VOLUME 42.

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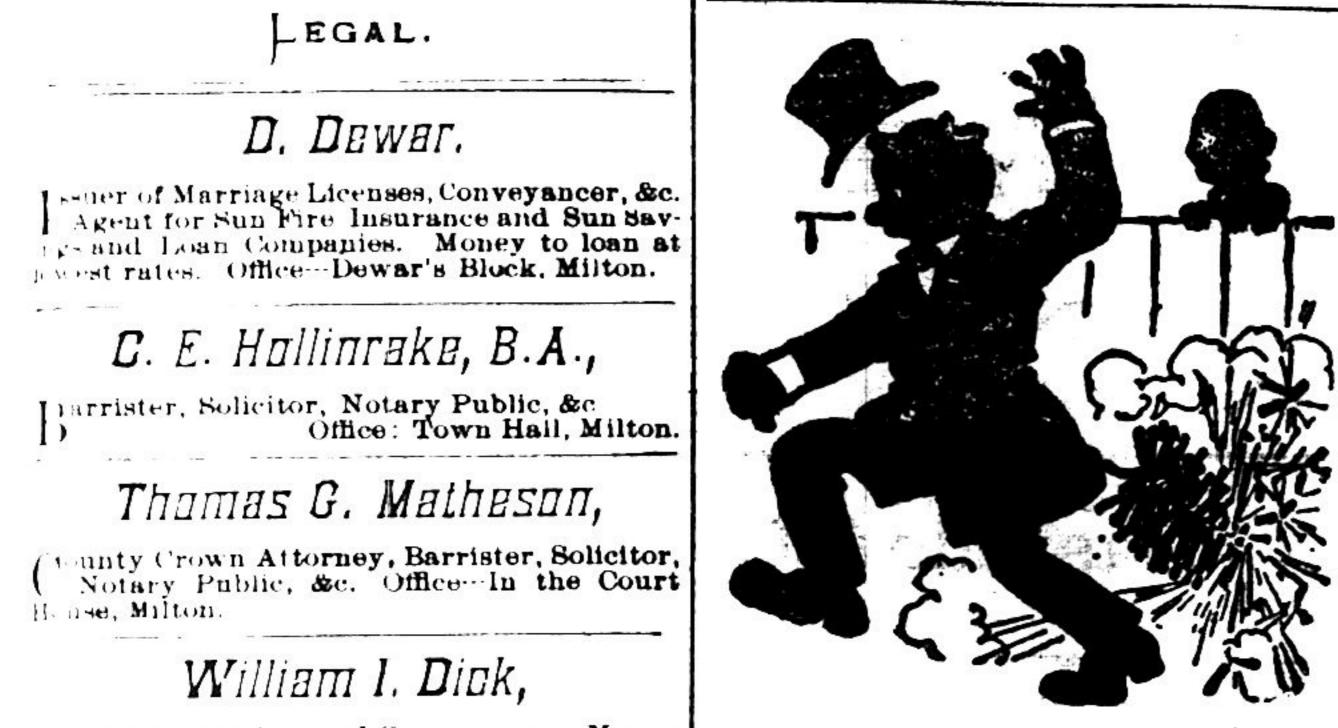
weeks and could find no relief until I tried Ayer's Cherry Pecto-

L. Hawn, Newington, Ont. P Neglected colds always lead to something serious. They run into chronic

d bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or consumption. Don't wait, but take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral just as soon as your cough begins. A few doses will cure you then.

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Weekly P. O. Box 3255 CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS. | turn out, ma'am!"



BY BERTHA M. CLAY

"A Woman's Vengeance," "Between Two Loves," "Her Second Love," "A Fatal Wedding," Etc.

and - nobody to help me!"

"Oh, you have returned. Yolande.

Mrs. Sarjent says severely, with

the family at home at last! I don'

to give orders, or do anything that

know what I did not think when

to send for actors and nurses

our own respon--"

weeping girl.

lying on the snowy pillows.

loud sigh, as she enters.

perseveres in moving towards the ma am, as ner rangemp said side, and sid

pagne, or an ice, or a cup of tea, or something! Which will you have, Mrs. Glynne? You will give me the pleasure of ordering something you, won't you, since your husband so ill-natured?" "No, thank you; I don't wish for "

anything," Yolande replies politely, signt of his face, the sound of his left country and the sound of his lande can tell. She fancies she Sarjent says patronizingly. smiling and bowing an adieu as Dal- and everything. Surely he cannot hears her own name uttered, but had better have one now, Yolande-Mr. Davison looks after them, and the skin on his forehead wrinkles into two horizontal furrows which ance! Surely his honorable business ter she has just written to her hus won't, then—that's all. bring his thick, black, oily hair down scruples will not induce him to con- band. near his eyebrows. "That stuck-up beggar with his

dashed airs!" he mutters, savagely. that she really needs him! Dallas thought I wasn't good ough to be introduced to his wife! Hanged if I think she's his wife at when he's down on his luck - stuckup beggar! A dashed sight better Keren, and uncle Silasoff than he deserves! Told Daville so. The fellow's not worth his salt; but I'll make him earn it if he's going to stay here. Told Daville so. Daville knows what I am, I guess!'

here again on any account." Dallas says gravely, as he holds her hand hopes and wishes and ideas take from the noise, sensational, at the cab door; "I cannot have hight. boastful claim of the men you run the risk of meeting that infernal snob again! We will write to who only make claims and each other, and arrange a place of "Very well," Yolande responds quietly, "some day" sinking down like a weight on her heart, so glad and warm with hope a few minutes

"Good-bye, dear, now." he adds. with a hasty, backward, glance. tender adieu of a protty girl

CHAPTER XXXII.

The dull presentiment of a boding impatiently. "Of course you on Yolande hangs about her and kind, and I am very grateful to you. home to the house in Rutland Gar- and Lady Nora has gone out. wheeled cab with her and stands hollow voice, pressing her lips toment for the door to be opened. There is rather an unusual delay What a place for a respectable mat-saying in those self-satisfied tones of blame any one now." in this being done, as if "the liv- ron to go! A masked ball!" and opening the hall door were so doctor with him now? What does shape of a good-for-nothing fine gen- mot, to be careful to avoid hurting deeply absorbed in the one duty as he think? Mightn't I go up, aunt?" tleman---- Oh, my goodness, Yo- people's feelin's! That's a thing to be oblivious of the summons to "Of course you can if you please, lande, what a fright you've given I never do; and it's hardly likely attend to the other; and Yolande child," Mrs. Sarjent answers, with me! I thought you were in bed and with sickness and sorrow and maybe notices that a few persons seem loit- gloomy assurance. "He won't know asleep long ago, child!" house and over the wav and watch- scious, you know - an apoplectic aunt Sarjent?" Yolande asks grave going to speak against any one ing her with glances of interest. But seizure, Doctor Corder says. Well, ly. the moment the door is opened by well, go if you wish."

are merged in reality. "What is the matter?" Yolande asks, crying. asks, involuntarily stopping short on the great square mat. "Master's not very well, ma'am. the young footman replies, with than his mild plies, with grim decisiveness. "I've dear." him, ma'am - in a cab, and the cover. I said so to Wflmot. doctor's just come-'

Yolande cries, her conscience re- And then Mrs. Sarjent, thinking look at her just now. She hears Wil- husband. little she has known or even thought down enough," as she phrases it to speaks, and she grows angrier. of her poor old uncle's whereabouts herself, says, with blunt kiedness-

"No, ma'am," the footman an- town to-morrow morning, and Wil- We told the housemaid to light the dent; but he didn't seem quite him- break the news to her." self. Mr. Sarjent said. Mrs. Sarjent "Thank you," poor Yolande says chilly sitting up at the turn of the your husband's name to you. here too, ma'am; and just as they meekly, realizing how greatly she night." "He was took with a fit on the sorrow and distress. He who ought should both think it necessary to prevoked. "All I'm going to

ma'am." the butler interposes, tak- knowing nothing, caring nothing for Yolande responds stiffly. "I am quite neither wife nor widow, neither maring the cream of the story from his her sadness and loneliness. A feeting warm, thank you, I do not care to ried nor single-and that's a subordinate - which act of high- of anger, miserable and unreasoning sit so near the fire." Where these rifles are not carried in handed aggression the footman re- rises against him in her heart, mak. She gets as far away from the big maybe it's just as well now, stock by dealers we will send, express sents bitterly for the rest of the ing her yet more wretched than she easy chair as she can, her heart you'll have others to look after himself ran for Doctor Corder, even tell him of my trouble until it kind, good-natured cousin. who has Mrs. S. rjent says, warming with her ma'am; and now a nurse is sent for. is all over," she decides in passion been a friend to her as long as she subject, "hanging about you!" as the doctor can't say how it will ate bitterness. "He will be sorry can remember. They have been Yolande tries very hard to be in-

Yolande is weeping, and Mrs. Bret -perhaps!" will have to tell Lady Pentreath and her fellow-servants in Harley street

"Mrs. Sarjent?" Yolande repeats "Yes. And where is Lady

I am going to sit up until af that letter! She will write another looking from one to the other. declares obstinately. "You do not and asking her husband for his pressuppose I am going to bed to sleep ence and help. When once he comes comfortably when uncle may be dy- she will keep him-oh, she will keep

able change, he won't know anyone She smiles again to herself self ill, and become another invalid up suddenly she meets again "The Mrs. Sarjent, in a satisfied business- of them - fastened on her. carriage is to go for her at two, like tone. "Isn't it so, nurse?" ing with Mrs. Sarjent. poor Yolande go without some refreshment. Dai- Nora gone for hours, and aunt room, changes her dress for a warm moans, wringing her hands. "Lady tion, but goes away to her own spasmodic motions.

> A wild thought, but blissful in its o'clock quietly comes downstairs very wildness and boldness, flashes once more. Dallas! Surely at this late hour his which stands ajar, comes the sound since." sight of his face, the sound of his -her cousin Wilmot is speaking, Yo- you ever so much more good," Mrs. be angry with her—a wife claiming does not heed it, as she pauses under a glass of good port.

> any loss for which he can easily re- lution, unable to deny herself the the mother and son exchanging glanpay him, before her welfare, now happiness and comfort of even telling ces. him her troubles on paper, knowing "I hope I haven't been rude," Yol-Her heart throbs fast in eager too that, now he is so near, he will ande thinks; "but I will not bear the thrill of passionate, selfish joy but for a short visit, and she thirsts ing me and slandering Inlias, and runs through her at the and hungers for a sight of his face. calling him names behird his back! thought that this domestic trouble She has not asked him to come, or She is going to say something more may be the happy means of uniting even hinted a wish that he may come unpleasant. I can tell by a glance them all in the bonds of pleasant unless his inclinations bring him. It at her." family affection - Dallas, her lover is only a letter of love, of tender re- For Mrs. Sarjent is coughing litand husband, and poor, dear aunt grets that their interview was so the dry coughs, and hidgeting with short, and the recital of poor uncle the jet fringe of her dress, and look-"Mrs. Glynne is in the dining-Silas' sudden seizure. room, ma'am," she hears the butler

And then come heavy footsteps, est," concludes this gentle little let- seen them before. and the tones of a coarse voice, and ter from a wife to a husband whose "My dear, you must not come and the tones of a coarse voice, and conduct has been far from faultless, deal of trouble and worry and bother are again on any account". Dellar the sound of a big, rustling, heavymoving body, and all Yolande's containing not one word of reproach, of one kind or another lately, I'm dear uncle was like a father to me. gins hesitatingly, "Your loving wife, Yolande." kisses the place his fingers will touch calm and still, looking at her. thankful that there is one member of in drawing it out, and fastens down

the flap before dropping it into the she is going to say to me. the good lady adds, with stiff humil- just as loving and submissive as this die in other persons' affairs if ity. "Wilmot and I have been obliged one, pleading humbly too for his love were to be hanged for doing it and his protection, which he utterly

"Oh, aunt, do tell me how uncl is!" Yolande exclaims sharply done everything that was right I was dining with Lady Pentreath, says. CHAPTER XXXIII. "Yes," Mrs. Sarjent rejoins, in a

hers, as Yolande softly enters "Can't I go up and see uncle?" He's quite uncon- "What reason had you to think so, says with gloomy relish, "that

clear eyes. Mrs. Sarjent stands on the step, "Well, my dear, I'm only afraid baby just at this time, my dear!" "Indeed, my dear, there's every ing a little; "and-and-you may broad fat countenance as she looks "He - he was brought seen several taken like him, and I The tone is curiously pitying, and grow scarlet with rage and

"An accident! Oh, poor uncle!" aunt Keren?" Yolande asks sobbing, and her sympathy to care even to with frigid contempt. "Sit in this chair, cousin, won't stars—"and I have not a bab; "it's not exactly an acci- mot will meet her at the station and fire before she went to bed - wasn't savs curtly, "if you're going to show it a good thought? One gets so temper about it. I won't mention

needs one to feel for her individual "I am very sorry you and aunt calls "giving a cut" when she where you are standing. to be by her side is far distant sit up and lose your night's rest," is that, though you're le't alone

"Unless he writes lovingly to me against Wilmot Sarjent, as well as couldn't do that if you had a goes on. "Mr. Sarjent unless he comes to see me-I will not his mother, though he is her own band and a child, or maybe two. for me and angry with himself, then speaking against is pale with alarm, but pleased to And then they go into the quiet his broad fleshy face and white eye with hidden smiles, her cheeks grow think what an important story she ing the lividly-pale disfigured for the lividly-pale disfigu ing the lividly-pale disfigured fact as well as his mother. The idea of own little children—the children Wilmot Sarjent daring to sneer at her beloved-the golden-haired baby The girlish wife's heart beats fierce- Dallas "father!"

to be ly in angry resolve. They shall see! "Might I stay and help you?" she clumsy feet displayed to the utmost uncle too, if ever he rises off his bed The nurse looks surprised, but says house, and Dallas Glynne is her lord gular invalid for the rest of his days "But might I just sit up with see him the head of the house and remonstrates Wilmot.

sensible, business-like - breathless, wild-eyed, cold with an-

"Then I shall sit up too!" Yolande stating the exact position of affairs, him! If love and wealth and every "My dear," rejoins Mrs. Sarjent, comfort and luxury can tempt him with a pitying smile of superior to forego his pride and his dreary knowledge, "unless there is a favor- independence, he shall be tempted" interposes Mrs. Sarjent sharply. again. You had better go to bed, gladness and tenderness to think how Yolande. You will only make your- she will tempt Dallas; and looking to be nursed in the house!" concludes vexatious pitying eyes - two pairs Mrs. Sarjent averts hers with a

"Which no one with an ounce

sense ought ever to have looked at!"

"Well, we hadn't an ounce of sense

-neither uncle Silas nor I." her son

says patiently: "for we did look at

t, and dabbled in it-worse luck!-

only he'd a great deal more than I-

"Yes; and you may thank your

"Has uncle lost much?" Yolande

asks; almost prepared to be angry

with them for the terror they have

perhaps. As if that mattered to a

lishment. Her womanly fancy and

phatically, "No. Wilmot-there's

no use in trying to gloss and smooth

a thing has to be faced, let it

about it! Your uncle's lost

frightful lot of money. Yolande, and

y for the honor of their company

She stops to draw breath, fanning

And Yolande sits stunned, speech-

less, bewildered, scarcely compre-

"But uncle is no worse off than !

herself violently, hot and red

failure reported in the City

morning-a joint stock company -

"And is uncle quite ruined?" Yol-

excited, but gratified at havin

or heard their names!"

"said her say.

hending her even vet.

imagination have sketched

mother you didn't lose ten times

what you did!" Mrs. Sarjent says

-and we both lost."

with stern satisfaction.

den nervous jerk of his body, and Yolande offers no further opposi- even his big feet go through several "Get your cousin a glass of wine Keren seventy miles awav, and - cashmere loose gown and a thick Wilmot," Mrs. Sarjent says in a vicuna shawl, and about twelve compassionate tone.

moments. It is only a money-loss fafter all-only an unlucky City spe-"No, thank you," Yolande culation-some thousands of pounds clines curtly, "My maid brought across her mind. She will send for From the dining-room, the door of me a cup of tea a little while duties must be nearly over; and the of voices in low earnest conversation 'A glass of wine would have done

her husband's society and assist- the hall lamp to read again the let- well, my dear; if you won't, you seeing him master of this fine estab-There is silence for several minsider his employer's interests, or She has repented of her first reso- utes, and Yolande fancies she sees

if that tone from aunt Sarjent-pity-

ing about at the walls and pictures "I know you will feel for me, dear- and furniture as if she mad haver expressed or implied-"you know afraid, Yolande, my dear," she be-Yolande, slim and straight an

She slips it back into the envelope, crimson gown, stands scorrfully post bag which it is the footman's thinks, her lip curling, her heart terrible circumstances and found no the pillar post; and then quite sud- hard and white as marble in haughone - not a soul but the servants- dealy the memory of that other let- ty resolve. "It is something about should be done! We have been oblig-first letter she ever wrote to her hus- dare to take me to task about my "Those fellows are all staring at should be done! We have been oblig-first letter she ever wrote to her hus-dare to take me to task about my us; they haven't seen me taking a ed to take it on ourselves. Yolande," band — just as wifely and tender, husband! Aunt Sarjent would med-"Of course there's blame to be laid at some one's door-and great blame . too-there's no use in saving there

she isn't; it isn't as if people got advice nor warning, nor anything, Mrs. Sargent begins her inexa-"I will wait until to-morrow," she tious, complacent, fault finding tene, pursing her mouth up and shaking her head. er." Wilmot interposes in a low "Things might have been worse, tone, wriggling uneasily and glanc-

them again - "to a masked ball bad as they are," Mrs. Sarjent is ing at Yolande. "It's too late to room. 'It's a good thing now that torts in a sharper tone, tossing her consist in reading the daily papers Yolande asks hurriedly. 'Is the she hasn't a drag on her in the head; 'and you needn't tell me, Wildeath in the house," Mrs. Sarjent Poor Yolande's got enough worry And Mrs. Sarjent's eyelids, with of her own to bear; only it's an i the younger footman presentiments "Oh, aunt, you don't think poor their scanty lashes, blink nervously wind that blows no good, they say uncle will die, do you?" Yolande beneath the cold light of the dark and maybe it's just as well you're not hampered with a husband and a above her, and looks down at the you'll knock yourself up," she an- Compassion, sympathy, and curiosswers in a conciliating tone, fidget- ity are shining out of Mrs. Sarjent's

- wide open in dismay - that probability that he'll die!" she re-have a good deal to try you yet, at Yolande with a little pitying smile; but the girl's pale cheeks home - Mr. Sarjent came home with never saw but one taken this way re- Mrs. Sarjent's broad face is full of pale with disgust and annoyance. good nature and sympathy; but Yo- "What on earth are you talking "Hadn't I better telegraph for lande is too resentful of her words about aunt Sarjent?" she demanded as she thinks how that perhaps the girl is "brought mot Sarjent sigh as his mother with her head held very high an or his welfare all this evening, ab- "No, child, no! I have written to you?" he says, jumping up and draw- am also happy to say, but I really sorbed as she has been in her own, her to say that uncle Silas isn't well, ing a large easy chair forward. 'It's do not see how that concerns any

good lady can never resist what she

sons and daughters who would cal'

"Uncle Siles er says angrily. You needn't take of Dallas's mother, "unless I Imwill get about again, please good- me up so short, Wilmot! Of course vent her." She smiles scornfully as she thinks ness; and I hope things are not quite we would never let our own

No. 19

"Things have been go- Vermont, writes from Morrisville, Vt.:



"Peruna I have used in my family pense with the carriage and horses with success. I can recommend it as for a year or two. Well, what mat- an excellent family remedy and very ter? But Dallas? She had thought good for coughs, colds and catarrhal of surrounding him with every lux- affections." --- H. Henry Powers. ury and comfort; she had thought of John L. Burnett, Member of Congress, Seventh Alabama District, writes: "I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of your Peruna. At the solicitation of a friend my wife used it, and it loss of money may mean loss of all improved her condition generally. It is a remarkable remedy. I can cheerfully 'Has uncle lost much!" she asks. recommend Peruna as a good, substantial tonic, and a very good catarrh "All!" Mrs. Sarjent answers em- remedy."

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your poor aunt -eren's money gene The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Company Pacific Salvage indeed They shouldn't have a crooked six- and kin want! But what I was gopense of my money, as I always said ing to say was that Yolande will from the first! Then he speculated find she must go on another tack at In Welsh colliery shares and a Welsh together if she is going to keep house railroad; and goodness knows what for her poor uncle and a poor foolish old man! He paid dear is to them, of course!" Mrs. Sarjent for all your grand titled people, sure asserts with emphasis and a nod of enough-all the ear's and viscounts her head at Yolande, "And you will have to make that fine lady motherwas acquainted with-he's paid dearin-law of yours understand that, Yo-Ah, it was a bad day for you-one and all-you ever saw one of them

Ladyships' and 'lordships'." Sarjent says scornfully, "won't pay butchers' and bakers' bills! The ex travagance that's been going on in this house since she came into it was enough to bring down a judgment on you, what with dresses and parties and masked balls, and all manner of

Lady Nora is a very nice woman land a very sensible lady. I feel whatever is best for all parties She'll have to do it - that's one Australian and Polynesian Land fine gentlemen - and a good them.

Mortgage and that was the finishing too!" stroke-poor old uncle! He held at At this point Yolande gets up good deal of their stock. I stayed quickly and goes towards the door

Unless I could make him rith alve

y wouldn't have love for me, and that you will never

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