MILTON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1928.

MAIN ST.,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

CANADIAN CHAMPION

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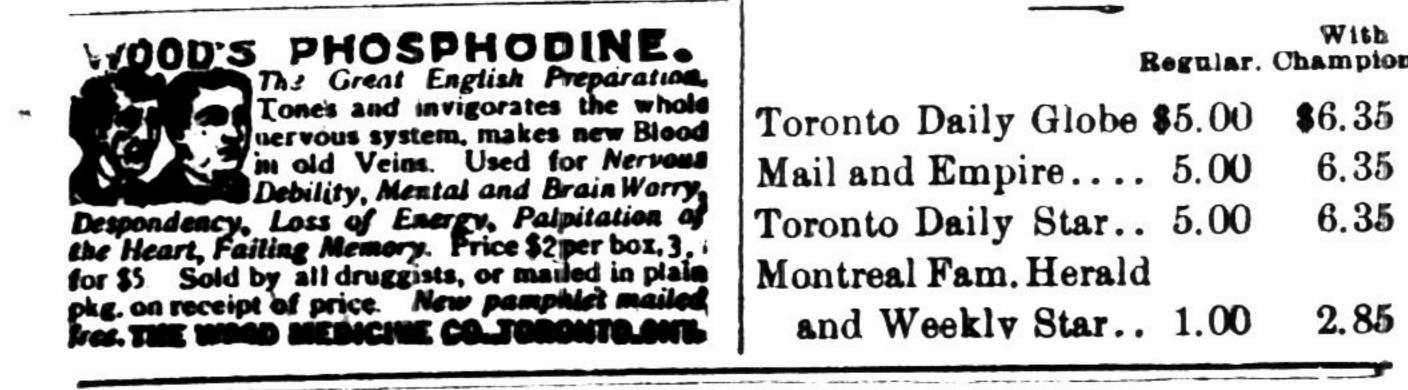
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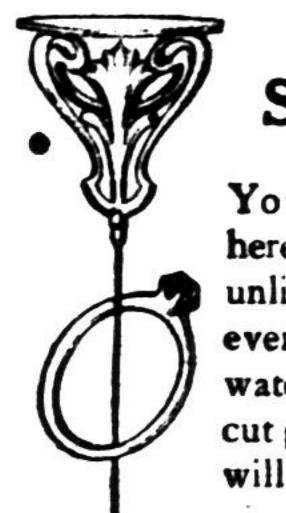


4 Bartington ..

JANADIAN PACIFIC KAILWAY GOING BAST GOING WEST. 12.48 a.m. 5.42 a.m. 8.05 a.m. 1.50 p.m. (Sat. only)

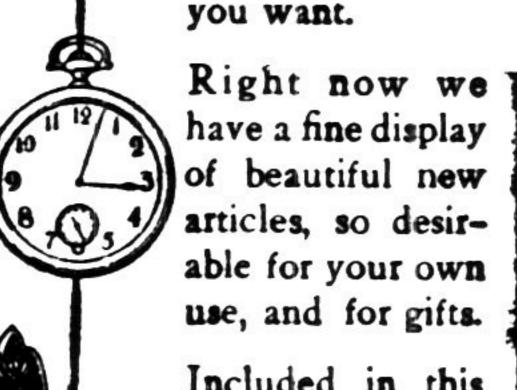
p.m., 9.44 p.m.

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COUNTY OF HALTON

LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR

FOR 1928____ Hours of Jan. Mar. May June Sept. Nov Jan. Place of Sitting 10.00 a.m. Tuesday . . . 10.00 a.m. Wednesday . 10.00 a.m. Thursday . . 10.00 a.m.

		<u>-</u>				
NAMES AND AN S. E. C. Thompson, S. W. J. Stuart, E	Georgetown;	BRES-1. Wm. 1 4. Geo, R. Agn	Panton, Milton lew, Acton; 5.	; 2. W. E Wm. Fre	S. Severe	Oekville pheliville
General Section	ne of the Peace	ing days at 1 b.			4 14 -4	
County Court	Sittings, withou	et Jury, 3rd Ap or the despatch	ril and 2nd Oct of business.	ober, 10	Dest.ex.	so often a
Audit of Orimina	l Justice Accoun	te, 6th Jenuar	y, 6th April, 6t	h July, 5	h Octobe	e, 10 s.m

10.00 a.m.

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

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Church Directory. REV. N. ARGYLE HURLBUT, Pastor. Bunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. anday School and Bible Class: 12.00 noon Coworth League: Monday, at 8 p.m. rayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 8 p.m.

W.M.S.: 2nd Thursday of the month at 3 p.m. KNOX PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH REV. JAMES N. MOFAUL, MINISTER. Sabbath Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Pabbath School and Bible Class: 2.80 p.m.

Young Peoples' society: Monday, 8 p.m. W.F.M.S. meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 8 p.m. Happy Helpers Mission Band : secon Wednesday of every month at 4.80 p.m. GRACE CHURCH BEV. CANON L. J. R. Naftel, M.A., Rector. Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

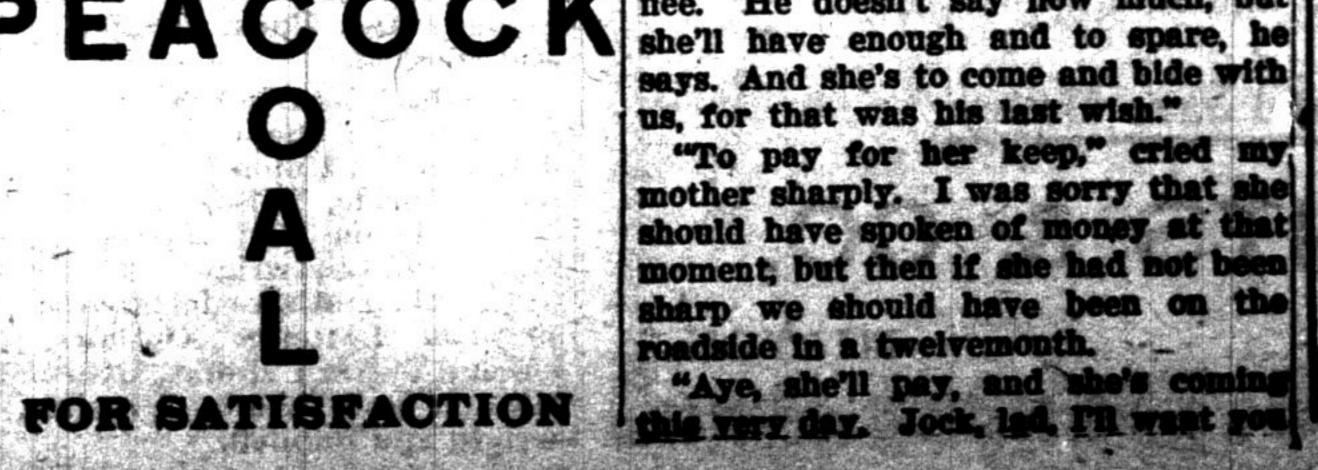
Sunday School: 2.45 p.m. Young peoples' Pable Class held in church, entrance by vestry Holy Communion: 1st Sunday in the month at 11 a.m. and 3rd Sunday at 8.30 a.m. Woman's Auxiliary Meetings as announced. Chancel Guild Meetings as announced. Girls, Mondays, 7.80 p.m. Y.P.S., 1st & 3rd Wednesdays.

ALL SAINTS-MILTON REIGHTS. Sunday Services—Fourth Sunday, Holy Communion at 8 p.m.; First and third Sunday, evening prayer and sermon at 3 p.m.; Second and fifth Sunday, Litany and sermon Holy baptism and churchings, Sundays, Sunday School at 2,30 p.m. Weekday services as announced.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH BEV. FATHER FORD held in the church at 11 o'clock every alter nate Sunday.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, HORNBY, Rev. R. S. Boyd, Rector. Services—1st Sunday of the month, 8 p. m. 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th Sundays of the month

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Full Directions With Every Can YOUR GROCER SELLS IT!

........ GREAT SHADOW

A. CONAN DOYLE

Author of The Adventures of Sheriock Bolmes

Copyright by A. Conan Doyle. came behind her and looked the same own. As she came over the side, her day she came. Our lives were comline. And then if she saw a lump of shredded away from my soul. I felt cry, "How sweet! how perfect!" just ing of the horse's tail, and yet somenever forgive me as long as she lived rattling away to Berwick, and sud- one up to her level again. MILTON, all about it. What was strange was the nir.

then saying, "Oh, here you are!" as if it were a surprise. Jim Horscroft was away when Cousin Edie was with us, but he came back the very week she went, and I MILTON mind how surprised I was that he should ask any questions or take any interest in a more lassie. He asked and called me a mole, and said my eyes would be opened some day. But very soon he came to be interested in something else, and I never gave Edie

that she liked me a deal better than

it as I could twist this quill. That was in 1813, after I had left school, when I was already eighteen years of age, with a good forty hairs more. I had changed since I left Edie," I stammered. "You'll find it Edie could have turned him round her school, and was not so keen on gamer as I had been, but found myself in stead lying about on the sunny side

of the braes, with my own lips parter and my eyes staring just the same as Cousin Edie's used to do. It had satisfed me, and filled my whole life, that I could run faster and jump higher ST. PAUL'S UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA than my neighbor, but now all that seemed such a little thing, and yearned and looked up at the big arching sky and down at the flat blue sea, and felt that there was something Ladies' Aid: Last Monday of the month at wanting, but could never lay my tongue to what that something was. And I became quick of temper, too, for my nerves seemed all of a fret;

and when my mother would ask me what ailed me, or my fa' - would speak of my turning my has to work, would break into such sharp, bitter answers as I have often grieved over since. Ah, a man may have more than one wife, and more than one child, and more than one friend, but he can never have but one mother, so let him cherish her while he may.

One day, when I came in from the sheep, there was my father sitting with a letter in his hands, which was a very rare thing with us, except when the factor wrote for the rent. Then when I came nearer to him I saw that he was crying, and I stood staring, for I had always thought that it was not a thing that a man could do. My mother sat beside him and stroked his hand like she did the cat's back when

she would soothe it. "Aye, Jeannie," said he, "poor Willie's gone. It's from the lawyer, and MILTON-Until further notice mass will be it was sudden, or they'd ha' sent word of it. Carbuncle, he says, and a flush o' blood to the head." "Ah, well, his trouble's over," said

tablecloth. "He's left a' his savings to his lassie," said he, "and, by gom, if she's not changed from what she promised to be she'll soon gar them PEACOCK flee. He doesn't say how much, but she'll have enough and to spare, he says. And she's to come and bide with us, for that was his last wish." "To pay for her keep," cried my mother sharply. I was sorry that she should have spoken of money at that

roadside in a twelvemonth.

"Aye, she'll pay, and she's c

My father rubbed his ears with the

heed to the years that had passed, was petticoats just under her knees. And neck there came a touch to my ellow. and there was a lady, dressed all black, standing by the stens and knew that it was my cousin Edle.

My word, if Jim Horscroft had asked me then if she were pretty or flush of pink breaking through her her. dainty color, like the deeper flush at the heart of a sulphur rose. Her lips were red and kindly and firm, and even then, at the first glance, I saw that light of mischief and mockery that danced away at the back of her great there as though I had been her heripushed up from her brow.

pushing my foolish brown face for- one or other of us. It was a wooden ward to kiss her, as I had done when pipe for my father, or a Shetland plaid saw her last.

it looks. And where am I to sit?" "On the sacking," said I.

"And how am I to get there?" "Put your foot on the hub," said I; "I'll help you." I sprang up and took her two little gloved hands in my

brown overcoat." of joy changed to foolish resentment. have taken less pains. "Ah, well. I shall never see him! We found our level after a tim

playing with the whip. "I'm sure it's very kind of you to

By the way, that crabbed old doc-

never knew it was so easy

It was a red-letter day in old Mrs. Jones' life - the day she made her first Long Distance call. But she simply had to speak to her son before he went abroad!

The operator was sympathetic and helpful. She asked Mrs. Jones her telephone number, name, the city and the telephone number of the party she wished to reach. Mrs. Jones didn't know the number, so the operator looked it up for her.

exclaimed, "I never knew it was so easy! Why didn't I do it before?" There is nothing compli-

cated about it. Just say,

"Long Distance."

After the pleasant experi-

ence was over, Mrs. Jones

tired, and I wish I was at West Inch."

I made old Souter Johnnie cover the like a foolish country lad, taking no ground as he had never done before or since, and in an hour, she was seated looking about among the folk in the at the supper table, where my mother had laid out not only butter but a glass dish of gooseberry jam which as I slouched past and craned my sparkled and looked fine in the candle light. I could see that my parents were as overcome as I was at the difference in her, though not in the same way. After supper, when she had I knew it, I say, and yet had she gone to her bed, they could talk of nothing but her looks and her breednot touched me I might have passed

her a score of times and never known ing. "By the way, though," says my father, "it does not look as if she were heartbroke about my brother's death." And then, for the first time, I remembered that she had never said a word about the matter since I had met

CHAPTER III.

The Shadow on the Waters. It was not very long before Cousin Edie was queen of West Inch, and we all her devoted subjects from my father down. The south room, which tage, put out her hand and plucked was the sunniest and had the honeyblack, dressed in what seemed to me and it was a marvel to see the things a wondrous fashion, with a black veil that she brought from Berwick to put into it. Twice a week she would drive English fashion that she had learned her; for she hired a gig from Angus are rather old for that—" This be- hill. And it was seldom she went cause I, in my awkward fashion, was without bringing something back for

for my mother, or a book for me, or a "Is this our carriage? How funny brass collar for Rob, the collie. There was never a woman more free-handed. But the best thing that she gave us was just her own presence. To me it changed the whole countryside; and the sun was brighter and the braes greener, and the air sweeter from the way I could see nothing but the breath blew in my face, sweet and, mon no longer, now that we spent sheep's trough or the midden or fa- warm, and all that vagueness and un- them with such a one as she; and the ther's breeches hanging on a clothes rest seemed in a moment to have been old, dull gray house was another place in my eyes since she had set her foot

heather or bracken, or any common as if that instant had taken me out across the doormat. It was not her Armstrong stuff of that sort, she would mope from myself and made me one of the face, though that was winsome saw the lass that could match her. ah, there was a life fit for a man. as though it had been a painted pie thing had happened, a barrier had But it was her spirit; her queer, For two days I turned it over in my breath. Fresh, Cooked and Cured ture. When I used to tell her that gone down somewhere, and I was leadshe was good for nothing, and that her ing a wider and a wiser life. I felt of talk; her proud whisk of the dress olutions to a head and then blew them, and yon's one of our merels at the strength of talk; and talk to a gueb but shy and back. father was a fool to bring her up like it all in a gush, but, shy and back- and toss of the head, which made one all to nothing, like a puff of smoke ships, and they'll take her as sure as Fish and Poultry in Season that, she would begin to cry, and say ward as I was, I could do nothing but feel like the ground beneath her feet; in the wind. that I was a rude boy, and that she flatten out the sacking for her. Her and then the quick challenge in her would go home that very night, and eyes were after the coach which was eye and the kindly word that brought

But in five minutes she had forgotten denly she shook her handkerchief in The more I loved her the more frightened I was at her; and she could "He took off his hat," said she; "I see the fright long before she knew I did her, and she would never leave think he must have been an officer. He the love. I was uneasy to be away was very distinguished looking; per- from her; and yet, when I was with ing me and running after me, and haps you noticed him—a gentleman on her, I was in a shiver all the time for the outside, very handsome, with a fear my stumbling talk might weary her or give her offense. Had I known shook my head, with all my flush more of the ways of women I might

again. Here are all the green braes, when she saw that she had just to do and the brown, winding road, just the what she liked and how she liked, and same as ever. And you, Jack-I don't that I was as much at her beck and see any great change in you, either. I call as old Rob was at mine. You'll east, were two great, ugly, lugger-like a stricken hour the hell-cloud moved hope your manners are better than think that I was a fool to have had they used to be. You won't try to my head so turned, and maybe I was: any frogs down my back, will but, then, you must think how little I was used to women, and how much I crept all over when I thought of we were thrown together. Besides, took my life in her hands and twisted such a thing. "We'll do all we can to she was a woman in a million, and make you happy at West Inch," said I, can tell you that it was a strong head smoke from one lugger, then the same shot on upon her way, and as the that would not be turned by her.

> Why, there was Major Elliott, a man take a poor, lonely girl in," said she, that had buried three wives, and had "It's kind of you to come, Cousin twelve pitched battles to his name. "I suppose it is a little quiet, Jack. from the boarding school. I met him Not many men about, as I remember | hobbling from West Inch, the first time after she came, with pink in his cheeks and a shine in his eye that ook ten years from him. He was cocking up his gray mustaches at either end, and curitng them into his eyes and strutting out with his sound leg as proud as a piper. What she had said to him the Lord knows, but

it was like old wine in his veins. I saw the corner of a newspaper thrusting out of his pocket, and knew that he had come over, as was his way, to give me some news, for we heard little enough at West Inch.

"What is fresh, major?" I asked. He pulled the paper out with a flour-"The allies have won a great battle, my lad," says he. "I don't think 'Nap' can stand up long against this. The Saxons have thrown him over, and he's been badly beat at Leipzig. Wellington is past the Pyrenees and Graham's folk will be at

Bayonne before long." I chucked up my hat. "Then the war will come to an end at last," I "Aye, and time, too," said he, shak-

ing his head gravely. "It's been to

bloody business. But it is hardly worth while for me to say now what was in my mind about you." "What was that?" "Well, laddle, you are doing no good here and now that my knee is getting more limber I was hoping that I might get on active service again. 1

My heart jumped at the thought. "Aye, would I!" I cried. "But it'll be clear six months before I'll be fit to pass a board, and it's long odds that Boney will be under lock

wondered whether, maybe, you might

like to do a little soldiering under me.'

and key before that." "And there's my mother," said I. "I doubt she'd never let me go." "Ah, well, she'll never be asked to now," he answered, and hobbled on upon his way.

my chin on my hand, turning the thing over in mind, and watching him in his old brown clothes, with the end of a gray plaid flapping over his shoulder as he picked his way up the swell of the bill. It was a poor life this at West lach waiting to fill my father's

I sat down among the heather, with



new medium toe, with Goodyear welted oak soles &

rubber heels, sizes

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Men's Black and Brown Calf Blucher High Shoes, double leather soles and rubber heels, sizes

made of first grade rubber, the black with white rolled soles and me. She was, as I have said, in suckle round the window, was for her; the red boot with grey soles for extra wear.. These boots are the "Ah, Jack," said she, in a mincing over. And the cart would not do for most suitable for this time of at the boarding school. "No, no, we Whitehead, whose farm lay over the the year. Come in and have us show you a pair.



Get your shoes made like new in our Up-to-date Repair Department.

R. M. FASKEN MILTON

slope which dips away down to the mouth bar?" beach. I pulled an armful of bracken to make a couch for Edie, and there lower, floundering 69 in her stolid she lay in her listless fashion, happy fashion, while a little black ball ran and contented, for of all folk that I up her peak and the rare old flag

from warmth and light.

from the second, and a rap-rap-rap smoke cleared we saw one of the lugfrom the ship. In a twinkling hell had gers squattering like a broker-winged elbowed out heaven, and there on the duck upon the water, and the other

water was hatred and savagery and working hard to get the crew from the lust for blood. outburst and Edie put her hand, all in nothing but the fight. My cap had a tremble, upon my arm.

"What are they? Who are they?"

My heart was thudding with the

over it as if it had struck her sick, and race. It took but the time of the flick- enough; nor her form, though I never But over there—over the blue sea— guns, and it was all that I could do to answer her for the catch of my

death, for the major says that there've I had strolled out in the afternoon always got heavy guns, and are as full with Cousin Edie and Rob, until we of men as an egg's full of meat. Why found ourselves on the brow of the doesn't the fool make back for Twood-

But not an inch of canvas did she

have ever met she had the most joy streamed suddenly out from the haltiard. Then again came the rap-rap-There was a ship coming up with rap of her little guns and the boomthe wind—a black, sedate old mer- boom of the big carronades in the chantman-bound for Leith as likely bows of the lugger. An instant later as not. Her yards were square and the three ships met, and the merchantshe was running with all sail set. On man staggered on like a stag with two the other tack, coming from the north- wolves hanging to its haunches. For craft, with one high mast each, and a slowly across the face of the water. big, square, brown sail. A prettier and still, with our hearts in our sight one would not wish than to see mouths, we wetched the flap of the the three craft dipping along upon so flag, straining to see if it were vet fair a day, but of a sudden there came there. And then suddenly the ship, a spurt of flame and a whirl of blue as proud and black and high as ever,

her before she sank. We had sprung to our feet at the For all that hour I had lived for been whisked away by the wind, but "They are fighting, Jack," she cried. I had never given it a thought. Now, (TO BE CONTINUED)

-BARK- FORORTO

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