GET THE BEST

The cream is the best part of the milk, and if you wish

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Now is use, go to

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who has now had 4 years experience in making the various kinds purchasers all information; also how to make cream by M. Moyer. I am also prepared to do

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either Tin or Galvanized Iron, at prices to suit the times, guaranteed.

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WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!

The undersigned has opened a Wood Yard on Bay Milton, just east of the Roller rink, and is prepared to furnish all who may favor him with orders, with

Hard and Soft Wood of all

ready cut and split for use, at rock bottom

John W. Lo

Milton, Nov. 10, 1887.

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CAMPBELLVILLE Woolen

I will pay cash for good, clean merchantable Wool, and for half cash and half trade. Strong, coarse, burry and unwashed in trade or in pay for work.

I have a large stock of goods to choose from, consisting of Co Denims and Cottonades; also Fine Grey Flannels, Check Flan Grey Unions and Woolen Dress Goods.

I have also a full line of Summer and Winter Tweeds from 60 yd. And I have a good assortment of Sheetings, Blankets, and all double width; have also a large variety of Yarns, all colors, Wool, as I use no substitutes for Wool (a boast which few mill so that you can depend on good sound Yarns or any other goods factured, and always from your own wool when desired. Carding Weaving well and promptly done. Give us a call and you dealt with. The highest possible price allowed for all kin

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Now is the time for families who wish to furnish their houses money at the Furniture Rooms in the STEVENSON BLOCK, MAIN MILTON.

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Also a full line of HARVEST TOOLS

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OFFICE
On Main St., one door east of Wallace House.

MILTON, THURSDAY JUNE 21, 1888. NO. 1.

Travellers' Guide.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY (N. & N. W. Division).
GOING NORTH: 7.45 A.M., 2.22 P.M. GOING SOUTH: 10.00 A.M., 6.06 P.M.

CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY
GOING EAST: 7.22 a.m., 11.22 a.m., 7.42 p.m.
GOING WEST: 9.07 a.m., 3.21 p.m., 5.35 p.m.

The Canadian Champion.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY Thursday Morning
—AT—
MILTON, CO. OF HALTON, ONT.
CAMPBELL & PANTON, Props.

OFFICE—On Main Street, one door east of the Town House.

TERMS—$1 a year in advance or within one month from the date of subscribing if not so paid the full price will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Column 1 year	$75 00
do 6 months	50 00
do 3 "	40 00
Half 1 year	35 00
do 6 months	15 00
do 3 "	25 00
Quarter 1 year	15 00
do 6 months	10 00
do 3 "	15 00
do 1 year	10 00
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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.

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Advertisements of any kind admitted among the reading notices will be charged 10 cents per line for a special notice, and 5 cents for first insertion, and 2½ cents for each subsequent insertion.

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Transient advertisements ten cents per line, for the first insertion, and five cents for each subsequent insertion.

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Cash must accompany order in every case to secure insertion.

Terms for job work strictly cash.

To Subscribers.—No paper will be stopped until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the proprietors. A post-office notice to discontinue is sufficient.

Montana HEARD FROM.—Recent railroad extensions have developed exceptionally fine mineral, stock and grain districts. Maps and full particulars, free upon application to C. H. WARREN, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

Stock IN MINNESOTA.—From an extensive grain country, Minnesota is being rapidly transformed into the finest stock and dairy state in the West. Cheap and still obtainable, convenient to markets. Particulars free upon application to C. H. WARREN, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

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Success—Are you mortgaged, paying heavy rents, or running behind? Can you move to new location? Excellent lands, near railroad, in Dakota, which are increasing in value several fold in a few years. Other such opportunities existing. Full pamphlets, free, upon application to C. H. WARREN, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

DEW Drops Wonders exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. There are hundreds of profitable works that can be done by any one at home should at once send their addresses to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex of all ages can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards in the places where they live. You are started free. Some have made over $50 in a single day. All succeed.

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Ricky Rewarded are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for industrious person, many have made and are making several hundred dollars a month. Hay for any one to make $5 and upwards per day in a place where there is a demand for such a thing. Many are making fortunes at the business who began at the beginning of this notice. Reader, if you think you can do a share of the business, write to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Why WORK FOR ANOTHER, for one small salary? Why continue working on a worn-out farm? Why try to secure a living from such high-priced or heavily-mortgaged farms? Why work on rented land? Why not start for yourself? Why not secure at once some of the low-priced but very fertile and well located lands adjacent to railroads now to be obtained by those going to Northern Dakota and Minnesota, where you can make larger net profit per acre than on the high priced or worn-out land you now occupy? Why not go and look the situation over, and see for yourself, or obtaining further information, which will be sent free, if you will address C. H. WARREN, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

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

THOMAS G. MATHESON,
County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Notary Public, &c.
OFFICE.—In Court House, Milton. 38-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.

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Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.
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OFFICE—over Imperial Bank, 34 Wellington Street, East. Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.
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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.

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HAMILTON, ONT.
Corner King & McNab Streets. 18

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AUTHORIZED GENERAL AGENT FOR SAID COMPANY.
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J. BUTTERFIELD, AGENT.
Milton, Nov. 18, 1886.

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HARNESS & SADDLE MANUFACTURER.
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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.

No.	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	15	13	9.30 a.m.
4	Acton	J. Matthews	19	15	17	"	20	15	10 a.m.
5	Campbellville	S. R. Lister	6	3	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, 2nd July, 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.

NEW PLANING MILL.
Ezard & Appleby,
BUILDERS & MANUFACTURERS,
Having rebuilt and furnished with an entire outfit of new machinery, are now prepared to fill orders for 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,
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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.

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For Groceries, confectionery, Plants, Flowers, etc.
ICE CREAM IN SEASON.

ESTABLISHED 1868. ESTABLISHED 1868.
WM. BEWS,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
—MILTON,—
has a splendid assortment of Canadian and Imported Tweeds, Worsteds, Meltons, &c., &c., and can supply his patrons with clothing inferior in material and finish to none. His prices too, will be found to be remarkably low considering the quality of the goods he sells.
Wm. BEWS.

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.

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 for 30 days and good for 30 days. For maps and further particulars address G. W. WARNER, Land Commissioner, or A. H. HANFORD, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn. MANITOBA RAILWAY.

SALESMEN WANTED. Permanent positions guaranteed with SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Any active man can succeed with us. Peculiar advantages to beginners. Stock complete, including many best-selling specialties. Outfit free. Address at once, BROWN BROTHERS, (Name this paper) NURSERYMAN, 46-2m ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again, I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of
FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,
A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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.
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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, WAGONS,
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
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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.

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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, Extension 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., 190 and 192 King Street East, Hamilton.

DICK'S SWEETHEART.

By the Author of "MILDRED TREVANION," "LOVE, LORD BESSBOROUGH," "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN," ETC.

"How grieved Miss Ponsonby would be were she to hear this!" says Vyner pathetically. "Your opinion, Mrs. Drummond, weighs with her so much that an adverse word from you would, I think, cause her to feel despair."

The concern upon his face is deep and earnest, yet Mrs. Dovedale's infantile glance, turning quickly upon him, grows sharp.

"I am sure you agree with all I have said," goes on Mrs. Drummond heavily—"you, who so well know what a true lady should be"—here she casts a speaking glance at a distant corner, where stands the florid and somewhat underdressed Georgina—"cannot fail to understand my sentiments."

"I do indeed fully understand them," says Vyner sympathetically.

"And then that undisguised flirtation with Captain Greville!" continues Mrs. Drummond, warming to her work, and turning up her eyes to the ceiling with quite a lamentable display of pious grief. Now or never, she decides hurriedly, is the time given her to put an end forever to Audrey's interference with her plan of making Georgina Mrs. Vyner. Now or never! She braces herself afresh. "Ah, how immodest, how self-confident was that wretched girl's conduct all this evening! I am sure I most sincerely pity poor Lady Bouverie!"

"Anything wrong with her?" asks Vyner, changing his glass from one eye to the other, and regarding Mrs. Drummond with what seems to her like growing anxiety.

"Everything, when she is compelled to own that girl as her niece. There is nothing in such bad taste as a flirtation carried on before the eyes of the world."

"You would recommend one, then, carried on behind its back? Oh, fie, Mrs. Drummond," exclaims Vyner lightly—"such sentiments from you! Does Miss Drummond share them?"

"You at least, I think, understand my sweet girl," says the "sweet girl's" mother, with gentle reproach. "She indeed possesses a soul that lifts her far above all such sad frivolities. To frolic with a human heart is quite of her power."

"Oh, quite!" he misses little Mrs. Dovedale, with enthusiasm. "To enslave a man, to keep him chained to her side for an entire evening, as others can, is a thing she could not do!"

"And so you think Miss Ponsonby is trying to break young Greville's heart?" asks Vyner, laughing.

"I have no doubt she is trying to entrap the infatuated young man into a marriage," returns Mrs. Drummond spitefully. "He is heir to a baronetcy, and is an excellent *parti* in every way. Her open encouragement is shameful!"

"They have been together a good deal, certainly," hesitates Mrs. Dovedale timidly; "but I was standing near them for a long time, and their conversation was entirely about the play and the costumes."

"That is really nothing," says Vyner, with a genial smile. "I once knew a fellow who was talking to a girl about asparagus, when suddenly he turned and proposed to her. So you see you never can tell."

"Well, to me it is a most melancholy spectacle to see a young woman evince such an ardent desire for adulation," sighs Mrs. Drummond, with marked Christianity. She looks quite sorry for the benighted object of her remarks; thus she lays a thin coating of religious veneer over the raging vindictiveness beneath. "Now Georgina is so different!," she says.

"True, true," agrees Vyner eagerly, with a tender glance at the distant fair one. "I could hardly imagine any two people so utterly dissimilar."

Mrs. Dovedale looks at him.

"Yes; I have many things for which to be grateful," says Mrs. Drummond meekly. "My Georgina is so gentle, so retiring; she claims nothing; she does not put herself forward in any way. Her very dearest desires she leaves for time to grant."

"She does indeed leave much to be desired," says Vyner, with a smile so affectionate, so almost filial, as to allay the suspicions that this extraordinary speech has very naturally aroused in the breast of Mrs. Drummond.

But Mrs. Dovedale's innocent lips widen, and her eyes light up marvellously.

"What a funny little speech!" she says artlessly; and she makes a mental note of the "funny speech," to be retailed again by-and-by to her friend with kindly comments thereupon.

"I am so glad, dear Mr. Vyner, to find you agree with me in my estimate of Miss Ponsonby," says Mrs. Drummond pleasantly. "A fast girl is my abhorrence!"

"Ah, here comes your abhorrence!" exclaims Vyner cheerfully, as Audrey, a lovely creature in her white-and-gold draperies, sweeps slowly up to them.

Mrs. Drummond starts perceptibly; her colour changes, and she tries with a violent effort to bring the ghastly semblance of a smile to her lips. After all, this objectionable girl is Lady Bouverie's niece, and it will not do to offend her hopelessly. She smiles therefore and puts out her hand, which Audrey manages not to see, acknowledging her presence only by a bow as coldly graceful as it is disdainful.

Mrs. Drummond, discouraged, falls back a little; but Mrs. Dovedale, who is all smiles and pretty glances, presses forward.

"I cannot tell you how you have charmed us all, Miss Ponsonby," she says airily—"Mrs. Drummond especially. You really should have prepared us for such perfect work; you and Captain—Captain—ah, what is it?—I mean your lover, your"—with childish confusion—"your stage lover, of course—were infinitely superior to all the rest of the actors. How stupid I am about remembering names!"—with a smile replete with covert insolence. "It takes me quite a long, long time to learn them."

"It takes some people a long, long time to learn anything," replies Audrey, with a pale smile equally insolent, "even common manners."

She half raises her drowsy lids and regards the Rector's wife as one might a person of very inferior quality indeed. Mrs. Dovedale quails beneath that glance, and, with an affectation of seeking somebody, fades slowly away.

Then Audrey turns to Vyner.

"And so you spend your time," she says, with a contemptuous shrug of her white shoulders, "with such people as those! You find them amusing?"

"Intensely so—Mrs. Drummond more especially."

"One would, of course," says Audrey, curling her lip. "Was she giving you a list of Georgina's virtues?"

"Not all the time."

"Then she was giving you a list of my vices?"

"They tell one it is rash to contract a woman twice," replies Vyner dimly.

"Which means I guessed correctly, and you listened to her? You found such talk amusing?"

"Cool, honest vituperation is interesting at all times; and, to Georgina's mother justice, she can give the lashing with her tongue. Is that Mrs. Wemyss over there? What a charming laugh she has! Shall we join her?"

"As you will"—indifferently; then her whole face changes. "Ah, you, Captain Greville?" she says, smiling, and flushing faintly as she turns to Greville, who has just come up to her with a programme in his hand.

"For you," he says, giving it to her. "And now for your trusty messenger's reward—the first waltz?"

She smiles an acquiescence.

"And the second—and——"

"Don't be greedy," interposes she softly. "Let us all put a full stop after the second—for the present at least. I am going now to speak to Mrs. Wemyss."

"Why, so I think am I!" says Greville, laughing and accompanying her; and Vyner as they cross the room to where Mrs. Wemyss, Bruno Bouverie, and a rather disconsolate Sir Chicksy are standing.

CHAPTER XVII.

"What a day we're having!" says Bruno, as they come up. "Audrey, my congratulations—though poor, they are sincere. But every one makes allowance for my intellectual defects."

"Mrs. Drummond was delighted with you," laughs Mrs. Wemyss mischievously, giving Audrey's hand a surreptitious squeeze. Perhaps she is the one woman in the world whose cold manner has never repelled. "Oh, the joy in those dear old lady's eye when your success was assured, and when the Duke flung you that outrageous bouquet! Her smile was a perfect sunbeam!"

"So warm that it withered all around!" says Vyner.

"By-the-bye, has any one seen the fair Georgina?" asks Bruno.

"I did. I caught a passing glimpse of her; but I was afraid to look again," says Vyner.

"She was with Bob Haverly," puts in Sir Chicksy, in a moody tone. He was in a very low state indeed before Audrey arrived with Captain Greville; but now he looks murderous.

"In default of a better," says Bruno, "Poor staggering Bob! I hope he was sober."

"I hope he wasn't," remarks Vyner. "If slightly indistinct in views and manners, he would not so entirely realise the misery of the situation."

"Ah, true! After all, you are a better friend to him than I am. A discreet intoxication might help him through. A small matter, and really no trouble to him!"

"Little things make up the sum of life," says Mrs. Wemyss solemnly, upon which they all laugh. "There will be a flower, a kiss, a vacant seat, a temporary aberration like our poor Bob's; and there is no knowing what will come of it all."

"There is no knowing what will come of anything!" groans Sir Chicksy from out of the utmost gloom. This remarkable speech is so obscure as to call for an answer from any man.

"What is the matter with him?" asks Mrs. Wemyss, in a low voice, turning to Vyner. "He has been in quite a desperate state for the last hour. Was there ever so miserable a creature? It isn't toothache, or earache, or neuralgia, because I suggested them all, and got three 'Noes' for answer, and not another syllable thrown in even for friendship's sake. What can it be?"

"It is Greville—'the forward youth that would appear.' And what is friendship beside jealousy? A paltry shadow! Poor Sir Chicksy! If he has pinned his faith to Miss Ponsonby, I doubt there is trouble before him. However sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning'—that is a fair division, is it not? And, after all, one can't be always on the grin—at least, most of us can't. Few"—with a smile—"are as triumphant over there as Greville is."

"He hath indeed a merry note," quotes Mrs. Wemyss, smiling. It is a pleasant smile, warmed by a delicate blush.

"Ah, there go the fiddles!" exclaimed Greville, turning eagerly to Audrey; "Then there goes my last chance of happiness," says Vyner. "Now to approach my partner with the smiling face that hides the breaking heart. I've been trying not to see her for the last ten minutes; but I experienced a considerable difficulty in the effort since I discovered her whereabouts."

"Where is she?"

"Glaring at me from the opposite wall. See her? Big bony girl in the gridelin gown."

"What on earth did you do it for?" asks Bruno, in open amazement.

"Let in for it, of course. But I hadn't forget my debt to her chaperon. After all, it might be worse; it might be Georgina."

"Miss Ponsonby," says Sir Chicksy, coming awkwardly to the front, "may I have the pleasure of this?"

"I am engaged for it unfortunately."

"The next then?—"Is not a waltz; and I never dance anything else."

"The next waltz then?"—desperately.

"Is promised also."

"Ah!" says poor Sir Chicksy, falling back discouraged, and casting a withering glance at the successful Greville.

Perhaps Audrey feels for him; perhaps it is that she finds it impossible, like most women, to loosen her hold on a slave. At all events, she leans a little towards him, and beckons him once more to her side with a slight wave of her fan.

"Would the third be of any use to you?" she asks coldly, but with one of her rare smiles. "Yes? Then take it lily-the-boy!"—with a sudden determination to strengthen his chains, or also to show off her power to the others—"how is it that you, of all my acquaintances, have been the only one to give me no pretty compliment to-night?"

"I don't suppose anything I could say would be pretty," sighs Sir Chicksy despondently.

"Try," says Vyner, the finest encouragement in his tone.

"I have tried"—gloomily—"and I might as well have let it alone. She forgets all about it. It's only natural she should, you know; I'm not one to be remembered. But, as it happens, I was one of the very first to congratulate her when she came off the stage."

"Ah, so you were!" says Audrey lightly. "I forget now what it was you said; but I know you were very kind."

"Kind!" repeats the infatuated youth, with bitterest self-disdain. "Who am I that I should presume to be kind to you? I'm glad you have forgotten all about it. 'My words that would praise thee are impotent things.'"

"Good gracious, Chaucer! Recollect yourself!" exclaims Bruno, giving him a warning nudge and a shocked glance. "However badly you may feel, learn to restrain yourself; and, at all events, never give way to bad language!"

"Eh?" says Sir Chicksy, in a stupefied tone.

"To say 'impudent things' to Miss Ponsonby! My dear fellow, what madness! I really can't see my way to the end of this sad affair."

"I didn't say that!" exclaims Sir Chicksy, with wild wrath, growing more and more desperate as he sees his idol disappear in the distance with the more favoured Greville. "Nothing of the sort! The word I used was 'impotent'!"

"Very impudent," persists Bouverie gravely. "As Miss Ponsonby's near relative, I must ask you to withdraw it—to apologise—to——"

"Oh, go it!" cries Sir Chicksy hysterically. "I'm not bad enough as it is, I suppose, that you must try to madden me! But I'll have satisfaction from somebody; I'll have it out of one of you for this! I'll have my revenge, or——"

Here his knee-joints coming in contract with the sharp edge of an ottoman, he perforce gives way and sinks upon it.

"A seat," says Bruno, finishing his sentence for him. "Well, it is the better thing of the two; though how you presume to talk of vengeance is——"

"Bruno, be silent," interposes Mrs. Wemyss, in a low tone, but with authority. "You are really too bad. Let the poor boy alone. Between you all, you will drive him out of his mind."

"His what?" asks Vyner mildly.

"Have you forgotten, Mr. Vyner," says Mrs. Wemyss severely, "that your gaunt partner is awaiting you?"

"No; I was remembering it all the time," returns Mr. Vyner sweetly. "I am helping her to a perfect frame of mind. To possess one's soul in patience is a rare merit. I think however she has now possessed it long enough in that state, and I fly to her."

"For me," says Bruno—"am I to understand that you forbid me speech? Am I to hear my own cousin cruelly insulted, and take no steps to punish the offender?"

"You are to cease teasing that boy."

"Very good; I sha'n't play any more," says Bruno, rising with an injured front. "And for the future, Mrs. Wemyss, you will be kind enough to remember that we are not upon speaking terms."

"Oh that I might dare to hope it!" exclaims she, laughing, and turning to seat herself beside the disconsolate Baronet. "Why so pale and wan, fond lover?" murmurs she archly. "Anything the matter that I may hear?"

"Matter!" cries the poor fool, something that is almost an expression coming into his face. "Everything's the matter! It is all up with me and——and her! I don't mind about anything else; that ass Bouverie doesn't count with me! He is an ass, isn't he?"

"The greatest I know!" says Mrs. Wemyss, with satisfactory emphasis, and in a tone mischievously distinct, Bouverie being within hearing distance, and of course listening to every word that falls from his "Indyo's" lips, as a true lover should.

"But, oh, Mrs. Wemyss, how I love that peerless creature!" goes on Sir Chicksy tearfully. "And I'm nothin' to her—nothin'! Ah, there lies the sting! I'm less than the dust beneath her feet! I wish," cries Sir Chicksy, with a sudden burst of tragical sorrow, "that I was the dust beneath her feet; anyhow, I could touch her then! I could cling to her shoe; an'—an' she'd have to carry me along with her wherever she went!"

There is a suspiciously smothered sound somewhere near; but, when Mrs. Wemyss glances in its direction, Mr. Bouverie is to be seen plainly wrapped in happy thoughts of his own, and is bowing and smiling in a most affable manner to somebody at the far end of the room. It is a crowded end, and of course it would be impossible to single out the fortunate object of his attentions.

"Mr. Bouverie," says Mrs. Wemyss, with ominous mildness, "to night's theatricals seem to have got into your head. When you have ceased to enact the part of a nodding mandarin to a purely imaginary audience, I shall be glad if you will take me to the next room."

* * * * *

Two hours are as nothing when one is young and engaged for every dance before the fiddles have well got through their first dismal tuning. To Audrey, still flushed with her great triumph, they are as bare moments that fly by her fraught with a gay intoxication.

She has laughed with a gaiety, a freedom from constraint strange to her. Born with a spirit unsuited to poverty, she has drifted year by year into a state of feeling, false and embittered, that has rendered most people distasteful, or, at the best, objects of suspicion to her eyes. Only her "dad," her best beloved, is entirely without fault in her sight.

To-night however the unwonted excitement of an ensured success has raised her above her lower nature. Her enjoyment of the passing hour is not forced; she enters into the spirit of it with an eagerness that would have surprised even herself had she spared time to think of it, and that delights her "dad," who, dragged from his seclusion and his books to witness her triumph, has been more than rewarded by the smiles and blushes he has seen mantling her beautiful face.

She has perhaps danced rather more than is correct with Captain Greville, and has let the world see in a somewhat reckless fashion how abject is his submission.

"My dance, I think," says Vyner, going up to her a little before supper.

"Is it?" She has been smiling prettily at Captain Greville the moment before, but as she answered Vyner, her smile fades, and the old, tired, listless, discontented expression returns to her.

"Let us not dance it then! Is there no place where one can sit it out?"

"More than I need record," replies Vyner, with a slight shrug. "Let me make you wise as to one of them. And so you have at last known happiness!" he says to her presently, when they are seated in a little flowered recess sweet with the perfume of dying daphnes. A coloured lamp, faintly lit, sheds a pale crimson glow above their heads.

"I think I been a better evening than most," returns she indifferently.

"Until now, you would say," retorts he, with a short laugh. "Well, endure me for a while, if you can, if only for the sake of appearances."

"Appearances?" She colours haughtily, and turns her gaze full upon him.

"Oh see," says Vyner, shaking from the point of her gown a little crawling spider that has dropped from the leaves above her, and taking no notice of her question, "if admiration and conquest be happiness, you have gained it tonight."

"I am no happier than I was yesterday," returned she coldly. "But you spoke of appearances just now. What was it you wished me to understand?"

"That it is not altogether well to dance for an entire evening with one man."

"You are as careful of my reputation as Lady Bouverie," says she, with a low scornful laugh. Then she shuts her fan suddenly with a sharp angry click, and throws it on the cushion beside her.

"Did you notice her face when every one else was congratulating me?" she says. "It was a picture! It told its own story. What malicious eyes she has! I wish she were not my father's sister, that I