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MACKENZIE'S, The People's Druggist.

VOLUME 50. MILTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1910. No. 43

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Reserve and Undivided Profits	2,900,000
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COUNTY OF HALTON
LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1910

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.	Feb. 1st Mon.	Mar.
Milton	Friday	10.30 a.m.	14	11	13	15	16	11	12	10
Oakville	Tuesday	12.30 p.m.	11	8	10	12	13	8	10	7
Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	12	9	11	13	14	9	11	8
Acton	Thursday	10.15 a.m.	13	10	12	14	15	10	12	9
Campbellville	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	15	12	14	16	17	12	14	11
Burlington	Monday	11.00 a.m.	10	7	9	11	12	7	9	6

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—1. Wm. Panton, Milton; 2. Arthur Hiles, Oakville; 3. Rev. Georgetown; 4. R. J. McNabb, Acton; 5. Wm. Frazer, Campbellville; 6. Edwin Jackin, Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 14th June and 13th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 5th April and 4th October, and so often as other times as may be required for the despatch of business.

County Court Sittings—formerly Terms—18th January, 4th April, 4th July and 4th October.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 4th January, 5th April, July 5th and 5th October.

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

Canadian Champion
PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
at the Office of Publication,
MILTON, ONT.

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WM. PANTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

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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—next door to Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

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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 7 p.m.
Pastor's Class: Friday evening of the month at 3 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, Minister
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Sunday School: 2.30 p.m. Judge Gorham's Bible Class in Church at 2.30 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 3.30 p.m.

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Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
GOING WEST
7.13 a.m. 10.21 a.m. 3.56 p.m. (flag.) 5.23 p.m. 6.45 p.m.
GOING EAST
9.03 a.m. 3.58 p.m. 6.30 p.m. 8.12 p.m.
West 9.08 a.m. 8.[illegible]

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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.
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With The Canadian Champion	
Daily Mail and Empire	$4.25
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Weekly Globe	1.75

The BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance

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The little man seemed rarely complacent and impudently greeted Kirkwood's scowling visage as the latter peered through the window in the coach door, with a smirk and a waggish wave of his hand. The American by main strength of will power mastered an impulse to enter and wring his neck and returned to the girl more disturbed than he cared to let her know.

There resulted from his review of the case but one plan for outwitting Mr. Hobbs, and that lay in trusting to his confidence that Kirkwood and Dorothy Calendar would proceed as far toward Ostend as the train would take them—namely, to the limit of the run, Bruges.

Thus inspired, Kirkwood took counsel with the girl, and when the train paused at Ghent they made an unostentatious exit from their coach, finding themselves when the express had rolled on into the west upon a station platform in a foreign city at nine minutes past 1 o'clock in the morning, but at length without their shadow. Mr. Hobbs had gone on to Bruges.

Kirkwood sped his journeylings with an unspoken malediction and collected himself to cope with a situation which was to prove hardly more happy for them than the espionage they had just eluded. The primal flush of triumph which had saturated the American's humor on this signal success proved but fictive and transitory when inquiry of the station attendants educed the information that the two earliest trains to be obtained were the 5:00 for Dunkerque and the 5:27 for Ostend. A minimum delay of four hours was to be endured in the face of many contingent features singularly unpleasant to contemplate. The station waiting room was on the point of closing for the night, and Kirkwood, alarmed by the rapid ebb of the money he had taken from Calendar, dared not subject his finances to the strain of a night's lodging at one of Ghent's hotels. He found himself forced to be true to be kind to the girl, and Dorothy's cheerful acquiescence to their sole alternative of tramping the street until daybreak did nothing to alleviate Kirkwood's exasperation.

It was permitted them to occupy a bench outside the station. There the girl, her head pillowed on the treasure bag, napped uneasily, while Kirkwood plodded restlessly to and fro, up and down the platform, addling his poor, weary wits with the problem of the future—not so much his own as the future of the unhappy child for whose welfare he had assumed responsibility. Dark for both of them, in his understanding tomorrow loomed darkest for her.

Not until the gray, formless light of the dawn dusk was wavering over the land did he cease his perambulations. Then a gradual stir of life in the city streets, together with the appearance of a station porter or two, opening the waiting rooms and preparing them against the traffic of the day, warned him that he must rouse his charge. He paused and stood over her, reluctant to disturb her rest, such as it was, his heart torn with compassion for her, his soul imbittered by the cruel irony of their estate.

If what he understood were true, a king's ransom was secreted within the cheap imitation leather satchel which served her for a pillow. But it availed her nothing for her comfort. If what he believed were true, she was absolute mistress of that treasure of jewels, yet last night she had been forced to sleep on a hard, uncushioned bench in the open air, and this morning he must waken her to the life of a hunted thing. A week ago she had had at her command every luxury known to the civilized world; today she was friendless but for his inefficient, worthless self and in a strange land. A week ago, had he known her then, he had been free to tell her of his love, to offer her the protection of his name as well as his devotion; today he was an all but penniless vagabond and there could be no dishonor deeper than to let her know the nature of his heart's desire.

Was ever lover hedged from a declaration to his mistress by circumstances so hateful, so untoward? He could have raged and railed against his fate like any madman, for he desired her greatly, and she was very lovely in his sight. She was to him of all created things the most wonderful, the most desirable.

The temptation of his longing seemed more than he could long withstand. But resist he must or part forever with any title to her consideration—or his own. He shut his teeth and knotted his brows in a transport of desire to touch, if only with his finger tips, the woven wonder of her hair.

And thus she saw him when, without warning, she awoke.

Bewilderment at first informed the wide brown eyes, then, as their drowsiness vanished, a little laughter, a little tender mirth.

"Good morning, Sir Knight of the Somber Countenance!" she cried, standing up. "Am I so utterly disreputable that you find it necessary to frown on me so darkly?"

He shook his head, smiling.

"I know I'm a fright," she asserted, vigorously shaking out the folds of her plaited skirt. "And, as for my hat, it will never be on straight; but, then you wouldn't know."

"It seems all right," he replied vacantly.

"Then please to try to look a little happier since you find me quite presentable."

"I do."

Without lifting her bended head she looked up, laughing, not ill pleased. "You'd say so really?"

Far down the railway tracks there rose a murmuring that waxed to a rumbling roar. A passing porter answered Kirkwood's inquiry; it was the night boat train from Ostend. He picked up their bags and drew the girl into the waiting room, troubled by a sickening foreboding.

Through the window they watched the train roll in and stop.

Among others slightly, smirking, the unspeakable Hobbs.

He lifted his hat and bowed jaunti-ly to the waiting room window, making it plain that his keen eyes had discovered them instantly.

CHAPTER XXVI.

KIRKWOOD'S heart sank with the hopelessness of it all. If the railway directorates of Europe conspired against them what chance had they? If the night boat train from Ostend had only had the decency to be twenty-five minutes late, instead of arriving promptly to the minute of 4.45, they two might have escaped by the 5:00 for Dunkerque and Calais.

"Miss Calendar," said Kirkwood from his heart, "just as soon as I get you home safe and sound I am going to take a day off, hunt up that little villain and flay him alive. In the meantime I forgot to dine last night and am reminded that we had better forage for breakfast."

Hobbs dogged them at a safe distance while they sallied forth and to a neighboring street discovered an early bird bakery. Here they were able to purchase rolls steaming from the oven, fresh pats of golden butter wrapped in clean lettuce leaves and milk in twin bottles, all of which they promptly carried with them back to the station, lacking leisure as they did to partake of the food before train time.

Without attempting concealment (Hobbs, he knew, was eavesdropping) round the corner of the door Kirkwood purchased at the ticket window passages on the Dunkerque train. Mr. Hobbs promptly flattered him by imitation, and so jealous of his luck was Kirkwood by this time grown through continual disappointment that he did not even let the girl into his plans until they were aboard the 5:00 in a compartment all to themselves. Then, having with his own eyes seen Mr. Hobbs dodge into the third compartment in the rear of the same carriage, Kirkwood astonished the girl by requesting her to follow him, and together they left by the door opposite that by which they had entered.

The engine was running up and down a scale of staccato snorts in preparation for the race and the cars were on the edge of moving, couplings clanking, wheels a-groan, ere Mr. Hobbs condescended to join them between the tracks.

Wearily, disheartened, Kirkwood reopened the door, flung the bags in and helped the girl back into their despised compartment. The quicker route to England via Ostend was now out of the question. As for himself, he waited for a brace of seconds, eying wickedly the ubiquitous Hobbs, who had popped back into his compartment, but stood ready to pop out again on the least encouragement. In the meantime he was pleased to shake a friendly foot at Mr. Kirkwood, thrusting that member out through the half open door.

Only the timely departure of the train, compelling him to rejoin Dorothy at once if at all, prevented the American from adding murder to the already noteworthy catalogue of his high crimes and misdemeanors.

Their simple meal, consumed to the ultimate drop and crumb while the Dunkerque train meandered serenely through a sunny, smiling Flemish countryside, somewhat revived their jaded spirits.

For a time they laughed and chatted, pretending that the present held no cares or troubles, but soon the girl, nestling her head in a corner of the dingy cushions, was smiling ever more drowsily on Kirkwood. And presently she slept in good earnest, the warm blood ebbing and flowing beneath the exquisite texture of her cheeks, the ghost of an unconscious smile quivering about the sensitive scarlet mouth, the breeze through the open window at her side wantoning at will in the sunlit witchery of her hair. And Kirkwood, worn with sleepless watching, dwelt in longing upon the dear, innocent allure of her until the ache in his heart had grown well nigh insupportable, then instinctively turned his gaze upward, searching his heart, reading the faith and desire of it, so that at length knowledge and understanding came to him of his weakness and strength and the clean love that he bore for her, and, gladdened, he sat dreaming in waking the same clear dreams that modeled her unconscious lips secretly for laughter and the joy of living.

When Dunkerque halted their progress they were obliged to alight and change cars, Hobbs a discreetly sinister shadow at the end of the platform.

By schedule they were to arrive in Calais about the middle of the forenoon, with a wait of three hours to be bridged before the departure of the Dover packet. That would be an anxious time. The prospect of it rendered both Dorothy and Kirkwood doubly anxious throughout this final stage of their flight. In three hours anything could happen or be brought about. Neither could forget that it was quite within the bounds of possibilities for Calendar to be awaiting them in Calais. Presuming that Hobbs had been acute enough to guess their plans and advise his employer by telegraph, the latter could readily have anticipated their arrival, whether by sea in the brigantine or by land, taking the direct route via Brussels and Lille. If such proved to be the case it were scarcely sensible to count upon the arch adventurer contenting himself with a waiting role like Hobbs'.

With such unhappy apprehensions for a stimulant, between them the woman and the girl contrived a makeshift counter stratagem, or it were more accurate to say that Kirkwood proposed it, while Dorothy rejected, disputed and at length accepted it, albeit with sad misgivings, for it involved a separation that might not prove temporary.

Together they could never escape the surveillance of Mr. Hobbs; parted he would be obliged to follow one or the other. The task of misleading the Alethen's mate Kirkwood undertook, delegating to the girl the duty of escaping when he could provide her the opportunity, of keeping and then proceeding to England with the gladstone bag alone if Kirkwood was unable or thought it inadvisable to join her on the boat.

In furtherance of this design a majority of the girl's belongings were transferred from her traveling bag to Kirkwood's, the gladstone taking their place, and the young man provided her with voluminous instructions, a revolver which she did not know how to handle and declared she would never use for any consideration and enough money to pay for her accommodation at the Terminus hotel, near the pier, and for two passages to London. It was agreed that she should secure the steamer booking lest Kirkwood be delayed until the last moment.

These arrangements concluded, the pair of blessed idiots sat steeped in melancholy silence, avoiding each other's eyes, until the train drew in at the Gare Centrale, Calais.

In profound silence, too, they left their compartment and passed through the station into the quiet, sun drenched streets of the seaport, Hobbs hovering solicitously in the offing.

Without comment or visible relief of mind they were aware that their fears had been without apparent foundation. They saw no sign of Calendar, Stryker or Mulready. The circumstance, however, counted for nothing. One or all of the adventurers might arrive in Calais at any minute.

Momentarily more miserable as the time of parting drew nearer, dumb with unhappiness, they turned aside from the main thoroughfares of the city, leaving the business section, and gained the sleepier side streets bordered by the residences of the proletariat, where for blocks none but children were to be seen, and of them but few—quaint, sober little bodies playing almost noiselessly in their dooryards.

At length Kirkwood spoke.

"Let's make it the corner," he said without looking at the girl. "It's a short block to the next street. You hurry to the Terminus and look yourself in your room. Have the management book both passages. Don't run the risk of going to the pier yourself. I'll make things interesting for Mr Hobbs and join you as soon as I can, if I can."

"You must," replied the girl. "I shan't go without you."

"But, Dor—Miss Calendar!" he exclaimed, aghast.

"I don't care—I know I agreed," she declared mutinously, "But I won't—I can't. Remember I shall wait for you."

"But—but perhaps"—

"If you have to stay it will be because there's danger, won't it? And what would you think of me if I deserted you then af-after all y-you've done? Please don't waste time arguing. Whether you come at 1 today, tomorrow or a week from tomorrow I shall be waiting. You may be sure, Goodby."

They had turned the corner, walking slowly side by side. Hobbs, for the first time caught off his guard, had dropped behind more than half a long block. But now Kirkwood's quick sidelong glance discovered the mate in the act of taking alarm and quickening his pace. None the less the American was at the time barely conscious of anything other than a wholly unexpected furtive pressure of the girl's gloved fingers on his own.

"Goodby," she whispered.

He caught at her hand, protesting. "Dorothy!"

"Goodby," she repeated breathlessly, with a queer little catch in her voice. "God be with you, Philip, and—and send you safely back to me."

And she was running away.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DUMFOUNDED with dismay, seeing in a flash how all his plans might be set at naught by Dorothy's unforeseen insubordination, Kirkwood took a step or two after her, but she was fleet of foot, and, remembering Hobbs, he halted.

By this time the mate, too, was running. Kirkwood could hear the heavy pounding of his clumsy feet. Already Dorothy had almost gained the farther corner. As she whisked round it with a flutter of skirts Kirkwood dodged hastily behind a gatepost. A thought later Hobbs appeared, head down, chest out, eyes straining for sight of his quarry, pelting along for dear life.

As, rounding the corner, he stretched out in swifter stride Kirkwood was inspired to put a spoke in his wheel, and a foot thrust suddenly out from behind the gatepost accomplished his purpose with more success than he had dared anticipate. Stumbling, the mate plunged headlong, arms and legs a-sprawl, and the momentum of his pace, though checked, carried him along the sidewalk, face downward, a full yard ere he could stay himself.

Kirkwood stepped out of the gateway and sheered off as Hobbs picked himself up, something which he did rather slowly, as if in a daze, without comprehension of the cause of his misfortune. And for a moment he stood pulling his wits together and swaying as though on the point of resuming his rudely interrupted chase, when the noise of Kirkwood's heels brought him about face.

"Ow, it's you, eh!" he snarled in a temper as vicious as his countenance.

"Myself," admitted Kirkwood fairly, and then, in a gleam of humor, "Weren't you looking for me?"

His rage seemed to take the little cockney and shake him by the throat. He trembled from head to foot, his face shockingly congested, and spat out dust and fragments of lurid blasphemy like an infuriated cat.

Of a sudden "W'ere's the gel?" he sputtered thickly as his quick shifting eyes for the first time noted Dorothy's absence.

"Miss Calendar has other business—none with you. I've taken the liberty of stopping you because I have a word or two"—

He disappeared, the natives streaming after in hot chase.

"Ow, you 'ave, 'ave you?. I've a word for you too! 'And over that bag—and look nippy or I'll myke you pye—for w'at you've done to me. I'll myke you pie!" he iterated hoarsely, edging closer. "'And it over or"—

"You've got another guess"— Kirkwood began, but saved his breath in deference to an imperative demand or him for instant defensive action, for a six inch blade of tarnished steel was winging toward Kirkwood's throat with the speed of light.

Instinctively he stepped back, as instinctively he guarded with his right forearm, lifting the hand that held the satchel. The knife, catching in his sleeve, scratched the arm beneath painfully and simultaneously was twisted from the mate's grasp, while in his surprise Kirkwood's grip on the bag handle relaxed. It was torn forcibly from his fingers just as he received a heavy blow on his chest from the mate's fist. He staggered back.

By the time he had recovered from the shock Hobbs was a score of feet away, the satchel tucked under his arm, his body bent almost double, running like a jack rabbit. Ere Kirkwood could get under way in pursuit the mate had dodged out of sight round the corner. When the American caught sight of him again he was far down the block and bettering his pace with every jump.

He was approaching, also, some six or eight good citizens of Calais, men of the laboring class, at a guess. Their attention attracted by his frantic flight, they stopped to wonder. One or two moved as though to intercept him, and he doubled out into the middle of the street with the quickness of thought. An instant later he shot around another corner and disappeared, the natives streaming after in hot chase, electrified by the inspiring strains of "Stop thief!" or its French equivalent. The mob straggled round yet another corner and was gone. Its clamor diminished on the still spring air, and Kirkwood, recovering, abandoned Mr. Hobbs to the justice of the high gods and the French system of jurisprudence. At least he hoped the latter would take an interest in the case if haply Hobbs were laid by the heels and went his way rejoicing.

As for the scratch on his arm, it was nothing, as he presently demonstrated to his complete satisfaction in the seclusion of a chance sent fiacre. Kirkwood, commissioning it to drive him to the American consulate, made his diagnosis en route, wound a handkerchief round the negligible wound, rolled down his sleeve and forgot it altogether in the joys of picturing to himself Hobbs in the act of opening the satchel in expectation of finding therein the gladstone bag.

At the consulate door he paid off the driver and dismissed him. The fiacre had served his purpose, and he could find his way to the Terminus hotel at infinitely less expense. He had a considerably harder task before him as he ascended the steps to the consular doorway, knocked and made known the nature of his errand.

No malicious destiny could have timed the hour of his call more apposite-ly. The consul was at home and at the disposal of his fellow citizens within bounds.

In the course of thirty minutes or so Kirkwood emerged with dignity from the consulate, his face crimson to the hair, his soul smarting with shame and humiliation, and left an amused official representative of his country, government with the impression of having been entertained to the point of ennui by an exceptionally clumsy but pertinacious liar.

At noon precisely, his suspense grown too onerous for his strength of will, throwing caution and their understanding to the winds, he walked boldly into the Terminus and inquired for Mr. Calendar.

When at length she appeared on the threshold of the apartment, bringing with her the traveling bag and looking wonderfully the better for her ninety minutes of complete repose and privacy, the relief he experienced was so intense that he remained transfixed in the middle of the floor, momentarily able neither to speak nor to move.

On her part, so fagged and distraught did he seem, that at sight of his careworn countenance she hurried to him with outstretched, compassionate hands and a low, pitiful cry of concern, forgetful entirely of that which he himself had forgotten the emotion she had betrayed on parting.

"Oh, nothing wrong," he hastened to reassure her, with a sorry ghost of his familiar grin, "only I have lost Hobbs and the satchel with your things, and there's no sign yet of Mr. Calendar. We can feel pretty comfortable now, and—and I thought it time we had something like a meal."

The narrative of his adventure which he delivered over their dejeuner a la fourchette contained no mention either of his rebuff at the American consulate or the scratch he had sustained during Hobbs' murderous assault. The one could not concern her, the other would seem but a bid for her sympathy. He counted it a fortunate thing that the mate's knife had been keen enough to penetrate the cloth of his sleeve without tearing it. The slit it had left was barely noticeable. And he purposely diverted the girl with flashes of humorous description, so that they discussed both meal and episode in a mood of wholesome merriment.

It was concluded, all too soon for a taste of either, by the waiter's announcement that the steamer was at the point of sailing.

Outwardly composed, inwardly quaking, they boarded the packet, meeting with no misadventure whatever if we are to except the circumstance that when the restaurant bill was settled and the girl had punctiliously insured his change with the tickets Kirkwood found himself in possession of precisely 1 franc and 20 centimes.

He groaned in spirit to think how differently he might have been served had he not in his infatuated spirit of honesty been so anxious to give Calendar more than ample value for his money.

To be continued.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Galician Houses.

The typical Galician house in Saskatchewan, Saskatchewan, is built of logs, poplar logs covered with a coat made of clay and straw. The chimney and floor are of the same material. The roof is a thick thatch of straw grass, fastened to the rafters with grass ropes. All the appurtenances of the house are home-made—all except the glass in the windows

THE MOTHER'S AID AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Baby's Own Tablets are not intended for babies only. This medicine is intended for children of all ages. It is gently laxative and comforting. Cures indigestion and other stomach troubles, constipation and simple fevers. Guaranteed free from poisonous opiates. Mrs. Paul Carrier, Petite Mechins, Que., says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine I have ever used for children. I have used them for most of the troubles that afflict little ones, and have not known them to fail. Mothers should always keep them on hand." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.