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VOLUME 51. MILTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1911. No. 45

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COUNTY OF HALTON
LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1911

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.	1912 Jan.	Mar.
Milton	Friday	10.30 a.m.	13	10	12	14	15	10	12	8
Oakville	Tuesday	12.30 p.m.	10	7	9	11	12	7	9	5
Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	11	8	10	12	13	8	10	6
Acton	Thursday	10.15 a.m.	12	9	11	13	14	9	11	7
Milton	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	14	11	13	15	16	11	13	9
Burlington	Monday	11.00 a.m.	9	6	8	10	11	6	8	4

Name and Office of Clerks—1. Wm. Panton, Milton; 2. Arthur Hilmer, Oakville; Chas. ... Georgetown; 4. H. J. McNabb, Acton; 5. Wm. Frazer, Campbellville; Edward ... Burlington.

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

Sittings, without Jury, 4th April and 3rd October, and so often at other times as required for the despatch of business.

Sittings—formerly Terms—9th January, 3rd April, 3rd July and 2nd October.

Audit of Justice Accounts, 5th January, 4th April, 4th July and 3rd October.

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

Canadian Champion

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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 3 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.
Holy Communion: 1st Sunday of each month at mid-day and 3rd Sunday at 9 a.m.
Week night service and Bible study, Wednesday evening at 7.30, when the Sunday School lesson for the following Sunday will be taken up.

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.

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7.00 a. m. 10.20 a. m. 2.55 p. m. 5.25 p. m. 8.25 p. m.

GOING WEST.
9.03 a.m. 2.55 p.m. 7.06 p.m. 8.25 p.m.

—SUNDAY—
West 9.03 a.m., 8.20 p.m. East 7.11 a.m., 8.12p.m

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THE RED YEAR

A Story of the Indian Mutiny

—By—

LOUIS TRACY

"You will see as many fights here as outside the walls," he muttered, and moved off, for men were beginning to guard their tongues in Imperial Delhi.

A rowdy gang of full five hundred armed mutineers marched up and hustled the mob right and left as they forced a way to the gate. Their words and attitude betokened trouble. The opportunity was too good to be lost. Malcolm dismounted, gave the reins to Chumru, and told him to wait his return under some trees somewhat removed from the road, for Akbab Khan had sharp eyes, and the Mohammedan's grotesque face was well known to him. Chumru made a fearsome grimace, but Malcolm's order was peremptory. Summoning a fruit-seller, the bearer led the Gwalior men to the rendezvous named and distributed mangoes amongst them.

Frank joined the ruck of the demonstrators and passed through the portals of the magnificent gate. A long, high-roofed arcade, spacious as the nave of a cathedral, with raised marble platforms for merchants on each side, gave access to a quadrangle. In the centre stood a fountain, and round about were grassy lawns and beds of flowers.

The sepoys tramped on, heedless of the destruction they caused in the garden. They passed through the noble Nakar Khana, or music-room, and entered another and larger square, at the further end of which stood the Diwan-i-Am, or Hall of Public Audience.

Not even in Agra, and certainly not in gaudy Lucknow, had Malcolm seen any structure of such striking architectural effect. The elegant roof was supported on three rows of red sandstone pillars, adorned with chaste gilding and stucco-work. Open on three sides, the audience chamber was backed by a wall of white marble, from which a staircase led to a throne raised about ten feet from the ground and covered with a rarely beautiful marble canopy borne on four small pillars.

The throne was empty, but an attendant appeared through the door at the foot of the stairs, and announced that the Light of the World would receive his faithful soldiers in a few minutes.

The impatient warriors snorted their disapproval. They did not like to be kept waiting, but carried their resentment no further, and Malcolm, with alert eyes and ears, moved about among them, as by that means he hoped to avoid attracting attention.

Even in that moment of deadly peril he could not help admiring the exquisite skill with which the great marble wall was decorated with mosaics and paintings of the fauna and flora of India. The mosaics were wholly composed of precious stones, and the paintings were executed in rich tints that told of a master hand. There was nothing bizarre or crude in their conception. They might have adorned some Athenian temple in the heyday of Greece, and were wholly free from the stiff drawing and flamboyant coloring usually seen in the East. He did not then know that a renegade Venetian artist, Austin de Bordeaux, had carried out this work for Shah Jehan, that great patron of the arts, and in any event, his appreciation of their excellence was spasmodic, for the broken words he heard from the excited soldiery warned him that a crisis was imminent in the fortunes of Delhi.

"Who is he, then, this havildar of gunners from Bareilly?" said one.

"And the other, Akbab Khan. They say he fought for the Nazarenes at Meerut. Mohammed Latif swears he defended the treasury there," chimed in another.

"As for me, I care not who leads. I want my pay."

"I, too. I have not eaten since sunrise yesterday."

"We shall get neither food nor money till some one clears those accursed Feringhis off the hill," growled a deep voice close behind Malcolm.

There was something familiar in the tone. Frank edged away and glanced at the speaker, whom he recognized instantly as a subadar in his old regiment.

But now a craning of necks and a sudden hush of the animated talk showed that some development was toward. Servants entered with cushions, which they disposed around the foot of the throne and at the base of its canopy. A few nobles and court functionaries lounged in, two sorgeously appareled guards came through the doorway, and behind them tottered a feeble old man, robed in white, and wearing on his head an aigrette of Bird of Paradise plumes, fastened with a gold clasp in which sparkled an immense emerald.

Malcolm had seen Bahadur Shah only once before. He remembered how decorous and dignified was the Mogul court when Britain paid homor to an ancient dynasty. And now, what a change! The aged emperor had to lift a trembling hand to obtain a hearing, while, ever and anon, even during his short address, belated officers and troopers clattered in on horseback, and did not dismount within the precincts of the sacred Hall of Audience itself.

He began by explaining timorously that while affairs remained in their present unsettled condition he could not arrange matters as he would have wished.

He knew that there were arrears of pay and that the food supply was irregular.

"But you do not help me," he said, with some display of spirit. "Respectable citizens tell me that you plunder their houses and debauch their wives and daughters. I have issued repeated injunctions prohibiting robbery and oppression in the city, but to no avail."

He was interrupted with loud murmurs.

"What matters it about the bazaar-folk, O King," yelled a sepoy. "We want food, not a sermon."

The Emperor seemed to fire up with indignation at the taunt, but he sank into the chair on the throne. He raised a hand twice to quiet the mob, and at last they allowed him to continue.

"I am weary and helpless," he said faintly. "I have resolved to make a vow to pass the remainder of my life in service acceptable to Allah. I will relinquish my title and take the garb of a moullah. I am going to the shrine of Khwaja Sahib, and thence to Mecca, where I hope to end my sorrowful days."

This was not the sort of consolation that the mob expected or wanted. A hawl of execration burst forth, but it was stayed by the entrance of two people from the private portion of the palace.

There was no need that Malcolm should ask who the pale, haughty, beautiful woman was who came and stood by her father's side. Roshinara Begum did not share the Emperor's dejection. She faced the rebels now with the air of one who knew them for the canaille they were. But that was only for an instant. A consummate actress, she had a part to play, and she bent and whispered something to Bahadur Shah with a great show of pleased vivacity.

A man who accompanied her stepped to the front of the throne, and his words soon revealed to Malcolm that he was listening to the Shahzada, the heir apparent, Mirza Moghul.

"Why do you come hither to disturb the King's pious meditations?" he cried angrily. "You were better employed at the batteries, where your loyal comrades are now firing a salute of twenty-one guns to celebrate the capture of Agra by the Neemuch Brigade."

He paused. His statement was news to all present, as, indeed, it well might be, seeing that it was a lie. But his half petulant, half boastful tone was convincing, and several voices were raised in a cry of "Shabash! Good hearing!"

"This is no time to create mischief and disunion," he went on loudly. "Help is coming from all quarters. Gwalior, Jhansi, Neemuch and Lucknow are sending troops to aid us. In three or four days, if Allah be willing, the Ridge will be taken, and every one of the base unbelievers humbled and ruined and sent to the fifth circle of hell."

The man had the actor's trick of making his points. Waiting until an exultant roar of applause had died away, he delivered his most effective hit.

"At the very time you dared to burst in on the Emperor's privacy he was arranging a loan with certain local bankers that will enable all arrears of pay to be made up. To-day there will be a free issue of cattle, grain and rice. Go, then! Tell these things to all men, and trust to the King of Kings and his faithful advisers, of whom I am at once the nearest and the most obedient, to lead you to victory against the Nazarenes."

For the hour these brave words sufficed. The sepoys trooped out and Malcolm went with them. A backward glance revealed the princess and her brother engaged in a conversation with Bahadur Shah and a courtier or two. Their gestures and manner of argument did not bear out the joyful tidings brought to the conclave by the Mori Gate. Traveling as rapidly as they followed the wall to the Cashmere Gate, they were soundly rating the miserable monarch for having allowed him to sell to speak so plainly to his beloved subjects.

Malcolm knew there was not a word of truth in Mirza Moghul's brief speech. The Gwalior contingent had gone to Cawnpore. All the men Barelilly had to send had already arrived with Bakht Khan, the "havildar of heart" artillery," who was now the King's right-hand man. Jhansi, Neemuch, the other.

and Lucknow had enough troubles of their own without helping Delhi, and, as for the bankers' aid, it was easy to guess the nature of the "loan" that the Emperor hoped to extract from them. Colonel James Skinner, treated the religions of the people among whom he lived. The legend goes that the galant soldier, a veteran of the Mahratta and their new associates were wandering through the streets and making the circuit of the western wall, there was wars, had married three wives, an another incipient riot in the fort. Delay in issuing the promised rations enraged the hungry troops. A number of them hurried again to the Diwan-i-Am, clamored for the king's presence, and told him roundly that he ought to imprison his sons, who, they said, had stolen their pay.

"If the Treasury does not find the money," was the threat, "we will kill you and your family, for we are masters."

This later incident came to Malcolm's ears while Chumru was persuading a grain-dealer to admit he had some corn hidden away. The sight of money unlocked the man's

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lips.

"Would there were more like you in the King's service," he whined. "I have not taken a rupee in the way of trade since the huzoors were driven forth."

It was easy enough to interpret the unhappy tradesman's real wishes. He was pining for the restoration of the British Raj. Every man in Delhi, who had anything to lose, mourned the day that saw the downfall of the Sirkar.

"Affairs go badly, then," Malcolm put in. "Speak freely, friend. We are strangers, and are minded to go back whence we came, for there is naught but misrule in the city so far as we can see."

"What can you expect from an old man who writes verses when he should be punishing malefactors?" said the grain-dealer, bitterly anxious to vent his wrongs. "If you would act wisely, sirdar, leave this bewitched place. It is given over to devils. I am a Hindu, as you know, but I am worse treated by the Brahmins than by men of your faith."

"Mayhap you have quarreled with some of the sepoys and have a sore feeling against them?"

"Think not so, sirdar. Who am I to make enemies of these lords? Every merchant in the bazaar is of my mind, and I have suffered less than many, for I am a poor man and have no family."

In response to Chumru's request the grain-dealer allowed the men to cook their food in an inner courtyard. While Malcolm extracted additional details as to the chaos that reigned in the city the newcomers from Gwalior consulted among themselves. They had seen enough to be convinced that there were parts of India much preferable to Delhi for residential purposes.

"Behold, sirdar!" said one of them after they had eaten, "You led us in, and now we pray you lead us out again."

There are plenty here to fight the Feringhis, and we may be more useful at Lucknow."

Malcolm could have laughed at the strangeness of his position, but he saw in this request the nucleus of a new method of winning his way beyond the walls.

"Bide here," he said gruffly, "until All Khan and I return, which we will do ere night. Then we shall surely be sent, I am of the same mind as you."

He wanted to visit the Cashmere Gate and examine its defenses. Then, he believed, he would have obtained all the information that Nicholson required. He was certain that Delhi would fall if once the British secured trees within the fortifications. The sepoys were stirring with discontent. Even if left to its own devices it would speedily become disrupted by the warring elements within its bounds.

Chumru and he rode first to the Mori Gate. Thence, by a side road, Gwalior it is dark. Rejoin those men from the city. Tell the General-sahib what you have seen and that I shall ride on, and you may be able to dodge into some ditch or nullah till it is dark. Rejoin those men from Gwalior if possible, and try to get away from the city.

"Do you understand?"

"Huzoor!—"

"Silence! Wouldst thou have me do my duty? It is my parting wish, Chumru. There is no time for words. Do as I say, or we both die uselessly."

There was no answer. The Mohammedan's eyes blazed with the frenzy of a too complete comprehension of his master's intent. But now they were behind the trees, and Malcolm was already checking Nejdi. Chumru flung himself from the saddle and led the Cowering amid some shrubs of dense foliage, he watched Malcolm dashing along the road to the Lahore Gate of the palace. A minute later the rebels hundered past, and they did not seem to notice that one of the two horses disappearing in the curved cutting that led to the drawbridge and side entrance of the gate was riderless.

Chumru ought to have taken immediate measures to secure his own safety. But he did nothing of the kind. He lay there, watching the hard-riding horseman, and striving most desperately to do them all the harm that the worst sort of malign impications could effect. They, in turn, vanished in the sunken approach to the fortress, and the unhappy bearer was imagining the horrible fate that had befallen the master, whom he loved for more than kith and kin, when he saw the same men suddenly reappear and gallop towards the Delhi Gate, which was situated at a considerable distance.

Something had happened to disappoint and annoy them—that much he could gather from their gestures and impassioned speech. Whatever it was, Malcolm-sahib apparently was not dead yet, and while there is life there is hope.

Chumru proceeded to disrobe. He kicked off his boots, untied his puttles, threw aside the frock-coat and breeches of a cavalry rissaldar, and stood up in the ordinary white clothing of a native servant.

"Shabash!" muttered he, as he unfastened the military badge in his turban. "There is nothing like a change of clothing to alter a man. Now I can follow my sahib and none be the wiser."

With that he walked coolly into the roadway and stepped out leisurely towards the Lahore Gate. But he found the massive door closed and the drawbridge raised, and a gruff voice bade him begone, as the gate would not be opened until the King's orders were received.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the Vortex

Malcolm was not one to throw his life away without an effort to save it. Once, during a visit to Delhi, Captain Douglas, the ill-fated commandant of the Palace Guards, had taken him to his quarters for tiffin. As it happened, the two entered by the Delhi Gate and walked through the gardens and corridors to Douglas's rooms, which were situated over the Lahore Gate. Thus he possessed a vague knowledge of the topography of the citadel, and his visit that morning had refreshed his memory to a slight extent. On that slender reed he based some hope of escape. In any event he prayed that his ruse might better Chumru's chances, and he promised himself a soldier's death if brought to bay inside the palace.

Crossing the drawbridge at a fast gallop, he saw a number of guards looking at him wonderingly. It occurred to him that the exciting events of the early hours might have led to orders being given on the question of admitting sepoys in large numbers. If that were so, he might gain time by a bit of sheer audacity. At any rate, there was no harm in trying. As he clattered through the gateway he in mosque and temple to profane the hallowed shrine of another and far superior faith.

Malcolm was sitting motionless on Nejdi, looking at a squad of rebels erecting fascines in front of a new battery on the river side of the gate, when Chumru, whose twisted vision seemed to command all points of the compass, saw that the commander of a cavalry guard stationed there was regarding them curiously.

"Turn to the right, huzoor," he muttered.

Malcolm obeyed instantly. The warning note in Chumru's voice was not to be denied. It would be folly to wait and question him.

"Now let us canter," said the other, as soon as the horses were fairly in the main road.

"You did well, sahib, to move quickly. There was one in the guard yonder whose eyes grew bigger each second that he looked at you."

"They heard some shouting at the gate. A bend in the road near the ruined offices of the Delhi Gazette gave them a chance of increasing the pace to a gallop. There was a long, straight stretch in front, leading past the Telegraph Office, the dismantled magazine, and a small cemetery. Then the road turned again, and by a sharp rise gained the elevated plateau on which stood the fort.

Glancing over his shoulder at this point, Malcolm caught sight of a dozen sowars riding furiously after them. To dissipate any hope that they might not be in pursuit, he saw the leader point in his direction and seemingly urge on his comrades. It was impossible to know for certain what had roused this nest of hornets, though the presence of a man of the 3rd Cavalry in the palace that morning was a cinister fact that led to only one conclusion. No matter what the motive, he felt that Chumru and he were trapped. There was no avenue of escape. Whether they went ahead or made a dash for the city, their pursuers could keep them well in sight, as their tired horses were incapable of a sustained effort at top speed after having galloped hitherto at a fast pace. Therefore, Chumru might outwit them were he given a chance.

"Listen, good friend," he shouted, as they clattered up the hill. "Thou seest the tope of trees in front?"

"Yes, sahib."

"This, then, is my last order, and it must be obeyed. When we reach those trees we will bear off towards the palace. Pull up there and dismount. Give me the reins of your horse, and you may be able to hide yourself quickly among the trees. I shall ride on, and you may be able to dodge into some ditch or nullah till it is dark. Rejoin those men from Gwalior if possible, and try to get away from the city. Tell the General-sahib what you have seen and that I am of the same mind as you."

"Huzoor!—"

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"Close and bar the door! None must be admitted without the King's special order!"

The spectacle of a well-mounted sepoy officer, blood-stained and travel-worn, who arrived in such desperate haste and was evidently pursued by a body of horse, so startled the attendants that they banged and bolted the great door without further ado.

Already the story was going the rounds that the precious life of Bahadur Shah had actually been threatened by the overbearing sepoys—what more likely than that this hard-riding officer was coming to apprise his majesty of a genuine plot, while the flying squadron in the rear was striving to cut him down before the fateful message was delivered?

Not to create too great a stir, Malcolm pulled up both horses at the entrance to the arcade.

He called a chaprassi and bade him hold Chumru's steed. Then, learning from the uproar at the gate that the guards were obeying his instructions literally, he went on at an easier pace.

The palace was humming with excitement. Its numerous buildings housed a multitude of court nobles and other hangers-on to the court, and each of these had his special coterie of attendants who helped to advance their own fortunes by clinging to their master's skirts. The jealousies and intrigues that surround a throne were never more in evidence than at Delhi during the last hours of the Great Mogul. Already men were preparing for the final catastrophe. While the ignorant mob was firm in its belief that the rule of the sahib had passed forever, those few clearer-headed persons who possessed any claim to the title of statesmen were convinced that the Mutiny had failed.

Nearly four months were sped since that fatal Sunday when the rebellion broke out at Meerut. And what had been achieved? Delhi, the pivot of Mohammedan hopes, was crowded with a licentious soldiery, who obeyed only those leaders that pandered to them, who fought only when some perfervid moullah aroused their worst passions by his eloquence, and who were terrible only to peaceful citizens. All public credit was destroyed. The rule of the King, nominal within the walls of his own palace, was laughed at in the city and ignored beyond the walls. The provincial satraps and feudatory princes who should be striving to help their sovereign are wholly devoted to the more conzetial task of carving out kingdoms for themselves.

Nana Sahib, rehabilitated in Oudh, was opposing Havelock's advance; Khan Bahadur Khan, an ex-pensioner of the Company, had set up a barbarous despotism at Bareilly, the Moulvie of Fyzabad, intent on the destruction of the Residency, meant to establish himself there as "King of Hindustan" if only that stubborn entrechment could be carried; Mahudi Hussain, Gaffur Beg, Kunwer Singh, the Ranee of Jhansi, and a host of other prominent rebels scattered throughout Oudh, Bengal, the Northwest Provinces and Central India, cared less for Delhi than for their own private affairs, and were consequently permitting the British to gather forces by which they could be destroyed piecemeal.

From Nepaul, the great border state, lying behind the pestilential jungle of the Terai, came an army of nine thousand Ghoorkahs to help the British. At Hyderabad, the most powerful Mohammedan principality in India, the Nizam and his famous minister, Sir Salar Jung, crushed a Jehad with cannon and grapeshot. In a word, the orgy had ended, and the day of reckoning was near.

Malcolm, therefore, was confronted with two separate and hostile sets of conditions. On the one hand, he was threading his way through a maze of conflicting interests, and this was a circumstance most favorable to his chances of escape; on the other, every man regarded his neighbor with distrust and a stranger with positive suspicion, while Malcolm's distinguished appearance could not fail to draw many inquiring eyes.

He crossed the large garden beyond the arcade and was making for an arch that gave access to the long covered passage leading to the Delhi Gate, when he saw Akbab Khan standing there.

To be continued.

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Peter Napolitan was killed by his wife at Sault Ste Marie with an axe while asleep. The motive was revenge.