FARMERS!

For Reapers and Mowers, use

ARDINE MACHINE OIL

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

Sold in Milton only at

Johnson & Zealand's New Hardware Store.

Wholesale Agent. Sole Manufacturers, McColl Bros. & Co., Toronto.

Established in 1874.

MARSHALL BROS.,

—IMPORTERS OF—

TEAS AND COFFEES.

No. 67 Dundas Street, LONDON, ONT.

A. Pilley, 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 your table cheery O.

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

DONALD McNAIR

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

Wagons, Buggies, Democrats, &c.

Repairing done on short notice and in the best manner, also a full supply of all kinds of Shelf Hardware, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Varnishes, Minnepolis Self-Binder, Horse-Rakes, Drills, &c. Binder Canvas and Repairs a specialty. 41yr Stores—Commercial St., Milton.

W. M. BEWS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

—MILTON,—

has a splendid assortment of Canadian and Imported Tweeds Worsteds, Meltons, &c., &c., and can supply his patrons with clothing inferior in material and finish to none. His prices too, will be found to be remarkably low considering the quality of the goods he sells.

Wm. BEWS.

BOOTS & SHOES

GEO. WILSON,

(Late W. Nichols)

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 the lowest possible prices. Boots and Shoes made to order. A perfect fit and first-class work and workmanship guaranteed. Men's repairs.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL ON

Thos. Wilson.

C. S. RACEY,

MILTON.

—Dealer in all kinds of—

FRUIT, & ORNAMENTAL TREES, GRAPE VINES, GRAFTS, &c. 36-1yr

HARDWARE.

200 kegs best Montreal Steel and Iron Nails, Canadian and American pattern.

IMPORTED STYLES IN

Barn Door Hangers and Latches.

Best brands in READY MIXED PAINTS, WEITE LEAD, LINSEED CYLENDER and LUBRICATING OILS.

HAY FORK PULLEY AND ROPE

Pure Mannillia Binder Twine.

AGENT FOR WALTER'S METALLIC SHINGLES.

Globe Hand-grenade Fire Extinguisher.

COCKSHUTT'S PLOWS, etc.

W. H. MACNAB, - MILTON.

The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

VOLUME 26. MILTON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1886. NO. 16.

Travellers' Guide.

NORTHERN & NORTH-WESTERN.

GOING NORTH. 8·40 A. M. 5·08 P. M. GOING SOUTH. 10·40 A. M. 8·05 P. M.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

GOING WEST. 8·34 A. M. 5·27 P. M. 5·32 P. M. GOING EAST. 7·36 A. M. 3·31 P. M. 7·14 P. M.

Stage leaves for Hornby, Drumquin, Sage, Boyne &c. at 9 o'clock m

Sunday Trains C.P.R., go. East 7.20 a.m. West 2 27p.m

Northern & North-West'n Rail'ys

Through tickets to all points East and West and Manitoba. For tickets, rates, &c., apply to

ROBERT QUINN, Gen. Pas. Agent. Toronto.

MR. LAWRENCE, Agent N. & N. W. Rys. Milton

The Canadian Champion.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

Thursday Morning

—AT—

MILTON, CO. OF HALTON, ONT.

CAMPBELL & PANTON, Props.

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

TERMS:—$1 a year in advance or within one month from the date of subscribing if not so paid $1.50 will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 Column	1 year	$75 00
do	6 months	45 00
do	3 "	30 00
do	1 year	40 00
do	6 months	25 00
do	3 "	15 00
1 Page	1 year	25 00
do	6 months	15 00
do	3 "	10 00
do	1 year	15 00
do	6 months	10 00
do	3 "	7 00

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

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

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

Advertisements without special instructions in writing, otherwise the publishers will not be responsible.

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

No special notice of any kind admitted among the Local Notices at less than 50 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Transient advertisements ten cents per line, each insertion.

Business Card of ten lines, with paper, $5 per annum.

Business Cards of six lines, with paper, $3 per annum.

Business Cards of four lines, with paper, $2 per annum.

Business Cards of two lines, with paper, $1 per annum.

Transient advertisements ten cents per line, each insertion.

Notice of births, deaths, and marriages, 25 cents each.

Transient advertisements ten cents per line, each insertion; three cents per line for first insertion, which will be inserted at 50 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Cash must accompany order in every case to have insertion.

Terms for job work strictly cash.

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

D. DEWAR, Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Office Town Hall, Milton. Also agent for Sun Fire Office, Phœnix, Queen, Royal, Imperial, Guardian, and City of London Fire Insurance Companies. 41

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

D. MCPHERSON, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, etc. Office—Beath's Block, Milton. 50

M. E. MITCHELL,

Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.

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

CHISHOLM & ELLIOTT.

Barristers, &c.

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

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

BARNES & MACADAMS,

Barristers and Solicitors in the Supreme Court

NOTARIES & CONVEYANCERS

Office—Hamilton Provident and Loan Society Chambers, Hamilton.

Money to Loan at lowest rates of interest.

W. BARNES. 1-yr A. H. MACADAMS.

R. A. PRINGLE,

Barrister and Solicitor of the Supreme Court

BURLINGTON ONT.

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

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

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO.

Barristers & Solicitors.

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

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

A. 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 the Thompson House, where he may be consulted by persons wishing professional services.

D. S. ZIMMERMAN,

DENTIST,

HAMILTON, ONT.

Cor. King & McNab Streets. 18-

Marriage Licenses

—ISSUED BY—

E. M. SWITZER, Esq.,

Palermo, - Ontario.

Commissioner for taking Affidavits. 2-3m.

KNITTING.

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

Farms for Sale.

A choice list of Fruit, Grain, Stock, and Dairy Farms, Wild Lands, Suburban Residences, Mills, Manufacturing properties, with thirty provincial and county maps, comprised in "CANADIAN LAND FISH," sent free on receipt of 3c. stamp for postage.

T. J. PENTON & CO., Real Estate Agents, 50 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

WHAT IS IT?

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

The price of Peck's Sun one year is $2 00
The price of Farm & Fireside one year is 50
The value of the Engraving is fully 2.50
—5.00

We send all the above, worth $5.00 for only $2.00. Subscribe for Peck's Sun at once and secure them all. Address, PECK'S SUN, Milwaukee, Wis.

$500,000

TO LOAN AT 6 PER CENT.

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

Call or call at once for particulars.

E. R. 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	22	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	0	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

B. LAURENCE'S SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES.

MONTREAL AND LONDON, G. B.

THEY ARE THE ONLY GENUINE ENGLISH ARTICLES IN THE CANADIAN MARKET. Real Pebble are kept in stock! Tests are given to prove genuiness! They are recommended by and testimonials have been received from the President, Vice-President, and Ex-President of the Medical Association of Canada; the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec; the Dean of the Medical Faculty of Laval University; the President and Ex-President of the Medical Council of Nova Scotia, &c. "Don't be induced to buy inferior spectacles at any price. Perfect vision guaranteed where there is no actual disease of the eye By B Laurance's process of suiting the vision perfect sight is secured. Beware of imitations as they are in the market. See that every pair of spectacles or eye-glasses are stamped B. L., without which none are genuine. The axis cut pebble are guaranteed to give perfect vision where all other aids to vision fail.

For sale only at MACNAB'S Hardware Store, Milton.

WALLACE HOUSE.

MAIN ST., MILTON.

THE LEADING HOTEL IN TOWN

J. Wallace, Prop.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

ADVERTISERS

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

Send for New Catalogue.

J. C. HOUGH, Advertising Agent,

HOUGH BLOCK. Detroit, Mich.

THE

Canada Landed Credit Co.,

TORONTO.

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

MONEY TO LOAN

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

For particulars, apply to 16-1yr.

THE SECRETARY, Toronto,

Or to D. STEELE, Barrister, Hamilton.

R. JONES,

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 PANLING MILLS.

Hunter & Ezard, Proprietors

We are prepared to fill all orders for all kinds of

HOUSE FURNISHINGS

SUCH AS

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

BALUSTERS and NEWELLS,

Also all kinds of

SCROLL WORK

done to order.

ALL KINDS OF TURNING DONE TO ORDER.

DEALER IN

LUMBER, FLOORING, LATH, SHINGLES

Lumber Matched and resawed to Order.

ALSO

GENERAL BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS

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

PRICES MODERATE.

Factory—Mill Street, Milton.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of using little fortunes. All is new.

CAUTION

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy!

IS MARKED

T. & B.

IN BRONZED LETTERS

NONE OTHER GENUINE. 10-1yr

Chapman & Burger

LICENSED AUCTIONEERS

—FOR THE—

Counties of Halton, Peel, Wentworth and Wellington.

CHARGES MODERATE

Satisfaction Guaranteed. All orders promptly attended to.

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

OR "CHAMPION" OFFICE, MILTON.

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

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

Wanted Immediately!

CANVASSERS IN THIS COUNTY FOR THE

NEW HOME BIBLE

A MOST COMPREHENSIVE FAMILY BIBLE, containing the Revised and Authorized Versions of both the Old and New Testaments, arranged in parallel columns. It also contains a complete cyclopædia of Biblical knowledge, 350 additional features, and nearly 3500 illustrations. The latest, cheapest and most elegantly bound Family Bible ever published. The demand unprecedented, even intelligent person wanting a copy. Some agents are making from $50 to $100 weekly. Our agent, McCray, sold $300 worth in two Township during his first few weeks' work. Another agent reports 17 Bibles sold last week. Experience is not necessary. Send to the sole publisher for descriptive circular and liberal terms. Bibles in over 100 varieties. Also a line of Standard Subscription Books and cheap Photograph Albums.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,

5 Jordan St., TORONTO. Publisher.

12-6m.

WINES, WINES

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

Inspection invited. Call for catalogue.

Jas. Shields & Co.

138 Yonge St., Toronto.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT 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 misery decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by excess or indulgence. One pill makes a dose, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $5.00 sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES.

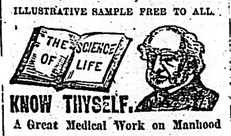
To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send our purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if a treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by J. H. McCollom druggist, Sole Agent for Milton.

A STANDARD MEDICAL WORK

For Young & Middle-Aged Men

ONLY $1 BY MIAL, POSTPAID.

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 25 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French muslin, embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense than any other work sold in this country for $2.25, or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only $1.00 by mail, post. Illustrative sample free to any body. Send now. Gold medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association, to the President of which, the Hon. P. A. Bissell, and associate officers of the Board the reader is respectfully referred.

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

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

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

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

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

Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully without an instance of failure. Mention Champion, Milton, Ont. 28-1y

LADY ISABEL'S ATONEMENT.

A SEQUEL TO EAST LYNNE.

He started forward with a bleak gasp, and put his hand to his eyes as though a mist obscured them.

"My fancy plays me odd tricks tonight," he murmured, chokingly. "Surely I have misunderstood again. *My* darling wish to die? *My* bright, beautiful bride, who stood beside me three hours ago, and bore perfect peace written on her lovely face! Ah, no, no, no! —Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad!' and surely they are bent on destroying *me*, for the seeds of madness have been planted in my brain this night. Hark! she is weeping again. My darling, my darling! what is it, this sudden sorrow? Ah, Heaven, I *must* know!"

He turned from the carven pillar and struck the door again—struck it a sharp, resonant blow that rang through the dainty rooms beyond.

The sobbing ended in a short gasp of terror, the murmur of hurried whispers floated out to his ears, there was an instant of bustle and confusion, a moment of supreme silence, and then the key turned gently in the lock, the door swung open softly, and the flushed face and swollen eyes of Joyce Hallijohn confronted him in the glare of the shining lights.

"I desire to speak a word with Lady Beresford," he said, in a quiet voice. "Pray ask her ladyship to grant me a moment's interview, Joyce, before she returns to the ballroom."

The flushed face that was looking into his paled suddenly, and the swollen eyes dropped in confusion.

"My—my lady will not return to the ballroom to-night, Lord Beresford," she stammered confusedly. "I was about to seek you in a few minutes and ask you to make her excuses. She—she is very ill, my lord. It was wrong, I fear, for her to attempt the duties of a vast reception on the very day of her return, and without rest from the fatiguing journey. It brought on hysteria—her overtaxed nerves gave out suddenly, and—she fell in a swoon the instant she entered this room. You can see, therefore, that to ask her to return to the *salon* would only be a cruelty."

Fell in a swoon, and she had left him, so radiant, so happy, so fair and fresh in her perfect health a little more than an hour ago.

"Ill—swooning — *Lady Isabel!*" he gasped, in surprise, all the hot fires of doubt and suspicion swallowed up in the knowledge that his darling was ill. "Oh, my bright, beautiful bride! sick and fainting, Joyce, and I not by her side! Why was I not told of this before? Why was I not—— Lead me to her, Joyce—the company shall be dismissed if the music and the laughter annoys her, for what are all the nobles in Europe compared to her? Lead me to her, Joyce—go to her and say that I am here."

He made a step forward as he spoke, but, with a faint cry, Joyce put forth her hand and stayed him.

"Oh, my lord, I—I—that is, you—you cannot enter now!" she stammered, growing deadly pale.

"Cannot enter? Why can I not, Joyce?"

"Because I—that is—my lady is sleeping, Lord Beresford, and it would be cruel to rouse her."

"*Sleeping!*" He gasped the word rather than spoke it, and drew back from the doorway with a ghastly look on his splendid, blonde face. "Sleeping, did you say, Joyce?—my wife—Lady Isabel—*sleeping?*"

"Yes, my lord," breathed Joyce, in deep agitation. "She was so nervous and ill, I gave her a strong sleeping-draught an hour ago, and she has been slumbering ever since. If she could continue to do so until morning, she will be like herself to-morrow. Pray, my lord, let her sleep—do not remain here; if she hears your voice she will call out for you, and we shall have a repetition of her illness to-morrow. For my lady's sake, be thoughtful, be merciful, my lord, and leave her to her slumbers."

For one moment it seemed to Lord Lionel Beresford that the whole earth stood still; a dull, sick feeling filled heart and brain, something hot and bitter seemed to rise in his throat, and something icy cold seemed to creep through every vein. He stood a second, rigid and corpse-like in his ghastly pallor—the next he had turned on his heel and walked blindly away, while Joyce, glad of the release, closed the door softly and left him there alone.

The music was striking up again, it rang through his brain and seemed to madden him—the lights seemed to burn his eyes, the flowers seemed to sicken every sense, and a horror mutterable seemed to steep him to the very lips. That moment of misery he never forgot, and the sounds of laughter and tinkling music brought it back in all its horror to the last moment of his earthly life.

Sick and dizzy, he reeled against the carven pillars, clung to them as though a maelstrom circled at his feet and strove to drag him down, lifted his haggard face in the glare of the shining lights, and so looked sightlessly up, all stark and cold with horror.

"A lie!" he broke out in an awful voice; "a wilful, wicked, black *lie*, and—God pity me—*she* countenanced it. She heard it and never spoke—my wife, the Countess of Beresford, the woman who has taken my mother's place, stooped to lie to deceive me—her husband. 'Sleeping for an hour past,' Joyce said, and yet I *heard* her voice—I *heard* her speaking when I stood at the door. A lie from *her*—just Heaven, I could sooner have thought the stars might drop or the earth cease to revolve. A lie—wilful, wicked deliberate—and for *what?* Oh, God pity me, I think I shall go mad from this."

He leaned against the pillars and hung his head. The music was still surging, and he gathered strength waiting for its end.

"I—I must go below and speak with my guests—it would kill me if the world suspected," he groaned, brokenly. "For the sake of the name I bear, for the sake of the future I must clog the eyes of society. Her Grace of Arleigh heard those terrible words in the Oak Walk to-night, and I must keep them from my lady, my mother's ears—it is quite enough that one life should be spoiled."

He drew away from the pillars and tottered down the staircase to make his wife's excuses, not knowing, not dreaming that Lady Fanny Gubbie and her coterie had already set the ball rolling, and to-morrow the words Lady Rosamond Mount Severn had uttered in the Oak Walk would be public property, the subject of conversation in every drawing-room, to be retailed and dissected and scattered hither and thither by Lady Fanny's spiteful little tongue.

The news was received kindly enough—he could not dream—from the expressions of sympathy and the regrets at Lady Isabel's illness that every woman in the room knew that delicate morsel of scandal and was rolling it on her impatient tongue. He trod it like a hero—like a proud, cold Beresford—and smiled and talked and danced until the ball broke up.

Come what might, the world should never dream of this little rift in the domestic lute, he told himself, and stationing himself at the doorway alone, he said adieu to each and every guest with a smile that told nothing of a wounded heart.

Her Grace of Arleigh was the last to go. He paled when he saw her, and stepping forward, offered her his arm.

"Let me escort you to the carriage, your grace," he said, huskily. "I want to speak with you before you go. No, we will not retire—the servants are about—here, on the terrace, is best. You know what I want to speak of, I think."

"I know—yes," responded her grace, softly.

"And you will promise that no word of this will reach my—my mother's ears, will you not? It may be nothing to you know, after all. 'Molehills seem mountains in the darkness.' The exclamation of this may make us laugh at our folly."

Her grace lifted her eyes and gave him a pitying look.

"I will not mention it, my lord," she said, softly. "You may trust to that. God knows I, wish it *might* be a molehill for your sake—I wish we might laugh over it, yet I know we never shall."

"Your Grace."

"I mean it, Lord Beresford; we never shall laugh over it—never. All I ask of you is to forgive me that I ever lent my hand to the furthering of this marriage and the blotting of a grand old name. I should have told you this before; I should have spoken in time to save you, but—but, Lord Beresford, on my sacred honor, I believed what I heard before your marriage to be only a jest—only hot words spoken in passion and forgotten the next moment. Will you forgive me if I tell you now what I should have told you then? I feel that, for your sake, it is a *duty* to speak."

The last trace of color had faded out of his face; he stood before her, stark and white in the moonlight, rigid and still as marble.

"Go on!" he said, in an awful voice. "Then there *was* something said before—before she became my wife?"

"There *was* something—yes; and her own lips proclaimed it!" responded the duchess; "but, in all things, I hold Lady Rosamond Mount Severn blameless. If she knows aught now, she has learned it since your marriage. She is too noble a woman to have withheld it if—"

"Go on—you torture me," broke in that awful voice again, and the duchess drew her laces about her with a little shudder.

"It was at the Towers it happened," she proceeded, softly; "on the morning of the first visit to Ravenswood, and they—Miss Carlyle and Lady Rosamond—were about going up-stairs to dress. Miss Carlyle had said she had a purpose in visiting Ravenswood Court, and when Lady Rosamond asked it, I was so close I could not help hearing her reply. 'My purpose is to pay scorn for scorn to the uttermost limit,' I heard her say. "Lady Vivienne Beresford scorned me last night—I shall never rest until I have trampled her pride beneath my feet.' I thought it an angry boast that would never be attempted then—God knows I see now the terrible method she has taken. She was such an arrant flirt (even your mother noticed that) I cannot see how I became duped by her—how it was I never suspected. God knows I wish she had never crossed the threshold of Arleigh Towers. A girl cooped up for years—away from her father and her home—in a lonely old abbey on the Kentish Coast, where Heaven alone knows what associates she may have formed (if indeed there was not some dark method in her father sending her there in the first place), is not a——"

"Peace!" It was the first word he had spoken since the dark story was begun, and he spoke it now, as though life went out in its utterance. "Peace, if you are human, for I am not a block of stone."

The duchess spoke no more. One look at his face, frightened and awed her—she slipped away from his side and went floating down the steps with a pale, frightened face, crept into her carriage, and drew her laces about her with a little gasp, and then shrank into the cushions a shuddering heap; for, in that moment, Madame la Duchesse had been granted a Sybil's power,—the future had been unfolded to her eyes, and she saw and knew how the tragedy would end.

Quite a minute my lord stood there after the carriage had passed out of sight—quite a minute he looked straight before him, and not a muscle quivered, not an eyelid twitched—quite a minute before he either breathed or spoke.

"God have mercy on me." Those were the first words, and his own mother would not have recognized his voice. "What have I done? What am I yet to do, now that honor has been wrecked. Merciful Heaven, I must go to her—go to Isabel—and speak with her before the day breaks. She shall put me off no more. See her I will, speak with her I will. I shall fall dead with horror if I do not learn the truth."

He swung round suddenly and groped his way into the house. The lights were burning still, as he reached the upper corridor, but he seemed to be in darkness.

"She shall tell me—she shall explain—*now!—now!* I cannot live like this."

He reeled down the passage to my lady's door, and lifted his hand to knock.

But that clinched hand never fell upon the pretty painted panels. Something lying in a crevice near the threshold attracted his eye. He stooped abruptly and picked it up.

It was a twisted scrap of paper written over in a man's hand, and the thing that attracted his attention was the simple address: "My Lady."

He smoothed the crumpled sheet out and walked to the gaslight to read it. It bore no address save those two words, but it lay at *her* door and that was sufficient.

MY LADY,—Yours containing remittance received. I am here, enraptured to know that the long wedding tour is over at last, and the meeting my heart has been set on, need no longer be deferred. I fly to execute your commands and you may be thoroughly certain that I shall be at the place you designate on the very stroke of eleven. Of course you will take measures to see that Lord Beresford is too much engaged to notice anything when the time comes for the rendezvous. It would be an end to all our pretty little scheme if he noticed and followed. I should be shot dead, doubtless, and life offers too many sweets to lose it yet awhile."

There it ended, without sign or signature—Pierre Blonhar's letter to Lady Rosamond Mount Severn, as you recognized when you read it—the fatal letter that did its deadly work.

For one moment my lord stood utterly motionless, and his doom coming down upon him, found him standing there—a Beresford, the last of a race who had faced death without a moan.

So would he have faced it, but this was not the mercy of death, this was what no Beresford had known before—*dishonor*. And in the bitterness of his heart, he put out both hands suddenly, dropped on his knees with that awful look upon his face, and voiced the dreadful cry:

"My God, a lover—a lover, and she my wife."

CHAPTER XXXI.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

The Lady Isabel lay face downward on her lace-clouded couch when Joyce closed the door on Lord Beresford and returned to the little amber-and-gold bedchamber—just as she had been lying when Joyce first came into the room and learned that all their precautions were useless, her mother's shameful history was discovered.

She had no hesitation in telling Joyce, for the paper Lady Rosamond gave her, contained the tirewoman's name in many an instance—besides, Joyce was closely connected with the tragedy of the Lady Isabel Carlyle's life (for all the secrecy that had culminated in the hapless lady's shame and anguish came out of the murder of Joyce Hallijohn's father, and the effort to screen Richard Hare from an unjust condemnation), and the "terrible" confidence had just been concluded when my lord came to the door and knocked for admittance.

White and shivering, Joyce crept back to Lady Isabel's side, and reverently lifted the buried face.

My lady, try to bear up beneath the blow—try to take heart, dear, and pray to God for strength."

The beautiful dark eyes that had always been so soft and tender, opened wide, full of hopeless despair.

"What has God to do with such a wretch as I am," she answered in a hoarse voice. "I have brought shame to a name that never know it: I have sullied an honor that was dearer to me than my life, and Lady Vivienne Beresford was right, when she said I was not fit to be her son's wife. And I am not fit—I never shall be fit, Joyce. If Lionel knew the truth and came to me to-night and told me he forgave, it would be all the same. The stain would remain; to the last hour of life I should recollect that I have brought dishonor to him, and I could never lift my head and look into the faces of the world, as I looked before, when I believed my honor as spotless as his. The sin was my mother's but the atonement must be mine. And I must continue the hideous farce—God help and pity me, I must deceive my husband to keep him from going mad with horror. I must steal out of the house like a thief and go alone to meet *him*—to meet—*her!*"

"My poor lady! can I do nothing to spare you?—do nothing to save you?"

She shook her tired head and looked spiritlessly away.

"Nothing, Joyce—nothing! Death is the only thing I shall ever crave, ever call a boon, after this. All you can do is to aid me in the wretched work of deceit. Look! it wants but twenty minutes of one o'clock. My—my *brother* has been waiting out there since eleven, and Lady Mount Severn tells me he will come up and demand an audience under this roof, if I fail to meet him at the foot of the Oak Walk within ten minutes after the clock strikes one. Heaven help me! how shall I do it with the house and the grounds full of people? It was madness to demand it to-night of all others, but it was her scheme, Joyce, that I might suffer all the more. Lady Rosamond would be very happy, I think, were she certain I should be discovered."

"Then it is a happiness she shall never know, my lady," promised Joyce. "Leave all in my hands, and you shall quit the house unseen. My lord believes you are sleeping off your illness—he will not come near to disturb you again until day, and we have nothing to fear on that score."

The Lady Isabel looked up with those wide, solemn eyes, and a pinched expression about her sweet lips.

"It is not Lord Beresford alone, but the guests I have to fear as well, Joyce," she murmured, faintly. "What if I should be seen creeping out of my own house like a felon, and going to meet a stranger in the Oak Walk? God pity me! there is many a spiteful tongue that would trumpet my shame to the world, and to-morrow all England would ring with it."

She shut her starry hands on the cloudy laces of the couch as she spoke, and rent the delicate web in her utter despair.

"It I could only die!" she broke out, in a hard, dry voice, "if I could only drop dead this minute! But I can't. Heaven has forgotten me, and I can't, I can't."

Joyce dropped down on her knees, and wound her arms about my lady's slender waist.

"Hush, hush, in pity!" she sobbed.

"Oh, my lady, do you want to break my heart? I promised your mother I would watch beside you and shield you from every pang, and no matter what she is now, that promise was given to a pure woman, and I hold it sacred still. Look! the moments are slipping fast. Trust all to me, my lady, and I promise that you shall not be discovered. Listen. There is no danger of Lord Beresford discovering your absence, and I will arrange it so that you can leave the house unseen by the guests. Across the passage is the servants' staircase. It leads out into the gardens behind the rose-hedge and within a stone's throw of the Oak Walk. Let me furnish you with some of my own garments, and if you *are* seen, you will be mistaken for a servant and allowed to pass unsuspected. Quick, my lady, the time is slipping away, and if you would prevent *him* coming up here and meeting my lord—"

"Never that—anything but that!" gasped Lady Isabel in a frightened whisper. "Yes, yes, I will do as you say, Joyce—I cannot avoid going, and I will do as you say. Ten minutes of one already. Ah, Heaven! how the miserable minutes speed. Go, faithful Joyce, fetch me the garments and let all be over soon."

Joyce arose quietly and hastened out of the pretty suite of rooms. A minute later she returned, bearing a great dark bundle, lifted the silken *portiere* and glided again into my lady's presence.

She stood erect in the shining lights, this fair doomed lady, stripped of every jewel and looking like some beautiful marble statue in her sweeping white velvet robe.

"I have brought you a cloak and veil, my lady," explained Joyce, unrolling the dark bundle as she entered. "I am far too short in stature for you to hope to wear one of my dresses, if, indeed, there was time to make the change. But within ten minutes you must be in the Oak Walk, or Heaven alone knows what will happen. Here, let me fasten the cloak about you—so. Draw your white train up beneath it, my lady, and let me knot the veil over your head."

My lady never spoke. Mechanically she lifted the white robe with its trailing silver lilies and crushed its rich pile under the long black cloak, and icily cold she stood as Joyce fastened the dark veil over her head and shut out the sight of that dark, corpse-like face.

It struck one before the arrangements were completed, and my lady shivered as that single note pealed out of the stable clock.

"Quick, Joyce—get me away, or all will be lost!" she panted, in a breathless whisper. "Lead me to the door. God help and pity me, I think I am going blind."

Joyce wound her arm about the shuddering black figure and hurried it silently into the little rose and gold *boudoir*. A moment more and they had crossed the corridor, where the echo of the music floated up from the ball-room—the servants' staircase was reached; my lady gripped the narrow baluster in her trembling, icecold hands, paused a moment to gather strength, and then, with a breath of terror, went gliding down into the blackness below—a dark shadow melting darkly away.

The tinkling music reached her ears as she descended and filled her brain with a sick, dizzy sensation. She reached the lower landing, found the door, groped blindly for the knob, turned it suddenly, and slipped out into the moonlight.

It flooded hill, and vale, and dripping fountain, that soft, silvery, mystical sheen. Overhead the starry sky shone like a purple field studded with floating stars, the wind came up from the water sweet with the breath of flowers, the lights twinkled in the green dusk of the boughs like strings of gorgeous jewels, but it might have been utterly dark, wholly without beauty, for all my lady saw or realized.

Gliding down beneath the shadow of the rose hedge, she found her way to the broad Oak Walk, groped her way into the dark shade of the mighty trees and blindly reeled along.

The darkness was opaque here, save where a stray glance of moonlight shot down through the leaves and traced a silver arabesque on the earth, but she flitted onward still, turned the great bend, started forward breathl