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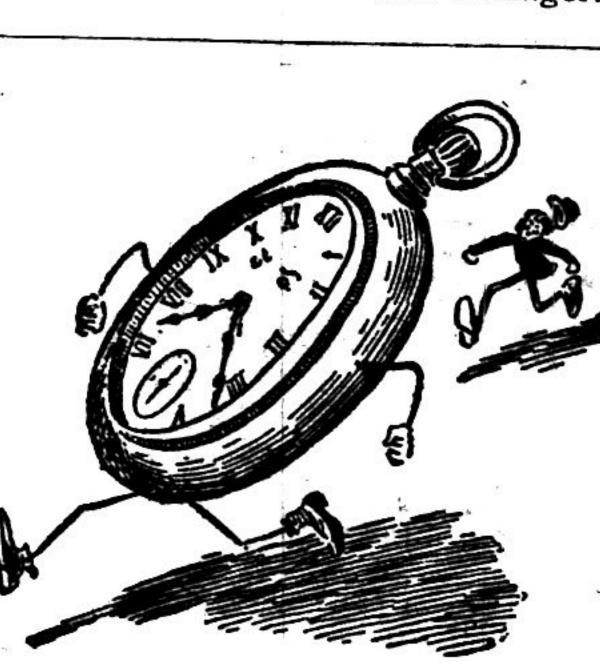
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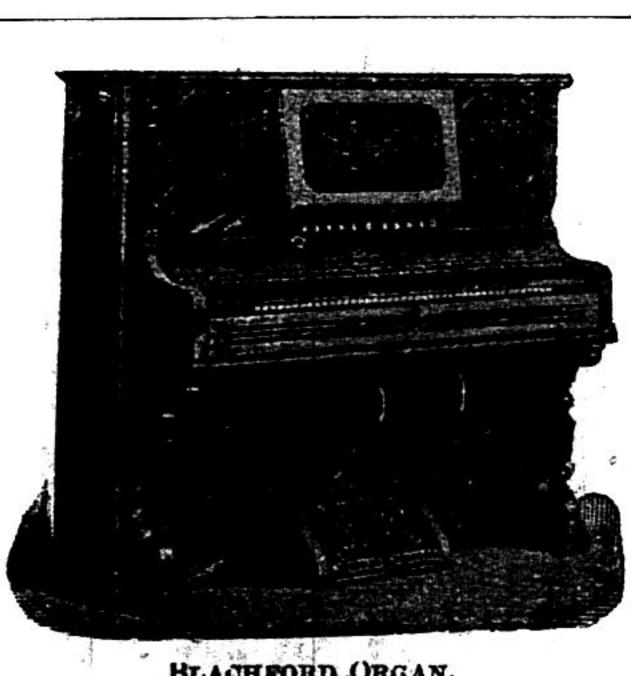
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CHAPTER VII. The old man, who, Brinkley perforce admitted, dertainly bore some Caravan had cur'ous dreams, and I was asleep, but I got up and list sophisticated heart. Hitherto he had fending you; and if I doy I dog to "Keep back! Keep back! Keep back! Keep back! Keep back! Keep back!" cried a does not have life enough. resemblance to the Rembrandtish head throughout them all moved like a pre- ened, and I heard Mr. Monk's voice; looked upon her as a sort of enfant from the source of the s which Matt had recognized, sat doz- siding fairy, Matt of Aberglyn. Some and I neare air, monks voice, noned upon the rough diamond; now and he said, says he, "She's over six- terrible, a very rough diamond; now shock of surprise Act promptly. Save your I ing fitfully by the hearth, while his times he was wandering on storm? son was busily employed in mending shores, watching the wrecks of Upon the entrance of Brinkley, the myster ous caverns underneath lantern was quickly thrown aside, ground, searching for and finding and William Jones, assuming a most buried treasure; still again, he was obsequious manner, hastened to give standing on the decks of a fine gentleman. Then was to disenchant her as speedily as figured his brow, and his mouth twitched nervously as if he were ill excited gestures. It was clear that was amused. He accepted William close at hand, and the bale-fires burn- like he does when he's in a passion, the hopelessness of her attachment Jones offer of a seat, then he lit ed on lonely headlands. But at all and he said said he, 'My mind's made might, if delayed, cause her no little up his brier-root pipe, and while times, and in all places, Matt. was his up, William Jones, and I'm going to unhappiness.

ed to gain information of any kind dream was very different to the Matt them moving about, and I crept back was no foo!. Combined with expessive be, so that his spirit was rull of a The young man's astonishment inavarice; he possessed all the cunning strange sensation of love and pity, creased. There could be no doubt of the fox, and the moment he saw and the touch of the warm little hand of the veracity and sincerity of the which he next inspected, he could not that the stranger was pumping him, disturbed his spirit with mysterious speaker; and the story she told was criticise, for the boots Presently, however, his curiosity at last, that he found himself seated his mind, without much reflection, liam Jones. But the whole c The Traders Bank gained the day. Categorically, in his turn, he began to question Brinkside; and he was falking to her like a through the marriage ceremony with tire she wore, was fine symmetrical 1 suppose now, master," said he, and she turned to him, with her great mysterious reason for so doing un- His inspection was interrupted by said. "Gentlemen don't "you travel about a deal in that eyes fixed on his, and kissed him over less— which was scarcely possible— the girl herself. Starting as if from travel about in caravans."

and over again, so parsionately that he he was of a sentimental disposition, a delightful trance, she sprung to her was pelting furiously on the roof of amored of Matt's youth and inexperi- "But the picture, Matt" said reply. "I paint a little for plea- way, Lord knows where, I've ment "But I traveled a good deal be ore the Caravan. He tried to go to ence. I got it," he explained. "This time sleep again, but the face of Matt (as Tell me, Matt," said Brinkley, af- ish it to-day?" he had seen it in his dream) kept him ter pondering the matter for some "Now young man," be said to himself, "this is idiotic. In the first," place, Matt, is a child, rot a young woman; in the second place, she is a vulgar little thing, not a young lady: in the third place, you ought to "Yes, I've heard tell o' wonderful be ashamed of yourself for thinking of sentiment at all in such a connection. Is your brain softening, youngster? or are you laboring under the malign influence of William Jones? The kiss you gave to this unsophisticated daughter of the desert was paternal, or say, amicable; it was a

boy in love. He found himself cal-"Eh? Oh, yes; periectly true," culating the age of his own friend. liam Jones became even more greedy, teresting occasion? As far as he could could not be more than sixteen. For was quite poetical, and relined; and ashore means. Can you explain?" to a country church on a green hill- "but I know there was a ship, and when who should appear upon the a boat, or summat." hurst? But they passed him by, and you?" "What became of it?" repeated stood before the altar, where the par- "Mr. Monk, he found me, and gave stitutional defect came in, and set him son stood in his white robes, and me to William Jones to keep." when the parson asked aloud whe- "I begin to understand. Of course ther any one saw any just reason or you were very little- a baby, in impediment that they should not be fact." "And didn't you take your share joined in holy matrimony, the same! "William Jones says I could just "I?" repeated Brinkley, who was phistophelian smile, and cried, "Yes, took me home i culted blat them because I did not wish to - I have a woke again in agitation, to find that superstitious horror of wearing dead it was broad daylight and a fine

could not have done so had I wished. Whom should he find waiting for The people are clannish; they wanted him when he had dressed himsel it all for themselves, and would have and stepped from the house on wheels but Matt herself? Yes, there she was, I

"Dear me," said the young man. "I'm very sorry for that." "He says- William Jones says dently meant to keep to herself, for you're come here prying and spying.

Brinkley rose to go. He offered a man lightly. "I come here as an humtwo- snilling piece to William Jones; ble artist, seeking subjects for my and, somewhat to his amazement, that surpassing genius to work upon. it is prying and spying to attempt ties of Nature- both scenic, imal, and human-I fear I with plead gui ty; but otherwise-" "Don't talk tike that; for then I'll tell you something." parson. Go ahead!"

very patural amazement.

in mpnI ive way. Matt returned the artifective way. Matt returned the said way. The fact is that light and dreamy. Leaning genly toward him she drooped her eyes, and then, have not once before; and I think I from the expression of her face. She seeing his hand resting on his knee, she took it in hers and raised it to her lips.

The fact is that light component hat the spray concealed the seeing his hand resting on his knee, she took it in hers and raised it to her lips.

The fact is that light component hat the spray concealed the seeing his hand resting on his knee, she took it in hers and raised it to her lips.

The fact is that light component hat the spray concealed the other paused and lifted his hat.

The other paused and

Monk; what can you be a-thinking whether "growed up" or not, much of looks —even with the tone of about? Matt ain't old enough, and the susceptility of grown-up soing voice. Though he smiled and show. what's more, she ain't fit to be the ladies. It was clear that his duty ed his teeth, a dark frown still dis-

"Was there no clew to who you Did nothing bome besides to show them who you were. or where you came from?" Mait shook her head again. itation. Doubtless it was owing his abstraction of mind j quietly placed his arm round Matt's er to him, and said very quietly:

"I didn't tell William Jones that Erinkley started from his abstrac- one year old, or thereabouts. tion, and looked at the girl's blushing "Eh! What did you say?"

"Matt," he said, "this "What won't do?" "Well- this!" he answered, rather on very familiar terms, which

you suggested just now, and, as you there any private reason, any myprobably believe, you may be growed sterious knowledge, any secret shar- had followed the previous day. upon me as a sort of father, and all terests together? "You're too young to be my fa- all, said Monk had now expressed his out from the spot where he stood, "Whew!" said Erinkley when they patient exclamation, accompanied by ther, answetred Matt, ingenuously. wish and intention of marrying the and the water to leeward of "Well, say your big brother. I'm waif he had rescued from the sea, same was quite calm, though rising way of honest chaps like me. I interested in you, Matt, very much in- committed to the care of said Jones, krow you're chaffing. Talk serious, and terested, and I should seally like to and brought up in ragged ignorance, get to the bottom of the mystery innocent of grace or grammar, "All right. I'll be serious as a about you; but we must not forget that lonely shore. Query again, and mined to have a swim. we're- well, almost strangers, you again, and yet again, What the deuce Mr. Monk, of Monkshurst, wants know. Eesides, he added, laughing had put the idea into Monk's head; his clothes in a safe place, took a sently Brinkley rose and followed to marry me. He said so to William again cheerily, "you are engaged to be and was there at the bottom of it header off the rocks. It was clear at him, keeping him steadily in view.

and But Matt did not consent to this the redoubtable Monk.

a true hearted young fellow, and a man of honor, and his position had be said, attempting to pass on. come extremely embarrassing. He

It was blowing hard, and the rain vanced toward middle age, was en- | "I can't stop no longer. I'm going."

"Something of that sort," was the drownded there, and been wash'd away. Lord knows where. I've hard "I can't wait. William Jones wants hood suit your purpose? It is someminutes; "tell me how long have you to sent me a message over to l'en- what flat and unpicturesque." croes, and if I don't go, he'll scold." "I rather like it," answered Prink. Jones, but I'm used to such dangers "But I'll come," she said, smiling, must be splendid in winter, when the care of myself."

"Very well, Matt." day clothes, somehow." "Don't trouble. On reflection, think you look nicer as you are."

CHAPTER VIII. The Devil's Caldron. fault will appear more clearly in the sequel: he was, also constitutionally prying into matters which in no way

seriously concerned him. A little time before the period of his presen excursion, when he was studying lay in Dublin, and rapidly discovered that he loved artistic amateurship muc' better, he had often been known work terribly hard at 'cases' in which his curiosity was aroused; and I may add in passing that he had snown on these occasions an amount of shrewd ness which would have made him an excellent lawyer, if his invincible ob- stalked away. jection to hard work, had not invariably interfered. meditations, which the faithful Tim civil?" (who had fortunately been away or a foraging expedition during the cpi, man asked himself, as he strolled as and that you speculate on the cise sode described in my last chapter way seaward. He could not persuade asters of your fellow- crestimes. was not at hand to disturb, than our himself that he had wronged Monk, "What dive mein master?" creekte young gentleman began puzzling his who was in reality an amiable per- ed William, puzzled and a live to teen years previously, at an age when It followed, as a rational argument, that she had been, say (2) Mr. Monk had found her that

"I didn't tell William Jones that worthy sums of money for taking that jealousy would make a surly had the said Monk for exhibiting so was a person of wonderfully benevo- thoughtful —unless his gloomy rival Mr. Jones, if popular report do! lent disposition, which my hero was not at all inclined to believe? (3) Said Monk and said Jones were ambiguously. "You're awfully young, curious, seeing the difference in their, you know- quite a girl, although, as social positions. Query again. Was You must-ha- you must look ed in common, which bound their in-(4) Last and most extraordinary of beneath. A long jagged point ran

hopelessly puzzled he became. But

But the other persevered.

Regarding him thus closely, Brink. age, but his hair was mixed with handsome man, certainly; an amiable Curiosity overcame dislike, and the young man determined to receive Mr Monk's overture as amiably as pos-

"And do you find this neighborley. "It is pretty in summer; career of our friend William Jones little angrily. wrecks."

used to be common enough fifteer! Having dressed himself, Prinkley -sometimes; but he gives William brown cheek in profile temptingly Monk were full of fierce suspicion. The crag, looking the reverse of animals have the week in profile temptingly makes and the crag, looking the reverse of animals have the week in profile. told me, the little foundling. You ing over him.

> voice, though the words were still scrannel pipes of straw." ing long in the neighborhood." "I don't know," answered the art. od slowly by. has, no doubt, already guessed: he was ist. "My time is my own, and I shall!

stay as long as the place amuses me so, I shall be happy, sir." 'Thank you." "Do you care for rabbit- shooting among the saud-hills." "I never shoot any ning," was the reply, "except I suppose, folly as a flies,' though with what species of fire-arm that interesting sport

'I haven't the slightest idea!" "Well, good-day," said Monk, with an uneasy scowl. "If I can be of any service to you, command me " And, raising his hat again, "Now, what in the name of al that is wonderful, does Mr. Monk, o No sooner was he left to his own Monkshurst, mean by becoming so This was the question the young baleful and suspicious face. (1) Matt had been cast ashore fif. then, could be the explanation of his sudden attack of courtesy? An idea! an inspiration? As flashed into his mind, the young man gave vent to a prolonged whistle. Possibly, Monk was -jealous! The idea was a preposterous one, William and almost amusing. It was not be conceived on the first blush of it, was a respectable occupation.

would rather have the contrary had some sinister design which he wished to cloak with politeness. But jealous of little Matt! Brinkley laughed heartily, when he fully by the sea and concealed realized the absurdity of the notion. He crossed the sand-hills and came again to the path which he and Matt longer. Looking as pale as i Reaching the cliffs. he descended them, and came down on the rocks that sheltered place, that he deter- more near the Devil's Caldron."

He stripped leisurely, and, placing rection of the deserted village. The cliffs were not very high, but gan walking back toward the clifs. their forms were finely picturesque. Glancing round over his shoulder he A little to the right of the spot saw that William Jones had also turnfrom which he had dived, the cliff ed and was walking back. seemed hollowed out, forming a wide "Curious!" he reflected. "The inno-

a tramp and a rush and a roar. Toward 'this passage Brinkley

No. 52.

drowned by the roar from the rocks. gainst some hidden danger. Brinkly the place where he had left his

"How are you?" asked the young carried right down into the Dail's "I'm much obliged to you, Mr. William Jones shook his head a that's all! he sail, and muttering

climbed in the same direction. the worthy gave a contemptation at a large guil which just then flour-"Who told you that?" he asked. glanding quickly up, and then I ak ing down again. 'Some tomfool, wi Rich? I wish I was, I d. ! Brinkley was amused and a little curious. Laughing gayly he have

threw another stone. "My dear Mr. Jones," said young man, assuming the fi style which Matt found so ini your living." William s art I nervou I. profession; ve' von never go f You possess a best, but you are dom seen to use it. You are I think of a poetical disposition Indiaman, smishiag up on yonder, would let I sunshin: consarn o' mine." to the good old times, when were me when there were no spectable followers of the

By the way, I have often and if, among these cliffs or become, and glancing round him waspiciously, he rose to his fe !. it; but sech things never come and falling in strong troubled swells mornin', master! / Take a poor man's So bright and tempting did it look in advice and don't you go swimm no no So saying, he walked of in the di-

experiment Brinkley turned and be-

To be continued.

Ireland; but he had confidence in his Orders for book-binding should be left He had not gone far when he saw own natatory skill. Approaching at this office. It is surprising how nice nused, and and set her pearly teeth angrily to approaching him a tall figure which the shore leisurely with strong, a volume can be made of these magahe seemed to recognize. It came slow strokes, he paused outside the zines, even though they are somewhat

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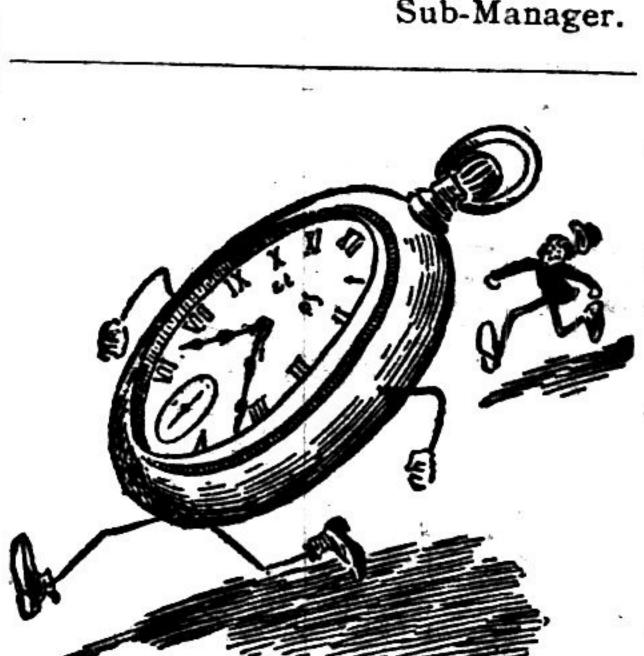
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smoking lazily, he put a few ques companion. tions to his host. But if he expect-

cart o' your'ng" only a few months.

"In Ireland, master?" "Yes, on the west coast; do you William Jones shook his head. "There be plenty wreck there, ain't there?" said he suddenly. "Wreck" repeated Brinklay. storms and big ships breaking up.

tales; and I wonder somet.mes if all they says be true." Brinkley looked at his host for a minute or so in silent wonder, for the little man was trans'ormed. "Wreck!" said the father. "Ay, there it be, driftin' in wi' the wind and the very nice kiss, but it has no right to tide, William- drittin' in wi' the make you dream of stuff and non-"Shut up, old man," said William, But the influence of the dream was does he? That's rather kind of him, further hesitation, in which I fear she shoulders. giving his father a nudge; then turn- over him, and in that half-sleeping, you know." ing again to Brinkley, he said "Be half- waking state, he felt like a them tales true, master?"

of them wrecks?" determined to give the reins to his decidedly precocious. "Ah, yes, mister," sait Jones, eagerly, as the other paused; "Well, afterward, my friend, I've seen treasures come ashore that would others such, rich for life." "Dear, dear! and what become of H

mister- tell me that?" Brinkley, whose imagination was beginning to give way; "why, it was appropriated, o' course, by the populagetting muddled; "well, no; - firstly, I do!" On which the young men's things; and secondly, because I fresh summer morning. killed any interfering stranger."

"I suppose, mister, there be no as wild and quaintly-attired as/ever, coast- guard chaps there?" said Wil- quite unlike the ethereal individual "Oh, dear, no! No coast- guards." of his dreams; but for all that, her "Ah!" signed the old man, coming smile was like sunshine, and her eyes more the young man was lost in med out of his trance. 'It warn't so long' as roguish and friendly as ever. ago when there warn't no coast-guard | Conscious of his dream he blushed, chaps here neither. Then times was while greeting her with a friend. better for honest men. On a dark nod. headland, and sometimes we got prize or two that way, didn't we, William dear' but now-" "You shut up!" roared William, giving his parent a very forcible dig in the ribs. "You don't know who you're talkin' about, you don't old 'un is a bit queer in the head.

master," he explained: "and he's allus a-dreamin', he is. There ain't no prizes here, the Lord knows: it's a'most as much as we can do to get a bit o' bread. Matt knows that; don' ee', Matt?" she gave no reply. Presently, after a Do you?" little more general conversation. d it gratefully.

"Good-by, Met." said Brinkly. But to in a trice Matt was beside him. "I'm going to show you the way," she explained as she went out him into the air. were fairly clear of the cabin; "the a hitch of her pretty shoulders. open air is better than that den; but then William Jones is very poor, isn't be, Matt?"

"He says he is." "But don't you believe it?" "P'raps I do, and p'raps I don't; don't matter to you, does it?"
"Not the least in the world." then Matt, who had been furtively watching his face all the while, spoke "You ain't angry, are you, master she asked. "I angry - what for?" "Cause I said that just now."

"Dear me, no; whatever you might say, Matt, wouldn't o fend me."

If he expected to please her by this hely matrimony in such a connection he was mistaken.

"That's cause you don't care. Well, is—excuse my trankness—preposter—"As he spoke, the young man actual—ous. People don't marry little girls."

I don't care neither it you don't."

Syd Matt, wouldn't to talk of "What, did he? Actually. Kissed you?"

As he spoke, the young man actual—little girls."

Iy felt that he should like to assault say, Matt. wouldn't o fend me. proposition at all. a glimpse of the Caravan. Then she ed with a decisive not of the head, him, or scratch his face." "You don't want me "All right good by."

A.Tale of a Caravan. See But Matt would not comply. With "Come, Matt," he said kirdly, "vo then, swit as lightning she ran back me all about it—there's a good girl." Matt Grows Matrimonial. That night the young man of the a-talking to some one.

mighty argosies; again, he was i And, curiously enough, Matt in his I don't care how soon.' Then I heard of waking reality; taller and brighter to bed and pretended to be fast

said; adding to himself, "This won't ed up at his face, and saw than his he had no reason to question, rang. by every expression of the man's do at all, my gentleman, if the eyes were fixed thoughtfully on the d themselves under four heads: young person continues to appear distant sand- hills. Seeing he still dai'y, the Caravan wil have to 'move kept silence, she moved a little clos-Matt had evidently something on her mind. After looking at Brinkley you-kissed me!" thoughtfully for some minutes, she exclaimed abruptly: "William Jones don't like you nei- face. ther. No more does William Jones

'My dear Matt." replied the young She interrupted him with an im-

upon the hearer with precocious interest. Brinkley opened his eyes in 'Come, come, Matt; you're joking.

"Well, when I was lying on my bed could no longer conceal from himself

"I will-if you won't laugh." "I won't then- there."/

marry her before the year's out; and

joy. So vivid did this dream become certainly puzzling. Brinkley made up would have been a good fit for Willover, with his arm around her waist; that child, he had some special and and altogetherand in the manner of many men ad- feet and cried:

keown this Mr. Monk?" "Ever since I come ashore," was ; Matt nodded emphatically. "All Aberglyn belongs to him," she said: "and the woods up there, and the farms, and the horses up at the bir house, and- everything." "And though he is such a great it on. think William Jones is afraid of him

great decision, but said nothing hurriedly away. said Brinkley, being in a lively humor. Let him see! it was fifteen years since, ed at her, and mused. It was clear young man, as he watched her figure. "I know whom you mean. Excuse looking up: that there was a mystery some- receding in the distance, "the situa- me, but you seem to be very familiar "I ought to; I were born here. The expression in the eyes of Wil- mained, How old was she on that inPresently he invited Matt to sit down troublesome! I shall have to make "I suppose I am," replied the wish I knowld as well how to make "I suppose I am," replied the wish I knowld as "Dear me, yes," answered Erinkley, a damsel of that age, her kiss was tice how the girl to ored and bright the wilderness, who never even heard efforts to do so were ineffectual William Jones of Aberglyn in some the state of the property At last he tumbled off again, and "You have often told me that you never do!" of them. Huge ships broken up I ke dreamed that Matt was a young lady came ashore," he said, after a long matchboxes, and every soul on board of beautiful attire and captivating pause. "I should ske to know somemanners, to whom he was "engig- thing of how it happened. I don't William ed;" and her speech, strange to say, exactly know what this 'coming they walked together, band in hand, "I don't remember," she replied side, and were just going to enter, went to pieces, and I come to shore in constitutionally lazy. The second threshold but Mr. Monk, of Monks- "I see- and William Jones found

> Monk stepped forward, with a Me- talk some words, and that when he "What was the wante of the ship Have you eve beardf" . "Did you come ashore all alone? is scarcely possible!" "I come ashore by myself. All t rest was drowned."

waist, and kept it there. At first brains over the curious information son, instead of a domineering bully; larmed by this style of address 'Well, Matt? Here again, eh?" he Matt went very red; then she glanc she had given him. The facts, which no that suggestion was contradicted

> vou- kissed me!" young man of the position of his arm: for he hastily withdrew it This won't do at all!"

that sort of thing." The iccommitten was delivered with fortune."

In a gentleman of any deeper and more conceivable mother than the smooth swell he looked round to the was a powerful swim.

The iccommitten was delivered with fortune."

The iccommitten was delivered with fortune. The information was delivered with fortune."

assumed carelessness; but after it was Matt sprang up, with heaving bosom tion for a pretty, if uncultivated, had gone about a hundred yards, Brinkley lingered, hasten ng his pace "No, I am't!" she said. "I hate him!" child? "Hate the beautiful Monk, of Monk-dered all these questions, the more weyed the shore.

The more Charles Brinkley pon-floated lazily on his back and sur-when Brinkley hastened his. As an experiment Brinkley turned all these questions, the more "Yes, I hate him," cried Matt; "and

In the meantime he suffered her to nestle to him. He did not like to shake her off roughly, or to say anything unkind. She was certainl very pretty. He glanced down at her hands, which rested in her lap, and

"Humph!- is he well-to-do? -rich" to-morrow; and I'll come in my Sun- storms begin, and the uneventful She lifted up her hat from the ground, and still hesitated as she put But his face smiled still as he said: only ascended the neighboring crig, person, he is very friendly with Wil- "Upon my word," cried the artist, occur now, I am glad to say.

"those Welsh hats are very becoming. "No," said Brinkley, dryly. "They stranger. She took his outstretched hand and years ago." waited an instant, with her warm, Their eyes met, and the eyes of found Willam shell on the edge.

At this Matt shook her head with Matt released her hand and sprung of one great ship at that time. Matt we'l?" said the young man, stanton the steps of the Caravan, and he a clean bolt of it, if this goes on, young man, "Matt and I are ex- my own fortin'." placed himself at her stde. He was Fancy being caugh, in a flirtation cellent friends." of Lindley Murray? Really, it will With an expression of savage dislike money in the bank and is a rich none It so happened that the young man faults. The first fault my reader

> care of her. Query, What reason man civil, a savage man gentle; much care for the child, unless he fect, unless -here Brinkley

his curiosity, once roused, could not "But you're only a chi'd— a very —and— when he kissed me, it made rest. He determined, if possible, to So intent was he on this which fitted in beautifully with his passage which the sea entered with cent one is keeping me in view I have natural indolence, that he at once knocked off painting for the and after breakfasting on the fare swam. He knew the danger of such "Yes, he kissed me-once. If he kis- with which Tim had by this time places, for he had often explored them she proposition at all.

"Yes, he kissed me—once. If he kisscaught "I ain't a little girl," she affirm—es me again I'll stick something into appeared, he scrolled away toward both in Cornwall and the west

this greating, that he could only bor- flew back through the spray with a Now, our hero of the Caravan was row the vocabulary of Mr. Toots: rapid downward flight and disap-"Oh, it's of no consequence," he peared. this morning I heard Wil iam Jones the discovery that he had made an un- not the pleasure of knowing your dealy appeared on the rocks close by

teen years old, and I'll marry her; he realized, with a shock of surprise speaker. His words and manner nized William Jones. He answered and William Jones said, Lord, Mr. and seff-reproach, that she possesses, were greatly at variance with his him, but the sound of his voice was twitched nervously as if he were il he was warning the swimmer ley saw that he had been somewhat from the shore, and then back to considerably under fifty years of clothes. gray, and his features strongly mark a suitable spot and clambered in up-

one, certainly not! Yet he had a pe-clothes, when he saw William Jones culiar air and power of breeding, as standing near and watching h m. "I dare say it was a mistake," he liam, with a little of his former exusually citement. "Look ye, now, I was "You are an artist, I am inform waving you back from the D v ls and I think I know how to take I is varied by the excitement of "Don't you come here no more, How Monk's forehead darkened ominously to himself, retired. But he "It is not often that shipwrecks and squatting himself there like a bird of ill-omen, kept his eyes on the

near his lips. But he did not yield to Why fifteen years ago especially? able, and amusing himself by throwthe temptation, and after a moment's The young man shrugged his ing stones in the direction of the betrayed some little disappointment | "I was told only to-day of the loss "You seem to know this place he looked in Brinkley's face, and his He saw William's color change civil, trembled and grew harsh "as once; but recovering himself at an ex-"May I ask if you purpose remain- grunt, and aimed a stone spitchely "If I can assist in making it do no more sense in 'un than that gul. If so, there is some sport to be had himself down by William's si'e \ \ \ \liam shifted his seat uneasite. pursued," he added, as if to himself, "I have often wondered how yo "You are, I believe, a fisher a by

> you spent your days in war him water like a poot, or a person in love. I conclude, very relativity that your old hab'rs stick to be "A nice wreck, new, wou'l it is re existence and deepen your faith wrecks," was the reply "They're we "Ah, but I have heard you I to a! coast- guards to interfere with the

a good mind to breathe him."

closer, and he saw it was Mr. Monk passage, and observed that the sea- soiled from much handling. Books, swell, entering the opening, rushed magazines, or periodicals bound or re-This time Monk was on foot. He and quickened itself like a rapid bound in any style at very reasonable carried a gun. A large dog, of the prismatic spray. Suddenly, through During May 5,000 new settlers reach-

and he added, as she returned to her wore a dark dress, with knickerbock. shooting to the fall, turning at the prices. ic." she said, place. Did it make you sick when I ers, and heavy shooting boots, and base of the cliff into a cloud of thin, nt Canada and office of The Scottish swift run back but the Carried a gun. A large dog, of the prismatic spray. Suddenly, through During May through During May through During May He was playing with fire. The girl's species lurcher, followed at his heels | the top of the spray, a cloud of rock ed Winnipeg. rican, 33 Rose Street, New York. well. It try to keep my counter- face changed in a moment, her eyes! Brinkley was passing by without pige ms emerged, wing ng their flight Winnipeg's tax rate rated will be 24 were but the idea is very funay. Beat- melted, her lips trembled, and all her any salucation, when to his surprise, rapidly along the crags.