The Canadian Champion

MILTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1911. No. 8

A GROTESQUE OFFE

Mengo Cathedral, in U was recently destroyed was probably the largest Central Africa, being cap mining nearly 50,000 peop consecrated about six yea in offertory of grotesq gifts was collected on th his consisted of 15 cows, 25 eggs, 130 goats, 75 fowls, and a number of ducks, for lack of room, were taken. The Cathedral, but a few goats were led up to the altar and received the bishop, while the fowls were brought in big bamboo cr

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—BY—

WEATHERBY CHESNEY

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"I dare say not," said Montague, "but they won't wait for a steamer. My ring-master didn't, and they'll go by his road. See here, I'll improve your mind by imparting some of the knowledge of local politics which I've learned lately myself. They've got conscription in these islands. Don't fidget, man; you'll see in a minute that I'm talking strictly to the point—they've got conscription, and one consequence of that is that no young Azorean is allowed to emigrate till he has served his time in the army, or till he has paid a tax of some forty pounds to go to the cost of providing a substitute. Well, there are lots of young fellows who haven't got forty pounds in the world, and have no prospects of ever raising it, and yet they emigrate. How do you suppose they manage it? The Yankee orange ships helm 'em, sir. My great country is always at hand to help the cause of freedom, corporate or individual—at a profit! The would-be emigrant goes out in a small boat in a fog, or on a dark night, if there isn't a fog; the orange ship, which has been hanging about for the express purpose, takes him aboard, and carries him to the land of freedom, for money down if he has any, and if not, for the value of his boat, which, ten to one, he has stolen. Since I began to make inquiries in the matter I have heard of a skipper picking up as many as twenty passengers of that sort in a single foggy night. My ring-master seems to have known of that earlier than I did. I used to wonder what his idea was in running away with my ship as he did; it seemed to me a pointless bit of piracy, if prison waited for him when he came back, as of course he must have known that it did, barring the lucky fog and the luckier orange boat. But I don't wonder now; I know. There was no luck about it. He calculated on both the fog and the orange boat; and mark my words, if you don't look out to prevent it, that's what Gillies will do, too. See sense in what I say?"

"Yes," said Scarborough. "But we can't watch the whole coast."

"No need to. Watch the place where Gillies keeps his boat—the one he went to the Ring-Rock in. Miss Carrington has a boat, too, hasn't she? Have it handy, night and day, with a couple of men in it who know how to row. Now, off with you! I'm here for the night; but if I have recovered sufficiently in the morning, I'll contrive to report to you somewhere, and you can make use of me in any way you like. Sorry I've been such a fool over the job you did give me to do."

Five minutes later the party had started. Scarborough rode with Elsa, Varney with Muriel Davis, as had been arranged. The problem of how to dispose of Mona Carrington Mar had been settled by that lady herself. She said that she would wait to see that Montague was made comfortable by the Scotch landlady, and then, would follow alone. Elsa gave Scarborough a hint of the possible reason for this.

"I have found out why she said last night that she did not need the diamonds now. Do you remember that she blushed when she told us that she had a reason for not saying at present? I know that there was an uncle sent now it came about that she did not want them?"

"Yes," said Scarborough. "I wondered why."

"So did I. To-day she told me. Phil Varney told you that her father made his money in cattle ranching; did he know that there was an uncle in partnership?"

"Perhaps he did. He didn't say so to me, though."

"The uncle took over the whole interest when Mona's father retired. He died three months ago; he was a bachelor, and Mona is his heiress. She is a rich woman, richer than ever she was before my father took her inheritance."

Scarborough whistled.

"Good old Mona!" he said, laughing. "I'm glad. But I don't see why she blushed."

"She loves Montague, and she wants him to ask her to marry him. He half did so once before, and took his words back because he found out that she had some money. She thinks that if he were to learn about this he would never ask her at all."

"So we are to keep quiet about it?" said Scarborough. "All right, I won't give her away. I think she is a splendid girl, and Val B., in spite of his eccentricities, is almost as good a fellow as she thinks him. But do you approve of the match?"

"Of course I do," said Elsa. "She loves him. What else matters?"

Scarborough did not answer; but he stole a glance at the girl who had given that as her philosophy of love and marriage; and he remembered the words, in case he should have to quote them presently against the speaker herself.

They rode the rest of the way in silence, giving all their attention to keeping up a good pace. At the gate of the Casa Davis they were met by Muriel's father and Scott, who had ridden over from Ribeira Grande. Scott put a letter into Scarborough's hand without speaking, and Mr. Davis was waving a slip of shining paper in the air.

"Is that the photograph?" asked Scarborough eagerly.

"Yes. Read it!"

The words which they already knew stood out white from the brown background of the paper, but between them there were now other words, faint, but still legible.

"Diamond cache. Blue lake . . feet N. of dripping well."

"Where is the Blue Lake?" asked Varney.

"At Sete Cidades," said Davis.

"And that is the road that Montague said those two had taken! By Jove!" said Varney excitedly. "Or as Val B. himself would say, Jumping Jehoshaphat, sir! We shall have to hurry!"

CHAPTER XXV.

The Philosophy of Croesus.

"Now, Horace," said Varney, "dispose your forces. We all put ourselves under your orders. What are we to do?"

Scarborough turned to Scott.

"Are you free to join in?" he asked.

"Yes," said Scott. "I've arranged for both your duty and mine in the instrument room to be taken for us. You promised that I should be in at the death, you know, so I made Mason and the Pathriot volunteer to see our work through."

"Good. Then Phil, will you go to the coast. I think Montague was right, and that if they find the diamonds they'll try to get away at once. Find out where Gillies' boat is lying, and keep an eye on her. If you see them trying to escape, stop them if you can; we shan't be far behind, I hope, and will come to your help. If you can't stop them, follow them in Miss Carrington's boat, find out the name of the ship that picks them up, and we'll cable to the American ports, and have them stopped when they try to land. Scott and I will go to Sete Cidades."

"What about us?" asked Elsa. "Muriel and I claim to be included in your arrangements."

"Then I arrange that you shall both stay here," said Scarborough at once. "The work may not be of a kind that you ought to share."

Elsa's upper lip tightened with the line of obstinacy that Scarborough had seen more than once before.

"I shall go with you and Mr. Scott to Sete Cidades," she said quietly, and he knew that it was useless to argue further.

"Very well," he said. "And Miss Davis?"

"Oh," Varney cut in, "Miss Davis won't be available. She and I had a talk on our way back from Furnas, and as the subject was rather an important one, she will stay and tell her father what we said. That isn't quite the proper arrangement, I know," he added, turning to Mr. Davis. "I ought to be the one to stay to 'talk to father,' but Scarborough has ordered otherwise."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Davis, heartily, "if what Muriel has to say to me is that she and you want my consent to an engagement—why, are you blushing, Muriel? I shall be just as glad to hear the news from her lips as from yours. But," he added silly, "it can't be that of course, because she doesn't approve of you."

"She is going to try to conquer her aversion," said Varney.

"Is she?" asked Mr. Davis, with a pretence at surprise. "Then I am afraid you will have to look forward to a very long engagement. Muriel's opinions about men are, as you know, the result of long and deep study on the subject of man's iniquities; consequently she is just a trifle obstinate in sticking to them. She is my daughter, so perhaps I oughtn't to say so; but no doubt you've noticed it yourself. She'll take a long time to learn to like you, I'm afraid."

Muriel came and wound her arms round her father's neck and kissed him.

"Don't be worried, dad," she said. "It won't take me long to learn to like Phil."

"Sure?" asked her father, smiling. "You don't mean to tell me that my daughter is going to abandon a cherished prejudice without a struggle? How do you know you will learn so easily to like him?"

"Because I love him now."

With flaming cheeks, and a laugh that was almost a sob, she ran from the room, and Elsa followed her. Mr. Davis turned to the three men.

"Gentlemen," he said, and there was a slight quiver in his voice as he spoke, "if you had no more pressing business to attend to than the love affairs of my foolish little girl, I would ask you to stay to-night and drink bumpers to her future happiness; for I think that I have secured a capital fellow for my son-in-law, and that my daughter will have a good husband. Phil, my boy, I hope that you and she will be very happy together, and I think you will. But, if you will prefer by her father's experience, don't give way to her crotchets too often. Stand up to her now and then, or she won't leave you in possession of a single opinion that you can call your own. There, boys, off with you to your post! Where is his post, by the way, Scarborough?"

"Somewhere along the coast opposite the Ring-Rock," said Scarborough.

"All right, off you go. But Phil—I don't know what you young people have found out to-day, so I don't know whether your duty to-night involves danger or not—but if the choice is offered to you between letting the diamonds go and risking your life to get them, think of my little girl and let them go. Mr. Scarborough, I ask you to back me up in this."

"I shall be all right," said Varney, before Scarborough could answer. "But how long am I to stick down there, Horace?"

Mr. Davis laughed.

"He wants to hasten back to his wooing!" he said. "I'll drive Muriel over to see you to-morrow, Phil, and you and she can have an hour together without the necessity of abandoning your duty to get it."

"But if there is danger—" Varney began, doubtfully.

"I don't propose to let my daughter share it, of course," said Mr. Davis. "You young people have been far too busy, I suppose, to have had time to observe the fact that the island of San Miguel has suffered to-day from an earthquake. I hear that a new islet has been suddenly formed in the sea near the Ring Rock, and as it probably will disappear again in a few days, I want to see it. That's why Muriel and I will be in the neighbourhood of your sentry beat to-morrow."

Varney said no more, but set off at once, and when he had gone, Davis said to Scarborough:

"I have to thank you for giving me a chance of making that young man's acquaintance. He possesses the excellent combination of high spirits and sound common-sense. He is a fine fellow, and I like him immensely. I shall give my daughter to him with perfect trust that he will make her happy; and that's a great thing for a father to be able to say nowadays. Now won't you read your letter? Scott rode over with it from Ribeira Grande on the chance of meeting you here, and I gathered that he thought it was important. You need not grudge a minute or two. Miss Carrington won't be ready just yet, you know. The girls always have confidences to exchange on an occasion like this."

Scarborough had forgotten about the letter, which he still held unopened in his hand. He opened it now. It was from the uncle whom Scott had christened Croesus.

"My Dear Horace," it began. "As from the letter of yours which I received this morning I gather that you still consider that my opinion is of importance, I'll give it to you straight away. It's this—if you meet a good woman and love her, marry her, if she loves you in return. There's a lot of humbug preached now-a-days about the folly of marrying if you haven't this much or that much a year—the exact sum varies according to the social position of the preacher—on which to keep the house going. That's nonsense. Marry on nothing a year, if that is your income, and if you both young and healthy, and if you love each other. Then put your heads together and find a way of making the nothing into a sum of four figures. If you reverse the process, and wait for the wife until you have the four figures to keep her on, the chances are that you will find that one of two things has happened: either a better and bolder man than you has stepped in and taken the prize from you, or you have outgrown the power of loving. For love, Horace, the real thing, the thing that poets sing of, comes to a man only when he is young; but if he gives it a proper welcome then, it will stay with him when he is old; if he does not, it flies, and it never comes back. There is many a middle-aged man in London now—prosperous, contented, perhaps, and very likely married to a woman whom he placidly loves—and yet he missed the supreme joy of life, missed it irretrievably, because he had not the grit to snatch it when it came. A man is apt to think that because he holds himself in hand, and will not ask a woman to share his early struggles, he is doing something noble; but the real truth is that he is merely doing something selfish. The joy is in the fight, the winning battle against the world, for the one person in the whole world whom you love best: but do you think that joy is an exclusively male prerogative? The woman, if she loves you, can fight as bravely, as joyously, as you. What right have you to deny her the chance of the battle?

"There, that's my philosophy, Horace. Probably you have skipped it to get to the practical part; but read it through again, when you have nothing to do; or better, let the girl read it and see whether she doesn't agree with every word I say. I did not act on it myself, and that is why I am anxious that you should not repeat my mistake. I was just about as old as you when I let my chance go. Don't do as I did.

"I say all this to you because you seem to suggest a doubt whether you can manage on what you have got. You inquire whether my former offer is still open, and you hint that if it isn't, you have no right to ask the girl to marry you. My boy, if you love her, and have reason to believe that she loves you, you have no right to keep silent. Of course the offer is still open—two offers, in point of fact—but if I refused to help you by so much as a shilling, that would not alter your obligation. I've preached enough—now for the practical part.

"You can have a place at my city office at three hundred a year, with the prospect of rapid promotion if you like it; that is the offer which I have kept open for Phil. The other is somewhat more in your tastes. I have been investing largely in land lately, and I want a land agent to represent me. The salary in this case is £300 a year, because the position requires that you should make a certain amount of money amongst my tenants, and you couldn't do it on less. But it is a stationary salary. Make your own choice.

"There is one thing more. When I die, you will be mentioned in my will, but not as my sole heir. The conditions will be somewhat peculiar, and depend upon yourself. If you can prove to my executors that on the day of my death you were worth ten pounds, you will receive something; if you can prove a thousand, you will receive a great deal more. As you know, I preach the doctrine that nothing succeeds like success, and my will is to be my last sermon to you on that theme. The proportion of my property which comes to you is, therefore, a matter which I put in your own hands; the surplus will go towards founding a charitable institution of some sort, whose nature I have not yet decided. Probably it will be an Ambler Home for consistent Failures amongst Varsity Men—the most melancholy class on earth, Horace!

"Give my love to the girl. Tell her there are no family diamonds, but there will be a cheque to help in the furnishings."

By the time that Scarborough had finished reading this characteristic letter Elsa returned.

"I am ready, Horace," she said. "Shall we start?"

"Yes," said Scarborough, and as they passed out of the room, he whispered to Scott:—

"Ride a little in front, or behind, old man, will you?"

Scott answered with a grin.

"Uncle Croesus turned up trumps? Are you going to win, as he cabled to you?"

"I hope to win," Scarborough whispered back. "Anyway, I am going to follow Phil's example, and try."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Sete Cidades

Sete Cidades, the Seven Cities, are seven small craters which lie in the deep bowl of another and far vaster crater. They are round ponds of tinted water now, or shallow cups filled with a crowding vegetation; once they were volcanoes; but their rage is spent, their furnaces have long been cold, and on their ashes flowers grow. Nature by giving a rich fertility to the soil which their embers made, has covered with a garment of beauty the scars of her former wounds.

The sides of the main crater are steep, and difficult of descent, except in one place where the flowing lava found an exit. At the bottom of the great cup there are two lakes, the Lago Verde, filled with brilliant green water, and the Lago Azul, of an equally brilliant blue. On one of the many tongues of land which stretch into these lakes there is a tiny village of white houses, nestling amid the trees.

"That is the Blue Lake which the writing on the stone refers to," said Scarborough, "and the Dripping Well is on the opposite shore from here. If only Davis's photograph had told us how far from the well, instead of leaving a blank before the word 'feet,' we could go down and begin our fishing. I see no sign of Gillies."

The two young men and the girl were standing near the edge of the great crater, looking down. They had approached cautiously, thinking it was possible they might effect a surprise, and by coming on the clerk and Mrs. Carrington suddenly, win the secret of the stolen plan from them. But the waters of the Blue Lake lay quiet and mirror-like in the evening calm.

"There is no one working near the Dripping Well," said Scarborough. "You go down, Scott, and find out in the village if they have been here today. Neither of the pair knows you, so even if they are there now, and see you, possibly they won't think you are after them. We will wait for you here."

Scott went off down the rugged path which led to the lower ground, and when he was out of earshot, Scarborough said to Elsa:—

"Would you like to read my uncle's letter for yourself?"

"No," she said. "You have told me what he says."

"Most of it," said Scarborough, "but not all. He says that if there is love, nothing else matters. You said the same thing yourself this morning."

Elsa did not answer, and presently Scarborough asked in a low voice:—

"Elsa, is there love?"

"Yes."

The answer was lower than a whisper, hardly more than a movement of the lips; but she had turned her face to him, and was looking into his eyes. He heard it.

"My darling!" he whispered, and bent towards her to take her in his arms. But even now she drew back from him.

"It is true that I love you, Horace," she said, "but—"

"But nothing else matters, dear! You said so yourself."

She shook her head, saying softly:—

"There is one thing that matters—disgrace."

"It will not come near you," he cried. "You are not disgraced. The crimes of others do not touch you."

"The crime was my father's," she answered steadily.

"But not yours!"

"Not mine, but the disgrace of it must be mine. And my mother is committing the crime over again now, perhaps has already committed it. My name is dishonored, and I should dishonor yours if I took it."

Scarborough took three steps away from her, and then turned, and before she knew what he was going to do she was in his arms, and his kisses were on her lips.

"You love me," he said passionately; "you have confessed it! Do you think that after hearing you say that I will take any answer from you but 'yes?'"

She did not resist. She had not expected his outburst, but she loved him for it the more. She returned his kiss, and was content.

Presently she looked up into his face, and asked:—

"Horace, do you really mean that nothing matters except love—nothing—not even disgrace? You say so now, but will you say so always?"

"Always, sweetheart."

She nestled closer to him, saying softly:—

"Then tell me again that you love me, and in listening to you I will try to forget the rest."

He told her, and told her again, and it seemed that she would never tire of hearing the words, or he of saying them. They forgot all about Scott and his errand to the Blue Lake; for they were living through the supreme moment of existence, the moment when the first kiss has been given and returned, when Love has put the old question, and has been answered by a whispered 'Yes.'

But presently Scarborough jumped to his feet with an exclamation.

"Scott is signalling something with a glass!"

Down in the valley a point of light was flashing against the setting sun. Scott had a piece of broken mirror in his hand, and was using it as a heliograph, winning a message to them in the long and short flashes of the Morse code.

"What does he say?" asked Elsa.

"'Are you asleep up there?' Scarborough read the message to her. "'Mrs. Carrington is in one of the houses, but Gillies has gone.'"

He took out his handkerchief, and waving it like a flag, signalled back by the same code "O.K.," the telegraphist's sign that the message has been read and understood.

"I'm going down," he said to Elsa. "Will you come or stay here?"

"I will come, of course. Together in all things now, Horace!" she said with a happy smile.

They clambered down the rough path hand in hand, and Scott met them at the bottom.

"Hullo," he said with a grin, "you look uncommonly cheerful, Scarborough! Anything happened? Been taking the prescription Uncle Croesus sent you? He was in rather a bad way, you know, Miss Carrington, and so he cabled to England for advice. Glad to see it has done him good!"

"This," said Scarborough, turning to Elsa with a laugh, "is my fellow cable-man's uncouth way of congratulating me on winning the sweetest girl in the world for my wife. I hope you gather that, Elsa! Now, Scott, what about Mrs. Carrington?"

"She's at a little venta in the village. I think there has been trouble."

"Have you seen her?"

"No, but I saw a dress hanging on a line to dry, which didn't look like a native garment, and I asked a man whether anyone had been upset on the lake. He said that an English Senhor and Senhora had gone out in a boat, how far from the well, instead of leaving a blank before the word 'feet,' we could go down and begin our fishing, and that the Senhora had been found on the shore later, dripping wet and unconscious. She was at the venta now, but the Senhor had gone. I didn't wait to hear more, but telegraphed with a bit of glass to you. Better go to the venta, hadn't we?"

They went to the little inn, and found Mrs. Carrington sitting in a rough wooden rocking chair, clothed grotesquely in country garments which she had borrowed from the padrona, and with a white bandage wrapped about her head. There was a hot flush on her cheeks, she looked very ill, but she received them with a laugh.

"You are too late," she cried mockingly. "But of course I am glad to see you. Is Our Mr. Montague with you? Charming man! I was sorry to have to part with him so rudely this morning."

"Mother, are you hurt?" asked Elsa anxiously.

"Don't be silly, child. Of course I am hurt." was the ungracious answer. "Do you suppose I wear this thing around my head as an ornament?"

"What has happened? And where is Gillies?" asked Scarborough.

"I haven't the faintest idea where Gillies is," said the widow, "and my knowledge of what happened is vague. The only thing I am sure about is that we had a difference of opinion in the boat, and that he struck me. I don't remember any more. But as I was afterwards found lying on the bank, wet to the skin, and with a bleeding cut on my head, I think the probability is that I fell out of the boat and struck my head against something on the way. He seems to have taken the trouble to pull me out of the water; which is surprising, because he was in a great hurry."

"Had you found the diamonds?"

"What else should we quarrel about?" asked the widow, laughing again. "My husband's plan was very plain, after one knew the spot to which it referred; and Gillies showed great intelligence in guessing the meaning of those words, 'Blue . . . N. drip,' which I learned from you last night. Our difference of opinion occurred on the question as to who should have the custody of the stones until the thirty per cent. commission could be paid. I stuck up for my rights in the matter, but he seems to have carried his point. He has disappeared, and he has taken his thirty per cent. with him!"

"And your seventy per cent.?" asked Scarborough.

"Yes, that has gone, too. Disappointing, isn't it?"

Scarborough turned to Scott.

"Take Miss Carrington back to the Casa Davis," he said. "I shall go and join Phil by the boat. The man must not be allowed to get away."

"Mr. Scott can go with you," said Elsa.

"But you can't ride back alone. It will be dark in an hour," Scarborough objected.

"I shall stay here. I think my mother is ill."

Mrs. Carrington looked at her daughter with a curious surprise.

To be continued.

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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
Campbellville	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

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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.

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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. I. DICK, Milton,
Clerk of the Peace.

Canadian Champion

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W. 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, Conveyancer. Money to Loan. Office: Court House, Milton, Ont.

VICTOR CHISHOLM, Barrister, Solicitor, &c. Notary Public. Money to loan at lowest rates. Office—Over Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

J. W. ELliOT, B.A., Barrister, &c. Notary Public. Money to Loan. Office: First door east of Messrs' Wire & Cloth Factory, Main-st., Milton.

E. W. BOYD, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Conveyancer, &c. 2 Toronto-st., Toronto. Money to Loan.

DENTAL.

B. GOLLOP, L.D.S., D.D.S. DENTIST. Honor graduate Toronto University. Office: Doctor's Block, upstairs.

T. T. HARRIS, L.D.S., DENTIST, Oakville, will visit Milton on the last 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 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.

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. D. S. HOUCK, 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 8 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.

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.

CANADIAL PACIFIC RAILWAY

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 p.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
(H. & N. W. Division.)

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
7.45 a.m.	4.45 p.m.	10.25 a.m.	8.35 p.m.

1911 NEW WALLPAPERS

Canadian and American

The Finest Shown in Milton, from 5c. to $3.00 per roll.

Leathers, Burlaps (dyed or oil coated), also fine samples of Mouldings—in fact, all kinds of fancy decorations.

LET ME CALL AND SHOW YOU MY SAMPLES.

FRANK PEAREN. Art Decorator

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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Scientific American

MUNN & Co. New York

Clubbing Offer

With Champion—
Daily Globe $4.25
Mail and Empire 4.25
Weekly Globe 1.75

Peep again in your oven.
See those loaves, those *pleasing* loaves you've made.
How *fat—rounded—substantial.*
No, they *wont* fall when colder.
Because the *Manitoba strength* that is in FIVE ROSES will hold them up till eaten.
This sturdy *elastic* gluten has kept them from dropping *flat* in the oven.
No unsightly holes 'twixt crust and crumb—*never.*
All risen *evenly*—to *stay* risen.
Never heavy—sodden—soggy—indigestible.
Yours are the FIVE ROSES loaves—
Crinkly and *appetizing* of crust.
Golden brown and tender.
Snowy of crumb—*light* as thistledown.
FIVE ROSES helps a lot.
Try it *soon.*

The Five Roses Flour
Not Bleached Not Blended