John Sanderson, Jan 7 86,
Work Centre, Allegheny Co.,
New York

Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

MILTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1886. NO. 51.

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

No. of Sittings and P.O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.
1 Milton	Wm. Panton.	29	26	28	9	24	25
2 Georgetown	R. Palmer.	6	3	5	3	11	8
3 Oakville	L. Grant	12	16	11	7	17	9
4 Burlington	J. Mattlewson	15	11	13	8	16	11
5 Milton	S. R. Lister	11	8	10	6	9	8
6 Milton	W. J. Bastedo	5	2	4	2	10	2

Sessions of the Peace and County Court sittings, with or without Jury, Tuesday 8th June.
Division Court sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 6th April, and 5th October, at 10 a.m.
Surrogate Court sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July, and 4th October, at 2 p.m.
Court of Chancery—Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, except on Court days and during Term.
Surrogate Court Accounts—Monday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July & 4th October, at 2 p.m.

By order, JOHN DEWAR, Clerk of the Peace.

Established in 1874

MARSHALL BROS.

—IMPORTERS OF—

TEAS AND COFFEES.

No. 67 Dundas Street, LONDON, ONT.

Pilkey, Hamilton, Agent for the County of Halton. 28-8m.

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

Wishes to intimate that he is prepared to fill all orders

Wagons, Buggies, Democrats, &c.

Christmas Cheer

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

Game of every description always kept in a first-class Butcher's Shop.

Poultry Dressing on his establishment, all the year through.

Orders promptly delivered to any part of the town, and satisfaction guaranteed

WM. BEWS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

MILTON,

Has a splendid assortment of Canadian and Imported Tweeds, Worsteds, Melrons, &c., &c., and can supply his patrons with anything in reason in material and finish to none. His prices are low, and he will be found to be remarkably low considering the quality of the goods he sells.

Wm. BEWS.

BOOTS & SHOES

—FROM—

THOS. WILSON.

(Successor to Thos. Nicholson)

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 Reliable Stock and workmanship guaranteed. Send 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

Lockshutt's Plows & Plow Fittings.

BAR, HOOP, AND BAND IRON.

A complete stock of cutlery, SPOONS, FORKS, &c.

At W. H. MACNAB'S,

MILTON.

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Northern & North-Western.
Going North. Going South.
A.M. P.M. A.M. P.M.
Mail 9-50 P.M. 10-42 A.M. 5-33 P.M.

Canadian Pacific Railway.
Going West. Going East.
A.M. P.M. A.M. P.M.
Express 9-27 P.M. 7-50 A.M. 5-01 P.M.

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

VOLUME 25.

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

Thursday Morning

—AT—

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DUNCAN, DUPBELL & PANTON, Props.

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1/4 "	6 months	25 00
1/4 "	3 "	15 00
1/6 "	1 year	25 00
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1/8 "	1 year	15 00
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D. MCCUTCHON, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, etc. Office—Heath's Block, Milton. 50

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BUSHOLM & ELLIOTT,

Barristers, &c.

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

VICTOR CRISHOLM. J.W.ELLIOTT. B.A.

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Barristers and Solicitors in the Supreme Court

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Corner King & McNab Streets. 18-y

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LICENSED AUCTIONEERS

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THE LEADING HOTEL IN TOWN

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"THE PLAINLAND ADVERTISER" with supplement containing a choice list of Fruit, Grain, Stock and Dairy Farms, and other properties in all parts of the country; with thirty provincial and county papers sent to any address, post free, on receipt of 50 cents.

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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 this world. 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 assured for those who start at once. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 26-1 yr.

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The price of Farm & Fireside one year is	50
The value of the Engraving is fully	2.50
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On Improved Farm and Substantial City Property, at Lowest Rates and on most favourable terms. No fines, charges moderate.

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Or to D. STEELE, Barrister, Hamilton.

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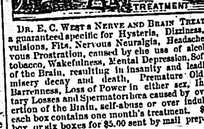

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WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES.

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by the money, 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. McColl, druggist. Sole agent for Milton.

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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.

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We are prepared to fill all orders for all kinds of

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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.

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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—[illegible] 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. 350 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 every 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.

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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

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FASHIONABLE DRESS AND MANTLE MAKER

Begs to inform the Ladies living at a distance that she has opened a PURCHASING AGENCY and is prepared to do shopping of every description. All orders will receive prompt and careful attention. INFANTS' OUTFITS, WEDDING and TROUSSEAUX A SPECIALTY.

Send for circulars with full particulars, 104 King street west, Toronto. 42-3m

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

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

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Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York.

Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet.

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TO LOAN AT 6 PER CENT.

Straight loans. Terms of repayment of principal made to suit loan owners. 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.

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—FOR—

Paterson Bros',

Of PATERSON,

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

Paterson Bros.' Self-Binder, Ontario Five-Rake 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 Steel Plows, built by George Wilkinson & Co., of Aurora; no imitation; warranted to hold easy and clean in any soil or no sale. 38-3m.

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 1878 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.

138 Yonge St., Toronto.

VANITY HARDWARE.

By ALAN MUIR.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. HARDCASTLE LOSES THE TRICK.

Time went by. The attack of smallpox was not severe, and the child soon began to mend. Maud Neville several times tried to persuade Vanity that her presence with the little girl was no longer needed, and urged her to leave; but Vanity was resolved to remain. In the dark room she still played her part of mother, and the child would never be still unless her "mother" was at hand. Besides, Vanity reasoned that she would run no greater risk by remaining then she had already incurred; for the disease would either never attack her or she must be already infected. To these considerations was added her strange fatalistic idea, that if he died through this daring act it would be well; but if she escaped, she could henceforth live after her own fashion. Generous humanity and true courage had brought her into this infected room; but a new strange motive kept her there in a sort of fascinated state. Sometimes she wished for death and the end of all; at other times her heart beat with wild thoughts; but even amidst the wild thoughts there was a certain relief in thinking that death *might* intervene, and make the consummation which she at once desired and dreaded an impossibility forever.

Meanwhile she grew fond of her little charge. The child was the most patient of sufferers; would whisper "Thank you, mamma," with a grace and prettiness, every time she was tended; would ask "mother" to sing and would pipe in a few notes here and there, stopping with a sigh, and murmuring that she was tired; then she would lie with her tiny wasted hand in "mother's," quite content, lying on the brink of the grave with the serene unconsciousness of childhood. Vanity began to feel a new affection in her breast, a tenderness for this little child.

All this time Mrs. Hardcastle drove over daily in her great carriage and pair, and made kind inquiries. The conduct of this inscrutable lady showed that she had been duly endowed by nature with the instinct of self-preservation. Her instinct was to drive to the borders of the ground, having first observed the quarter of the wind; for to make things sure, and acting on her cherished axiom that Providence helps those that help themselves, she had her weathercock specially repaired for the crisis. Thus, having pulled her carriage up something like a quarter of a mile from the house, the thoughtful dame would select some young child returning from the parish school, and would give the creature a penny to go right up to the house and say that Mrs. Hardcastle was waiting. Hereupon some of the family would repair to the spot, and begin a conversation over the hedge which inclosed the grounds. At sight of this deputation Mrs. Hardcastle would stand up in her carriage and waving out a small watering pot filled with the strongest vinegar, and with this engine she would describe an aromatic semicircle around herself, remarking invariably that it was our duty to use the means. By the time she had delivered herself of these valuable sentiments there was generally a quart or two of vinegar on the high-road, and the very horses were sneezing.

Then Mrs. Hardcastle would begin:

"How is the child?"

Usually the child was going on nicely.

Here the old lady would remark that this was satisfactory, as far as it went. Then came question number two:

"Has the Complaint caught the young person yet?"

No; the young person maintained her ordinary health.

At this the old lady would remark that there was considerable time left yet, and she would pass on to question three:

"Has the Complaint come down stairs?"

No; the Complaint had not come down stairs.

The old lady would look as if this were somewhat unaccountable behavior on the part of the Complaint, and after musing she would put question four. If Mrs. Neville happened to be the patient, the question took this form:

"Maud! you are not going to remain in that house?"

"Yes," Maud would say, "there is really no danger."

"Maud," the old lady would reply, in great anger, "you were always reckless—ever since you were four years old."

On one point the old lady was very pressing, so much that this caused the prime motive which induced her to expose her person to such risk.

"Is Tom staying on with you?"

"Yes," Maud would reply. "He is not afraid."

"Now, Maud, take advice," Mrs. Hardcastle would say. "Tom Pembroke is tempting Providence. A young unmarried man, too! Get him out of the house. Send him up to London and let him take a Turkish bath; then let him burn all the clothes he has worn; then let him come down and stay a month with Georgina and myself, we will take good care of him. Georgina is quite unhappy about Tom; it really goes to my heart to see her fret."

Maud enjoyed a quiet smile all to herself. That afternoon she dryly informed her brother of Mrs. Hardcastle's proposal, detailing with satirical fullness the directions as to burning the clothes and taking the Turkish bath. Tom Pembroke was highly diverted, but he was nettled too, and planned revenge. The next morning, when Mrs. Hardcastle's carriage stopped as usual near the fence, Tom stole secretly along, behind the plantation, and suddenly appeared in the road.

"Maud told me of your kind invitation," he said, with friendly warmth. "You are too good-natured."

"I hope before you come you will be disinfected," replied Mrs. Hardcastle. "Thoroughly disinfected, Tom. Then all will be well."

"Quite so," Tom answered. "But before that I must have one word with you. We may as well sit together in the carriage and talk."

At the word he leaped lightly over the fence and walked straight up to her. The old lady turned deadly pale.

"Not now. Not this morning," she called out. "It would be most imprudent."

"Not the less," cried Tom gayly. "I take the responsibility on myself."

And actually his hand was on the carriage door.

"James," shouted the old lady, in fearful accents, "drive off! Home, James, home!"

And without a word of explanation or farewell off she drove as a tremendous pace; and with such dexterity did she handle her watering-pot that the vinegar streamed out behind like the tail of a comet. Tom went back to the house laughing, and Maud applauded his wit and resource, and confessed that he told his story in a most amusing way. But Mrs. Hardcastle had forgotten that in human life scheming people must be prepared to dare somewhat at particular conjunctures, else the best laid scheme will not prosper. In all probability had Tom Pembroke sat down in that carriage, Arabella Hardcastle would have changed her name before six months were over; Mrs. Hardcastle would have been a proud and happy mother-in-law; Tom Pembroke would have sunk into a good-natured gentleman, managed to the point of comedy; Maud Neville would have been transformed into a warm-hearted sister disgusted for life; and the question concerning Vanity Hardware, is she a heroine? could never have extracted any answer, except one.

So surely would Tom be seen idling around the garden.

CHAPTER XI.

VANITY IN THE RAPIDS.

Had this story been narrated in the shape of a comedy, a pretty scene might have been arranged here. A well ordered flower garden, toward the end of October, in a genial year when summer lingered long. In the midst of the garden a large, low house, with a long veranda in front, and above the veranda a balcony. Maud Neville standing below, talking with Vanity Hardware in half-whispers, lest by any chance the small ears inside should hear.

Besides these two pretty women, a third figure often appears. Tom Pembroke liked a morning cigar, and his habit had been to smoke it while walking in the kitchen garden, consulting with an old gardener who had known him from a child. All of a sudden Tom took a fancy to the flower garden. So sure as Maud began to talk with Vanity about the sick child, so surely would Tom be seen idling round the garden with his cigar, and taking an opportunity of raising his hat to Vanity, whom everybody there treated as a lady, without knowing why.

Of course Maud saw it all; and coming over Vanity's strange manner in her mind, she reasonably concluded that the beautiful stranger, having observed how the soldier admired her, was elated at her conquest, and yet fearful of the result. "It is not to be wondered at," Maud said to herself; "of course she feels pleased." But Maud felt that she must warn her brother to be careful. She loved her brother above every human creature except her husband and her children; but still, Maud knew what men are, and she was a plucky woman, who always said her say. She determined to tell Tom plainly that this sort of thing would never do. One fact puzzled, and yet pleased her, too. For several mornings she watched this by-play, and she could not account for it, artificial behavior. Not a flirting glance, not a bit of affected coyness, no attempt to kill with a retreating eye as she left the balcony. The very way in which Vanity returned Tom's salute was so frank and open that Maud, who had been a bit of a flirt in her time, confessed to herself that it was possible system, however wily, could Vanity be trying to fascinate this fascinating soldier.

But the cause of her complete indifference was beyond Maud Neville's ken. Vanity was infatuated about Willie Snow; in spite of his misconduct she loved him more than ever. This was silly and wicked of Vanity; but consider, reader, how few stories would be written if a few people were not silly and weak; and remember how frail is the heart of woman. Shall we wonder if now and again one of that sex does go right down and mend over an unworthy love? Even the masculine heart is not secure against such delusion. The masculine heart, we all know, is as near perfection as possible; and yet a duke, a millionaire, a scholar or a philosopher has been known to surrender his heart to some charmer whom every person of common sense has pronounced utterly unworthy, and the charmer has been known to hold the heart against all comers. We need not forgive Vanity, but we may consider in what company she trod the road of waywardness. Her madness was at least sincere. Vanity thought nothing of the handsome dragoon for whose admiration several girls of rank and fortune were sighing. She would not turn her head for another glance, all because her heart was full of Willie Snow, the man who she still called her own, and whom she believed had been given to her in solemn and tender hour beneath the saffron skies, and to the music of the dying evening wind.

"And *she*," Vanity murmured, with an accent of intense scorn, "was married to him in a damp parish church, with a clerk twanging the responses through his nose!"

For Vanity could express her rebellious feelings wittily enough, and she did not fully understand the danger she was in.

CHAPTER XII.

MAUD NEVILLE IN A FIX.

Mistress Maud Neville was prompted by a humane desire to keep the heart of her brother in safety and to guide his affections aright. This desire frequently possesses active and high-minded matrons, and from it unspeakable benefits accrue to humanity. After one of these morning encounters between grassplot and balcony, when Vanity had retired—

"Sit down here, Tom," said Maud, indicating a garden seat; "what a pleasant cigar you are smoking this morning!"

"Glad you like it," Tom said, being weak on the subject of cigars. "I bought a thousand yesterday. I fancy I know a good cigar."

"This is quite fragrant," the innocent young matron said. "So agreeable in the open air."

Our dragoon sat down, and in the spirit of courtesy disposed himself so that he should come between the wind and his sister. Under this arrangement Maud winked a little bit more than three times, but on the whole she bore it very well.

"Now, Master Tom," Maud said playfully, "have you counted up the hearts you have broken since you came down here?"

"Oh, I don't know about that!" the dragoon replied, looking not ill-pleased with himself. "I really don't give my mind to it—not much, you know, Maudey."

"Still, you must admit"— Maud now spoke with the air of a woman of, say, fifty-five; grave, experienced, one who had long looked life in the face—"you must admit that a man ought to make up his mind some time."

"Yes," Tom replied, "certainly he ought—some time, as you say."

"I suppose you will marry, Tom?"

At this artless question the dragoon positively blushed.

"And: I suppose," Maud went on, "Arabella Hardcastle will be the woman?"

"Can't say," Tom replied diffidently. Then brightening up, he added, "I think it highly probable that the man Arabella will marry will be myself. I mean, you know, Arabella and her mother together, Maudey."

Tom applied himself vigorously to his cigar, like a man who has got out of a fix cleverly.

Maud was greatly amused, and laughed heartily at brother Tom's wit.

"For shame!" she said. "Poor Arabella! And after all, Tom, she is rather a nice old lady."

"Rather," Tom replied; "but only rather."

"Now, Tom," Maud said with an admirable air of surprise, "have you and the Hardcastles fallen out? You did not speak in this way a few days ago."

"As which our dragoon's blush, just receding, broke out again most visibly.

"In one word," Maud said, looking him full in the face, "there is a new comer. I think I can guess."

In this way Maud contrived so skillfully that there and then her brother confessed that he admired Vanity Hardware, and she, like the tactician she was, received the intelligence with perfect composure, not protesting, but ready to discuss the matter in the most business like spirit. Maud Neville, hot as she was, could keep her temper, especially with her brother, upon whom she doted, fearing him a little too. This only she said:

"She is very handsome, good, kind; but then, Tom—"

"I know what you mean," Tom remarked, seeing she hesitated. "Ought we to visit her?"

"Well, you see, Tom, we have to ask such questions."

So Tom turned full on his sister, half laughing, yet with a certain seriousness in his voice.

"If you had to choose for me, and the choice lay between Arabella and my newcomer—"

"Really, Tom, I should not know what to do."

This may seem strange enough, but Maud could not bear the idea of having Arabella Hardcastle for sister-in-law. Her dislike was not a recent affair. Mrs. Hardcastle had brought her up from infancy, and had managed to make her, as child, girl and young woman, cordially detest her guardian. Arabella, too, had always been pitted against Maud. Her music, her dancing, her way of entering a room, her singing, her Paris accent, whatever could become a young woman, was praised in Arabella to the open disparagement of Maud. Now, Maud was born with a temper, and never could submit to this odious system of comparison; and many a time, as a child, she had been sent to bed, with bread and water for dinner, because she rebelled against Mrs. Hardcastle's insulting comparisons. Her hour of triumph came at last; for wealthy Augustus Neville chose her, and not Arabella, when Mrs. Hardcastle was compassing sea and land to get the husband for her own daughter. Maud loved her husband because he was clever and kind, and perhaps, most of all, because he delivered her from the bondage of this female Pharaoh. But she never could forget her humiliating past. Not that she was revengeful; but, indeed, old Mrs. Hardcastle would have prevented any mortal Christian, no matter in what stage of perfection, from forgiving her.

But that potent old lady had managed to entangle Tom Pembroke. Tom was easy-natured, and liked a bit of flirtation, and he was so dexterously managed that by the time he was more than half convinced that he had won Arabella's affections, and might end by breaking her heart! He was a man of scrupulous honor, and his sister well knew that if old Mrs. Hardcastle once convinced him that he had thoughtlessly gained her daughter's affections, Tom would marry the girl at all risks. At the very thought of such an event Maud shuddered.

Accordingly, when Tom told his sister that he had really taken a fancy to Vanity Hardware, that sensible and straightforward young woman was in a fix. Perhaps, of the two she might have preferred Vanity, but all lady readers will see that there were very grave objections to a marriage with this brave, beautiful, but certainly most nondescript heroine. Some women might have finessed one girl against the other, trying at the same time to lead Tom away from both. But Maud, while not above practicing feminine arts and minor duplicities, was at heart as honorable as her brother, and would have hated herself if she could have seriously entertained the idea of playing with poor Vanity's affections for any social gain whatever. Accordingly Tom's question was a decided poser.

"Which of the two would it be, Maud?"

Tom saw his advantage, and pressed his question.

Maud traced a pattern on the gravel with her foot, raised her eyebrows, as if to signify that she was put in an unfair position: but she made no answer.

"You see, Maud," said Tom, "in Arabella's case there would be no question of 'ought we to visit her?' Everybody ought; everybody would."

Maud nodded; but she did not relax her face of dislike for an instant.

"In the case of Miss Hardware"—somehow Tom had a difficulty over the name—"there would be all sorts of difficulties, some imaginary, some real."

Maud nodded again.

"Of course," said Tom, I am now talking on the supposition that I felt such a step to be desirable, and also that—"

Tom paused, and his sister looked up.

"What next?"

"That Miss Hardware would have me."

There was a tender respect for the woman of his wavering choice, and Maud admired him for it; but she said:

"Oh, Tom, ridiculous. Of course she would!"

"Now, do you know," he rejoined, "I am not so sure of that."

And he spoke so seriously that Maud felt he must have some reason for his thought, and she was greatly astonished. Fancy Tom Pembroke, asking poor and pretty and helpless Vanity Hardware to be his wife! And fancy her saying No! Here would be materials for a novel indeed!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Doesn't Like to Live There.

The California quail is successfully domesticated upon several English estates. But our eastern variety resists all attempts at acclimation in Britain.

A Great Nascent American Empire.

I was talking to Mr. Joseph Nimmo, who has been on the commission upon the line of the Northern Pacific railroad to look at the resources of the country there. He told me that there would be a huge empire in the west, reaching from western Dakota to the Rocky mountains, and covering Wyoming territory and a part of Montana. He says that agriculture out there will be under entirely novel conditions. There is plenty of water to put on the soil by irrigating organization, and this water will be more reliable than the rains in the east. Because it will never disappear, and can be thoroughly regulated, but it can not be provided by the individual farmer, and must be let to him with water rates.

Capital will find its highest and best form of investment there, but the nature of the agriculture will be different from the individualism of the east. At the present time that country is full of cattle in the midst of winter, who are keeping themselves warm by filling their bellies. The country on the Northern Pacific is rather milder in climate than the high knoblands on the Union Pacific railroad. Its elevation is lower, as can be proved by steamers going as far up as Fort Benton, on the Missouri river. Mr. Nimmo thinks that this interior of the United States, brought to perfection by engineering skill and applied capital, will support enormous multitudes of men and make populous states. He has obtained all the data to make a report upon the subject.—"Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Coffee Down in Guatemala.

A dinner in Guatemala concludes with coffee. It is not the fragrant decoction one might expect in a coffee-producing country, however; but a thick extract, handed round in bottles, from which each person takes a small quantity, diluting with hot water.

Silver Electro-Plate Upon Wood.

A novelty in silver is the discovery of a process of electro-plating with silver upon wood, and its adaptation to handles of all kinds, including umbrellas, canes, carving-knives, etc. The silver is thrown upon the wood by a process which has proved extremely difficult in practice. The deposit of silver, of course, follows all the peculiarities of the wood, and the ordinary handle is simply garnished in most ineradicable silver. The special advantage is in the variety of designs that may be produced.—Scientific Journal.

A Clever Escape from Libby Prison.

Quartermaster Murphy belonged to a New York regiment, and was captured and sent to Libby. It was the practice of the Rebels to allow prisoners who had been practitioners of medicine to attend the sick in the prison hospital. They were given the freedom of the prison, to come and go at will.

One day a green sentry would not allow these men to pass, when he was sharply reprimanded by Capt. Gibbs, and was told that those men who wore red ribbons on the lapels of their coats should pass unmolested.

Murphy overheard this and took advantage of it. He had some red lining in his vest, and, tearing off a strip, he pinned the physician insignia on his coat, and, watching an opportunity, he got past the guard and escaped over into the Union lines.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure

COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES,

For Affections of the Lungs and Wasting Diseases.

Dr. J. Simorand, New Orleans, La., says: "I can candidly declare Scott's Emulsion is the finest preparation of the kind that has ever been brought to my notice. In affections of the lungs and other wasting diseases, we may consider it our most reliable agent. In a perfectly elegant and agreeable form."

Scott Act Enforcement.

There seems to be considerable difficulty in enforcing the Scott Act in St. Thomas. It is the old story that prohibition does not prohibit. Whiskey is now know among the Saints as "cold tea," and beer as "ocean foam," while there is a mystery fluid known as "juice 'em." The Scott Act people recently asked the city council to appoint a special constable, whose duty it should be to enforce the law. On the score of economy the request was refused, but it is understood that instructions will be given the police force to enforce the Scott Act in the same manner as the City Council other laws governing the city. As the law was only carried by a bare majority its enforcement will be pretty difficult.—St. Thomas Journal.

JUNE ROSES.—Rich, blooming and variegated as the roses of June, comes the American Agriculturist for this month with its one hundred original illustrations and original articles, by forty-four well known writers in various parts of the Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Every number now of this periodical is better than its predecessor, and the publishers announce that they are providing for still new features and illustrations. The second paper, in the series of the Hom