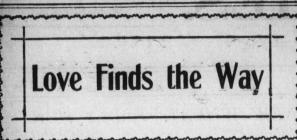
HAMILTON EVENING TIMES THURSDAY. JULY 29 1909.

FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1909

AT B. MCKAY & CO'S.



9

and bread. "Here's to our mutual our derstanding." With all his outward gravity and composure the young man was too fev-erish to eat much, but fearing to offend or hurt his new kind-hearted employer, he made an effort and ate what he could trising when he had finished and looking towards the desk. Mr. Walker, who seemed not a whit less sharp after dinner than before, ex-plained what he wanted done with the heap of letters, gave Clarence Clifford a ledger to make up, and went off, re-turning to put his head in at the door and nod, saying, dryly: "There's nothing you can make off with so I don't mind leaving you."

Mr. Walker, who seemed not a whit less sharp after dinner than before, ex-plained what he wanted done with the heap of letters, gave Clarence Clifford a ledger to make up, and went off, re-turning to put his head in at the door and nod, saying, dryly: "There's nothing you can make off with so I don't mind leaving you." Clarence Clifford looked round. So here he was to find the antidote to all his griefs! Here in this dim gas oven to hury his troubled past, to bury it under a load of ledger figures and business correspondence! He sighed-what young heart would

a load of ledger lightes and business correspondence!
He sighed — what young heart would not have sighed in contemplating such a prospect?—and trying hard to feel grateful to the Providence which had thrown him this boon, had saved him from starvation in the streets, he took up a pen and set to work.
He worked till six. At that hour Mr. Walker came in, provided with a fresh straw and with a decided cock to the brim of his hat.
"Waal, how goes it?" he said, scanning the letters. "All answered?"
"And the ledger cast so far," and the secretary showed his handlwork.
Mr. Walker nodded complacently.
"Twill do," said he: "6 o'clock and business is over; put the things in that desk and go and play."
Mr. Cfiford smiled at the joke.
"I have no playground."

"I have no playground." "Then go and sleep," retorted Mr.

Walker. "I have no bed, as yet," said Clarence.

"Come along, we'll find, or, rather, buy one," said the Yankee, and side by side employer and employed left the of-

fice. "Have you sold the hay, sir?" asked the younger man, seeing as they passed the square that the carts had disap-

The square that the carts had disappeared. "Rather," said Mr. Walker, with a whit. "And well, too. Large cab pro-prietor suffing round the hay for three mortal hours and trying to beat me down. "I'll give you so much," says he. "No, thank you; if the hay ain't sold at my price I'm going to have a bonfire down at my place in the coun-try. Lot o' children, 'says I, 'give 'em a treat.' That frightened him. 'Here you are, and be hanged to you!' says he. 'You've sold the hay and me, too, I ex-pect.' 'Well,' says I, 'one's gone cheap sayhow!' That tickled him and we wound up with a comfortable glass." By the time this characteristic ance-dote had been told the strange pair reached a quiet street, the character of which Mr. Walker immediately changed by hammering out a banging rat-tat on one of the doors. A girl, whose feet could be heard tear-ing along the passage, rushed to the door, opend it, and grinned.

door, opened it, and grinned. ""Thought it was you, sir. Missus says she'll have to tie the knocker up, or else be hindicted for a nuisance." "Ah, it ain't tying the knocker up will prevent that, my girl," retorted Mr. Walker, composedly. "Come in, sir. Now, Sarah, go and tell Mrs. Tumbler I want har "

I want her I want her." The girl sped off, and a stout, but comfortable-looking old lady made her

comfortable-looking old lady made ner appearance. With her Mrs. Walker arranged for a bedroom for his secretary and paid three shillings in advance, "which," he said, impressively to Clarence, "comes off your weekly account." Clarence thanked him and struck awe into the landlady's heart by his quiet, gentlemanly. way of doing so, and then Mr. Walker ordered tea. "Yaw'll drink a cun of tea with me."

"That's it!" sharply exclaimed Mr. Walker, banging the desk. "That's it, that's what I want, and what I an ready to pay for. Is it a bargain?" The young man took the hand held out to him with gartitude. "Done," said Mr. Walker, decisively. "Now you shall feed and then we'll go to work. Mind, no cash for the present. I don't trust you, you know." "I am content," said the whilom tutor, simply.

"I stand treat to-day," said the whilom tutor, mt. Walker rang a bell, and despatch, ed the shock headed lad who answered it to the neighboring eating house. He returned soon, followed by a wait-er with a pile of dishes. "I stand treat to-day," said Mr. Walk-er, as the plates were spread out, and derstanding." With all his outward gravity and with all his outward gravity and

room his summing up, decided to remain with him. They parted for the night on good terms, and by dint of expelling the past with resolute determination from his mind, Clarence Clifford slept and woke mind, Clarcenter refreshed. CHAPTER XXXIV.

Days wore on. The confidence which Clarence Clif-ford had promised to win Mr. Walker very soon gave him. The latter was too shrewd a man of business to remain in ignorance of the fact that a lucky chance had bestowed on him a good and

chance had bestowed on him a good and valuable servant. No longer was the young man chained to the desk in the gasili office. Interviews of moment with men of manners were handed over to him, and Mr. Walker had reason to congratulate himself upon the business tact and gen-tlemanly bearing of his secretary. Clarence Clifford had learned two things from adversity. First, to keep his countenance. Sec-ond, to remember that if speech was sil-ver silence was golden. Business men, fashionable butterflies, found that no tactics, however wily, could discompose Mr. Walker's grave, sedate secretary, and that gobble they as fast as geese on a common no result in the way of initiating chatter could as fast as geese on a common no result in the way of injudicious chatter could be cajoled from him.

So he prospered. Negotiation after negotiation was brought to a successful conclusion by him, and Mr. Walker grew elated—be-

ause he grew rich. cause he grew rich. Yet his young genius puzzled him. He had raised his salary to four times the amount first agreed on, and furthermore had granted him a commission upon all

essful transactions. All work and no profit makes a man a dull and doleful animal.

"There's a rise and there's a commis sion-what are you going to do

Mr. Clifford's undisguised look of in-Mr. Clifford's undisguised look of in-terrogation did not displease him. "Are you going the pace or what?" he asked: "you're a well-to-do man, you know. What's your line, sir?" The young man hesitated and looked down.

"All right," said Mr. Walker, under-

standing the look. "No, not a patent pump nor a small bore. Ask no ques-tions and you'll get no falsehoods." And with that trite proverb he saun-Evidently Mr. Clifford was not "going

b use "I've got a case at the docks," said "I've got a case at the docks," said Mr. Walker, finding that nothing was to be gained by worrying his clerk to go home and rest. "A man wants me to buy a cargo of Yankee notions. He's a "centleman, I guess, by the letter, or myself. You go

Evidently Mr. Clifford was not "going the pace." He retained his humble lodg-ings, lived as plainly and frugally as be-fore, and was not one whit less atten-tive to his duties. Strange to say, Mr. Walker was rath-er disappointed. There was one fault he had to find with his clerk, and that, though a small one, worried him. Mr. Clarence Clifford was too close and too grave.

contleman, I guess, by the letter, or lse I'd tackle him myself. You go lown, however, and open up, and say "A fine specimen of the oyster," mut-tered the employer. "Swallows every-thing and says nothing. Besides," he mused, nodding sagueiously at the mut-fins during whose reign he was cogi-tating. "Besides, he isn't happy. Now,



Are Looking For Ex-Ald. Horrigan, Lost in Woods.

Port Arthur, July 28 .- A vigorous but as yet fruitless search for George Horrigan, who was lost in the woods of the Black Bay Peninsula yesterday, is being prosecuted. A company of militia has been despatched in the tug Whalen to assist the searchers, and about 200 others are taking part. Hope of finding him alive has practically been abandoned.

perators.



Plumbing

160%, "Main, Contract, and Market and Market and Solar So

TORONTO, HAMILTON & BUFALO RAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC

HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY. Terminal Station-3615, 77.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.16, J.17, 2.16, 3.16, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 p. Leave Hatt St. Station, Dundas-500, %6.15, 17.15, 8.05, 9.16, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.15, 1.15 2.16, 3.15, 4.15, 5.10, 5.15, 7.15, 8.15, 5.15, 10.15, 2.16, 3.15, 4.15, 5.10, 5.15, 7.15, 8.15, 5.15, 10.15, 2.16, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 5.15, 7.15, 8.15, 5.15, 10.15, 11.

HAMILTON, GRIMSBY & BEAMS-VILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton-*7.10, *8.10, 9.10, *10.00, 0.10, 11.10, *12.10, †12.45, *1.10, *2.00, 2.10, 10, 4.10, *5.00, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, *11.10 D. Bi. Leave Beamsville-*6.15, 7.15, *8.00, 8.15, 9.15, *10.15, *11.15, *12.00 a.m., 12.15, 115, 2.16, *3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 8.15, 7.15, 8.15, *9.40 p. m. *Daily, except Sunday. †Sunday only.

BRANTFORD & HAMILTON ELEC TRIC RAILWAY.

doned. An unsuccessful effort was made to get bloodhounds from Duluth. The dis-appearance of Horrigan under such dra-matic circumstances and the energy with which the search is being carried on has day. Last night it looked as if the firm matic circumstances and the chergy with which the search is being carried on has created great excitement in the city. The country is pure wilderness, thickly wooded, low and wet in places and not devoid of bear, lynx and other animals. Some believe that flies alone would make it impossible for a man to live in the woods, added to which is the fact that he was lightly clad and without provisions.

Mr. Walker ordered tea. "You'll drink a cup of tea with me," he said, "as it's the first night?" Mr. Clifford accepted and tea was brought up. Mr. Walker got out a large toasting-fork and prepared to toast a large pile of muffins. "Can I help you, sir?" asked Mr. Clif-ford, who was inwardly wondering for whom the pile of muffins was intended, and if Mr. Walker expected any visi-tors.

and if Mr. Walker expected any visi-tors. "No, thank ye," replied the Yankee; "Td rather do it myself. I guess you're rather astonished to see me at this, ch? To have a thing done well do it your-self, and, mind you, sir, muffins are things that do want doing well. People ain't sharp enough on 'em. Some burns 'em-most of 'em do-others let 'em hang and dawdle about, till they're like dough again. Others do 'em too sharp and make 'em brittle. But L-look here!' extending a nicely browned one on the end of the fork. "That's how I do 'em, to a turn, sir." And holding the other side to the fire he finished the muffin and laid it on the plate on the hob to serve as a found-ation for the remainder. A deed silence fell while the other

A dead silence fell while the other rictims were roasting. All was a whirl in Clarence Clifford's brain, and, though he tried hard view the events of the last few days he found all attempts to do so futile. The atrange figure sitting toasting mulfins with the queerest look of profound grav-ity and sharp attention was too much for him, and he could only sit gazing moodily upon the rising pile upon the plate and wondering if, after all, it would prove dreamland. "There you are!" said Mr. Walker

most men who are unhappy are idiots. But Mr. Clifford isn't an idiot. Oh, ao, oh, dear, no! I have heard of an oyster in love; perhaps mine is. Close as a safety valve, and as miserable at heart as a dog with one saucepan too many to his tail. I know how he is, though

salety valve, and as miserable at heart as a dog with one saucepan too many to his tail. I know how he is, though he smiles whenever he's called on for it, and I once heard him nearly laugh. I wonder what the deuce it is!" Mr. Waker wondered still more when, on entering the office next morning, he found his clerk sitting at the desk with his head in his hands and two un-mistakable tears upon the letter open before him. "Ahem!" coughed the employer. And Mr. Clifford, who had not heard him enter, looked up with a start, evi-dently of embarrassment. "Morning," saluted Mr. Walker, slid-ing up to the desk. "How do the let-ters go? Hello!" pretending to notice his clerk's embarrassment for the first time. "What's the matter-bad news?" "No, no, I thank you," said Mr. Clif-ford, hastily taking up the letter. "A slight headache." "Hem!" thought Mr. Walker, "You've had it for a deuce of a long time." Then aloud: "Shut up for to-day, I'll answer these. Get home and try a cup of tea-with a muffin or two." But Mr. Clifford would not agree to this, begged leave to disobey the com-mand, and having got rid of his embar-rassment and put on his usual gravity and reserve, handed the letter with the two blots upon it for his employer's per-usal and consideration. "What do you say, sir-shall she have the money?" Mr. Walker read it hastily.

ou'll send a valuer to morrow." "I understand." said Mr. Clifford. And, getting the name of the ship and ts owner, he took his hat and started. Mr. Walker called him back. "Take a cab," said he. But Mr. Clifford declined respectfully. "Ah!" said the Yankee, "what a man ou'd have made if nature had only given you a slice of obstinacy."

The grave clerk smiled at this, but wont on his way, walking notwithstanding

(To be Continued.)

SHOT WITH HIS OWN RIFLE.

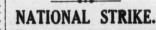
It Went Off in Shooting Gallery While

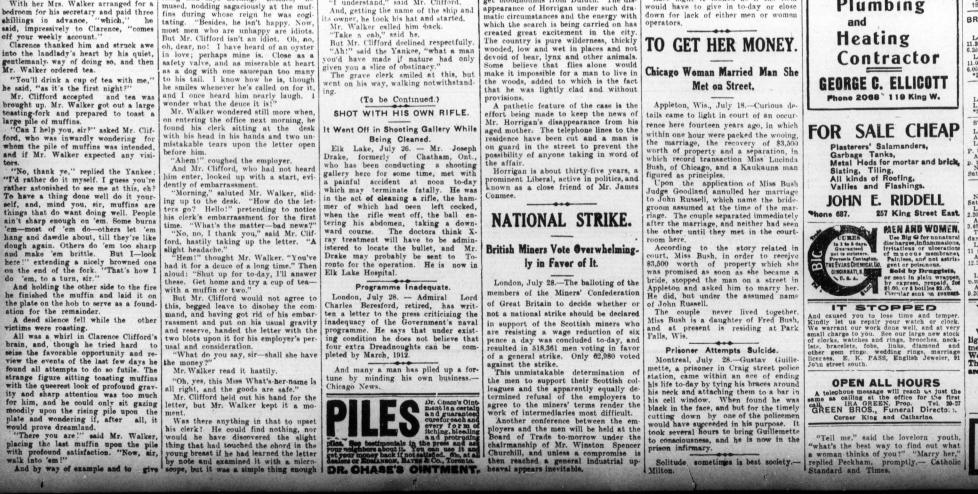
It went Off in Shooting Gallery while Being Cleaned. Elk Lake, July 26. — Mr. Joseph Drake, formerly of Chatham, Ont., who has been conducting a shooting gallery here for some time, met with a painful accident at noon to-day which may terminate fatally. He was in the act of cleaning a rifle, the ham-mer of which had neen left cocked

in the act of cleaning a rifle, the ham-mer of which had been left cocked, when the rifle went off, the ball en-tering his abdomen, taking a down-ward course. The doctors think X-ray treatment will have to be admin-istered to locate the bullet, and Mr. Drake may probably be sent to To-ronto for the operation. He is now in Elk Lake Hospital.

that he was ignify that and without provisions. A pathetic feature of the case is the effort being made to keep the news of Mr. Horrigan's disappearance from his aged mother. The telephone lines to the residence have been cut and a man is on guard in the street to prevent the possibility of anyone taking in word of the affair. the affair

the affair. Horrigan is about thirty-five years, a prominent Liberal, active in politics, and known as a close friend of Mr. James Conmee





STEAMER TURBINIA. Between Hamilton and Toronto. Leave Hamilton, 10.46 a.m., *5.30 p. m. Leave Toronto, 8.00 p. m., *Saturday 6.30 p. m., instead of 5.30. STEAMERS MACASSA AND MODJESKA Leave Toronto, 9.30, 11.30 a. m., 5.80 p. m. Arrive Hamilton, 12.15, 2.15 and 8.15 p. m. Leave Hamilton, 8.00 a. m., 2.15 and 7.30 m. Arrive Toronto, 10.45 a. m., 5.00 and 10.00 p. m. Note-Special time table Wednesday and Saturday. THE HAMILTON FERRY CO. North shore time table for Wednesday and Saturday: Leave Hamilton-6.20, 7.20, 9.20 a.m.; 12.20, .20, 4.20, 6.20, 8.20, 11 p.m. Arrive Hamilton-6.40, 5.40, 10.40 a.m.; 1.40, .40, 5.40, 7.40, 9.40, 12.30 p.m. Time table for Monday, Tuesday, Thurs-lay and Friday: Leave Hamilton-5.20, 7.20 a.m.; 12.20, 6.20, 11 p.m. Arrive Hamilton-6.40, 8.40 a.m.; 1.40, 7.40 12.20 a.m. 2.20 a.m. SUNDAY SERVICE. Leave Hamilton-11 a.m., 1.50, 2.30, 4, 5, 8 Arrive Hamilton-12.20, 2.20, 3.50, 4.30, 6.20, .20 p.m. Walking Canes We have a number of very nice light Canes, just the thing for young men. They are worth \$2.00 to \$3.00. We are selling them for \$1.50 each. They have sterling silver mounts and F. CLARINGBOWL 22 MacNab St. North **BLACHFORD & SON**

