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own head!-Lippu

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wetly)-No matter.

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rich.—Shakespeare,

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principles and leadership of Guizot, viewed by his judges.

Sophy Grouch has effected an unob- make a will in case anything happens trusive disappearance.

This harmless if somewhat absurd ready to 'estabtransformation was carried out with a lish communifutile elaboration smacking of Lady cation' - and Meg's sardonic perversity rather than perhaps they of Sophy's directer methods. Sophy won't tell, after would probably have claimed the right all, but he to call herself what she pleased and thinks they left the world to account for her name will! in any way it pleased. Lady Meg must come into the needs fit her up with a story. She was game! Me bethe daughter of a creole gentleman ing very symmarried to an English wife. Her moth- pathetic, they're er being early left a widow, Sophy had to talk through been brought up entirely in England; me (italics again hence her indifferent acquaintance are Sophy's). Dhysician, and Surgeon, Coroner Office with French. If this excuse served a Did you ever Office, two doors east of Bank of Hamilton, purpose at first, at any rate it soon be-hear came unnecessary. Sophy's marked nonsense? I told talent for languages (she subsequently Master Pharos mastered Kravonian, a very difficult that I didn't dialect, in the space of a few months) know whether made French a second native tongue his ghosts

> The times were stirring, a prelude to the great storm which was so soon to name, rank and parentage would have it's all one to me, and it pleases Lady

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GRACE CHURCH REV. A. J. BELT , M.A., Rector. uday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. unday School: 4.30 p.m. Bible Class in Church, 3.30 p.m. Holy Communion: 1st Sunday of each mou at mid-day and 3rd and 5th Sundays, 8 a.m. Friday evening service, 7.30 p.m. ST. ANDREW'S R. C. REV. FATHER FEENEY, P.P. Mass: Second Sunday of every month at 11

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ous. Pharos could make nothing of it. He knew about Grouch. He had been us on? ful though it might be?

have joined in with him-why, then, "resident." Her lucid exposition elicited a polite compliment from M. le President, and we also are obliged to her.

revelation of mad Lady Meg's true bolive for taking her up may well ive damped a gratitude otherwise bebling in Sophy Grouch transmitted to phie de Gruche. Yet the gratitude She fought for Lady Megly in her proceedings. In so fighting he fought against herself, for Lady teg was very mad now. For berselt i she did not fight. Her heart and her thoughts were elsewhere. The schemes in the Rue de Grenelle occupied her hardly more than the clash of principles, the efforts of a failing dynasty. the struggles of rising freedom, the stir and seething of the great the

wLich times in For she was young. and the lord of youth had come to visit her in his shower of golden promise. The days were marked for her no more by the fawning advances or the spiteful insinuations of Pharos than by

the heroics of an uneasy emperor of i the ingenious experiments in reconcil ing contradictions wherein his minis ters were engaged. For her the days lived or lived not as she met or falled | you?" to meet Casimir de Savres. It was the season of her first love. Yet, with all answered Sophy. "Why?" It seems not perfect. The delight is in You don't niggle! Neither did Montereceiving, not in giving. His letters to irgs and talks, are shaded with down with a literal ident's suggestion that he had received and eloquent of insecurity. She was la Marechale"fulfillment of structhing like £3,000 from Lady Meg no more than a girl in years, but in her promise by and given her not a jot of supernatural some ways her mind was precociously | She turned to him with a sudden ten pointing him information in return. This failure of developed-her ambition was spreading sion. out as he drove in the streets. But Sophy's was the first rift between its still growing wings. Casimir's con- He pointed a Frenchman's eloquent Lady Meg was rabid against the em- Lady Meg and her. Pharos could have stant tone of deference, almost of adu- forefinger to the dark mass of the the risk of despair. For her part, she thinking, dreaming, balancing."

Meg was very busy among them and It is pleasant to turn to another fig- often speaks of him afterward and alconceived herself to be engaged in in- ure, one which stands out in the ways with the tenderest affection. She jurors do?" trigues of vital importance. The cracks menger records of this time and bears never ceased to carry with her wherin the imposing imperial structure its prominence well. Casimir, marquis ever she went the bundle of his letters, were visible enough by now, and every de Savres, is neither futile nor sordid tied with a scrap of ribbon and in-L brave and simple soldier and gentle reference worthy of note to her inner- war." most sentiments toward him, to the

any price.

express accusation. Under "the influ- cance, but its light is thrown back. It me and be happy?"

vanced to that pleasant informality of friendliness, by Lady Meg. cloaking was greeted with a laugh of mockery. us on?" It happened at the Calvaire at Fonthat they quarreled later on over the escort of Marie Zerkovitch and a student friend of hers from the Quartier opens your lodge gate." Latin. These two they had left behind The sky had gone a blue black.

"The plan now was to get rid | chateau. On the eminence which com- coming pageant. mands the white little town dropped "And his daughter high as the hopes couple of thousand franc notes across and that my lady might leave her all red roofs of the palace vying in rich- "You've a wonderful way of talking." with contemptuous brevity.

"They'd all say it was terrible—a easy, sometimes so hard.

"I fear only one voice on earth saying

(--

She caught his hand tightly. Never be- save the doubt of the answer. "I know stars fall," he said, with his future cried to her through the falling a day in the country. pretty gravity, night.

> salmon pink fessed. ish black. Casi- rights!"

tresses! Saving the proprieties, weren't you Montespan or Pompadour?"

"For good or evil, neither! Do I hurt "No: you make me think, though." "They niggled at virtue or at vice

"And so I am to be-Marquise de"-"Higher, higher!" he laughed. "Mme.

hostile party was on the lookout for its neither schemer nor impostor. He was scribed with a date. But there is one And the second. I think, would be

"With war? And with what drives pation.

Lille used her memory and her tongue sipping beer at a restaurant facing the single star somberly announced the said composedly, sitting straight up in

that she thought him a charlatan. She broke the brutal truth which was to "I don't think Lady Meg will keep Lady Meg, and madness such as here Marie Zerkovitch declares. I should was gentle, his exit not ungraceful, yet bring you a dot of 2,500 francs!"

wish that "The emperor will fight!" "You're no emperor's man!" she

their own mocked. "Yes, while he means France. and I rise with for anybody who means France." For a moment serious, the next he kisses The sun sank her hand merrily. "Or for anybody afterglow of "You're very fuscinating." Sophy con-

rested over the It was not the word. Casimir fell palace and city; from his exaltation. the forest turn- that of yours," he said. ed to a frame of "No-I don't know. You might make smoky, brown- it love. Oh, how I talk beyond my mir waved a "Beyond your rights? Impossible! od of her long, sweed indecision was

hand toward it May I go on trying?" and laughed He saw Sophy's smile dimly through Marie Zerkovitch was preoccupied the gloom. From it he glanced to the against both her friend's joy and her shall be! I sound as old as Scripture! kings. But back he came to the live the senate went to St. Cloud to see two behine It has seen old masters and great mis- ing. elusive, half seen smile.

"Can you stop?" said Sophy. "De la Valliere?" she laughed. "Or stooped to kiss her hand.

"No, no! If you die, it's gloriously!" bling, "and he all but died of fever. The hour carried her away. "Casimir, That kills the correspondents just as wish I were sure!" The spirit of his race filled his reply, gerous, Sophie-and so terrible to be

"You want to be dull?" "No-1-1-1 want you to kiss my

"May I salute the star?" "But It's no promise!"

"It's better." "My dear, I-I'm very fond of you." "That's all?"

"Pretend he's there!" "Then, of anything except how many men die for what he wants." "Or of how many women weep?" Her reply set a new light to his pas-

sion. "You'd weep?" he cried. "Oh, I suppose so!" The answer was half a laugh, half a sob. "But not too much! No more than, the slightest dimness to the glowing Sophy laughed in a tremulous key

Her body shook. She laid her hands | Isn't It supper time? Oh, Casimir, I were worthy, if I were sure! What's) ahead of us? Must we go back? To-Does he mean war? He down there? And you'll fight!" She looked at him | for an instant. He was close to her. She thrust him away from her. "Don't, tight thinking of me," she said. "How otherwise?" he asked. She tossed her head impatiently. don't know-but-but Pharos makes me afraid. He-be says that things I love die."

The young soldier laughed. "That leaves him pretty safe," said he. night to be forgotten only when all is.

She put her arm through his, and been a drink and all his bad habits and has



for coming back to her senses, or, at from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. tower for abandoning the particular Brockville, Ont.

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he, too, prayed her to beware of a certain influence. "Stuff! You don't know The old question rang clear in the what you're talking about Lady Meg

"And the fraud I am-De Gruche!" ask. With Casimir there was no doubt nelle, Sophy slipped around to the Rue ent seemed perfect. Only an unknown imploring her friend to celebrate it by

"It means that dear old Lady Meg I expect, and-I wonder what

thoughtful. Back to Engand! How vould that suit Sophie de was to

the emperor. Zerkovitch had started thither already on the track of news The news in the near future would certainly be war, and Zerkovitch would

of sixty-six." she said, her lips trem much as the soldiers. Ah, it is so dateleft behind alone! I don't know what I shall do! My husband wants me to for those who stay here.". She look d at last at Sophy's clouded face. "Ah and your Casimir-he will be at the

"Yes, Casimir will be at the front." said Sophy, a ring of excitement hard back covered with glory

Shy on the Son. "But I do not know the candidate." said an old Yorkshire farmer who was appealed to for his work. But you know his father?" Yes, I know him, and he's a grand "Then you will surely vote for his son, won't you?"

"I'm no so sure about that." he replied: "it's no every con that has a cauff like hersel'."-Liverpool Mercury Queer, but Expressive. A Danish girl who has recently come to this country to take a cour e in trained nursing was complaining to a friend the other morning of having

But the old farmer was still doubt-

overslept herself. SAnd no reason why such a thing should befall me, for I had-what do you call it in English? I know, a sleep waten-all set."--Washiington Star. A Quiet Spot In the Suburbs. "Gayboy has given up horses and

settled down in a quiet little place in the suburbs." "Where?" "The cemetery."-Illustrated Bits.



Ogilvie's Royal Household veins of Paris. Perverse always, Lady with the result.

HOT WEATHER MONTHS KILL LITTLE CHILDREN.

arid summer of 1870-had run doctor in the home. Mrs. C. C. R. e. Meg Duddington chose this moment dealers or by mail at 25 cents a bex

author of The Prisoner of Zenda"

his friends was a certain Marquis de nation that MacMahon would restore fly of royalist principles. This gentle real than he reached in his dealings man had, however, accepted the throne with Lady Meg. but not probably on of Louis Philippe and the political that account any the more favorably

before he's

Between him and Lord Dunstanbury The president's interrogation of the there arose a close intimacy, and Lady prisoner, ranging over his whole life. Rue de Grenelle. Changed as her him, but the earliest sketch comes from views were and separated as she was Sophy herself in one of the rare letters from most of her father's coterie in of this period which have survived. "A the money. Phar Paris, friendship and intercourse be- dirty, scrubby fellow, with greasy hair tween her and the Savres family had and a squint in his eye." she tells Julia never dropped. The present head of Robins. "He wears a black cloak down the family was Casimir de Savres, a to his heels and a gimerack thing had courage, yes! But if she would end the infatuation of the head of a me long. Pharos is working hard, so the apt to be recurrent. His farewell end the infatuation of the head of a me long. Pharos is working hard, so the apt to be recurrent. His farewell end the infatuation of the head of a me long. Pharos is working hard, so the apt to be recurrent. His farewell end the infatuation of the head of a me long. Pharos is working hard, so the apt to be recurrent. His farewell end the infatuation of the head of a me long. Pharos is working hard, so the apt to be recurrent. His farewell end the infatuation of the head of a me long. Pharos is working hard, so the apt to be recurrent. His farewell end the infatuation of the head of a me long. Pharos is working hard, so the apt to be recurrent. His farewell end the infatuation of the head of a me long. Pharos is working hard, so the apt to be recurrent. His farewell end the infatuation of the head of a me long. Pharos is working hard, so the apt to be recurrent. His farewell end the infatuation of the head of a me long. The pharos is working hard, so the appear was particular to the pharos is a particular young man of twenty-eight, an officer around his neck that he calls his periof cavalry. Being a bachelor, he pre- apt'-charm, I suppose he means. Says ferred to dwell in a small apartment he can work spells with it, and his preon the other side of the river, and the clous partner Mantis kisses it (italics family house in the Rue de Grenelle are Sophy's) whenever she meets him.

stood empty. Under some arrange- Phew! I'd like to give them both ment, presumably a business one, for dusting! What do you think? Pharos. Marquis de Savres was by no means as he calls himself, tells Lady Meg he rich, Lady Meg occupied the first floor can make the dead speak to her, and of the roomy old mansion. Here she says that isn't it possible that. is found established. With her, besides since they've died themselves and three French servants and an English know all about it, they may be able to parently shaken off the spaniels-is suits his book, it isn't l'haros who's go-Mile. Sophie de Gruche, in whose favor ing to say 'No,' though he tells her to

to her within a year.

carried her had Meg. Only be and I have nothing else she cared to go to do with each other! I'll see to that She could have To tell you the truth, I don't like the shown Sophy look in his eyes sometimes, and I don't the emperor of think Mrs. Mantis would either!" the French at As a medium Sophy was a failure. close quarters She was antagonistic, purposely aninstead of con- tagonistic, said Jean Coulin, attempttenting herself ing to defend himself against the pres-

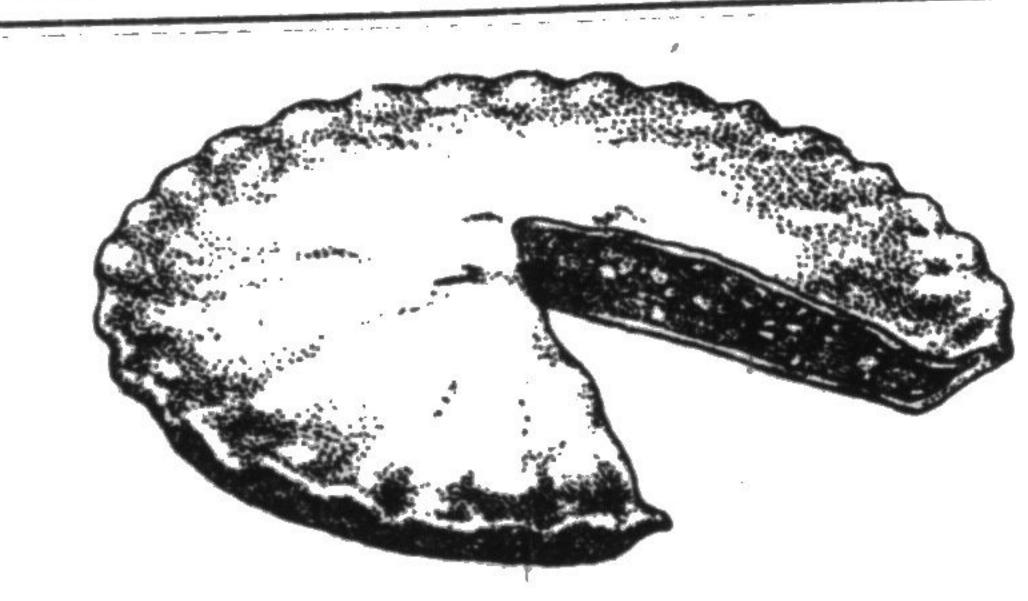
pire. Her "Lord help him!"-the habit- used it against her, and his power was lation, marks in part the man, in part chateau, whose chimneys rose now like thinking of down there?" ual expression of contempt on her lips great, but it was not at present his the convention in which he had been gloomy interrogation marks to an un "The emperor? I'm not so much as ly suppressed in her voice. -was never lacking for the emperor. game to eject her from the household. bred, but it marks, too, the suppliant. responsive, darkened sky "He is there sure he's there really. Somebody said "If he should be killed!" murmured Her political associates were the ladies He had other ends in view, and there To the last he is the wooer, not the of the Faubourg St. Germain, and was no question of the hundred pound lover, and at the end of his eestasy lies in his garden by the round poud- ing." there are vague indications that Lady note yet.

As we all know, perhaps no chance.

Lady Meg's royalist allies, nobles and their noble ladies, sulking and their friendship ripened quickly and scheming, and on the other, a biard, Mme. Mantis and Pharos. Where visitor and much interested in Pharos' the carcass is, there will the vultures hocus pocus.

certainly no power to use a chance. man, holding his ancestral principles in was given to Lady Meg's friends, and his heart, but content to serve his counwe need not repine that ignorance try in evil times until good should spares us the trouble of dealing with come. He was courteous and attentive their unfruitful to Lady Meg, touching her follies with hopes and dis a light hand, and to Sophy he gave his appointed love with an honest and impetuous sinschemes. Still cerity, which he masked by a gay huthe intrigues, mor lest his lady should be grieved at the gossip and the havoc she herself had made. Last among the prominent members mosphere were of the group in which Sophy lived in in Paris is Mme. Zerkovitch. Her hus-

sort an band was of Russian extraction, his introduction to father having settled in Kravonia and political in become naturalized there. The sou terests and no was now in Paris as correspondent to doubt had an one of the principal papers of Slavna. influence on her Mme. Zerkovitch was by birth a Pole, So far not a remarkable woman in herself, as she ever ac- but important in this history as the efquired political fective link between these days and Soprinciples - the phy's life in Kravonia. She was small existence of and thin, with auburn hair and very in her bright hazel eyes, with light colored mind is, it must lashes. An agreeable talker, an accombe confessed, plished singer and a kind hearted wodoubtful - they man, she was an acquaintance to be were the tenets which reigned in the welcomed. Whatever strange notions Rue de Grenelle and in the houses of she harbored about Sophy in after days she conceived from the beginning and So on one side of Lady Meg are the never lost a strong affection for her.



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