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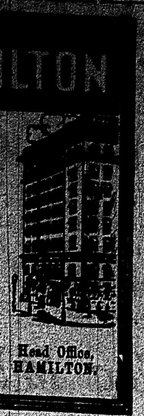

Head Office, HAMILTON.

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.
1 Milton	Friday	10.30 a.m.	13	10	12	14	15	10	12	8
2 Oakville	Tuesday	12.30 p.m.	10	7	9	11	12	7	9	5
3 Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	11	8	10	12	13	8	10	6
4 Acton	Thursday	10.15 a.m.	12	9	11	13	14	9	11	7
5 Campbellville	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	14	11	13	15	16	11	13	9
6 Burlington	Monday	11.00 a.m.	9	6	8	1	11	6	8	4

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—1. Wm. Panton, Milton; 2. Arthur Hilmer, Oakville; 3. Chas. C. Roe, Georgetown; 4. H. J. McNabb, Acton; 5. Wm. Frazer, Campbellville; 6. Edward Donkin, Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 13th June and 12th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.

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

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

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

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

Canadian Champion

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WM. PANTON,
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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.

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Sunday School: 2.30 p.m. Judge Gorham's Bible Class in Church at 2.45 p.m.
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Travellers' Guide.

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GOING EAST.
6.57 a.m. (flag). 7.25 a.m. 10.26 a.m. 2.55 p.m. 5.30 p.m. 8.15 p.m.

GOING WEST.
8.43 a.m. 9.04 a.m. 3.33 a.m. 7.07 p.m. 8.25 p.m.

—SUNDAY—
West 9.04 a.m., 8.25 p.m. East 6.57 a.m., 8.15 p.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
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GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
7.45 a.m.	4.45 p.m.
10.25 a.m.	8.35 p.m.

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—BY—
WEATHERBY CHESNEY

Supplied Exclusively in Canada by The British & Colonial Press Service, Limited.

I saw that the fingers of the dead man's right hand were tightly closed. There was something in the hand. I opened the fingers gently. It was only a flat stone with some scratches on it.

"Have you got the stone?"

"Sim, Senhor.—It is a thing of no value. I keep it to remind me of the tragic affair in which I assisted this morning. A poor bean-seller's life is uneventful, Senhor."

"I will buy it from you," said Scarborough. "Two milreis."

The man put his hand into his pocket.

"Five," he said insinuatingly.

"Very well, five."

The bean-seller produced the stone and gave it to Scarborough. It was, as he said, a small flat stone, about three inches square. It was covered with the white incrustation caused by the Caldeira water, and there were marks on it where something had been written in pencil. But half a day's rubbing in the pocket of a peasant's blouse had obliterated most of them, and those that were still legible owed their preservation to the fact that they were in the hollows of the stone's surface.

"What is it?" said Varney.

"It was a message, but this fool has rubbed most of it out. Can you make sense of it?"

Varney examined the stone closely. "ache . . . blue . . . N. drip" was all that remained of the writing.

"It isn't much," he said. "But it may be the clue we want."

"To the murderer?"

"No, to the diamonds. 'ache' looks uncommonly like the end of the word cache, and the rest tells where the cache is."

"Or did tell, before this idiot's blouse rubbed it out."

"Stay, though! There is another possibility," said Varney. "Mrs. Carrington's name is Rachel. Perhaps it is not a C that has gone, but an R and an L. This stone may have carried a dying man's last message to his wife. What next, Horace?"

"We'll go and see Davis."

CHAPTER IX.

The Hooded Woman

"If you want my opinion," said Mr. Davis, when he had heard what Scarborough had to tell him, "there is a woman in it."

His daughter, who was standing behind him, exchanged a quiet glance with the two young men, and shrugged her shoulders slightly. She was a dainty little blonde, with big eyes which tried to look earnest, and managed to look dreamy.

"That's what you always say, father," she said.

"Well, yes, Muriel," he admitted, smiling. "I believe it is a somewhat frequent remark of mine. Generally true, too."

Muriel frowned.

"I dont see why you should suppose that a woman had anything to do with it," she insisted.

"No? But you will find that, as usual, I shall turn out to be right."

Mr. Davis backed this confident judgment with the ghost of a wink to Varney, and laughed. The discussion which threatened was one which frequently arose in this household; for Muriel, having spent the thinking years of her life—not, as yet, a very long one—in the seclusion of a lonely pine-apple quinta, was an aggressive disputant, and made up by the violence of her views on the wrongs of her sex for her total lack of practical knowledge of her subject. Her daily life from the time she was fourteen had been almost conventual in its simplicity; she had had no opportunity of verifying by the observation of actualities the opinions which she held so strongly; therefore she was never troubled with doubts. If there was another side to the question her favorite novels did not teach it, and no one had ever made her see it. To be perfectly frank, no one had ever seriously tried, except her father, and his efforts were chiefly aimed at drawing her out. He opposed her, for the sake of seeing her eyes lose their dreamy look in a flash of temper, and her color rise with indignation, and when he had enticed her into saying something sufficiently cutting about the folly and brutality of men, he usually chuckled and owned meekly that she was right. He was almost absurdly proud of his fanatical little daughter.

Varney did not know that this exercise was part of the daily routine at the pine-apple quinta, and was enjoyed by both father and daughter; consequently he was inclined to be angry at that wink. For Muriel Davis was very pretty.

"If you mean," he said, "that there is a woman at the bottom of most of the good deeds that are done in the world, I am ready to agree with you."

"And Muriel will agree with you, and think you are a very sensible fellow," said Mr. Davis, laughing. "But I meant there is a woman in every piece of mischief that is done, and always will be—this side of the Golden River! And I won't say that the same state of things mayn't obtain on the other side, too!" he added, chuckling.

"Have you any reason for thinking that there is a woman in this case?" said Scarborough. He knew the tendency of all discussion at the Casa Davis, and experience told him that, if he was to get any useful information, both father and daughter would have to be kept to the point.

"Yes," said Mr. Davis.

"Father means that he has the same reason that he usually has," opined Muriel. "You know how prejudiced he is."

Scarborough made a slight movement of impatience, and Mr. Davis noted it. He became grave at once.

"You are quite right," he said, answering Scarborough's glance. "Muriel, our levity is rebuked, and I think we deserve it. I say that there is a woman in this case, because I saw her."

He went on to explain that last night, when Muriel came in to say that she had met Mr. Page, and that he seemed to have recovered from his gout, the news surprised him; for he had called at the Chineias a few hours before, and had been told that the gout was very bad. He went out, therefore, to see the phenomenon for himself, and if possible to persuade Mr. Page to come back to supper. He did not succeed in giving this invitation, because, though he caught sight of Mr. Page in the distance, he could not get near to him. He shouted, and was heard, for he got a wave of the hand in reply; but that was all.

"He hurried on," said the pine-grower, "as though he thought I was chasing him. In a sense of course I was; but what I mean is that I got the impression that he had some strong reason for avoiding me, so I turned back. It was then that I met the woman."

Scarborough and Varney exchanged glances. The same thought had occurred to them both. Was the woman after all. Mona de la Mar?"

"What was she like?" asked Scarborough.

"I don't know. She didn't give me a chance to see."

"What! Did she run away from you, too?" exclaimed Varney.

"Or bicycle?" said Scarborough.

"Neither. She walked—pretty fast, too. But it wasn't her speed that prevented me from seeing what she was like. I don't know that I ever saw a slight lady without being able to tell a little about her shape, by the way she walked. But this woman—I don't know, I'm sure, whether she was dressed in shapes and corsets."

"What are they?" asked Varney.

"The capsule is a long blue sheet, and the corset is a band made of cardboard and whalebone, and covered with cloth," explained Scarborough. "Some of them stick out a yard in front of the face."

"And the edges fasten together, and hide everything, unless the wearer keeps them open with her hands," added Davis. "This wearer didn't. She even took particular care to keep them shut. Wondered at the time if she was troubled with spots of modesty; but in the light of owner's knowledge I'm pretty sure it wasn't that. So you see, Muriel," he added, turning to his daughter, "I had some reason besides prejudice for saying that there was a woman in it."

Muriel shook her head. "I don't see the reason," she said obstinately, "but I admit that you had more ground than usual for your usual fancy."

"More ground than usual! My usual fancy! Why, I saw her! Anyway I saw the corset and capsule!"

"And imagined all the rest. She was walking in the same direction as Mr. Page. What possible reason have you for supposing that she was pursuing him?"

Scarborough cut in quickly with a remark.

"That," he said, "is what we shall have to inquire into. Ready, Phil?"

"Yes," said Varney. "By Jove! we shall have to hurry if I am to be in time for the performance!"

Muriel opened her eyes rather wide. "You are going to the circus?" she asked. She did not object to circuses; she would have liked to go herself; but—was this exactly a suitable time, when—? Her eyes plainly suggested a rebuke.

"Oh," explained Varney, "I have to. I'm one of the performers, you know."

"Oh!" said Muriel. Her tone this time suggested a sudden and entire lack of interest, and during the few minutes longer that the young men stayed, she said nothing more.

"I say," said Varney, when he and Scarborough had put a mile between them and the Casa Davis, "I like that girl."

Scarborough laughed.

"Do you?" he said. "Then you shouldn't have told her that you were a circus man."

"Why not?"

Because she is very earnest, very young, and very bigoted. Didn't you see how she froze?"

"She did rather!"

"Quite so! She has notions about the whole duty of man, and I expect she thinks you've missed it by a good bit. Bet you five mil she's already told her father that you are are on no account to be asked to go and see them."

"That so?" said Varney. "Well, I mean to go."

"You'll be snubbed."

"Can't help it! But isn't there a chance that she might like to convert me?" said Varney with a grin. "What's the father?"

"Grows pineapples for Covent Garden. Was an Army crammer in London, doing pretty well. Lungs went wrong, so he came out here. Doing pretty well here, too. He's smart, and I should call him the best read Englishman in the island. Muriel's a nice girl, too, or will be when she lives down a few of her crochets. At present she is just a little bit of a prig."

"Then I'll convert her," said Varney.

"I thought the programme was that she was to convert you," commented Scarborough in some amusement.

"Oh, we'll make it mutual! It will be a fair exchange. By the way, you didn't tell them that Page was Carrington."

"No. What was the use? They'll know soon enough. Meanwhile I've a notion that Elsa wouldn't care for the news to be bruited about more than necessary. She still believes in her father's innocence."

"I wonder," said Varney after a short pause, "whether she really does."

Scarborough did not reply. In his own mind the same doubt had risen more than once, only to be steadily crushed down. It seemed difficult to [illegible] Elsa's faith could have survived evidence of the character which it had in these days been subjected, but apparently it had. He remembered too, that she had said that there were proofs, and that the murderer had not succeeded in destroying those. But what proofs could there be? He was quite unable to guess at what she meant, but he could not but think that if she was as he feared, pinning her faith on documents that her father told her contained his vindication, there could only be another bitter disappointment in store for her.

"Are you going to tell her about the pencilled stone?" asked Varney.

"I don't think so."

"Or about the hooded woman?"

"No, not at present. What's your theory about the hooded woman?"

"Haven't got one," said Varney, "unless it's that Miss Davis is right, and that her father is making a great deal out of nothing. By the way, I got the impression that he wasn't fond of Carrington."

"What made you think so?"

"Well, he didn't express any sort of grief at his death, and he seemed very ready to believe that he was running away from that woman. When a man fears a woman so much that he runs from her, the most usual theory is that the man has something to be ashamed of. It struck me that that was the theory that had occurred to Davis."

"Very likely," said Scarborough. "I believe he didn't like Carrington."

"On general grounds? Or did he know anything?"

"I don't think so."

Presently Scarborough returned again to the subject of the hooded woman, and Varney said sharply:

"I see what you're driving at, of course; but you're wrong. You think it was Mona."

"I don't."

"Well, anyway, you are prepared to believe that it may have been. I tell you the idea is absurd, but you don't seem to be inclined to believe me."

"I want to hear what she has to say," Scarborough returned steadily.

"Exactly! You suspect her. I promised to introduce you, and I'll do it; but I'm more than half sorry I promised, and I'm altogether sorry I ever told you about that vow business. It's that that's sticking in your throat all the time, I know. You can't understand that it was all a piece of high-falutin' nonsense, which she has forgotten long ago. She's a rare good sort, and plucky; but you want to make her out a fool!"

Varney spoke with some heat. He and this girl had been comrades for nearly two years, and he resented suspicion as an insult to her.

"It was you who suggested," Scarborough reminded him, "that she refused to perform last night because she had business with Carrington."

"Great Scott, yes! But things have happened since then that she can have had no hand in. Her business wasn't murder!"

"I don't suggest that it was."

"But you won't take it for granted that she had nothing to do with it—could have nothing to do with it, being the girl I know her to be."

"No," said Scarborough.

Varney laughed, but there was vexation in the laugh.

"Then," he said, "the only cure for you is to meet the girl herself. If you're not a hopeless fool, you'll see in five minutes that you've been insulting her. Hurry up, and let's get there as soon as possible."

Twenty minutes later they dismounted at the door of the circus building. Val B. Montague was standing looking out into the road.

"Where's Miss Ryan?" asked Varney.

Val B. Montague turned a straw, by a dexterous movement of his tongue, from one corner of his mouth to the other, and held out his hand to Scarborough, saying:

"I haven't the least idea. Mr. Scarborough, sir, I am pleased to meet you again, but you will no doubt share my regret that I do so under somewhat depressing circumstances. I had the honor to acquaint you yesterday with the fact that this show was going to the devil; I have the honor to inform you to-day that it has gone. Will you let me have the pleasure of standing you a whiskey and soda?"

"What's the matter now?" asked Varney.

"The matter is, sir, that [illegible] the name of Mona de la Mar [illegible] forth not appear on the [illegible] Val B. Montague's A[illegible] Combination. In fact, I [illegible] that world-famous trouper [illegible] these another playbill [illegible] include you in my invitation to drink whiskey and soda."

"Look here, Montague, stop talking nonsense, and tell us what you mean," said Montague [illegible] exactly what I say, but if you [illegible] what that means, I can't tell you. It is a problem beyond my [illegible] My schooner, the Sea [illegible] sailed from the harbor of Ponta Delgada this morning, without my knowledge or permission. It has not returned, and I don't know where or why it has gone."

Val B. Montague laughed as he gave the news, and saw the look of consternation on the young men's faces. Then with a sudden change of manner, he collapsed, and said in a quavering voice to Varney:

"What does it mean, Phil? Ruin to me, of course! But what else?"

"Who was on board?" asked Varney.

"The four deck-hands, the nigger, and the ring-master. I discharged him last night, so he had no right to be there. Except these six, and Mona de la Mar, nobody."

Scarborough and Varney exchanged a look.

"By Jove!" said Varney, and Scarborough gave a short laugh.

Neither of them felt much doubt about the identity of the hooded woman now. Margaret Ryan had not forgotten her vow of vengeance when she came to the islands of the Azores. She had tracked down the man who had ruined her. She had brought him to bay in the valley of the Caldeira de Morte. The injured and the injurer had met face to face. But what had happened then?"

The scene between them had been acted without witnesses. The curtain had gone down upon a tragedy. But had the woman caused it?

CHAPTER X.

A Message From the Dead

Patches of fog were creeping across the water, and as the evening drew down they thickened and grew wider. The setting sun flashed on water mirrors of ever diminishing area. In another hour it would be dark, but even sooner than that the fog curtain would be unbroken, for minute by minute the rents in it were closing.

Elsa stood up in her boat, and marked the exact direction of the rock for which she was steering. Fortunately she had had the foresight to bring a compass. She had half a mile to go yet, and the breeze was dying. She would steer by sight, so long as the fog did not hide the rock, for it did she would have to trust to her compass.

"I wonder what the current is?" she mused. "It is setting dead inshore—but how much? If I allow half a point for drift, that should take me near enough to let me steer by the sound of the surf."

The islet for which she was steering lay a little more than two miles from the shore, with deep water close up to its flanks. It was ring-shaped, like a Pacific atoll, but its formation was different. Not the slow, quiet growth of coral insects had made it, but a convulsion of nature. It was the summit of a deep-water volcano, whose crater raised a brim, a hundred yards across, out of the sea. There was one place on the West, where for a few feet this brim had been broken down, leaving a gap by which a boat might enter; and the water inside made an almost circular lagoon.

Local tradition said that it was bottomless.

It was a place where a ship might have ridden out in safety the heaviest hurricane that ever blew, if it had been possible for any ship to enter. But the opening in the circular wall was hardly more than ten feet across, and underneath there was a broad sill, which rose to within two fathoms of the surface at the face. It was a dangerous entrance, even for a small boat, and when the wind blew from the west, impossible; but Elsa knew it well, and thought that she could manage it, even alone.

She was an expert and fearless boatwoman, but she was not accustomed to having to depend altogether upon herself in her expeditions. The boat was a present which her father had given her a little more than a year ago; but with the present, he coupled a stipulation that she should never go out in it alone. The irregular coasts of San Miguel breed treacherous currents, and wind squalls are sudden; but even had the waters been as safe as the Solent, Elsa's boat was too big for one girl to manage.

This, therefore, was the first occasion on which she had been out in it alone; but to-day a companion was impossible. For she had work to do which no eye but her own must see.

Did she still believe in her father's innocence? She was acting as though she did; and, for the rest, she tried to force herself not to think.

She had not kept her faith without a struggle. Misgivings had arisen in her mind, but she had strangled them remorselessly at their birth, and by an effort of will made herself believe that they had never been born. There was, however, one moment when the doubts had been too strong to be stifled thus; they had cried clamorously, and had refused to be choked; and for half-an-hour she had tasted a misery more bitter even than that which had come when she first knew that her father was dead. That moment was when she listened to Scarborough's tale of the embezzlement of Margaret Ryan's inheritance, and had told him passionately that since he believed it, he might go—for almost she thought she hated him. She had thrown herself on the couch, and sobbed hysterically; for at that moment the knowledge was in her heart that what he said was true!

Later had come the reaction. She took up her faith again, the more unreasonably because reason had forced her to lay it down; and she despised herself for the weakness in allowing the calumny to influence her even for a moment. There was something of obstinacy in this—the obstinacy of a strong nature which fights the more tenaciously when facts and common sense alike are against it, and it knows quite well that it is in the wrong; and there was even more of the beautiful loyalty with which every true woman will always, at whatever violence to her own judgment of right and wrong, defend those whom she loves.

So, with a resolute [illegible] that when Elsa set out to go to the circus at Ponta Delgada, her father's last words to her had been that if—[illegible] as such a chance seemed at the time—he was not at the Chineiss when she returned, she would find in his desk, in the second small drawer, on the left, a paper that would tell her what she was to do.

This paper was marked, "To my daughter, Elsa, to be opened by her to-morrow at noon, if by that time I have not returned to destroy it."

Elsa opened it an hour after Scarborough had left her. This was what it contained:

"My dear daughter,—I told you this morning that when you returned to Ponta Delgada you might possibly find that I was not at home. I [illegible] and to hear your report of [illegible] whom you had seen. I [illegible] told you that the possibility [illegible] tainty, but I did not wish [illegible] By the time you return [illegible] succeeded or failed, in [illegible] the success of which [illegible] that to ensure it [illegible] ting myself as [illegible] you are doing your best at Ponta Delgada to discover who the unknown enemy is, I shall be engaged in a similar contest with an enemy who is well known to me, an enemy who of late has taken to using threats. Now, little girl, between the known enemy and the unknown, I run a double risk of failure, and this is what you must help me to avoid.

"The sealed [illegible] with your [illegible] trust to [illegible] guard them, [illegible] watched as I [illegible] into any place [illegible] your task. [illegible] me will not [illegible] watch you [illegible] put it [illegible] know [illegible]

"I shall not ask you [illegible] "I am not a fanciful man. I have written those words, 'I do not return,' deliberately. Of late I have had a feeling, a fanciful man would say a presentiment, that my end is not far off. I have lived of varied activities, some useful, some perhaps not so useful, at a strain of old efforts is beginning upon me. In the early years of manhood I suffered great physical hardships, and they left a weak place behind. I let London my doctor warn me that the weak place was becoming weaker. The effort which I must make to-day—an effort, which for you as well as mine is inevitable—is of the sort which I have been warned to avoid, but I have no choice. I tell you this unwillingly, and for the first time, but it is necessary that you should be ready, if I fail, to take up the work where I leave it.

"Now you will ask—what is the work? My daughter, it is the rehabilitation of my name. I have thought lately that you were beginning to doubt whether my [illegible] point was not becoming [illegible] I say to you [illegible] strong now as ever [illegible] said that, I am now [illegible] thing which you will [illegible] derstand. It is this: [illegible] work to you, but I [illegible] you to complete it. [illegible] certain circumstances [illegible] complete it. I do [illegible] the judge of the [illegible] That is an office [illegible] you, but to [illegible]

"Your m[illegible]

"Good-bye, little girl. I think [illegible] is the longest letter I have ever written to you. I have one thing more [illegible] add to it. If you have begun to doubt me in some things, at any rate you have never doubted that I love you. In days to come your estimate of your father may change; you will hear things that will try your faith. But never believe that he did not love you. It is for your sake that I am taking danger to-day; it is for your sake, I hope for success, that I may [illegible] to you to be happy for a little [illegible] longer in your love.

"It is time now that I was starting. I cannot write more. But again, darling, good-bye."

To be continued.

A MOTHER'S PRAISE
OF BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Mrs. Allen Mason, Carleton, N.B., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets ever since I have had children, and that is going on fifteen years. I have always found them entirely satisfactory for all the ailments of little ones and feel that I cannot praise them too highly. Mrs. Mason's praise is just that of thousands of mothers who [illegible] Baby's Own Tablets the only [illegible] to keep in the house [illegible] ones. The Tablets are [illegible] dealers or by [illegible] box from The [illegible] Co., Brockville, Ont.

Mrs. Henry [illegible] died at N[illegible] her husband [illegible]