PLANING MI
rd & Appleby
ILDERS & MANUFACTURERS,
with an entire outfit of new machinery, are now prep
all kinds of Building Material, such as
MOULDINGS, DOORS WINDOW FRAM
WELLS, also all kinds of SCROLL SAWING
ning and Matching done to Order,
FLOORING, LATH AND SHINGLES
kept constantly on hand and for sale.
We are prepared to contract for the erection of all k
&c. PRICES MODERATE. Factory—Mill Street, Milto

GO TO
Butchart's
oceries, confection
etc., etc.
ers by Bulk or Can
he Baker to the Fr
n to Roper's and get some cakes,
ns and shortbread and some bak
o' the kind he makes,
our table cheery O.
ental Cakes of every description for the h
ur favors early. Orders from the count
uld be in not later than December 15th.
ablished in 1874
SHALL BROS
—IMPORTERS OF—
AND COFFE
Dundas Street, LONDON, ONT.
, Agent for the County of Halton.
ESTABLISHE
WM. BEWS,
CHANT TAILO
—MILTON,—
ortment of Canadian and Importe
s, &c., &c., and can supply his pat
n material and finish to none.
d to be remarkably low consid
ds he sells.
Wm. B
GH FOR WOOL
—AT THE—
LLVILLE Woolen M
ood, clean merchantable Wool, and
e. Strong, coarse, hurry and unwashed w
work.
d goods to choose from, consisting of C
s; also Fine Grey Flannels, Check Flan
en Dress Goods.
of Summer and Winter Tweeds from &c.
assortment of Sheetings, Blankets, and H
also a large variety of Yarns, all colors, m
nts for Wool is boast which few mill own
good sound Yarns or any other goods you
your own wool when desired. Carding, S
tly done. Give us a call and you will
the lowest possible price allowed for all kinds o
D. VICKERMAN, Prop
Downfall
PRICES
ITURE
Call at the Manufacturer's Prices for
his stock of Furniture, consisting of
Suites, Lounges, Extensio
Wire Mattresses of all kinds, Also
of Sea Grass and Fibre Mattress
ood or Cloth or on one side.
who wish to furnish their houses
the STEVENSON BLOCK, M
JAS. A. FRA
FOR
ders'
Hardw
LS OF ALL KIN
ains,
Trace Chains,
Fencing
PAINTS. OILS OR GLASS.
H. Macna
HARDWARE
Celebrated Cleveland Rubber
&c., &c.

Travellers' Guide.
RN & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.
GOING NORTH / GOING SOUTH
M. 2 50 P. M. / 9-45 A.M., 7-50 P. M.
ANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.
GOING EAST.
22 a. m., 10.23 a. m., 7.42 p. m.
GOING WEST.
2.07 a. m., 3.21 p. m., 5.35 p. m.

The Canadian Champion
AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

—TERMS:—
$1.00 per year in advance.
OFFICE
On Main St., one door east of Wallace House.

VOLUME 27. MILTON, THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1888. NO. 48.

The Canadian Champion.
PUBLISHED EVERY
Thursday Morning
AT
MILTON, CO. OF HALTON, ONT.
BY
CAMPBELL & PANTON, Props.
Office on Main Street, one door east of the Post Office.
Subscription $1 per year in advance or within one month, if not so paid $1.50.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
1 inch 1 year ... $75 00
2 inches 6 months ... 45 00
3 " 1 year ... 30 00
6 months ... 40 00
4 " 1 year ... 25 00
6 months ... 15 00
5 " 1 year ... 25 00
6 months ... 15 00
6 " 1 year ... 15 00
6 months ... 10 00
7 " 1 year ... 15 00
6 months ... 10 00
8 " 1 year ... 15 00
6 " ... 10 00
Transient advertisements 10 cents per line for first insertion, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
Special contracts for large advertisements will be made with parties who will not be guilty of abusing the privilege.
Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted until forbidden, and charged accordingly.
Changes in advertisements must be in writing, and will be charged 25 cents each.
Notices of deaths, marriages, and births, 25 cents each insertion.
Notices of societies, lodges, and meetings, 5 cents per line, first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
Local notices, 10 cents per line for first insertion, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
Yearly advertisements payable quarterly.
Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.
Job Printing must be paid for when delivered.
Subscriptions will be stopped until arrears are paid, at the option of the publishers, after the time to which subscription has been paid in advance has expired.
Notice of discontinuance is required in writing.

D. DEWAR, Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Office—the Dewar Block, cor. Main and Martin streets, Milton. Also agent for Sun Life, and City of London Fire Insurance Companies. 41

D. McGIBBON, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, etc. Office—Booth's Block, Milton 59

THOMAS G. MATHESON,
County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Notary Public, &c.
OFFICE.—In Court House, Milton. 88-tf

J. W. ELLIOTT, B. A.,
Barrister, &c., Notary Public.
OFFICE—In rooms occupied by Duncan Dewar, Esq., (upstairs) Dewar's Block, Milton. MONEY TO LOAN. 42-tf.

M. E. MITCHELL,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.
OFFICE—Town Hall, Milton. Money to loan at 6 per cent.

VICTOR CHISHOLM,
Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Notary Public.
MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES.
OFFICE—Next door to Bank of Hamilton.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO.
Barristers & Solicitors.
OFFICE—over Imperial Bank, 34 Wellington Street, East. Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.
JOHN BAIN, Q.C. WILLIAM LAIDLAW.
C. A. MASTEN GEORGE KAPPELE.

G. S. THOMAS, L. D. S., Dentist Licentiate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Ontario, will be in Milton on the last Tuesday of every month. Office in the Thompson House, where he may be consulted by persons wishing his professional services.

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

A. G. NEDHAM,
TOWN HALL, MILTON,
—AGENT FOR—
The State Line of Steamsh ps to Europe
GENERAL AGENT.
Books kept and accounts made out.

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

Credit Sales.
Parties requiring my services as auctioneer will please call at the "CHAMPION office," Milton, where all particulars as to dates of sales, &c., can be given. E. CHAPMAN, Licensed Auctioneer for Halton, Wentworth, and Wellington. tf.

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

MONEY TO LOAN!
$100,000 to loan at lowest rates, on farm property to pay off old mortgages, or for building or other purposes, apply to
Geo. Grimshaw,
CENTRE ST., BRAMPTON, ONT.
Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Halton and Peel;
Head Agent for the Provident and Live Stock Association of Toronto for the Counties of Halton and Peel. And agent for Wilson's Scales. 32-1yr

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4 Bulfinch St. 54

6% $500,000 6%
TO LOAN ON FARM OR TOWN PROPERTY AT 6 PER CENT.
Mortgages bought—advances made on second mortgages and to purchase farms. Parties paying higher rates on notes or mortgages can procure money from me at above rate, and pay off their mortgages and save money. All dealings fair and ust. No costs for applications. Write or call for printed particulars.
E. R. REYNOLDS,
20 Adelaide St. East,
Toronto.

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.

Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton.
For the Year 1888.

Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1 Milton	Wm. Panton.	27	29	25	13	28	30	10 a.m.
2 Oakville	R. Balmer	11	7	9	11	12	7	10 a.m.
3 Georgetown	L. Grant	17	13	15	4	18	13	9.30 a.m
4 Acton	J. Matthews	19	15	17	"	20	15	10 a.m.
5 Campbellville	S. R. Lister	6	2	4	"	7	2	9 30 "
6 Burlington	Jas. Robinson	10	6	8	10	11	6	11 "

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, Tuesday 12th June, and 11th December, at 10 a.m.
County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 3rd April, and 2nd October, at 10 a. m..
County Court Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 2nd January, 2nd April, 2ndJuly, and 1st October at 10 a.m.
Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts.—Tuesday, 3rd January, 3rd April, 3rd July & 2nd October.
By order, T. G. MATHESON, Clerk of the Peace.

LOW TOURIST RATES.
For $47.50 a first-class round trip ticket, good for 90 days, with stop-over privileges, can be obtained from St. Paul to Great Falls, Montana, the coming manufacturing centre of the northwest. ST. PAUL MINNEAPOLIS MANITOBA RAILWAY. Only $50.00 to Helena Similar rates from points in Minnesota and Dakota. Rates correspondingly as low to points on Puget Sound and the Pacific Coast. For further particulars address C. H. WARREN, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

PEEL FARMERS' MUTUAL
Fire Insurance Co.
JOHN COONEY
AUTHORIZED GENERAL AGENT FOR SAID COMPANY.
HEAD OFFICE, BRAMPTON.
THOS. HOLDEN, Pres. L. CHEYNE, Sec

NASAL BALM
Tottenham, Ont., May 3rd, 1887.
I have been troubled with Nasal catarrh for the last five years. Seeing Nasal Balm advertised I procured a bottle, and although I have only used part of it, I do not hesitate to pronounce it the best remedy in the world for that loathsome disease, catarrh. It is easy and pleasant to use, soothing and healing in its action, instant in giving relief, removes and changes the poisonous secretions to a healthy state, stops the droppings from the head into the throat, and removes all the symptoms of catarrh and cold in the head. In fact, if the directions are faithfully followed, nothing but a sure and permanent cure can be the result,
Yours truly,
JNO. S. GEORGE,
Baker and Confectioner.

Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE

FERRY'S SEEDS
D. M. FERRY & CO. are admitted to be the Largest Seedsmen in the world.
D. M. FERRY & CO'S Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced SEED ANNUAL For 1888 will be mailed FREE TO ALL applicants, and to last season's customers without ordering it. Invaluable to all. Every person using Garden, Field or Flower SEEDS should send for it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

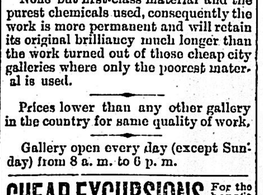
J. Miller & Co.
Groceries,
Wines
and Liquors.
STREETSVILLE, ONT.
Davies's, Carling's and Labatt's, and Toronto Brewing and Malting Co.'s bottled and draft ales always on hand and ready for shipment on the shortest notice.

DR. HODDER'S BURDOCK AND SARSAPARILLA COMPOUND

CURES Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, and all Impurities of the Blood from whatever cause arising.
THE GREAT SPRING MEDICINE
Price 75c (with Pills $1.)
TRY
DR. HODDER'S
Little Liver Pills,
(very small and easy to take.)
NO GRIPING. NO NAUSEA.
Sold everywhere; price 25 cents.
UNION MEDICINE CO., PROPRIETORS. TORONTO, CAN.

NEW PLANING MILL.
Ezard & Appleby,
BUILDERS & MANUFACTURERS,
Having rebuilt and furnished with an entire outfit of new machinery, are now prepared to fill orders in all kinds of Building Material, such as
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, DOORS WINDOW FRAMES, BALUSTRS and NEWELLS, also all kinds of SCROLL SAWING,
Planing and Matching done to Order,
LUMBER, FLOORING, LATH AND SHINGLES,
kept constantly on hand and for sale.
Also Builders and Contractors. We are prepared to contract for the erection of all kinds of building either in part or whole. PRICES MODERATE. Factory—Mill Street, Milton, 16-1yr.

GO TO
D. Butchart's
For Groceries, confectionery, etc., etc.
Oysters by Bulk or Can.

CARRIAGE & BLACKSMITH WORKS,
MARTIN STREET, MILTON.

In returning thanks for the patronage bestowed upon the late firm of Hustler & McKenzie, I beg to announce that I will continue the business as before, and trust that by using first-class material and the best skilled labor will continue to give the same satisfaction to customers as did the late firm.
Call and examine my NEW STOCK,
Milton, Dec. 5th, 1887
BUGGIES, CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, WAGGONS,
AND ALL DESCRIPTION OF
CARRIAGES
Always on hand and made to order.
All kinds of JOB WORK promptly attended to.
A first-class Horse-Shoer will always be engaged.
No Factory Work. All material made up on the premises.
Wm. McKENZIE.

W. C. ADAIR,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
wishes to thank the people of Milton and surrounding country for their very liberal patronage during the past year. He also wishes to inform them and the public generally that he is now turning out more artistic and finer finished work than heretofore. All who desire a real life-like and "almost speaking"
PICTURE taken in the very latest style
of the art, should not fail to
GIVE HIM A CALL
at their earliest opportunity.
No pains nor expense spared to suit each and every customer who may favor him with their order.
None but first-class material and the purest chemicals used, consequently the work is more permanent and will retain its original brilliancy much longer than the work turned out of those cheap city galleries where only the poorest material is used.
Prices lower than any other gallery in the country for same quality of work.
Gallery open every day (except Sunday) from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS. For the benefit of those looking for new locations or investments, semi-monthly excursions have been arranged, at one fare for the round trip, to all points in Dakota and Minnesota. Tickets first-class and good for 30 days. For maps and further particulars address C. H. WARREN, St. Paul, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn. MINNEAPOLIS ST. PAUL MANITOBA RAILWAY.

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

NOTICE.
The Bank of Hamilton will allow 4 per cent. per annum on money deposited since the 1st November inst., and the same rate for now deposits.

Now is the Time for the People of Milton to get Bargains!
IMMENSE STOCK OF PARLOR SUITS
Covered in Figured and Crushed Plush, Silk, Peps. and Bracatells.
CALL AND SEE THEM.
Also a very fine line of Walnut, Ash and Antique Oak Bedroom Suits. We charge nothing to see them. Also a large selection of Sideboards, Centre and Extension Tables, Cane and Perforated Chairs. A splendid line of Ladies' Sewing Baskets, Rattan and Reed Rocking Chairs, and Mantle Mirrors. All guaranteed to give entile satisfaction. Remember we do the leading trade of the city. We sell for cash ONLY, and therefore have no losses. Our prices are lower than any other first-class house in the city. Our show-rooms are two blocks from the N. & N. W. R station, light by the electric light, and open till 8 p. m. Favor us with a call,
N. B.—All goods packed free of charge.
DOMINION FURNITURE CO.,
120 and 122 King Street East, Hamilton.

DICK'S SWEETHEART.

By the Author of "MILDRED TREVANION," "LOYS, LORD BERRESFORD," "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN," ETC.

A strange earnest look has come into her face. She presses her lips to his cheek, and then with a little sigh sinks back into his embrace. It is not a sorrowful sigh, but one full of contentment.

"Why should anything come to you but happiness?" says Bouverie. There is a certainty in the way she has declared her disbelief in the advent of death that has somehow comforted him. Any evil minor to that would be to him as naught.

"Why, indeed?" returns she lightly. "And yet—I think it will be so. But"—with a pretty pretence at anger—"have I not told you to talk of something else—anything—but me."

"Of our marriage then," says Bouverie. "Once you are really mine, what evil thing can assail you? Then your sad little forebodings will die of lack of nutriment. Your lips shall take again that sorrowful curve if they dare! Your eyes—— What eyes you have, Dolores!" He turns up her chin and gazes into the clear depths of her soul's windows with a wondering adoration,

"'Beauty lies
In many eyes.
But love in yours, my Nora Creina,'"

he chants in a low voice. "But I forget!" he cries presently, with an assumption of terror. "I must talk of anything but you. Of our marriage then, as I said before."

"Of our marriage?" She pauses; the colour deepens in her face, and

"From every blush that kindles in her cheeks
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring."

"Do you know," she says softly, "I very often think how it will be with us then—whether we shall be very unhappy, or—— I shall be always thinking of you, of course, and wondering how you like this and that and the other things to be done, and what you like best for dinner. That's a man's chief thought, his dinner, isn't it? After me—that is, I mean, of course, after the woman he loves?"

"Is it?" questions Bouverie. There is a materialism about this idea which affects him disagreeably.

"Yes," says Dolores, with a little assuring nod. "I shall therefore watch you when dinner begins, and every time you refuse a dish I shall dismiss cook—that is, if she is a mild woman and I am not too much afraid of her."

"You're sure to be afraid of any cook, gentle or simple, declares Dick, laughing, and thinking what a darling little mistress of a house she will be. His house! "But, as I never yet looked coldly on my dinner, cook's all right! But where shall we live, Dolores?"

"Ah, that!" says Dolores. A trembling silence follows her exclamation; and then—"I wanted to say it to you so many times," she says, with a quivering smile; "but—Dick, let us live with auntie!" She has turned to him, an eager pleading in her lovely eyes. "She would not be happy without me," she says in a low whisper.

"And you?" says Bouverie, a momentary most natural touch of jealousy in his tone. "Could you know no happiness without her—even with me?"

He has taken her hand, and is gazing at her with a strange expression not to be misunderstood. She turns a little white, and her breath comes in soft fitful catches, but her great luminous eyes do not fall before his.

"I should know happiness," she answers gently—"a happiness too deep for words—but not a worldly one. My contentment would be incomplete. Think what auntie has been to me all my life—my mother, my friend! Should I be the more sacred to you if I forgot her when my heart was filled with the joy of your love? Were I to forget, Dick, were you to counsel forgetfulness, would that be me—would that be you? Oh, Dick, speak to me!" She bursts out crying.

"I don't know what I said," exclaims Dick distractedly, feeling as if each sob of hers is an arrow dividing his body and soul; "I only know I meant nothing that should distress you. Dolores, my own life, we shall live with auntie—with any one—even my mother, if you wish it."

This last awful proposition proves as potent as a magic philtre, and instantly restores Miss Lorne to calm,

"Not that!" she exclaims nervously. "But, Dick—dear Dick—are you sure you will not object to have auntie as one of our household? She is my mother—let her be yours too."

"With all my heart," agrees Dick genially—"Though how I'm to reconcile it to my conscience I don't know! Two mothers! Why, see what an unconscionable lot of trouble it is giving! You make me feel quite ashamed of myself; but, if you will have it so—— Now are your eyes dry, you little baby?"

"Yes—yes!" says Dolores, smiling softly. "It was silly of me to doubt you, was it not? But I was just a little afraid of you at first; and——"

"Afraid," interrupts Bouverie—"and of me! Darling, let us have that perfect love between us that casteth out fear; let us be of one mind, and"—stoutly—"let that mind be yours."

This arrangement is so eminently satisfactory that no further argument ensues upon it.

Upon these two beside the river an exquisite silence falls—a silence too fraught with unspoken thought to be oppressive—and with thought so sweet! A tiny squirrel in the old oak-tree above them, springing from branch to branch, passes abruptly over their heads, and, gaining courage from the utter stillness that encompasses them, sniffs daintily at the pretty picture they present—the soft head of the girl lying so happily upon her lover's breast—the lover's glad content—the white robe, the parted lips, the little jewelled hands—and, close to it all, the soft but cruel hurry of the river rushing ever onwards to the ocean—there is no lingering, no kindly hesitation about it, only a wild, if subdued, hurry to its goal—to the end of all things.

Dolores, marking the deadly monotony of its haste, shivers slightly in her lover's arms. Do all things hurry so? Is there no gracious delay—no tender dallying? Are life and death but so many quivering oddies that mark, yet fail to check, the vast onrush of Fate? And what is Fate bringing to her? Life, is it, or death, or joy perchance, or perchance—

Ah, what a word to ring in her ears! And yet how loudly it peals through mead and woodland! Shame—shame! What can it have to do with her? Yet "Shame!" is the sound that echoes from sloping hill upon her right to placid moorland down below.

She flings the echo from her; she laughs inwardly, and nestles a little closer to Bouverie, as though her shield were here. Across the scented grasses a sweet wind is blown—a music weird and mystical ascends from the bosom of the impatient river. Deep in the wood the sounds of cooing pigeons may be heard.

"The summer leaves hung over our heads,
The flow'rs burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whistled sweet."

By an effort she rouses herself from the reverie into which they both have fallen.

"Of what are you thinking, O recreant sweetheart," she murmurs gaily, withdrawing herself from his embrace and turning his chin by a loving touch in her own direction, "that no word has escaped you all this long, long time?"

"Why, of my lady-love, be sure!"

"And she—who may she be?"

"One Mistress Dolores Lorne, by your grace, madam, an' if it please you."

"By my haldame, sir, an' it does please me! An'—— Oh, Dick, how nice you look with that stern countenance sir upon you! But would you"—she hesitates—the admiration so lately assumed dies altogether from her eyes, and a certain fear takes its place—"would you ever look at me like that?" she asks nervously, quite forgetful of her momentary appreciation,

"Am I not looking at you now?"

"Oh, no—not at me! You imagined me some one else, did you not? But it came to me that, if in the years to come you were ever to regard me like that, I should——"

"What, beloved?"

"Die perhaps"—laughing; then—"Tell me," she says, leaning towards him—"are you ever really stern like that? Are you"—leaning even closer—"ever like—your mother?"

"How can I be sure?" returns he slowly. "She is my mother. Why should I then positively declare that there is no likeness between us? And yet——"

"Yes?" she says hopefully and breathlessly.

"I know that I can love, whilst she—Do you think I would chance anything with you, Dolores? Whatever demon I may have inherited, it is not so strong as the angel that has come to me since first my eyes fell on you. I could not risk anything with you. I could not forget the greatness of the gift you have given me—your own sweet self. I dare say I've got a bad temper. My mother"—with a little bitter laugh—"reminds me of it often enough to make me sure of it. But tell me"—gazing anxiously into her luminous eyes—"that you know I should never be anything but gentle with you."

"Yes; I know it."

She rises slowly to her feet, and stretches out her hands with a soft languishing gesture towards the setting sun. Then all at once she laughs, and, turning to him, lays both her small palms against his, and gives him a loving but vehement little push.

"And this is how I know it," she says, with the most charming assumption of sauciness, "It is because you wouldn't dare be otherwise—so now!"

She shakes her dainty head at him—her pretty head with all its soft riotous rings of hair that tremble like gold in the dying sunshine. Her parted lips are full of laughter, "her eyes are as eyes of a dove."

"I must go," she says solemnly, lightly unfastening the chains that bind her.

"Not yet. Why, it is quite early!"

"Nevertheless my last hour has come. I have promised Audrey to give her her tea this afternoon, and it is now half-past four. At five I am due. Give me my hat."

"Give me some tea too," says Mr. Bouverie eagerly. "I never felt so thirsty in all my life! I'll come home with you and help you to pour it out. That will be doing you some good."

"No. Audrey doesn't care for you, and you don't care for Audrey. I can't bear conflicting elements."

"I won't say a word that——"

"Good-bye," says Miss Lorne, with decision. "I have seen quite enough of you for one day, considering I am bound to meet you again to-night. Till then, adieu! Yet stay; as far as the first turn in the avenue counts, you may come with me, but not a step beyond."

"And all this is because of Audrey! Oh, my cousin, shallow-hearted, how I detest you! But for you I should be allowed to enter Paradise!"

"Go to! Your wits wander!" says Miss Lorne. "And, if you won't come with me to the first turn, why, good-bye then until to-night."

"Oh, I'm coming," cries Bouverie—"to the hall door, if I may! There is no false pride about me. And about to-night?—You will not be later than ten? You will give me the first dance?"

"If you are in time for it."

"Don't comfort yourself with the thought that I shan't be. If, on your arrival, you hear of any burglar being secured in the coal-cellar for prowling about the premises during the earlier part of the evening, remember, it is I, being 'in time.'"

"You shan't stay there long after my arrival," says Miss Lorne fondly. "With my own hands I shall release you, be there a thousand Drummonds in the way." She slips her hand through his arm, and squeezes it confidentially. "Do you ever think, Dick, how strange a thing it would have been if we had never met and loved?"

"A terrible thing!"

"Should we have met and loved some other people—odious people!—or should we have gone to our graves unwed?"

"Unwed," says Dick, with conviction. "How one event changes one's whole life! I suppose, if my uncle had not fallen over that precipice somewhere in Switzerland, you and I would now have been as apart as though two different spheres held us."

"He was killed?" asks Dolores, with some awed interest.

"Yes. We were poor people at the time it occurred, and his death made such a tremendous difference—gave my father the title, property and all! I remember my uncle slightly—a quiet man like my father, very timid, very silent, and in great awe of my grandmother, from whom the money came, as well as the title."

"Why was he afraid of him?" asks Dolores, some vague contempt in her tone.

"Because the property was not entailed all through—and an empty title is a barren honour. However, the old man died shortly after the accident that killed my uncle, and left all to my father. I think at the time it happened I was sorry about that accident; but I am not sorry now. If it had not occurred, you and I—how impossible it sounds!—would be strangers to each other."

"Poor man! It was sad, though!" says Dolores, with a sigh. "Now here is our boundary-line," she adds, standing at the curve of the avenue and holding out to him a dismissing hand. "Not a word—not an entreaty! Your doom is sealed!"

"Well, you needn't stand so far away from me," says Dick, aggrieved. "There isn't anybody looking, and therefore nobody can see. Say good-bye to me in a more dutiful way than that."

"You are sure—sure"—glancing round nervously—"that there is no—— Oh, Dick—there! Indeed you should be more cautious! And—— Good-bye again!"

There are several "again's," and then she runs away from him down the long avenue, and is soon hidden from him by the jealous laureatines.

CHAPTER XIII.

Dolores had barely time, after parting with Dick, to throw off her hat, make herself a degree prettier than she was even a moment since, and enter the library by the upper door, when a servant opening the lower one, announces Miss Pousonby.

"Ah, I'm so glad I was home in time!" says Dolores ingenuously, running to her and kissing her warmly. Between the little heiress who has never known a grief or felt a cynical thought and the cold self-contained girl always so bitterly resentful of the poverty to which she was born a strange friendship has arisen. "I was so afraid I should be late; I have only just come in myself. Take off your hat."

"You were walking?"

"Yes, with—— Yes." She blushes faintly, and busies herself drawing forward a low lounging chair for her visitor's comfort.

"With Dick," says Audrey calmly. "Well he is more fortunate than most."

"Because I walked with him?" laughs Dolores lightly, raising her brows.

"That too. But I was not thinking so much of this hour's grace accorded him as of the fact that probably you will let him walk through life beside you. Now that is a speech that requires no answer. If I am right, so much the better for him. If I am wrong, why, then I can almost find it in my heart to pity him, though his case are not altogether dear to me! What a perfect day it has been! What an evening it is!"

"Why should we waste it indoors?" says Dolores gaily. "The orchard is a happier hunting-ground than this can be. There may be some strawberries still left, and I'll tell them to send us out some extra cream for them with our tea; but perhaps"—with a hesitating glance at the cool room she has spoken of abandoning.

"No," answers Audrey; "you need not be afraid of that. What room—even the loveliest—can bear comparison with the summer air? 'Stone walls,' so far as I am concerned, always 'a prison make.'"

"Auntie has gone to the town; so we shall be all alone," says Dolores.

Slowly sauntering towards the orchard, they enter it presently through its ivied gateway and fling themselves, with a glad sense of youth and freedom, upon a mossy bank beneath an gnarled old apple-tree.

"How cool it is here—how quiet—no noise!" says Audrey, clasping her arms behind her head and gazing upward at the liquid blue of the evening sky.

"No boys!" returns Dolores, laughing.

"It means quite the same thing."

"Sometimes—just at first, when I know you—I used to think, whenever you spoke of the boys, that you meant your brothers."

"No; my mother spared me that infliction at least—

"'I'm all the daughters of my father's house
And all the brothers too.'

I suppose I should speak of them as 'the pupils,'; but somehow 'the boys' comes more naturally. What a torment they are—what a grinding horror! And yet"—with some remorse—"it is a shame to be so hard on them. Sometimes—even to them—I confess I am grateful to them. They mean so much to us in many ways. Where would dad be without his books, for instance? The fact is, dad and I are carnivorous animals, and live on the boys."

"Still young boys I dare say are——"

"Young!" For an instant Miss Pousonby glances at her; and then she laughs faintly. "They aren't always so very young," she says. "I would they were; they would be just half the trouble then. It is big boys that worry. We have them at seventeen, twenty, twenty-one, and so on. Once we had one at twenty-seven. He was the dullest boy of the lot—so dull indeed that I don't think he will ever be anything else. Perpetual youth is his lovely portion."

"What became of him?" asks Dolores, who has been secretly wondering if she means Sir Chickey, but is at last comforted by the reflection that certainly twenty-seven summers have not passed over that gentleman's flaxen head.

"We kept him only four months, as, beyond laying his exceedingly large hand and small fortune at my feet every second day and eating unlimited jam-tarts, he did literally nothing."

"How tiresome!"

"It was"—not exactly. He did both things so thoroughly, and always full length under the big acacia, that he ceased to trouble us after a bit. I almost missed him and his proposals when he went. Perhaps I missed the tarts even more! He was most generous in his distribution of them."

"Do all the boys propose to you?" asks Dolores, who is much 'fetched' by this idea, and is regarding Miss Pousonby with an irrepressible smile.

"Pretty nearly," says Audrey, with imperturbable gravity; then, all in one moment, she gives way to a merry burst of laughter very unusual to her. "You see, dad has the reputation of being so clever, and indeed, is so clever," she says, with loving pride, "that they send him all the forlorn cases as a last resource; and sometimes he does manage to push them through in spite of Dame Nature. But why they must all arrange to believe themselves in love with me is the amusing part of it."

"It sounds amusing certainly. Just fancy a youthful regiment on its knees to one all day long!"

"Sometimes it is unpleasant," confesses Audrey, with a change of feature—"sometimes"—looking earnestly at Dolores and speaking in a low tone—"they weep, and that's hateful! I've known them to get so dump and so limp that, after indignantly refusing them, I have had to support them back to the house; and then, when they used to sit through dinner without eating a morsel and with their eyes and noses as red as fire, dad used to ask me what it all meant; and, when he found out, he would be very angry, and want to send the luckless boy away; and of course that was awkward you know, as—as—well, of course you understand"—a little impatiently—"that the money the boy paid was of great importance to us."

"Of course," says Dolores, with the simplest, most business-like tone in the world. It soothes the other and drives the little frown from her brow.

"Whatever you do," she goes on, smiling again at Dolores, "don't encourage a lover who looks even inclined to cry; it will embitter your life. But I forget; my advice is not wanted here. I don't believe Dick could cry even if he tried."

"You should know, being his cousin," says Dolores, colouring sweetly at the mention of his name, as she always does, but looking in no wise embarrassed. "But what an irrelevant remark of yours! What's Hecuba to me or I to Hecuba?"

"You alone can answer that question." Audrey is silent for an insignificant time, and then, reverting to her first topic, "There is one thing recommending," she says, "about the boys—they all love dad! Even when they go away, they don't forget him. But that"—with a swift brightening of her rather cold and haughty face—"is not to be wondered at."

"No," returns Dolores, with a subtle touch of sympathy—"I have seen him."

"Does it ever occur to you," exclaims Audrey, growing suddenly animated, "how he can be Lady Bouverie's brother? What faintest connecting link is there between them? She is insolent, so overbearing, he so tender, so——" Her voice fails, and a beautiful dreamy expression comes into her eyes.

"Your cousin Dick was telling me today of how Lady Bouverie once was quite poor," says Dolores.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind. 1-1yr

Subscribe for the CHAMPION