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Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

MILTON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1886. NO. 18.

VOLUME 26.

Travellers' Guide.

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GOING NORTH. 8-00 A. M. 5-05 P. M. GOING SOUTH. 10-40 A.M. 8-05 P. M.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
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—AT—

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CAMPBELL & PANTON, Props.

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DENTIST,

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

The price of Peck's Sun one year is	$2.00
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Canadian Live Stock Journal.

There have been few more marked successes in journalism than has been achieved by the Canadian Live Stock Journal, of Hamilton, Ont. Started less than three years ago as a 20 page monthly, it has gone on steadily increasing in matter and interest, as well as in size, first to 24, then to 28, and finally to 36 pages. Though devoted especially to stock-raising, it includes The Farm, The Dairy, The Apiary, Poultry, Horticulture and The Home, so that for the general farmer or such farmers as make live stock breeding its any of its departments a leading feature, it meets their business, as we do not know where to find its equal in Canada. We heartily recommend it to our persons as the leading paper of its class in the Dominion. It is published at Hamilton, Ont., by The Stock Journal Co. Price, $1 per annum. Subscribing now for 1887 get the remainder of 1886 free. We can furnish it and our own paper together from now to end of 1887 for $1.75. The October and November issues will contain the prize lists of the Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, and the Provincial Fair held at Guelph. Call at our office and examine it, or send to the publishers for a free specimen copy.

Bradstreet's weekly report says general trade continues to improve. Some lines of cotton have been advanced, while the wool market continues very strong, on greater demand by manufacturers. Finished iron shows a slight advance, but raw iron and hog products, wheat, Indian corn and pork are lower. In London refined iron has reached the lowest point on record.

Ties and scarfs at cost at Cline's, Treble's, corner of King and James streets, Hamilton.

Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton

For the Year 1886

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	25	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.

Premature Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July, and 4th October at 10 a.m., each day.

Court days and during vacation, at 11 a.m.

Judges Chambers.—Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, except on Court days and during vacation.

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.

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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 gold mines of California.—Atlanta Constitution.

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

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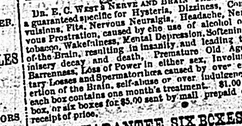

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To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send our purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if a treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by J. H. McCollom druggist. Sole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

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LADY ISABEL'S ATONEMENT,

A SEQUEL TO EAST LYNNE.

My lady curled herself up in a deep velvet chair as she spoke, and following her example, Emma Mount Severn drew up a seat and talked in whispers while the moments flew.

One o'clock came and went. The helpless victim was even then at the place of meeting they knew, but still they waited.

The music in the ballroom played the Good-night Waltz," and then ceased; the guests drove off through the silvery May starlight and left the banquet-hall deserted; a great silence took the place of the whilom revelry, and then—the clock struck two.

My lady arose quietly and made that a signal to her mother. A moment more and dark cloaks were turned inside down, the lights were lowered in the outer side, and two silent figures went gliding down the great staircase, and so out into the silent splendor of that never-to-be-forgotten night.

My lady led the way across the lawn and into the shadow of a rove of flowering tamarisks that led on to the Laurel Hedge, and thence to the eastern wall. There he stood! My lady, looking forward as she flashed down under the Laurel Hedge, saw and recognized Monsieur Blonshar lounging against the wall and smoking in the moonlight.

He heard their stealthy footfalls, faint as they were, and tossing away his cigarette, came forward to meet them.

"It is you at last," he said, pausing her before my lady. "I have been wanting to speak with you and be back to the earnest in his bad. Mademoiselle, my lady involuntarily shivered, and her violet eyes widened with alarm.

"Has anything gone wrong, Pierre?" she breathed, in an agitated voice.

"You seem strangely solemn and— Where is Afy Hallijohn? Have you sent her back to the inn?"

"The devil's in the dice, that's all!" he said, with an angry snarl. "Your precious Afy Hallijohn has failed us at the eleventh hour. She hasn't been here to-night and wouldn't come. She was all right when I wrote you, but I had no time, no chance, to send you word to-night or I should have done so. Curse the woman! I couldn't drive reason into her befuddled brain?"

My lady reeled with a faint, sick sensation and put her starry hands to her throat.

"Tell me what has happened?" she gasped, in abject terror. "Just Heaven! must we fail now? Has—has Afy Hallijohn deserted—has she betrayed us, Pierre? Tell me all—all! or you will madden me with suspense."

Monsieur Blonshar tossed his head with an angry snarl.

"It's told soon enough," he said, brusquely. "Everything was swimming on fair water when we arrived to-day and took rooms at the inn, and it might have been so still, if the devil hadn't got into Afy's brains. Just at nightfall, she took it into her head to walk out and have a look at the country, and all I could do wouldn't stay her. Like a fool she went, and what should happen but the worst we could dread. On the high-road she met a couple of *bon vivants* who had known her in her theatrical days, hailed them, stopped to talk and, finally, wound up the whole infernal business by accepting an invitation to supper. What you might have foreseen came to pass. A banquet was ordered in the tavern parlor, wine was poured out like water, and when the hour for our coming here arrived, your Afy had lost what few wits she ever had, and was fit for anything but to be dragged her away.

"She drank, she sang, she danced, and when I came to urge her to depart, she snapped her fingers in my face and began blowing to her friends of how she was to be a lady of title, hereafter, and never return to the ballet. I warned her, by a scowl, to beware, and thank fortune she had wits enough left to take the hint to be silent. All the same, I couldn't budge her from the table, and after I had waited as long as I dared, I slipped out to get back at once, my lady, or Heaven along knows what she may blab while the wine is in her head!"

There the story ended.

White unto gastliness, my lady leaned against the wall And panted in her terror and dismay, and Emma Mount Severn, looking away with a dull, drab look on her wrinkled face, groaned in your head in shame.

"It was here I saw my mother on the last day she stood beneath the roof of Ravenswood," he said, chokingly. "It was here I went from her to Isabel Carlyle's side; here she bade me beware (my poor mother, whose life was bound up in mine); here she implored me to wed a woman who was my equal at the very least, and here I stand to-night, punished for my defiance of her wishes, cursed for my scorn of her solicitous love. Oh, Heaven! grant that *she may* never learn it—let the shame and the anguish be locked up in my heart, but never let my mother learn the truth. It would kill her if she did!"

The low, choked voice broke down in one bitter, tearless sob, he lifted his white and haggard face, and walking dizzily across the paved terrace, groped his way through the library window and paced the floor until his sickening senses swam.

Only to keep it from his mother—would break at the thought that Afy had lost her—that was the one hope he cherished—the one purpose that was left to him wrecked and ruined life.

Keep it from her he would.

Oh, Heaven! what he would and entreated enough, through him she should be spared the bitterness of a blow that would kill her. His life should be given to that task.

No! it never should reach her ears, this shameful story. To-morrow he would return to the Continent and look on England no more while his mother lived.

She should go with him, this false wife he had loved so truly; she should be closely guarded that the story of her treachery might be kept a secret, and that lover whose presence was more to her than a husband's idolatrous worship should never be permitted to look upon her face.

Yes, that was the shape his efforts would take. He would give the world some reason for the sudden departure, and to-morrow, sick or well, living or dying, Lady Isabel should be spirited out of England and hurried back to the Continent.

The hours slipped away as he laid the plan, and four boomed out of the old cathedral clock. Still he paced the room, back and forward, back and forward, until his limbs ached and his brain swam.

The loud outcry of my lady's illness floated down to him, but he never paused in his restless pacing. He heard the entreaties to send for the doctor and bring mere. After that, a sudden push, a servant ride off for the doctor and bring him back, he heard the confused murmur of voices, the scuffle of hurrying feet. He knew that she was ill, but he never turned to the door, never offered to go to her.

Sick or well, it was all one—she should leave England before night fell again. So that he spared the mother who loved him the death-blow of disgrace, nothing mattered, nothing should stay him in the purpose that was still the issue of the scheme in the event of such a shallow, vacillating creature? Why did we place reliance on the fidelity of a woman who was as changeable as a leaf of a melody, as fickle as the variations of April sunshine? She will ruin us, I tell you, she will ruin us! Oh, Heaven! the scheme is built upon a foundation of sand. Rosamond, Afy Hallijohn's vanity and frivolity will yet be our ruin. Something tells me we shall be balked in our vengeance through her."

Blonshar began the recital of La Sylphine's escapade, but, roused by her mother's words, she swung round suddenly, pausing in his restless pacing and lifting his hand above him.

"Hear me! I swear by the Heaven I hears me say it. I have wronged and wounded you, my mother, but if a life's tireless watching will assure it, this sad blow shall be shielded from your sight—this horror shall be guarded from your life!"

The library clock chimed the quarter and while I looked, the whole scene after four as he ceased speaking, he changed into a gloomy dungeon with turned to look at the gilded dial, and grated doors and iron bars. Crushing his hat down over his crisp black curls, he swung round suddenly, plunged through the lawn, glided Hedge, flashed across the lawn, glided into the shadow of a wall of trees, and in the moonlighted path my lady and her mother stood alone.

She was trembling with fear, that guilty, revengeful old mother, and my lady, turning swiftly when the last trace of Pierre Blonshar had disappeared, saw her leaning against a towering nine-tree and looking straight before her with glaring, hopeless eyes.

"*Merci, ma mere!* what is it?" she cried, startled by that vacant, awful stare. "Do you see anything that frightens you? Do you see—"

"I see ruin, disgrace, failure—death," cried Emma Mount Severn, almost silently. "Come to me as he—Pierre Blonshar—departed; a terrible form of a dark and lonely cell, and the form of a dripping corpse all wound in water-lilies. I saw it, Rosamond, as plainly as—I ever saw anything in this life, and—Oh, my God! why did you ever trust her? why did we ever confide in that woman? We shall be ruined, I tell you, we shall lose the vengeance we have plotted so long to win—something tells me we shall, Rosamond—and lose it through Afy Hallijohn!"

My lady shut her pearly teeth with a click, and swung the massive doors back as she spoke, and glorious with the light of guilty triumph, had just seized her little satin-shod foot upon the threshold, when something came swiftly out of the darkness that gloomed the marble corridor, two frantic hands seized her suddenly, and the moon-

"Wretch," he cried out in a wild, unearthly voice, "wretch, your sins have overtaken you—your crimes have found you out. Come, monster, see what your deeds have culminated in—your evil convulsion.

"She shall not ruin us, mother," she cried, through her shut teeth. "I swear to you she shall not—I—I will kill her first. Heaven knows I wish we had been content with Pierre's aid alone. But I wanted to increase Isabel's shame and suffering. I wanted to bow her to the earth, and now—now— Ah, Heaven, if in my eagerness I have o'erleaped my self, I think the disappointment would kill me. Fool that I was to trust to Afy, but her vanity was so easily flattered, and we could find no other in whom we might trust—of whom we might be sure—and now this fool has undone us! What shall I do? Let me think—think."

My lady shut her little rose-leaf hands with a cry of awful despair, and paced up and down the Laurel Hedge.

"Calm yourself, Lady Rosamond," interpolated Pierre Blonshar. "If Afy Hallijohn has failed us, if she has 'blabbed' the truth in her cups, and robbed you of your vengeance—me of mine—better for her had she never been born. Let me once be sure of it, and then"...his face darkened, his hands clinched..."then let her beware! Pierre Blonshar never forgot nor forgave an injury yet."

My lady swung round suddenly and laid one starry hand on his sleeve.

"Then let us be sure," she said, in a swift, vehement voice. "We must know how to deal with this woman, and work before she eludes and ruins us completely. Return to the inn without a moment's delay, Pierre. Learn what she has disclosed and lose no time in hastening back to Ravenswood with your report. It will take you two hours at the least, will it not, to go and return? Very well. My mother and I will not retire to our couches to-night. We will await your coming in my own rooms, and when the clock strikes five, look for me at the foot of the Oak Walk, on the spot where you met Lady Isabel to-night. Whether Afy Hallijohn has betrayed us or not;—come; I will meet you."

And my lady uttering these words, never dreamed that she was signing her own death-warrant.

"Go, now, my faithful Pierre," she said, dismissing him with a wave of her jeweled hand. "Lose not a moment. Bring me news of what has happened through Afy Hallijohn, and you shall be twenty pounds richer by daybreak. Go, and God speed you."

There was no reply from the Frenchman. Crushing his hat down over his

Lady Beresford made a frantic gesture and tottered forward.

"If you have a spark of manhood, a gleam of conscience left, to that I appeal!" she broke out, hysterically. "My Lionel, have pity and tell me this story is false!"

"Who has told you?" he groaned, without looking up. "My God! could I have been spared this? Mother, mother! my heart is broken, my life is shattered and— Ah! how did you learn?" Who was the pitiless wretch who could not stay an hour in waiting the poison to your ears?"

She staggered away from him with a strange, hoarse cry, and rang its changes through his reeling brain.

"It is true then?" she broke out, in an awful voice; "it is true that I have lived to see our name dishonored, and—God help and pity me—through the son I loved as mother never loved before. Oh, that I had died before this dreadful night, that I had dropped dead at Lady Fanny Gabble's feet when she entered Grove Leighton to-night and bore this awful tale to me. And this is my son, whose name I would have linked to royalty itself, in my glory and ambition for his future; this is the Earl of Beresford, the last of his race and name, and he the husband of a woman with a dark and shameful secret. No, do not approach me, do not touch me. Pride like mine dies hard, Lord Lionel Beresford, but"—gasping, chokingly, pathetically—"it fell dead to-night...dead, to be hung from my heart, to be buried with it. A woman with a secret—a guilty secret, perhaps—a woman whose past may be as black as my dishonor to-night, and you gave her my place, you gave up all the world to win her, you gave up all the pride and honor of your family for years to come, Oh, my God! Oh, my lord, have pity on your thrice wretched mother, and kill her before other tortures drive her mad! Kill me and end this hideous shame which already travels from lip to lip—this loathsome story of that dishonored wretch, your miserable wife?"

So the story was already afloat, and in a swift second he stood and looked down at her with a face from which the last faint trace of color had flown, his lips parted suddenly, he half stopped to lift her up, and then some thing dark fell over the track of moonlight that shone through the open window—something loaded with brassy jewelry, reeking with attar of roses, rustling with gaudy finery, came in between the parted curtains and stood looking at him with a maudlin, tipsy leer.

My lady had heard the step of the intruder and she sprung up with a breathless cry, but, before a word could be spoken, before my lord, could recover from the panic of surprise, the woman—for woman it was—came reeling drunkenly forward, caught at the back of a chair to stay herself, lifted her leering, painted, insolent face and said:

"Needn't mind me, mum. I'm not ter dramatics and sitch. Leave off 'em in the opera you know! Knock 'em down and set 'em up agin next night. Keep it up—I ain't afeered. Sees it every night, and it's a g t k ader stale. Don't reckernize me, I opine. There's a bill of the play. See how big them letters is, what says 'Mam'zelle La Sylphine, the peerless star and jewel o' the ballet!' That's me, in the pertickl—opine as how. I'm some, don't yer, to be stuck up there alongside o' Patti and them other stars. But good lord! I hain't prond for all that. Give us yer hand. How are yer now?"

For the first time my lord spoke. He saw at a glance that this painted, perfumed, bejeweled little *bohemienne* was more than half-seas-over, and he sprung toward her with a cry of disgust.

"Go!" he said, flinging out his hand. "How came you here? Begone at once, or I will ring for the servants to put you out!"

La Sylphine drew herself up with pompous pride and put both hands on her hips.

"Yer you try it on, now, and see how sick I'll make yer feel afore 'em all!" she hiccoughed. "I ain't comin' for yer—I'm a-comin' for peace—jest to show you as I don't bear you no ill feelings, shabby as yer treated me by not sendin' me a invite to the ball to-night. Didn't yer say it was shabby, and he'd check know. Don't know Dick Paylon, eh? Him and me and Major Brisbane's bin a banquetin' it to-night at the Devonshire Arms; and when I an' tells 'em as I wasn't La Sylphine by rights, and jest who I really am, Dick says to me, a kinder laughin' like: 'You'd orter had an invite to the reception, Sylphie, and if I was you, I'd go over and tell Lord Beresford that it warn't treatin' you right, considerin' who you are.' After Dick and the major went, I got to thinkin' as that was real sense and orter be acted on, so I jest spruced up a bit, and come over to see what's your intentions for the future. I ain't going to be snubbed, I kin tell you, so we may as well have a family understandin' right off. Light the gas now and-ring for my darter, and we'll fix this thing before I go."

She slipped into a chair as she ceased speaking, and smoothed out her gaudy finery.

"What are you standing there for, like you didn't hear ?" she hiccoughed. "And, law! how your ma does stare. Come on, now—ring the bell. I ain't a-goin' to bed till I've seen my darter, and had this thing put to rights."

Lord Beresford made a step forward.

"This is no place for such as you," he said, sternly. "You have no daughter here—begone!"

La Sylphine laid her back on the cushion of her chair and tossed off a drunken laugh.

"I ain't got no-darter here, eh?" she broke out suddenly, assuming the grandiloquent effect the manner of a third-rate actress; "Say, now, you don't mean to tell me as she ain't 'owned up' to you yet? Why, her pa 'owned up' to you yesterday! Pride put me off, you know—got divorced, cos I ran off and eloped with another chap—and after me an 'tother, one had cried quits, I took to the ballet for a living. All the same, it didn't make me no less an earl's darter, and if it's news to you, I'll prap you'll thank me for telling you, I'prap you won't. Yer orter bin the 'owned up' to you yet? Why, her pa 'owned up' to you yesterday! Pride put me off, you know—got divorced, cos I ran off and eloped with another chap—and after me an 'tother, one had cried quits, I took to the ballet for a living. All the same, it didn't make me no less an earl's darter, and if it's news to you, I'