The Canadian Champion

MILTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1925. No. 44

FARM NEEDS.

Zenolum, Kreso Dip.
Crude Carbolic and Saltpetre.
Bluestone, Formaldehyde.
Creolin, Sweet Nitre.
Sulphur, and Cattle Salts.

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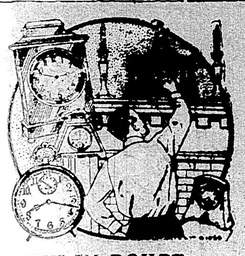
MILTON Phone 40 ONTARIO



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GOING WEST.	GOING EAST
12.46 midnight	6.56 a.m.
8.12 a.m.	9.30 a.m.
8.47 a.m.	10.38 a.m.
2.57 p.m. Saturday only	3.43 p.m.
4.30 p.m.	5.08 p.m.
6.15 p.m.	7.43 p.m.
8.59 p.m. Except Sat. & Sun]	

—SUNDAY—
Going West—12.45 a.m.; 4.30 p.m.
Going East—7.38 a.m., 3.43 & 9.41 p.m.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY

GOING SOUTH.	GOING NORTH.
12.01 p.m ; 8.06 p.m.	7.28 a.m ; 4.23 p.m.

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Mail and Empire	5.00	6.35
Toronto Daily Star	5.00	6.35
Montreal Fam. Herald and Weekly Star	2.00	3.85

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4 sizes. Reliable regulating pills. Sold in three degrees of strength, No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor)

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COUNTY OF HALTON
LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1925

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	June	Sept.	Nov.
Milton	Friday	10.00 a.m.	9	6	8	26	4	6
Oakville	Tuesday	10.00 a.m.	6	3	5	23	8	3
Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	7	4	6	24	2	4
Acton	Thursday	10.00 a.m.	8	5	7	25	3	5
Campbellville	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	10	7	9	27	5	7
Burlington	Monday	10.00 a.m.	12	2	4	22	1	2

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

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court, without Jury, 9th and 8th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 7th April, [illegible] 10 a.m., and adjourned as often as may be required for the despatch of business.

A Roll of Criminal Justice Accounts, 3rd February, [illegible]

By-order, W. [illegible]

CHAPTER I

The Lady in the Limousine.

West, still attired in khaki uniform, but wearing the red chevron of honorable discharge on his left sleeve, sat in the club writing room, his feet comfortably elevated, endeavoring to extract some entertainment from the evening paper. The news was not particularly interesting, however, and finally, obsessed with the feeling that it would soon be time for him to seriously contemplate the procuring of suitable employment, the young man turned the sheet about rather idly, and ran his eyes down the columns devoted to classified advertising.

Half way down the first column, under the head of "miscellaneous," he paused and read a paragraph with some interest; then read it over again, smitting a soft whistle between his teeth.

"Well, by Jove!" he said to himself slowly, "That doesn't sound so bad, either; out of the ordinary, at least. Say, Thompson," and he turned to a tall young fellow busily writing at the adjoining desk, and shoved the paper under his eyes, pointing at the paragraph which had attracted attention, with one finger. "What do you make out of that, old man?"

The other, rather sober-faced, and slow of speech, read the advertisement word by word, with no change of expression.

"Rot," he said solemnly. "Either a joke, or some scheme on. Why? Interested in it?"

"In a measure, yes. I've a good mind to answer, and take a chance."

"You're a fool if you do, Matt," decisively, and turning back to his writing. "That is some game being pulled off. Likely as not it means blackmail. Besides there is no address."

"That's one thing I like about it," retorted the other; "They are in earnest, and taking no chances of having their purpose guessed at. By Jove, I don't see how any one can get in bad, merely by finding out what it all means."

"Well, do as you please; you would anyhow. Only you have my advice."

West read the item again. He had been eighteen months in France, and his discharge from the army had left him bored and dissatisfied with the dull routine of civil life. He dreaded to get back into the harness of a prosaic existence; even his profession as a civil engineer had someway lost its charm. He had tasted the joy of adventure, the thrill of danger, and it was still alluring. This advertisement promised a mystery which strangely attracted his imagination.

"Wanted: Young man of education and daring for service involving some personal peril. Good pay, and unusual reward if successful. May have to leave city. Purpose disclosed only in personal interview."

As Thompson had pointed out, this was not signed, nor any address given. West crossed over to an unoccupied desk, and wrote a reply, changing the wording several times, and finally making a clean copy. The answer read:

"To Advertiser: Am 26; late captain of Engineers; university graduate, adventurous disposition. Would be glad to consider your proposition. Address, Box 57, University club."

He placed this in an envelope, called a club messenger, and, handing the boy a sum of money, sent him over to the newspaper office.

Two days elapsed before an answer appeared in his box; a small envelope, addressed in a lady's handwriting apparently, and mailed from one of the sub-postoffices. The brief note read:

"Box 57, University club.

"Your answer to advertisement makes a good impression, and I am willing to put you to the further test of a personal meeting. If you are in earnest in this matter, and quite prepared to assume the necessary risk, you will be at the northwest corner of Spaulding park at 5:30 tomorrow afternoon. Do not come in uniform, but it will be well to bring evening clothes in a bag. Be sure of yourself, and be prompt.

"Very truly yours,
"The Advertiser."

West read this over, again and again, smoking furiously, and endeavoring to weigh each word. The letter sounded honest and sincere; the writer evidently had a purpose in view, and was selecting an agent with great care and secrecy. No hint as to what that object was would be revealed blindly—he must be tried in every way first; thoroughly tested as to both character and courage. Undoubtedly steps had already been taken to do this. The delay in reply would have afforded opportunity for some investigation, as his address would give the necessary clue to his identity. The request for evening dress, however, rather puzzled him, [illegible]

"I am sure," he confessed, surprised at her tone, and glancing toward her, "I certainly am left completely in the dark, unable even to clearly distinguish my mysterious companion in adventure."

"And there really is no longer any occasion for such concealment." She lifted the heavy curtain beside her, permitting the grey light to rest upon her face. "I preferred not to be seen at the park for obvious reasons; but here, alone with you, such precaution is quite unnecessary. We are to be either friends or enemies, so frankness is the best course."

He saw the face of a young woman of twenty-four, or five, with dark eyes and hair, her cheeks flushed with health and excitement, her lips smiling. It was a face of unusual attractiveness, not regular, perhaps, in any of its features, yet filled with character, and glowing with life. He liked the girl, and believed in her.

"I can only thank you," he said, rather lamely. "Although I do not understand now how we could ever become enemies. Surely, that is not a threat?"

"Oh, no, it is far too true. You have yet to learn what I require. Yet that was very nicely said. I take it to mean your first impression of me is not unfavorable?"

"Very far from it. I am already deeply interested in my task. If I lacked an incentive before, you have furnished it."

She laughed again softly, her eyes still on his face.

"Really, I had not anticipated such a sincere compliment. No doubt you learned these delightful speeches in France," she answered, a very faint tinge of sarcasm in the words. "However, this is a very serious matter, Captain West, and really has nothing to do with my personal appearance. I am seeking neither flirtation nor compliment; merely a trustworthy agent. First of all, it is necessary that you comprehend this."

He bowed, impressed by her manner, and somewhat ashamed of his impetuosity.

"I accept the reproof," he said quietly, "and will endeavor henceforth not to offend in any way. I am entirely at your service."

"There is no offense; I merely thought it best there should be no misunderstanding. Now, I am sure, we can proceed intelligently. Indeed, I am going to frankly confess, I also like your appearance. This mutual liking ought to be half the battle. We have quite a ride before us yet; you may question me if you wish."

"You mean I am to question you freely."

"We Are to Be Either Friends or Enemies."

"Assuredly; while I am to remain quite as free in my answers. That is perfectly fair, is it not?"

"At least, it sounds so. Where am I being transported, then? And why the dress suit?"

His questions evidently amused, for her eyes sparkled.

"Naturally that query comes first; and especially the dress suit. You have the prejudices of your sex, I see, and without regret. I shall endeavor to reply categorically, yet with reservations. We are going to a country home, where we dine, in company with a few guests."

"I see; I am first of all to be projected into society. Are any of these guests known to me?"

"God forbid; and I may even venture to predict that you will never care to know any of them again. You are to be present as my guest, and will so be welcomed."

"I feel the honor; but would it not be well under these circumstances for me to know more clearly whose guest I am? Suppose, for instance, I had to refer to our long friendship, it would be extremely awkward not to even be able to mention your name."

"My name! Why, of course, you do not know what it is. Well, really I am not altogether certain that I do, either. We will therefore compromise on the one I am known by, which will be safer. Allow me, Captain West, to present to you Miss Natalie Coolidge."

She held out frankly a neatly gloved hand, which he as instantly took, and retained in his own, the girl making no immediate effort to withdraw it.

"This is very kind of you, Miss Coolidge," he acknowledged, adapting himself to her present mood. "But it seems there is no necessity for me to present myself. Apparently my identity is already known."

"Otherwise you would not be among those present," she admitted frankly.

"Then, I judge you have not accepted me blindly?"

"No, I have not," earnestly, and now releasing her hand. "I do not think we ever really know any one except through personal intercourse; but I do know who you are, and something of what your life thus far has been."

"But how could you? I signed no name."

She smiled, again quite at her ease.

"The box number at the club was amply sufficient. I have friends there; once possessed of your name and army rank, the department records at Washington furnished all further information. So you perceive, Captain, I am not altogether reckless. Are you interested in learning what I know?"

"I am; will you tell me?"

"Willingly," and she checked the points off on her gloved fingers. "You are Matthew West, the only son of Judge Robert Peel West, of Atlanta, Georgia. Your mother, who was of the well-known Bullock family, died when you were about fifteen, and her widowed sister has since been the housekeeper. You are a graduate of the University of Virginia, being fourth in your class in scholarship. Your engineering course was completed in Massachusetts, and you later became connected with the Wyatt Contracting company, of Chicago. You were here, however, only a very brief time, making but few acquaintances, when the war broke out. You immediately entered the first officers' training school at Fort Sheridan, graduating with the rank of first lieutenant, and were assigned to a regiment of engineers, among the earliest to sail for France. While there you were wounded twice, and cited once for special gallantry in the rescue of a seriously injured private. Your last wound caused your return to the United States on a special mission, and also won you the rank of captain. Since then you have been honorably discharged, but have made no effort to resume professional work. You are twenty-six, and unmarried. Is there anything else you care to know?"

"I think not; really your agency has been most efficient. And so this review satisfied you that I was really the man you sought?"

"No, it did not wholly satisfy, but it looked promising. You were evidently courageous, and a gentleman. These qualities were essential; whether in other respects you measured up to my purpose, could only be ascertained through a personal interview. There was no other way."

"And now?" he persisted.

"Still encouraging. I must admit although the test is not yet completed. However, we are now approaching the end of our journey. Before we turn in I am going to ask a favor of you—call me Natalie."

"Natalie; that will be easy."

"And also forgive me if I fail in always addressing you formally as Captain West. I presume your friends say Matt, do they not?"

"Some have that habit."

"Then I claim also the privilege."

She bewildered him, left him in wonderment as to what she would do next, but there was scarcely time in which to answer before the speeding limousine turned abruptly into a private driveway, curving gracefully to the front of a rather imposing stone mansion, set well back from the road. Soon they were at the side entrance, and a servant, in the same unobtrusive livery as the chauffeur, was quietly opening the door. He turned and helped his companion to emerge.

"Take the gentleman's bag to the blue room, Sexton," she said calmly, "and then lay out his evening clothes."

"Yes, miss."

"I will be in the hall when you come down, Captain, but there is no hurry."

West followed the servant up the softly carpeted stairs, finding the apartment assigned him not only extremely comfortable, but even elegant in its furnishing. Evidently he was in a home of wealth and refinement. What could this strange girl be? this Natalie Coolidge? And what could be the possibly desire of him? He stood immersed in these thoughts, when Sexton spoke.

"Shall I assist you, sir?"

"No; it will not be necessary. What is the hour for dinner?"

"Seven o'clock, sir."

"I have ample time, then. That will be all."

The man retired noiselessly, closing the door after him, and West began slowly to dress, rather amused at the care he took, that all details should be as correct as possible. Unquestionably the girl interested him odd[illegible]

(TO BE CONTINUED).

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