OOTS & SHOES.

THOS. WILSON

(Successor to Chas. Nicholas)

Daily a splendid stock of Men, Women & C
ots and Shoes, for Spring and Summer we

e made by the best manufacturers in the Dominion, and
sible prices. Boots and Shoes made to order. A perfe
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DON'T FORGET TO CALL ON

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is the best part of the milk, and if you wish to get the be

-CREAMER-

Now is use, go to

W. J. STEARN,

d 4 years experience in making the various kinds, and w
ers all information; also how to make creamery butter,
by M. Moyer. I am also prepared to do

AVI TROUGHING,

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guaranteed.

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CASH FOR WOOL!

—AT THE—

ELLVILLE Woolen Mil

for good, clean merchantable Wool, and for ordinary
d trade. Strong, coarse, hurry and unwashed wools only
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stock of goods to choose from, consisting of Cotton Sk
mades; also Fine Grey Flannels, Check Flannels, W
Woolen Dress Goods.

ll line of Summer and Winter Tweeds from 45c. to $1
good assortment of Sheetings, Blankets, and Horse Bl
have also a large variety of Yarns, all colors, made fro
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may have your own wool when desired. Carding, Spinn
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The highest possible price allowed for all kinds of Wo

D. VICKERMAN, Proprie

Downfall

THE PRICES

of all kinds of

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now offers for Sale at his Ware Rooms, Stevenson'
t, Milton, his large and well-assorted stock of Furnitur
prices lower than has ever been offered hitherto in
the Town of Milton, consisting of

Bed-Room Suits, Lounges, Extension T
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wood on both or on one side.

for families who wish to furnish their houses for v
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JAS. A. BRADLEY

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HNSON & ZEALAND'S

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LEAD, PAINT, OIL, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, et

Barbed Wire, Galvanized W

EVENSONS POST HOLE AUGERS,

ges, Screws, Glass, Putty, etc., Artists' Mate

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WE ARE AGENTS FOR—

-N. STANLEY'S-

CELEBRATED—

SPECTACLES

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glasses, we guarantee to suit you in every res

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Pure Manillia

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Hardware -:- Store,

MILTON.

Also a full line of HARVEST TOOLS.

The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

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$1.00 per year in advance.

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

LUME 28. MILTON, THURSDAY AUGUST 2, 1888. NO. 7.

avellers' Guide.

RUNK RAILWAY (N. & N. W. Division).
GOING SOUTH
2 P.M. 10.00 A.M. 8.08 P. M.
GOING EAST
2 a. m. 10.28 a. m. 7.42 p. m.
GOING WEST
2 a. m. 2.21 p. m. 5.35 p. m.

ANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY

Canadian Champion.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY
ursday Morning
—AT—
N, CO. OF HALTON, ONT.

BELL & PANTON, Props.

...the Main Street, one door east of the ...

...in a year in advance or within one ... the date of subscribing if not so paid ... charged.

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1 year	$75 00
6 months	45 00
3 months	30 00
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6 months	25 00
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3 months	10 00
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...lines of ten lines or less $5.00 per ...

...of lines to be reckoned by the space ... measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil. ...ements without special instructions in... ...ted and charged accordingly.

...Advertisements without specified time will be ... inserted till forbid, will be considered an ... and charged accordingly.

...Advertisements of any kind admitted among the ... reading notices at 20 cents for first insertion, ... less than 50 cents for subsequent insertion.

...Notices of births, deaths, and marriages, 25 ... for each insertion.

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...All job work done strictly cash.

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...HEARD FROM.—Recent ... railroad extensions have ... developed exceptionally ... Minnesota, stock and ... Maps and full particulars, free ... to C. H. Warren, Gen. Pass. Agt., ...

...IN MINNESOTA.—From an ex... ...change country, Minnesota is ... transformed into the ... Dairy State in the ... Information, ... free, will be sent on ... C. H. WARREN, Gen. Pass Agt.,

...Dakota never ... good better crops than ... harvested. ... Dakota opportunities ... lands—less 100 surveyed. ... free, will be sent on ... C. H. WARREN, Gen. Pass Agt., ...

...Are you mortgaged, paying ... rent, or running be... ...Can you move to new ... Excellent lands, ... Central and ... Northern Dakota and Min... ...Maps and full par... ...prices, etc., sent free. ... C. H. WARREN, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. ...

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...KING CLASSES ATTENTION ... We are now ... prepared to contract with employment at ... home of their own, or for their spare ... time, the business for their profitable. ... Either sex easily earn from 50 cents to ... $5 daily. Boys and girls earn as much as ... men. We furnish everything we may ... send their address ... and see the business, we take this offer. To such ... as are satisfied we will send one dollar to ... pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and ... address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Port...

...rchly ...ward are those who read ... this and then act; they will find ... honorable employment ... that will not take them from ... their families. The profits are large and ... industrious person, many have made ... over one hundred and seveal hundred dollars a ... month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and up... ...ward, who is willing to work. Either sex, ... young or old; capital not necessary; we start you. ... Some have made large sums at this ... business. No special ability required; you ... can do it as well as any one. Write to us ... for particulars, which we shall send free. Address ... & Co., Portland, Maine.

...ntion ...has revolutionized the ... world during the last ... half century. Not least ... among the wonders of ... this progress is a method and system of work ... be performed all over the country without ... leaving the workers from their homes. Pay ... any one can do the work; either sex, young ... or old; no special ability required. Capital not ... needed; you are started free. Get this out and ... look at it 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 money ... faster than anything else in the world. Grand ... outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

...hy WORK FOR ANOTHER, or on ... a small salary? Why continue work... ...ing on a worn-out farm? Why try ... to secure a living from such high... ...ly mortgaged farms? Why work on ... and? Why not start for yourself? Why ... not make some of the low-priced but very ... well located lands subject to railroads ... be obtained by those going to Northern ... Minnesota, where you can make a larger ... profit in a year than on the high priced or worn ... farm you now occupy? Why not go and look ... for yourselves, or obtain ... information, which will be sent free, if ... address C. H. WARREN, Gen. Pass. Agt., ... Minn.

...AUSTED VITALITY. ...CIENCE OF LIFE, ...great Medical Work of ... Manhood, Nervous ...bility, Prema... ...ture, Errors of Youth, ...Sealed Mysteries exposed, ...pages 8 vo., ...ptions for all dis... ...eases. Illustrative ...sealed. ...free to all young and middle-aged men. Send ...the Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the ...the National Medical Association. Ad... ...Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. ...graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 ...years practice in Boston, who may be consulted ...confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, ...Church St. 44

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...gages bought—advances made on second ...gages and to purchase farms. Parties paying ...rates on notes or mortgages can procure ...money at above rate, and pay off their ...debts and save money. All dealings fair and ...private. Correspondence invited. Write or call for ...blank applications. Write or call for ...particulars.

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20 Adelaide St. East,
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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—Beath's Block, Milton 50

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.

M. E. MITCHELL,

Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.

OFFICE—Town Hall, Milton. Money to loan at 6 per cent.

VICTOR CHISHOLM,

Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Notary Public.

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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.

DR. S. ZIMMERMAN,

DENTIST,

HAMILTON, ONT.

Corner King & McNab Streets. 18-

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—AGENT FOR—

The State Line of Steamships to Europe

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$100,000 to loan at lowest rates, on farm property to pay off old mortgages, or for building or other purposes, apply to

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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.

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Capital	Reserve Fund
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Deposits received and interest allowed at best current rate. No notice of withdrawal required. Office hours—From 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Saturdays—From 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.

J. BUTTERFIELD,
AGENT.

Milton, Nov. 18, 1886.

NASAL BALM CURES COLD IN THE HEAD

CATARRH

EASY TO USE.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

It Cures CATARRH, Cold in Head, HAY FEVER.

STOPS Droppings from Nasal passages into the throat and excessive expectoration caused by Catarrh. Sold by Druggists, or sent pre-paid on receipt of price, 50c. and $1. Address

FULFORD & Co., Brockville, 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.

UNION MEDICINE CO., PROPRIETORS, TORONTO, CAN.

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	16	13	9.30a.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, 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 with all kinds of Building Material, such as

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, DOORS WINDOW FRAMES, BALUSTRES and NEWELLS, also all kinds of SCROLL SAWING.

Planing and Matching done to Ordder,

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, 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.

GO WEST. 18,000,000 acres of Montana Indian Reservation just opened for settlement near Great Fall, Ft. Benton, Assiniboine and Glasgow, consisting of rich mineral and coal districts, grazing and farm lands of the very highest quality. The opportunities for making money here are greater than anywhere else in the United States. This is the time to go and secure your location. For rates, Maps, and other information, Address, C. H. Warren, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. P. M. & M. Ry, St. Paul, Minn.

Credit Sales.

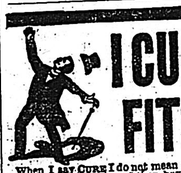
Parties requiring my services as auctioneer will please call at the "CHAMPION office," Milton, where all particulars as to dates of sales, &c., can be given. E. CHAPMAN Licensed Auctioneer for Halton, Wentworth and Wellington. tf.

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 class and good for 30 days. For maps and further particulars address C. H. WARREN, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

STEPHL MINNEAPOLIS MANITOBA RAILWAY.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND



I CURE FITS!

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.

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

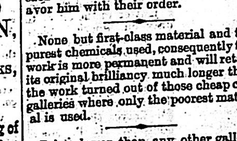
and all Kinds of Horse Clothing of the very Best English Canadian and American Manufacture.

Harness, Saddles, &c., made to order promptly and at reasonable prices.

Repairing done with neatness and all work warranted.

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.

Subscribe for the CHAMPION.

QUICK SALES! SMALL PROFITS! BIG BUSNESS!

IS WHAT WE HUM AND HUSTLE FOR.

GREAT -:- SALE -:- OF -:- PARLOR -:- SUITS!

—Also a very fine line of—

Wallnut, Ash and Antique Oak Bedroom Suits.

A large selection of Sideboards, Extension Tables, Cane and Perforated Chairs, Reed and Rattan Rockers, Ladies' Sewing Baskets, and Mantle Mirrors, at **Prices Most Astonishing Low.**

We sell for cash ONLY, and therefore have no losses. Our show-rooms are two blocks from the N. & N. W. R. station. Be sure and give us a call and get our prices before going elsewhere—it will pay you.

DOMINION FURNITURE CO.,

N. B.—All goods packed free of charge. 130 and 132 *King Street East, Hamilton.*

DICK'S SWEETHEART.

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

"I must ask you not to talk like that," he says sternly. "I regard you now—I have regarded you for some time—as nothing less than my wife. I shall not listen to even one derogatory word uttered about her."

His tone subdues her for the moment; but, after a little mental confusion, the faithful spirit within her fragile body reasserts itself.

"Your wife I shall never be," she says softly, but decisively. There is exquisite pain in her face and voice. Her small fingers, interlaced, are crushed against each other until a white outline is marked upon her hands. "Beloved, would I do you such an injury as to let you wed one who—whose birth——"

"Be silent, Dolores!" cries the young man suddenly.

"But indeed," says she, weeping bitterly again, "I cannot be silent. It must be said; and it will too—if not by you or me, at least by all the rest of the world. Alas, dear heart, how you yourself recoil from the bare mention of it."

"You wrong me very much," says Bouverie, with deep emotion. "I silenced you only lest your words should hurt yourself. I hold you so above taint or shame of any kind that I defy the world to find a flaw in you." He turns to her and encircles her in his arms. "My stainless lily," he says, laying his cheek to hers, "my little queen!"

The moon even in its saddened state has grown older, more brilliant; from over the hills a faint wind has come to them. A rushing rivulet is at play somewhere in the distance. The whole world around seems peaceful, save only these two hearts. The coming storm is still so distant as to be unimportant. It may and it may not be, it is unsure; but the misery of the sure humanity is cruelly apparent. The moon is slowly turning the twilight into night, yet still day lingers—a most grievous day, better lost in forgetfulness, but still alive.

"Love, will you listen to me?" says Dolores softly, holding out her two cold hands to Bouverie. "I beseech you to listen! It is my irrevocable decision that we must part; so hear me! It is my own decision."

"And you are mine. Your decision is therefore only partly your own. I have a share in it. And—No; I will not listen to it!"

"Your mother has my promise," says the girl, with a sad little smile. "I gave it to her willingly, for your sake."

"My mother!"

"Yes. She—she was not altogether ungentle with me," says Dolores. "I owe her something for that; but—Nay, never mind the 'but,'" she breaks out impatiently. "She was right in all that she said. We might both have repented afterwards, when it was too late."

"Speak for yourself. I should not."

"Do not let us go into it," she interrupts gently. "It cannot be altered now. Be merciful to me, Dick, and accept this decision of mine."

"Are you merciful to me?"

"I am—I am indeed!" says she pitiful. "Ah, believe it, I would go farther still if I could, and bear all the pain of parting; but I know"—gazing at him with a wistful tenderness—"that is denied me—you too must endure!"

"That is nothing," declares Bouverie. "Forget that; it is my business to see that you do not carry out your mad scheme. It seems a simple thing to you to abandon me; but how if I will not be abandoned?"

"Your strength is insufficient," says the girl solemnly. "You must submit."

There is a nobility in her look which silences him for the moment. An exquisite flush lights up her face, and her fingers, lifted to her breast, lie there convulsively, as though to stay the throbbing of the heart beneath.

"Must I?" says Bouverie unsteadily.

She mistakes these words for a yielding on his part, and the flush dies upon her cheeks and her pale lips grow paler.

"At last you understand," she says, raising her blanched face and sorrowful eyes to his—"at last! Yes; it must be so." Then all at once her calmness quite forsakes her; she lies like a broken lily in his arms. "Oh, love, oh, love!" she murmurs faintly, clinging to him as though she feels the final parting is indeed at hand.

He returns his embrace only in part, his mind having gone to other matters.

"You speak lightly of an ended love," he says coldly. "But still there is something to be said. Suppose some happy chance should lift this cloud that hangs above you"—in his soul he does not believe that any such blessed uplifting is possible—"suppose it should be so. How then?"

"Ah, then!"

She has caught the inflection he desired. She looks transfigured. He knows now to a certainty that the happiness of her life depends upon the improbable chance he has described to her.

Her lips tremble, a great wave of colour sweeps across her face, lingers a second or so, and then disappears, as harsh sense reasserts itself, only to leave her whiter than before.

"You are cruel," she says pathetically.

Where is the use of answering her? Is not the whole thing cruel? His arms still hold her against a heart that is as surely breaking as her own. Night is descending, a sombre threatening night made only more menacing by the full moon that betrays, beyond are the stately pines, and there, "where the moonrise breaks the dusky gray" are tremulous beeches, their pale young leaves drooping beneath the warm breathing of the circumambient air.

Placing his hand gently beneath her chin he lifts her face and gazes silently upon it. What a transformation is here! The pretty lips erstwhile so prone to laughter are now closed, yet eloquent with a silent melancholy. Her drenched eyes, with their tears still lying heavily on the long dark lashes, speak to him in mornful numbers. It is a most grievous thing to see her standing thus, crushed, disconsolate, dishonoured.

"I have listened to you; now hear me," he says suddenly, though without suspicion of haste. "All you have said to me counts just as nothing. We stand to-day as we stood yesterday. You are my affianced wife now, as you were then."

She would have spoken again but he prevents her.

"No, not a word," he says quickly. "I will hear no further protest. It is useless. Time will prove to you that my will is stronger than yours. Yet, believe me, dearest, it is the one time in our lives in which I shall refuse to defer to you. Come—let me take you home! This trouble has been too much for you."

"Yes; I will go home," says the girl monotonously.

"You will let me see you again this evening: I must come up to Greylands to speak to your aunt. It will be better that we should see each other again." There is anxiety in his tone.

"Whatever happens, however it may be, you will be kind to auntie?" says Dolores, laying her hand with a feverish earnestness upon his arm. "You will not reproach her? Think—think how she has suffered, and all for me! Oh, if you have loved me, think of that!"

"As I do love you, I shall think always of what is most pleasing to you," returns Bouverie gravely. "But in truth I should be good to Miss Maturin irrespective of my love for you, if only because of the affection I bear her; and shall I, your lover, not honour her the more for the tenderness she has displayed towards you? But answer me. I shall see you again to-night?"

"Yes" after a moment's pause.

After all, another meeting, another hour of agony is not very much when added to the great whole! And—and it need not affect her resolve in any way. And to see him once again for the last time! There is a meagre grain of sweetness in the misery of this thought. She might indeed bring him something to keep—to remember her by in all the coming years. Death, when courted, is reluctant; and there will probably be many years.

"Yes," she says again faintly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I tell you it will kill her!" says Miss Maturin vehemently.

She is standing in her boudoir, looking pale and gaunt after the day's exhaustion. The little ormolu clock upon the mantelpiece is on the stroke of ten.

"Can I see her?" asks Bouverie, with downcast eyes.

"No, I think not; it will be better to leave her to herself. She know you were coming this evening, and, if she wishes to see you, she will come of her own accord, without you sending for her. She looked feverish and thoroughly undone. I hope she has gone to sleep; extreme mental depression often produces unconsciousness."

"But she promised to see me. She may think it strange my not coming until now—at so late an hour," says the young man nervously; "but so many things prevented me. There were final matters to be arranged."

"You have left your home, then, for good?"

"For ever. I shall not return there again; that is decided. I wish to say nothing against my mother, but to live beneath her roof again would be an impossibility."

"She is a fiend!" says Miss Maturin, without the faintest trace of excitement, but with a certain cold conviction. "I am glad you have decided on shaking off her influence."

"As for the influence," returns Bouverie, "it is hardly worth speaking about; nor is she. Let us talk instead of the one thing who is all the world to us—let us talk of Dolores!"

"There is so much to be said, and yet so little," says Miss Maturin, walking restlessly to and fro. "You know all; it is first part of her wretched story—I need not recount it to you; bit there are some later, some minor details that you alone may hear; they are not for the satisfaction of vulgar curiosity. With Dolores' birth my story to Lady Bouverie ended."

"You made some effort to find her mother?"

"One unceasing effort that filled my life for two long years. At last I found a clue, as you have heard from your mother; a letter came to me. You know of my journey to Brittany, my adoption of my dear girl, and our long wanderings in foreign lands."

"What I do not know," says Dick, "is your subsequent knowledge of Dolores's father."

"Ay," says Miss Maturin; "he came to me prior to my leaving England for many years with my young charge, and demanded an interview. I refused it. Remorse doubtless stirred within him; but it was remorse that came too late. I could not entertain it. My whole soul revolted from the man. When I looked at my little innocent, lying in my arms speechless, unable to utter a protest for herself, I enlisted myself upon her side and swore I would defend her from him at any risk. I left home abruptly, carrying my child with me. Then there came a letter from him. It was forwarded to me in a MAN letter, full of grief—grief when she—the woman who should have been honoured, but was now, by his wilful act, dishonoured—lay mouldering in her shroud! He asked me, What of his child? It was evident he had heard of my sister's death; but of the child he knew nothing, except that I had taken it. I answered him that the child was dead!" She ceases abruptly, and, sinking back in her chair, sits for a moment rigid, her hands clasped tightly in her lap. "Dead as her mother!" she says; then slowly—"That was the message I sent him. Dead as the girl whose death lay at his own door! It was a lie! But what of that? You think I regret it? No—a thousand times no! After all these years, I would do again now as I did then. I would rescue the child at any price from the vile hands of one whose soul was blackened by a crime beyond redemption!"

"You have never heard of him since?"

"Never! Dolores knows nothing of him. She believes him dead as her mother; so he is to her. Whether he still roams the earth or has gone to meet his just reward in the land beyond the grave is unknown to me."

She is silent for a little while; and Bouverie does not care to interrupt her, being lost in an absorption of his own creating. When two minutes, scarcely noticed by either of them, have died into the past, she speaks again.

"What horrible evil has fallen into our days," she says—"hers and mine, I mean!"

"And mine," observes Bouverie, "for her sake, though I will not acknowledge that evil will be the end of it."

"You are a faithful soul," says Miss Maturin, in a low tone; "and yet I feel bound to tell you that you are free. You may go; you may drop us honourably into your past; no stigma will attach itself to you, no touch of shame will haunt you for it. Go, whilst there is yet time!"

"Pshaw!" exclaims Dick. "What do you take me for? Am I a fool? Am I likely to resign for a paltry reason the best gift that God can bestow? Even if I would, I could not give up Dolores; and, as for all you have said, why, it counts to me as nothing, but only as an incentive to be better to her than even I meant to be!"

Miss Maturin, rising, suddenly turns upon him a gaze illuminated by a very immediate knowledge of his worth.

"I have done well by her," she says softly. She continues to regard him with extreme tenderness for a few minutes; then, as though recollection returns to her of its own accord and without encouragement, she starts and her eyes falter before his. "Resistance is useless," she says. "We are not strong enough to fight the world. And yet submission will be her death! She will die," says Miss Maturin, in a cold constrained voice. "She is not strong, and the pressure will be too much for her."

"Not when she hasn't to bear it alone," interposes Dick quietly. "I flatter myself I can endure a good deal of pressure. She shall feel none when I am near. Can I see her to-morrow early?"

"I don't know"—uncertainly; "she looked so white, so still, so forlorn, when she bade me good night that I scarcely know what to think. She feels this thing," cries Miss Maturin, with a sudden passion of grief, "more than you or I may know! I tell you it will kill her! Oh, what forgiveness can be accorded her who first destroyed the righteous gladness of her soul?"

"None," answers Bouverie sternly.

"There is no help for Dolores," says Miss Maturin, subduing her active grief in part, and yet giving her visitor an even more certain knowledge of her misery in her enforced quiet than in her outspoken despair. "She is cast down, lowered to the earth. She is indeed

"'All bereft,
As when some tow'r doth fall,
With battlements and wall
And gates and bridge and all,
And nothing left!'

There is nothing," says Miss Maturin, who has made her pitiful quotation half unconsciously, as one might who has been thinking of it and dwelling on it—also unconsciously—for many an hour.

"There is myself," says Bouverie, not so much assertively as with a sort of eager pathos.

"Ah, yes, there is you!" she sighs heavily. "Well, you will be true," she says presently. "Let us wait and see what a day may bring forth."

"I think, if I could see her," begins Bouverie reflectively, his eyes on the ground. "But, as you say, it is too late, and she may perhaps be sleeping. Well, till to-morrow then!"

He stretched out his hand, and Miss Maturin clasps it eagerly.

"To-morrow!" she echoes faintly.

Leaving the room, he closes the door after him with extreme gentleness; some other door upon this corridor may hide behind it his sad little love, and to rouse her again to a quick remembrance of her grief would be horrible. In accordance with this train of thought, he treads the polished floor lightly, going with down-bent head and steps so carefully picked as to suggest the idea of sickness somewhere; and truly sick at heart she must be, sleeping or waking.

Far away in the dim distance a lamp is burning; it is so remotely placed as to be almost without reflection in this corridor; but its feebleness is amply compensated for by the rays of a liquid moon straying through the oriel window. Just now

"Moonlit Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,"

has reached her highest point of glory. In a cloudless realm she reigns supreme, surrounded by the tremulous stars, which pale and scintillate before her presence, throwing out soft lustres of orange, rose, and opal. Bouverie stands for a moment to gaze upon the eloquent heavens and to drink in some quietude from the silence and calmness of the night. He is fast losing himself in an endless reverie, when a slight sound, coming from the extremity of the corridor, rouses him from his dreaming.

Slowly recovering himself, he turns, as though to ascertain the cause of his disturbance. Raising his hand to his brow to ward of the strong moonlight, he seeks to pierce the darkness beyond. It divides. Something comes from out it with vague uncertain steps, with a strange lingering. He leans forward. It is an angel, her spirit, or——

Slowly she comes to him over the shining boards, in her white clinging draperies, with loosened hair and with sad eyes, and cheeks all pale and wan. Oh, sorrowful Dolores! She laid her hands in his. Diana's brilliant fire lights up her mournful face and dims the darkness of her eyes.

"How long you have been!" she says gently, calling up a forlorn little smile that only makes more complete the utter misery of her appearance.

"Long, darling?"

"Yes; I have been waiting—waiting! I knew I should see you as you passed by here; and I could not rest until I had spoken to you. I told you—I promised you to meet you again to-night."

"I remembered; but I hoped you had given my rendezvous to sleep. I fancied you in your bed an hour ago," says the young man tenderly.

How fair she looks, how frail—too frail to battle with the waves suring beneath her feet! Her hands are lying passively in his; and now he knows that one of them is closed tightly upon something.

"Oh, no; I was not sleeping!" she says, in a subdued voice. "There were so many things to think of—so many unhappy things"—with a sigh. "But there was another thing that kept me sleepless too—the desire to see you and give you this." She glances at her closed hand, which she has withdrawn from his. "I found it to-day, after you left me; and I remembered how you had once said it always reminded you of me." Her lips quiver. She slowly unfolds her fingers, and lets him see a drooping violet, white as herself, lying upon her palm. "It is an odd time for it to bloom, is it not?" she says wistfully, without raising her eyes—indeed they are too heavily charged with tears to allow of her showing them.

For a little while they both stand gazing silently upon the violet, which is large and sweet as it might be in its usual birth-month, though in reality it is born out of due time.

"It will help to remind you of me," she says at last, as though following out some thought known to her alone.

"So it will, though I shn't need anything when you are near," returns Bouverie, attempting to give a lightness to the situation which it does not possess.

"Take it then, and keep it safely," murmurs she, smiling too. "See—I shall place it here myself, lest you should lose it!" She runs her slender fingers into one of the pockets of his waistcoat, and, taking out a pencil-case, places the violet there instead. "I have tied it with my hair," she says—"it and the leaf together. Such a shabby little lock, so short!" She smiles pensively. "But keep it—keep it!" She sighs again, and gives a last glance at the sweet flower she has laid out for its approaching death.

There is in her face such unutterable sadness that Bouverie loses his self-command.

"Darling, darling," he says, "don't look like that! I know of what you are thinking. But does it really so much matter? We can go away, if you desire it, beyond reach of cruel tongues and cruelter hearts, and make a foreign home for ourselves, and live and die for each other."

"To get away—to escape—that is it," she says, with a sort of panting eagerness. "Oh, help me to it! Give me the strength to go where no one would know—where one might rest after a while be forgotten by those who once loved me!"

She ceases abruptly, and covers her eyes with her hand. Such a small transparent hand! As the silver moonbeams fall upon it, it seems almost devoid of blood.

Miss Maturin's words a while since—"This will kill her"—recur to Bouverie with an awful clearness. Will it? Can this fragile form bear up against the horror of the shame so rudely betray—d to her? Or will she give in and fade and droop?

With an anguish more acute than he has ever yet known, he catches the childish hand within his own, and holds it in a grasp that is almost painful.

"Dolores," cries he sharply, "everything shall be just as you will! Let us go to Italy—to any place that has seemed most pleasant to you. We shall be happy with each other."

"We!" For a while she gazes at him as if not understanding. Then—"Ah, yes," she says, with an effort. "I had forgotten—yes." She seems still dreamily absent from the passing event of the moment.

"Does the knowledge of my changeless love bring no comfort to you?" asks the young man sorrowfully. "You look so sad. Can I do you no good?" There are tears in his eyes. "One would imagine you had come here to bid me an eternal farewell," he says, after a brief pause, with an effort at careless speech which does him credit.

As he says this, a curious change passes over her face. She shrinks from him a little. And then all at once she rouses herself and breaks into a soft low laugh. It is such an utter change from her dejection of a moment since that Bouverie stares at her.

TO BE CONTINUED.