IMPERIAL FOUNDRY CO
MANUFACTURERS OF
THE MILTON HOT WATER AND STEAM BOILER
Foundry Work a Specialty
Highest price paid for Scrap Iron

AD!
Buns, Cakes
finest
AND BIRTHDAY CAKES
ly after 4 p.m.
orders.
iene Bakery
ONT.

BEDS!

AR RIGHT
T U
Real Estate
& CO.
policy
property
have
Year.
sell
sinds
MILTON.

AND
Milton.

ampion

BRONCHIAL TABLETS
Produces quick relief and effects a permanent cure of hoarseness or bronchial coughs. In box.
MACKENZIE
The People's Druggist. MILTON

The Canadian Champion

MACKENZIE'S
White Pine Cough Syrup with Tar
(REGISTERED)
Very much superior to the ordinary White Pine and Tar preparations recently made. An excellent remedy for coughs and colds.
25c. MACKENZIE 25c.
The People's Druggist MILTON.

VOLUME 53. MILTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1913. No. 36

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office
HAMILTON

CAPITAL PAID UP ..... $ 3,000,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits 3,500,000
Total Assets 45,000,000

The average man or woman seldom develops the habit of saving until a Savings Account has been opened. The possession of such an account acts as an incentive—your natural desire to see the fund grow encourages that tendency to thrift so necessary to success. No matter how little you can afford to lay aside from the weekly wage, open a Savings Account in the Bank of Hamilton.

C. H. STUART, Agent, Milton.

COUNTY OF HALTON
LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1913

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan	Mar.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov
Milton	Friday	10.30 a.m.	10	7	9	11	12	7
Oakville	Tuesday	12.30 p.m.	7	4	6	8	9	4
Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	8	5	7	9	10	5
Acton	Thursday	10.15 a.m.	9	6	8	10	11	6
Campbellville	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	11	8	10	12	13	8
Burlington	Monday	11.00 a.m.	6	3	5	7	8	3

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

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 10th Monday in each month except November, 9th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.

Division Court Sittings, without Jury, 1st April and 7th October, and so often at other times as may be required for the despatch of business.

Criminal Justice Accounts, 3rd January, 3rd April, 3rd July and 3rd October.

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

Canadian Champion
PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
at the Publication,
MILTON, ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION—$1.50 a year. $1.00 in advance

ARREARS—No paper will be stopped until arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher. A post-office notice to discontinue is not sufficient.

Subscribers in the United States $2.00 a year, paid in advance

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements, contracts 6 inches and upwards, 7 cents per inch per time for space 10 cents per inch. Less than 6 inches per inch.

Card of ten lines or less, $5.00 per annum. Number of lines to be reckoned as occupied, measured by a scale of nonpareil.

Advertisements without special instructions inserted as long as ordered and charged accordingly.

Notice, the object of which is to secure pecuniary benefit of any individual, institution, or fund, will be inserted as an advertisement, and charged accordingly.

Births, deaths and marriages, 25c each insertion.

Advertisements, 10 cents per line, for first insertion and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Lost, strayed, stolen, and wants, inserted at 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

WM. PANTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

LEGAL.

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

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

J. W. ELLIOTT, B.A.,
Notary Public. Money to loan. Office—First door east of Messrs' Lee's factory, Main-st., Milton.

DENTAL

F. T. HARRIS, L.D.S.,
Oakville, will visit Milton on the Second Friday of each month. Office:

MEDICAL.

G. A. McCOLL, M.B.,
Physician and Surgeon, Coroner Office hours 9 a.m., 12 to 2 p.m., and 6 to 8 p.m. Doors east of Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

MARSHALL E. GOWLAND, M.A., M.B.
M.C.P. & S., O.
Graduate and silver Medalist of Toronto University.
Office and residence, Corner of Main and Nassagaweya sts., Milton.

WELL DRILLING.
The undersigned is prepared to do well drilling of any kind. Your work solicited. Prices reasonable.
G. A. MURRAY,
Omagh.

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. MARTIN J. WILSON, B.A., 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.
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. H. 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. OSCAR F. COOKE, Rector.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m
Sunday School: 3.45 p.m. Young peoples' Bible Class held in church, entrance by vestry door Teacher, Miss Young.
Holy Communion: 1st Sunday in the month at 11 a.m. and 3rd Sunday at 8 a.m.
Fridays, 7.30 p.m.
Woman's Auxiliary Meetings as announced.
Chancel Guild Meetings as announced.

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.
7.24 a. m. 9.51 a. m. 2.32 p. m.
5.28 p. m. 8.34 p. m.

GOING WEST.
8.43 a. m. 9.12 a. m. 4.08 p. m.
7.12 p. m. 8.55 p. m.

—SUNDAY—
East 7 a. m. (flag). 2.32 p. m. (flag).
8.17 p. m. West 9.12 a. m. 8.55 p. m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
(H. & N. W. Division.)

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
7.22 a.m.	4.45 p.m.	10.35 a.m.	8.32 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

50 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 $4.95
Mail and Empire 4.55
[illegible] 1.75

Keziah Coffin

Author of "Cy Whittaker's Place," "Cap'n Eri," etc.

By Joseph C. Lincoln

Illustrations by Kenneth Young

(Copyright, 1908, by D. Appleton & Company)

"There! there!" he protested. "You mustn't cry. What are you cryin' about me for? I'm fit and ready for the sea. I'm goin' to sail." His eyes wandered from his son to Mrs. Coffin. For an instant he seemed puzzled. Then he said:

"Evenin', Keziah. I don't know why you're here, but—"

"I heard that Grace was alone and that you was sick, Eben. So I come right down, to help if I could."

"Thank ye. You're a good-hearted woman, Keziah, even though you ain't seen the true light yet. And you're housekeeper for that hired priest—a—a—" He paused, and a troubled look came over his face.

"What is it, dad?" asked Nat.

"I—I— Where's Gracie? She's here, ain't she?"

"Yes, uncle, I'm here. Here I am," said the girl. His fingers groped for her hand and seized it.

"Yes, yes, you're here," murmured Captain Eben. "I—I—for a minute or so, I—I had an awful dream about you, Gracie. I dreamed— Never mind. Doc, answer me this now, true and honest, man to man: Can you keep me here for just a little spell longer? Can you? Try! Ten minutes, say. Can you?"

"Of course I can. Cap'n Hammond, what are you—"

"Belay, I tell you. Yes, I guess 'twas a dream. It had to be, but 'twas so sort of real that I— How long have I been this way?"

"Oh, a little while! Now just—"

"Hush! Don't pull your hand away, Gracie. Nat, give me yours. That's it. Now I put them two hands together. See, doctor? See, Keziah?"

"Don't, uncle, don't!" pleaded Grace. "Don't worry about me. Think of yourself, please."

"S-sh-sh! Don't put me off. Just listen. I want you to marry my boy, after I'm gone. I want you to say you will—say it now, so's I can hear it. Will you, Gracie?"

Grace would have withdrawn her hand, but he would not let her. He clung to it and to that of his son with all his failing strength.

"Will you, Gracie?" he begged. "It's the last thing I'm goin' to ask of you. I've tried to be sort of good to you, in my way, and—"

"Don't, don't!" she sobbed. "Let me think a minute, uncle, dear. Oh, do let me think!"

"Won't you say it for me, Gracie?" pleaded Captain Eben. She hesitated no longer.

"Yes, uncle," she answered through tears, "if Nat wants me he can have me."

Keziah clasped her hands. Captain Eben's face lit up with a great joy.

"Thank the Almighty!" he exclaimed. "Lord, I do thank you. Nat, boy, you're consider'ble older than she is and you'll have to plan for her. You be a good husband to her all her days, won't ye? Why, what are you waitin' for? Why don't you answer me?"

Nat groaned aloud.

"A minute dad," he stammered. "Just give me a minute, for Heaven sakes! Keziah—"

"Keziah!" repeated Eben. "Keziah? What are you talkin' to her for? She knows there couldn't be no better match in the world. You do know it, don't ye, Keziah?"

"Yes," said Keziah slowly. "I guess I guess you're right, Eben."

"Keziah Coffin," cried Nat Hammond, "do you tell me to marry Grace?"

"Yes, Nat, I—I think your father's right."

"Then—then—what difference does — All right, dad. Just as Grace says."

"Thank God!" cried Captain Eben. "Doctor, you and Mrs. Coffin are witnesses to this. There! now my decks are clear and I'd better get ready to land. Gracie, girl, the Good Book's over there on the bureau. Read me a chapter, won't you?"

An hour later Keziah sat alone in the dining room. She had stolen away when the reading began. Dr. Parker, walking very softly, came to her and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"He's gone," he said simply.

CHAPTER XII.

In Which Keziah Breaks the News.

It was nearly five o'clock, gray dawn of what was to be a clear, beautiful summer morning, when Keziah softly lifted the latch and entered the parsonage. All night she had been busy at the Hammond tavern. Busy with the doctor and the undertaker, who had been called from his bed by young Higgins; busy with Grace, soothing her, comforting her as best she could, and petting her as a mother might pet a stricken child. The poor girl was on the verge of prostration, and from hysterical spasms or sobs and weeping passed to stretches of silent, dry-eyed agony which were harder to witness and much more to be feared.

"It is all my fault," she repeated over and over again. "All my fault! I killed him! I killed him, Aunt Keziah! What shall I do? Oh, why couldn't I have died instead? It would have been so much better, better for everybody!"

Mr. Parker was very anxious. "Do Nathan what he will, Miss Coffin, she must not be left alone. She must, or her brain will give way. I'm going to give her something to make her sleep and you must get her to take it."

So Keziah tried and, at last, Grace did take the drug. In a little while she was sleeping, uneasily and with moans and sobbings, but sleeping, nevertheless.

"Now it's your turn, Keziah," said the doctor. "You go home now and rest yourself. We don't need you any more just now. Now you go home. You've had a hard night, like the rest of us."

How hard he had no idea. And Keziah, as she wearily entered the parsonage, realized that the morning would be perhaps the hardest of all. For upon her rested the responsibility of seeing that the minister's secret was kept. And she, and no other, must break the news to him.

The dining room was dark and gloomy. She lighted the lamp. Then she heard a door open and Ellery's voice, as he called down the stairs.

"Who is it?" he demanded. "Mrs. Coffin?"

She was startled. "Yes," she said softly, after a moment. "Yes, Mr. Ellery, it's me."

"It's morning," said the minister. "Are you sick? Has anything happened?"

"Yes," she answered slowly, "somethin' has happened. Are you dressed? Could you come down?"

He replied that he would be down in a moment. When he came he found her standing by the table waiting for him. The look of her face in the lamplight shocked him.

"Why, Mrs. Coffin!" he exclaimed. "What is it? You look as if you had been through some dreadful experience."

Her heart went out to him. She held out both her hands.

"Keziah Coffin!" Cried Nat Hammond, "Do You Tell Me to Marry Grace?"

"You poor boy," she cried, "I'm trying to tell you one of the hardest things a body can tell. Yes, some one is dead, but that ain't all. Eben Hammond, poor soul, is out of his troubles and gone."

"Eben Hammond! Captain Eben? Dead! Why, why—"

"Yes, Eben's gone. He was took down sudden and died about ten o'clock last night. I was there and—"

"Captain Eben dead! Why, he was as well as—as— She said— Oh, I must go! I must go at once!"

He was on his way to the door, but she held it shut.

"No," she said gravely, "you mustn't go. John—you won't mind me callin' you John. I'm old enough, pretty nigh, to be your mother, and I've come to feel almost as if I was. John, you've got to stay here with me. You can't go to that house. You can't go to her."

"Mrs. Coffin, what are you saying? Do you know— Have you—"

"Yes, I know all about it. I know about the meetin's in the pines and all. Oh, why didn't you trust me and tell me? If you had, all would have been so much better!"

He looked at her in utter amazement. The blood rushed to his face.

"You know that?" he whispered.

"Yes, I know."

"Did she tell—"

"No, nobody told. That is, only a little. I got a hint and I suspicioned somethin' afore. The rest I saw with my own eyes."

He was now white, but his jaw shot forward and his teeth closed.

"If you do know," he said, "you must realize that my place is with her. Now, when she is in trouble—"

"It ain't the congregation, John," she said. "Nor Trumet, nor your ministry. That means more'n you think it does, now; but it ain't that. You mustn't go to her because—well, because she don't want you to."

"Doesn't want me? I know better." He laughed in supreme scorn.

"She doesn't want you, John. She wouldn't see you if you went. She would send you away again, sure, sartin sure. She would. And if you didn't go when she sent you, you wouldn't be the man I hope you are, John, you mustn't see Grace again. She ain't yours. She belongs to some one else.

"John, Grace Van Horne is goin' to marry Cap'n Nat Hammond. There! that's the livin' truth."

She led him over to the rocking chair and gently forced him into it. He obeyed, although with no apparent realization of what he was doing. Still with her hand on his shoulder she went on speaking. She told him of her visit to the Hammond tavern, saying nothing of Mr. Pepper's call nor of her own experience in the grove. She told of Captain Eben's seizure, of what the doctor said, and of the old Come-Outer's return to consciousness. Then she described the scene in the sick room and how Nat and Grace told the plighted truth. He listened, at first stunned and stolid, then with growing impatience.

"So you see," she said, "it's settled, they're engaged, and Dr. Parker will tell everybody of the engagement this very morning. It won't any great surprise to go. There who have been brought up together; 'twas the natural thing that was almost bound to happen. Eben's heart was set on it for years. And she'll have a good husband, John, that I know. And she'll do her best to make him happy. He's a good man and—"

"But I know—"

"Do you suppose she would come to you if she knew it would be your ruin?"

He hesitated. The last time they met, ages before—no, only the previous afternoon—she had told him it was his happiness and his future only that she thought of. He choked and drew his hand across his eyes.

"Mrs. Coffin," he said, "you tell me it will be her ruin. You tell me so. You say she doesn't want me. I tell you that the only thing that will keep me from her is hearing that from her own lips. When she tells me to leave her I will, and not before."

"She'll tell you, John; she'll tell you. And I know Grace. She's made up her mind and won't change it. But I do ask you this: I ask you not to go now. Wait a little while, do. I left her asleep, worn out by what she's been through and under the effects of the doctor's sleepin' medicine. He said she must rest or he was afraid her brain would give out. For her sake, then, wait a little. Then, if you don't hear from her, maybe I can arrange a meetin' place where you can see her without anyone's knowin' it. I'll try. But do wait a little while, for her sake, won't you?".

At last he was listening and hesitating.

"Won't you?" begged Keziah.

"Yes," he answered slowly. "I'll wait. I'll wait until noon, somehow, if I can. I'll try. But not a minute later. Not one. You don't know what you're talking about, Mrs. Coffin."

"Yes, I do. I know well. And I thank you for her sake."

But he did not have to wait until noon. At six o'clock, through the dew-soaked grass of the yard, came the Higgins boy. For the first time in his short life he had been awake all night and he moved slowly.

The housekeeper opened the door. Ike held up an envelope, clutched in a grimy hand.

"It's for you, Mrs. Keziah," he said. "Gracie she sent it. There ain't no answer."

Mrs. Coffin closed the door and tore open the envelope. Within was another addressed, in Grace's handwriting, to Mr. Ellery. The housekeeper entered the study, handed it to him and turned away.

"Dear John," wrote Grace. "I presume Aunt Keziah has told you of uncle's death and of my promise to Nat. It is true. I am going to marry him. I am sure this is right and for the best. Our friendship was a mistake and you must not see me again. Please don't try.

"GRACE VAN HORNE."

Beneath was another paragraph.

"Don't worry about me. I shall be happy, I am sure. And I shall hope that you may be. I shall pray for that."

The note fell to the floor with a rustle that sounded loud in the stillness. Then Keziah heard the minister's step. She turned. He was moving slowly across the room.

"John, what are you goin' to do?"

He shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "Go away somewhere, first of all, I guess. Go somewhere and—and try to live it down. I can't, of course, but I must try."

She put out her hand. "I know it'll be hard," she said, "stayin' here. I mean. But your duty to others—"

"Don't you think we've heard enough about duty to others? How about my duty to myself?"

"John, What Are You Going to Do?"

"I guess that's the last thing we ought to think about in the world, if we do say to be fair and square. Your church thinks a heap of you, John. They build on you. You've done more in the little while you've been here than Mr. Langley did in his last seven years.

"Maybe some'one'll be asked to fill quickly to see the one you love better than all the world marry some one else."

"How do you know I ain't? How do you know I ain't doin' just that now?"

"Mrs. Coffin!"

"John Ellery, you listen to me. You think I'm a homely old woman, probably set in my ways as an eight-day clock. I guess I look like it and act like it. But I ain't so awful old—on the edge of forty, that's all. And when I was your age I wa'n't so awful homely, either. I had fellers aplenty hangin' round and I could have married any one of a dozen. This ain't boastin'; land knows I'm far from that. I was brought up in this town and even when I was a girl at school there was only one boy I cared two straws about. He and I went to picnics together and to parties and everywhere. Folks used to laugh and say we was keepin' comp'ny, even then.

"Well, when I was eighteen, after father died, I went up to New Bedford to work in a store there. Wanted to earn my own way. And this young feller I'm tellin' you about went away to sea, but every time he come home from a voyage he come to see me and things went on that way till we was promised to each other. The engagement wa'n't announced, but 'twas so, just the same. We'd have been married in another year. And then we quarreled.

"'Twas a fool quarrel, same as that kind gen'rally are. As much my fault as his and as much his as mine, I calculate. Anyhow, we was both proud, or thought we was, and neither would give in. And he says to me, 'You'll be sorry after I'm gone. You'll wish me back, then.' And says I, bein' a fool, 'I guess not. There's other fish in the sea.' He sailed and I did wish him back, but I wouldn't write fust and neither would he. And then come another man."

She paused, hesitated, and then continued.

"Never mind about the other man. He was handsome then, in a way, and he had money to spend, and he liked me. He wanted me to marry him. If—if the other, the one that went away, had written I never would have thought of such a thing, but he didn't write. And, my pride bein' hurt, and all, I finally said yes to the second chap.

"Well, for the first year 'twa'n't so bad. Not happiness exactly, but not misery either. That come later. His people was well off and he'd never worked much of any. He did for a little while after we was married, but not for long. Then he begun to drink and carry on and lost his place. Pretty soon he begun to neglect me and at last went off to sea afore the mast. We was poor as poverty, but I could have stood that; I did stand it. I took in sewin' and kept up an appearance, somehow. Never told a soul. His folks come patronizin' around and offered me money, so's I needn't disgrace them. I sent 'em rightabout in a hurry. Once in a while he'd come home, get tipsy and abuse me. Still I said nothin'. Thank God, there was no children; that's the one thing I've been thankful for.

"You can't keep such things quiet always. People are bound to find out. They come to me and said, 'Why don't you leave him?' but I wouldn't. I could have divorced him easy enough, there was reasons plenty, but I wouldn't do that. Then word came that he was dead, drowned off in the East Indies somewheres. I come back here to keep house for Sol, my brother, and I kept house for him till he died and they offered me this place here at the parsonage. There! that's my story, part of it, more'n I ever told a livin' soul afore, except Sol."

She ceased speaking. The minister, who had sat silent by the window, apathetically listening or trying to listen, turned his head.

"I apologize, Mrs. Coffin," he said dully, "you have had trials, hard ones. But—"

"But they ain't as hard as yours, you think? Well, I haven't quite finished yet. After word come of my husband's death, the other man come and wanted me to marry him. And I wanted to—oh, how I wanted to! I cared as much for him as I ever did, more, I guess. But I wouldn't—I wouldn't, though it wrung my heart out to say no. I give him up—why? 'cause I thought I had a duty laid on me."

Ellery sighed. "I can see but one duty," he said. "That is the duty given us by God, to marry the one we love."

Keziah's agitation, which had grown as she told her story, suddenly flashed into flame.

"Is that as far as you can see?" she asked fiercely. "It's an easy duty, then—or looks easy now. I've got a harder one; it's to stand by the promise I gave and the man I married."

He looked at her as if he thought she had lost her wits.

"The man you married?" he replied. "Why, the man you married is dead."

"No, he ain't. You remember the letter you saw me readin' that night when you come? It was from Cap'n Obed, Come-Outer, and the letter was mostly about me. Well, that letter was from him. He's alive. He's alive. He's alive and knockin' round the world somewheres. Every little while he writes me for money and, if I have any, I send it to him. Why? Why 'cause I'm a coward, after all, I guess, and I'm scared he'll do what he says he will and come back. Perhaps you think I'm a fool to put up with it; that's what most folks would say if they knew it. They'd tell me I ought to divorce him. Well, I can't, I can't. I walked into the mess blindfolded; I married him in spite of warnin's and everything. I took him for better or for worse, and now that he's turned out worse, I must take my medicine. I can't live with him—that I can't do—but while he lives I'll stay his wife and give him what money I can spare. That's the duty I told you was laid on me, and it's a hard one, but I don't run away from it."

She stopped short; then covering her face with her apron, she ran from the room. John Ellery heard her descending the stairs, sobbing as she went.

All that afternoon he remained in his chair by the window. It was six o'clock, supper time, when he entered the kitchen. Keziah, looking up from the ironing board, saw him. He was white and worn and grim, but he held out his hand to her.

"Mrs. Coffin," he said, "I'm not going away. You've shown me what devotion to duty really means. I shall stay here and go on with my work."

Her face lit up. "Will you?" she said. "I thought you would. I was sure you was that kind."

CHAPTER XIII.

In Which the Sea Mist Sails.

They buried Captain Eben in the little Come-Outer cemetery at the rear of the chapel. The Come-Outers were there, all of them, and some members of the Regular society, Captain Zeb Mayo, Dr. Parker, Keziah Coffin, Mrs. Higgins and Ike. The little company filed out of the cemetery, and Captain

They Shook Hands and Parted.

Eben Hammond was but a memory in Trumet.

Keziah lingered to speak a word with Grace. The girl, looking very white and worn, leaned on the arm of Captain Nat, whose big body acted as a buffer between her and oversympathetic Come-Outers. Mrs. Coffin silently held out both hands and Grace took them eagerly.

"Auntie," she whispered, "tell me: Did a letter— Did he—"

"Yes, it came. I gave it to him."

"Did—did he tell you? Do you know?"

"Yes, I know, deary."

"Did he—is he—"

"He's well, deary. He'll be all right. I'll look out for him."

"You will, won't you? You won't let him do anything——"

"Not a thing. Don't worry. We've had a long talk and he's going to stay right here and go on with his work. And nobody else'll ever know, Gracie."

"O Aunt Keziah! if I could be one half as patient and brave and sweet as you are——"

"Sssh! here comes Nat. Be kind to him. He's sufferin', too; maybe more'n you imagine. Here she is, Nat. Take her back home and be good to her."

"I tell you," broke in the voice of Captain Zeb Mayo, "Keziah, I've been waitin' for you. Get in my shay and I'll drive you back to the parsonage."

Mrs. Coffin accepted the invitation and a seat in the chaise beside Captain Zeb. The captain spoke of the dead Come-Outer and of his respect for him in spite of the difference in creed. He also spoke of the Rev. John Ellery and of the affection he had come to feel for the young man.

"I'm glad to hear you say so. Of course Cap'n Elkanah is boss of the parish committee and—"

"What? No, he ain't nuther. He's head of it, but his vote counts just one and no more. What makes you say that?"

"Oh, nuthin'. Only I thought maybe, long as Elkanah was feelin' that Mr. Ellery wa'n't orthodox enough, he might be goin' to make a change. I didn't mean to stir you up, Zebedee. But from things Cap'n Daniels has said I gathered that he was runnin' the committee. And, as I'm a friend of Mr. Ellery, it—"

"Friend! Well, so'm I, ain't I? If you ever hear of Daniels tryin' any tricks against the minister, you send for me, that's all. I'll show him. Boss! Humph!"

The wily Keziah alighted at the parsonage gate with the feeling that she had sown seed in fertile ground. She was quite aware of Captain Zeb's jealousy of the great Daniels. And the time might come when her parson needed an influential friend on the committee and in the Regular society.

The news of the engagement between Captain Nat Hammond and Grace Van Horne, told by Dr. Parker to one or two of his patients, spread through Trumet like measles through a family of small children. Annabel Daniels and her father had not expected it. They were, however, greatly pleased in their discussion, which lasted far into the night. Captain Elk. spoke expressed the opinion that the unexpected denouement was the result of his interview with Eben.

"I think, pa," she said, "that it's our duty, yours and mine, to treat him just as we always have. He doesn't know that we know, and we will keep the secret. And, as Christians, we should forget and forgive."

Kyan Pepper was another whom the news of the engagement surprised greatly. When Lavinia told him of it, at the dinner table, he dropped the knife he was holding and the generous section of fishball balanced upon it. Remembering what he had seen in the grove he could not understand; but he also remembered, even more vividly, what Keziah Coffin had promised to do if he ever breathed a word. And he vowed again that that word should not be breathed.

Keziah was the life of the gloomy parsonage. Without her the minister would have broken down. He called her "Aunt Keziah" at her request and she continued to call him "John." This was in private, of course; in public he was "Mr. Ellery" and she "Mrs. Coffin."

In his walks about town he saw nothing of Grace. She and Mrs. Poundberry and Captain Nat were still at the old home and no one save themselves knew what their plans might be. Yet oddly enough, Ellery was the first outsider to learn these plans and that from Nat himself.

He met the captain at the corner of the "Turnoff" one day late in August. He tried to make his bow seem cordial, but was painfully aware that it was not. Nat, however, seemed not to notice, but crossed the road and held out his hand.

"Well, Mr. Ellery," said Captain Nat, "I won't keep you. I see you're in a hurry. Just thought I'd run alongside a minute and say good-by. Don'no know's I'll see you again afore I sail."

"Before you sail? You—you are going away?"

"Yup. My owners have been after me for a good while, but I wouldn't leave home on account of dad's health. Now he's gone, I've got to be getting back to salt water again. My ship's been dry-docked and overhauled and she's in New York now loadin' for Manila. It's a long voyage, even if I come back direct, which ain't likely. So I may not see the old town again for a couple of years. Take care of yourself, won't you? Good men, especially ministers, are scarse, and from what I hear about you I call late Trumet needs you."

"When are you going?"

"Last of next week, most likely."

"Will you—shall you go alone? Are you to be—to be—"

"Married? No. Grace and I have talked it over and we've agreed it's best to wait till I come back. She'll stay in the old house with Hannah."

"Good-by, captain."

"Good-by. Er—I say, Mr. Ellery, how's things at the parsonage? Er—Keziah—Mrs. Coffin, your housekeeper, is she smart?"

"Yes. She's well."

"That's good. Say, you might tell her good-by for me, if you want to. Tell her I wished her all the luck there was. And—and—just say that there ain't any—well, that her friend—say just that, will you?—her friend said 'twas all right. She'll understand; it's a—a sort of joke between us."

"Very good, captain; I'll tell her."

They shook hands and parted.

Didama and her fellow news-venders distributed the tale of Captain Nat's sailing broadcast during the next few days. There was much wonderment at the delayed marriage, but the general verdict was that Captain Eben's recent death and the proper respect due to it furnished sufficient excuse. Hannah Poundberry, delighted at being so close to the center of interest, talked and talked, and thus Grace was spared the interviews which would have been a trouble to her. Nat left town via the packet, on the following Wednesday. Within another week came the news that his ship, the Sea Mist, had sailed from New York, bound for Manila.

To be continued.

He Worked Too Cheap.

"Are you paid anything for swearing?" the Rev. Peter Mackenzie once asked a commercial traveller into whose society he was thrown.

"No," said the traveller, "I do it for nothing."

"Well," cried the famous preacher, "you work cheap. You lay aside your character as a gentleman, inflict pain on your friends, break a commandment, and lose your own soul—and for nothing! You certainly work cheap—too cheap."

WHEN BABY IS ILL.

When the baby is ill; when his little stomach is out of order and he is cross and refuses to smile, don't dose him with castor oil. There is no need to torture him—give Baby's Own Tablets—they do everything castor oil is supposed to do, only they do it better, and what is more the baby will like them. The Tablets are absolutely safe, being guaranteed by a government analyst to contain no opiates or other harmful drugs. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
THE [illegible]
MADE IN CANADA CONTAINS NO ALUM

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.