The Canadian Champion

MILTON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1925. No. 28

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Subscribers in the United States $3.00 a year paid in advance.
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Travellers' Guide.

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GOING WEST.	GOING EAST
12.48 midnight	6.55 a.m.
8.12 a.m.	10.33 a.m.
8.47 a.m.	3.43 p.m.
2.57 p.m. Saturday only	5.03 p.m.
4.30 p.m.	7.43 p.m.
6.59 p.m. Except Sat. & Sun	

—SUNDAY—
Going West—12.48 a.m.; 4.30 p.m.
Going East—7.25 a.m., 3.43 & 9.44 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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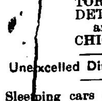
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INSECTS THAT SLAY MEN.

England Has Several Species of Bloodsucking Mosquitoes.

People in England, a few years ago, used to boast that, in that country, at any rate, a person was safe from the mosquito.

It was a rash assertion, for they have in England no fewer than nine different species of mosquitoes, almost all of them blood-suckers. Besides these, a hot summer always brings over some of the foreign ones, of which Europe alone has thirty-five kinds.

Mosquitoes cause many cases of blood poisoning, while even some of the British varieties seem capable of infecting those bitten with malaria. But a much worse insect, though one hears less of it, is the gadfly or horsefly. This is a large two-winged fly, grey in color, which has the unpleasant power of flying quite soundlessly, so that it gives no warning of its approach.

It possesses a pair of lancets so long and sharp that they can easily penetrate the thick hide of a horse or cow, and the poison injected for the purpose of liquefying the blood has a most serious effect upon many people.

If bitten on the hand, the hand is quite useless for days after, and the swelling affects the glands of the arm. There are cases on record of the gadfly's bite proving fatal.

The red harvest mite, known in France as the "jaugeot," is one of the worst English pests. The bites form small circular ulcers and the irritation is intense. The curious thing is that of two people walking together through a field, one will be bitten in fifty places and the other none at all.

Let it not be forgotten that there is in England an insect whose sting is not only painful, but dangerous. It is a small insect, yellow in color, with a black band round the middle of its body. The sting of the female is a most formidable affair, and if it stings a horse, all the horse can do is to gallop madly about the field with its tail in the air.

"We must be in time! We shall be in time!" she said to herself. "I shall lean out from my windows and see him."

But at the hotel, which they did finally reach, the girl had to bear a keen disappointment. With many apologies the landlord explained that he had done his very best for Lady Mowbray's party when he received their letter a fortnight before and that he had allotted them a good suit, with balconies overlooking the river at the back of the house—quite a Venetian effect, as her ladyship would find. But as to rooms at the front—impossible! All had been engaged fully six weeks in advance. One American millionaire was paying a thousand gulden solely for an hour's use of a small balcony, today for the unveiling and again tomorrow for the street procession. Virginia was pale with disappointment. "Then I'll go down into the crowd and take my chance of seeing something," she said to her mother when they had been shown into handsome rooms satisfactory in everything but situation. "I must hurry or there'll be no hope."

"My dear child, impossible for you to do such a thing!" exclaimed the grand duchess. "I can't think of allowing it. Fancy what a crush there will be—all sorts of creatures trampling on each other for places. Besides, you could see nothing."

"Oh, mother," pleaded the princess in her softest, sweetest voice, the voice she kept for extreme emergencies of cajoling, "I couldn't bear to stay shut up here while that music plays and the crowds shout themselves hoarse for my emperor. Besides, it's the most curious thing—I feel as if a voice kept calling to me that I must be there. Miss Portman and I'll take care of each other. You will let me go, won't you?"

Of course the grand duchess yielded, her one stipulation being that the two should keep close to the hotel, and the princess urged her reluctant companion away without waiting to hear her mother's last counsels.

Their rooms were on the first floor, and the girl turned eagerly down the broad flight of marble stairs, Miss Portman following dutifully upon her heels.

They could not get out by way of the front door, for people had paid for standing room there and would not yield an inch, even for an instant, while the two or three steps below and the broad pavement in front were as closely blocked.

Matters began to look hopeless, but Virginia would not be daunted. They tried the side entrance and found it free, the street into which it led being comparatively empty, but just beyond, where it ran into the great open square of the Leopoldplatz, there was a solid wall of sightseers.

"We might as well go back," said Miss Portman, who had none of the princess' keenness for the undertaking. She was tired after the journey and for herself would rather have had a cup of tea than see fifty emperors unveil as many statues by celebrated sculptors.

"Oh, no!" cried Virginia. "We'll get to the front somehow sooner or later, even if we're taken off our feet. Look at that man just ahead of us. He doesn't mean to turn back. He's not a nice man, but he's terribly determined. Let's keep close to him and see what he means to do; then maybe we shall be able to do it as well."

Miss Portman glanced at the person indicated by a nod of the princess' head. Undismayed by the mass of human beings that blocked the Leopoldplatz a few yards ahead, he walked rapidly along without the least hesitation. He had the air of knowing exactly what he wanted to do and how to do it. Even Miss Portman, who had no imagination, saw this by his back. The set of the head on the shoulders was singularly determined, and the walk revealed a consciousness of importance accounted for perhaps by the gray and crimson uniform which might be that of some official order. On the sleek black head was a large cocked hat, adorned with an eagle's feather, fastened in place by a gaudy jewel, and this hat was pulled down very far over the face.

"Perhaps he knows that they'll let him through," said Miss Portman. "He seems to be a dignitary of some sort. We can't do better, if you're determined to go on, than keep near him."

"He has the air of being ready to die," whispered Virginia, for they were close to the man now.

"How can you tell? We haven't seen his face," replied the other in the same cautious tone.

"No. But look at the back of his neck and his ears."

Miss Portman looked and gave a little shiver. She would never have thought of observing it if her attention had not been called by the princess. But it was true. The back of the man's neck and his ears were of a ghastly yellow white.

"Horrid!" she ejaculated. "He's probably dying of some contagious disease. Do let's get away from him."

"No, no," said Virginia. "He's our only hope. They're going to let him pass through. Listen."

Miss Portman listened, but as she understood only such words of Rhaetian as she had picked up in the last few weeks she could merely surmise that he was ordering the crowd out of his way because he had a special message from the lord chancellor to the burgomaster.

The lanes was opened. The man darted through, and Miss Portman was dragged after him by the princess. So close to him had they kept that they might easily be supposed to be under his escort, and, in any case, they passed before there was time to dispute their right of way.

"It must be the secretary of Herr Koffman, the new burgomaster," Virginia heard one man say to another, "and those ladies are with him."

On and on through the crowd passed the man in gray and crimson, oblivious to the two women who were using him. There was something about that disagreeable back of his which proclaimed him a man of but one idea at a time. Close to the front line of spectators, however, there came a check.

"We can't do better."

People were vexed at the audacity of the girl and the elderly woman and would have pushed them back, but at the critical second the blue and silver uniformed band of Rhaetia's crack regiment, the Imperial Life guards, struck up an air which told that the emperor was coming. Promptly the small group concerned forgot its grievance in excitement, crowding together so that Virginia was pressed to the front, and only Miss Portman was pushed ruthlessly into the background.

The poor lady raised a feeble protest in English which nobody heeded unless it were the man who had inadvertently acted as pioneer. At her shrill outburst he turned quickly, as if startled by the sudden cry, and Virginia was so close to him that her chin almost touched his shoulder. For the first time she had a glimpse of his face, which matched the yellow wax of his neck in pallor.

The girl shrank away from him involuntarily. "What a death's head," she thought—"a sly, wicked face and awful eyes! He looked frightened. I wonder why."

Assured that the sharp cry did not concern him, the man turned to the front again, and, having obtained his object—a place in the foremost rank of the crowd, with one incidentally for the princess—he proceeded to take from his breast a roll of parchment tied with narrow ribbon and sealed with a large red seal. As he drew it out and rearranged his coat his hand trembled. It, too, was yellow white. The fellow seemed to have no blood in him.

Virginia, standing now shoulder to shoulder with the man in gray and crimson, had just time to feel a stirring of dislike and perhaps curiosity when a great cheer arose from thousands of throats. The square rang with a roar of loyal acclamation. Men waved tall hats, soft hats and green peasant hats with feathers. Beautifully dressed women grouped on the high decorated balconies waved handkerchiefs or scattered roses from gilded baskets. Women in gorgeous costumes from faroff provinces held up half frightened, half laughing children, and then a white figure on a white charger came riding into the square under the triumphal arch wreathed with flags and flowers.

Other figures followed—men in uniforms of green and gold and red on coal black horses—yet Virginia saw only the white figure, shining, wonderful.

Under the glittering helmet of steel, with its gold eagle, the dark face was clear cut as a cameo, and the eyes were bright with a proud light. To the crowd he was the emperor, a fine, popular, brilliant young man, who ruled his country better than it had been ruled yet by one of his house and, above all, provided many a pleasing spectacle for the people, but to Virginia he was far more—an ideal Sir Galahad or a St. George strong and brave to slay all dragon wrongs which might threaten his wide land.

"What if he should never love me?" was the one sharp thought which pierced her pride of him.

The people were proud, too, as he sat there controlling the white war horse, with its gold and silver trappings, the crusted jewels of many orders sparkling on his breast, while he saluted his subjects in his soldier's way.

For a moment there was a pause, save for a shouting, which rose and rose again. Then he alighted, whereupon important looking men with ribbons and decorations came forward, bowing, to receive the emperor. The ceremony of unveiling the statue of Rhaetia was about to begin.

To reach the great crimson draped platform on which he was to stand the emperor must pass within a few yards of Virginia. His gaze flashed over the gay crowd. What if it should rest upon her? The girl's heart was in her throat. She could feel it beating there, and for a moment the full white figure was lost in a mist which dimmed her eyes.

She had forgotten how she came to this place of vantage, forgotten the pale man in gray and red to whom she owed her good fortune, but suddenly, while her heart was at its loudest and the mist before her eyes at its thickest, she grew conscious again of his existence, poignantly conscious of his close presence. So near her he stood that a quick start, a gathering of her muscles for a spring, shot like an electric message through her each body.

The man had heard or felt the flutter of a strange presence behind him, a presence which, [illegible] and stiffened like a pointer at the scent of game. For the fraction of a second he hesitated, the slow blood of his race [illegible] his veins, while a [illegible] was taking place inside her, but during

thing which was in the soul of that man as well.

"He is going to kill the emperor!"

It was as if a voice spoke the words in her ear. She knew now why she had struggled to win this place, why she had succeeded, what she had to do or die in failing to do.

Leopold was not half a dozen yards away and was coming nearer. No one but Virginia suspected evil. She alone had felt the thrill of a murderer's nerves, the tense spring of his muscles. She alone guessed what the roll of parchment hid.

"Now—now!" the voice seemed to whisper again, and she had no fear.

While the crowd shouted wildly for "Unser Leol" a man in gray and red leaped, catlike, at the white figure that advanced. Something sharp and bright flashed out from a roll of parchment, catching the sun in a streak of steely light.

Leopold saw, but not in time to swerve. The crowd shrieked, rushed forward too late, and the blade would have drunk his life had not the girl who had felt all, seen all, struck up the arm before it fell.

The rest was darkness for her. She knew only that she was sobbing and that the great square, with its crowded balconies, its ropes of green, its waving flags, seemed to collapse upon her and blot her out.

It was Leopold who caught her as she swayed, and while the people surged around the thwarted murderer the emperor sprang up the steps of the great crimson platform with the girl against his heart.

It was her blood that stained the pure white of his uniform, the blood from her arm, wounded in his defense. And, holding her up, he stood dominating the crowd.

Down there at the foot of the steps the man in gray and red was like a spent fox among the hounds, and Leopold's people in the fury of their rage would have torn him in pieces as the hounds tear the fox despite the cordon of police that gathered round him, but the voice of the emperor bade his subjects fall back.

"My people shall not be assassins!" he cried to them. "Let the law deal with the madman. It is my will. Look at me alive and unhurt. Now give your cheers for the lady who has saved my life, and the ceremonies shall go on."

Three cheers had he said? They gave three times three and bade fair to split the skies with shouts for the emperor. While women laughed and

"Let the law deal with the madman."

wept and all eyes were upon that noble pair on the red platform something limp and gray was hurried out of sight and off to prison. On a signal the national anthem began. The voices of the people joined the brass instruments. All Kronburg was singing or asking "Who is she?" of the girl at the emperor's side.

CHAPTER SEVEN

It is those in the thick of battle who can afterward tell least about it, and to the princess those five minutes — moments the most tremendous, the most vital of her life—were afterward in memory like a dream.

She had seen that a man was ghastly pale; she had caught a gleam of fear in his eye; she had felt a tigerish quiver run through his frame as the crowd pressed him against her. Instinct—and love—had told her the rest and taught her how to act.

Vaguely she recalled later that she had thrown herself forward and struck up the knife. An impression of that knife as the light gleamed on it alone was clear. Sickening, she had thought of the dull sound it would make in falling, of the blood that would spout from a rent in the white coat among the jeweled orders. She had thought, as one thinks in dying, of existence in a world empty of Leopold, and she had known that unless he could be saved her one wish was to go out of the world with him.

More than this she had not thought or known. What she did was done scarcely by her own volition, and she seemed to wake with a start at last, to hear herself sobbing and to feel the throb, throb, of a hot pain in her arm.

A hundred hands—not quick enough to save, yet quick enough to follow the lead given by her—had fought to seize the man in gray and stop a second blow. They had borne him away, while, as for Virginia, her work done, she forgot everything and every one but Leopold.

Hearing, she had heard him speak to the crowd and told herself dreamily that were she dying his voice would be music to her dying ears. She even remembered to wonder what could be the meaning of such strange words as these, but to make her own the most [illegible] was to make her own the most [illegible] and wonderful [illegible] was [illegible] for her as well as for Leopold, the emperor. Afterward, the necessity for public action over, he bent his head close enough to whisper, "Thank you," and then for Virginia every syllable was clear.

"You are the bravest woman alive," he said. "I had to keep them from killing the ruffian, but now I can speak to you alone. I thank you for what you did with my whole heart, and I pray heaven you're not seriously hurt."

"No, not hurt and very happy," the princess answered, hardly knowing what she said. She felt like a soul released from its body, floating in blue ether. What could it matter if that body ached or bled? Leopold was safe, and she had saved him.

He pointed to her sleeve. "The knife struck you. Your arm's bleeding, and the wound must be seen immediately by my own surgeon. Would that I could go with you myself, but duty keeps me here. You understand that. Baron von Lyndal and his wife will at once take you home, wherever you may be staying. They"—

"But I would rather stop and see the rest," said Virginia. "I'm quite well now, not even weak, and I can go down to my friend"—

"If you're able to stop, it must be here with me," answered Leopold. "After the service you have done for me and for the country it is your place."

The ladies of the court, who, with their husbands, had been waiting to congratulate Leopold, crowded round the girl as the emperor turned to them with a look and gesture of invitation. A seat was given her, and the arm in its blood stained sleeve was hastily bound up. She was the heroine of the day, dividing honors with its hero.

There was scarcely a grande dame among the brilliant assemblage on the emperor's platform to whom Lady Mowbray and her daughter had not a letter of introduction from their invaluable friend. But no one knew at this moment of any title to their recognition possessed by the girl other than the right she had earned by her splendid deed. All smiled on her through grateful tears, though there were some who would have given their ten fingers to have stepped into her place.

Thus Virginia sat through the ceremonies, careless that thousands of eyes were on her face, thinking only of one pair of eyes, which spared a glance for her now and then, hardly seeing the statue of Rhaetia, whose glorious marble womanhood unveiled round a storm of enthusiasm from the crowd, hearing only the short, stirring speech made by Leopold.

When everything was over and the people had no excuse to linger save to see the emperor ride away and the great personages disperse, Leopold turned again to Virginia.

All the world was listening, of course; all the world was watching, too, and, no matter what his inclination might have been, his words could be but few.

Once more he thanked and praised her for her courage, her presence of mind; thanked her for remaining as if she had been granting a favor to him and asked her where she was staying in Kronburg, as he promised himself the honor of sending to inquire for her health that evening.

His desire would be to call at once in person, he added; but, owing to the programme arranged for this day and several days to follow, not only each hour, but each moment, would be officially occupied. These birthday festivities were troublesome, but duty must be done, and then, Leopold repeated, when he had Miss Mowbray's name and address, the court surgeon and physician would be commanded to attend upon her without delay.

With these words and a chivalrous courtesy at parting, the emperor was gone, Baron von Lyndal, grand master of ceremonies, and his baroness having been told off to take care of Miss Mowbray.

In another mood it would have pricked Virginia's sense of humor to see Baroness von Lyndal's almost shocked surprise at discovering her to be the daughter of that Lady Mowbray whom she was asked to meet. Luckily all the letters of introduction had reached their destinations, it merely remaining, according to the etiquette in Rhaetia, for Lady Mowbray to announce her arrival in Kronburg by sending cards to the recipients. But Virginia had no heart for laughter now.

She had been on the point of forgetting until reminded by a dig from the spur of necessity that she was only a masquerader acting her borrowed part in a pageant. For the first time since she had hopefully taken it on that part became detestable. She would have given almost anything to throw it off and be herself, for nothing less than clear sincerity seemed worthy of this day and the event which crowned it.

Nevertheless, in the vulgar language of proverb which no well brought up princess should ever stoop to use, she had made her own bed, and she must lie in it. It would not do for her suddenly to give out to the world of Kronburg that she was not, after all, Miss Mowbray, but Princess Virginia of Baumenburg-Drippe. That would not be fair to the grand duchess, who had yielded to her wishes, nor fair to her own plans. Above all, it would not be fair to the emperor, handicapped as he now was by a debt of gratitude. No; Miss Mowbray she was, and Miss Mowbray she must for the present remain.

Naturally the grand duchess fainted when her daughter was brought back

The arm in its blood stained sleeve was hastily bound up.

with ominous red stains upon the gray background of her traveling dress. But the wound was neither deep nor dangerous. The court surgeon was as consoling as he was complimentary, and by the time that messengers from the palace had arrived with inquiries from the emperor and invitations to the emperor's ball the mother of the heroine could dispense with her salvolatile.

She had fortunately much to think of. There was the important question of dress for the ball tomorrow night; there was the still more pressing question of the newspapers, which must not be allowed to publish the borrowed name of Mowbray lest complications should arise, and there were the questions to be asked of Virginia: How had she felt? How had she dared? How had the emperor looked, and what had the emperor said?

If it had been natural for the grand duchess to faint it was equally natural that she should not faint twice. She began to believe, after all, that Providence smiled upon Virginia and her adventure, and she wondered whether the princess' white satin embroidered with seed pearls or the silver spangled blue tulle would be more becoming to wear to the ball.

Next day the Rhaetian newspapers devoted columns to the attack upon the emperor by an anarchist from a certain province (once Italian), who had disguised himself as an official in the employ of the burgomaster. There were long paragraphs in praise of the lady who, with marvelous courage and presence of mind, had sprung between the emperor and the assassin, receiving on the arm with which she had shielded Unser Leo a glancing blow from the weapon aimed at the imperial breast; but, thanks to a few earnestly imploring words written by Lady Mowbray to Baron von Lyndal, commands impressed upon the landlord of the hotel and the fact that Rhaetian editors are not as modern as Americans in their methods, the lady was not named. She was a foreigner and a stranger to the capital of Rhaetia. She was, according to the papers, "as yet unknown."

CHAPTER EIGHT

Not a window of the fourteenth century yellow marble palace on the hill, with its famous garden of the nine fountains, that was not ablaze with light, glittering against a faraway background of violet mountains crowned by snow.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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COUNTY OF HALTON
LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1926

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	June	Sept.	Nov.
Milton	Friday	10.00 a.m.	8	5	7	11	3	5
Oakville	Tuesday	10.00 a.m.	12	9	11	15	7	9
Milton	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	13	10	12	16	8	10
Milton	Thursday	10.00 a.m.	14	11	13	17	9	11
Milton	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	16	13	15	19	11	13
Georgetown	Monday	10.00 a.m.	18	15	17	21	13	15

[illegible] Addresses of Clerks—J. Wm. Pearson, Milton; J. W. S. Snider, Oakville; [illegible] Lacey, Georgetown; J. Geo. E. Agnew, Acton; J. Wm. Fraser, Georgetown; [illegible] Stewart, Burlington.

[illegible] Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings with or without juries, [illegible] 8th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.

[illegible] Court Sittings, without Jury, 7th April and 7th October, [illegible] as may be required for the [illegible]

[illegible] of Criminal Justice Accounts, 3rd January, 3rd April, 3rd July, [illegible]

By order W. S. DICK, [illegible]