The Canadian Champion
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
THURSDAY MORNING
of each week, at Milton, Halton County, Ontario, by
ROBERT MATHESON,
Editor and Proprietor.
OFFICE,—ON MAIN STREET.
TERMS—$1 a year in advance, or within one month from the date of subscribing, if not so paid, $2 will be charged.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Eight cents per line for the first insertion, and two cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
Business Cards of eight lines or less $4 per annum.
The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Brevier.
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# Canadian Champion

## AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

$1 A-YEAR] "THE PRESS—The Palladium of the People's Rights." [IN ADVANCE

VOL. VIII.] MILTON, COUNTY OF HALTON, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1869. [No. XLIX.


## Business Directory.

**W. H. Street, M. D.,**
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR. Office and Residence—That lately occupied by Dr. Crooker.
Milton, Oct. 10, 1866. 19-ly

**D. Robertson, M. D., C. M.,**
GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF McGill College, Montreal, Milton, Ont. Office and Residence—One door South of the Post Office, Foster Street.
Milton, Sept. 10, 1863. 14-ly

**T. B. Winn, M. B.,**
GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Toronto, Haltonville, Nassagaweya.—Office and Residence—That lately occupied by Dr. Robertson. Consultation Day—Every Thursday.
Nassagaweya, Nov. 1, 1866. 22-ly

**JOHN DEWAR, Jr.,**
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Notary Public, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Town Hall, Main Street, Milton.
26-ly

**S. R. LISTER,**
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in Queen's Bench, Licensed Auctioneer, Accountant, &c. Debts collected on Commission.
Nassagaweya, April 5, 1864. 3-46-ly

**T. G. MATHESON, A. M.,**
BARRISTER, &c. OFFICE—IN THE Town Hall, Milton.
Milton, April 7th, 1869.

**Canadian Hotel,**
OAKVILLE.
JAMES TEETER, PROPRIETOR.
This hotel has lately been extensively refitted, and the proprietor is determined to make it a First Class House
☞ Liquors of the best brand kept always on hand.
Oakville, July 1st, 1868. 4-tf

**E. DeGarmo,**
WELLINGTON HOTEL, WELLINGTON Square. Comfort, moderate charges, and unremitting attention to guests still continue to mark the management of this first-class Hotel. The Stables and Yards are very extensive, and a careful Hostler in attendance.
Wellington Square, Oct 24, 1867. 20 ly

**PALERMO HOUSE, PALERMO,**
W. VANALLEN, PROPRIETOR, returns his thanks to his numerous customers for their past patronage, and begs to assure them that he will still conduct the business in first-class style. Best brands of liquors and cigars, good stabling and attentive hostlers.
Palermo, Oct. 4, 1867 8-ly

**TIRONE HOTEL,**
NORTH EAST, BY THOMAS McCALLUM. This is a new house, and is fitted up in a comfortable manner as any Hotel in the County. Good Stabling. Every attention paid to visitors. There is a Store in connection with this Hotel. Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., kept constantly on hand.

**ROSSIN HOUSE, ACTON.**
THE SUBSCRIBER BEGS TO INFORM the public that he has the above named house for a term of years, which is situated within 150 yards of the Acton Station, G. W. R., and from his experience in Hotel attendance, both in England and Scotland, flatters himself that by strict attention to the wants of the travelling community, that he will make his house one of the most popular in the County of Halton. No pains will be spared in providing the best brands of liquors and fare for the table, as well as good hostlery. Travellers call and try.
Acton, March 1st, 1869. JAS. CAPBELL. 38-ly

**GEORGE CLARKSON,**
BEGS TO ANNOUNCE TO HIS numerous friends that he has commenced business in the Commercial Hotel, Commercial Street, Milton, where he will be found ever ready to attend to the wants of his customers.
Milton, March 18th, 1868. 41-ly

**COUNTY AUCTIONEER.**
JAMES A. FRAZER HAS GREAT pleasure in informing the public of the County of Halton, that he has taken out an Auctioneer's License for the County, and will be happy to attend Sales, in any part of the County, on Reasonable Terms. As he has had considerable experience in this County, he guarantees the best of satisfaction to those requiring his services. Orders left at his residence in Milton, or at Wallace's Hotel, Milton, will be promptly and faithfully attended to.
JAMES A. FRAZER.
Milton, March 9th, 1869. 39-ly

**Exchange Hotel**
BY
THOMAS CLARK, Georgetown, Ont.
HORSES to and from the Station, regularly. Every attention paid to the travelling public. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. 3-5-ly

**Robert Swanton Appelbe,**
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, AND SOLICITOR in Chancery, Oakville.

**Official Assignee**
FOR THE COUNTY OF HALTON.
The undersigned has been duly appointed to the above office.
R. S. APPELBE,
Oakville, Co. Halton.

## Business Directory.

**DONALD McNAIR,**
COUNTY AUCTIONEER, Nassagaweya P.O., having had seven years experience, he flatters himself he can give the very best satisfaction. All orders promptly attended to.
Nassagaweya, October 7th, 1868. 18-tf

**T. Ruston,**
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST. SEEDS, Dye-stuffs, Stationery &c. Main Street, Georgetown. 1-ly

**J B. Willmott,**
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, Main street, Milton. 5-26

**William A. Agar,**
HOUSE PAINTER, GLAZIER, AND PAPER Hanger. Shop on Martin Street, Milton. Orders left at Thompson's Hotel will be attended to. v4-n14-ly

**James Bastedo, L. D. S.**

SURGEON DENTIST, WELLINGTON Square. He will continue to visit Oakville every second Monday, commencing the 2nd Monday of May. Rooms in Canadian Hotel.—All operations carefully performed.
Wellington Square, April 14, 1869. 44-ly

**New Butcher**
F. ANDERSON begs to inform the people of Milton and vicinity, that he will call at their doors, three times a week, between 7 and 10 A. M., and trusts by keeping the best stock, and from his long experience, to receive a fair share of patronage.
Milton Sep. 25th 1867. 16-tf

**Robt. Dolmage**
ISSUER OF
MARRIAGE LICENSES, &C.,
PALERMO.
Palermo, October 17th, 1866. 20-ly

**WALLACE'S NEW HOTEL**
MILTON, ONT.
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has moved to his new Hotel, on the corner of Main and Brown Streets, where he will be glad to wait upon his old customers. He has spared neither pains nor expense in making his House a first-class Hotel, and all who favor him with their patronage will receive every attention.
JOHN WALLACE.
Milton, Feb. 23rd, 1864 v3.39-ly

**Money to Loan.**
$2,000 To loan on Real Estate Interest at eight per cent.
Apply to
JOHN DEWAR, Jr.,
Barrister, &c.
Milton, March 30th, 1868. 43-tf

**W. Barber & Bros.,**
PAPER MANUFACTURERS!
Georgetown.
Printing and Wrapping Paper
Constantly on hand and made to order.
WOOL CARDING & CLOTH DRESSING
On the shortest notice. Cotton Rags in any quantity will be received at their Paper Mill in return for cash. Highest price in cash paid for Wool

**GUELPH LIME.**
THOS M'DOWELL'
Plasterer and Whitewasher!
MILTON,
Has now on hand a quantity of the celebrated
GUELPH WHITE LIME,
Which he is prepared to furnish for those requiring his services.
43-3m

**WILD LAND FOR SALE**
Very Cheap,
BEING composed of the most S. W. 75 acres of the most N. W, 100 acres of Lot 21, 16th concession,
TOWNSHIP OF RALEIGH
IN THE
COUNTY OF KENT,
Two acres slashed, and the rest WELL WOODED, within a mile of the shore of the lake, and surrounded by well cleared farms, and 11 miles by a good gravel road to Chatham.
Title Indisputable.
TERMS EASY & VERY REASONABLE.
ROBERT MATHESON,
Proprietor.
Milton, April 7th, 1869. 43-tf

**D. McKinnon,**
GENERAL BLACKSMITH. SAW-GUMming, &c., done on short notice. Main Street, Georgetown.

Advertise in the "Champion."

T. J. WHEELER,
PRACTICAL
WATCH
AND
CLOCK MAKER
FROM TORONTO,
CAN always be found at A. Galbraith's Shop, Main Street, GEORGETOWN, where he is prepared to repair all descriptions of Watches and Clocks in such a manner as will ensure satisfaction, and at prices that will defy competition. Jewelry neatly repaired.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry For Sale!
Georgetown, May 17, 1864. 51.

**AN GUS CURRIE,**
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOE SHOP!
Next to Thompson House,
A LARGE and well-selected stock of the Latest Styles of BOOTS kept constantly on hand at lowest cash prices. All orders entrusted to Mr Currie will be promptly attended to, and done in a workmanlike manner.
A. CURRIE.
Milton, Nov. 11, 1868. 23-ly.

MEN'S
SATIN NAP
BLACK
DRESS HATS.
$2 50, $3 50, and $5 00,
LATEST NEW YORK STYLES.
MEN'S,
YOUTHS',
BOYS' &
CHILDREN'S
FELT HATS,
Stiff and Sof
CLOTH CAPS,
STRAW HATS,
&c., &c.,
HAT FACTORY,
King Street, Corner of Bond,
HAMILTON.
J. FIELDING.
Hamilton, May 25th, 1868. 51-tf

J. E. HARRISON,
**VETERINARY SURGEON,**
Graduate of the Toronto Veterinary College, is prepared to attend all the ailments of the Lower animals. His Office, for the present, will be at the residence of his father William Harrison.
ABOUT HALF-A-MILE SOUTH OF MILTON
Terms moderate. Medicine for Horses and Cattle always on hand and orders promptly attended to.
Milton, March 21st, 1867. 41-tf

**FOUNTAIN HOTEL, KILBRIDE.**
BY
W F. MILLS,
(LATE OF CARLISLE.)
Kilbride, February 1st, 1869. 34-9m

**BRONTE STATION HOTEL.**
**John Wray,**
(Formerly of the Canadian Hotel, Oakville.)
BEGS to announce to his numerous friends that he has rented CHURCHE'S HOTEL, BRONTE, where he hopes by careful attention to merit a continuance of former favors.
Bronte, March 11, 1868. 40-tf

JARVIS'
LIVERY STABLES
MILL STREET, GEORGETOWN.
THE Subscribers beg to inform the inhabitants of Georgetown and vicinity that they have purchased the Livery Stables formerly belonging to Duncan Clark, and having added to the former stock several excellent Horses and new and comfortable Vehicles, they are now prepared to furnish the public with the very best conveyances at reasonable rates.—Double and Single Buggies, Carriages, Cutters, Sleighs, Saddle Horses, and everything in our line, provided on the shortest notice, and on the most moderate terms.
JARVIS & BRO.
Georgetown, August 26, 1868. 12-tf

**HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.**
BEING Lot 12, Teetzel's Survey,
Main St. Milton,
At present occupied by Mr. R. Bland.
TERMS VERY REASONABLE.
TITLE INDISPUTABLE.
☞ For further particulars apply at the "CHAMPION" OFFICE, or to
JOHN McGREGOR.
Milton, April 21st, 1869. 3m

The Last Crowning Success.
Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S
IMPROVED
HAIR RESTORER
FAVORITE
HAIR DRESSING
New Style in one Bottle
BY ITS USE
Gray or Faded Hair is quickly restored to its youthful color and beauty, and with the first application a beautiful gloss and delightful fragrance is given to the Hair.
It will cause Hair to grow on Bald Spots.
It will promote luxuriant growth.
FALLING HAIR is immediately checked.
Sold by all Druggists. Price One Dollar.
Manufactured by
S. R. VAN DUZER & CO.
Wholesale Druggists,
35 Barclay Street and 40 Park Place, New-York, and
266 High Holborn, London, Eng.


## List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post Office, at Milton, up to the 1st May, 1869.

| | |
|---|---|
| Anderson George | Lowny Maggie |
| Cunningham Pat (5) | Miller Robert |
| Davis Thomas | Pettigrew William |
| Griffith S. F. | Wilson John |

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say they are advertised.
W. D. LYON, Postmaster.

## List of Letters

REMAINING in the Georgetown Post Office, on the 1st May, 1869.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bruce George | Lamphier Peter |
| Beardmore Walter D | Philip R |
| Blythe W T | Rusby Thos |
| Dundas Wm | Rice L |
| Douglas Wm | Stewart Rev D 2 |
| Ellis Thos | Spanklin George |
| Faux John | Smith S H |
| Glass Henry | Young Miss Christena |
| Hughson Miss Mary M | McNamara P |
| Irvine James | McPhee A |
| Kerby A | McLain Alex |

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say they are advertised.
F. BARCLAY, Postmaster.

## List of Letters

REMAINING in the Oakville Post Office up to the 1st May, 1869.

| | |
|---|---|
| Aikin Peter | Morrison James |
| Bowes G. S. | Martin Richard |
| Clemmens Marth | McDonald John |
| Cain Lewis | Oliphant Miss Elisa |
| Cowreey George | Oliphant James |
| Chisholm Archd. | Robb Geo. |
| Flynn Julia A. | Reed Wm. |
| Garnean John | Ryan R. F. |
| George H. G. St. | Sauve Mon Regis |
| Howsey Henry | Speck Henry |
| Johnson George | Thompson W. |
| Longway & Bro. | |

Parties calling for any of the above letters will please say they are advertised.
R. BALMER, Postmaster.


NOTICE.
What the Farmers of Halton have long Wanted.
**WM. BOWES,**
HAS bought the right of the County of Halton to manufacture
ANDERSON'S CELEBRATED
Pea Harvester,
AND
HAY RAKE COMBINED
Two day's work in a pea field will pay for a machine.
All orders left in before the first of June will be attended to.
☞ Machines on hand for inspection.
For particulars address,
WILLIAM BOWES,
Milton P. O.
Milton, April 27th, 1869. 46-3m

**Henry J. Baker,**
STUFFER AND PRESERVER OF BIRDS,
Beasts, Fish, Reptiles, &c. &c.,
Having had over
TWENTY YEAR'S EXPERIENCE
In the above business, and being considered by competent judges to be one of the
Best Stuffers in the Dominion,
He feels confident of giving the best of satisfaction in all work entrusted to his care.
Charges moderate.
HENRY J BAKER,
Lot 2, Lakeshore, Trafalgar, Ont.
Trafalgar May 5, 1869. 47-6m

Subscribe for the "Champion."


## POETRY.

### HE WIPES THE TEAR FROM EVERY EYE.

(SET TO MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.)

When sore afflictions crush the soul,
And riven is every earthly tie,
The heart must cling to God alone:
He wipes the tear from every eye.

Through wakeful nights, when racked with pain,
On bed of anguish you lie,
Remember still your God is near,
To wipe the tear from every eye.

A few short years and all is o'er,
Your sorrow, pain, will soon pass by;
Then lean in faith on God's dear Son,
He'll wipe the tear from every eye.

Oh! never be your souls cast down,
Nor let your hearts desponding sigh,
Assured that God, whose name is "Love,"
Will wipe the tear from every eye.

—*From Peters' Musical Monthly, for April.*

*Written for the Champion.*

## The Tale of a Broken Heart.

BY "JUVENIS."

### CHAPTER I.

Already for hours had the sun passed beyond the meridian, and now like a blazing globe of ruby swung suspended from the blue bosom of Heaven, was dropping slowly and grandly down to the western horizon, and still the lovers lingered beneath its dying beams as if unconscious of the lapse of time. It was a delightful spot on which they sat—above their heads the quivering foliage of the old oak tree, conspicuous for its size and loneliness; at their feet the brook with dimpled cheek babbling along; beyond the brook a sloping pasturage spotted with lazy knots of cattle whisking off tormenting flies; up the brook the irregular cottage-roofs and church-spires of Lautonville village; and away fifteen miles down the brook the broken gray cliffs of the Haunted Hills with their thousand tales of wonder and mystery and woe, towering high into the air and glinting beneath the red rays of the setting sun.

A beautiful spot in one of the oldest and grandest of the United States indeed it was,—surrounded by beautiful scenery, on which Lue Lauton loved to sit listening to the tender whisperings of Hubert Wentworth; eagerly drinking in every word that gushed from his impassioned heart with a thirst that seemed never sated. Of a quiet, some would call it sad, dreamy nature, an even unwonted cloud of sorrow hung over her to day; for Wentworth had received a summons that demanded his presence in St. Charles—some five miles off the further side of the mountain—and would probably detain him until the day of his marriage, one week off. Strange forebodings too, mere phantoms of some evil about to happen and incapable of being formed into words, were floating through her mind and would not be dissipated.

'Hubert,' at length she said tenderly, placing her hand upon his arm and gazing up into his face, 'Hubert, it is so hard to be separated from you by even so short a distance and time and especially now, but promise me to take the stage over the wagon road and not your usual walk through the gorge.'

'What!' laughingly replied the youth, 'is Lue beginning to fear old women's tales and nurse-maids' ditties? or, have the fairies of the Gorge suddenly awakened after the lapse of a century and, with an invisible wave of the invisible wands, terrified your mind by the moving panorama of hideous shadowy spectres and imps and brownies and beldames and satyrs and murdered and murdering ghosts and a whole Tartarus of other monstrous and ferocious frights, sneaking and gliding and flitting to and fro in perfect pandemonium of treachery and rage and cruelty and woe, tearing and strangling each other and clutching the weary traveller in their phantom grasp and hurling him down the rough abyss to be smothered in the black waters below?'

'Hush! hush! Hubert,' interrupted the timid girl, 'you frighten me'

'A thousand, thousand pardons, my darling, I did not mean to,' cried Wentworth, as he saw the effect of his words. 'But, tell me,' he said as he drew her trembling form nearer, 'tell me why you make such a request now after permitting me for so long a time to cross the gorge at my own pleasure. Do you think my nerve is less firm, my eye less steady than formerly, or within the last few weeks I have forgotten the path I learned so well in the bygone years?'

'No, no, but some strange feeling of coming trouble, I know not exactly what, forces itself upon me and will not be thrust aside. *Do* promise to avoid the gorge!'

'You know how I love the walk from here to St. Charles, the pliant green sward and the fresh country air, and how I hate the foul close cramping coach. You felt the same once.'

'Yes, and would now, but this strange presentiment or sensation or dream—call it which you may—tells me that a net of mischief is being woven about us and that the gorge is a leading string in the net. You must promise me not to pass the gorge.'

'Well, pet, if I must promise, there will be no use in argument and so I do promise. Now, little one, rid yourself of sadness and fears and as it is getting late and damp, let us start for home.'

As they arose from their grassy seat and arm in arm strolled along to the village, her long loosened hair hanging in a thousand threads of glittering gold around her shoulders down to her waist, the thicket behind the old oak tree was suddenly parted with a rush and a man well known and hated by the villagers bounded out of their midst into the open space, beating the twilight air with the heavy blows of a right arm that lacked not its full proportion of muscle.

'Escaped eh? ha! ha! ha!' fiercely shrieked the human-devil as he struck the air, 'ha! ha! ha! the cap, the cap, may it be blown to a thousand atoms!—refused to do its work, did it? ha! ha! ha! I tell you Hubert Wentworth, and I swear it by every demon in earth and in hell, that to-morrow's sun will not set before you lie crushed and mangled and dead at the bottom of the abyss, bloated by the black pool's waters or torn to tatters by the vulture's beak. If I cannot have the bird you shall not, and if the *gun* will not serve the *gorge* must. By break of day you'll go there despite your promise or, by the hate within me, you'll be carried there, and your dainty Lue Lauton—Miss Lue Lauton—will find out that the danger is far more real than ever she imagines.'

For a moment he stood staring through his cold gray eyes in the direction the unsuspecting lovers had taken, his nostrils distended, his lips compressed, his breast swollen to the full with the pent-up storm and his hand nervously wildly clutching the air, and then muttering as he gnashed his teeth

'The tiger, the tiger never sleeps when his hunger sniffs the prey!' turned again into the thicket and, hastily picking up a loaded musket, returned to the village by the regular beaten road.

### CHAPTER II.

A terrible nature there was in that man, Samuel Broadman, or Stone-eyed Sam, as he was familiarly known. Fifteen years ago early one morning when the villagers were taking their first peep through the window into the street they were not a little startled at seeing a curious looking stranger leisurely strolling along, stopping every now and then to look around a corner or gaze at something that attracted his attention, and on the whole making himself as comfortably easy as if he were the undoubted heir to the village and all it contained. Rather short in stature he was so stoutly built that his short thick neck and huge brawny shoulders would not have disgraced an exhibition ox. As he strolled along the window-watchers noticed a nervous twitching of his right arm from the elbow to the finger tips as if acted upon by a continuous spasm and that his face, like the rest of his body was rugged and massive, thickly blotched with large red freckles and here and there a a tuft of coarse red hair. Nor did his head by any means do an injustice to the rest of his person, for once when its heat seemed to force him to remove his hat, it was noticed that its formation in developing itself, took advantage of considerably more than the ordinary number of inches of that dirt of which we are all made, in rounding out its circumference thereby putting itself in a very sad predicament for material wherewith to complete its height, while it left the top as flat and level as the marble top of a table. His forehead, if such a thing could be seen through a heavy clump of bristly red hair that grew down it almost to the eyebrows, was suddenly cut short in its upward tendency by the same freak of nature that had flattened the upper surface of his head. Nor was he ever seen to look upwards, but at all times appeared to be gazing steadily upon the ground or in a direction on a line with his eyes, and the few early street goers who got a glimpse of those eyes never felt any desire to meet them again. They were gray—nothing much in that, for some gray eyes are particularly handsome and attractive, but the dead cold motionless marble stare that issued from those gray eyes was horrible and repellent in the highest degree and told just as plainly as the most talkative of eyes could tell that the being possessing them had a will of his own and was not iikely to be at all squeamish about carrying out the dictates of that will however wicked and monstrous they might be. These eyes were moreover never known to move in their sockets like most others, and, though often during the last fifteen years seen in a passion, they never glared with a fiery blaze nor ever even flashed for a second, but remained immovable and lifeless and frozen in the fiercest moment of rage

Such was the man, Mr. Samuel Broadman, a rare, so much so that he was perhaps unique, and handsome specimen he most assuredly was and quite a fine looking captivating sort of individual to aim at the love of a young pretty and wealthy girl—one gifted in a remarkable manner with all those ravishing charms and attractions that the partial hand of nature could bestow and of riches could procure. As to his age those who saw him on that early morning fifteen years ago were unable to tell whether he were twenty or forty years old; the same people who saw him this morning were unable to tell whether the interval of time had made him fifteen years older or fifteen years younger, so slightly and carelessly had the wrinkled Angel of Time applied his white lips to the blood, his lean fingers to the features, his consumptive breath to the hair of this, as of many other great sinners in this world. Whence he came or how he came no one knew though every one had soon some wonderous tale of mystery to whisper which he or she had noticed in connection with him. It was not long however before the tenants of Mr. Lauton—the owner of the greater portion of Lautonville Village—and through them the rest of the villagers became somewhat intimately acquainted with him, far in less than a week he had shuffled his cards so well that he was known no longer as 'that man Mr. Samuel Broadman,' but as Stone eye Sam, Mr. Lauton's agent. For thirteen continuous years he managed to cling to that office and would, perhaps, have retained his hold of it to the end of life had not one of the world worrying sex come in the way.

### CHAPTER III.

Lue Lauton was but a very young child when Broadman entered the service of her father but she had grown with the passing years, and each succeeding one as it faded away left her more lovely, more winning, more fascinating than when it bloomed into existence. A few inches beyond the ordinary height of women she was mistress of a figure, a carriage, a complexion that nothing but Nature and free exercise in the pure country air could give. Her beauty was of that stamp we so often see in the more delicate of the sexes. Without a regular feature in her face when picked out one by one—the nose being a little too *retroussee*, the lips just the slightest bit too pouting and the chin too angular—yet take them, as you first saw them, all together and they possessed a rare beauty that the majority of ladies with regular and classic features would have no objection to behold gazing at tentively and with a great deal of satisfaction upon them from a mirror. Add to this beauty the prettiest little dimple imaginable, the deepest, dreamiest timidest sky-blue eyes, the sweetest softest sunniest expression and the finest heaviest most golden of gold hair and you have a picture presented to your gaze the loveliest and most charming in the world—the possessor of which would drive to madness nine-tenths of your gaudy night-flying moths of society.

What wonder that continually thrown into his presence this beautiful child of Nature, simple, unaffected, frank, had softened and melted down the hard petrified heart of the agent? What wonder that this softening process had gone on until it had melted into admiration? that this admiration had deepened into something akin to sympathy? this sympathy into love? What wonder that though she feared and avoided him as much as possible this very dread and avoidance only galled his great love and made it fiercer and more passionate than ever? Yes this man-beast with a heart of adamant to everything else did love Lue Lauton, and with him love, like every other passion, was of the deepest, most impatient of opposition, most enduring kind.

For several years he kept it to himself, but at length aroused by the intimacy that was springing up between Lue and Hubert Wentworth—a young lawyer of St. Charles—he called on Mr. Lauton and telling his love, requested the hand of his daughter Truly this is a curious world and some people in it are furnished with an abundant supply of impertinence.—Well this fascinating creature boldly bluntly told his love and expressed his modest desires, but Mr. Lauton's mind not running in the same direction and his charity not being supple enough to admit of such a strain—that gentleman made it plain to him that while he was pleased with his management of the estate he had neither the inclination nor the intention to make over to him the management of his only child also. Unaccustomed to opposition this statement of the case, brought on angry words and they an estrangement and it a settling of accounts at the conclusion of which the wealthy land owner made the pleasing discovery that in one way and another a great part of his large estate had passed from his hands into those of his agent.

Though baffled in his first attempt Stone-eye was not the man to stop there. He never did things by halves but when his will had once fastened on an object he would pass through flood and flame to compass that object. Obstacles and reverses only tended to whet his appetite and eagerly press him on to the end. Knowing now the utter impossibility of getting either Lue's or her father's consent to a union he tried by various means, by decoys of every kind to get her into his power and then force a marriage upon her. All his stratagems to this end having miscarried and driven to desperation by his repeated failures he had now entered upon the last resort—the design of taking his rival's life. The first attempt, as has been seen, having failed his active mind was not long in forming a project, connected with the Gorge, which if carried out would effectually put an end to opposition from that quarter. How this plot succeeded will be developed in a future chapter.

### CHAPTER IV.

Slacking his pace as he approached the Village Stone-eye passed through it to his residence at the remote end in a very leisurely manner and as he entered the house placed the gun standing in a recess of the entry. Then leaving orders to his speechless Jack-of-all-trades-man not to disturb him he went up stairs to his chamber and entering turned the key in the lock.

Broadman's house was in the outskirts of the Village to the South-east, two stories high and surrounded by a small open space of a few acres, directly in rear of which the black and shuddering limbs of a thick forest of trees and underbrush lifted themselves up out of the earth. From its face to the village not a house could be seen within a couple of hundred yards. There it stood, lonely odd and selfish—a remarkable type of its strange owner! No Villager was ever known to enter its doors, no stranger to share its hospitalities; but there it stood, lifeless in the midst of life, solitary in the midst of numbers, uncivilized in the midst of civilization, occupied but by two creatures—the one a limping gray-haired dummy, the other a cutting cruel sarcasm on reasoning man!

When he had locked the door of his chamber in this house Stone-eye pulled a small hair-covered trunk from a closet and opening it tood out a suit of black clothes and a black wig with whiskers attached. With the aid of a razor having worked out a clearing on his forehead, he decked himself in the beard peruke and clothes, becoming, like the butterfly just from its chrysalis, a much better looking creature by the transformation Apparently very much pleased with the change he drew out his desk and scratched a short note, subscribing the name of Timothy Swallow, a physician of St. Charles, and addressing it to Wentworth Sealing it a placing it in his pocket he lifted the window and let himself down to an outer shed, built up within a few feet of the window sill Closing the shutters he ran along the shed and grabbing its edge dropt to the soft turf below. In a few seconds he had crossed the yard, clambered over the fence and entered the forest. Without turning to right or left, except as the bushes compelled him, he moved straight ahead at a rapid rate and, before he was aware of it, had passed through the forest, traversed the fields beyond and reached the stage-road. As rapidly as the distance had been made there was no time to be lost for already could be heard the irregular rumbling of the coach as it jostled along on its journey.

The sun had just sunk from sight, tracing a mellowy twilight over fields and forests as the driver drew in his horses in answer to the signal from our metamorphosed traveller. Broadman immediately entered the coach and after the shaking and jerking and tossing of a few hours was landed safely in St. Charles. Hastening to the Post Office he found the return-stage at the door waiting for the mail. Delivering the letter he had written and remaining to see it stamped and put with the others for Lautonville he strolled through the town appearing as unconcerned as a well fed mastiff and leisurely making its circuit, came out at the road that led to the Haunted Hills

It was now near eleven o'clock and the full round moon was treading in all her brilliancy and beauty the skies overhead shedding a sweet soft light on the landscape and softening and soothing the angry troubled spirits of all creatures except the stray demon silently exultingly weaving the cords of his infernal net. On, on he walked, now slowly, now furiously keeping time to the workings of his mind, until the intervening five miles had been passed over and he found himself ascending the sloping side of the mountain. Up, up the narrow path he went tracking it through the Gorge nor stopt until he had placed the mountain-ridge between himself and St Charles and stood on the descent to Lautonville—at his feet a deep and dark abyss at his side and stretching far above him the rough casemated walls of the Gorge.

For a moment he stood peering into the darkness beneath him and, as not satisfied with the prospect, strolled on until he came to a small cave in the side of the fissure. Into this he entered and examining it for a short time came out and again gazed into the abyss As a ray of satifaction lit up his hard face he muttered, clutching the air with his fingers:—

'Oh! beautiful spot for the dead—the cave for concealment and a sure footing in the throw, the broken sides of the abyss to tear him in the fall and the black waters below to cover his mangled corpse. Oh! minutes—hour like minutes, fly faster and faster on your way to the longed for time! My heart pants, my brain burns for the conflict. On! on! oh loitering time and bring me the victim to glut the hungry devil that rages famishing within.'

Like a lion guarding his lair against the approach of the foe he stalked before the cave and again standing still stared through his dull cold eyes along the road to Lautonville.

*(Continued next week.)*

A young lady went into a store to buy a piece of music, entitled, 'When I sleep I dream of thee,' but by a ludicrous mistake, she astonished the young man by inquiring if he had the music entitled, 'When I dream I sleep with thee.'

A woman is like ivy—the more you are ruined the closer she clings to you. A vile old bachelor adds: 'Ivy is like a woman—the more it clings to you, the more you are ruined.' Poor rule that won't work both ways.

Said a gentleman to another in a bar-room, 'Who is that ugly woman with whom you were just walking?' 'That is my sister.' 'No, no, I don't mean her,' explained his unfortunate interrogator, 'I mean that horrid, red-haired creature by her side.' 'That, sir, is my wife.'