The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

PRICE—$1.00 per Annum in Advance. "THE PRESS—THE PALLADIUM OF THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS." $2.00 if not Paid in One Month.

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The Canadian Champion

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

THURSDAY MORNING

of each week, at Milton, Halton County, Ontario, by

J. D. MATHESON,

Proprietor.

OFFICE,—ON MAIN STREET.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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A liberal discount allowed on advertisements inserted for extended periods.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered an advertisement, and charged accordingly.

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, COUNTY CROWN ATTORney, Notary Public &c., &c,. Town Hall, Main Street, Milton.

26-ly

THOMAS DIXON,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, &c. OFFICE—Opposite the Halton House, Main Street, Milton.

Milton, May 17th, 1869. 49-tf

T. G. MATHESON, B. A.,

BARRISTER, &c. OFFICE—IN THE Town Hall, Milton.

Milton, April 7th, 1869.

J. E. Lennon,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Oakville, Ontario. Money to loan on real and personal security; sales of land negotiated; Insurance business transacted.

Aug. 26th, 1869. 11-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

James A. Frazer,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE County of Halton. Residence—Milton.

11-ly

T. Ruston,

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

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,

BURLINGTON 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 is in attendance.

Wellington Square, Oct 24, 1867. 20-ly

PALERMO HOUSE, PALERMO,

JOHN VANALLEN, PROPRIETOR, Returns his thanks to his numerous customers for their past patronage, and begs to assure them that he will still conduct his business in first-class style. Best brands of liquors and cigars, good stabling and attentive hostlers.

Palermo, Oct. 4, 1867. 8-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

TYRONE HOTEL,

HORNBY EAST, BY THOMAS McCALLUM. This is a new house, and is fitted up in as 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. T. 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 shall be spared in providing the best brands of Liquors and fare for the table, as well as careful hostlery. Travellers call and try.

JAS. CAMPBELL.

Acton, March 1st, 1869. 38-ly

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

J. B. Willmott,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, Main street, Milton. 5-26

W. H. YOUNG,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, Union Arcade, Oakville, Ont. 7-3m

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

Robert Swanton Appelbe,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, AND SOLICitor in Chancery, Oakville.

James Bastedo, L. D. S.

SURGEON DENTIST, WELlington Square. He will continue to visit Oakville every second and last Monday in each month.—Rooms in Canadian Hotel.—All operations carefully performed.

Wellington Square, April 14, 1869. 44-ly

Exchange Hotel

BY

THOMAS CLARK, Georgetown, Ont.

BUSSES to and from the Station, regularly. Every attention paid to the travelling public. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. 3-5-ly

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 v3.39-1y

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

Money to Loan

ON Real Estate. Interest at eight per cent.

Apply to JOHN DEWAR, Jr., Barrister, &c.

Milton, March 30th, 1868. 43-tf

NOTICE.

ALL persons having accounts against the undersigned, are requested to send them to J. D. Matheson, Champion Office, for payment, and all parties indebted to me will please pay to him the amount of their accounts.

ROBERT MATHESON.

Clinton, August 23rd, 1869. 11-tf

Farm for Sale,

BEING the East half of Lot 5, in the 5th Con., N.S., Trafalgar, containing 100 acres, 75 acres cleared—the remainder well-timbered, with Frame House and Barn, a Young Orchard bearing fruit, and Two Good Wells on the premises. It is a corner lot, situated on the leading road from Streetsville to Lowville, and convenient to School, Post Office and Churches. Title indisputable.

Possession given in the Fall. For further particulars, apply to ALEX. McLEAN, ESQ., (Administrator of the late Andrew McLean's estate,) Nanticoke P. O., County of Haldimand, or to T. DIXON, Barrister, Milton, or to

WM. McLEAN, Omagh P. O.

July 30th, 1869. 7-3m

COUNTY OF HALTON

Board of Public Instruction.

THE Board of Instruction for the County of Halton, will meet for the Examination of

COMMON SCHOOL TEACHERS,

ON

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY,

OCTOBER 13, 14 and 15,

AT 11 A. M., IN THE

TOWN HALL, MILTON.

Those intending to apply for First Class certificates will require to be present the three days. Those intending to apply for Second Class need not attend until the second day of the examination; and the Third Class will be examined the third day.

No certificates will be granted until the day after the examination, Certificates of good moral character from some Minister of the Gospel, Magistrate, Local Superintendent or School Teacher, known to the Board must be furnished to the Secretary on the day of Examination.

F. TREMAYNE, Sec'y.

Milton, Sept. 2nd, 1869. 12-td

Subscribe for the "Champion."

T. J. WHEELER,

PRACTICAL

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER

FROM TORONTO,

CAN always be found at A. Galbraiths' 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.

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

ONTARIO

Marble Works

GEORGETOWN AND ORANGEVILLE.

E. N. ORR, Proprietor,

WOULD respectfully solicit those in need of anything in the Marble line to give him a call, as he is prepared to give as good and cheap an article as any in the business, having personally selected his marble from the best works in the United States, and will continue to give satisfaction. Having on hand a splendid assortment of all kinds of Marble for Monuments, Headstones, Tombstones, Posts, Table Tops, Mantlepieces, and everything named in Marble.

E. N. ORR.

Georgetown, March, 17th, 1869. 40-tf

G. C. M'KENZIE

IS AGENT FOR

Bruce's London Patent Premium

SAWING MACHINES.

Georgetown, Sep. 25th, 1868. 17-tf

Mortgage Sale.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

BY virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a Mortgage upon the Lands hereinafter mentioned, Dated 9th April, 1867, made by William Griffith, Mortgagor, of the first part; Elizabeth Griffith, his wife, to bar her Dower, of the second part; and John William Moore, Mortgagee, of the third part, securing $107 88 and interest, and because of default made in payment of said principal and interest. The said Lands comprised in said Mortgage being Lot No. 5, on the North side of

CHISHOLM STREET,

IN THE

VILLAGE OF BRONTE,

COUNTY OF HALTON,

CONTAINING HALF AN ACRE, MORE OR LESS

Will be sold by

Public Auction,

AT

TRILLER'S HOTEL, BRONTE,

ON THE

15th day of OCTOBER, 1869,

At 2 o'clock P. M.

Oakville, 20th Sept., 1869.

W. WASS,

Auctioneer and Agent for Mortgagee.

15-3t

RIACH BROS.,

BRONTE, Ont.

At the Beehive may be found

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES!

GLASSWARE,

HARDWARE, GLASS, NAILS!

Spikes, Rope,

PUTTY, OILS AND PAINTS,

Of all kinds.

CROCKERY, TEA-SETS & CHINAWARE.

School Books,

SLATES, STATIONERY, &c., &c.

PRINTS,

Cottons, Shirtings, Tickings,

BAGS,

FORKS, RAKES, SCYTHES,

Snaths,

CRADLES, BARLEY-FORKS!

Pea Harvesters,

SPADES, SHOVELS, &c., &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES

In great variety. Best

BLACK AND GREEN TEAS!

COFFEE.

RICE, SUGAR, TOBACCOS,

SPICES,

CURRANTS, RAISINS

Prunes,

FRUITS IN SEASON!

MARSHALL'S AND WILLMOTT'S

CELEBRATED CHEESES

Always on hand.

BUTTER, EGGS

And all Farm Produce taken in exchange.

TAILORING DEPARTMENT

Very complete. Suits made to order on the premises. Perfect fits guaranteed and all work warranted. Stock of Cloths to suit the most fastidious.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

Is under the able superintendence of

Miss L. Tolmie,

Whose long experience in the cities is sufficient to assure the most timid Miss, or critical Matron of perfect satisfaction.

☞ Hats, Bonnets and Trimmings in quality and style not to be surpassed.

INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED.

Bronte, August 5, 1869. 8-6m

DR. A. TRASK'S MAGNETIC OINTMENT CURES CROUP OR RATTLES

Dr. Bingham, of Utica, New York, says:—I have used Dr. A. Trask's Magnetic Ointment in my practice a number of years, and can say with pleasure I deem it one of the greatest discoveries of the age; for the cure of Inflammation of the Lungs, Inflammation of the Bowels, Inflammatory Rheumatism, and in Childbed Fever, it operates with perfect success.—In cases of Burns, Bruises, Frozen Limbs, it acts like a charm.

Dr. J. P. Kennedy, of Chittenango, N. Y., says:—It has stood the TEST TRIAL, and not been found wanting. Its astonishing cures of Inflammation of the Lungs and Croup, and the wonderful success in subsiding the torturing pains of Rheumatism, and relieving nervous affections, entitle it to a high rank in the list of remedies for these complaints.

Dr A. W. Belding, of Knowlesville, N. Y, says:—I have used it in several cases of Special irritation and for the worst cases of Piles, and sundry other complaints, and find it a superior article and well worthy the notice of all.'

Purchasers should be sure and ask for Dr. A. Trask's Magnetic Ointment, and see that the words "A. Trask's Magnetic Ointment" are on the wrapper.

Northrop & Lyman, Newcastle, Ont., General Agents for the Canadas. Sold in Milton by H. Watson and J. B. Willmott, and by medicine dealers everywhere. 11-ly

Official Assignee

WITHIN THE COUNTY OF HALTON.

THE undersigned has been duly appointed to the above office.

Address, R. S. APPELBE, Oakville, Co. Halton.

27-tf

STRAYED

FROM the premises of the subscriber, Scotch Block, 1 Spotted Steer 3 yrs old, 2 Steers 2 years old, one white, and the other white with red neck; 2 two yr old Heifers, 1 all white, the other red and white, and one red Yearling Heifer; each of the above, excepting the white 2 yr old heifer, has a hole in the left ear. Any person giving information that will lead to their recovery will be suitably rewarded.

THOMAS HUME.

Scotch Block, Sept. 10, 1869. 14-tf

Advertise in the "Champion."

POETRY.

CALL ME WHEN BREAKFAST IS READY.—A SONG.

Call me when breakfast is ready—
O, mother! don't call me before;
Do not deny me the pleasure
Of a moderate rest, I implore.
Eight hours of sleep are too little
For delicate maidens like me;
Dearer, by far, is my pillow
Than a cup of the daintiest tea.
Mother, I cannot endure it,
This getting up early's a bore—
Call me when breakfast is ready,
O, please do not call me before.

Call me when breakfast is ready—
O, mother, don't call me too soon.
Shopping, of course, needs attention,
But that can be done before noon.
Talk of the folly of fashion,
I do not consider it so;
Parties must not be neglected,
And style is important, you know.
Mother! it makes me so nervous
To think of your step at my door;
Call me when breakfast is ready,
O, please do not call me before.

Call me when breakfast is ready—
Oh! don't call me early, I pray.
Doctors advise to be quiet,
My spine is affected, they say.
Sleep is a potent elixir,
And better than drugs or the knife;
Why, then, so much in a hurry,
Since rest is the solace of life?
Mother, do have some compassion,
And chide my late rising no more;
Call me when breakfast is ready.
Oh! please do not call me before.

Call me when breakfast is ready—
Oh! mother, I think I've been told,
Multitudes struggle for riches,
And barter their comfort for gold.
Hypocrites often rise early—
Their motives are perfectly plain—
Sundays they always sleep later,
Because they have nothing to gain.
Mother! I cannot endure it,
This getting up early's a bore—
Call me when breakfast is ready,
But please do not call me before.

FOR EVER TRUE.

Two bright young faces looked into mine, and one little hand gently touched the braid of white hair that lay over my forehead. A gay musical voice asked this question:

'Why did you never marry, Aunt Belle?'

Then for those dear children I unfolded once again those sad pages of my life that I had read so often with weeping eyes and an aching heart.

It was a bright summer's evening, and we all three sat out in the garden together; my two nieces, Lily and Clara Bell and myself. For many years my home had been with my brother and sister. They knew the story of my life. I left my native place and came to dwell with them because I could not endure the sound of the sea.

People often wonder why I never married, for I still bear the traces of beauty that was great in my youth. I never answer the question, but laugh it off, and they never know the pain in my heart as I do so; but on this summer's evening something brought it all back to me as vividly as though it had only happened yesterday. When my niece Lily Bell asked me why I never married, I told her the story I had never thought to tell again.

My parents lived in one of the prettiest parts of Kent. They were not very wealthy, but we had every comfort in our home. We dwelt in a pretty cottage down by the sea.

I never saw a house so beautiful as ours. Although it was half hidden in a nest of green foliage, still, from its windows we could see the tides rolling in, and we could hear the lapping and rippling of the waves upon the beach. That was in front of the house; at the back there ran a large garden separated from the high-road by a beautiful avenue of chestnut trees. That garden was the pride and joy of my heart.

Lilac and golden-tressed laburnum grew over the gate and dropped their sweet blossoms into the road. It is twenty years and more since I saw that garden gate, but I dream of it still.

We were a very happy family.—There were but three of us; your Aunt Jane, who lives at the cottage now, your mamma, and myself. I was the youngest, the petted, spoiled darling of the household. I was a very pretty girl; my hair, so white and thin now, was of a rich, rippling gold, so thick and long that it reached below my waist. You would smile to think that this brown, wrinkled face was once lovely, but it was so, and my beauty brought me many lovers. I only cared for one.

About two miles from our house stood an old mansion called Lime Grove. It was inhabited by a widow lady and her son, my lover, Charley Ashton. Ah! let me say the name again! How many years it is since it has passed my lips! The sound of it gives me a strange, sweet pain: it is like old forgotten music.

Mrs. Ashton seemed to live but for one object, and that was her son; his happiness was her sole study. Although we were neighbors, I did not see much of him when he was young; he was away from home at college and at school. I can remember watching him as he rode past the house, a smile on his bright, proud face as he galloped by. When I really came to know him, I was just seventeen. He called one day to see my father on some business, and fell in love with me, as I did with him.

He was only twenty, and I was just seventeen. We were both so young that our friends laughed at first. But when they saw how earnest Charley was, they relented, and his mother, who had raised many objections, came over herself to ask my parents for their consent

It was all arranged, and we were engaged upon one condition: we were to wait two years before we were married. It was no trouble to me. What were two years with a whole lifetime of love and happiness before us?

Ah! those happy two years; no weak words of mine can tell what they were like. The sunshine of them has lasted through my life—all the romance, the poetry, the beauty, the hope, and the memory of them come to me again in my dreams.

My friends were all proud of my engagement; they talked to me of the time when I should be mistress of Lime Grove. But the worldly advantages that would accrue to me from my marriage never crossed my thoughts. I only cared for my Charley and his love.

It is something to have been perfectly happy for two years, and I was so. There was no cloud on my sky. Charley and I never had even what is called a lover's quarrel. It was a golden time: hope and love were all before us. I wondered sometimes why I was so happy—why I should be so richly crowned with blessings. The future lay before me—no young girl ever had brighter prospects.

Every detail of these two years rises before me as I speak—old memories come over me—old music sounds in my ears. I remember the summer mornings, when, as soon as my eyes opened, they fell upon a fragrant bouquet of flowers still wet with dew. Charley never omitted that morning greeting, and those flowers told me many sweet secrets.

I remember, too, the happy winter evenings, when we sang and read together, while my mother and sisters busied themselves sewing for me. The preparations for my marriage had already begun. I liked to see the delicate laces, the rich silks, the costly muslins—I liked to see them, for I knew that when I wore them I should be Charley's wife.

There was one thing I never omitted. Charley spent every evening at our house; and when he left us, I always went with him to say good bye at the garden gate. In the winter our adieux were short and hurried. In the sweet summer times we lingered in the gloaming.

I wish I could sketch the garden gate for you. It was low, and opened with a wooden latch. We used to lean upon it to talk. An artist would have made a most beautiful picture of it. On one side of it there was a tall laburnum tree, whose golden blossoms drooped upon our heads. On the other side there grew a white lilac, whose tufted plumes filled the air with their sweet fragrance. The branches of the two trees met and entwined above the gate. Anyone entering the garden had first to part them; and when we talked, Charley's face used to look at mine through golden flowers and green leaves.

For many years after the sun of my life had set, I used in my dreams to stand again with my lover at the garden gate. Ah! Lily, when I woke, there was the old pain to go over again—the same dull agony to bear—the same wearied longing to forget, and be able to remember and dream no more.

The day was settled for our wedding; Charley said it should be when fragrance and beauty and bloom were all round us. So the 10th of August was the day named. Our wedding was to be very quiet. Mrs. Ashton wanted everything very grand and ceremonious; but her son persuaded her to let it be as we wished. Two carriages from Tipton were to take us to the little church among the hills. Two young ladies, old school-fellows of mine—together with my sisters, were to be my bridesmaids. The only extravagance committed was in the choice of my wedding dress. My dear father would choose it himself; and on the 9th of August a large box came from London to me, containing every requisite for my bridal toilette

I remember well helping to unpack the box, and feeling half shy when my white treasures were spread out upon my little bed. There was a dress of shining white silk, a costly lace veil, and a wreath of orange blossoms—everything was complete, even to the white shoes and gloves. When everyone had seen and admired it, I stole back again to look at the dress in which I should stand on the morrow to be made Charley's wife.

I remember, too, while I noted each detail of the preparations, there was an undercurrent of tremulous, passionate happiness down deep in my heart.

My bridesmaids came over in the afternoon; they were to sleep at the cottage, and, contrary to all etiquette, Charley would take tea and spend the evening with us.

Perhaps many people living remember such a day, and say truly such a day was the happiest in life. It was the last day I ever was happy, and every hour in it rises vividly before me.—I remember how supper was brought out into the beautiful garden to us, and we all sat gaily discussing the morrow. How bright and beautiful everything was—the perfume of the flowers, the mingled odor of the roses and mignonette, the soft sighing of the breeze as it whispered to the tall chestnut trees!

When it was time for Charley to go, we walked down the garden path together, to say our last good-bye at the gate. Our new life began on the morrow. I could not help feeling some thing like sadness in the midst of my joy. We had been so very happy.

'I am almost sorry to think that we shall never stand at the gate again, Charley,' I said.

Then he told me how happy we should be in our new life—what care he would take of me. He said over and over again that he would shield me as far as he could from all care and sorrow.

'Promise me one thing to-night, darling,' he said. 'The next promise you will give me will be before the altar; but I want you to give me one here now.'

'That I will,' I replied, looking at him with some surprise.

'My love for you, Belle,' he said, 'is deep as that restless sea—as true as the blue sky above us. Promise me that come what may, you will never love anyone else but me.'

I promised him, and I have kept my word. I remember as though it were only last evening how we stood for some minute in the silent happiness too great for words, and how plainly I heard during those few minutes the waves breaking upon the shore.

Then we said 'good-night.' Just as I was turning away, he parted the lilac branches and looked at me once more.

'Remember,' he said.

Just then I saw his face, then bright, loving, and handsome; I see it now, never changed or altered—never old or sad—never as I saw it a few hours afterwards, but as it was then—full of life and love, with that one word 'Remember!' on his lips.

I could not return to my companions just then. I prayed in my heart that I might make Charley a good wife.

The rest of the evening passed like a dream. Everyone was loving and petting me, for it was my last night at home.

I stole away for a few moments just to look at the best parlor where the wedding breakfast was laid out. The table was beatifully decorated with flowers, and in the midst stood the bride cake, ornamented with a wreath of white roses.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke next morning. It was my dear mother who called me.

'Happy is the bride the sun shines upon, Belle!' she said, with a smile.—'You must be the happiest of brides, for it never shone more brightly than it does to-day.'

Yet even then—even as she spoke—. But let me tell it to you as it occurred.

I heard as I was dressing the sound of carriage wheels, and I knew that Mrs. Ashton had arrived: she had promised to come before eight. Charley was to join her at our house, and we were all to go to the church together.

'Let me have a few minutes out in the garden mamma,' I said, 'before that grand business of my dressing begins.

I wanted to say good bye to the old nooks Charley and I loved so dearly.—How beautiful it was this morning of my wedding day! There was not a cloud in the blue sky. The flowers were vying with each other—the birds sang as though they knew that my love would be mine that day never to loose again. I could hear the faint, distant lapping of the waves beating upon the shore.

You will laugh at me, Lily, when I tell you that I laid my head down upon the old wooden gate and kissed it as though it had been a living friend.—If ever any human heart overflowed with happiness, mine did that morning.

Then I heard my sisters calling me. It was time to dress, they said. As we went up stairs I stopped at the window of the large passage to look at the sea. Tiny blue wavelets rolled in quietly, as though they were too lazy to break upon the shore. The sun shone brightly upon the waters; in some parts it was like a shining, glimmering mass of gold. Yet even then—even then—

Ah me! the loving hands that dressed me, the young voices that chattered so gayly, the loving mother who smiled in the midst of her tears. They threw the white veil over my head, and placed the bouquet Charley had sent mein my hands.

'You must not kiss her,' my mother said, as my sisters drew near me.—'Charley is entitled to the first kiss today, and he must have it.'

Yet even then—

It was half past nine, and we all went down into the parlor.

Yet even in the tumult of my own happiness, I noted how pretty my bridesmaids looked, and how fair and placid was my mother's face.

Charley's mother came to greet me. Tears were shining in her eyes; but she would not kiss me. She, too, said:

'Charley must kiss you first on this day.'

A few minutes passed away—golden moments they were—during which my heart seemed to beat aloud, for he was coming—my love—my husband so soon to be—he was coming: the sun and sky, earth and flowers, were all in their fairest array for him! He was coming.—And from that day henceforward—through all my life, in joy as in sorrow—he was to be by my side.

How came I, all in one moment, to be listening to his mother talking to mine, I do not remember. She was saying:

'Charley will be here directly. We had a long argument before I left home,' she said, 'he declared he should go down to the sea to bathe, but I wished him not to do so. I do not like the water on these very warm mornings.'

Then the golden silence fell around me again. I could not note the time—it did not exist for me. I was in a dream.

The clock on the mantlepiece stuck ten. Each stroke seemed to fall upon my heart, and send blushes to my cheeks. He was to be here at ten.—We were to be married at half-past.—At that moment there came a violent ringing at the door.

'There he is,' said several voices, and in his mother's I detected a tone of relief. My own heart seemed to stand still But no, it was only a messenger from the rectory.

There was yet for me a few more minutes of that happy time. We waited but he did not come.

'It is not often,' said my father, with a smile, that the bridegroom is late.'

'He will be here in a minute,' said his mother, 'and then he will declare every clock and watch, except his own, to be wrong.'

The little clock chimed out a quarter past—still no fear or anxiety came near me. It was my wedding day and he was coming.

'We shall be late!' said my father, looking at his watch.

A few minutes more, and the half-hour chimed forth. Still the sun shone, the flowers bloomed—and we waited.

'I had better send some one down to Lime Grove, said Mrs. Ashton; 'there must be some mistake—!!'

But the words were frozen upon her lips. My sister who stood watching at the window, gave a sudden cry.

'What is it?'

A crowd of people hurrying along the road, some raving, some shouting, and in their midst they carried something dark, and quiet, and motionless.

'What is it?' cried my sister again, and a voice, low and hoarse, answered:

'It is a dead man.'

On they came—through the little gate—through the bright flower garden. There was a hurried question and a rapid answer—a shriek that rent the air—and a dread, awful silence fell upon us, and seemed to freeze us where we stood.

'Take that child away,' I heard my father cry as loud voices called him.—Some one muffled my eyes—my ears—in my bridal veil, some one, I knew not whom, held me tightly in their arms, so that I could neither hear nor see. But above the din—above the screams of women and the voices of men—in spite of the tender arms that clasped me, I heard the words—'found drowned.'

Ah, Lily, it broke my heart! Don't cry, love! the pain is over now. It was the dead body of my lover they were bringing home. He had been found drowned!

I did not faint nor scream. I felt as though I were turned to stone; I could not think or feel. My heart was cold and dead. My sisters clung round me, my mother wept aloud, my father stood white and stricken with misery. I heard them carry him upstairs—I heard the dripping of the water. They took him into my room, and laid him on the bed where I had slept.

I remember the confused horror, the cries of his mother. I saw the doctor's face sharpened and pallid as he came down from his useless visit and told them he had been dead for hours. I heard and saw it all, and yet felt as though I were dead.

Some one took the veil from my head and the flowers from my hands—some one laid my hand upon their breast.

'If she could but cry!' said my mother; but no tears were near my dry burning eyes. For one moment I closed them, and then opened them afresh to my agony. Surely in that moment I had dreamed a dream—there was the golden sunshine, there were the blooming flowers, it was my wedding day, and he—my love—my husband soon to be—was coming.

I found my voice at last, and then I asked them to leave me alone with the dead. My father took me up stairs. He sent away the women who crowded after me. He took me to the room I had so lately quitted. Calm and still and dead he lay there—my lover—my husband who was to have been that morning. I fell on his breast, and my father left me alone with the dead!

Lily, my heart broke in that hour. I kissed his face, his lips, his hair hair, the white cold hands that had so lately clasped my own. I called him by every name, by every tender word. Was he not mine—my own? But the calm dead face never moved when my passionate tears fell upon it; the sound of my voice did not reach his ears.

I know it was all fancy. But while I knelt there, for one moment it seemed to me that a light came into his face, and I heard his voice as I heard it the night before, saying—'Remember!' It was only a sunbeam playing over him; but I kissed his lips again. I laid my face on his and promised him never, come what might, to love any one else but him.

He had risen early and had gone down to the sea to bathe. Whether he got out of his depth, or was seized by cramps, none can tell. Some short time afterwards, two fishermen, a little way out at sea, saw something rising and falling with the blue waves. They rowed towards it—it was the dead body of my lover. They picked him up and carried him home.

I heard every word my mother said, although her words sounded as if they came from some great distance. From her window I could see the sun shining upon the sea.

Then mercy was shown me, for I remember no more I lay for weeks and months unconscious of my sorrow—unconscious of my loss. Autumn had passed away before I lived again.

They took me away from home, and I have never seen it since. I know where my lover sleeps—it is in the churchyard by the sea, but I have never seen his grave.

I could not endure to look again upon that false, smooth, cruel sea—the merciless, smiling sea that robbed me of my love, and threw him back to me cold and dead.

My sister, your mother, married af-

CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.