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—AND—
ICE CREAM CONES
MACKENZIE'S
The People's Druggist.

The Canadian Champion

Headquarters for Farmer's Supplies.
Paris Green, Zenoleum, Blue stone, Copperas, Kreso Dip, Pasoleum, Insect Powder, Formaldehyde, Sulphur, Saltpetre, Cattle Salts, Horse Salts.
Bring your Family Recipes and Veterinary Recipes to us. We have the goods and know how to put them up to suit you.
MACKENZIE'S, The People's Druggist.

VOLUME 50. MILTON, THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1910. No. 48

BANK OF HAMILTON

Saving is a Duty—to Yourself and to Those Depending on You

Every man and woman—whether earning a small weekly wage, or enjoying a large income—should, as a matter of duty, as well as of common sense, lay aside some portion regularly, for the future.

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Simplicity and convenience characterize the system.

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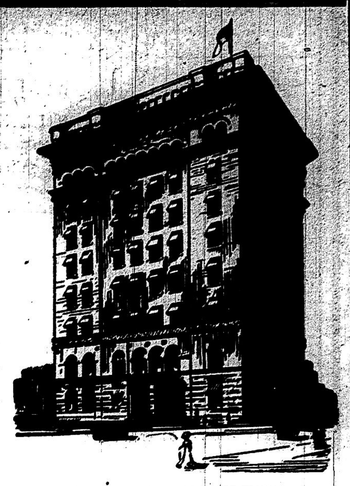

H. P. WANZER, Agent, Milton.

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.
Milton	Friday	10.30 a.m.	14	11	13	15	16	11	13	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 Hilmer, Oakville; 3. Chas. C. Roe, Georgetown; 4. S. 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 so 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.

Audit 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
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MAIN ST., - MILTON, ONT.

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[illegible]	$60 00	$35 00	$20 00	$7 00
[illegible]	35 00	20 00	12 00	5 00
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Advertisements without special instructions inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Any special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual, company, institution, or fund, will be considered as 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.

W. PANTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

LEGAL.

G. E. HOLLINBAKE, 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 Messrs. Webb & 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, Acton.

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DENTIST, Oakville, will visit Milton on the last Wednesday of each month. Office: Bennett House.

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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.

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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, Minister.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 2.30 p.m. Judge Gorham's 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 2 p.m.
The Mission Band meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 4.30 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.
Holy Communion: 1st Sunday of each month at 8 a.m. and 3rd and 5th Sundays, 8 a.m.
Friday evening service, 7.30 p.m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH
REV. FATHER SAVAGE.
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.
7.13 a.m. 10.31 a.m. 3.55 p.m. (flag.) 5.23 p.m. 8.12 p.m.
GOING WEST.
9.03 a.m. 3.38 p.m. 6.42 p.m. 8.30 p.m.
SUNDAY—
West 9.05 a.m., 4.50 p.m. East 7.11 a.m., 8.12p.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
(R. N. W. Division.)
GOING NORTH. GOING SOUTH.
7.45 a.m. 4.45 p.m. 10.25 a.m. 5.35 p.m.

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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
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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.
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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. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
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A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
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Daily Globe $4.25
Mail and Empire ... 4.25
Weekly Globe 1.75

The Port of Missing Men.

By Meredith Nicholson,
Author of "The House of a Thousand Candles."

Copyright, 1907, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"Events!" And John Armitage laughed. "I tell you, sir, that waiting is not my forte. That's what I like about America. They're up and at it over there. The man who waits is lost."

"They're a lot of swine!" rumbled Von Strobel's heavy bass.

"I still owe allegiance to the Hohenzollern crown. I don't imagine you are hitting me. But the swine are industrious and energetic. Who knows but that John Armitage might become famous among them—in politics, in finance! But for the deplorable accident of foreign birth he might become president of the United States. As it is, there are thousands of other offices worth getting—why not?"

"I tell you not to be a fool. You are young and fairly clever."

Armitage laughed at the reluctance of the count's praise.

"Thank you, with all my heart."

"Go back where you belong and you will have no regrets. Something may happen—who can tell? Events—events—if a man will watch and wait and study events. But"—he gulped down more of the brandy—"where and how do you live?"

"Where? I own a cattle ranch in Montana, and since the archduke's death I have lived there. He carried about £50,000 to America with him. He took care that I should get what was left when he died, and I am almost afraid to tell you that I have actually augmented my inheritance. Just before I left I bought a place in Virginia to be near Washington when I got tired of the ranch."

"Washington!" snorted the count. "In due course it will be the storm center of the world."

"You read the wrong American newspapers," laughed Armitage.

They were silent for a moment, in which each was busy with his own thoughts. Then the count remarked in as amiable a tone as he ever used:

"Your French is first rate. Do you speak English as well?"

"As readily as German, I think. You may recall that I had an English tutor, and maybe I did not tell you in that interview at Paris that I had spent a year at Harvard university."

"What the devil did you do that for?" growled Von Strobel.

"From curiosity or ambition, as you like. I was in Cambridge at the law school for a year before the archduke died. That was three years ago. I am twenty-eight, as you may remember. I am detaining you; I have no wish to rake over the past, but I am sorry—I am very sorry—we can't meet on some common ground."

"I ask you to abandon this democratic nonsense and come back and make a man of yourself. You might go far—very far—but this democracy has hold of you like a disease."

"What you ask is impossible. It is just as impossible now as it was when we discussed it in Paris last year. To sit down in Vienna and learn how to keep that leaning tower of an empire from tumbling down like a stack of bricks—it does not appeal to me."

"Don't talk to me like that. It is not amusing."

"No, it is not funny. To see men like you fetching and carrying for a dull king who would step through the window or go to pleasing therein with unlaced boots, if you did not remind him of his place! Pardon me, I am speaking in the interest of my business tion. If I were going to furnish the brains for an empire I should ride in the state carriage myself and not be merely the driver on the box, who keeps the middle of the road and looks out for sharp corners. Here is a plan ready to my hand. Let me find that lost document, appear in Vienna and announce myself Frederick Augustus, the son of the Archduke Karl. I knew both men intimately. You may remember that Frederick and I were born in the same month. I, too, am Frederick Augustus! We passed commonly in America as brothers. Many of the personal effects of Karl and Augustus are in my keeping—by the archduke's own wish. You have spent your life studying human nature, and you know as well as I do that half the world would believe my story if I said I was the emperor's nephew. In the uneasy and unstable condition of your absurd empire I should be hailed as a diversion, and then—events, events!"

Count von Strobel listened with narrowing eyes, and his lips moved in an effort to find words with which to break in upon this impious declaration. When Armitage ceased speaking, the old man sank back and glared at him.

"Karl did his work well. You are quite mad. You will do well to go back to America before the police discover you."

Armitage rose, and his manner changed abruptly.

"I do not mean to trouble or annoy you. Please pardon me! Let us be friends if we can be nothing more."

"It is too late. The chasm is too deep. I have given my life—my whole life, as you have said—to one service, to upbold one idea. You have spoken of that work with contempt. History, I believe, will reckon it justly."

"Your place is secure. No one can gainsay that," broke in Armitage.

"If you would do something for me—for me—do something for Austria, do something for my country and yours! You have wits. I dare say you have courage. I don't care what that service may be. I don't care where or how you perform it. I am not so near gone as you may think. I know well enough that they are waiting for me to die. But I am in no hurry to afford my enemies that pleasure. But stop this babble of yours about democracy. Do something for Austria—for the empire that I have held here under my hand these difficult years—then take your name again, and you will find that kings can be as just and wise as mobs."

"For the empire—something for the empire?" murmured the young man wondering.

Count Ferdinand von Strobel rose.

"You will accept the commission. I am quite sure you will accept. I leave on an early train, and I shall not see you again." As he took Armitage's hand he scrutinized him once more with particular care. There was a lingering caress in his touch as he detained the young man for an instant. Then he sighed heavily.

"Good night! Good-by!" he said abruptly, and waved his caller toward the door.

"Events!" And John Armitage laughed. "I tell you, sir, that waiting is not my forte. That's what I like about America. They're up and at it over there. The man who waits is lost."

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Chapter II

THE CLAIBORNES OF WASHINGTON.

THE girl with the white plumed hat started and flushed slightly, and her brother glanced over his shoulder toward the restaurant door to see what had attracted her attention.

"'Tis he, the unknown, Dick."

"I must say I like his persistence!" exclaimed the young fellow, turning again to the table. "In America I should call him out and punch his head, but over here"—

"Over here you have better manners," replied the girl, laughing. "But why trouble yourself? He doesn't even look at us. We are of no importance to him whatever. We probably speak a different language."

"But he travels by the same trains, he stops at the same inns, he sits near us at the theater—he even affects the same pictures in the same galleries! It's growing a trifle monotonous. It's really insufferable. I think I shall have to try my stick on him."

"You flatter yourself, Richard," mocked the girl. "He's fully your height and a trifle broader across the shoulders. The lines about his mouth are almost—yes, I should say, quite—as firm as yours, though he is a younger man. His eyes are nice blue ones, and they are very steady. His hair is"—she paused to reflect and tilted her head slightly, her eyes wandering for an instant to the subject of her comment—"light brown, I should call it. And he is beardless, as all self respecting men should be."

She rested her cheek against her lightly clasped hands and sighed deeply to provoke a continuation of her brother's growling disdain.

The young gentleman to whom she had referred had seated himself at a table not far distant, given an order with some particularity and settled himself to the reading of a newspaper which he had drawn from the pocket of the blue serge coat. He was at once absorbed, and the manners of the Claibornes gave him apparently not the slightest concern.

"He has a sense of humor," the girl resumed. "I saw him yesterday"—

"You're always seeing him. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Don't interrupt me, please. As I was saying, I saw him laughing over the Fliegende Blatter."

"But that's no sign he has a sense of humor. It rather proves that he hasn't. I'm disappointed in you, Shirley. To think that my own sister should be able to tell the color of a wandering blackguard's eyes!"

He struck a match viciously, and his sister laughed.

"I might add to his portrait. That blue and white scarf is tied beautifully, and his profile would be splendid in a medallion. I believe from his nose he may be English, after all," she added, with a dreamy air assumed to add to her brother's impatience.

He was at once absorbed.

"Which doesn't help the matter materially that I can see!" exclaimed the young man. "With a full beard he'd probably look like a Sicilian bandit. I thought he was really pursuing you in this darkly mysterious way I should certainly give him a piece of my American mind. You might suppose that a girl would be safe traveling with her brother."

"It isn't your fault, Dick," laughed the girl. "You know our parents dead were with us when we first began to notice him—that was in Rome—and now that we are alone he continues to follow our trail just the same. It's really diverting, and if you were a good brother you'd find out all about him, and we might even do stunts together—the three of us, with you as the watchful chaperon. You forget how I have worked for you, Dick. I took great chances in forcing an acquaintance with those frosty English people at Florence just because you were crazy about the scrawny blond who wore the frightful hats. I washed my hands of you thereafter. Your taste in girls is horrible."

"Your mind has been affected by reading these fake kingdom romances, where a ridiculous prince gives up home and mother and his country to marry the usual beautiful American girl who travels about having silly adventures. I belong to the Know Nothing party—America for Americans and only white men on guard!"

"Yes, Richard, your sentiments are worthy, but they'd have more weight if I hadn't seen you staring your eyes out every time we came within a mile of a penny princess. I haven't forgotten your disgraceful conduct in collecting photographs of that homely daughter of a certain English duke. We'll call the incident closed, little brother."

Shirley

"Our friend Chauvenet, even," continued Captain Claiborne, "is less persistent, less gloomily present on the horizon. We haven't seen him for a week or two. But he expects to visit Washington this spring. His waistcoats are magnificent. The governor shies every time the fellow unbuttons his coat."

"Mr. Chauvenet is an accomplished man of the world," declared Shirley, with an insincere sparkle in her eyes. "He lives by his wits, and lives well."

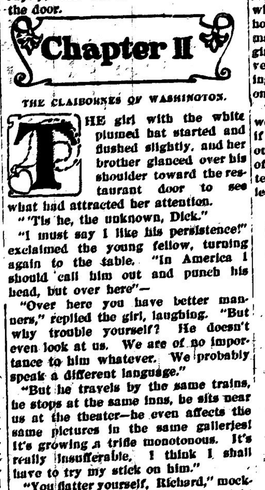
Claiborne dismissed Chauvenet and turned again toward the strange young man, who was still deep in his newspaper.

"He's reading the Neue Freie Presse," remarked Dick, "by which token I argue that he's some sort of a Dutchman. He's probably a traveling agent for a Vienna glass factory or a drummer for a cheap wine house or the agent for a Munich brewery. That would account for his travels. We simply fall in with his commercial itinerary."

"You seem to imply, brother, that my charms are not in themselves sufficient, but a commercial traveler hardly commands that fine repose, that distinction, that air of having been places and seen things and known people"—

"Tush! I have seen American book agents who had all that, even the air of having seen places! Your instincts ought to serve you better, Shirley. It's well that we go on tomorrow. I shall warn mother and the governor that you need watching."

Shirley Claiborne's eyes rested again upon the calm reader of the Neue Freie Presse. The waiter was now placing certain dishes upon the table without apparently disturbing the young gentleman in the least. Then the unknown dropped his newspaper and fastened a roll reflectively. His eyes swept the room for the first time, passing over the heads of Miss Claiborne and her brother unseemingly with perhaps too modest an air of indifference.



"'Tis he, the unknown, Dick."

Captain Richard Claiborne and his sister Shirley had stopped at Geneva to spend a week with a younger brother who was in school there and were to join their father and mother at Liverpool and sail for home at once. The Claibornes were permanent residents of Washington, where Hilton Claiborne, a former ambassador to two of the greatest European courts, was counsel for several of the embassies and a recognized authority in international law. He had been to Rome to report to the Italian government the result of his efforts to collect damages from the United States for the slaughter of Italian laborers in a railroad strike and had proceeded thence to England on other professional business.

Dick Claiborne had been ill and was abroad on leave in an effort to shake off the lingering effects of typhoid fever contracted in the Philippines. He was under orders to report for duty at Fort Myer on the 1st of April, and it was now late March. He and his sister spent the morning at their brother's school and were enjoying a dejeuner at the Monte Rosa. There existed between them a pleasant comradeship that was in nowise affected by divergent tastes and temperaments. Dick had just attained his captaincy and was the youngest man of his rank in the service. He did not know an orchid from a hollyhock, but no man in the army was a better judge of a cavalry horse and if a Wagner recital bored him to death his spirit rose nevertheless to the bugle, and he drilled his troop until he could play with it and snap it about him like a whip.

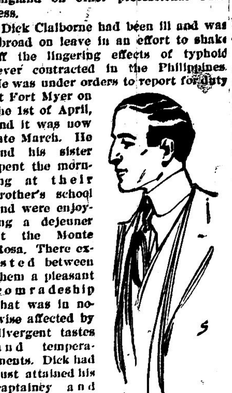
Shirley Claiborne had been out of college a year and afforded a pleasant refutation of the dull theory that advanced education destroys a girl's charm or buoyancy, or whatever it is that is so greatly admired in young womanhood. She gave forth the impression of vitality and strength. She was beautifully fair, with a high color that accentuated her youthfulness. Her brown hair, caught up from her brow in the fashion of the early years of the century, flashed gold in sunlight.

Much of Shirley's girlhood had been spent in the Virginia hills, where Judge Claiborne had long maintained a refuge from the heat of Washington. From childhood she had read the calendar of spring as it is written upon the landscape itself. Her fingers found by instinct the first arbutus. She knew where white violets shone first upon the rough breast of the hillsides, and particular patches of rhododendron had for her the intimate interest of private gardens.

As the Claibornes lingered at their table a short stout man espied them from the door and advanced beamingly.

"Ah, my dear Shirley, and Dick! Can it be possible? I heard only by the merest chance that you were here. But Switzerland is the real meeting place of the world."

The young Americans greeted the newcomer cordially. A waiter placed a chair for him and took his hat. Arthur Singleton was an American, though he had lived abroad so long as to have lost his identity with any particular city or state of his native land. He had been an attache of the American embassy at London for many years. Administrations changed and ambassadors came and went, but Singleton was never molested. It was said that he kept his position on the score of his wide acquaintance, he knew every one, and he was a great peddler of gossip, particularly about people in high station.



Captain Claiborne.

"Ah, my dear Shirley, and Dick!"

The children of Hilton Claiborne were not to be overlooked. He would impress himself upon them, as was his way, for he was sincerely social by instinct and would go far to do a kindness for people he really liked.

"Ah me! You have arrived opportunely, Miss Claiborne. There's mystery in the air—the great Stroebel is here—under this very roof and in a dreadfully bad humor. He is a dangerous man—a very dangerous man, but failing fast. Poor Austria! Count Ferdinand von Stroebel can have no successor. He's only a sort of holdover from the nineteenth century, and with him and his emperor out of the way—what? For my part I see only dark days ahead." And he concluded with a little sigh that implied crumbling thrones and falling dynasties.

The reader of the Neue Freie Presse, preparing to leave his table, tore from the newspaper an article that seemed to have attracted him, placed it in his carelessness and walked toward the door. The eyes of Arthur Singleton lighted in recognition, and the attache, muttering an apology to the Claibornes, addressed the young gentleman cordially.

"Why, Armitage, of all men!" and he rose, still facing the Claibornes with an air of embracing the young Americans in his greetings. He never liked to lose an auditor, and he would in no circumstances miss a chance to display the wide circumference of his acquaintance.

"Shirley—Miss Claiborne—allow me to present Mr. Armitage." The young army officer and Armitage then shook hands, and the three men stood for a moment, detained, it seemed, by the old attache, who had no engagement for the next hour or two and resented the idea of being left alone.

"One always meets Armitage," declared Singleton. "He knows our America as well as we do and very well indeed—for an Englishman."

Armitage bowed gravely.

"You make it necessary for me to disavow any allegiance to the powers that rule Great Britain. I'm really a fair sort of American. I have sometimes told New York people all about Colorado, Montana, New Mexico."

His voice and manner were those of a gentleman. His color, as Shirley Claiborne now observed, was that of an outdoors man. She was familiar with it in soldiers and sailors and knew that it testified to a vigorous and wholesome life.

"Of course you're not English," exclaimed Singleton, annoyed as he remembered, or thought he did, that Armitage had on some other occasion made the same protest.

"I'm really getting sensitive about it," said Armitage, more to the Claibornes than to Singleton. "But may we all be from somewhere? Is there melancholy a plight to be a man without a country?"

The mockery in his tone was belied by the good humor in his face. His eyes caught Shirley's passingly, and she smiled at him. It seemed a natural, a perfectly inevitable thing to do. She liked the kind tolerance with which he suffered the babble of Arthur Singleton, whom some one had called an international bore. The young man's dignity was only an expression of self respect. His appreciation of the exact proprieties resulting from this casual introduction to herself and her brother was perfect. He was already with drawing. A waiter had [illegible] with his discarded new [illegible] Armitage took it and idly dropped it on a chair.

"Have you heard the news, Armitage? The Austrian sphinx is here—this very house!" whispered Singleton impressively.

"Yes; to be sure. Count von Stroebel is here, but he will probably not remain long. The Alps will soon be green again. I am glad to have met you." He bowed to the Claibornes briefly, nodded in response to Singleton's promise to look him up later and left them.

When Shirley and her brother reached their common sitting room, Dick Claiborne laughingly held up the copy of the Neue Freie Presse which Armitage had cast aside at their table.

"Now we shall know," he declared, unfolding the newspaper.

"Know what, Dick?"

"At least what our friend without a country is so interested in."

He opened the paper, from which half a column had been torn, noted the date, rang the bell and ordered a copy of the same issue. When it was brought he opened it, found the place, laughed loudly and passed the sheet over to his sister.

"Oh, Shirley, Shirley! This is too much!" he cried, suddenly checked by her eyes swept the article. She turned away to escape his noise and the glance threw down the paper in disgust. The article dealt in detail with Austro-Hungarian finance and was bristled with figures and sage conclusions based upon them.

"Isn't that the worst?" exclaimed Shirley, smiling ruefully.

"He's certainly a formidable [illegible] ready to your hand. Probably a bank clerk who makes European finance his recreation."

"He isn't an Englishman, at any rate." He repudiated the idea with scorn.

"Well, your Mr. Armitage didn't seem so awfully excited at meeting Singleton, but he seemed rather [illegible] fied with your appearance—to put it mildly. I wonder if he had arranged with Singleton to pass by in that purely incidental way, just for the privilege of making your acquaintance."

"Don't be foolish, Dick. It's quite coming an officer and a gentleman. But if you should see Mr. Singleton again"—

To be continued.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.
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