ACON & CO.
ronto Stock Exchange
more commodious offices—
Bay Street
en to Investment of Trust Funds
and Stocks secured to yield the
ent.
TORONTO

Specials!
20x27: just the thing to keep the
.....70, 80, 90c, $1.00
selected curled sea grass and felt,
y art ticking.....$6.00
ave with maple frame and cable
.....$3.00

TION TO FUNERAL WORK
one day and night.
R. BURLING & CO.

ERY REPAIRS
promptly attended to at the
TORY MACHINE SHOP
of ELECTROPLATING
and Copper Oxidizing
FAIR PRICES.
TION GUARANTEED.
son Mfg. Co., Limited,
T N. ONT.

FOOT TROUBLE!
Foot Easer worn in
the feet, the body,
comfortable, easy
SCHOLL
T EASER
Instantly Relieves All Foot Aches.

Says the Miller:
Stumps she used to run
up in our town told me that
of the West' Flour
best doggone Manitoba flour he ever
Bill that first called me the Flour
up to the time of his death he
precious that I put something in
it so powerful strong.
wrong there. 'Cream of the West
from the best wheat, and
the result of 'Model Mill'
Milling Co. Limited
MILTON.

GK.
of the Peace, County of Halton.

The Canadian Champion

MILTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1910. No. 42

BAR CASTILE SOAP
Fine Castile Soap on
large bar 25 cents.
MACKENZIE'S
People's Druggist.

Canadian Kough Kure.
The only reliable remedy for Bronchitis, clears the air passages and heals the inflammation. 25c a bottle.
MACKENZIE'S
The People's Druggist.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Economy is, in Itself, a Great Income.

If your income were greatly increased to-morrow, it is questionable whether you would be any better position financially at the end of the year, without the incentive to save that a bank account affords.

In other words, you must *learn to save*—and this valuable lesson learned by the opening of a Savings Account.

The process is simple, and the habit soon becomes fixed.

Call to-day at the nearest branch of the BANK OF HAMILTON

Even if you only deposit one dollar, to start with it is worth your while.

Head Office, HAMILTON

Capital Paid-up	$2,500,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits	2,900,000
Total Assets	over 35,000,000

H. P. WANZER, Agent, Milton.

COUNTY OF HALTON
LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1910

Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.	1911 Jan.	Mar.
	Friday	10.30 a.m.	14	11	13	15	16	11	13	[illegible]
	Tuesday	12.30 p.m.	11	8	10	12	13	8	10	[illegible]
[illegible]	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	12	9	11	13	14	9	11	[illegible]
	Thursday	10.15 a.m.	13	10	12	14	15	10	12	[illegible]
	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	15	12	14	16	17	12	14	[illegible]
	Monday	11.00 a.m.	10	7	9	11	12	7	9	[illegible]

[illegible] ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—1. Wm. Panton, Milton; 2. Arthur Hilmer, Oakville; [illegible] Georgetown; 4. R. J. McNabb, Acton; 5. Wm. Frazer, Campbellville; [illegible] Burlington.

[illegible] of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, [illegible] opening days at 1 p.m.

[illegible] Court Sittings, without Jury, 5th April and 4th October, and so often at discretion as may be required for the despatch of business.

[illegible] Court Sittings—formerly Terms—10th January, 4th April, 4th July and 3rd October.

[illegible] Criminal Justice Accounts, 4th January, 5th April, July 5th and 4th October.

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

Canadian Champion
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
at the office of Publication,
MAIN ST., MILTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—$1.50 a year. $1.00 if paid in advance.

No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor. A post-office notice to discontinue is not a notice to us.

To United States $2.00 a year in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	6 MO	3 MO.	1 MO.
[illegible]	$35 00	$20 00	$7 00
[illegible]	20 00	12 00	3 50
[illegible]	12 00	7 00	2 50
[illegible]	7 00	4 00	1 50

Business Cards of ten lines or less, $5.00 per annum. The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of nonpareil.

Advertisements without special instructions will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Special Notice, the object of which is to attract the pecuniary benefit of any individual, company, institution, or fund, will be inserted as an advertisement, and charged accordingly.

Births, deaths and marriages, 25c.

Advertisements, 10 cents per line, for the first time, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Lost, strayed, stolen, and wants, inserted at 50 cents for the first time, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

WM. PANTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

LEGAL.

C. E. HOLLINRAKE, B.A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Money to loan. Office: Over Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

WILLIAM I. DICK,
(County Crown Attorney)
Barrister, Solicitor and Conveyancer. Money to loan. Office—Court House, Milton, Ont.

VICTOR CHISHOLM,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c., Notary Public. Money to loan at lowest rates. Office—Over Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

J. W. ELLIOTT, B.A.,
Barrister, &c., Notary Public. Money to loan. Office: First door east of Messrs. Mann & Co.'s shoe factory, Main-st., Milton.

E. W. BOYD,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Conveyancer, &c. 25 Toronto St., Toronto. Money to loan.

DENTAL.

B. GOLLOP, L.D.S., D.D.S.
DENTIST. Honor graduate Toronto University. Office: Dewar's Block, upstairs.

T. T. HARRIS, L.D.S.,
DENTIST, Oakville, will visit Milton on the last Wednesday of each month. Office: Barnett House.

MEDICAL.

H. A. McCOLL, M.B.,
Physician, and Surgeon, Coroner. Office hours, to 9 a.m., 12 to 2 p.m., and 6 to 8 p.m. Office, two doors east of Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

MARSHALL E. GOWLAND, M.A., M.B.
M.C.P. & S.O.
Honor Graduate and Silver Medalist of Toronto University.
OFFICE and residence, Corner of Main and Charles Sts., Milton, formerly occupied by Dr Stuart, who will be at the office on the first and third Wednesday of each month.

Private Funds
to loan on good farm security at 5 per cent. Interest payable yearly or half-yearly.
WILLIAM I. DICK,
Barrister, Milton.

Church Directory.

METHODIST CHURCH
REV. WM. SMYTHE, Pastor.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
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.
W. M. S.: First Monday of the month at 3 p.m.
Ladies' Aid: Last Monday of the month at 3 p.m.

KNOX CHURCH
REV. W. M. MCKAY, Pastor.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 2.30 p.m.
Bible Class in Church at 2.45 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.
W.F.M.S. meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 3 p.m.
The Mission Band meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 4 p.m.

GRACE CHURCH
REV. G. MCQUILLIN, Rector.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 2.30 p.m.
Bible Class in Church, 3.30 p.m. each month
Holy Communion: 1st Sunday of each month at mid-day and 3rd and 5th Sundays, 8 a.m.
Friday evening service, 7.30 p.m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH
REV. FATHER SYNAN.
MILTON AND TRAFALGAR—2nd Sunday, 8.30 and 11.00 alternately; commencing 2nd Sunday of January with Mass in Milton at 8.30.

Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING EAST			GOING WEST	
7.13 a. m.	10.21 a. m.	2.55 p. m. (flag.)		
	5.23 p. m.	11.0 p. m.		
			9.03 a. m.	3.58 p. m.
			8.40 p. m.	8.30 p. m.

SUNDAY.
East 8.03 a.m., 8.30 p.m. West 9.57 a.m., 11 a.m., 8.12 p.m.

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

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
45 a.m.	4.45 p.m.	8.25 a.m.	8.35 p.m.

Clubbing Offer

With Champion—	
Daily Globe	$4.25
Mail and Empire	4.25
Weekly Globe	1.75

J. M. BOYES
Teacher of Piano, Violin and Theory
Graduate of Leipzig College, Germany.
Every possible attention paid to all pupils and the most modern of musical and technical development used.
Every Monday at Band Room.

1910
WALL PAPERS
THE BEST VALUE EVER SHOWN.
Come and make arrangements early for your spring work.
FRANK PEAREN.
Art Decorator

Watch Competition is Keen.
There's a rivalry between makers as to the merit of their goods.
Mechanical skill has advanced to a marvellous degree in watchmaking.
If you can think of an advantage that can be incorporated into a watch to make it a more reliable or more durable timepiece—something new—you can sell your idea for a fortune.
This rivalry is good for you; it lets you possess the most accurate watches that can be made at the lowest possible prices.
We can demonstrate this for you any day. Our stock is large. We carry all the leading makes. We lay them down here, costing us and you the smallest price. We are always glad to talk watches with you.
E. MARCHAND
Watchmaker and Jewelar,
Established 1894. MILTON

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

The BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance

Copyright, 1908, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Presently he entered by the forward door and walked slowly through, narrowly inspecting the various passengers. As he approached the seats occupied by Kirkwood and Dorothy Calendar his eyes encountered the young man's, and he leered evilly. Kirkwood met the look with one that was like a kick, and the fellow passed with some haste into the car behind.

"Who was that?" demanded the girl without moving her head.

"How did you know?" he asked, astonished. "You didn't look"—

"I saw your knuckles whiten beneath the skin. Who was it?"

"Hobbs," he acknowledged bitterly, "the mate of the Alethea."

"I know. And you think"—

"Yes. He must have been ashore when I was on board the brigantine. He certainly wasn't in the cabin. Evidently they hunted him up or ran across him and pressed him into service. You see they're watching every outlet. But we'll win through, never fear!"

The train, escaping the outskirts of the city, remarked the event with an exultant shriek, then settled down, droning steadily, to night devouring flight. In the corridor car the few passengers disposed themselves to drowse away the coming hour—the short hour's ride that, in these piping days of frantic traveling, separates Antwerp from the capital city of Belgium.

A guard, slamming gustily in through the front door, reeled unsteadily down the aisle. Kirkwood, rousing from a profound reverie, detained him with a gesture and began to interrogate him in French. When he departed presently it transpired that the girl was unacquainted with that tongue.

His eyes encountered the young man's, and he leered evilly.

"I didn't understand, you know," she told him with a slow, shy smile.

"I was merely questioning him about the trains from Brussels tonight. We daren't stop, you see. We must go on—keep Hobbs on the jump and lose him, if possible. There's where our advantage lies—in having only Hobbs to deal with. He's not particularly intellectual, and we've two heads to his one besides. If we can prevent him from guessing our destination and wiring back to Antwerp, we may win away. You understand?"

"Perfectly," she said, brightening and wondering what on earth purpose doing so.

"I can't tell yet. The guard's going to get us some information about the night trains on other lines. In the meantime don't fret about Hobbs. I'll answer for Hobbs."

"I shan't be worried," she said simply, "with you here."

Whatever answer he would have made he was obliged to postpone because of the return of the guard, with a handful of time tables, and when, rewarded with a modest gratuity, the man had gone his way and Kirkwood turned again to the girl she had withdrawn her attention for the time.

Unconscious of his bold regard, she was dreaming, her thoughts at loose ends, her eyes studying the incalculable depths of blue black night that swirled and eddied beyond the window glass. The most shadowy of smiles touched her lips; the faintest shade of deepened color rested on her cheeks. She was thinking of—him? As long as he dared the young man, his heart in his own eyes, watched her greedily, taking a miser's joy of her youthful beauty, striving with all his soul to analyze the enigma of that most inscrutable smile.

It baffled him. He could not say of what she thought and told himself bitterly that it was not for him, a pauper, to presume a place in her meditations. He must not forget his circumstances nor let her tolerance render him oblivious to his place, which must be a servant's, not a lover's.

The better to convince himself of this he plunged desperately into a forlorn attempt to make head or tail of Belgian railway schedules, complicated as these of necessity are by the alteration from normal time notation to the abnormal system sanctioned by the government, and vice versa, with every train that crosses a boundary line of the state.

So preoccupied did he become in this pursuit that he was subconsciously impressed that the girl had spoken twice ere he could detach his interest from the exasperatingly inconclusive and incoherent cohorts of ranked figures.

"Can't you find out anything?" Dorothy was asking.

"Precious little," he grumbled. "I'd give my head for a Bradshaw! Only it wouldn't be a fair exchange. There seems to be an express for Bruges leaving the Gare du Nord, Brussels, at fifty-five minutes after 23 o'clock and if I'm not mistaken that's the latest train out of Brussels and the earliest we can catch—if we can catch it. I've never been in Brussels, and heaven only knows how long it would take us to cab it from the Gare du Midi to the Nord."

In this statement, however, Mr Kirkwood was fortunately mistaken. Not only heaven, it appeared, had cognizance of the distance between the two stations. While Kirkwood was still debating the question, with pessimistic tendencies, the friendly guard had occasion to pass through the coach and, being tapped, yielded the desired information with entire tractability.

It would be a cab ride of perhaps ten minutes. Monsieur, however, would serve himself well if he offered the driver an advance tip as an incentive to speedy driving. Why? Why, because there the guard consulted his watch, and Kirkwood very keenly regretted the loss of his own—because this train, announced to arrive in Brussels some twenty minutes prior to the departure of that other, was already late. But, yes, a matter of some ten minutes—could that not be made up? Ah, monsieur, but who should say?

The guard departed, doubtless with private views as to the madness of all English speaking travelers.

"And there we are!" commented Kirkwood in factitious resignation. "If we're obliged to stop overnight in Brussels our friends will be on our track before we can get out in the morning if they have to come by motor car." He reflected bitterly on the fact that with but a little more money at his disposal he, too, could hire a motor car and cry defiance to their persecutors. "However," he amended, with rising spirits, "so much the better our chance of losing Mr. Hobbs. We must be ready to drop off the instant the train stops."

He began to unfold another time table, threatening again to lose himself completely, and was thrown into the utmost confusion by the touch of the girl's hand, in appeal placed lightly on his arm. And had she been observant she might have seen a second time his knuckles whiten beneath the skin as he asserted his self control, though this time not over his temper.

His eyes, dumbly eloquent, turned to meet hers. She was smiling.

"Please!" she iterated, with the least imperative pressure on his hand, pushing the folder aside.

"I beg pardon?" he muttered blankly.

"Is it quite necessary, now, to study those schedules? Haven't you decided to try for the Bruges express?"

"Why, yes, but"—

"Then please don't leave me to my thoughts all the time, Mr. Kirkwood." There was a tremor of laughter in her voice, but her eyes were grave and earnest. "I'm very weary of thinking round in a circle, and that," she concluded, with a nervous little laugh, "is all I've had to do for days."

"I'm afraid I'm very stupid," he humored her.

She watched him, a little piqued by his absentminded mood for a moment, then, and not without a trace of malice. "Must I tell you again what to talk about?" she asked.

"Forgive me. I was thinking about it not talking to you. I've been wondering just why it was that you left the Alethea at Queensborough to go on by steamer."

And immediately he was sorry that his tactless query had swung the conversation to bear upon her father, the thought of whom could not but prove painful to her. But it was too late to mend matters. Already her evanescent flush of amusement had given place to remembrance.

"It was on my father's account," she told him in a steady voice, but with averted eyes. "He is a very poor sailor, and the promise of a rough passage terrified him. I believe there was a difference of opinion about it, he disputing with Mr. Mulready and Captain Stryker. That was just after we had left the anchorage. They both insisted that it was safer to continue by the Alethea, but he wouldn't listen to them and in the end had his way. Captain Stryker ran the brigantine into the mouth of the Medway and put us ashore just in time to catch the steamer."

"Were you sorry for the change?"

"I?" She shuddered slightly. "Hardly! I think I hated the ship from the moment I set foot on board her. It was a dreadful place. It was all nightmarish that night, but it seemed most terrible on the Alethea with Captain Stryker and that abominable Mr. Hobbs. I think that my unhappiness had as much to do with my father's insistence on the change as anything. He was very thoughtful most of the time."

Kirkwood shut his teeth on what he knew of the blackguard.

"I don't know why," she continued, "but I was wholly without affectation, "but I was wretched from the moment you left me in the cab to wait while you went in to see Mrs. Hallam. And when we left you at Bermondsey Old Stairs, after what you had said to me, I felt—I hardly know what to say—abandoned in a way."

"But you were with your father, with his care."

"I know, but I was getting confused. Until then the excitement had kept me from thinking. But you made me think. I began to wonder, to question. But what could I do?" She signified her helplessness with a quick and dainty movement of her hands. "He is my father, and I'm not yet of age, you know."

"I thought so," he confessed, troubled. "It's very inconsiderate of you, you must admit."

"I don't understand."

"Because of the legal complication. I've no doubt your father can 'have the law on me'"—Kirkwood laughed uneasily—"for taking you from his protection."

"Protection!" she echoed warmly. "If you call it that!"

"Kidnaping," he said thoughtfully. "I presume that'd be the charge."

"Oh!" She laughed the notion to scorn. "Besides, they must catch us first, mustn't they?"

"Of course, and"—with a simulation of confidence sadly deceitful—"they shan't, Mr. Hobbs to the contrary notwithstanding."

"You make me share your confidence against my better judgment."

"I wish your better judgment would counsel you to share your confidence with me," he caught her up. "If you would only tell me what it's all about, as far as you know, I'd be better able to figure out what we ought to do."

CHAPTER XXV.

BRIEFLY the girl sat silent, staring before her with sweet sombre eyes. Then, "In the very beginning," she told him with a conscious laugh—"this sounds story bookish, I know—in the very beginning George Burgoyne Calendar married his cousin a dozen times removed and an English woman, Alice Burgoyne Hallam."

"Hallam!"

"Wait, please." She sat up, bending forward and frowning down upon her interlacing gloved fingers. She was finding it difficult to say what she must. Kirkwood, watching hungrily the fair drooping head, the flawless profile clear and radiant against the night blackened window, saw hot signals of shame burning on her cheek and throat and forehead.

"But never mind," he began awkwardly.

"No," she told him, with decision. "Please let me go on." She continued, stumbling, trusting to his sympathy to bridge the gaps in her narrative. "My father—there was trouble of some sort—at all events, he disappeared when I was a baby. My mother died. I was reared in the home of my great-uncle, Colonel George Burgoyne of the Indian army, retired. My mother had been his favorite niece, they say. I presume that was why he cared for me. I grew up in his home in Cornwall. It was my home, just as he was my father in everything but fact.

"A year ago he died, leaving me everything—the town house in Frognall street, his estate in Cornwall. Everything was willed to me on condition that I must never live with my father nor in any way contribute to his support. If I disobeyed, the entire estate without reserve was to go to his nearest of kin, Colonel Burgoyne was unmarried and had no children."

The girl paused, lifting to Kirkwood's face her eyes, clear, fearless, truthful. "I never was given to understand that there was anybody who might have inherited other than myself," she declared.

"I see."

"Last week I received a letter, signed with my father's name, begging me to appoint an interview with him in London. I did so—guess how gladly! I was alone in the world, and he my father, whom I had never thought to see. We met at his hotel, the Plessis. He wanted me to come and live with him; said that he was growing old and lonely and needed a daughter's love and care. He told me that he had made a fortune in America and was amply able to provide for us both. As for my inheritance, he persuaded me that it was by right the property of Frederick Hallam, Mrs. Hallam's son."

"I have met the young gentleman," interpolated Kirkwood.

"His name was new to me, but my father assured me that he was the next of kin mentioned in Colonel Burgoyne's will and convinced me that I had no real right to the property. After all, he was my father. I agreed. I could not bear the thought of wronging anybody. I was to give up everything but my mother's jewels. It seems—my father said—I don't—I can't believe it now"—

She choked out a little, dry sob. It was some time before she seemed able to continue.

"I was told that my great-uncle's collection of jewels had been my mother's property. He had in life a passion for collecting jewels, and it had been his whim to carry them with him wherever he went. When he died in Frognall street they were in the safe by the head of his bed. I, in my grief, at first forgot them and then afterward carelessly put off removing them.

"To come back to my father, night before last we were to call on Mrs. Hallam. It was to be our last night in England. We were to sail for the continent on the private yacht of a friend of my father's the next morning. This is what I was told and believed, you understand.

"That night Mrs. Hallam was dining at another table at Pless, it seems I did not then know her. When leaving she put a note on our table by my father's elbow. I was astonished beyond words. He seemed much agitated, told me that he was called away on urgent business, a matter of life and death, and begged me to go alone to Frognall street, get the jewels and meet him at Mrs. Hallam's later. I wasn't altogether a fool, for I began dimly to suspect then that something was wrong, but I was a fool, for I congented to do as he desired. You understand—you know"—

"I do, indeed," replied Kirkwood grimly. "I understand a lot of things now that I didn't five [illegible]es ago. Please let me think."

But the time he took deliberation was short. He had hoped to find a way to spare her by sparing Calendar, but momentarily he was becoming more impressed with the futility of dealing with her save in terms of candor—merciful, though they might seem harsh.

"I must tell you," he said, "that you have been outrageously misled, swindled and deceived. I have heard from your father's own lips that Mrs. Hallam was to pay him £2,000 for keeping you out of England and losing you your inheritance. I'm inclined to question, furthermore, the assertation that these jewels were your mother's. Frederick Hallam was the man who followed you into the Frognall street house and attacked me on the stairs. Mrs. Hallam admits that he went there to get the jewels. But he didn't want anybody to know it."

"But that doesn't prove"—

"Just a minute." Rapidly and concisely Kirkwood recounted the events wherein he had played a part subsequent to the adventure of Bermondsey Old Stairs. He was guilty of but one evasion. On one point only did he slur the truth. He conceived it his honorable duty to keep the girl in ignorance of his straitened circumstances. She was not to be distressed by knowledge of his distress, nor could he tolerate the suggestion of seeming to play for her sympathy. It was necessary, then, to invent a motive to excuse his return to No. 9 Frognall street. I believe he chose to exaggerate the inquisitiveness of his nature and threw in for good measure a desire to recover a prized trinket of no particular moment, esteemed for its associations, and so forth. But, whatever the fabrication, it passed muster. To the girl his motives seemed less important than the discoveries that resulted from them.

"I am afraid," he concluded the summary of the confabulation he had overheard at the skylight of the Alethea's cabin, "you'd best make up your mind that your father"—

"Yes," whispered the girl huskily and turned her face to the window, a quivering muscle in the firm young throat alone betraying her emotion.

"It's a bad business," he pursued relentlessly—"bad all round. Mulready, in your father's pay, tries to have him arrested, the better to rob him. Mrs. Hallam, to secure your property for that precious pet, Freddie, connives at it if she doesn't instigate a kidnaping. Your father takes her money to deprive you of yours, which could profit him nothing so long as you remained in lawful possession of it, and at the same time he conspires to rob, through you, the rightful owners, if they are rightful owners. And, if they are, why should Freddie Hallam go like a thief in the night to secure property that's his beyond dispute? I don't really think you owe your father any further consideration."

He waited patiently. Eventually "No-o!" the girl sobbed assent.

"It's this way: Calendar, counting on your sparing him in the end, is going to hound us. He's doing it now. There's Hobbs in the next car, for proof. Until these jewels are returned whether to Frognall street or to young Hallam, we're both in danger, both thieves in the sight of the law. And your father knows that too. There's no profit to be had by discounting the temper of these people. They're as desperate a gang of swindlers as ever lived. They'll have those jewels if they have to go as far as murder"—

"Mr. Kirkwood!" she deprecated in horror.

He wagged his head stubbornly, ominously. "I've seen them in the raw. They're hot on our trail now. Ten to one they'll be on our backs before we can get across the channel. Once in England we will be comparatively safe. Until then—but I'm a brute—I'm frightening you!"

"You are, dreadfully," she confessed in a tremulous voice.

"Forgive me. If you look at the dark side first, the other seems all the brighter. Please don't worry. We'll pull through with flying colors or my name's not Philip Kirkwood."

"I have every faith in you," she informed him, flawlessly sincere. "When I think of all you've done and dared for me, on the mere suspicion that I needed your help"—

"We'd best be getting ready," he interrupted hastily. "Here's Brussels."

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

It was so. Lights, in little clusters and long, wheeling lines, were leaping out of the darkness and flashing back as the train rumbled through the suburbs of the little Paris of the north. Already the other passengers were bestirring themselves, gathering together wraps and hand luggage and preparing for the journey's end.

Rising, Kirkwood took down their two satchels from the overhead rack and waited, in grim abstraction planning and counter planning against the machinations in whose wiles they two had become so perilously entangled.

He lifted his hat and bowed jauntily.

Primarily there was Hobbs to be dealt with—no easy task, for Kirkwood dared not resort to violence nor in any way invite the attention of the authorities, and threats would be an idle waste of breath in the case of that corrupt and malignant little cockney, himself as keen as any needle, adept in all the artful resources of the underworld whence he had sprung, and further primed for action by that master rogue, Calendar.

The train was pulling slowly into the station when he reluctantly abandoned his latest unfeasible scheme for shaking off the little Englishman and concluded that their salvation was only to be worked out through ever lasting vigilance, incessant movement and the favor of the blind goddess Fortune.

He saw nothing of Hobbs as they alighted and hastened from the station and hardly had time to waste looking for him since their train had failed to make up the precious ten minutes. Consequently he dismissed the fellow from his thoughts until with Brussels lingering in their memories a garish vision of brilliant streets and glowing cafes, glimpsed furtively from their cab windows during its wild dash over the broad midcity boulevards—at midnight they settled themselves in a carriage of the Bruges express. They were speeding along through the open country with a noisy clatter; then a minute's investigation sufficed to discover the mate of the Alethea serenely ensconced in the coach behind.

To be continued.

Don't Give Up.
Among some skaters was a boy—a small and so evidently a beginner—that his frequent mishaps awakened the pity of a tender hearted if not wise spectator.
"Why, sonny, you are getting all bumped up," she said. "I wouldn't stay on the ice and keep falling down so; I'd just come off and watch the others."
The tears of the last downfall were still rolling over the rosy cheeks, but the child looked from his adviser to the shining steel on his feet and answered, half indignantly:
"I didn't get some new skates to give up with; I got 'em to learn how with."
Life's hard tasks are never sent for us "to give up with;" they are always intended to awaken strength, skill and courage in learning how to master them.—Selected.

STURDY CHILDREN.
In every home where Baby's Own Tablets are used you will find rosy, sturdy, good-natured children, because the Tablets cleanse the stomach and bowels, aid digestion and thus bring perfect health. And you can give them with equal safety to the newborn baby or the well grown child. Mrs. A. E. McLeod, Woodstock, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets since my baby was two weeks old and have found them of great benefit for the ailments of childhood, especially for stomach and bowel troubles and when teething." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.