TY DAIRY ICE CREAM
ICE CREAM CONES
MACKENZIE'S
The People's Druggist.

The Canadian Champion

Fresh Candies, Fresh Nuts, Fresh Bulk Olives, Spices, Salts and Velvet Ices, ice cream cones to suit your taste.
MACKENZIE'S. The People's Druggist.

LUME 50. MILTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1910. No. 44

BANK OF HAMILTON

It is Not Greater Income That You Need, So Much as the Habit of Saving

How much of your income have you left over, at the end of the year?

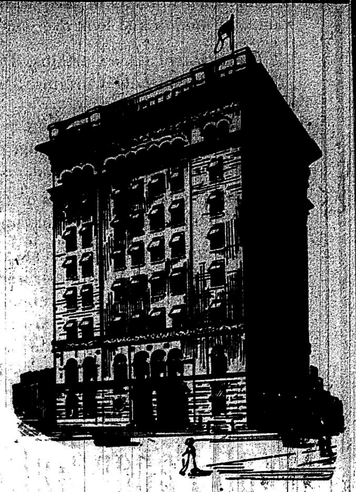
Old age is approaching for all of us—are you making provision for it?

It is not difficult to accumulate money, once you commence.

The best way to commence is to open a Savings Account.

Open one to-day—at the nearest branch of the BANK OF HAMILTON.

Interest credited—at highest current rates—on deposits of $1.00 and upwards.



H. P. WANZER, Agent, Milton.

Head Office, HAMILTON

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

COUNTY OF HALTON LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR FOR 1910.

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.	1911 Jan.	Mar.
1 Milton	Friday	10.30 a.m.	14	11	13	15	16	11	13	10
2 Oakville	Tuesday	12.30 p.m.	11	8	10	12	13	8	10	7
3 Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	12	9	11	13	14	9	11	8
4 Acton	Thursday	10.15 a.m.	13	10	12	14	15	10	12	9
5 Campbellville	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	15	12	14	16	17	12	14	11
6 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 Sillner, Oakville; 3. Chas. C. Roe, Georgetown; 4. R. J. McNabb, Acton; 5. Wm. Frazer, Campbellville; 6. Edward Donkin, 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 as often at other times as may be required for the despatch of business.

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

An list of 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.

To Subscribers—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 sufficient.

To subscribers in the United States $2.00 a year, $1.50 if paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	1 YR.	6 MO	3 MO.	1 MO.
1 Column	$60 00	$35 00	$20 00	$7 00
1/3 Column	30 00	20 00	12 00	3 50
1/4 Column	25 00	12 00	7 00	2 50
1/6 Column	12 00	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 solid nonpareil.

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

Any special Notice, the object of which is to provide the pecuniary benefit of any individual, company, institution, or fund, will be considered an advertisement, and charged accordingly.

Notices of births, deaths and marriages, 25c. each.

Transient advertisements, 10 cents per line, except those of lost, strayed, stolen, and wants, which will be inserted at 50 cents for the first insertion, 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—Next door to Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

J. W. ELLIOTT, B.A.,
Barrister, &c., Notary Public. Money to loan. Office—First door east of Mason's shoe factory, Milton.

E. W. BOYD,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Conveyancer, &c., 22 Toronto St., Toronto. Money to loan.

DENTAL.

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

T. T. HARRIS, L.D.S.,
DENTIST, Oakville, will visit Milton at the Queen Hotel on Wednesday of each month. Office: Bennett 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 9 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. SMITH, 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. ROBAY, Minister.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 2.30 p.m. Judge Gorham's Bible Class in Church.
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 4.30 p.m.

GRACE CHURCH
REV. G. MOUNTAIN, Rector.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 3 p.m.
Bible Class in Church: 3.30 p.m.
Holy Communion: 1st Sunday of each month at mid-day and 3rd and 4th Sundays, 8 a.m.
Friday evening service, 7.30 p.m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH
REV. PETER SAVAGE.
MILTON AND TRAFALGAR—2nd Sunday, 8.30 and 11.00 alternately, commencing 2nd Sunday of January with Mass in Milton at 8.00.

Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING EAST.			
7.13 a. m.	10.42 a. m.	2.55 p. m. (flag.)	
	5.23 p. m.	8.12 p. m.	
GOING WEST.			
9.03 a.m.	3.58 p. m.	6.42 p. m.	9.30 p.m.
—SUNDAY—			
West 9.03 a.m.	8.30 p.m.	East 7.11 a.m.	8.12 p.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
(G. T. R. Division.)

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
7.45 a.m.	4.45 p.m.	10.35 a.m.	5.35 p.m.

Clubbing Offer

With Champion—
Daily Globe $4.25
" Empire 4.25

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 Jeweler,
Established 1894. MILTON

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
Trade Marks
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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; $1.50 six months.
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.

An inexorable anxiety held them both near the gangway until it was cast off and the boat began to draw away from the pier. Then, and not till then, did an unimpressive, small figure of a man detach itself from the shield of a pile of luggage and advance to the pier head. No second glance was needed to identify Mr. Hobbs, and until the perspective dwarfed him indistinguishably he was to be seen alternately waving Kirkwood ironic farewells and blowing violent kisses to Miss Calendar from the tips of his soiled fingers.

So he had escaped arrest.

At first by turns indignant and relieved to realize that thereafter they were to move in scenes in which his hateful shadow would not form an essentially component part, subsequently Kirkwood fell a prey to prophetic terrors. It was not alone fear or retribution that had induced Hobbs to relinquish his persecution, or so Kirkwood had become convinced. If the mate's calculation had allowed for them the least fraction of a chance to escape apprehension on the farther shores of the channel, nor fears nor threats would have prevented him from sailing with the fugitives. Far from having left danger behind them on the continent, Kirkwood believed in his secret heart that they were but flying to encounter it beneath the smoky pall of London.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

As the evening boat train from Dover swung on toward Charing Cross for perhaps the tenth time in the course of his journey Kirkwood withdrew his gaze from the window and turned to the girl, a question ready framed upon his lips.

"Are you quite sure?" he began, and then, alive to the clear and penetrating perception in the brown eyes that smiled into his from under their level brows, he stammered and left the query uncompleted.

Continuing to regard him steadily and smilingly, Dorothy shook her head in playful denial and protest. "Do you know," she commented, "that this is about the fifth repetition of that identical question within the last quarter hour?"

"How do you know what I meant to say?" he demanded, starting.

"I can see it in your eyes. Besides, you've talked and thought of nothing else since we left the boat. Won't you believe me, please, when I say there's absolutely not a soul in London to whom I could go and ask for shelter? I don't think it's very nice of you to be so openly anxious to get rid of me."

This latter was so essentially undeserved and so artlessly insincere that he must needs, of course, treat it with all seriousness.

"That isn't fair, Miss Calendar. Really it's not."

"What am I to think? I've told you any number of times that it's only an hour's ride on to Chiltern, where the Prifords will be glad to take me in. You may depend upon it, by 8 tonight, at the latest, you'll have me off your hands—the drag and worry that I've been ever since"—

"Don't!" he pleaded vehemently. "Please! You know it isn't that. That is to say, I—ah"— Here he was nonplussed afresh by a dumbness and sense of the enormity of his blunder, entreating her forgiveness with eyes that very likely pleaded his cause more eloquently than he guessed.

"I mean," he floundered on presently, in the furious belief that he would this time be able to control both mind and tongue—"what I mean is I'd be glad to go on serving you in any way I might to the end of time if you'd give me."

He left the declaration inconclusive—a stroke of diplomacy that would have graced an infinitely more adept wooer. But he used it all unconsciously. "O Lord!" he groaned in spirit. "Worse and more of it! Why in thunder can't I say the right thing right?"

"Dear Mr. Kirkwood," she said gently, bending forward as if to read between the lines anxiety had graven on his countenance, "won't you tell me, please, what it can be that so worries you?"

In exasperation he interrupted almost rudely. "It's only this—I—I'm strapped."

"Strapped?" She knitted her brows over this fresh specimen of American slang.

"Flat strapped—busted—broke—on my uppers—down and out." He reeled off synonyms without a smile. "I haven't enough money to pay cab fare across the town."

"Oh!" she interpolated, enlightened.

"to say nothing of taking us to Chiltern. I couldn't buy you a glass of water if you were thirsty. There isn't a soul on earth within hail who would trust me with a quarter—I mean a shilling—across London bridge. I'm the original 'luckless wonder' and the only genuine Jonah extant."

With a face the hue of fire he cocked his eyebrows askew and attempted to laugh unconcernedly to hide his bitter shame. "I've led you out of the frying pan into the fire, and I don't know what to do. Please call me names."

"Oh, poor Mr. Kirkwood! And it's all because of me! You've beggared yourself"—

"Not precisely. I was beggared to begin with." He hastened to disclaim the extravagant generosity of which she accused him. "I had only three or four pounds to my name that night we met. I haven't told you—I"—

"You've told me nothing, nothing whatever about yourself," she said reproachfully.

"I didn't want to bother you with my troubles. I tried not to talk about myself. You knew I was an American, but I'm worse than that. I'm a Californian—from San Francisco." He tried unsuccessfully to make light of it. "I told you I was the 'luckless wonder.' If I'd ever had any luck I would have stored a little money away. As it was, I lived on my income, left my principal in Frisco, and when the earthquake came it wiped me out completely."

"And you were going home that night we made you miss your steamer!"

"It was my own fault, and I'm glad this blessed minute that I did miss it. Nice sort I'd have been to go off and leave you at the mercy"—

"Please! I want to think. I'm trying to remember how much you've gone through"—

"Precisely what I don't want you to do. Anyway, I did nothing more than any other fellow would have done. Please don't give me credit that I don't deserve. We must go to Mrs. Hallam's house first. It's too late now—after 5—else we could deposit the jewels in some bank. Since—since they are no longer yours the only thing and the proper thing to do is to place them in safety or in the hands of their owner. If you take them directly to young Hallam your hands will be clear. And—I never did such a thing in my life, Miss Calendar, but—he's got a spark of gratitude in his makeup I ought to be able to—to borrow a pound or so of him."

"Do you think so?" She shook her head in doubt. "I don't know. I know a little of such things. You are right. We must take him the jewels, but"—

Her voice trailed off into a sigh of perplexed consideration.

He dared not meet her look.

With a jar the train started and began to move more swiftly.

Kirkwood lifted the traveling bag to his knees.

"Don't forget," he said, with some difficulty, "you're to stick by me whatever happens. You mustn't desert me."

"You know," the girl reproved him.

"I know, but there must be no misunderstanding. Don't worry. We'll win out yet. I've a plan."

Glorious liar! He had not the glimmering of a plan.

The engine panting, the train drew in beneath the vast sounding dome of the station to an accompaniment of dull thunderings and stopped finally.

Hurried and jostled, the girl clinging tightly to his arm lest they be separated in the crush, they came to the ticket wicket. Beyond the barrier surged a sea of hats. Beneath any one of these might lurk the malefacent brain, the spying eyes, of Calendar or one of his creatures. Beneath all of them that he encountered Kirkwood peered in fearful inquiry.

Abruptly he caught the girl by the arm and unceremoniously hurried her toward a waiting hansom.

"Quick," he begged her. "Jump right in—not an instant to spare!"

She nodded brightly, lips firm with courage, eyes shining.

"My father!"

"Yes." Kirkwood glanced back over his shoulder. "He hasn't seen us yet. They've just driven up. Stryker's with him. They're getting down." And to himself, "Oh, the devil!" cried the panic stricken young man.

He drew back to let the girl precede him into the cab. At the same time he kept an eye on Calendar, whose convenance stood half the length of the station front away.

The fat adventurer had finished paying off the driver, standing on the deck of the hansom. Stryker was already towering above the stem of people that clutted about him with an air of alien distinction. Calendar and Stryker were talking, the former waving the cab on its errand, the latter glancing about him in search of his quarry. Instantly he turned and spoke to his confederate. Calendar wheeled like a flash, peering eagerly in the direction indicated by the captain's index finger, then, snapping instructions to his driver, threw himself heavily back on the seat. Stryker, awkward on his long legs, stumbled and fell in an ill calculated attempt to hoist himself hastily back into the vehicle.

To the delay thus occasioned alone Kirkwood and Dorothy owed a respite of freedom. Their hansom was already swinging down toward the great gates of the yard, the American standing to make the driver comprehend the necessity for using the utmost speed in reaching the Craven street address. The man proved both intelligent and obliging. Kirkwood had barely time to drop down beside the girl ere the cab was swinging out into the Strand, to the peril of the toes belonging to a number of righteously indignant pedestrians.

He turned in the seat, twisting his neck to peep through the small rear window. "I don't see their cab," he announced. "But of course they're after us. However, Craven street's just round the corner. If we get there first I don't fancy Freddie Hallam will have a cordial reception for our pursuers. They must have been on watch at Cannon street, and, finding we were not coming in that way—of course they were expecting us because of Hobbs' wire—they took cab for Charing Cross. Lucky for us—or is it lucky?" he added doubtfully to himself.

The hansom whipped round the corner into Craven street. Kirkwood sprang up, grasping the treasure bag, ready to jump the instant they pulled in toward Mrs. Hallam's dwelling. But as they drew near upon the address he drew back with an exclamation of amazement.

The house was closed, showing a blank face to the street—blinds drawn close down in the windows, area gate padlocked, an estate agent's board projecting from above the doorway advertising the property "to be let, furnished."

Kirkwood looked back, craning his neck round the side of the cab. At the moment another hansom was breaking through the rank of humanity on the Strand crossing. He saw one or two figures leap desperately from beneath the horse's hoofs. Then the cab shot out swiftly down the street.

The American stood up again, catching the cabby's eye.

"Drive on!" he cried excitedly. "Don't stop! Drive as fast as you dare!"

"Were to, sir?"

"See that cab behind? Don't let it catch us! Shake it off, lose it somehow, but for the love of heaven don't let it catch us! I'll make it worth your while. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." The driver looked briefly over his shoulder and lifted his whip. "Don't worry, sir," he cried, entering into the spirit of the game with gratifying zest. "Shan't let 'em overaul you, sir. Mind your 'ead!"

And as Kirkwood ducked the whiplash shot out over the roof with a crack like the report of a pistol. Startled, the horse leaped indignantly forward. Momentarily the cab seemed to leave the ground, then settled down to a pace that carried them round the Avenue theater and across Northumberland avenue into Whitehall place apparently on a single wheel.

"Good little horse!" he applauded.

A moment later he was indorsing without reserve the generalship of their cabby. The quick westward turn that took them into Whitehall, over across from the Horse Guards, likewise placed them in a pocket of traffic. A practically impregnable press of vehicles closed in behind them ere Calendar's conveyance could follow out of the side street.

That the same conditions, but slightly modified, hemmed them in ahead went for nothing in Kirkwood's estimation.

"Good driver!" he approved heartily. "He's got a head on his shoulders!"

The girl found her voice. "How," she demanded in a breath, face blank with consternation—"how did you dare?"

"Dare?" he echoed exultantly, and in his veins excitement was running like liquid fire. "What wouldn't I dare for you, Dorothy?"

"What have you not?" she amended softly, adding, with a shade of timidity, "Philip"—

The long lashes swept up from her cheeks, like clouds revealing stars, unmasking eyes radiant and brave to meet his own. Then they fell, even as her lips drooped with disappointment. And she sighed, for he was not looking. Manlike, hot with the ardor of the chase, he was deaf and blind to all else.

"I've got a scheme!" Kirkwood declared so explosively that she caught her breath with the surprise of it. "There's the Piess. They know me there, and my credit's good. When we shake them off we can have the cabby take us to the hotel. I'll register and borrow from the management enough to pay our way to Chiltern and the tolls for a cable to New York. I've a friend or two over home who wouldn't let me want for a few miserable pounds. So you see," he explained boyishly, "we're at the end of our troubles already!"

She said something inaudible, blushing her face averted. He bent nearer to her, wondering.

"I didn't understand," he suggested.

Still looking from him, "I said you were very good to me," she said in a quivering whisper.

"Dorothy!" Without his knowledge or intention before the fact, as instinctively as he made use of her given name, instantly his strong fingers dropped and closed upon the little hand that lay beside him. "What is the matter, dear?" He leaned still farther forward to peer into her face till stopped by the chance to the ending and his vision paled tightened with sheer delight of the hands happiness in her glorious eyes. "Dorothy, child, don't worry so. We have won—it's work to you. Its all working out—it will bring out right. Only have a little faith in me, and I'll make everything work out right, Dorothy."

Gently she freed her fingers. "I wasn't," she told him in a voice that quivered between laughter and tears—"I wasn't worrying. I was—you wouldn't understand. Don't be afraid I shall break down or—or anything."

"I shan't," he reassured her. "I know you're not that sort. Besides, you'd have no excuse. We're moving along famously. That cabby knows his business."

Past the houses of parliament, through Old Palace yard, with the abbey on their left, they swung away into Abingdon street, whence suddenly they dived into the maze of back ways, great and mean, which lies to the south of Victoria. Doubling and twisting now this way, now that, the driver tooled them through the intricate heart of this labyrinth, leading the pursuers a dance that Kirkwood thought calculated to dishearten and shake off the pursuit in the first five minutes. Yet always, peering back through the little peephole, he saw Calendar's cab pelting doggedly in their rear—a hundred yards behind, no more, no less—hanging on with indomitable grit and determination.

Children cheered them on, and policemen turned to stare, doubting whether they should interfere. Minutes rolled into tens, measuring out an hour, and still they hammered on, hunted and hunters playing their game of hare and hounds through the highways and byways of those staid and aged quarters.

The sun was very low behind the houses of the Surrey side when Kirkwood became aware that their horse was flagging, though, as comparison determined, no more so than the one behind.

In grave concern, the young man raised his hand, thrusting open the trap in the roof. Immediately the square of darkling sky was eclipsed by the cabby's face.

"Yessir?"

"You had better drive as directly as you can to the Hotel Piess," Kirkwood called up. "I'm afraid it's no use pushing your horse like this."

"I'm sure of it, sir. 'E's a good 'oss, 'e is, but 'e cann't keep goin' forhever, you know, sir."

Despondent recklessness tightened Kirkwood's lips and kindled an unpleasant light in his eyes. He touched his side pocket. Calendar's revolver was still there. Dorothy should win away clear if—if he swung for it.

He bent forward with the traveling bag in his hands.

"We'll have to drop off in a minute. The horse won't last. They're in the same box. I'll undertake to stand 'em off for a bit. You take the bag and run for it. Just as soon as I can convince them I'll follow, but if there's any delay you call the first cab you see and drive to the Piess. I'll join you there."

He stood up, surveying the neighborhood. Behind him the girl lifted her voice in protest.

"No, Philip, no! I won't leave you."

He shook his head in silent contradiction, frowning, but not frowning because of the girl's mutiny. He was a little puzzled by a vague impression.

The hansom was traversing a street in Old Brompton, a quaint, prim byway lined with dwellings singularly old worldish even for London. He seemed to know it subjectively, to have retained a memory of it from another existence.

Calendar's cab was drawing perilously near, and he was debating whether or not they should alight at once and try to make a better pace afoot when the decision was taken wholly out of his hands.

Blindly staggering on, wilted with weariness, the horse stumbled in the shafts and plunged forward on its knees. Quick as the driver was to pull it up, with a cruel jerk of the bits, Kirkwood was caught unprepared. Lurching against the dashboard, he lost his footing, grasped frantically at the unstable air and went over, bringing up in a sitting position in the gutter with a solid shock that jarred his very teeth.

For a moment dazed, he sat there blinking. By the time he got to his feet the girl stood beside him, questioning him with keen solicitude.

"No," he gasped, "not hurt—only surprised. Wait."

Their cab had come to a complete standstill. Calendar's was no more than twenty yards behind, and as Kirkwood caught sight of him the fat adventurer was in the act of lifting himself ponderously out of the seat.

Incontinently the young man turned to the girl and forced the traveling bag into her hands.

"Run for it!" he begged her. "Don't stop to argue. You promised—run! I'll come.

"Philip!" she pleaded.

"Dorothy!" he cried in torment.

Perhaps it was his unquestionable distress that weakened her. Suddenly she yielded, with whatever reason. He was only hazily aware of the swish of her skirts behind him. He had no time to look round and see that she got away safely. He had only eyes and thoughts for Calendar and Stryker. They were both afoot now and running toward him, the one as awkward as the other, but neither yielding a jot of their malignant purpose. He held the picture of it oddly graphic in his memory for many a day thereafter.

To this mental photograph another succeeds of the same scene an instant later, all as it had been before, their relative positions unchanged save that Stryker and Calendar had come to a dead stop and that Kirkwood's right arm was lifted and extended, pointing at the captain.

So forgetful of self was he that it required a moment's thought to convince him that he was really responsible for the abrupt transformation. Incredulously he realized that he had drawn Calendar's revolver and pulled Stryker aspshort in midstride by the acute menace of it as much as by his sonorous cry of warning.

"Stryker, not another foot!"

With this there chimed in Dorothy's voice ringing bell clear from a little distance.

"Phillip!"

Like a flash he wheeled to add yet another picture to his mental gallery.

Perhaps twoscore feet up the sidewalk a gate stood open. Just outside it a man of tall and slender figure, rigged out in a bizarre costume consisting mainly of a flowered dressing gown and slippers, was waiting in an attitude of singular impassivity. Within it, pausing with a foot lifted to the doorstep, bag in hand, her head turned as she looked back, was Dorothy.

As he comprehended these essential details of the composition the man in the flowered dressing gown raised a hand, beckoning to him in a manner as imperative as his accompanying words.

Kirkwood choked on a laugh that was half a sob. "Brentwick!" he cried, restoring the weapon to his pocket and running toward his friend. "Of all happy incidents!"

"You may call it that," retorted the elder man, with a fleeting smile, as Kirkwood slipped inside the dooryard. "Come," he said; "let's get into the house."

"But you said—I thought you went to Munich," stammered Kirkwood, and so thoroughly impregnated was his mind with this understanding that it was hard for him to adjust his perceptions to the truth.

"I want my daughter!"

"I was detained—by business," responded Brentwick briefly. His gaze, weary and wistful behind his glasses, rested on the face of the girl on the threshold of his home, and the faint, sensitive flush of her face deepened. He stopped and honored her with a bow that, for all his fantastical attire, would have graced a beau of an earlier decade. "Will you be pleased to enter?" he suggested punctiliously. "My house, such as it is, is quite at your disposal. And," he added, with a glance over his shoulder, "I fancy that a word or two may presently be passed which you would hardly care to hear."

Kirkwood lingered with his friend upon the door stoop. Calendar, recovered from his temporary consternation, was already at the gate, bending over it, fat fingers fumbling with the latch, his round red face lifted to the house, darkly working with chagrin.

From his threshold, watching him with a slight contraction of the eyes, Brentwick hailed him in tones of cloying courtesy:

"Do you wish to see me, sir?"

The fat adventurer faltered just within the gateway. Then, with truculent swagger, "I want my daughter!" he declared vociferously.

Brentwick peered mildly over his glasses, first at Calendar, then at Kirkwood. His glance lingered a moment on the young man's honest eyes and swung back to Calendar.

"My good man," he said, with sublime tolerance, "will you be pleased to take yourself off—to the devil if you like? Or shall I take the trouble to interest the police?"

To be continued.

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