Established in 1874.

MARSHALL BROS.

—IMPORTERS OF—

TEAS AND COFFEES.

No. 67 Dundas Street, LONDON, ONT.

A. Pilkey, Hamilton, Agent for the County of Halton.

Roper the Baker to the Front.

Gang down to Roper's and get some cakes,
Some buns and shortbread and some bakes,
For a'thing o' the kind he makes,
And set our table cheery O.

Plain and Ornamental Cakes of every description for the Holidays. Please send in your favors early. Orders from the country to receive prompt attention, should be in not later than December 15th.

DONALD McNAIR.

Begs to intimate that he is prepared to fill all orders for

Wagons, Buggies,

Democrats, &c.

n short notice, at fair prices, good workmanship and best of material, also a full supply of all kinds of Agricultural Implements on hand, including Minneapolis Self-Binder, Horse-Rakes, Hoes, &c. Blacksmithing and Repairing on wood work a specialty. 41-yr Shops—Commercial Street.

Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton

For the Year 1886.

No.	Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1	Milton	Wm. Panton	29	26	28	9	24	26	10 a.m.
2	Oakville	R. Palmer	6	3	5	3	11	3	10 a.m.
3	Georgetown	L. Grant	12	16	11	7	17	9	9.30 a.m.
4	Acton	J. Matthews	13	17	13	8	16	11	10 a.m.
5	Campbellville	S. R. Lister	11	8	10	0	9	8	9.30 a.m.
	Burlington	W. J. Rastedo	5	2	4	2	4	2	11 a.m.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, Tuesday 5th Jan., 4th December, at 11 a.m.

County Court Sittings—Without Jury, Tuesday, 6th April, and 5th October, at 10 a.m.

County Court Sittings—Formerly Term—Monday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July, and 4th October, at 10 a.m.

Judge's Chambers—Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, except on Court days and during vacation, at 11 a.m.

Court of Common Pleas Accounts—Monday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July & 4th October, at 12 noon.

By order, JOHN DEWAR, Clerk of the Peace.

Christmas Cheer

THOMAS LUSH, BUTCHER,

Has laid in the largest stock in the County, of choice

Christmas Beef, Splendid Christmas Turkeys, Geese, Chickens, &c.,

Besides everything that is generally kept in a first-class Butcher's Shop.

It is Christmas in his establishment all the year through.

All orders promptly delivered in any part of the town, and satisfaction guaranteed. Call and see the fine display in his Shop.

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.

BOOTS & SHOES

THOS. WILSON

(Successor to Chas. Nichaus)

is receiving daily a splendid stock of Men, Women & Children's Boots and Shoes, for Spring and Summer wear.

These goods are made by the best manufacturers in the Dominion, and will be sold at lowest possible prices. Boots and Shoes made to order. A perfect fit and first-class stock and workmanship guaranteed. Sen l your repairs.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL ON

Thos. Wilson.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE

GLASS, PAINTS & OILS.

Special Prices for parties building during the coming season.

Spades and Shovels,

Garden and Harvest Tools,

Cordage, Pure Manillia Binding Twine.

BARBED AND ALL OTHER FENCE WIRE

Cockshutt's Plows & Plow Fittings

BAR, HOOP, AND BAND IRON.

Town of Milton, con, SPOONS, FORKS, &c., and Com- Match-

Room Suits from $21, and u, D, and upwards, Tables, Exten Springs, at very

IACNAB'S, MILTON.

Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

VOLUME 25. MILTON, THURSDAY, MAY. 27, 1886. NO. 49

Travellers' Guide.

NORTHERN & NORTH-WESTERN.

GOING NORTH. GOING SOUTH.
A.M. 4.50 P.M. 10.42 A.M. 6.32 P.M.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

GOING WEST. GOING EAST.
A.M. 8.27 P.M. 7.20 A.M. 5.01 P.M.
3.50 P.M.

Stage leaves for Hornby, Dromquin, Campbellville, Boyne &c. at 9 o'clock a.m.

City Time C.P.R., go East 7.31 a.m. West 2 27 p.m.

Northern & North-West'n Rail'y

Through tickets to all points East and West and Manitoba. For tickets, rates, &c., apply to ROBERT QUINN, Gen. Pass. Agent, Toronto. J. HARTNEY, Agent M. & N. W. Ry., Milton.

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

Thursday Morning

—AT—

MILTON, CO. OF HALTON, ONT.

CAMPBELL & PANTON, Props.

OFFICE:—On Main Street, opposite the Thompson House.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Column	1 year	$75 00
do	6 months	45 00
do	3 months	30 00
do	1 year	40 00
do	6 months	25 00
do	3 months	15 00
do	1 year	25 00
do	6 months	15 00
do	3 months	10 00

Business Cards of ten lines or less $5.00 per annum.

Number of lines to be reckoned by the space they occupy, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements without special instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be given in writing, otherwise the publishers will not be responsible.

Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual, company, institution, or fund, will be considered as advertisement, and charged accordingly.

Advertisements of any kind submitted among the reading matter at a special rate of 50 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Notices of births, deaths, and marriages free, if by the parties.

Obituaries, resolutions of respect, tributes of sorrow, &c., 10 cents per line.

Notices of lost, strayed, stolen, or estrayed stock, will be inserted at 50 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Cash must accompany order in every case to insure insertion.

Orders for job work strictly cash.

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

Legal.

DEWAR, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Office Town Hall, Milton. Also agent for Sun, Queen, and City of London Fire Insurance Companies.

JOHN DEWAR, Barrister, County Crown Attorney, Notary Public, etc., Town Hall, Mainstreet Milton.

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

M. E. MITCHELL,

Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.

OFFICE—First door west of the CHAMPION Office, Main St., Milton. Money to loan 6 per cent.

CHISHOLM & ELLIOTT,

Barristers, &c.

OFFICE.—First door east of Bank of Hamilton, Milton, Ont.

HECTOR CHISHOLM. J.W. ELLIOTT, B.A.

PARKES & MACADAMS,

Barristers and Solicitors in the Supreme Court

SOLICITORS & CONVEYANCERS.

Offices: Hamilton Provident and Loan Society Chambers, Hamilton.

$A 500 to Loan at lowest rates of interest.

JAS. PARKES. 1-yr. A. H. MACADAMS.

R. A. PRINGLE,

Barrister and Solicitor of the Supreme Court

BURLINGTON ONT.

OFFICE—Water St., opposite Wray's Hotel, open Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. 9-6ms.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & Co.

Barristers & Solicitors.

OFFICE—over Imperial Bank, 34 Wellington Street, East. Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.

JAS. BAIN, Q. C. WILLIAM LAIDLAW.
C. A. MASTEN. GEORGE KAPPELE.

Christmas Cheer

THOMAS LUSH, BUTCHER,

Has laid in the largest stock in the County, of choice

Christmas Beef, Splendid Christmas Turkeys, Geese, Chickens, &c.,

Besides everything that is generally kept in a first-class Butcher's Shop.

It is Christmas in his establishment all the year through.

All orders promptly delivered in any part of the town, and satisfaction guaranteed. Call and see the fine display in his Shop.

Dentistry

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 occasional services.

J. S. ZIMMERMAN,

DENTIST,

HAMILTON, ONT,

Corner King & McNab Streets. 18-y

Chapman & Burger

LICENSED AUCTIONEERS

FOR THE

Counties of Halton, Peel, Wentworth and Wellington.

CHARGES MODERATE.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. All orders promptly attended to.

R. CHAPMAN, Campbellville. W. BURGER, Hornby.

OR "CHAMPION" OFFICE, MILTON.

HEAD OFFICE—D. McGibbon's Office, Milton.

Arrangements made to get all good sale notes cashed at a liberal discount.

Hotel Cards,

WALLACE HOUSE,

MAIN ST., MILTON,

THE LEADING HOTEL IN TOWN

Wallace, Prop.

Farms for Sale.

THE CANADIAN LAND ADVERTISER" with supplement, containing a choice list of Fruit, Grain, Stock Farms, and other properties in 6 and parts of 11 counties, with thirty provincial and county maps, free for one month, post free, on receipt of 10c. W. E. FENTON & CO., Real Estate Agents, 50 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

KNITTING.

MRS. W. HOBBS is prepared to furnish all kinds of Yarn and Knit Socks and Stockings—all sizes. Parties can furnish their own Yarn and have Knitting done. All orders promptly filled. 24-1f

A Gift Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you FREE a royal, valuable, sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Immense pay sure for those who start at once. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 25-1 yr.

WHAT IS IT?

By a special arrangement with the publishers of Farm and Preside, we can for a short time offer a gift in connection with our paper. It is a MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING entitled "HAMLET and OPHELIA." Our offer is as follows:

The price of Peck's Sun one year is $2.00
The price of Farm and Preside one year is 1.50
The value of the Engraving is fully 5.00

We give all the above, worth $8.00 for only $2.00. Subscribe for Peck's Sun at once and secure these all. Address, PECK'S SUN, Milwaukee, Wis.

ADVERTISERS

Before you place a dollar's worth of Newspaper advertising, get our prices. The exact cost of any paper, or list of papers, cheerfully furnished, free upon application.

Send for New Catalogue.

J. J. HOUGH, Advertising Agent, SCRIPPS BLOCK. Detroit, Mich.

THE Canada Landed Credit Co., TORONTO.

JOHN L. BLAIKIE, Esq., President. JOHN MACDONALD, Esq., Vice-President.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Improved Farm and Substantial City Property, at Lowest Current Rates and on most favourable terms. No fines, charges moderate.

For particulars, apply to 16 1yr.

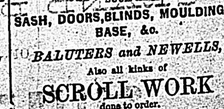
THE SECRETARY, Toronto, Or to D. STEELE, Barrister, Hamilton.

Scientific American Established 1846.

The most popular WEEKLY newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings. This publication contains a mass of valuable encyclopedia of information which no person should be without. The popularity of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price, $3.20 a year. Discounts to Clubs. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 361 Broadway, N.Y.

PATENTS. Munn & Co. have also had Thirty-Seven Years' practice before the Patent Office, and have prepared more than One Hundred Thousand applications for patents in the United States and foreign countries. Caveats, Trade-Marks, Copyrights, Assignments, and all other papers for securing to inventors their rights in the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany and other foreign countries, prepared at short notice and on reasonable terms. Information as to obtaining patents cheerfully given without charge. Hand-books of information sent free. Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the Scientific American free. The advantage of such a notice is well understood by all persons who wish to dispose of their patents. Address MUNN & CO., Office SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 361 Broadway, New York.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Weakness, Headache, Nervous Prostration, caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over indulgence. One box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00 sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES.

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send our purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if a treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by J. H. McCollum druggist, Sole agent for Milton.

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.

MILTON PLANING MILLS.

Hunter & Ezard, Proprietors

We are prepared to fill all orders for all kinds of

HOUSE FURNISHINGS

SUCH AS

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS BASE, &c.

BALUSTERS and NEWELLS,

Also all kinds of

SCROLL WORK

done to order.

ALL KINDS OF TURNING DONE TO ORDER.

DEALER IN

LUMBER, FLOORING, LATH, SHINGLES

Lumber Matched and Dressed to Order.

ALSO

GENERAL BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

We are prepared to contract for the erection of all kinds of buildings, either in part or whole.

PRICES MODERATE.

Factory—Mill Block, Milton.

A STANDARD MEDICAL WORK

For Young & Middle-Aged Men

ONLY $1 BY MAIL, POSPAID.

ILLUSTRATIVE SAMPLE FREE TO ALL.

KNOW THYSELF.

A Great Medical Work on Manhood, Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretion or excess. A book for every man, young, middle-aged and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each one of which is invaluable. So found by the Author, whose experience for 23 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French muslin, embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense than any other work sold in this country for $2.25, or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only $1.00 by mail, post. Illustrative sample free to any body. Send now. Gold medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association, to the President of which, the Hon. P. A. Bissell, and associate officers of the Board the reader is respectfully referred.

The Science of Life is worth more to the young and middle-aged men of this generation than all the gold mines of California and the silver mines of Nevada combined.—S. F. Chronicle.

The Science of Life points out the rocks and quicksands on which the constitution and hopes of many a young man have been fatally wrecked.—Manchester Mirror.

The Science of Life is of greater value than all the medical works published in this country for the past 50 years.—Atlanta Constitution.

The science of Life is a superb and masterly treatise on nervous and physical debility.—Detroit Free Press.

There is no member of society to whom The Science of Life will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman.—Argonaut.

Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully without an instance of failure. Mention Champion, Milton, Ont. 38-1y

D. M. FERRY & CO'S ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE AND PRICED SEED ANNUAL FOR 1886.

Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to customers of last year, without ordering it. It contains about 180 pages, 1000 illustrations, prices, accurate descriptions and valuable directions for planting 1000 varieties of VEGETABLE and FLOWER SEEDS, BULBS, etc. Invaluable to all, especially to Market Gardeners. Send for it. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Michigan.

ADVERTISERS can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York. Newspaper Advertising Bureau. Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet.

$500,000

TO LOAN AT 6 PER CENT.

Straight loans. Terms of repayment of principal made to suit loan owers. First and second Mortgages bought. Advances made on second Mortgages and to purchase farms. No costs incurred in making applications for money.

Write or call at once for particulars.

E. R. REYNOLDS,

20 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

E. H. Kelly,

AGENT, MILTON,

—FOR—

Paterson Bros',

Of PATERSON.

Celebrated Implements and Machines, which have obtained a world-wide reputation.

Paterson Bros' Self Binder,
Ontario Five-Blade Reaper,
Patterson Friction Dump Rake,
Warrior Mower, Sulky Plows
One-Horse Plows,
Sod and General Purpose Plows,
(recommended by Mr. Spiers, of Mr. Jos. Featherstone's farm, Toronto Township),
Gang Plows, Straw Cutters.

I am also selling the genuine Wilkinson Sod Plows, built by George Wilkinson & Co., of Aurora; no imitation; warranted to hold easy and clean in any soil or no sale. 32-3m.

WINES & WINES

We beg to notify the trade and general public that we have on hand a large consignment of fine Old Rich Ports and Sherries, vintages of 1873 and 1875, which we are offering at remarkably Low prices. Also a large shipment of Fine Old Bordeaux Wines, comprising all the Leading and Best Brands. All Goods Guaranteed to be rich, mellow, and full bodied, and to give the best possible satisfaction. Inspection invited. Call for catalogue.

Jas. Shields & Co.

Wine Merchants, Toronto.

VANITY HARDWARE.

By ALAN MUIR.

CHAPTER II.

SHREWISH, BUT KINDLY.

But Sister Catherine was not the woman to give Vanity up. For one thing the girl's loveliness attracted her. Nun or no nun, I never yet saw the woman who had not an instinctive drawing toward a beautiful face; notwithstanding which fact, if the beautiful face should subsequently come into rivalry with their own, these admiring ladies can then express another opinion. And quite right, too. But Sister Catherine, attracted by Vanity's looks, pitying her sorrow, and sustained most of all by her own resolute will, determined that this girl should have one more chance in life, and that a good one.

I am no story-spinner, so, passing over the means by which the sister brought about what follows, I pass straight from September to October, and from the hospital ward to the dark lawn of Tetbury Park, Gloucestershire. The fact is, Sister Catherine had a niece, a married lady, who lived about fourteen miles away in this handsome country house. This niece was rich, and of the same persuasion as the aunt—that is, she was a Puseyite, but, I understand, was a charitable lady in spite of it, and did many good works.

This niece was not a nun nor at all nunnish in her ways; but fond of life and fashion, only with this leaning to Puseyism which I have just mentioned. Now to this young lady the sister despatched Vanity Hardware, with a letter of introduction, and the time was just about 6:30 on a rainy October evening when poor Vanity, with trembling steps and beating heart, stole up the avenue toward the fine house to which she had been directed.

Necessity has no law. Had retreat been possible, or, more probably, had there been any place to which she could have fled, or had her purse not been empty, Vanity would never have knocked at that door. Perhaps shrewd Sister Catherine foresaw all that, And so it came to pass that poor Vanity, under compulsion but irresolute, still stood leaning upon the iron fence which ran round the lawn. She gazed into the handsome drawing-room, which was so brilliantly lighted that her quick eyes could see all that went on.

This might have been what quality call the children's hour. Two mites were playing about the room, dressed to perfection, and Vanity noticed that a third small girl, with a white face and long dark hair, was lying on a lady's lap, watching the other children with a tired expression. The mother was a handsome lady, richly dressed. She had what we call a high complexion, and a sort of look which signified that if, in the course of conversation, she were to say, "A thing is so and so," and you were to reply, "Begging your pardon, madam, but the thing is not so and so," her conversation would not end at that point. Do I take you with me? For all that the lady caressed the weary child with a kind hand, and tried to make the little creature smile at the gambols of the others. So Vanity called this lady mamma at once, and, attracted by the bright pictures of the drawing-room, the actress gazed on with observing eye.

A gentleman sat in an easy-chair reading the newspaper, and not taking notice of anybody. From the familiar way the two little children ran about him, Vanity judged him to be the father of the family. His face she could not see. Next she remarked that on a settee there was posted an elderly lady, very stout, very stiff, very dogmatic in her demeanor. She seemed to look around and say this:

"I have settled all matters that have come up heretofore, and settled 'em right; and am, besides, prepared for all that's to come."

Now, Vanity Hardware had eyes like a lynx or a hawk, and the light of the room, as I have said, was brilliant; so she saw how this old lady watched with shrewd and designing face a bit of byplay which was going on at the piano.

Beside the piano stood a well-fashioned, ruddy young man, who had evidently just dropped into the drawing-room as he dismounted from his horse, for he held his whip in his hand, and his dress was splashed with mud. A young lady was sitting at the instrument, looking up with laughter into his face. This young lady was not handsome, unless on the ground of handsome is that handsome does.

Something in this bit of the scene caused Vanity to forget herself for a moment. She watched curiously, and thought she could make out the whole story of that bright drawing-room, though perhaps she added some notes later on, when she knew the facts directly. She judged the young horseman to be an easy, good-natured sort of fellow, who would in all probability play the game of follow my leader in life, more especially if "my leader" should happen to be a sharp young lady, who, not having many chances, was determined to make the most of one. It appeared, also, that the young lady above described was angling for the young horseman cleverly, so far as his part keeping his mouth pretty wide open, so that she could throw the hook in clean. Further, Vanity concluded that the erect, decorative old lady on the settee was the mother of the young lady, and trainer, backer, and so forth in the present contest. Next came what, in the high language of the books, might be called a curious phenomenon. The mistress of the house, the handsome, dressy, high-complexioned lady, darted glances at the group, which plainly said: "You, my handsome young horseman, are a great simpleton; you, artful girl, are a forward minx; you, my domineering dame, are an unscrupulous old woman. I don't want this marriage to take place. I hate the thought of it; yet here, in my drawing-room, under my eyes, this game is being played; and I must show no vexation, because it would be bad manners. All I can do is to tattoo on this carpet, and bear your triumphant glances as best I may."

Little Vanity Hardware dreamed that in this brilliant drawing-room she saw enacted the prologue to her own future life. Little handsome horseman, angry mistress, flirting girl and a domineering dame dreamed how, out in the cold October mist, a watcher stood who was afterward to step into the midst of their schemes and hopes and fears, intrepid and resistless.

Vanity had forgotten herself. The contrast of the dark, cold October air threw warmth and brightness upon the drawing-room, and she might have gazed on for an hour; but all at once the wind broke into a moan, and the mist became driving rain, which came down in a drenching shower. Vanity hurried to the front door and rang the bell.

A spruce maid answered. After some hesitation the answer was given that, "O yes, missis probably would see the young person."

Next moment handsome "missis" came out with quick step and sharp, imperative voice. She eyed poor Vanity with no great favor, and, before the girl could speak, the lady, directing her servant, cried out:

"Really, I cannot be troubled! Anne" addressing the maid—"how often must I repeat that persons calling in this way are to send in a message, saying what their business is! You have made this hall so cold that one shivers. Do not keep the door open a moment longer."

Pretty plain hint that Miss Vanity must march. In other days the haughty confident actress might have replied with some stinging word; but now, broken and sickly and hopeless, she meekly turned to leave, when, as the door opened, the retreating mistress saw how heavily the rain fell, and yet had something pathetic in it. She would take an excuse, "that girl cannot go out in such rain. Let her sit down until the storm is over."

Poor weary Vanity, with not a spark of pride or resentment in her breast, sunk down on the seat. As she did so the light of the lamp fell on her face; and the wonderful beauty of the face, its pallor, its deep sadness, arrested the sharp lady.

"You look very pale," she said, coming back and speaking still in the same sharp voice. "Are you ill?"

Vanity looked up. Something in the lady's face encouraged her, although the tones were harsh. But when she tried to speak her lips would not obey her, and the only sound she uttered was a sob.

Immediately the lady flew off to the drawing-room, and Vanity heard her say:

"Augustus! Augustus! there is a poor girl outside. She looks so thin, and so pale. Do go and see her."

"Maud," an indolent voice replied, "what have I to do with such people! If you listen to their tales, you may as well commence relieving officer at once."

"Quite right, Augustus," cried a voice, which Vanity felt must be the voice of Pame Dominecer, "quite right. Providence would not approve of your housing every vagrant that comes to your door."

"Really, Augustus," the lady retorted, "how self-indulgent you are, here in this warm room! And that poor creature outside!"

"Maud!" called out Dame Dominecer, "you were always self-willed, ever since you were four years old."

"Well, well, well," Augustus rejoined in a good-natured tone, "this comes of being married to a wife. I suppose I may as well go out once. You are the most restless—"

"Now, Augustus," the lady cried, "do go!"

"Augustus," cried the dame, "don't go, Maud, I am astonished!"

Vanity heard the gentleman said; but in that brief space he, too, passed under the spell of her face and voice. "Let me too, will you, go to you—had you not better come in to—to the drawing-room?"

Dame Dominecer must have crept to the door to listen; for in whispered accents that were ludicrously audible, she was heard to exclaim:

"Maud, come here; Augustus is actually asking her in!"

Augustus looked naturally uncomfortable; but Vanity, with an case which the gentleman did not fail to admire, affected to have heard nothing.

"I am not fit for the drawing-room," she said. "Please don't ask me."

"My Lib-ary, then," he said. "Follow me."

CHAPTER III.

AN OLD COAL.

The upshot of the interview in the library, and the perusal of Sister Catharine's letter, was auspicious. An hour later Vanity found herself once in a pretty bedroom, surrounded by comfort and refinement, and twelve hours' quiet before her. Weary though she was, she examined the room with placed curiosity. The furniture, the pictures on the walls, the writing and toilet tables, serve to set out with taste; and poor Vanity, who knew by experience the artifices of poverty or the flashy display of momentary wealth, saw now for the first time the quiet elegance of a wealthy English home. She recalled the stories her mother used to tell of her own early days, and somehow Vanity did not feel altogether an alien in this luxurious mansion. A certain pleasure mingled with her forebodings of the future. There was an interval of rest, however brief, in her tempestuous life, and so at last she sunk to sleep.

In the morning a servant brought her a message that the lady of the house was engaged and could not see her until twelve o'clock; and meanwhile a small boudoir next to her room was assigned for her use. Here she had her breakfast. The room looked out upon the garden; and as the morning was warm and sunny, she opened the window and enjoyed the fresh air. So she sat and mused, thankful that an interview which must be important to her was for a while postponed.

Well might Vanity sit and muse. What road in life was she to take? Her experience was terrible, almost unexampled. Her mother, affectionate, pious and refined, had made it the chief care of her struggling life to imprint something of herself upon her child. But Vanity had inherited some of her father's qualities also: his recklessness, his love of change, his desire for pleasure at any cost. Besides, for many years past the girl had lived in a world of excitement. The glare of the footlights is not apt to foster modesty. Vanity loved admiration, and she had been admired, applauded, courted, and all the rest of it. She was still young and brilliant, and her talent for acting was undoubted. Why not go to London and try her luck? The life of an actress might be respectable and exemplary, and even if she chose that her life should not be so, what, she asked herself, had the virtuous world done for Vanity Hardware that Vanity Hardware should so consider the virtuous world? Was she not her own mistress? Here came the wild thrill in her heart which none but the true Bohemian knows; the prospect of life unfettered; virtuous, perhaps; pleasant, anyhow; above all, free! Yes, she would Hurt away, and make her fortune or chance her luck. Her choice was made! She had suffered enough at the hands of men and the world. For the rest of her life she would be happy in her own way.

A horror had oppressed her ever since the tragedy at Tumbledown Farm; why allow it any longer to brood over her mind! Her father was gone. She had no part in his awful fate. She might change her name, and with that banish forever the terrible gloom which even at the hour ago she had believed must rest upon her forever. "Life is short," said Vanity; "and youth and beauty and delight are shorter still!"

Her experience of Willie Snow's inconstancy had been a bitter disclosure. Vanity had idolized that young fellow. All that her mother had ever taught her about goodness had gathered around Willie, and he became in her eyes the image of integrity and virtue; and how warm and living integrity and virtue seemed embodied in his person! Just when she expected him to rise to heroism Willie had sunk down to respectable selfish commonplace. Vanity suffered not from broken affection alone. Her idea had been degraded, not shattered; that she might have endured. Virtue and goodness had been reduced to feeble amiability and prudent consideration for number one. Vanity conned over the admirers of other days. Not one had "a character." But she seriously questioned whether any of them would have behaved like respectable Willie Snow!

"So much for respectability!" she said in heartfelt scorn. And yet she had no heartfelt scorn for Willie Snow. She loved him still—in spite of all, she loved him still. And women forgive as long as they love. And they persist in finding excuses for man as long as any affection remains. "If Willie had not been respectable," murmured Vanity, "he would never have cast me off. It was all owing to his respectability."

And this tale sunny morning, musing on her life, and gazing out upon the pleasant garden, Vanity made a resolution which was daring, stern, and wild, and yet had something pathetic in it. She would take service, "that girl cannot go out in such rain. Let her sit down until the storm is over."

Poor weary Vanity, with not a spark of pride or resentment in her breast, sunk down on the seat. As she did so the light of the lamp fell on her face; and the wonderful beauty of the face, its pallor, its deep sadness, arrested the sharp lady.

"You look very pale," she said, coming back and speaking still in the same sharp voice. "Are you ill?"

Vanity looked up. Something in the lady's face encouraged her, although the tones were harsh. But when she tried to speak her lips would not obey her, and the only sound she uttered was a sob.

Immediately the lady flew off to the drawing-room, and Vanity heard her say:

"Augustus! Augustus! there is a poor girl outside. She looks so thin, and so pale. Do go and see her."

"Maud," an indolent voice replied, "what have I to do with such people! If you listen to their tales, you may as well commence relieving officer at once."

"Quite right, Augustus," cried a voice, which Vanity felt must be the voice of Pame Dominecer, "quite right. Providence would not approve of your housing every vagrant that comes to your door."

"Really, Augustus," the lady retorted, "how self-indulgent you are, here in this warm room! And that poor creature outside!"

"Maud!" called out Dame Dominecer, "you were always self-willed, ever since you were four years old."

"Well, well, well," Augustus rejoined in a good-natured tone, "this comes of being married to a wife. I suppose I may as well go out once. You are the most restless—"

"Now, Augustus," the lady cried, "do go!"

"Augustus," cried the dame, "don't go, Maud, I am astonished!"

Vanity heard the gentleman said; but in that brief space he, too, passed under the spell of her face and voice. "Let me too, will you, go to you—had you not better come in to—to the drawing-room?"

Dame Dominecer must have crept to the door to listen; for in whispered accents that were ludicrously audible, she was heard to exclaim:

"Maud, come here; Augustus is actually asking her in!"

Augustus looked naturally uncomfortable; but Vanity, with an ease which the gentleman did not fail to admire, affected to have heard nothing.

"I am not fit for the drawing-room," she said. "Please don't ask me."

"My Lib-ary, then," he said. "Follow me."

CHAPTER III.

AN OLD COAL.

The upshot of the interview in the library, and the perusal of Sister Catharine's letter, was auspicious. An hour later Vanity found herself once in a pretty bedroom, surrounded by comfort and refinement, and twelve hours' quiet before her. Weary though she was, she examined the room with placed curiosity. The furniture, the pictures on the walls, the writing and toilet tables, serve to set out with taste; and poor Vanity, who knew by experience the artifices of poverty or the flashy display of momentary wealth, saw now for the first time the quiet elegance of a wealthy English home. She recalled the stories her mother used to tell of her own early days, and somehow Vanity did not feel altogether an alien in this luxurious mansion. A certain pleasure mingled with her forebodings of the future. There was an interval of rest, however brief, in her tempestuous life, and so at last she sunk to sleep.

In the morning a servant brought her a message that the lady of the house was engaged and could not see her until twelve o'clock; and meanwhile a small boudoir next to her room was assigned for her use. Here she had her breakfast. The room looked out upon the garden; and as the morning was warm and sunny, she opened the window and enjoyed the fresh air. So she sat and mused, thankful that an interview which must be important to her was for a while postponed.

Well might Vanity sit and muse. What road in life was she to take? Her experience was terrible, almost unexampled. Her mother, affectionate, pious and refined, had made it the chief care of her struggling life to imprint something of herself upon her child. But Vanity had inherited some of her father's qualities also: his recklessness, his love of change, his desire for pleasure at any cost. Besides, for many years past the girl had lived in a world of excitement. The glare of the footlights is not apt to foster modesty. Vanity loved admiration, and she had been admired, applauded, courted, and all the rest of it. She was still young and brilliant, and her talent for acting was undoubted. Why not go to London and try her luck? The life of an actress might be respectable and exemplary, and even if she chose that her life should not be so, what, she asked herself, had the virtuous world done for Vanity Hardware that Vanity Hardware should so consider the virtuous world? Was she not her own mistress? Here came the wild thrill in her heart which none but the true Bohemian knows; the prospect of life unfettered; virtuous, perhaps; pleasant, anyhow; above all, free! Yes, she would Hurt away, and make her fortune or chance her luck. Her choice was made! She had suffered enough at the hands of men and the world. For the rest of her life she would be happy in her own way.

A horror had oppressed her ever since the tragedy at Tumbledown Farm; why allow it any longer to brood over her mind! Her father was gone. She had no part in his awful fate. She might change her name, and with that banish forever the terrible gloom which even at the hour ago she had believed must rest upon her forever. "Life is short," said Vanity; "and youth and beauty and delight are shorter still!"

Her experience of Willie Snow's inconstancy had been a bitter disclosure. Vanity had idolized that young fellow. All that her mother had ever taught her about goodness had gathered around Willie, and he became in her eyes the image of integrity and virtue; and how warm and living integrity and virtue seemed embodied in his person! Just when she expected him to rise to heroism Willie had sunk down to respectable selfish commonplace. Vanity suffered not from broken affection alone. Her idea had been degraded, not shattered; that she might have endured. Virtue and goodness had been reduced to feeble amiability and prudent consideration for number one. Vanity conned over the admirers of other days. Not one had "a character." But she seriously questioned whether any of them would have behaved like respectable Willie Snow!

"So much for respectability!" she said in heartfelt scorn. And yet she had no heartfelt scorn for Willie Snow. She loved him still—in spite of all, she loved him still. And women forgive as long as they love. And they persist in finding excuses for man as long as any affection remains. "If Willie had not been respectable," murmured Vanity, "he would never have cast me off. It was all owing to his respectability."

And this tale sunny morning, musing on her life, and gazing out upon the pleasant garden, Vanity made a resolution which was daring, stern, and wild, and yet had something pathetic in it. She would take service "that girl cannot go out in such rain. Let her s