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BROOKE'S DAUGHTER

said Lesley, trying to carry the war barefaced facts. into the enemy's camp.

trousseau.

to avail himself of the favor accorded face and voice even of dear old Doctor as follows :tolhim. He presented himself at Ethel's Sophy, with her advanced theories, her "DEAR MR. BROOKE, next "at home;" and devoted himself committees, and her brisk disregard of to her with curious assiduity. Even the amenities of life. Yes, he would I think will suit me, and I hope that if quoting—"Souls of men." the discovery of her engagement to Mr. give a good deal to see Alice—it was Lesley will join me there as soon as Trent did not change his manner. It long since he had thought of her by was not so much that he paid her that name—established in his drawing. spective ways of life. It would be no should be. You think of the spiritual, seemed always to be observing her, her liberty to stroll in and out, to be smiled face, her manner, her dress, her atti- upon, and—yes, after all, this was his | Caspar Brooke turned round with a vaguely. tude. Yet this kind of observation was dearest wish—to dare to lavish the face that had grown strangely pale, quite respectful and unobtrusive; it love of which his great heart was full walked across the room to Lesley, and was merely its continuity that excited upon the wife and child whose loss had dropped the letter in her lap.

ing made love to by suybody else.

marriage should take place?

HARNESS & SADDLE MAIN ST., MILTON, entered the library one day, with ap-Harness, Saddles, Trunks, saying abruptly,

"To do?" said Lesley, flushing slight.

and all Kinds of Horse Clothing o. the very Best English Canadian v and looking astonished. her? Do you want to go to her?

wish to hear what you know about her arrangements." Repairing done with neatness and all work

Bank of Hamilton some embarrassment of feeling. these questions.

ouse to suit her in Mayfair." John Stuart, President; A. G. Ramsay, Vice-Pres. will go in rent and taxes. Will she live

them, and said. his hand, and drew her to him with a making extracts?" caressing gesture. "No; I like to have

"So I do," said Lesley, the tears father and mother both."

"But why should it be?" said Les- and saw the guilty laughter in her eyes, ley, looking up into his face beseech-

His features twitched for a moment not speak harshly. "You can't judge thought I would scribble down my imof the circumstances. What can I do? pressions." Even if I asked her she would not come back to me.

lown as usual to his work.

himself and his wife. Of course he had "Waste of time? Certainly not. Go took of the usual grimness of a London remionally supposed to bind the hearts see what you do now and then; I might the budding trees spoke, in spite of the a fencing match. of busband and wife to each other; but be able to give you a hint—though I blackness of their branches, of spring we case he had not found that don't know. Your style is very good and spring's delight; and there was a quick-witted to fall unawares into the "We shall see what we shall see. a langhter produced that result. On already—wants a little compression, brightness in the tints of the tangled Well, I won't put my oar in-isn't that the contrary, Lesley had been fer many perhaps, but you can make sentences- grass which gave a restful satisfaction kind of me? But, indeed, your Captain years a sort of bone of contention be- that's a comfort." And Mr. Brooke fell to the eye. Lesley was looking of Duchesne looks thoroughly ripe for a treen himself and his wife; and he to reading the manuscript again, with upon this scene with a wistfulness which struck Maurice with some sur faility of such conventional utterances, It was while he was still reading that prise.

had just arrived. He opened the first terrogatively, when they had shaken But now he began to acknowledge that came to hand almost unthinkingly, hands and exchanged a word or two of "He would bear it with the same that Lesley was drawing his heart for his mind was quite absorbed in the greeting. equanimity with which he bears the closer to his wife. The charm of a discovery which he had made. It was "Yes, it reminds me in some way of set of my caprices." said Ethel, mer- tamily circle began to rise before him. only when his eye rested on the first my old convent home. I don't know rily; but a shade crossed her brow. Pleasant, indeed, would it be to find page of the letter that memory came why it should; but there are trees and and she allowed Lesley to lead the that his dingy old house bore once more back to him. He gave a great start, grass and greenness." conversation to the subject of her the characteristics of a home; that rose up, putting Lesley's paper away womankind was represented in it by from him, and went to the other side

actual attention, as that he paid none room (which she should refurnish and advantage to Lesley to live with par-

"ALICE BROOKE."

not love Ethel overmuch. But he had bleak and barren. True, he had done He strode out of the room, without -with a note of agitation in his voice

assured of Oliver's affection for her shock to him to feel the egoistic desire He is the best man in the world, and work."

promised to him on the day when the after some minutes' thought dashed off her, and felt vaguely comforted; but it the following epistle. He did not stop began to occur to him that he had made for a word, he would not hesitate about Lesley's position a hard one by insistthe wording of sentences; it seemed to | ing on her visit to his house, and that | him that if he paused to consider, his it might have been happier for her if ley with a smile, in which amusement Lady Alice's movements were not resolution might be shaken, his pur- she had remained hostile to himself, ignorant of his existence. For now "My Dear Alice," he wrote—"I hear when she went back to her mother, t was quite a surprise to her when he from Lesley that you are looking for a would not the affection that she evid. "that you prefer earls to general prac-Would it not be better for us ently felt for him rise up as a barrier be- titioners."

at the same time. I may add that it is

for my own sake, as well as for Lesley's, that I make the proposition. Your affectionate husband.

"CASPAR BROOKE." It was an odd ending, he thought he had certainly not shown himself an years. But there was truth in the or as it might appear. He would not what he wanted to say, and she could read his meaning easily enough. had held out the olive branch. It was

Lesley could not understand why he was so restless and apparently uneasy before continuing-"if she wants you during the next few days. He seemed to join her at once, and you wish to go, to be looking for something—expecting spent more time than usual with her, His curtness, his abruptness, would and took a new interest in her affairs. once have startled and terrified Lesley. She did not know that he was trying afraid of him, that now she only lifted life, and that he found if unexpectedly worried lately. Nothing of any import-

"What's this?" he said one day, "Do you want me to go away, then?" picking up a scrap of paper that fell "Want you to go? Certainly not, from a book that she held in her hand. child," and Mr. Brooke stretched out "Not a letter, I think? Have you been

"May I see it? Oh, a sort of essay can, certainly," said Maurice.

coming to her eyes. "But-I want to | description-impressions of London stay, too. I want"—and she put both in a fog." He murmured a few of the real literary touch. Where did you get this, Lesley? It's not half bad." As he made no answer, he looked up

the conscious blushes on her cheeks. "You don't mean to say-" "I only wrote it to amuse myself," with unwonted emotion. "You know said Lesley, meekly. "I've had so nothing about it," he said-but he did little to do since I came here, and I

"My dear child," said Mr. Brooke, "if you can write as well as this, you And then he put his daughter gently ought to have a career before you. from him and went down to his study, Why," he added, surveying her, "I had

NO. 43.

"How would Mr. Trent like that?" which were every day contradicted by a servant brought in some letters which "You like this window?" he said in-

"Ah, you love the country?"

"Do not you?" "Yes, but there are better things in the world than even trees and grass.

"Ah, yes," said Lesley, eagerly. Then, with a little smile, she added, "I was thinking of their bodies," sai

I only of the material side. Both sides ought to be considered: that is where men and women meet, I take it."

"I'm afraid," Maurice went on, "that it will be a long time before I have a Lesley. country house of my own; a place "There!" he said. "I have done my where there will be trees and green professed himself jealous; in fact he As he thought of the past years, it uttermost. That is your mother's reply meadows and flowers, such as one loves and sighs for. I have often thought'

a pride of possession in her which many things; he had influenced many deigning to answer her cry of surprise - "how much easier it would be to ask would not allow him to look with people, and accomplished some good and inquiry, and Lesley took up the any one to share my life if I had these good things to offer. My only chance for himself? He was an Individualist It was with a burst of tears that she has been to find some one who cares— Ethel enjoyed the attentions, and at heart, as most men are, and he felt put it down. "Oh, mother mother!" as I care—for the souls and bodies of enjoyed Oliver's jealousy, in her usual conscious of a claim which the world she cried to herself, "how can you be the men and women around us; who spirit of childlike gaiety. She was quite had not granted. It was almost a so unkind, so unjust, so unfergiving?" would not disdain to help me in my

"Who could disdain it?" asked Lesley, innocently indignant.

"Do you mean "-turning suddenly upon her-"that you don't consider a hard working doctor's life something She drew back a little hart, a little

"Certainly not. Why should I? 'You are born to a life of luxury and self-indulgence."

"My father is a journalist," said Lesstruggled with offence. 'But your grandfather was an earl

It is possible," with a touch of rallery.

"Of the two, it is the doctor that you left me, and I might now be better | she not try to fight for him? She was | leads the better life, in my opinion, than I was then. We are both older to do it. And then Alice might justly mediately cooling down, she added the , I hope, wiser. Could we not accuse him of having embittered the remark-"My preferences have nothing sonal predilections and make a home relation, hitherto so sweet, between much, however, to do with the matter. "Haye they not? How little you know your own pewer!"

Lesley looked at him in much amaze Could nothing be done to remedy this | Whither this conversation was tending state of things? Caspar Brooke began it had not yet occurred to her to into feel worried by it. His mind was quire. But something in his look, as he generally so serene that the intrusion stood fronting her, brought the color to of a personal anxiety seemed monstrous her cheeks and caused her eyes to sink. to him. He found it difficult to write in | She became suddenly a little afraid of his accustomed manner; he felt a him, and wished herself a thousand diminution of his interest in the club. miles away. Indeed she made one epithet; little as she might believe it, With masculine impatience of such an backward step, as if her maidenly inunwonted condition, he went off at last stincts were about to manifest them. stop to re-read the letter; he had said to Maurice Kenyon, and asked him selves in actual flight. But Maurice seriously whether his brain, his heart, saw the movement, and made two steps or his liver were out of order. For that forward, which brought him so close to something was the matter with him, he her that he could have touched her

hand if he had wished. "Don't you understand?" he said, i Maurice questioned and examined an agitated voice. "Don't you see that him carefully, then assured him with a your opinion—your preferences—are all

He paused as if expecting her to re-Brooke gave himself a shake like a ply-leaning a little towards her to great dog, looked displeased for a mo. catch the word from her lips. But Lesment, and then burst out laughing too. ley did not speak. She remained "I suppose it is nothing, after all," motionless, as pale now as she had She had of late grown so much less to put himself into training for domestic he said. "I've been a trifle anxious and been red before—her hands hanging at ground. She looked as if she were stricken dnmb with dismay.

"I know that I have not recommend ed myself to you by anything that I have said or done," Maurice went on. "I misjudged you once, and I spoke answered, curtly. "I almost wish you roughly, rudely, brutally; but it was "No," said Lesley, blushing violent- would get it over. Get it settled, I the way you took what I said which "I shall get it settled as soon as I so fine, so noble, so sweet! Instead of would be honestly glad, I believe, if And Mr. Brooke went away, think. shutting yourself away from what your so. Does his opinion go for nothing 2" hands on his arms with a gesture as words and phrases as he went on. ing that after all he had found one way father was doing, you immediately affectionate as his own—"I want my "Why, this is very good. Here's the of escape from his troubles. For if threw yourself into it, you began to Lesley accepted Maurice, and lived work with him and for him—as o with him in a house opposite her course I might have seen that you father's, there would always be a cor. would do directly you came to know ner for him at their fireside, and he him. I was a fool, and you were an

A faint smile curled Lesley's lips although she did not look up. "I am afraid there is not much of the angel

"Ah, you can't see yourself as others promise?" see you," he answered, quite ignoring the implication in her remark which a

"You have a temper that is sweet-

"Oh, Mr. Kenyon, how can you say so?"-with a look of reproach. "You who have seen me so angry!"

"Your temper is just like your father's," said Maurice, dogmatically. "A little hot if you like, but sweet-" "Something like preserved ginger?" asked Lesley.

The two young people looked at each other with laughter in their eyes. This was Lesley's way of trying to stave off the inevitable. If Maurice's declaration could only be construed into idle compliment, she would be rid of the necesity of giving him a plain answer. And what had been begun as a proposal of always known that children were con- on, by all means. I shall only ask to atmosphere; but the young green of marriage seemed likely to generate into

Maurice saw the danger, and was too trap which Lesley had laid for him. war of words was the very thing in which he and Ethel most delighted; and it was usually quite easy to induce brother and sister to engage upon it. But on this occasion he was too much in earnest for word-play. He laughed at Lesley's smile, and then became suddenly and almost fiercely grave.

"I can't let you turn the whole thing into a joke," he said. "You know that I mean what I say. It is a matter of life and death to me. I love you with my whole heart, and I come to-day to know whether there is any chance for me-whether you can honor me with your love-whether you will one day consent to be my wife."

His voice sank to a pleading tone, frighten and repel the girl, and he He could not, however, entirely achieve "I suppose so," said Lesley, a little in spite of himself, made his voice shake, and brought fire to his eyes, had an unwontedly unnerving effect upon

> "Oh, I don't know," she said hurriedly. "I can't tell-I never thought." "Think now," he said persuasively.

'No,"-very softly. "Have you forgiven me for my bad

behaviour in the past?" "You never did behave badly." "But you have forgiven me?"

" Oh, ves." This was illogical, as she had previously intimated that there was nothing to forgive; but, under such circumstances, Lesley may be excused. "And-surely, then-you like me a

than spoke, with an unconscious smile

"Can you not call it 'loving?" ask-

But the question, the look, the touch suddenly terrified Lesley, and brought back to her mind a long forgotten promise. What was it her mother had required of her before she left Paris for her father's house? Was it not a pledge that she should not bind herself to marry any man?—that she should not engage herself to be married? Lesley had an instinctive knowledge of the fact that to proclaim her promise would be to cast discredit on Lady Alice; and so, while trying to keep her word, she

"No, oh no," she said, withdrawing her hand at once and turning away. 'Indeed, I could not. Please do not

ask me any more."

"Miss Brooke-Lesley-you say you tell you of my hopes, my dreams, my

"I do not want to hear," said Lesley, putting out her hand blindly. "Please do not tell me; it makes me miserable-indeed, 1 must not listen." Again Maurice stood silent for a

"Must not listen?" he repeated at length, with a keeu look at her. "Why must you not?"

Lesley made no answer. "You speak strangely," said Kenyon, with some slight coldress beginning to

"I can't explain," she said brokenly. "I can only ask you not to say any-

"Promised not to listen to me?" "To anything of the kind," said Lesley, feeling that she was making a terrible mess of the whole affair, and vet unable to loosen her tongue sufficiently to explain.

"May I ask to whom you gave this

"No," said Lesley. There was another silence, but this less ardent lover might have resented. time it was a silence charged with "To me, at any rate, you are the one ominous significance. Maurice's face woman in the world, the only one I was very white, and a peculiar rigidity Maurice was no backward lover. He have ever loved—shall ever love as showed itself in the lines of his fea-

from Anarchists.

MILTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1892.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT. Author of "Name and Fame," "The Great Mill Street Mystery, &c., &c.

Captain Duchesne did not seem slow fairer faces and softer voices than the of the room to read his letter. It was talking to him, he kept silence. He ley by her side, and himself at at

remark. Oliver noticed it at last, and been the misfortune of his life. was a little bit jealous, although he did seemed to him that they had been very to me." equanimity on the prospect of her be- work; but what had he got out of it letter.

now; and she looked forward with shy for personal happiness stirring strongly yet you have the heart to hurt him."

CHAPTER XXIV. without interest to Caspar Brooke, al. pose become unfixed. though Lesley did not suspect the fact.

"Yes"-impatiently. "Where is she together for our daughter? I use this mother and daughter, and thereby ingoing to live? What will become of

He planted himself on the hearth. rug in what might be termed an aggressive attitude-really the expression of certainly seemed hard to him at that affectionate husband to her for many moment to have to ask his daughter

"I think," said Lesley, with downcast eyes, "that she is trying to find a | "Mayfair. Then half her income

H. S. STEVENS, Asst. Cashier. there alone?" "Yes. At least-unless-until-" Notes discounted and advances made on suitable "Until you join her; I understand. Drafts on all parts of Canada, United States, Will"—and then he made a long pause Great Britain and the Continent of Europe bough don't let this previous arrangement something-nobody new what. Deposits of \$1 and upwards received and interest stand in the way. I shall not interfere."

her eyes, with a proud, grieving look in pleasant.

you here. But I thought you wanted ly, but not trying to take the paper mean." to go to her."

"I'm afraid that is an impossible

"Yours very truly,

delight to the day of her wedding, within him; the desire had been sup. She did not see her father again un. which had been fixed for the twentieth pressed for so long, that when it once til the next day, and then, although awoke it surprised him by its vitality. she made no reference in words to the Meanwhile, Oliver was devoured with The outcome of these reflections was letter which she restored to him, her secret anxiety. For what had become seen in a letter written that day after pale and downcast looks spoke for her, inexpressibly beneath you?" of Francis, and when would he sppear his talk with Lesley. He seated him- and told the sympathy which she did to demand the money which had been self at last at his writing-table, and not dare to utter. Mr. Brooke kissed bit astonished.

parently no other object than that of again? Things have changed since tween herself and Lady Alice? Would "What is your mother going to do, able to consult your tastes and wishes brave enough, and impetuous enough, said Lesley, rather hotly; but

> argument because I believe it will have flicted on her an injury which nothing more weight with you than any other; on earth could repair or justify.

for her to accept or reject it, as she felt sure, and he wanted the doctor to tell him what it was. hearty laugh that even his digestion the world to me?" was in the best possible working order.

> ance, my dear fellow. By the by, have you been to see Lesley lately?" "May I speak to her?" said Maurice,

his face brightening. "I thought-" "Speak when you like," Caspar

would not go to the grave feeling him. angel-that summarizes the situation. self a childless, loveless, desolate old

It must be conceded that Mr. Brooke had sunk to a very low pitch of dejec- about me," she said. tion when he was dominated by such thoughts as these.

> CHAPTER XXV. LESLEY'S PROMISE.

where he paced up and down the floor no idea of this. And I always did have where he paced up and down the floor no idea of this. And I always did have made his way to Lesley that very day, long as I live—the fulfilment of my tures. He was very much disappointed for a good half-hour, instead of settling a secret wish that a child of mine and found her in the library—not, as ideal—the realization of all my dreams! and he also felt that he had some right should take to literature. My dear-" usual, bending over a book, but stand. His vehemence made Lesley draw to be displeased. But Lesley's words were not without "But I don't want to take to liters. ing by the window, from which could back. air effect, although he had put them ture, exactly," said Lesley, with a be seen a piece of waste ground over. "You exaggerate," she said with a de so decidedly. With that young, little gasp. "I only want to amuse grown with grass and weeds, and slight shake of the head. "Indeed, I

and his face was very pale. But he felt that a great display of emotion would therefore sedulously avoided as far as possible any appearance of agitation. the calmness which he desired, and the very suppression of his agitation, which,

Am I disagreeable to you?"

"A little," Lesley breathed, rather

of happiness. ed Maurice, daring for the first time to take her soft little hand in his.

sought for means to avoid telling the

The shock was very great to Maurice. He stood perfectly silent for a moment. He had thought that he was making such good progress-and, behold! the wind had suddenly changed; the face of the heavens was overcast. He tried to think that he had been

mistaken, and made another attempt to win a fayorable hearing. like me a little. Do you not think that your liking for me might grow? When you know that I love you so tenderly, that I would lay down my very life for you, when you can hear all that I can

manifest itself in his manner. "Why should you not listen to me? If you are thinking of your father, I can assure you that he has no objection to made me understand you. You were me. I have consulted him already. He making my stupidity an excuse for you could care for me—he has told me She shook her head.

thing—at least—I have promised—"

(To be continued.)

oking so pleadingly into his myself sometimes—just when I feel in shaded by some great plane and elm am not all that—I could not be. I am bankers and prominent residents of that clined, if you don't think it a great | trees. There was nothing particularly | very ignorant and full of faults. I have | Paris have received threatening letters

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