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COUNTY OF HALTON
LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1924

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan	Mar.	May	June	Sept.	Nov
1 Milton	Friday	10.00 a.m.	11	7	9	27	5	7
2 Oakville	Tuesday	10.00 a.m.	8	4	6	24	2	4
3 Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	9	5	7	25	3	5
4 Acton	Thursday	10.00 a.m.	10	6	8	26	4	6
5 Campbellville	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	12	8	10	28	6	8
6 Burlington	Monday	10.00 a.m.	7	3	5	23	3	3

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—1. Wm. Panton, Milton; 2. W. S. Savage, Oakville; 3. A. Tracy, Georgetown; 4. Geo. B. Agnew, Acton; 5. Wm. Fraser Campbellville; 6. J. Stuart, Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings with or without Jury, 10th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 1st April and 7th October, 10 a.m. and so often as may be required for the despatch of business.

Criminal Justice Accounts, 3rd January, 3rd April, 3rd July, 2nd October, 11 a.m.

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

Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING WEST.	GOING EAST
12.48 midnight	6.55 a.m.
8.12 a.m.	9.30 a.m.
8.47 a.m.	10.33 a.m.
2.50 p.m. Saturday only]	3.43 p.m.
4.30 p.m.	5.03 p.m.
6.57 p.m. Except Sat. & Sun]	
6.15 p.m.	7.43 p.m.

—SUNDAY—
Going West—4.32 p.m.
Going East—7.23 a.m., 8.43 & 9.43 p.m.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY

GOING SOUTH.	GOING NORTH.
12.01 p.m ; 8.13 p.m.	7.30 a.m ; 4.23 p.m.

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Dr. C. E. Black, president of Chicago Dental College, has invented a machine to test the power in a patient's jaws. He calls it a gnathodynamometer, but that is not the test. It is a very simple instrument. Dr. Black has performed gnathodynamometric tests on the jaws of a thousand people. The average power was 171 pounds for the molar teeth, but much less for the bicuspids and incisors. The jaws are built on the principle of a pair of tongs.

Roman "Chariot Meter."

Archeologists who have been delving into the past to study transportation problems of other times, come forth with the amusing announcement that the Romans had "taxicab meter" troubles, too. The "chariot meter" was used during the days when Augustus ruled the world, and consisted merely of a bowl suspended under the floor of the chariot and into which the charioteer or "chauffeur" dropped a pebble at every 1,000 paces of the trip.

Meter chariots were forbidden to enter Rome, the streets of which were reserved for trumpeters, higher magistrates and priests on solemn occasions, but the law was not strictly enforced according to Juvenal, complaining that one could not sleep during Rome of his day night. The rattling of chariots in the narrow turnings of the streets and the howling of the drivers when there was a hill stop will see matters even during Dreams of the sleepy were as much as to end.

The MAN NOBODY KNEW
By
Holworthy Hall
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"Then I will, Mr. Embree, down at the Trust and Deposit company, was one of the men who wanted to get in with us, and couldn't. He was just too late. But when I told him what I was saving out for you, he authorized me to make you an offer. I'm acting as his agent, that is, and I've got a check here, and if you want to endorse that receipt over to him, you can have this." He presented the banker's check; the Doctor stared; it was payable to himself, signed by Embree, and written for fifteen thousand dollars.

"Why, Hilliard!" he said, blankly. "Is that good business? For Embree? What's behind this?"

Hilliard fairly beamed his delight. "Well, if you want my advice, don't take it! I told him I'd have to explain it to you, and he agreed." He sat straighter, pridefully. "Jack Armstrong sent another wire this morning—and the XLNC crowd, who own the property next to ours, know that. I've had this contract for all the Silverbow stock, and they've made us a flat proposition of"—he caught his breath—"four—hundred—thousand dollars for the contract! And your twentieth share would be worth twenty thousand dollars if we took it! But we're not going to—because it's worth still more, and we know it. Lots more—twice as much—so—"

The Doctor's expression altered slightly; his chin sank a little, and he sighed, almost in regret.

"That hardly seems fair," he said slowly. "That hardly seems fair." He smiled ruefully, and sighed again. "For years and years," he said, "ever since I first began to practice, I've been working and waiting and hoping to reach the point where I could give up office work and do some research. . . . And here, in a few minutes, you dangle a two years' income in front of me—for no services of mine at all . . . for no labor on my part . . . not, as I'd hoped, the result of service, but—

"I own a quarter of the mine myself," said Hilliard, with equal gravity. "And I'm not thinking how I get it, Doctor; I'm thinking how much good I can do with it . . . can't you look at it that way, too?"

The Doctor nodded presently.

"I suppose that has to be the answer. Well—"

"I'll tell Embree you didn't accept." Hilliard reached for his hat. "And I mustn't bother you any more this morning; we've both too much to do. I only wanted to see you a moment and tell you the news and get your check. But when Cullen and I come back—" His smile was glorious.

They were shaking hands at the door of the ante-room.

"That'll be before the holidays, won't it? We expect you to take Christmas dinner with us, of course.

"Surely I Will. Good-By, Good Luck—My Boy!"

Mrs. Durant and Carol would never forgive you if you didn't—and neither would I."

Hilliard flushed with pleasure.

"Nothing would please me better . . . and you'll tell Mrs. Durant and Carol how grateful I am . . . and how sorry I am I can't even stop now to say good-by, won't you?" As a matter of fact, he wasn't going to stop because he knew that if he did he might never get to Montana. And there was need of quick action against Harmon's cut-throat partners in New York.

"Surely I will. And I'll also tell them what an altruist you are. I still don't feel exactly right about it—but the world's the world. . . . And I'm not going to refuse an investment just because there happens to be money in it! Good-by! Good luck—my boy!"

CHAPTER XV.

Already at daybreak it was a white Christmas; white underfoot, white overhead, dancing, swirling white of snow to the winter air. Hilliard lifting himself on his elbow to watch it from the car window, was unreservedly thrilled by the appropriateness of it. Nature, which had been sulking for a week or more, had finally consented to dress the season. But the thrill dissolved, and anxiety took its place when he discovered that it was past eight o'clock, and this was only Buffalo! His watch, and the railway folder, gave him indigestible food for thought, and the snow, taking upon itself the role of a barrier to traffic, was suddenly less agreeable to look at. Wreaths in the windows of nearby houses, holly berries and red ribbon, glimpses of feathery fir boughs and tinsel through the curtains—all these awoke within him a new and a disturbing fancy that at the end of two thousand miles of visioning he might be irretrievably late! Illogically he made haste to rise; he wanted to flavor his impatience by counting landmarks.

The diner was half filled when he arrived for breakfast, and the train was still standing in the yards. As the conductor wished him a perfunctory Merry Christmas, Hilliard smiled obliquely.

"Not unless you make up some speed between here and Syracuse," he said.

"Not much chance of that," said the conductor, punching the order slip. "It's deep snow from here on, sir. Lucky if we're in in time for your turkey!"

There Was a Dry Murmur From the Bed.

Hilliard sighed, brightened as the train dragged itself into sluggish motion, and gave his attention to the landscape. It was typically a scene from a Christmas card; all it needed, at any moment, was a few lines of engravings in the foreground to be a very fair counterpart of the cards which Hilliard had ordered sent out to all his friends. He smiled, expansively, at the conception of what the name of Hilliard on those cards now meant to Syracuse. They were undoubtedly magnifying his grandeur now; he knew enough of human nature to realize that in his home-coming he was certain to be greeted as a multi-millionaire. And it wasn't multi—it was only the possibility of a single one!

The thought of riches turned his mind to the individuals who would share in them; Dr. Durant, who, unless he chose, need never keep office hours again—he could devote himself to the research he loved; Cullen, whose blind, bulldog faith had made him forever independent, even Rufus Waring, whose modest contribution, accepted out of spleenless commiseration, had swelled to the dignity of four figures, and given him the means to show the world to Angela. And Hilliard himself had made far more than all the other venturers combined—not in money, perhaps, but in dividends payable in the medium of his self-respect.

And yet, as the realities stood, now, he was sensitive to the nothingness of his triumph, until such time as he had some one to divide it with him. For there is little pleasure in a monopoly of happiness; not even a joke is fully established until some one appears to share it; a secret is delectable only when it's repeated, a conquest is empty without the popular acclaim, or the arrival of the historian. He felt this keenly; he reflected that of all the syndicate, he alone was without a beneficiary. And today, when he had steeled himself to speak to Carol . . . Like countless generations of men before him, he began vaguely to wonder what he should do if she refused him.

What would be left? Only the shell of achievement. Would he go back to France? or would he remain in America, and struggle for success by endowing war charities out of his glorious income-to-be? Also . . . and this was enervating . . . what should he say to her? It is given to few men to propose twice, in different characters, to the same girl.

The train plowed and panted through the thickening drifts; Hilliard's watch was coming out of his pocket at five-minute intervals; here was Rochester at last . . . three hours late . . . and there, shining dimly through banked clouds, was the sun! The train seemed warmed to greater effort by its mere appearance; Hilliard, who had measured time by weeks, then by days, and more recently by reluctant hours, began to mark the minutes from his mental calendar.

And then, after an interminable century of impatience, the outlying villages, gray and smoky; the flat wastes of Solvay; the road slowly becoming streets; the buildings adding height . . . Syracuse!

His feet were on the platform; he was hurrying forward. Ahead of him . . . and in his excitement he stumbled heavily . . . there, coming toward him . . . Carol and the Doctor, bedizzered and may . . . no question of the welcome they were bringing him!

His own initial remarks were grossly incoherent. There were no words to fit the situation; perhaps he did it greater justice by the disconnected sounds he made. And then he was entering the Doctor's closed car; they were bouncing over the cobbles of the lower city; they were attacking the grade of James street, and he was peering out in an ecstasy of memory at the houses where he had played in boyhood.

Two o'clock . . . on time for dinner to the second! A house hanging with evergreen; a Christmas spirit permeating every nook and cranny; Christmas odors—not all of evergreen—drifted in tantalizing whiffs to meet him.

A joyous interlude; a gay procession; a hush; a gravely spoken blessing—Oh, that Christmas!

* * * * * * *

There came a time early in the evening when Hilliard found himself alone with Carol. He had a vague recollection that they had been sent to look for something . . . a corn pepper, or some other equally futile article . . . and for an instant he marveled at their expecting to find it in the sun-parlor, where they had wandered. But the sun-parlor was happily unoccupied; and there were comfortable chairs in it; and something very green and red and seasonable in all the windows; so that they both delayed prodigiously, and exchanged a number of highly inconsequential remarks about the decorations. Presently, without so much as a transient thought for the corn-popper, they sat down with one accord. From a distance the murmur of cheerful voices in the living room was an adequate accompaniment to their thoughts.

Hilliard's head was dropped low; his reverie was so profound that not even Carol's voice could rouse him—not until she spoke a second time.

"I said—a penny for them," she repeated, amused.

"Oh!" Hilliard's awakening was explosive. "Why, that's queer . . . I was just thinking about that myself! I mean the first Sunday I ever came up here to dinner. You said the same thing then. Remember it?"

"Yes, indeed . . . and they were a wonderful bargain at the price!" He didn't seem to recall that she had ever looked so mischievous.

"They are now, then," he said. "Because it's just as it was before—I was thinking about you." Regarding her, he was transported anew by her loveliness. And it wasn't only her external loveliness that he adored, it was what she had of sympathy, and kindness, and sweetness of disposition. A very womanly girl she was . . . not a flaming character to blaze and die, but a steady and enduring soul . . . such as he craved . . .

She turned her head away.

"I was very angry at you this morning," she said; "I thought you'd forgotten about me entirely."

Hilliard affected alarm. "How could that happen?"

"Not even so much as a little card with 'Merry Christmas' on it," she said. "Father and mother had one from you, but as for me—" She opened her hands in emptiness. "I looked over every one of them twice."

Hilliard felt his pulses quicken.

"Doesn't my coming to you make up a little for it?"

"No, I'm afraid it doesn't—not in that way. I'm still very childish about Christmas. I have to see it—even if it's only in the tiniest little remembrances. I'm very much hurt. I've been telling myself it must be the postman's fault."

He denied it bravely. "It wasn't the postman's—it was mine. Because I didn't intend to send you a remembrance at all—I intended to bring it. I planned to give it to you before dinner, but when I was so late, and everybody was waiting—"

She turned with gratifying quickness.

"Did you bring it?"

"Yes," he said. "I brought it. I'm not quite sure whether you'll like it or not—"

"I'll like anything you brought!" The pronoun had an infinitesimal emphasis all to itself.

Hilliard cleared his throat.

"When I was young—"

"I beg your pardon?"

He laughed at high pressure and began over again.

"When I was young, Mother Grundy had a very small collection to choose from—books and candy and flowers. If I'd send you anything by mail, I think I'd have had to obey the rules. My early training was pretty severe. But I thought if I brought it myself, perhaps I could be more original."

"How original?" she asked, with pretty animation.

His heart was pounding relentlessly; he had lost the elaborate recital which he carefully prepared; and it was gone without a trace. He had to depend on presence of mind.

"Since I couldn't keep to my schedule, I've been saving it up to give you when everything was propitious." He tendered her a package, tied with holly ribbon; it was smaller than a book, and smaller than any orthodox carrier of confection. "Don't open it just yet, please."

She looked at it, pinched it, dropped it in her lap, and laughed softly.

"Is there such a mystery about it?"

"Yes, there is." Hilliard felt himself begin to go with the current of his mood. He sat up awkwardly. "All that you could ever think of asking about me . . . where I've been and what I've done . . . is in that box. It's everything . . . a biography, and a history . . . and it's my gift to you, too. But before you open it—" He had to pause to collect himself. "I have to make an explanation." He fought with it, and found his lips strangely sealed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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ALMANAC DE GOTHA.

After Existence of 160 Years Ceases Publication.

Following the fall of dynasties and the crash of thrones, the Almanac de Gotha, one of the longest-lived publications in the world, has gone out of existence. This record of those born in the purple and of those others who have inherited or achieved nobility, so-called, has been printed annually for 160 years. It appeared first when the ancestors of the parvenus of to-day were toilers; now it has joined the great army of ci-devants whose names it has recorded. The Almanac for 1923 was published as usual by Justus Perthes at Gotha, and, as always in French, once the universal language of the chancelleries.

The Almanac de Gotha for 1923, like its predecessors, is a valuable little volume crowded with minutest information. In it one learns that Moulay Youssef, Sultan of Morocco, has four sons: Moulay Idris, Moulay-el-Hassan, Moulay Mohammed and Moulay Abdesselam, not to speak of fifteen brothers, all of whom are named. On the other hand, it informs you that in 1921 Zanzibar exported £58,708 worth of elephants' teeth. The Almanac of 1923 contains the calendars of all the churches, even of the Chinese, the dates of the national fetes of all peoples, and admirable portraits of Pope Pius XI, the late President Harding, Charlotte, Grand Duchess of Luxemburg and Frederick Ebert, president of the German Reich.

It contains, too, the genealogies of the sovereign houses of Europe as well as those sovereigns who were dethroned during the eighteenth, nineteenth and thus far, during the twentieth; the genealogies of the mediatised houses of Germany—such as Croy, Hohenlohe and Salm—who enjoy the right of equal birth with sovereign houses; and in the third part of the book the genealogies of other noble houses of Europe, such as Talleyrand-Sagan, into which an American woman married. The names of many American women appear in the book; women who have been won in marriage by Frenchmen or Italians or Germans. Alas! after some of these American names appear the melancholy words "marriage dissous par divorce."

Besides, the invaluable Almanac enumerates the high officials of all the states of the world, and of all the diplomatic and consular corps, and contains accurate statistics concerning each state, even the smallest and least powerful. One can inform oneself that the Spanish Minister to The Hague is Senor Mendez de Vigo; Venezuela.

So for more than a century and a half the Almanac de Gotha has pursued its authoritative and instructive course; only in one year of its long life did it vary, 1808. On Oct. 20, 1807, Napoleon wrote to Champagny, his Foreign Minister:

"The latest edition of the Almanac de Gotha is full of errors, on account having been taken of the changes wrought by me in Germany. Tell the Minister for Gotha to call on you and instruct him that all this must be set right in the forthcoming edition."

Champagny acted too late, so the French authorities seized and destroyed the first edition of the Almanac for 1808; each of the few copies that escaped is worth more than its weight in gold now. The second edition, rewritten in Paris, has for its frontispiece a portrait of Napoleon. Not possessing a pedigree, Napoleon was unwilling to advertise other people's pedigrees, so genealogical tables appear in this edition.

The Almanac, it seems, got in financial difficulties in its old age. Before the announcement that it will be published no more, in 1921, the editors wrote of the many difficulties they had to contend with.

SOME ORIENTAL RULERS

King of Siam and Shah of Persia Surprises Visitor.

Viewed from [illegible] standpoint most of [illegible] ers whom I have [illegible] tinctly disappointing. [illegible] Powell, in Harper's [illegible] one would be justified [illegible] the colorful and [illegible] monarchs as the [illegible] (which is the new [illegible] tamia), the King [illegible] Shah of Persia. It [illegible] expected, for example, [illegible] Feisal, whose capital [illegible] the scene of The [illegible] Nights, would wear [illegible] and flowing robes [illegible] of Arabia and [illegible] Prophet; but when [illegible] his palace on the [illegible] he wore—shade[illegible] hid!—a khaki [illegible] Browne belt.

Doubtless because [illegible] mental picture [illegible] traits on the point [illegible] always thought [illegible] as a lean, [illegible] sweeping black [illegible] a lambskin [illegible] aigrette and a [illegible] ting crossbones [illegible] Throne. But [illegible] When I met [illegible] glittering throne [illegible] in a room over [illegible] Gardens, and I [illegible] stout, olive-skin[illegible] reproachably [illegible] whose chief [illegible] to be radio [illegible] raphy.

Progress [illegible] Orient during [illegible] the old-time [illegible] esqueness, [illegible] associate with [illegible] almost disappointed [illegible] Siam, for example, [illegible] to see the royal [illegible] dom borne through [illegible] streets of his [illegible] howdah atop [illegible] phant, for such [illegible] ture that I had [illegible] since childhood [illegible] king, however [illegible] tonneau of a [illegible] tor car, [illegible] scarlet, while [illegible] streets of Bangkok [illegible] would have [illegible] York Fire [illegible] more familiar [illegible] very [illegible] surprised at [illegible] ism, for, as [illegible] Fa Maha Vajiravudh, [illegible] VI., as he prefers [illegible] up-to-the-minute [illegible] ckn. King [illegible] Eton and Oxford [illegible] military [illegible] an honorary [illegible] army, he speaks [illegible] like an English [illegible] is writing [illegible] in the private [illegible] Palace, the [illegible] confined to [illegible] and the dining [illegible] plays King [illegible] takes the head [illegible] scandalized [illegible]

When I [illegible] the king he [illegible] for the dinner [illegible] Queen Dowager [illegible] curious [illegible] tune to [illegible] court tailor [illegible] from Bond [illegible] kin's father [illegible] weight [illegible]

"I hope [illegible] taking the [illegible] one day [illegible] but, [illegible] perhaps [illegible] give me [illegible] boys dress [illegible] sir," he [illegible] His majesty [illegible] with the [illegible] West and he [illegible] part, that [illegible] been instructed [illegible] tume, which [illegible] sir, as to [illegible]

"Suppose [illegible] have achieved [illegible] whereupon [illegible] for my instruction [illegible] on which [illegible] tastic outfit [illegible] on. It is [illegible] wide brim [illegible] on the front [illegible] in fact [illegible] garb of the [illegible] felt that, if [illegible] to save the [illegible] can compare [illegible] travesty the [illegible] I spent the [illegible] ferably [illegible] details of [illegible] by the rid[illegible] suppose that [illegible] cause of [illegible] rewarded with [illegible] Order of the [illegible]

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