TTER
oking his
dle while
atched by
ng butter.
to a skin
mel, and
e swing
the rest
excellent
can tam
ned by a
trained
galloping
s.

INDIA
According to
Census returns,
dia is now 315
of 20½ millions

A TREASURE
Written by Kit
years old, to his
Royal, a letter has
$33.

No fewer than
during the threshing
corn-stack in Berkshire

DINING ROOM
UFFETS $21.50
k. Your choice of two
tery, long linen drawer,
to drawers, British bevel
Were $26.00, Special
INERS $17.00
construction, upholstery
LING & CO.
CHES AND EMBALMERS
J. E. TURN

Phone
IMPERIAL
FOUNDRY CO.
LIMITED
MANUFACTURERS OF
THE MILTON HOT WATER
AND STEAM BOILERS
Foundry Work a Specialty.
Highest prices paid for Scrap
Iron

RY REPAIRS
tended to at the
MACHINE SHOP
ELECTROPLATING
The Outlay
Is
GUARANTEED.
M. Co., Limited,
ONT.

e Bargains
and Second hand
New York
Blacs, Reos, Hudsons, Fords,
Maxwells, Buicks, Peerless,
Many Others
G CARS
ASSENGER.
BOUTS
NGER.
Delivery Cars
ALL MODELS
A Demonstrator.
RIGHT
our description
money.
OR COMPANY
BUFFALO, N.Y.

INS CURED
OUT WRITTEN CONSENT.
Days for Weeks.
is youth brought on
would become
My family
I dreaded it.
wanted was my
better than
work so much and
Kennedy &
self and knew
and not The New
and during
d. However,
was rewarded
in a machine
loose a day.
C. LOCUST,

SEEN DISEASED?
They sap the
tem will cause
ptoms—our NEW
have broken
sically and
ger signals!
marry? Has
New Method
Consultation
ree of Charge.
of Men.
CONSENT, PRIVATE. No names or fees.
Question List and Book of Treatment
&KENNEDY
Old St., Detroit, Mich.
from Canada must be addressed
Canadian Correspondence Department,
Windsor, Ont. If you desire to
be in Detroit as we are and treat
are for Correspondence and
address all letters as follows:
Y, Windsor, Ont.

The Canadian Champion

MILTON, THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1912.

VOLUME 52. No. 48

Spring Medicines.
Nyal's Spring Tonic, Nyal's Blood Purifier, Mountain Herbs 25c. pkg. Sulphur and Cream of Tartar Lozenges 15c. Stomach and Liver Pills 25c. box.
MACKENZIE'S
The People's Druggist. MILTON.

Soap Making Supplies.
Caustic Soda, Caustic Potash, Sal Soda, Pearlasy, Concentrated Lye.
MACKENZIE,
The People's Druggist. MILTON.
Phone 40.

BANK OF HAMILTON
CAPITAL PAID UP.....$2,870,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits.....3,500,000
Total Assets.....44,000,000
It is not easy to alter the habits of a lifetime—no small matter to forsake extravagance and learn to save.
You will never learn unless you have the incentive of a Savings Account.
Do not procrastinate—call at the Bank of Hamilton—and open an account.
Head Office HAMILTON
H. P. WANZER, Agent, Milton.

COUNTY OF HALTON LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR FOR 1912

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

JUDGES AND ADMINISTRATORS OF CLERKS—1. Wm. Parton, Milton; 2. Arthur Hilmer, Oakville; 3. Geo. Rowe, Georgetown; 4. R. J. McNabb, Acton; 5. Wm. Frazer, Campbellville; 6. Samuel J. Gray, Burlington.

Court of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 11th Tuesday in each month, on opening days at 1 p.m.

Jury and non-jury sittings, without Jury, 2nd April and 1st October, and so often at other times as may be required for the despatch of business.

County Court sittings, formerly Terms—8th January, 1st April, 2nd July and 7th October.

Administrators, Justice Accounts, 8th January, 8th April, 8th July and 7th October.

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

Canadian Champion
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
Office of Publication,
MAIN ST. MILTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—$1.50 a year $1.00 if paid in advance.

To Subscribers—No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor. A post-office notice to discontinue is sufficient.

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

ADVERTISING RATES
Display advertisements, contracts or inches measured vertically, over 5 cents per inch per insertion. Extra space 10 cents per inch.
Business cards of ten lines or less, $10 per annum.
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 an advertisement, and charged accordingly.
Notices of births, deaths and marriages, 25c. each.
Transient advertisements, 10 cents per line, except those of lost, strayed, stolen and wants, which should be inserted at 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

W. PANTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

LEGAL.

WILLIAM I. DICK,
(County Crown Attorney)
Barrister, Solicitor and Conveyancer. Money to loan. Office Court House, Milton, Ont.

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

J. W. ELLIOTT, B.A.,
Barrister, &c., Notary Public. Money to loan. Office First door east of Messrs. Dean & Co.'s shoe factory, Main st., Milton.

DENTAL.

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, Former Office hours 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.

H. WHEELER, Teacher of Music
Piano, Organ and Violin.
Address—Sarah St., Milton

Sam Henson
East Mary St., MILTON
Carpenter, Contractor,
Kitchen Cabinets made to order.
Repairs, etc. Estimates given.

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 8 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.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING EAST.		
6.57 a.m. (flag).	7.25 a.m.	10.20 a.m.
2.55 p.m.	5.20 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.

DON'T FORGET!
I have the finest assortment of
HIGH-CLASS
Wall Papers
that have ever been shown in the Town of Milton.
You Can Buy Them at City Prices!
CALL AND SEE THEM.
Crowns, Cut-Outs and Fancy Decorative Effects
Mouldings to Match.
FRANK PEAREN.
Art Decorator

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D.C.

Clubbing Offer

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

BRITZ OF HEADQUARTERS

BY MARCIN BARBER

Supplied Exclusively in Canada by the British & Colonial Press, Limited, Toronto.

"Don't move, or you'll get this!" said a rough voice.

Mrs. Delaroche gasped, and despite the hand, sank back again to her pillow. She could still feel, however, or fancied she could, the icy rim of the metal that had touched her brow. This was a great feat of imagination for Mrs. Delaroche.

"That's right; lie still!" continued the voice. "If you know what's good for you."

The woman, after several agonized seconds, summoned courage to say in a choked whisper, "But——"

"Never mind talking now," said the voice again. "I told you to keep still, and you'd better do it!"

Rough though the voice was, it was carefully subdued. It could not have been heard in the corridor. Mrs. Delaroche drew a deep, fluttering breath, and was evidently on the point of making another attempt to speak when the metallic ring touched her forehead again, chilling her to silence, and the voice went on:

"See here, lady, I've got no time to waste with you. Just you stay where you are, and don't make a sound, unless you want to get this!" and the metal was pressed a little harder to her forehead. "I am going to get out of this room quietly, and I'm going right now. If you make any noise for the next five minutes, I'll blow your head off!"

Ice water seemed to course through the woman's veins. She dared not move a muscle, nor did she essay to speak again. As far as her benumbed senses could tell her, there was no irresolution in that raucous voice, not in the contact of the weapon against her shrinking flesh. She did as much thinking as it was possible for her to do, and concluded she at least must pretend to obey the command for silence until the burglar should go far enough away to give her a chance of escape. The door of her boudoir, with a strong thumb-bolt on its inner side, offered protection could she but reach it. She knew its exact situation, and in spite of the darkness, could have made her way to it without swerving. But to do so she must cross half the width of the bedroom, and after the burglar's latest words she did not doubt he would put his threat into execution before she could reach the floor. So she lay still, trembling in every inch of her unseen loveliness, hoping for an opportunity to help ere the thief could escape from the hotel. She had a fair supply of animal courage, and if she had not been taken at so great a disadvantage might have made a fair fight for that which the burglar had taken from beneath her pillow. But life fitted her altogether too comfortably at all points to risk any hopeless daring of danger. She lay still.

The cold pressure was removed from her forehead, and the burglar moved about the room. The thick carpet and doubtless the felt soles on the man's feet as auxiliaries, made his steps soundless. He went from her dressing table to a writing desk, lighting each in turn with a vivid circle of rays from an electric pocket torch, but holding the little illuminating device always in such position that no faint est gleam fell upon himself. Not for a moment, however, did he slacken his alertness sufficiently for Mrs. Delaroche to have a good chance to get to the inner room. He pretended to search thoroughly several places where money or jewels might be kept, but even to a woman of her slow wit, it was apparent he did so in a half hearted way. Millicent felt assured the man knew just what he had taken from beneath her pillow, and that he was satisfied with it. He showed that to be true when he gave up the pretended search without so much as trying the handle of a small safe in a far corner of the room. Returning to the bedside, he renewed his warning, throwing so much savage meaning into his words that Mrs. Delaroche was certain there was no pretense about that.

Then he walked to the door opening on the corridor, turned the handle cautiously, thrust his head through a second opening, and looked up and down the hall. Evidently reassured, he opened the door, stepped outside, and closed it swiftly and silently. There was not a sound to indicate whether he had gone along the corridor, or still stood just outside the door. Mrs. Delaroche waited, listening intently in the hope of hearing his footsteps, but she listened vainly. She waited perhaps a minute, for she had no desire to hazard a shot from that terrible thing the burglar had pressed against her brow. Then her courage oozed back, and she bounded to the floor, screaming with all her might, pausing only long enough to snatch a peignoir and throw it about her shoulders ere she pulled open the outer door of her suite and sent her shrieks shrilling down the long hall. Her cries, for she was a magnificently constructed animal of most expansive lung power, not only echoed far along the corridor, but penetrated even the sound-proof doors of the other apartments. The disturbance she made was alarmingly novel to the exclusive calm of the Hotel Renaissance. Doors were flung open, heads popped out, and a dozen inquiries were flung at her from as many parts of the hall; but Mrs. Delaroche had exhausted her coherence in framing that one purpose of screaming with all her might until some man of action should speed to her assistance. She did not waste any strength in articulation. She simply screamed, and so eloquent were her shrieks that although she uttered no concrete word, only a few of them were needed to tell the more in detail of her auditors that she had been robbed, and that what she had lost was a diamond tiara.

Before the fusillade of her cries died away in a scattering fire of creaking doors, half a dozen pajamaed spectres were racing down the corridor in the direction they deemed the burglar had taken. What account they would have given of themselves had they come up with the fugitive is conjectural. They were spared the disagreeable necessity of submitting their courage to that test, for as the burglar turned a corner of the hall many yards in advance of his pursuers, he was tripped by a foot adroitly interpolated in his path, and when he recovered his breath after a jarring fall, it was to ½nd two men of sturdy build sitting upon him as composedly as if nature had planned him for a conversation chair. The pistol he had carried in his hands throughout the pursuit was snatched from his grasp, and although he struggled furiously, his arms were dragged behind his back and handcuffs were snapped upon his wrists. Then he was dragged to his feet by four insistent arms and impelled with much vigor along the hallway in the reverse direction to that which he had followed.

Unmistakable was the rejoicing of the pajamaed squad at the sight of his captivity. Undeniably heroic was its surge toward him. Faces grim with oostscrip bravery were thrust into the prisoner's, and voices ranging from mockery to indignation bombarded him with questions. All of which the prisoner met with sullen silence and with looks that made the squad retreat a pace or two in spite of the firmness with which his captors held him. Mrs. Delaroche's fading screams guided the little group to her apartment, where the hands of ministering angels had adjusted her peignoir to its normal position upon her Junoesque form and fastened its fluttering ribbons in becoming bows. She there received the heroes of the man-hunt with astonishing composure.

"Is this the man who robbed you, madam?" asked one of the two men who had caught the burglar. He was the house detective. "Stand behind him, Jim," he said to his colleague, a porter with a fullback's shoulders.

"It must be," said Mrs. Delaroche, "but I cannot tell by his face. I did not see it. It looks like the man, though. Make him speak."

But that was a task beyond the house detective's powers. Irresponsible though his kind might be as compared with the city's sleuths and blue-coats, he hardly felt justified in employing the most mediaeval forms of torture to accomplish that purpose. Seemingly, nothing short of the boot, the thumbscrew, and the Iron Maiden would drag a word from the captive. He maintained his sullen silence, although it might be said he broke it in a way, for the furious looks he cast at the pajamaed squad were almost audible. Those looks caused several of the squad's doughty heroes suddenly to realize the unconventionality of their dressing gowns. One or two of them remained, however, and the house detective, who, in hotels as frostily patrician as the Renaissance, did not often have an opportunity to hold the centre of the stage, was fairly well content with his audience.

"Now, then, you!" he said, brusquely addressing the prisoner, "speak up. What were you doing here?"

A slow grin was the response. It was such a palpably superfluous question. The house sleuth realized that, and hastened to cover his confusion by asking:

"What did you get?"

A ripple of excitement started at the toes of Mrs. Delaroche's Juliette slippers and quivered along her length until it found expression in a half-hysterical utterance:

"He got my jewels!"

The prisoner turned one of his sullen looks upon her, but, conscious that she was robed as daintily as the most fastidious society actress in the Du Barryest of bedroom scenes could be, her equanimity was not so vulnerable as that of the deserters from the pajama squad.

"He took the whole case of jewels from under my pillow," she continued, addressing the house detective. "They must be in his possession still, unless he dropped them while he was running away."

This suggestion gave the remainder of the squad the brilliant idea of searching the corridor, and thus escaping a situation that was becoming, in spite of her natural curiosity, increasingly awkward to them.

"We will soon find out," said the leading man; "Jim, go through him!"

Jim only shrugged those fullback shoulders when the burglar attempted to petrify him with a look, and his search through the prisoner's pockets was thorough. Mrs. Delaroche gasped her delight when from the captive's coat the porter drew forth a heavy silver casket, and held it toward her.

"Is that your property, madam?" asked the house detective.

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Delaroche eagerly. "Oh dear, I am so glad he did not escape with it. What would——"

She checked herself hastily.

"You must come to me in the morning, Mr.—Mr.—, for a reward," she added in tones so sweetly suggestive of a golden guerdon that the detective's eyes glistened.

"Thank you, madam, that is not necessary," he replied perfunctorily. "Let's see what else this fellow has got."

He and the porter explored the captive's pockets further, but found nothing more in the way of loot. Mrs. Delaroche looked hastily through her desk and dressing table and told the man apparently nothing else was missing.

"Then," said the house detective, "I guess there is nothing else for us to do but to turn this burglar over to the police. May we use your telephone, madam?"

Mrs. Delaroche gladly nodded as it sent, and the sleuth continued:

"Jim, call up headquarters and have a couple of men sent here to take this fellow away."

The effect of that command upon the prisoner startled everyone. Not only did it cause him to break his sullen silence, but it drew from him words that made the house detective involuntarily loose his hold on the man and step back staring. Jim's jaw fell, and Mrs. Delaroche gasped at the fellow.

"I am not on the bill," he said, "but I know the man you want. I know him by his voice. I know him by his voice. I know him by his voice