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Hay, his impassive face lighting up

Hay, offering an arm to Mrs. Krill. which she accepted graciously.

ed Mrs. Krill and her daughter into their carriage and looked toward Lord George. "You don't want your re-

man sulkily. "In that case I'll drive into Kensing ton with Mrs. Krill and borrow her carriage for a trip to Piccadilly. Good night, Sandal. Good night, Beecot." He waved his hand, and the ladies waved theirs, and then the three drove away. Lord George lighted a cigar and, putting his arm within that of denly rich?"

"No, thank you," answered Paul politely; "I must get home." "But I wish you'd come. I hate be ing by myself, and you seem such good sort of chap." "Well," said Beecot, thinking might say a word in season to this

"Well, I think it's foolish." asked Sandal, leaning out of the cab. hours, to 9 a.m., 12 to 2 p.m., and 6 to 8p.m. Office, two doors east of Bank of Hamilton, "It is," assented Lord George franky, "infernally foolish. And Hay has all the luck. I wonder if he plays night." And he walked away.

said coldly. "I don't play cards." by Dr. Stuart, who will be at the office on the asked Sandal.

dent the other day, and he asked me to that school once," said Lord George, McGibbon House, Milton, the last Friday of

"What of that? I've dined often and the letter before the second or third ed to say something to you. The Conthe sect of the thugs is extinct," have paid pretty dearly for the privi-

"In that case I should advise you to quiet mind, in spite of the excitement but rather a bloodthirsty one for you, parted, he took the books with him a play cards no more. The remedy is

Sunday School and Bible Class: 2.30 p.m. Epworth League: Monday, at 8 p.m. Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 8 p.m. fond of gambling that I only seem to along. Deborah met him at the gate. Pastor's Class Friday, at 7.80 p.in. Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
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Well, I never, Mr. Beecot!" said Mrs.

Well, I never, Mr. Beecot!" said Mrs.

Well, I never, Mr. Beecot!" said Mrs.

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"Whenever I play with you, Hay, I al-

cloak around her. "Mr. Beecot, take me to my cab."

fered Paul a drive back to town, which strangled in the bedroom she had hired. caived about Miss Krill's age," he refused. As the cab was driving Sandal could give no details, as the "I've get two eyes an' a nose," reoff, she bent down and whispered, "Be events happened before he was born, torted Mrs. Tawsey, "so don't talk careful," with a side glance at Hay. Paul laughed. Every one seemed to doubt Hay. But that gentleman hand-

venge tonight?" he asked. "No, confound you!" said the young Brand treargetown; 4. R. J. McNabb, Acton; 5. Wm. Frazer, Campbellvifle;

Beecot, strolled down the road. "Come Court Stittings-formerly Terms-13th January, 6th April, 6th July and 5th October. to my club," he said.

> young fool, "I don't gamble." about the Red Pig. "Oh, you cry down that, do you?"

- SE 50 a year. \$1.00 MARSHALL E. GOWLAND, M.A., M.B. Paul shied. "I really can't say," he | night and send it to Hurd. As soon

"Only that he was at school with me at Torrington. We met by acci-

"but you and Hay wouldn't get on straight, and he's"-

lege. I must have lost at least five he had done his duty and had sup- looked at Paul. "Mave you read it?" But it is," she insisted, "I'm sure." thousand to him within the last few plied the information as speedily as Beecot nodded. "By Colonel Mead. And from this firm opinion he could

"It isn't so easy to leave off cards," usual and felt disinclined to go to the man, "along with some other books, via's fancy.

in my hand. I suppose it's like dram

"If you take my advice, Lord George, you'll give up card playing." "With Hay, do you mean?" asked the other shrewdly.

"With any one. I know nothing er beauty." about Hay beyond what I have told

may look a fool, but I ain't, and can the lambday werbs was an indian word, explained sylsee through a brick wall same as most to large the laundry. The way wash thugs eat it before they strangle any "Who can't see at all," interpolated 'ud think folk never 'ad no linen done

"Ha, ha! That's good! But, I say, said Deborau, robbins a way. If you'd stamped out years ago. You'll read "I can't discuss that," said Paul cot, I'd be proud to show you what if I remember, but it's long since i about this Hay, what a queer lot he had there tonight!"

stiffly. He was not one to eat a man's can be done with fronts, an' no thumb bread and salt and then betray him. Sandal went on as though he hadn't ness." tle woman," said he. "I've seen her at ed absently. He was wondering if Debthe Frivolity—a ripping fine singer and orah had ever heard her master drop dancer, she is. But those other ladies?" any hint as to his having come from Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, asked the question on the spur of the

"Mrs. and Miss Krill." The young lord stopped short in the 8.05 a.m. 4.45 p.m. 10.18 a.m. 8.35 p.m. High street. "Where have I heard that stars. "Somewhere in the country. Deborah rubbed her nose harder and tion. I failed from 165 pounds down maybe. I go down sometimes to the looked at him doubtfully.

from Christchurch."

"In Hants?" said Paul, feeling he "I suppose you are pleased to see by Junk, worked for some one in that by Junk, worked for some one in t pose you'd know it. It's three miles "Yes. Have you been there?"

and with such a shout that pass- ago, when she larst wrote."

"Oh, I don't think Miss Krill is as that?"

"But Mrs. Krill was married to your love with an inferior, had quarreled Tilly, as I don't love, Mr. Beecot, and coincidence, Sylvia, darling." with her father and had walked to arsk if she knowed master when he "No. Why should Hokar leave the Christchurch one night, with the inten- was in that there place, which she sugar at all?"

stormy, and Lady Rachel was a frail "No. Deborah, you'd better say noth- so had he intended to strangle your Lord George followed, grumbling, woman, She took refuge in the Red ing. The case is in Hurd's hands. I'll father." with the ever smiling Maud. Miss Pig, intending to go the next morning, tell him what you say and leave the, "I don't know," said Sylvia, with a "Nothing," he replied with an as-

> and he had only heard scraps of the of deceivin's. Thirty and more she is, the hussey, let her Jezebel of a "Some people say Lady Rachel was mar lie as she like, an' can say what murdered," explained Sandal, "and you will, Mr. Beecot. But there's my others that she killed herself. But the pretty smilin' from the winder and opal brooch, which she wore, certainly the tub's a-waitin', so you go in and disappeared. But there was such a smooth 'er affections while I see that scandal over the affair that my grand- Mrs. Purr irons the shirts, which she father hushed it up. I can't say ex- do lovely, there's no denyin'. Heh!" actly what took place. But I know it And Deborah plunged round the corhappened at a small pub kept by a ner of the house.

woman called Krill. Do you think Paul walked through the newly ereated garden, in which he saw many "It's hardly likely," said Paul men- proofs of Sylvia's love for flowers, and daciously. "How could a woman who reached the door in time to take the kept a small public house become sud- girl in his arms. She was flushed and joyfui, and her eyes were as bright "True," answered Lord George as as stars. "Paul, darling." she said they stopped in the circus, "and she'd as they entered the sitting room, have let on she knew about my name where she was struggling with the achad she anything to do with the mat- counts, "I'm so glad you are here. What's nine times nine?"

"Do so," said Paul, stepping out of the cab. He was perfectly satisfied long list of figures Sylvia had been that Mrs. Krill was quite equal to de- trying to add up. "Why do you make ceiving Sandal. The wonder was that your head ache with these accounts, she had not held her peace to him darling?" "I must help Debby, Paul, and I get

"You won't come on to my club?" on very well with the aid of an arithmetic." And she pointed to a small "No, thank you," replied Paul. "Good schoolbook which she had evidently "Let me take the burden from your "Goor?" Paul looked more puzzled than The fact is Beecot wished to put on paper all that he had heard that shoulders," said her lover, smiling,

as he reached his attic he set to work strewn with bills. In about an hour my father was killed, Paul. It's just "But what do you know of Hay?" and wrote out a detailed account of the he had arranged all these and had what an Indian would do, and then the "You might find out if Lady Rachel various customers. Then he directed committed the crime." committed suicide or whether she was the envelopes, and Sylvia sealed them Beecot shook his head and strove to strangled by some one else," ended up. All the time they laughed and dissuade her from entertaining Beecot. "Certainly the mention of the chatted and despite the dull toil thor- idea. But Sylvia, usually so amenable "Torrington? Yes, I had a brother at serpent brooch is curious. This may oughly enjoyed themselves. "But I to reason, refused to discard her theory, be the event in Norman's past life am glad to see, Sylvia," said Beecot, and indeed Paul himself thought that pointing to three library volumes ly- the incident of the sugar was

> went out to post the letter. It was this occasionally." was not much chance of Hurd getting "I'm so glad you spoke, Paul! I want- had left the goor on the counter. possible, so he went to sleep with a ows Taylor. A very interesting book, not move her. Finally, when he deof the evening. But next morning he dearest."

rejoined Sandal gloomily. "I'm that leafown to see how Sylvia was getting."

The lovers spent the rest of the time to be a leafown to see how Sylvia was getting.

sore eyes. Won't my pretty be 'appy volumes. this day, say what you may! She's "It's the finger of fate, Paul," said we should accept the five hundred a a-makin' out bills fur them as 'ad Sylvia solemnly. Then, seeing her lov. year, Paul?" said Sylvia doubtfully. washin' done, bless her 'eart for a clev- er look puzzied, "I mean that I should "It would put everything right, and dnd out what goor is." "How is business?" asked Paul, en- "Goor?" Paul looked more puzzied

tering the gate which Deborah opened. than ever. "Bless you, Mr. Beecot, I'll be a lady "It's an Indian word," explained 8yl- iarling," said Paul, "I think it will be

"Oh," laughed Beecot, "and you up afore an' that they never did 'ave," think your father was strangled by a said Deborah, rubbing her nose hard, thug? My dear child, the thugs were only send along your shirts, Mr. Bee- all about it in the preface of that book

Paul did not reply to this, but laugh-

to 119. I was advised to go to the lead her to exaggerate?"

ago, when she larst wrote."
"You have not heard from her since?" would be weak in view

Paul started. "Yes, by Jove, he did!" Maud Krill."

father was strangled." Deborah masterfully, "for she ain't your father should have been strangled and will be able to unravel this tanportance from the young lord. It ap- an honest woman if the signs of age on the very night when this Indian Ho- gie."

the man she wished to can't 'ave, seeing she's bin there but "Well, he didn't eat it, and therefore, there when your father lived with marry in London. But the night was ten year, and he away twenty?"

Qian skipped into a hansom and of but during the night she was found matter to him. But you must be de look of obstinacy on her pretty face. sumption of carelessness, for he did



and sat down at the table, which was "But remember the cruel way in which

Paul wrote much more and then ing on the sofa, "that you enjoy your. He determined to tell Hurd about the matter, and then the hawker might be after midnight when he did, so there "Oh," said Sylvia, pouncing on these, found and made to explain why he

was unable to sit down to his desk as "Debby got it," confessed Miss Nor- Perhaps something might come of Syl-

so long as I am with you I don't care

I "If you leave the decision to me. * s wrong, or Mrs. Krill would not be so anxious to get you out of the coun-

"Oh, Paul, do you think she knows anything about the murder?" "No, dear. I don't think that. Mrs

her face, but she's forty."

the looked at him doubtfully.

To be continue

So, on the whole, they had a very compared to fail, and was advised by the tinued to fail to the tinued to f

of the fact that "What makes you think that?" "Well, according to the marriage cerood work of saving years ago. If Maud is over thirty-

one of she may be the same as I am?" her little girl with her when she mar- a great fuss made about it at the are that I always keep the At all drug certainly could not get the money, and "Oh, I can understand Lord George," The Dr. Williams' Man It is the ried your father. In that case Maud time." so Mrs. Krill wants you to leave Engsaid Beecot promptly. "The murder, if ville, Ont.

it is one, took place before he was

"I'll see Hurd and tell him what you Toledo, O. and Deborah say about the age of

confidence, he will certainly

"Yes. I'll explain everything I can, of Lemuel Krill's reason for les

"What did happen, Paul?" asked Sylvia anxiously.

not want to tell the girl about the whom he had married in fate of Lady Rachel Sandal, "but we time." may find in your father's past life what led to his murder." "Do you think Mrs. Krill had anything to do with it?" "My own, you asked that question before. No, I don't. Still, one never knows. I should think Mrs. Krill is

a dangerous woman, although, I fancy, too clever to risk being hanged. However, Hurd can find out if she was in and Lord George is only twenty. town on the night your father was | "That was on the 6th of July," said Krill with the man who died

policeman on his beat at a quarter the papers and was principally past, and then I came down. Poor fa- forth, with the portrait, in the ther was strangled before our very bills. I shouldn't think Lord dec eyes," she said, shuddering. "Hush, dear. Don't speak of it," said about handbills."

teresting subjects." "Paul, I can think of nothing till I stupid." learn who killed my poor father and "No; but, at all events, he did why he was killed so cruelly."

"Then we must wait patiently, Syl-dead man, and, even with regard to the via. Hurd is looking after the matter, death of his aunt, he fancied she might and I have every confidence in Hurd. not be the same woman." And, by Jove," added Beecot, with an "What an ass he must be said afterthought, "Mrs. Krill doubled the Hurd contemptuously. reward. Were she concerned in the "I don't think he has much brain matter she would not risk sharpening confessed Paul, shrugging his show the wits of so clever a man as Hurd. ders, "but he asked me No. Sylvia, whoseever strangled your Mrs. Krill was the same as the tather it was not Mrs. Krill." "It was this Indian," insisted Sylvia, she was. I don't like telling lies, but

"and he's a thug." Paul laughed, although he was far truth will be pardoned." from thinking she might be wrong. "You did very right," said the dete Of course it seemed ridiculous that a tive. "The fewer people know abo. thug should strangle the old man. In these matters the better, & the first place, the thugs have been chatterbox like this young for blotted out. In the second, if any sur- "Do you know him?" vived, they certainly would not exer "Yes, under the name t cise their devilish religion in England, de la Tour. But I know c and in the third, Hokar, putting aside other way, which I'll his offering strangled victims to Bho- Hay is still fleecing him? wanee, the goddess of the sect, had no "He is. But Lord George reason for slaying an unoffending man. be growing suspicious of Hay," Finally, there was the sailor to be ac- Paul related the conversa counted for-the sailor who had tried with the young man. to get the jewels from Pash. Paul Hurd grunted. "I'm sorry." wondered if Hurd had found out any- "I want to catch Hay redhanded, thing about this individual. "It's all) very difficult," sighed Beecot, "and the not be able to do so." more we go into the matter the more difficult does it get. But we'll see light ly, "never mind aboot that fellow some day. Hurd, if anyone, will un now, but tell me what you have o ravel the mystery," and Sylvia agreed covered."

her usual attitude. "This is a sight for sore eves. Won't my pretty be 'appy' whiteness."

"Healty, I don't see way," similed the also described to her how he had met Mrs. Krill and related what she was kept closely to work in with the must be appy whiteness. CHAPTER XVII. of tales which were awaiting ty years ago -that came out in ing if Hurd had received his communication regarding Mrs. Krill, and best to refuse this offer. Something if so, what he proposed to do con- up the records at Scotland Yard cerning it. Hurd did not reply to this further details that were not made note, and Paul was growing puzzled | over the silence of the detective. At gether, and I am pretty certain that length the answer came, not in writ-

> who called on Beecot. The young man had just finished his her neck in danger. But there may be frugal meal and was sitting down to "now I understand why he fainted a chance of her daughter losing the an evening's work when there came a when he saw it again. knock to the door. Hurd, dressed in considering it was connected in his Maud Krill. How old would you take his usual brown suit, presented him- mind with the death of Lady Ruche self, looking cool and compesed. But "Oh, quite old, Paul," said Sylvia he was more excited than one would kept looking over his shoulder i. decisively; "she dresses well and paints imagine, as Paul saw from the ex- expectation of being pression of his eyes. The detective shoulder by a policeman, I don't we accepted a cup of coffee and lighted der also that he locked up the house and failed every day until I had to a sylvia. "Debby thinks the same as armchair on the opposite side of the friends said I had contracted consump I do."
>
> "Well, then, thirty and over," insisting the pipe. Then he sat down in the and kept his one eye on the ground armchair on the opposite side of the fireplace and prepared to talk. Paul What a life he must have led. Upon the ground armchair on the opposite side of the fireplace and prepared to talk. Paul what a life he must have led. "Den't you think Debby's zeal may heaped on coals with a lavish hand, my soul, bad as the man was, I'm little as he could afford this extrava- ry for him."

didn't, an denied relatives existin, the medicine. I am a well man and I the country. Maud," he added deliber swered, "that is, if you have done little child suffers and which they do, she bein' alive ten years cannot may too much in praise of Psy. ing. "I have been investigating that

cot eagerly. "Is it really murder?" "I think so, though some folks think 't suicide. Curious you should have went on Hurd musingly. "and more "Not exactly, dear," replied Paul, curious still that he should have been

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"Is that the reason?"

"Exactly, And Miss Norman was born a year later. She's nearly twenty one, isn't she?" "Yes. She will be twenty-one in Hurd nodded gravely. "The time cor responds," said he. "As the crime was

committed twenty three years ba understand how he knows so little Gwynne street?"

was the kind of young man to bother Paul, rising. "Let us talk of more in- "All the same, he might have heard talk at his club. Every one lan't so

lady of the Red Pig, and I deried that in this case I hope the departure from

When I got your letter of course 1 "A report of the case?"

ing, but in the person of Hurd himself, Lemuel Krill, murdered Lady Refor the sake of that precious "Ah," said Paul, drawing a breach

"Sylvia's mother?"

And he was murdered at 12." "No. She explained that. The name "After 12," said Sylvia. "I heard the of Krill appeared only a few times i

"Oh, a lot of interesting thing-

once connected the opal serpent with "Precisely. And after that I have

acris in stock at cost "It affords