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It is guaranteed not to gum and will out wear all other Machine Oils. For Binders it has no equal.

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Established in 1874.

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—IMPORTERS OF—

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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.

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

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

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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.

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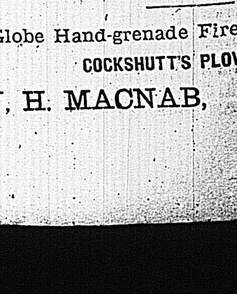

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Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

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Northern & North-West'n Rail'ys

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ROBERT QUINN, Gen. Pas. Agent, Toronto. MR. LAWRENCE, Agent N. & N.-W. Ry., Milton.

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GOING NORTH. 4.50 P.M. GOING SOUTH. 10.42 A.M. 8.38 P.M.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

GOING WEST. 3.47 P.M. 8.03 P.M. GOING EAST. 7.30 A.M. 3.01 P.M.

Hearses for Hornby, Drumquin, Mage, Boyne, &c. at 9 o'clock m.

G.C.P.R., go. East 7.30 a.m. West 2.27p.m

VOLUME 26.

The Canadian Champion,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY Thursday Morning

—AT—

MILTON, CO. OF HALTON, ONT.

TURNBULL & 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 $1.50 will be charged.

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1 column	1 year	$75.00
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Special Notice, the object of which is to secure the pecuniary benefit of any individual, firm, institution, or fund, will be considered an advertisement, and charged accordingly.

Local notice of any kind submitted among the Editorial notices will be charged at less than 50 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Notices of births, deaths, and marriages, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements ten cents per line, for sale of lost, strayed, stolen, and wanted, will be inserted at 50 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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Our job work strictly cash.

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MEWARR, Barrister, County Crown Attorney, Notary Public, etc., Town Hall, Milton.

GIBBON, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, etc. Office—Booth's Block, Milton. 50

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Solicitors for the Bank and Solicitors in the Supreme Court

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THOMAS, L. D. S. Dentist Licentiate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Ontario, will be in Milton on the last Tuesday of every month. Office in Dr. Thompson's residence where he may be consulted by persons wishing professional services.

S. ZIMMERMAN,

DENTIST,

HAMILTON, ONT.

King & McNab Streets. 18-

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W. HOBBS is prepared to furnish all kinds of Yarn and Knit Stockings—all sizes. Parties can furnish Yarn and have Knitting done cheap. All orders filled. 24-tf

Gift Enterprise.

Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you page royal Family Bible, sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making money at once, than anything else in this region. Both sexes, of all ages can live at home 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. 26-1 yr.

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A list of Fruit, Grain, Stock, and Dairy Farms, Village Lands, Suburban Residences, Mills, and other properties, with thirty provincial and county maps, compriled in "CANADIAN LAND GUIDE," sent free on receipt of 3c. stamp. Address:

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Subscribe for Farm & Fireside one year is .50
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We will send you all the above, worth $5.00 for only $2.00 if you send the money at once. Address, PECK'S SUN, Milwaukee, Wis.

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Call or call at once for particulars.

E. B. REYNOLDS,

20 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

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. Balmer	6	3	5	3	11	3	10 a.m.
3	Georgetown	L. Grant	12	16	11	7	17	9	9 30 a.m
	Acton	J. Matthews	13	11	13	8	16	11	10 a.m.
	Campbellville	S. R. Lister	11	8	10	9	9	8	9 30 "
	Burlington	W. J. Bastedo	5	2	4	2	10	2	11 "

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, Tuesday 8th June, 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 11 a m.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts.—Monday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July & 4th October, at 2 p.m.

By order, JOHN DEWAR, Clerk of the Peace.

W. H. MACNAB, Hardware Merchant,

Has now taken the Agency for

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DR. C. W. CHASE'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT is a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration, caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to 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. McColl, druggist, Sole agent for Milton.

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Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet.

A STANDARD MEDICAL WORK

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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 25 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French, morocco, 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.

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—FOR THE—

Counties of Halton, Peel, Wentworth and Wellington.

CHARGES MODERATE

Satisfaction Guaranteed. All orders promptly attended to.

E. CHAPMAN, Campbellville. W. BURGER, Hornby.

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

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

Save 20 Per Cent!

1836.—SEMI-CENTENNIAL—1886.

YEAR OF THE

GORE DISTRICT FIRE INS. CO.,

Conducted both on Cash and Mutual Plans.

HON. JAMES YOUNG, M.P.P., President.
ADAM WARNOCK, Esq., Vice President.
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Enters upon its FIFTIETH YEAR much stronger and more prosperous than at any previous period, having $218,896 of Assets and practically NO LIABILITY except a Re-insurance Reserve of $80,000. There are $200,000 deposited with the Ontario Government, and over $90,000 held in Mortgages, Debentures, and Cash, immediately available to meet losses.

Mutual Policy-holders in the "Gore" saw 20 per cent. with undoubted security.

For further particulars apply to the HEAD OFFICE, GALT,

or to WILLIAM PANTON,

Agent for Milton and vicinity

48-3m.

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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.

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.

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LUMBER, FLOORING, LATH, SHINGLES

Lumber Matched and Dressed to Order.

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 Street, Milton.

LADY ISABEL'S ATONEMENT.

A SEQUEL TO EAST LYNNE.

"Heaven help a mother when it comes to that! You can guess what followed. Within a year Levison grew tired of her, the long expected heirescy was conferred on him, and he was, thenceforth, Sir Francis Levison, a peer of the British realm. He had promised Isabel to make her his wife as soon as a divorce was procured from Archibald Carlyle, but that promise was never fulfilled. Such a divorce was procured but Sir Francis Levison had wearied of his toy, and poor, alone, and among strangers, he forsook her and returned to England. Your father found her housed in a miserable hovel, ill, deserted, starving. He gave her money to aid her in finding employment as a teacher, but shortly after the report of her death reached England. She had been killed in a railroad accident, it was said, and so her miserable story was ended.

"Rosamond, that report was false. She lived. Horribly crushed and disfigured, she survived the accident, and put into practice a strangely hazardous scheme. Archibald Carlyle, after a long mourning over her shame and his own broken heart, had married again, and married this very Barbara Hare. The children who had blessed his first union were advancing from the era of babyhood, and needed the constant care of a governess. Such a person was advertised for immediately. Lady Isabel saw and answered the advertisement under the pseudonym of Madame Vine, was engaged, and in disguise, returned to East Lynne and became the governess of her own children. It ended as you might foresee. She found her husband happy in his new love, she found the children of Barbara Hare petted and loved and honored, while her own little ones were looked upon as shadows of their mother's shame, and her heart, long breaking was shattered at last. Even the child who was named after her was known now by a different title and her children had never been told the story of her unhappy fate, but they had been forbidden to speak of her, been taught to forget her. The climax came when William, her little son, died in her arms without knowing that his exiled mother lived, and from that hour, the seal of death was imprinted upon her.

"She died, Rosamond, of a broken heart, but ere she passed away, she sent for Archibald Carlyle and revealed herself to him. They buried her away from the sight of man, and the terrible secret was locked up in their own hearts. The world believed that Lady Isabel Carlyle had gone abroad and been killed in a railroad accident, and the story of her elopement and shameful death was known only to a trusted few between the walls of East Lynne. Jealousy had spoiled her life, but ere she died, she learned that her husband had been perfectly true to her. Years before, an old farmer, the father of Joyce Hallijohn, had been ruthlessly murdered. Joyce was possessed of a flighty, laughter-loving sister called Afy, and for whom Richard Hare, Barbara's brother, conceived a boyish sort of love. Old Farmer Hallijohn had quarreled with Richard, forbiddon him see Afy again, and when the murder was committed, suspicion pointed directly at Richard Hare—so directly, that his own father swore he would hang him if he knew his whereabouts—and terrified by the dark string of circumstances, the foolish boy fled instead of facing his accusers. He protested his innocence, however, and swore that the real murderer was a young London swell named Thorn, who had dazzled Afy's silly heart, and who had disappeared, leaving no trace of his existence, the night the murder was of the committed. Hunted by the officers of the law, afraid to seek the father who would have sworn to deliver him to justice, poor old Richard was obliged to appeal to his mother and sister for help, and be guided by the advice of his friend, the lawyer Carlyle. To him Barbara had intrusted the secret that her brother was prowling about the place and almost starving, and it was either to deliver some message from Richard, or to lead him to Richard himself, that Barbara, Hare one day sought those secret conferences with Archibald Carlyle, and they two took those frequent moonlight rambles.

"In time, the truth of Richard Hare's assertion was proven to the world. The man Thorn was discovered to be no other than Sir Francis Levison himself; the crime was subsequently sent to prison and he was subsequently brought home to him, and hard labor for life. So was the miserable mistake of Lady Isabel's life ended, but the world at large never knew the shame of it. It was believed that she once died abroad, a loved and honoured wife, and no being, but the few who knew the real history of Lady Isabel's life, ever dreamed of connecting her with the dead governess, Madame Vine, who lay buried in a nameless grave. Young Archibald, her second son, died shortly after his unhappy mother, and all that remained to connect Mr. Carlyle with the shameful past was the daughter who alone survived—the girl whose heart is my dearest prey, the Lady Isabel Lucy Carlyle!"

My lady ceased speaking suddenly, a look of malice convulsed her face, and turning abruptly, she resumed her uneasy pacing. Rosamond glanced up calmly. That sad life history had not stirred one tender feeling in her heart, nor brought one shadow of pain to her beautiful marble face.

"I have followed them, mamma?" she asked, quietly. "As yet I can see no very powerful injury done to us by the conduct of Lady Isabel Carlyle; but, of course, there was some dark issue, or you would not be hero cursing her to day."

The countess wheeled round abruptly, and gnashed her teeth.

"You are right?" she said, steadily advancing and opening and shutting her jeweled hands in the terrible agitation. "There *was* an issue, and you are not my child, not the Lady Rosamond Mount Severn, if you ever forget or pardon it. When Lady Isabel—or, as she was then believed, Madame Vine—expired, Archibald Carlyle sent immediately for your father, and without a moment's delay, he repaired to East Lynne. Two days later, Leith Abbey was alive with guests. In the earl's absence I threw open for a grand *bal masque*; my gay gallants filled the grounds, hands were clashing, lanterns were flaming amid the trees, laughter and dancing made the grand gardens one bower of lovely life, and I was plunging into the beautiful whirlpool like a very bacchante and reveling in the wild bliss of my freedom, when some one strode upon the scene and confronted me.

"It was my husband—stern, white, angry. In a hoarse voice, he bade me dismiss my guests at once, and come to him in the library. I complied with the bitter request; white and trembling I went to him, and then and there he cursed me down upon me. He flew into a violent rage, he reviled me, cursed me, all but struck me! I had pealed his name, I had wrecked his honor, he told me, and I should do penance to the last hour of life. White and trembling I stood and listened, and from that hour my curse clung to the memory of Lady Isabel Carlyle. He told me all the dark story; how she had escaped the railroad accident, and come home to watch over the children, how she had died under the roof from which she fled to shame and ruin, and in dying, had brought down my doom! Among her effects a diary was found, and, telling there the story of her life, she attributed all her dishonor to me. It was I who had made life hateful to her, it was I who had driven her from Castle Marling, and all because I loved Francis Levison. My husband had fancied the secret of my wish to be rid of her was a desire to be relieved of the charge of chaperoning a young girl, and in those pages, he knew the truth at last. She wrote more than she had ever revealed to Archibald Carlyle—more than I ever dreamed she knew,—and the Earl of Mount Severn, outraged by what he read, cursed me as the root of her shame and the destroyer of his honor.

"'Let this be life-long penance!' he cried, confronting me with working face and dilated eyes. "'You have sold me for the world, Emma Mount Severn, but your name shall never again be coupled with your glittering prize until it is everlastingly uncoupled with mine!' Heaven! I stood before him, Rosamond, and listened to my doom with a cold horror that seemed to change me into stone. Henceforth, I must go into seclusion as absolute as a cloistered nun. He would not live with me, would not exchange one word with me, until death set him free from the misery of what I had done—and so I lived never beyond the threshold of my room. For seven years there was no sent for me to come to my husband's library, and then and there gave you your choice. You would go with your mother's child, my Rosamond, and you chose me.

"'Corrupt—all corrupt!' cried the earl, in horror. 'I am cursed in my union, dishonored in my child!' and turning, without another word, he walked out of the room.

"On the following day it was given out that I had gone on the Continent to live, as the English climate disagreed with me. Instead, I was carried here and left under the guardianship of four stern retainers. Accompanied by his valet, Francois, the earl repaired to Mount Severn, his Welsh estate, buried himself from the world, and from the hour he walked out of the library at Leith Abbey I have never looked into his face. For seventeen years I have not passed beyond the threshold of this house; for seventeen years I have nursed my malice and cursed the memory of Lady Isabel Carlyle, and for seven years I have been dead to the world. Do you realize now the debt I owe her and hers? Do you understand what my child owes to the child of tomb? The day will come, Rosamond, if not I, shall go back to the old life's scenes. The old life and the old life's scenes. The world will fling back its doors its arms, society will fling them back to me, to you as it once flung them back to me, and you will see the life of which I have been so bitterly robbed. I ask you but one thing. Rosamond. Mount Severn, when you meet her—when you stand face with Lady Isabel's child, think of your mother—think of these seven years of living death, and realize the slow, willowy motion, and almost before she was aware of it, a tall, masculine figure had arisen abruptly, a pair of strong arms had closed about her, and a kiss stopped the pretty scream of surprise on her soft lips.

She had entered with all the hauteur of a queen insulted, but the tender greeting had melted the ice; she forgot her pride, forgot her resolution, and throwing her arms about her father's neck, kissed him and caressed him with a childish sort of abandon.

"Oh, papa, darling, I am so glad!" she said, in that pretty, innocent way which was her greatest charm. "Do you know that Joyce and I have been watching every hour for you for a whole fortnight past? Come, sir, give an account of yourself. It is two weeks since you first wrote that we might expect you, and each day Joyce would say to me: 'He will be here before nightfall, my lady. I feel in my bones that he is coming to-day!' (Joyce always feels everything in her bones, you know, papa.) But day after day passed without bringing you, and I had just given you up and started in for that feminine luxury, a good cry, when this morning I brought me a telegram from Craydock, telling me that you were on your way home and we might expect you at Leith Abbey before nightfall. Pray, sir, what excuse can you offer for this atrocious conduct? It is only the privilege of a woman to change her mind."

Mr. Carlyle released the slender, willowy figure he had been holding all this time, and standing off, made a mock salaam.

"I humbly crave your majesty's pardon for usurping the prerogative of your sex," he said, laughingly. "But I was obliged to do so. On the day stated in my first letter, I was about to start on my journey, when I was instantly summoned to Wales, and I had no choice but to obey."

"To Wales, papa!" repeated Isabel, in blank surprise. "Good gracious, what could have taken you to that bleak place? I never think of Wales without recalling the wild, weird, 'Mabinogion,' of the Daughter of Llyr, of Taliesin and all the fabulous heroes of those wild tales. Ugh!" (with a slight shiver) "they used to terrify me so, when I was little, that I never can think of the 'Leek Country' without a shudder. Wales seems like a haunted land to me, papa—it is very foolish, I know, but I laugh at me, please) do you know, papa, all my life I have felt that if any harm ever came to me, it would come from Wales!"

She had expected to see him smile at her childish fancy, but the expectation was never fulfilled, for as she spoke, a gray shadow seemed to creep across his face, his lips grew suddenly tense, and turning in profound agitation, he walked nervously over to the window and looked out at the sunset sky.

Lady Isabel followed him with hasty steps, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"What is it, papa, darling?" she questioned, earnestly. "Are you ill? Your face changed so suddenly, and—Good gracious, papa, how white you are! Let me ring for Joyce to fetch you a glass of wine."

She turned as though to put the words to action, but her father caught her arm suddenly and drew her back.

"No, no, no! I don't need wine, Lucy. Don't ring for any one. Let us be alone. I want to talk with you, my child," he said, huskily. "Sit down here at my feet, where I can see your face. Lucy, my darling, will you answer papa a question?"

"I will answer a hundred if you wish it," she said, sinking down on a low ottoman, and lifting her beautiful face with the sun shining on it. "Only call me Lucy no more, papa. Give me my name—dear, dead and gone mamma's name—and let there be no more mystery between us."

Again that gray shadow crept across his face, but he tried to smile through it.

"I am come to grant every request you may have, dear," he said tenderly; "and—and Isabel be it for the future. Now answer me the question: Would you be sorry to leave Leith Abbey?"

She looked up at him, her whole face radiant.

"If you would ask me what I most desire in life, papa," she said, "I would answer you: To enter the world and never look on Leith Abbey again. Ah, it is so cruel to shut me up here. What have I done? Why must I be out of the bright, beautiful world, papa, like something unclean? Ah! take me away—please, papa, take me away from Leith Abbey, and seek the friends who knew and will talk to me of mamma."

"Heaven forbid that!" he uttered fervently, and then, seeing the question-ing look with which she regarded him, he hastened to add: "I told you I had come to grant every request, Isabel, and to-night is to be your last under the roof-tree of Leith Abbey. Hush! hear me out. God knows I would willingly have kept you here until your mind was thoroughly formed, my child; but Leith Abbey is no longer at our command. The Earl of Mount Severn tenderness the countess has revoked the privilege, and claims it as her own. Nay, not in opposition to his will, my child—in this he world he has none."

"You mean papa?"

"I mean that the letter which called me to Wales summoned me to the death-bed of one whose love shielded your mother from many a heart-sick hour. Isabel, the Earl of Mount Severn is dead!"

Lady Isabel made no response to this. Her fair face clouded with grief, and she sat awhile with head bent down and hands listlessly folded. Her memory of the earl personally, was a very vague and very dim one. She remembered a grand old man who had been very tender to her in her early childhood—a rugged, noble face she had seen but twice in life, but whose image always arose when each Christmastide brought her gifts from Wales, always accompanied by a brief note that read:

"To my little kinswoman as a token of tender remembrance.

RAYMOND MOUNT SEVERN."

She looked up suddenly and found her father regarding her with earnest eyes.

"I shall miss the Earl of Mount Severn, papa, dear," she said, pathetically. "I shall feel as though Heaven has deprived me of a loving and tender guardian."

Archibald Carlyle's face saddened.

"It has, Isabel," he said, brokenly, "and Heaven known I tremble for the consequences. Hush! ask me nothing now. I am giving you your freedom at the dying request of the earl, but before I do so I must exact a promise of you—a promise he bade me ask of you even with his last breath. Isabel, look up into my eyes, and tell me truthfully that you will obey it. If I let you go forth into the world, if I allow you to share those brilliant scenes for which your heart yearns, promise me faithfully and solemnly that you will avoid Lady Mount Severn. You will meet the earl's widow, I fear—she will come back into society, no doubt—but promise me this on your sacred honor: If you enter a drawing room where Emma Mount Severn's presence is permitted, you will leave it instantly, you will not speak, will not look at her, and above all on this earth, you will shun as a pestilence any and every man who touches that woman's hand!"

"Why, papa, what an odd request. What has the Countess of Mount Severn done that—"

Her father lifted his hand austerely.

"Ask me nothing, but promise on your sacred honor," he broke in almost savagely. "I can tell you nothing more. Let it suffice that I would sooner see you dead at my feet than know there was one feeling of sympathy between the Lady Isabel Vane's daughter and the wretch who—Ah! do you hear me, Isabel? Promise me you will avoid this woman, swear to me that the man who even speaks to Emma Mount Severn can never be a friend to you, never be admitted to your presence, or I shall deny you your freedom, and shut my heart to you eternally."

The Lady Isabel arose quietly, and an earnest look darkened her fair young face. For the first time she recollected what she had said to Joyce when they parted, and her delicate figure drew itself proudly erect.

"Papa," she said earnestly,—"papa, before I give you that promise I must ask something at your hands. I am not a child to be misled by a fancy and put off with a smiling word. There is some mystery in my life, some shadow at East Lynne, and I want to know what it is. Why should I avoid the Countess of Mount Severn? Why did you not complete the sentence regarding the Lady Isabel's child and Lord Mount Severn's wife? No! hear me out. The time has come when I must know all—when I can be put off no longer. I am born of a noble race, I am proud of my lineage, proud of the mother whose very name unlaces you start when I mention it, and I tell you there is a mystery regarding her fate that can be kept from me no longer. I want to know—I will know! Papa, why is my mother's portrait hidden? Why is her name tabooed? She was a thousand times more beautiful than Stepmamma Barbara. Why, then, is her beautiful face buried, and my stepmother's allowed to hang in the picture gallery of East Lynne?"

She paused abruptly and regarded her father with flashing eyes. He had fallen into a chair with a heavy groan, and sat with his face buried in his hands. Lady Isabel made a step toward him, but, at that instant, a magnificent equipage rolled down the shaded drive and swept into the courtyard of the Abbey.

They both heard the sound of the wheels, but neither looked out at the passing vehicle.

"Papa," said Lady Isabel, earnestly, "your carriage has come to bear me away from this place. Before I leave you explain this mystery to me?"

Mr. Carlyle lifted his haggard face.

"There is no mystery, Isabel, save what exists in your own fancy," he said, huskily. "Your mother perished in a railroad accident abroad, and, oh, my child! it almost broke my heart when she passed out of my life. Isabel, abandon this foolish fancy. Give me the promise I have asked and—"

"Enough, then," broke in Lady Isabel, imperiously. "In the world I will meet those who can and will tell me."

"You will learn no other story than the one I have told you, for the world knows no more."

"Then I shall seek the one who does."

"And that one you think is—"

"Lady Mount Severn presents her compliments, and desires to see your ladyship in the reception-room."

The Lady Isabel flashed her father a triumphant glance.

"Say that I will see her ladyship, Eric," she said, as the servant bowed and departed. "I have given you no promise, papa, and Heaven has sent me the one being who can truthfully tell me the story of the past!"

She turned abruptly and walked toward the door, and with a gasping cry her father arose and staggered after her.

"Isabel, for God's sake!" he broke out hoarsely. "Oh, Heaven, my child, would you murder your own peace!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE LORD OF RAVENSWOO