the public. Paul did and if this man has a debt against me not care to set forth another person's he would certainly know all about me ideas, especially as these were old as to address and name." and very sensational, but as he re- "So I thought," replied Paul, "but the quired money he set to work and la- queer thing is that he told me to take bored to produce what would bring care and called you a man on the marhim in the cash. He made several at- ket. What does it mean? I never heard tempts before he reached the editor's the phrase before." level, which was low rather than high, "I have," said Hay, proceeding calm-

nearer to Sylvia, Paul returned to his cient rent roll." aerial castle and found waiting for Grexon was quicker sighted than him a letter from his mother. of way, characteristic of Mrs. Beecot, about to emerge into the street he saw but with a true motherly heart. After a messenger. "Do you know if any two pages of lamentation over his ab- gent of that name lives here, guvnor?" sence and a description of how the asked the boy, holding out the buff colhead of the household managed to bear ored envelope. up against the affliction of his son's | Beecot, to his surprise, saw his own

out of a pawnbroker's shop in Stowley, asked. Afterward, I believe, he received a to send it now," he said aloud. by mistake; that the time for redeem hope." ther bought it. The pawnbroker asked that the brooch might be returned and wanted to pay back the money. But you know what your father is. He re-

"Yes, he is so strange. Sometimes he tained manner: "it worries me to There was nothing in the letter to think you are so hard up, though I'm explain Norman's faint. It was cered it back, and the excuse given

He had received two letters from bag of tools on his shoulder. He was good advice, and he intended to adopt likes her latter duties. They are, you the same. It was necessary that he see, simple and easy, and they draw

to carry out any obligations may

pardon, sir," and beheld the working- we last met. I waited for a letter

want to hear about it. Let us tall

"Rather let us talk of yourself," "Not an interesting subject," replies Hay, rising as Paul opened his garret

"What do you mean?" he asked in a

"I don't know what I do mean," said

and succeeded in getting the tale ac- ly down the somewhat steep stairs. "A cepted. With three golden pounds in man on the market means one who

for every success seemed to bring him heiress who comes along with a suffi-Paul for the moment they arrived at It was written in a low spirited sort the bottom of the stairs and were

absence, Mrs. Beecot proceeded to ex- name. "Wait, boy. There may be an

which is some town in the midlands. The lad produced one and a stumpy Your father was traveling there and pencil. With these materials Beenut saw the brooch by chance. As I al- wrote a reply, saying the brooch would ways thought opals unlucky he was be returned on the morrow. When the anxious to make me see the folly of boy went away with the answer Paul such a superstition, so be bought the felt in his breast pocket and took out brooch and took it away with him. the old blue case. "I've a good mind

Men's Maids. "Men's maids, yes," said an emple

No. 40

How's This?

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, () Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken intern Take Hall's Family Pills for consti

"No! I don't know why you are

particularly quiet tone. UL did not go near the Paul. Do you remember that work-Gwynne street shop for the lugman with the bag of tools who next few days, much as he was across the road when we last con-

"Because he asked me who you were

his pocket and exultation in his heart, wants to marry and is eligible for any

answer." and he skimmed through the "Why do you ask me about the opal lines. "Don't sell the brooch, but send brooch, my dear boy?" wrote Mrs. Bee- it back," read Paul, puzzled. "Your facot in her scratchy handwriting. "All ther angry.--Mother." He paused and know is that your father bought it looked at the boy. "Got a form?" he

To be continued.

irens, brushing coats and putting fresh laces in boots. The average well to