Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton
For the Year 1886.

No. of Sittings and No. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.
...ville	Wm. Pantor	29	26	28	9	24	25
...ville	R. Palmer	6	5	5	3	11	3
...town	L. Grant	12	16	11	7	17	9
...ington	J. Matthews	13	13	13	8	16	11
...bellville	R. Lister	11	8	10	0	9	8
...ington	W. J. Bastedo	5	2	4	2	10	2

...and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, Tuesday 8th ...
...Jury, Tuesday, 5th April, 5th July, and 4th October.
...Jury Terms: Monday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July, and 4th October.
...Friday of each week, except on Court days and ...
...Wednesday and Friday of each week.
...Court Accounts: Monday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July & 4th October, at 1 p.m.
...Court Sessions of the Peace: Monday, 11th January, 5th April, 5th July & 4th October, at 10 a.m.
By order, JOHN DEWAR, Clerk of the Peace.

Established in 1874
MARSHALL BROS.
IMPORTERS OF
TEAS AND COFFEES
No. 67 Dundas Street, LONDON, ONT.
Pilley, Hamilton, Agent for the County of Halton. 28-8m.

Roper the Baker to the Front.
Come down to Roper's and get some cakes,
Some buns and shortbread and some bakes,
For this the kind he makes,
And set on our table cheery O.
Orders for Christmas Cakes of every description for the Holidays.
Please send in your orders early. Orders from the country, to receive prompt attention, should be in not later than December 15th.
DONALD McNAIR

...gs for intimate that he is prepared to fill all orders in ...
Wagons, Buggies
Democrats, &c.
...and best of material, also a full supply of all kinds ...
...Minneapolis Self-Binder, Horse-Rakes, Drills, &c.
...especially. 41-yr Stone-cut, Commercial St., Milton.

HEADQUARTERS FOR TAILORING
WM. BEWS,
MILTON,
...has a splendid assortment of Canadian and Imported Tweeds ...
...Worsteds, Meltons, &c., &c., and can supply his patrons with ...
...clothing into order in material and finish to none. His price ...
...clothing to be remarkably low, considering the ...
...quality of the goods. Wm. BEWS.

BOOTS & SHOES
...and last of material, also a full supply of all kinds ...
...Minneapolis Self-Binder, Horse-Rakes, Drills, &c.
...especially. 41-yr Stone-cut, Commercial St., Milton.

WELCOME
...Stock of Men, Women & Children's ...
...for Spring and Summer wear.
...manufactured in the Dominion, and will ...
...and Shoes made to order. A perfect fit ...
...Repairing. Send your repairs.
...GOOD TO CALL ON
Thos. Wilson.

C. S. RACEY
MILTON.
—Dealer in all kinds of—
FRUIT & ORNAMENTAL TREES, GRAPE VINES, GRAFTS, &c.

S. ZIMMERMAN,
DENTIST,
HAMILTON, ONT.
...Corner King & McNab Streets. 18-y

Chapman & Burger
LICENSED AUCTIONEERS
FOR THE
...ties of Halton, Peel, entwor th and Wellington.
CHARGES MODERATE
...faction Guaranteed. All orders promptly attended to.
CHAPMAN, Campbellville. W. BURGER, Hornby.
...OFFICE "CHAMPION" OFFICE, MILTON.
...HEAD OFFICE—D. McGibbon's Office, ...
...arrangements made to get all good sale ...cashed at a liberal discount.

Hotel Cards.
WALLACE HOUSE.
MAIN ST., MILTON,
THE LEADING HOTEL IN TOWN
J. Wallace, Prop.

Farms for Sale.
...choice list of Fruit, Grain, Stock, and Dairy ...Wild Lands, Suburban Residences, Mills, ...other properties, with thirty provincial and ...maps, compiled in "CANADIAN LAND ...GUIDE," sent free on receipt of 3c. stamp ...postage.
...J. PENTON & CO., Real Estate Agents, 50 ...Toronto street east, Toronto.

Travellers' Guide.
NORTHERN & NORTH-WESTERN.
GOING NORTH. 10:42 A.M. 5:33 P.M. GOING SOUTH. 10:42 A.M. 4:50 P.M.
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
GOING WEST. 1:34 A.M. 2:27 P.M. 5:50 P.M. GOING EAST. 7:30 A.M. 5:01 P.M.
...Express for Hornby, Drummquin, Eden Mills, Boyne &c. at 9 o'clock. m
...by Train C.P.R., go. East 7.31 a.m. West 2 27p.m

Canadian Champion
AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.
VOLUME 26. MILTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1886. NO. 1.

Northern & North-West'n Rail'ys
Through tickets to all points East and West and Manitoba. For tickets, rates, &c., apply to ROBERT QUINN, Gen. Pass. Agent. MR. LAWRENCE, Agent N. & N. W. Rys., Milton.

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
Thursday Morning
AT
MILTON, CO. OF HALTON, ONT.
CAMPBELL & PANTON, Props.
OFFICE—On Main Street, opposite the Thompson House.
TERMS:—$1 a year in advance or within one month from the date of subscribing if not so paid will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Column 1 year		$75.00
do	6 months	45.00
do	3 months	30.00
do	1 year	40.00
do	6 months	25.00
do	3 months	15.00
do	1 year	25.00
do	6 months	15.00
do	3 months	10.00
do	1 year	15.00
do	6 months	10.00
do	3 months	10.00

Business Cards of ten lines or less $5.00 per annum.
The number of lines to be reckoned by the space they occupy, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.
Advertisements without special instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.
Advertisers in Transit, or Advertisements must be accompanied by a letter of instructions, otherwise the publishers will not be responsible.
Display Special Notice, the object of which is to secure the pecuniary benefit of any individual, or of any institution, or fund, will be considered an advertisement, and charged accordingly.
Notices of Meetings of Societies, and all matter of a purely local character, inserted among the Local News at less than 50 cents per first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.
Notices of births, deaths, and marriages, 25 cents each.
Transient advertisements ten cents per line, first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
Parties who have Cards, Circulars, or Posters printed at this office can have them inserted at the above rates.
Cash must accompany order in every case to ensure insertion.
Terms for job work strictly cash.
Subscriptions.—No paper will be stopped until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers. A post-office notice to discontinue is sufficient.

KNITTING.
MRS. W. HOBBS is prepared to furnish all kinds of Yarn and Knit Socks and Stockings—all sizes. Parties can furnish their own Yarn and have Knitting done. All orders promptly filled. 24-tf

A Gift Send 10 cents postage and we will mail you FREE a royal, valuable, sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Immense pay sure for those who start at once. BIDDER & Co., Portland, Maine. 25-4-y.

WHAT IS IT?
By a special arrangement with the publishers of Farm and Fireside, we can for a short time offer a gift in connection with our paper. It is a MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING entitled "HAMLET and OPHELIA." Our offer is as follows:
The price of Peck's Sun one year is $2.00.
The price of Farm & Fireside one year is .50
The value of the Engraving is fully $2.50
We give all the above, worth $3.00 for only $2.00
Subscribe for Peck's Sun at once and send the money to Address, PECK'S SUN, Milwaukee, Wis.

ADVERTISERS
Before you place a dollar's worth of Newspaper advertising, get our prices. The exact cost of any paper, or list of papers cheerfully furnished free upon application.
Send for New Catalogue.
J. C. HOUGH,
Advertising Agent,
HOUGH BLOCK, Detroit, Mich.

THE Canada Landed Credit Co.,
TORONTO.
JOHN L. BLAIKIE, Esq., President. JOHN MACDONALD, Esq., Vice-President.
MONEY TO LOAN
On Improved Farm and Substantial City Property, at Lowest Current Rates and on most favourable terms. No fines, charges moderate.
For particulars, apply to 16-1y.
THE SECRETARY, Toronto,
Or to D. STEELE, Barrister, Hamilton.

Scientific American Established 1846.
The most popular WEEKLY newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, discoveries, inventions and patents published. Every number is filled with splendid engravings. This publication furnishes a most valuable encyclopedia of information that no person should be without. The popularity of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price, $3.20 a year. Discounts to Clubs. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 261 Broadway, N.Y.

PATENTS. Munn & Co. have also had Thirty-Seven Years' practice before the Patent Office, and have prepared more than One Hundred Thousand applications for patents in the United States and foreign countries. Caveats, Trade-Marks, Copyrights, Assignments, and all other papers for securing rights to inventors will be made in the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany and other foreign countries, prepared in the most careful manner, and on reasonable terms. Information as to obtaining patents cheerfully given without charge. Hand-books of information sent free. Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the Scientific American free. The advantage of such a notice is well understood by all persons who wish to dispose of their patents. Address MUNN & CO., Office SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 361 Broadway, New York.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.
DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT
DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay, and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over indulgence. One dollar a box, or six boxes for $5.00 sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.
WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES.
To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if a treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by J. H. McColl, druggist, Sole agent for Milton.

R. JONES,
HARNESS & SADDLE MANUFACTURER.
(Next door to the Thompson House,)
MAIN ST., MILTON,
Has on hand a good stock of
Harness, Saddles, Trunks, Valises, Whips, Combs, Brushes
and all Kinds of Horse Clothing of the very Best English Canadian and American Manufacture.
Harness, Saddles, &c., made to order promptly and at reasonable prices.
Repairing done with neatness and all work warranted.
MILTON PLANING MILLS.
Hunter & Ezard, Proprietors
We are prepared to fill all orders for all kinds of
HOUSE FURNISHINGS
SUCH AS
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS BASE, &c.
BALUSTERS and NEWELLS,
Also all kinds of
SCROLL WORK
done to order.
ALL KINDS OF TURNING DONE TO ORDER.
DEALER IN
LUMBER, FLOORING, LATH, SHINGLES
Lumber Matched and Dressed to Order.
ALSO
GENERAL BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS
We are prepared to contract for the erection of all kinds of buildings, either in part or whole.
PRICES MODERATE.
Factory—Mill Street, Milton.

A STANDARD MEDICAL WORK
For Young & Middle-Aged Men
ONLY $1 BY MAIL, POSPAID.
ILLUSTRATIVE SAMPLE FREE TO ALL.
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE
KNOW THYSELF.
A Great Medical Work on Manhood
Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretion or excess. A book for every man, young, middle-aged and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each one of which is invaluable. So found by the Author, whose experience for 23 years in such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 500 pages, bound in beautiful French muslin, embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense than any other work sold in this country for $2.25, or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only $1.00 by mail, post paid. Illustrative sample free to any body. Send now. Gold medal awarded to the Author by the National Medical Association, to the President of which, the Hon. P. A. Bissell, and associate officers of the Board the reader is respectfully referred.
The Science of Life is worth more to the young and middle-aged men of this generation than all the gold mines of California and the silver mines of Nevada combined.—S. F. Chronicle.
The Science of Life points out the rocks and quicksands on which the constitution and hopes of many a young man have been fatally wrecked.—Manchester Mirror.
The Science of Life is of greater value than all the medical works published in this country for the past 50 years.—Atlanta Constitution.
The science of Life is a superb and masterly treatise on nervous and physical debility.—Detroit Free Press.
There is no member of society to whom The Science of Life will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman.—Argonaut.
Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully without an instance of failure. Mention Champion, Milton, Ont. 33-1y

MRS. HAMMOND,
FASHIONABLE DRESS AND MANTLE MAKER
Begs to inform the Ladies living at a distance that she has opened a PURCHASING AGENCY and is prepared to do shopping of every description. All orders will receive prompt and careful attention.
INFANTS OUTFITS, WEDDING and TROUSEAUX a SPECIALTY.
Send for circulars with full particulars. 104 King street west, Toronto. 42-3m

$500,00
TO LOAN AT 6 PER CENT.
Straight loans. Terms of repayment to suit of principal made to suit loan owners. First class second Mortgages bought. Advances made on second Mortgages and to purchase farms. No costs incurred in making applications for money.
Write or call at once for particulars.
E. R. REYNOLDS,
20 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

ADVERTISERS
can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York.
Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet.

MARVELOUS PRICES!
BOOKS FOR THE MILLION
Complete Novels and Other Works by Famous Authors, Illustrated, Given Away.
The following books are published in neat pamphlet form, many of them beautifully illustrated, and all are issued from large type upon good paper. They are not a cheap, small edition, but are printed so our readers can read them without finding therein any strain upon the eyes, as is the case with many of these books which could cost $1.00 each. Each book is complete in one volume, and is not a part of a serial. This is the book over which your grandmothers laughed till they cried, and in which your mothers wept.
Fancy Work for Home Adornment, is a entirely new work upon this subject, containing easy and practical instructions for making fancy baskets, vases, brackets, mats, wax work, etc., etc., in a manner elegantly illustrated.
Grimm's Fairy Stories for the Young. The best collection of fairy stories ever published. The children will be delighted with them.
The Lady of the Lake. By Sir Walter Scott. "The Lady of the Lake" is a romance in verse, and of all the poems of Scott, none is more beautiful than this.
Works of Josephus. Complete. Ladies and Gentlemen, a reader of politics and good breeding, giving the rules of etiquette for all occasions.
Standard Letter Writer for Ladies and Gentlemen, giving plain directions for correspondence, giving plain directions, showing the composition of letters of every kind, that is the composition of letters of every kind.
Winter Evening Recreations, a large collection of Acting Charades, Conundrums, Games, etc., for social and home amusement. Price, $3.20 a year.
Ballads, Recitations and Readings, a large and entertaining collection of school entertainments and public and private entertainments.
Amusing and Chemical Experiments, a book which will teach to perform hundreds of amusing tricks in the art of conjuring, with simple agents.
The Home Cook Book and Family Physician, containing hundreds of valuable cooking recipes and many valuable receipts, also telling how to cure all common ailments with simple remedies.
Wonders of the Sea, Land and Sky, or Far Away Lands, a Romance and Gentleman's Book of travel, describing in an interesting manner the wonders of the deep, the peculiar life, habits, manners and customs of the people of foreign countries.
Sixteen Complete Stories by Popular Authors, containing Sixteen Complete Interesting Stories, stories of adventure, of love, of military life, etc., etc., and very interesting.
The Budget of Wit, Humor and Fun, a large collection of the funny stories, sketches, anecdotes, poems, and jokes that have been written, with 100 Illustrations.
Useful Knowledge for the Million, a handy book of useful information for all. Just what you want to know.
Called Back. A Novel. By Hugh Conway, author of "Dark Days," etc.
At the World's Mercy. A Novel. By Florence Warden, author of "The House on the Marsh," etc.
Mildred Trevanion. A Novel. By "The Duchess," author of "Molly Bawn," etc.
Dark Days. A Novel. By Hugh Conway, author of "Called Back," etc.
The Mystery of the Holly Tree. A Novel. By the author of "Dora Thorne."
Shadows on the Snow. A Novel. By B. L. Farjeon.
Kate Kennedy. A Novel. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey.
The Grey Mare and her Colt. A Novel. By Florence Marryat, author of "Miss Mallock," etc.
The Frozen Deep. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Moonstone," "The Dead Secret," etc.
Red Court Farm. A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," etc.
Lady Grace. A Novel. By the author of "Dora Thorne."
Back to the Old Home. A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay, author of "Old Myddelton's Money," etc.
Hester's Venture. A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.
Joshua Marvel. A Novel. By Miss E. E. Braddon, author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.
Hagar. A Novel. By H. Rider Haggard, author of "She," "Jess," etc.
Beyond the Sunset. A Novel. By Miss Mulock, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc.
Lady Lovelace. A Novel. By George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede," etc.
Annie Kennedy. A Novel. By Miss Mulock, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc.
The Mill on the Floss. A Novel. By George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede," etc.
OUR UNEQUALED OFFER!
We will send any one of these books and our catalogue containing prices of all books, free, and keep for 15 days a sample copy of the Weekly Globe, Regular price 5c. Sent free to any address. ROBERTSON & ROGERS, WEEKLY GLOBE BUILDING, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

VANITY HARDWARE.

By ALAN MUIR.

"Fifteen years ago I was a little sickly child with a dying mother, who was, oh, so patient and good! Now she has been fifteen years an angel in heaven. And a father—oh! God forgive me for what I was going to say!"

"Vanity," Maud said, with tears in her eyes, "I know all this. Don't say any more."

"Do all still?" Vanity said, "and listen to me."

"Mamma knew for a long time that she must die. What pains she took to teach me all she could! Even nice little ways and movements. Above all she tried to make me good. I well remember when they took her out of the kitchen like a sheep to the slaughter—how I cast myself down in her empty room and prayed the prayer she taught me, and vowed that I would be like her, and get to her as soon as I could."

Vanity stopped. There was no tremor in her melancholy voice, and her eyes showed no signs of tears. So much could not be old for Maud Neville.

"But that passed off," Vanity continued. "At that time we were fairly prosperous, and there was much to divert my mind. I was taught to sing and dance and to make myself attractive. At fourteen I went on the stage. Till then my father had maintained a good position, and I wanted for nothing. He was tolerably kind to me, too, and I had plenty of friends, such as they were.

"Our life for the next seven years was full of change. Sometimes we had money, sometimes we had none. Sometimes I had twenty dresses, sometimes only one. All that time I never entered a church, never thought of anything but gayety and the present. Then bad days came. My father had to fly and hide himself.

"Living in concealment and solitude I met a man who was struck by me, and loved me. Oh, what a time that was! He seemed to me all that heart could wish. He asked me to marry him. I warned him that I was not fit for him. He persisted, I yielded. I let my heart go. Oh, to me it was not thirty years ago, but a little while, for time too will in its daring dreams.

"Then he deserted me. Some stories were told, and he was weak, and he married another woman. My heart was broken. Then my father—died, and I had a dreadful illness. Then I came to you. And then—"

"All the rest I know, Vanity."

"Not all. Not the most deadly part. Mrs. Neville, for weeks after I was with you my fixed resolution was, at all costs, to win that man's heart back; to revenge myself on the woman who had robbed me and blasted my future. I lived that wicked life over and over in my thoughts, and then the smallpox came. I believed that my face was hopelessly disfigured. And then, after planning suicide twenty-fifty times in my frenzy and despair, my heart was changed. Oh, how good Sister Catherine was! . . . I did repent—I believe I did heartily repent of my wickedness. I saw how detestable it had become. My old passionate self seemed to separate from me and recede further and further, and every day I despised that image more. Not for all the world would I again be the Vanity Hardware that . . . was a little while ago. An infatuated, deluded, self-deluding woman, reckless, wicked, all for love or rather for what I pity now rather than care for, once my eyes are opened about myself and him. And then I found that my fears had no foundation. My face was uninjured. Thank God, when I discovered that, my resolution did not waver. No; my desire for a new life was more settled than ever."

Vanity stopped. Maud did not speak.

"Now, Mrs. Neville," Vanity continued, in a somewhat jocular tone, "would you like me for a sister-in-law?"

"I have told you," Maud replied calmly. "Your frankness has not altered my mind."

"Would your brother care for me, if he knew all this?"

"Vanity! who could bear to tell all their thoughts! You conquered temptation."

"But ought not your brother to know all have now told you?"

"No," Maud said slowly. "I do not see the necessity."

"So be it."

Vanity slipped from her ottoman, and then crossing the room, she took Mrs. Neville by the hand.

"There is no necessity for him to know, Mrs. Neville, tell your brother he is good, kind, amiable—I might have loved him once. But my mind was made up some time ago. I shall never love any man again."

"Vanity!"

"I am not fit for a good man's love. I know when evil affection has made me—how near it led me to be what in my better moments I should hate. I will love no more."

"Vanity, Vanity! you are unjust to yourself."

"I have expelled love from my heart. It betrayed my feelings once. It made me the slave of low, unworthy desires. Love shall enter my heart no more."

"You are overdone—excited," said Maud gently. "You should be harshly of yourself. Time will soften these feelings."

On a small bracket in a corner of the room was set a beautiful statuette, a woman with downcast face and streaming hair, gazing on a cross which she hold in her drooping hand. Vanity pointed to it.

"Strange that such a statue should be there. I have looked at it so often. It is the image of my heart."

"Vanity! It has been there for years."

"Speak to it," said Vanity. "Bid the bosom rise and fall, and the cheeks glow, and the eyes light up. Tell the head to rise. And when your mantle obeys you, then bid me love again. For that stone is not so dead to human love as I."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISS AND I TALK THINGS OVER.

"And now, doctor," miss said, speaking gravely, "what of Vanity Hardware?"

"Miss," I said, "the young woman states her case well."

"Do you like her, doctor?"

"Well, you see, miss," said I, "the young woman sailed very near the wind. Uncommon near the wind."

Miss looked at me in an odd sort of way, her head down, just gazing under her eyebrows—you understand—and touching her lips with the feather of the pen, as of old.

"Do you think old Mrs. Hardcastle ever sailed uncommon near the wind?"

"Miss," I said, a little flustered, "that is a hard question to ask me. You see, she is an elderly lady, and has lived a good many years out and in. What have we to do with Mrs. Hardcastle?"

"She disliked Vanity."

"True, miss," I replied. "But if you will excuse a homely man, miss, when the pot called the kettle black, it was bad language and bad behavior in the pot. But the kettle was black all the same."

Do you know, she laughed outright; the most good-natured lady ever I saw!

"And, you observe, miss," I continued, gaining courage, "there was Mrs. Neville—an uncommon nice lady—the sort of a lady for my money—she was staggered at Vanity's conduct for a time.

Miss did not deny it.

"Well, now, doctor," she said, with a sweet smile, but something sad in it, "Vanity has the offer of Tom Pembroke. A brilliant offer. A wealthy, handsome man. Will she marry him?"

"Not at first, miss," said I, pondering. "Not all at once. She will think of what she said about the station. In fact, miss, I shouldn't wonder if she waits a bit. Until, well say, she can slip the station away on the quiet. Throw it into the fish-pond, perhaps."

"And then she will marry Tom Pembroke?"

"If she does not," said I, "she is not a woman, and my name is not John Book."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LADY PRINCIPAL IN OUR SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

When Vanity's reply was made public in the little circle, Augustus Neville expressed frank surprise; worldly old Mrs. Hardcastle exhibited the utmost bewilderment, for she was not able to perceive any scheme of self-interest in the young person's unaccountable behavior; Sister Catherine was sorry for her pretty disciple, and yet pleased with her spirited behavior; Maud felt grieved for Tom's sake; and Tom himself was quite cast down, and would have been heart-broken, only that a secret pride in the unworldliness of the woman of his choice somewhat relieved his depression. Now, at least, none could say that Vanity Hardware was an adventuress.

Vanity maintained her resolution, and asked Sister Catherine to introduce her to a religious house, where she might devote herself to charitable work. The good sister hesitated.

"You are young, child. You don't know what you ask."

"Yes; I know well," Vanity said. "I have made up my mind."

"One thing you must promise me, then," Sister Catherine rejoined, "there must be no vow—no vow for two years, at least."

"If you like," Vanity replied, quietly, "there shall be no vow."

But the sister perceived that the girl acquiesced so readily because in her secret heart the vow had been already taken; and, remarkably enough, Vanity found that day by day successive obstacles arose, and no vow was taken. Although the residence in a religious house seemed always about to be begun, unforeseen events caused it to be continually postponed. So matters stood for several weeks.

All this time Vanity and the sister were living quietly in rooms near the Strand, and Vanity was being initiated into various good works, such as visitation of the poor and the sick. She took a certain pleasure in these, but her chief happiness was the society of her friend, for whom day by day she felt increasing affection. One small morsel of mystery set her thinking. Twice sister Catherine went out after breakfast without giving any hint of her business, and each time she returned looking pale and preoccupied. The second morning she went to her room as soon as she came home, and remained there for more than an hour. When she came down to the sitting-room, she said:

"Two friends are coming to see me this afternoon on private business. Can you write letters, or employ yourself in your own room for an hour or two?"

Shortly after three o'clock, as Vanity sat in her room, she heard a carriage rattle down the narrow stony road and stop at the door. Next came a loud, imperious knock, and a full hour elapsed before the sound of departing wheels announced that the visitors had gone. Then Vanity went down to the sitting-room.

Sister Catherine was there. In an instant Vanity saw that the interview, whatever its nature, had been a painful one. The sister was deadly pale, and traces of tears were on her cheeks.

"Vanity," she said, "I must leave London. Something has occurred which makes it necessary for me to live far away from here—in the country."

Vanity's heart sunk, and she grew pale now. She was to be parted from her only friend. The next sentence, she felt sure, would announce it.

"I am going to live in Warwickshire, in a small village. I have taken a tiny house there for which I rented some years ago."

"Yes," Vanity said. No other word would come to her lips. She realized what a child she must be in life since when they pondered about being lost to her own resources so terrified her.

"I shall keep one servant, and do what little the poor I can," continued Sister Catherine. "The rector and his wife are old friends."

Until this morning Vanity had no known more than enough for bare and her life had become identified with her friend, and her sense of desolation was increased by the pang of feeling how much Sister Catherine was to her, and how little she was to Sister Catherine. But she maintained her composure, and even answered with an air of cheerfulness. She had not been an actress for nothing.

"Yes," she said, "these pleasant times are over."

Her manner quite deceived the good sister, who, disguise her actual disappointment, remarked, with something like unconcern:

"Of course you would not care for a country life!"

"Not care!" exclaimed Vanity. "Why, did you think of asking me to go with you?"

"I wanted a companion," the sister said.

"And, in fact, Vanity, I am fond of you. But I thought—"

Vanity would hear no more. In spite of her self-control her feelings got the better of her, and she threw her arms about the sister's neck.

"I am so happy," she murmured, just like a child. "I thought you were going to send me away."

"And I thought, child," the sister said, not less moved than Vanity herself, "that you were beginning to grow tired of Sister Catherine and her old-fashioned ways."

Vanity would hear no more. In spite of sentiment, a little longer, each with each, they might have parted for life, while desiring, above all things, to remain together!

CHAPTER XX.

SHADES OF EVENING.

Happy days followed. The village in which Sister Catherine took up her residence was a sequestered place on the borders of Warwickshire. A long rambling street, houses of all sizes on each side, a triangular green at one end, the parish church at the other, post-office, grocer's shop, butcher's shop—with one window displayed—draper's shop, small brick meeting-house: such was the furniture of the village. As Vanity drove along in the lumbering fly which conveyed them from the remote railway station, she wondered whether she could ever be happy in this secluded place. Would life here be perfectly peaceful, or deadly dull, or both?

They stopped in mid-street before a small, neat house, with window on each side of the door. A ruddy woman, with cheeks like apples of rustic fashion, was ready to receive them. The little entrance hall was neat and pretty. They turned into a small parlor where a cheery fire burned; the tea-table was spread, and the cloth was white as the snow, gilt and green; the fire laughed at its own frolicsome face, reflected in the silver teapot; little dainty plates of preserves protested against an uniform repast; cream of honest richness, and butter wrought into fairy scrolls, and a huge country loaf fit for a whole town, proffered their services. Then the walls were prettily papered and covered with engravings; the carpet gave a quiet assurance of substantial comfort to the very soles of one's feet; and just as the most comfortable distance from the fire was a little low cozking chair, which might have moved to the spot of its own accord to invite a guest to sit down and make his happiness complete.

"Is this not charming?" Vanity said to herself.

"Not deadly dull, I am quite sure."

The same taste and quiet luxury appeared everywhere in the little house. Vanity's bedroom was a marvel of prettiness; and when, with almost childish curiosity, she asked to see the room of her friend, she was surprised afresh by the spotless neatness and perfect order of everything. But this room was slightly stern in its aspect. Vanity's dressing-table looked quite picturesque, with its fancy mirror and flowery china. Here all was for use, and nothing at all for ornament. Besides, some grave religious pictures hung upon the walls.

Vanity was so anxious to see more of this little magic abode that before five minutes she was out of her room and ready for tea. Light and pleased she went down stairs, and, seeing the kitchen door ajar at the end of a little passage, she peeped in. Could you find one speck of dirt from floor to ceiling? Could you find so much as a spinning out of her own lawful and traditional place? Not for money.

The ruddy cook held an egg saucepan in her hand. Vanity the stern rolled up from the bubbling wave, so that she could not see where the eggs were hiding! With what an easy, healthy breath—significant of pulmonary vigor—she blew the vapor aside! Ahat beware! for, hornet though her fingers be, a boiled egg in its fury can cause her to snap them in the air, not, however, before the egg itself, unbroken, is laid in its waiting place! Was its rustic cheek and ancles only this cook was remarkable? or for brawny arms, for massive shoulders, for capacious mouth, for brown eyes, lodged safely beneath eyebrows like triumphal arches, for sonorous voice, which rings out in laughter, as the last egg was snatched out and dropped in the saucepan quicker than a musket ball?

"Never, ma'am, was woman after a man, miss."

Flinging her great hand up in triumph, crumbling with mirth at her own success, as if her great breast was a good-humored Mount Etna. Thrusting the outwitted saucepan, the water still fretting and spitting, into an ignominious corner, with another mighty laugh, like a stream of lava. Was such a cook ever seen? Vanity half sighed, thinking of the old days, and how this grand, original, well reproduced, might "fetch" any house in England. She could see half-guineas all to sixpenny gallery, shouting laughter and pealing applause. But her meditations were soon disturbed.

"All's dished up, miss. Missis never likes waiting."

"Oh," exclaimed Vanity, "you have known your mistress some time?"

"Some time!" the cook re-echoed with her good-humored scorn. "Some time, indeed!"

This lucid retort she left as it was. Gathering up her chock dress, with some inscrutable reference to a black petticoat underneath, and bearing the tray in her arms, she rounded out of the kitchen like a charge of heavy cavalry, whipped the viands on the table, with equal inscrutableness of purpose, dropped the crock dress over the back door-mat, passed out into the little hall, and, seizing a handbell, announced the meal with a ring that might have been heard half over the parish.

And the little meal which followed was tasty and cheery; and when Vanity and Sister Catherine went into the small drawing-room all there was warm and pleasant, and the shaded lamp threw a soft radiance around. An open piano stood on one side; a small gaudy fernery was set in the window. Now who would imagine that only a brick wall divided this delightful room from the dull vacant street of a poor village, where not even a lamp enlivened the darkness or a footfall broke the foggy silence!

"Why, this is like a fairy tale!" exclaimed happy Vanity.

The sister was reclining on a couch, and gazing into the fire with a face of sadness, but after the pattern of the cheerful room. Some deep thought was expressed in her grave features and earnest melancholy eyes. Vanity felt more than ever sure that some great trouble was hanging over her friend; but she could not venture to inquire about it. Only with quiet sympathy she stole to Sister Catherine's side, and, setting herself on the carpet, took her friend's hand and kissed it, and then, caressingly, rested her cheek on the hand; and so they sat together.

"Vanity," Sister Catherine said, "I used to dream long, long ago of having a daughter of my own. She is here beside me now."

Vanity did not speak, but for response she gently pressed her warm young cheek against the hand on which it rested.

After a time Sister Catherine asked her to sing and she chose her favorite, "Lead, Kindly Light." The girl's own emotion and her desire to please her friend lent a particular charm to her execution. Outside the wind moaned drearily in a kind of accompaniment to the song, which seldom has had a more delightful rendering than then in that little room:

"And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!"

Vanity sang the last line, and then glanced at her companion. Every trace of sorrow was gone; her look was full of thankfulness and hope, and her eyes were bright. She rose to her feet with energy, and quite in her own clear ul, vigorous way, she said:

"Come and let us look over the house, child. I want you to see all my possessions and to learn my ways."

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH MRS. HARDCASTLE MAKES HER FAREWELL BOW.

Now, how did these two women live for the next twelve months? Doing works of mercy—visiting the sick, teaching in the parish school; attending church daily, making one in a congregation of seven; reading together in summer under the shade of the rectory trees; in winter at the fireside; Vanity studying French to make herself perfect; learning to make butter and to do little bits of cooking, and to housekeep generally. Why, if Miss Vanity Hardware, of the theatres royal in several provincial towns, had been told that such a life was before her, that young lady would have called it by anticipation a true penal servitude. As a matter of fact, she found the time pass most pleasant y, and her own character and disposition so changed that she scarcely knew herself. Her improvement cannot be better described than in the words—gondors only exchanged—of a great old master, applied to a hero, after whose name for long enough a note of query might well have been written: "Whatever in her nature had a tendency to vice had been corrected by continual conversation with this good woman. She had also, by reflection on her past follies, acquired a discretion and prudence very uncommon in one of her lively parts."

Sometimes they had visitors. For instance, Mrs. Hardcastle and Arabella, who were staying at Leamington, drove over one day after luncheon in a carriage and pair, with great majesty; indeed, the chariot whirled and thundered into the village so unexpectedly that the good old lady found herself in the midst of a flock of geese, who suddenly disappeared themselves in terror, with flapping of wings and a fearful clutter.

Sister Catherine was polite to Mrs. Hardcastle, but, not relishing her ways, she allowed Vanity Hardware to conduct the greater part of the conversation. So old Mrs. Hardcastle, much against the grain, had to exchange sentences with that "acting minx," as she afterward termed her; but Vanity was cheerful and pleasant and well-bred.

"Do you enjoy this cottage?" she inquired of Sister Catherine.

"Vanity took upon herself to reply:

"Oh, it is so nice! We are so happy here!"

Mrs. Hardcastle hereupon resolved to improve the young person's mind.

"Happiness is our duty," said she. "It Providence were to send some of us to a two-roomed house and some of us to Windsor Castle, it would be the duty of all parties to be equally happy."

"Only," Vanity said, laughing, "I should like you to be sent to Windsor Castle; you would be far more at home there than we should."

This forward remark almost paralyzed the old lady, who was not accustomed to hear her moral axioms treated with familiarity. She signaled her daughter to rise, and Lion asked the question which was her business that afternoon.

"Does Mr. Pembroke ever come to see you?"

Two pairs of cheeks colored at this intrusive query; but really the sister blushed more deeply than Vanity Hardware.

"They are all staying at Malvern. I have asked them over here next week."

"Next week!" called out Mrs. Hardcastle, much interested. "Then Mr. Pembroke cannot come; he is going to Edinburgh."

"He was," Sister Catherine said, with quiet emphasis; "but he wrote to say that he would postpone that visit, and come here."

"Arabella," said Mrs. Hardcastle, "it is time to go."

The time was now early autumn. During nine months Vanity had met Tom Pembroke only once. Of course every woman must be interested in a man who has once truly loved her. During that five minutes interview—for that was the length of it—Vanity's heart fluttered a little. Whatever Tom Pembroke felt he managed to conceal, and his behavior, so Vanity thought, was perfection. But, in point of fact, he was a well-bred man, which is the rarest creature that lives; for the fine artist