Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

MILTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1886. NO. 50.

Sittings of the Division Courts of the County of Halton
For the Year 1886.

No.	Place of Sittings and P.O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sept.
1	Milton	Wm. Panton	29	26	28	9	24
2	Oakville	R. Palmer	6	3	5	3	7
3	Georgetown	L. Grant	12	16	11	7	9
4	Acton	J. Mattews	13	11	13	8	15
5	Campbellville	S. R. Lister	11	8	10	6	9
6	Burlington	W. J. Busted	5	2	4	2	10

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, Tuesday, 14th December, at 1 p.m.
County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 6th April, and 5th October, at 10 a.m.
County Court Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July and 4th October, at 10 a.m., each day.
Judges Chambers.—Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, except on Court days and during vacation, at 10 a.m.
Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts.—Monday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July & 4th October, at 9 a.m.
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VANITY HARDWARE.

By ALAN MUIR.

CHAPTER VI.

A NOBLE DEED.

The gallery looked down upon the entrance hall, out of which several doors opened and one or two short flights of steps ran up to different passages. At the top of one of these flights stood the redoubtable old lady in a most excited state. For some inexplicable reason she had gathered up her skirts, and the first idea her figure suggested was that of a stout elderly lady, of inflexible purpose, who was about to wade a river. Idea two arose upon observation of the handkerchief which she held to her face, and which exhaled an odor of powerful aromatic vinegar, and scented the entire atmosphere. Idea three was presented by her outstretched right arm, which gave her an imperial aspect, as of one about to deliver a word of universal command. Idea four arose from the pallor of her cheeks, which signified abject terror struggling with a will powerful by nature, and now exasperated by the provoking turn affairs had taken; so that not even fear could extinguish mighty wrath.

"I always said so," the old lady called out. "This comes of your Sunday-school treats. But Maud never would listen to advice—not since she was four years old!"

Poor Maud, pale and crying, sat upon a chair. Beside her stood the doctor and her husband; and, in the silence which followed the old lady's allocution, the wail of the sick child was plainly heard. At the sound the mother started to her feet.

"Augustus!" she called out piteously, "I must go! Doctor, do say that I am to go!"

The doctor looked at the husband, but did not speak. "Augustus," his wife called, "don't be cruel me. Baby will die if she frets on in this way. It is cruel to keep me. It is my duty to run whatever risk there may be. Do let me go. Listen! I cannot bear to hear her!"

The husband did not speak.

"Maud!" the old lady called out, waffing a vinegar gale across the scene as she removed her handkerchief, "don't fly in the face of Providence."

"Doctor," the young mother pleaded, seeing her husband would not speak, "say something. Command me to go. The child's life is in your hands. It is your duty to speak!"

Even in her anguish out came a flash of Maud's temper. How Vanity admired her.

"So far as the child's life is concerned," the doctor answered gravely, "no doubt she will have a better chance if you are with her."

"There, Augustus; you hear!"

"But, madam," the doctor went on, shaking his head, "Mr. Neville is nervous about you. I cannot say his fears are unfounded."

"Maud," her husband said, drawing close to her, "I cannot permit it." We must get a nurse. Baby will soon cry herself to sleep."

"Oh, it is cruel!" she said; "it is cruel!"

No one spoke. But the child's wail came forth again.

"Mamma! mamma! I want mamma!"

The poor mother, quite broken down, with nothing of her fiery temper left, caught her husband's hands and looked up imploringly in his face, and her tears plead for her. And Vanity, gazing down, pitied the mother from her heart, and felt a kind of affection and compassion which was quite new to her.

"Maud," the old lady called out, in her harsh voice, "I am shocked! Did you not promise to love, honor and obey? What is your word good for if you break it in a crisis?"

"How I hate that old woman!" Vanity thought.

At this point the soldier brother spoke:

"I feel for you, Neville," he said to his brother-in-law; "but I do think my sister is right. Her duty is with her child. Let her go, and leave the rest in the hands of God."

The sister darted a look of unspeakable gratitude at her brother; and now the doctor took courage.

"On the whole, that seems the wisest thing," he said. "We must take every precaution."

"On the whole, that seems the wisest thing," the old lady called out, "I don't agree with either of you. Remember that hereafter."

She threw out the word "hereafter" in gloomy bass.

"Now, Augustus," the wife cried, "now you will let me go!"

Neville, feeling the tide running sharply against him, saw that he must speak decidedly. Like many easy-going people, he could, on occasion, assert himself friendlily.

"There must be an end of this," he said. "Doctor, let us have a nurse at once. Maud, you must not go near the child; your life is too valuable to us all."

Perhaps, had Neville been quite straightforward, he would have told that he prized his wife's fine face too lightly to risk it, but poor Maud knew his irritable tones, and sank sobbing into her chair.

"Quite right, Augustus," the old lady cried out. "I give you the greatest credit. Maud, don't be upset; hereafter you will feel thankful, my love."

Vanity had watched this scene with a remarkable look on her face; and now she hurried down stairs and crossed the hall to the lady's side.

"I will nurse the baby," she said. "I am not afraid!"

The whole company stood transfixed. The young soldier acknowledged the power of beauty by gazing for a moment at the stranger with a possibly too obvious admiration, but he soon recollected himself.

Maud Neville looked up.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," she said. "It wouldn't be the slightest use. Baby will have no one but mynurse."

"I know, I know," Vanity replied almost impatiently. "Come with me." Maud looked up in wonder; as for the rest, they stood in silent amazement; even the old lady was at a loss for a sentence. "Come with me," Vanity repeated in a decisive voice. "Bid your servant follow us."

To the surprise of everybody Maud Neville rose and walked across the hall with Vanity. The servant followed, and all three went out of sight.

"Now, I want to be informed," the soldier said, when the door closed upon Maud and Vanity, "what does all this mean?"

"A most extraordinary proceeding," the old lady observed. "I do not care for the young woman's manner. I suppose this is another waif of Sister Catherine's."

"If she is," the soldier rejoined, "I congratulate Sister Catherine on her taste in waifs."

"Tom Pembroke!" the old lady called out, "don't be frivolous. Your mind ought to turn to serious things just now, when, for anything we can tell, the complaint may come down stairs and take some of us into eternity."

Tom Pembroke was utterly abashed. Moral reproof always confounded him.

As this juncture the maid-servant was seen flying into the sick child's room, where the sound of closing shutters was heard. Thence she ran upstairs and disappeared. Then again she darted down to the doctor and whispered to him. After this she drew down every blind and closed every shutter of the hall windows, reducing the place to darkness. Then, without explaining these proceedings, she disappeared once more.

The whole party sat still remained motionless, none daring to speak, and in the darkness and suspense the time seemed to have passed away.

At last, low, sweet, in the most soothing lullaby note, they heard a voice singing:

"Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky."

"Why," whispered Neville to his brother, "that is Maud singing to the child. She sings that hymn to her night by night."

Then, in the semi darkness of the hall, the husband saw his wife, dressed in a long loose morning robe which he knew well, bearing the child in her arms and chanting as she slowly moved across the hall. The effect of the song on the sick child soon appeared. The little weary voice caught up a word or two here and there, and sung it in a drowsy, satisfied tone.

"Maud," the husband whispered, in a low, reproachful voice, "I am grieved."

He felt a hand in his own. Maud had stolen up to him from behind.

"Hush," she said. "Can't you understand?"

The sweeping gown touched his feet, and the muffled head of his child was close to his own as the mysterious figure glided by, still singing:

"Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tender blessing
May mine eyelids close."

"Why, Maud," whispered Neville, clasping his wife's hand, "I could have sworn it was your very voice!"

"Is it not wonderful" she whispered back. "Baby believes she is in my arms, and she is quite quiet."

In the darkness Neville felt his wife leaning her head on his shoulder, and pouring out the mingled sorrow and thankfulness of her heart.

Meanwhile the dusky figure was seen slowly moving up the wide stairs toward the room where the child was to be laid. Low, sweet the lullaby sounded:

"Guard to little children
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea."

"But, Maud," the husband said, "when she leaves the child in the room, how much better shall we be!"

"Hush, dear!" exclaimed his wife, but in the lowest of whispers, "she is going to nurse baby through the illness. The room is dark. Baby will never know till she is well again!"

Vanity had reached the door of the sick-room. They could now see her figure plainly, and she turned round as if to give the mother one last glimpse of her darling.

"Through the long night watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed."

The song was over. The dark threshold was passed. And the brave actress was shut in with her task and her danger.

The husband saw his wife, dressed in a long, loose morning robe.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS AND I TALK THINGS OVER.

Miss had changed since we first read the story together. She was more of a young woman now, and when she laid the paper down—for she was reader now, not I—her eyes met mine in a searching sort of way, with just the daybreak of a smile on her face.

"What do you say of Vanity Hardware now, doctor?"

"Miss," I said, "it's early days yet—early days in volume two, I mean."

"Do you not like your young lady's eyes quite sparkle—what will be the end of Vanity? Will she marry this handsome young soldier?"

"Surely no, miss," said I. "That could never be."

"You think him too respectable, doctor?"

"Why, miss," said I, "you see he is more than respectable; he is genteel. No, miss." I repeated, having turned the matter over, "he couldn't marry her."

"But would she marry him?"

"Why, of course I can tell you," I answered. Adding immediately, "And no blame to her. The young woman has her prospects to consider."

"Not much consideration of prospects in what she has done just now."

"You see, miss," I said, "no doubt the young woman laid great stress on her vaccination. Not that I want to cry her down. But she had been used to play-acting, where fine things are done—and, you see—in fact, miss," I said, "I don't believe in Miss Hardware. And you will find—mark my words—when her virtuous have been to the wash and come home again, most of the color will be gone out of them."

"Why, doctor, what a cynic you are!"

"Nothing, miss, but an old man who has been using two ears and two eyes a matter of nines and sixty years. Miss, believe me, women at her time of life never change for the better. Gray goodness was once green goodness. And well I know that when you finish that story you will have to tell me that this little snatch of goodness in Vanity Hardware was——"

I paused. Searching my young lady's face, I could see something like misgiving. She only said:

"This little snatch of goodness was what, doctor?"

"Like the morning cloud, miss, and the early dew. Like the crackling of thorns under the pot. Smoke—blaze—crackle—and then, nothing!"

She did not contradict me, but with a grave face read on.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. HARDCASTLE'S OPINIONS.

The housemaid understood her business. Without waiting for the word of command, she let in the light once more, and the whole party saw each other standing motionless like the sleepers yet unawakened. The mysterious interlude of the dancing figure with the dreamy child pacing across the dark hall had petrified all. The majestic old female stood upon her flight of steps; the husband held his wife's hand; the doctor stood with one hand under his coat-tail, and the soldier leaned against the high oak table, just as when Vanity stole across in the dark.

"Maud," the husband said, breaking the silence, "what does all this mean?"

"Surely you understand!" she exclaimed.

"That brave woman!"

"Is she going to nurse little Maud, then?"

"She is." Such courage I never knew."

"But, Maud," her husband said, "will you explain? Why did she put on your gown?"

"Really, Augustus, you are stupid! Don't you see? Little Maud thinks I am with her, and going to stay with her. But such a clever girl! I really thought it was myself singing. She asked me, 'Have you any little thing you sing to the child?' So I sung her a verse of 'Now the day is over.' The verses, the music, the very tone of my voice, she caught on the instant. And then she went in to baby—in the dark—and took her up, singing all the while; and baby put her little head against her shoulder, and was quite soothed and still."

The mother's tears fell as she spoke, and the husband was moved himself.

"What a brave act!" he said. "I should have thought a woman would as soon have walked into Nebuchadnezzar's furnace."

"With that face, too!" the soldier remarked again. "That's where it is, you see. With that face——"

"I wonder at you, Tom Pembroke," the old lady called out. "As if outward appearance was everything."

"I really beg your pardon," the soldier replied, abashed once more. "It is only my way of putting it, you know."

"Tom is right," the husband said, speaking like the master of the house. "A poor girl, who has nothing in the world to look to except her face——"

"And such a face!" the irrepressible soldier cried out unguardedly. "There's the point of the thing."

"Tom Pembroke," screamed out the old lady, "don't interrupt! I can't hear what Augustus is trying to say."

"It is simply this, Mrs. Hardcastle," the master of the house continued, showing some signs of severity; "that for a poor and lovely girl—for a lovely girl she is—to risk her beauty for the sake of a sick child is real heroism!"

This good-humored gentleman had a way of saying things which cowed ill-natured people; and the old lady made no rejoinder, but the soldier glanced rebellously at his adversary.

"I feel rebuked, Maud," the husband went on, secretly caressing the hand of his handsome wife. "Not even for little Mandy's sake could I have risked your—*beauty*, he was going to say. Prudently he paused, and altered the word—"risked your—life."

Maud responded to his caress; for although the mother was displeased, the wife forgave him.

"I shall never forget what the girl has done," Augustus said. "And if she were to catch the smallpox, and her face were spoilt, I should never forgive myself."

"No more should I!" the soldier called out. "Never!"

"Really, Mr. Pembroke," the old lady said loftily, "will you be good enough not to be too absurd! Providence did not expect you to nurse the child."

"I didn't say so," Tom Pembroke answered, really afraid of this grim reprover. "But, you see—well, you see, I stood by while it was done."

"Tom is right," his brother-in-law said again. He was getting restive under the old lady's ill-nature. "He was willing that his sister should run the risk. Maud was willing. It was I who held back!"

"Just so!" Tom Pembroke cried, greatly encouraged. "That is what I meant to say. Go on, Augustus."

"So I feel," Augustus continued gravely, "that I ought to take the whole responsibility of the young woman's future upon myself."

"Not the whole of it, Augustus!" the soldier called out earnestly. "I ought to help you. Share and share alike, you know. No, I don't exactly mean that; but really, old fellow, I could not let it all come on you, you know."

Tom Pembroke said this with most perfect seriousness and great energy.

"Listen, Tom," his brother-in-law remarked. "If that girl were to pay the price of her bravery with her face, I don't see what I could do for her. It would be an awful result of so gallant a deed. If that happened——"

"If the happened," Tom Pembroke cried, interrupting with great excitement, "if her face were spoiled——"

"Just what I say," the other continued; "if her face were spoiled——"

"It would not be your business, Augustus. As you say, you could do nothing for her. In that case, sooner than she should die of a broken heart, I—I—would marry her myself."

During this dialogue the old lady had looked from one face to another, waiting for an opportunity to strike. At this word from poor Tom Pembroke her countenance grew dark with moral thunder.

"While we stand talking here," she called out, "that Complaint!"—here she pointed to the closed doors of the sick chamber—"may come down those stairs"—next she pointed at the stairs, as if she were giving directions to the Complaint—"and take some of us into eternity."

Not a thought about the little sick child upon whom Death seemed to have laid his hand; not a thought about the brave young woman who had taken the poisoned frame to her own breast. As long as the Complaint stayed up stairs all was well; but as the idea of its descent came to her mind she retreated as precipitately as though the specter of disease were visibly walking toward herself, and she flew into her room and shut her door with a terrific crash.

CHAPTER IX.

VANITY IS ALONE WITH TEMPTATION.

Vanity was alone in the darkened sick room. Her little charge was satisfied with the low song of "Now the day is over;" and as often as the small, sick voice plaintied out its "Mamma," the reply of a chanted verse assured the little sufferer that her best consoler was at hand.

The child sunk to sleep, and the doctor left the room. Then Vanity began to realize what she had done. All her life she had felt that dread of smallpox which every woman must, but which is becoming less familiar as that pestilence retreats before the firm hand of science. Poor Vanity! she was bruised and almost heartbroken by her late misfortunes, and she still ached with the lingering pang of Willie Snow's faithlessness. In this forlorn state she was alive to kindness, and she felt greatly touched by the kindness of her new friend Maud Neville. When she saw the mother distracted with grief, and forbidden to comfort her darling, Vanity at once formed her resolution. Perhaps her stage experience suggested the idea of personating the mother; certainly her skill in acting helped her to carry out the device. But the act itself was done in the most generous spirit, and when the daring and firmness which it required are taken into consideration, perhaps even a cynic might hesitate to deny that Vanity had played the part of a true heroine.

But the generous glow died out, as all emotion will. Now, in the dark room, Vanity had time to think what she had undertaken; and, it must be confessed, she began to feel afraid. For a time she thought of relinquishing her charge, and allowing the nurse to take her place, now that the sick child had been safely removed to its room; but several considerations, which need not be detailed, served to dissuade her from that course, and these were re-enforced by the plaintive voice which in the darkness kept calling her "Mamma, mamma!" Finally she resolved to stay at her post; and, when the sick-nurse arrived, she announced her resolution of sharing the duties, and still keeping up the kind illusion which gave tranquility to the little sufferer. Thenceforth she saw none except the doctor, the nurse, and one old woman servant. The sick-rooms were shut off from the rest of the house, and Vanity was left alone with her duties, and the grim danger that lay crouching behind.

On the whole she was calm. Now, upon the subsidence of the terrible excitement of the last few weeks, Vanity knew the state of her own heart. The awful end of her father had been a stunning stroke of Fate, and had filled her mind with horror; but she had known too much of the secrets of his fierce and reckless career to feel surprised at the tragical close. He had never been kind to her, and none but herself ever knew what terrible trials she had suffered since her mother's death; and these trials were, in some ways, intensified by the snatches of wild gaiety, which intersected their lives. Vanity had never known the facts of her father's life. The robberies of which he was suspected were never, with her, more than suspicion; matters of positive knowledge. Still, she knew that her father was a bad, unscrupulous man; his conduct made it evident that some terrible danger was ever hanging over him; and, accordingly, Vanity had reasons for the most dreadful surmises. His death, appalling as it was, relieved her of some anxieties, more especially as his whole past had been swallowed up in a fiery chilliton, which forever hid the worst facts she suspected from discovery or from legal proof.

But Willie Snow had broken poor Vanity's heart. In spite of his weakness, which she could not but despise, she loved him still. The words of rebuke and disdain with which she had met him, on that memorable day were, not permanently true. Her doom was that she loved him still. In her secret heart she still caressed the dangerous memory of handsome Willie Snow. The secret, then, which bind the heart of a woman to a man are inexplicable. Even now in her solitude she kept running the skiff of her fancy near to those dangerous rapids where many a man and woman have been hurried down to ruin. She thought of his winsome ways, his handsome face, recalled their love-scenes, hated her rival, mused with dangerous warmth of what might have been, sometimes wondered could she even now draw her lover back from the inanimate companionship of respectable Nancy—Snow.

Vanity Hardware thought little of convention, and the virtue she possessed was most decidedly unconventional. She believed that Nancy had unfairly entrapped the man who had given to her his heart. But over that man she had still (well she knew it!) no insignificant power. Suppose she were to try the arts she knew upon him, and make him now her own, wearied as he doubtless must be with the insipid caresses of Nancy. In her dark chamber Vanity's heart began to beat at its old dangerous pace.

In this darkened room of sickness, with peril at hand, Vanity Hardware talked thus with herself:

"I have exposed myself to fearful danger; if my life is sacrificed, shall I much regret it? But if I survive, and leave this room with beauty unimpaired—then, Mistress Nancy Snow, beware! You stole my lover from me. I shall repay you. I know my power. I shall steal your husband from you. Then tear your hair as I tore mine, and sob for and cry for death as, under your cruel hands, I sobbed and raved and cried!"

"If I am not to make Willie my own—why, here I have exposed myself to dangers that me be struck down; but if I come forth hence unhurt, then I shall treat my life as my own. Willie! Willie! by your weak elusive nature and by my beauty you shall yet be mine! After that come what may!"

It was most singular, however, that she did not give any thought to the possibility that her life might be spared, while her beauty was destroyed. Yet if that happened, she would be an enchantress no more, and cold Nancy would be the victor forever.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Story of John Thompson.

When the Declaration of Independence which Mr. Jefferson had drawn up was submitted to the other members of the congressional committee appointed to prepare it, so many changes were proposed that the young author grew restless. Benjamin Franklin, who sat near him, consoled him with the story of John Thompson. He had always, he remarked, been careful to avoid drawing papers to be submitted to a public body, and he had been confirmed in that resolution by a certain incident; "When I was a journeyman printer," he went on to say, "one of my companions, an apprentice to a hatter, having served out his time, was about to open a shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome signboard with an appropriate inscription. He composed it in these words: 'John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money,' with a figure of a hat subjoined.

But he thought he would submit the inscription to his friends for amendments. The first he showed it to thought the word 'hatter' mere tautology, because followed by the words 'makes hats;' the word was struck out. The second objected to the word 'makes.' The buyer, he said, would not care who made the hats if they were good and suited him. That, too, was struck out. The third thought 'for ready money' useless since nobody in the town sold for credit, and it was given up accordingly. The inscription now stood, 'John Thompson sells hats.' 'Sells hats!' said the next friend, 'why, nobody will expect you to give them away.' Sells was abandoned, and hats went with it as unnecessary, since there was a hat painted on the board. So that the inscription was at last reduced to 'John Thompson,' with the figure of a hat." Whether Jefferson was consoled by the story we are not informed, but it certainly did not cure him of the practice of drawing up long papers to be submitted to public bodies.—Ben: Perley Poore.

Up Hill to the North Pole.

If one of Greely's hardy adventurers crossed the eighty-fourth parallel he had but 400 miles farther to go. He had water behind him, but before him, looking north, he had a field of ice stretching beyond his powers of vision, however aided. He was looking "up hill," for notwithstanding the flattening of the earth at the poles the accumulation of ice there very much more than compensates. If it be true that there is a difference of sixteen miles between the major and minor axis of the earth, and it is probably less, then it follows that to look "up hill" from the eighty-fourth parallel would require at least eight miles of solid ice resting upon the solid earth.—Philadelphia Times.

For the Use of the Pastor.
"Rubber Baptismal Pants" are now freely advertised in the leading Baptist papers. These nether garments are generally used by the pastor who performs the ceremony of immersion,