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VOLUME 26.

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For the Year 1886

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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	15	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.

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THE WAR SERIES,
which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E M Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D H Hill; Shermans March to the Sea, by Generals Howard and Slocum. Generals G A Gillmore, Wm F Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter, and John S Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., etc., will appear.
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SPECIAL FEATURES
(with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Food Question, with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedrals; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., by the Rev J M Buckley, D.D., editor of the Christian Advocate...astronomical papers: articles throwing light on Bible history, etc.
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HER MARTYRDOM.

"London loves to talk," he said carelessly. "What does the world say about them?"

"That they are both very beautiful, and so rich! No one could ever imagine that they were mother and daughter. The daughter is seventeen, the mother thirty-five; but her ladyship looks—so I am told—quite ten years younger, and has been pronounced one of the most lovely women in London, as well as one of the wealthiest."

Captain Vance's handsome eyes gleamed with interest.

"Rich, is she? Some people are fortunate. To be rich and beautiful is to have an undue preponderance of this world's gifts. Tell me about them, Gladys."

"Every one was talking about them last evening at Lady Blount's. Lady Rooden is the widow of Sir Charles Rooden of Rood Abbey. He died quite suddenly four or five years ago—he was drowned, I believe—and left the whole of his large fortune to her."

"She will be a prize then," commented the captain. "And what fortune has the daughter?"

"Lady Blount told me that the will was a somewhat peculiar one. Although he was so wealthy, Sir Charlet left no separate fortune to his daughter; but at her mother's death everything goes to her—not before."

"The daughter then is not such a prize as the mother?" questioned the captain.

"Not pecuniarily," replied Gladys Rane.

"What will happen if the mother marries again?" asked the captain.

"Nothing. Her husband would have the full use of her wealth whilst she lived; but it would go to her daughter at the mother's death."

"And what," he asked, looking up suddenly—"What if the daughter dies before the mother?"

"Then the whole of the property becomes hers, to do with what she wills. What cold-blooded questions you ask, Vance!"

"I like to understand," he returned. "It is rather a novel state of things, and I am getting quite interested. The young lady holds a curious position; she is entirely dependent on her mother, yet at the same time quite independent of her."

"Yes," agreed Gladys Rane; "it is a strange position. Lady Blount knew Sir Charles many years ago."

"Why did he make such a curious will?" asked Captain Wynyard.

"Lady Blount says he had an idea that is would bind mother and daughter more closely together."

"Has it produced the desired effect?" he inquired carelessly.

"I should imagine so. Never were mother and daughter more closely united; they look like two sisters, and they seem devoted to each other. Most people seemed to think the mother more brilliant and beautiful than the daughter; yet Miss Rooden—so Lady Blount says—has a certain delicate *spiritual* loveliness far above mere brilliant beauty."

"I am curious to see them," said Captain Wynard; and Gladys Rane remarked quietly—

"Yes; I know they would interest you."

"Where is Rood Abbey?" he asked next. "I am not sure that I have heard it mentioned before."

"Rood Abbey is in one of the Midland Counties," she replied. "Lady Blount says there are few more charming places in the country."

He looked at her with a sudden gleam of passion in his eyes.

"I wish to heaven," he said, "that you had Rood Abbey and a large fortune!"

"So do I," sighed Gladys.

"What a curse poverty is!" he continued. "Here are you and I—we love each other—we have not said much about it, but we love each other—and yet——"

"I know," she interrupted, raising her face, which was full of pain, to his—"I understand."

"If my career had been a little less mad!" he sighed regretfully. "I have wasted two fortunes, and I doubt much whether I shall ever have a third. We are in the same position, Gladys—you will have to marry money, and I must do the same."

"I suppose it must be so," she said, resignedly; but he noted the pain in her eyes and the trembling of her lips.

"I know no two people in the world who would be so happy together as you and I," he added; "yet, because neither of us have money, we must stifle our love and always live apart. I wish you had fortune, Gladys, or that people could do without money."

"So do I," said Gladys Rane, with a bitter sigh.

Yet neither of them for a moment dreamed of what want of money and the desire to obtain it would do for them in the future. On that bright May morning, amongst the hyacinths in the sunlight, no warning came to them of the shape the future was to take.

CHAPTER III.

Captain Vance Wynyard was a prominent member of London society. He was somewhat popular, though no one seemed willing to trust him implicitly, or indeed had any great faith in him. He was not yet thirty; but he had seen more of life than men double his age. He had succeeded to a rich inheritance, and he had held a commission in the Royal Horse Guards; but before he had reached his twenty-fifth year he had spent his fortune and left the Army. His friends still called him Captain, doubtless because of his military bearing.

Wynyard was considered a fortunate man by those who knew him, for, when he had spent the whole of his fortune another fortune was left to him by a maiden aunt, who had always looked upon him as an ideal soldier and a perfect man, who never saw a fault in her handsome nephew, and who, when any especially piquant scandal was circulated concerning him, smiled complacently, merely remarking, "Young men must sow their wild oats." With the large fortune she left him Captain Wynyard proceeded a very fine crop of those same wild oats—so fine indeed that in the sowing he very considerably reduced his banking-account, and soon realised that he must give up his extravagances. Then it was that he came to the conclusion he must marry money. He was in no great hurry to supplement his fast-vanishing fortune by such a step. There were always plenty of plain-looking girls with fortunes on hand, he told himself; when he had enjoyed a few more years of bachelor-existence, he would begin to look round for a wife. In the meantime he had met beautiful Gladys Rane, and, as far as it was possible for one so careless and selfish, had fallen in love with her. At first, when he heard that she was the niece, and, in fact, the adopted daughter of the rich Lady Kinloch, he thought the course of his love would be smooth enough, and congratulated himself that he would be able to marry the woman he loved and secure her fortune at the same time. But the first hint of his attachment which he gave to Lady Kinloch was received by her in such a fashion that he saw at once how utterly useless it was for him to expect to replace his wasted fortune by an alliance with Gladys Rane. Her ladyship told him quite plainly that the man who had wasted two fortunes and was on the look-out for a third was not the kind of husband she desired for her niece, and that, if Gladys Rane made up her mind to marry such a man, she would not inherit a shilling from her. She spoke so plainly and so earnestly that he saw there was no likelihood of her ever altering her decision, and from that moment all ideas of marriage with Gladys Rane died in his heart. He had not the moral courage to give her up, to tell her the truth and leave her; still less had he the courage to marry her without money. He told her part of what her aunt had said to him, and left her to guess the rest.

Had he gone away at once, leaving her the certain knowledge that there could never be any further question of love and marriage between them, it would have been kinder to her, and more straightforward on his part. But, instead of taking that course, he continued to linger near her, making fierce love to her at times, and always lamenting the poverty that separated them. Yet the word "poverty" was absurd as applied to his own case. He had a luxuriously-furnished suite of rooms in London, he rode his own thorough-bred, he frequented the highest society, he was a member of the leading clubs, he spent what some people would consider a small fortune on flowers and opera-boxes, he gambled and betted.

The question of marriage with Gladys was banished; so far as concerned him, but he never lost an opportunity of seeking her society and of lamenting the barrier between them. He was not true enough to feel grieved that she loved him, and seemed only to delight in the conquest he had made. All evidence of pain that he read on the girl's face was regarded by him as a tribute to his power. Yet, in his selfish way, he loved her.

This morning, when he heard that Lady Kinloch was away from home, he hastened to Loch House, and found Gladys there, and she looked so charming, and he read such love for himself in her eyes, that it was almost more than he could do to restrain himself from asking her then and there to be his wife; but the conversation interested him, and he wished to see this Lady Rooden whose beauty was so fascinating as her fortune.

I all that Gladys told him were true, he could do nothing better than win her for himself. Not that he should ever love her—so long as the world held Gladys Rane, he could woo and win the heiress; but, if he could woo one most for mistress of Rood Abbey, he could afterwards fashion his future as pleased him best. He need never let Gladys Rane pass out of his life: he could retain his friendship for her. His mind was filled with these thoughts as he left her. He had not seen Lady Rooden, but he felt that it would not be an impossible task to win her—for he was not ignorant of the many advantages in his favour. He was handsome, with the gay debonair bearing that women love—he had laughing blue eyes, lips always ready to smile, a frank face that at first sight charmed every one. Only keen readers of character detected how much of cruelty and selfishness lay beneath the mask of the handsome features. He had the manner which most women love—suave, caressing, graceful. The slightest word he uttered had a charm which few could resist; yet the same melodious voice could be coarse and almost brutal when he chose.

He had the art which some people exercise to perfection. When he was talking, he gave the person with whom the conversation was held the idea that his whole being was for the time engrossed in his companion. If he paid compliments to a pretty woman, she seemed, while present, to be the one object for which he existed. If he argued with a scholar, his whole soul seemed to be in his words. It was a manner that won him many friends and flattered every one with whom he came

He therefore felt no particular anxiety with regard to the success of his wooing. He knew the value of a handsome face and a fine figure, of a winning tongue and a courtly, graceful manner. He knew even the value of his own reputation—that it was something to have run through two large fortunes, and to be still regarded as one of the most dashing and fashionable men in London. All that would tell in his favour, he believed. Then, again, he knew himself to be a most excellent match for a woman who had money. He held a high position in society; he belonged to a good old family; he had that seal and stamp of fashion which are of more value even than good birth or money.

Every one seemed to be talking of Lady Rooden and her daughter that evening. He went to his club, the Royal, and found they were the topic of conversation there. Nothing so interesting, nothing so strange, had been discussed for some time—a mother beautiful and fair as her own most beautiful child, a child in grace and loveliness the rival of her own mother. The discussion was at its height when Wynyard entered the smoking-room.

"I think all London has gone crazy about the new beauties," he remarked.

"Ashton," he continued, turning to one of his most intimate friends, "you were at the Embassy ball last evening. Did you see them?"

"Yes; they were both there—Lady Rooden and her daughter."

"Which is the belle?" asked Wynyard.

"I could not tell you. I have never seen two women so perfect. The old comparison of a rose and a rosebud is weak. No one would believe them to be mother and daughter; they are like younger and elder sister—the daughter so slim and graceful, the mother tall and stately. There is not such another pair in London."

Wynyard looked up anxiously.

"They are rivals, then?" he remarked.

"Yes and no," was the answer. "The mother seems devoted to the girl, and the girl worships the mother."

"Plenty of admirers, I suppose?" queried the ex-captain.

Mr. Ashton laughed.

"Every man in the room was an admirer, more or less," he replied.

"Any one in particular?" asked Wynyard.

"The Duke of Ellamont seemed quite charmed."

"With whom—mother or daughter?" was the next question.

"The mother. You will not understand their uncommon beauty until you see them. Lady Rooden is most at home in a ball-room; you can see that she is a brilliant member of society, that her proper place is the world of fashion. But one glance at the daughter's face tells quite another story. There you discern a sweetly ingenuous nature and a poetic soul. The girl's dress was all white lace and white lilac; and I never noticed before what a lovely flower white lilac is."

"Should you think there is any prospect of the mother remarrying?" asked Wynyard.

"Yes, I should think it is almost certain; and I think I can guess who the man is who will marry her."

"Who is he?" asked the ex-captain anxiously.

"The one who flatters her most," laughed Mr. Ashton; "he will be the one to win her. That is her ladyship's weak side."

"You soon found it out," said Wynyard. "Most ladies have something of the same weakness, I think."

"I should not like to be the man who tried to flatter Miss Rooden," continued Mr. Ashton. "One look from her pure eyes would extinguish all flattery."

"You admire the daughter most?" queried Wynyard quickly.

"Yes, I think I do. I have met women like Lady Rooden, but never one like her daughter."

Neither billiards nor cards had any charm for Vance Wynyard that evening; he was unusually thoughtful and engrossed. If he sighed at times, it was because memory brought to him vividly the beautiful, sorrowful face of Gladys Rane.

CHAPTER IV.

Rood House, the town mansion of which Sir Charles had been so proud, was situated in one of the most charming parts of Kensington. It was a house that combined the advantages of town and country. The beauty of rippling green foliage surrounded it; tall spreading trees sheltered it; flowers of brightest hue grew in the gardens. A long grass lawn lay at the back of the mansion, with a number of fine old trees. No country garden could have looked greener and fresher than did the garden at Rood House. Angela Rooden was delighted with it. To her it was a matter of indifference that Lady Rooden spent a small fortune in refurnishing and redecorating the house until it was one of the most perfect in town; but she could not tolerate the thought of any change being made in the garden.

Travelling through the loveliest lands in Europe had only made England the dearer to her. She had seen the fairest cities in Italy, she had lingered by the shores of the sunny Mediterranean, she had gazed in wonder at mighty mountains the summits of which pierced the clouds, on picturesque German rivers, fair Swiss valleys and lakes; but, after all, there was no place like England. When she returned to the old ivy-clad abbey, she felt that it surpassed in beauty anything they had seen in their travels, and, above all, it was home.

Lady Rooden and her daughter had been absent from England considerably more than four years. They had lived for some months in Spain. They had lingered in France, longest in Italy. They had been up the Rhine, they had explored quiet German towns, they had visited Switzerland, they had loitered in Florence and Milan, Rome and Venice; but Angela Rooden found the sweetest and the greatest beauty in her quiet English home.

The governess, Miss Aveland, had accompanied her pupil through all her travels, the result of which was that Angela's education was not neglected for a single day; and on her return to Rood Abbey she was able to speak French and German with fluency.

For over four years mother and daughter had lived this pleasant wandering existence, and then Lady Rooden began to feel a longing for home. The first bitterness of her grief had begun to abate, and she told herself that she had mourned her husband well and sincerely.

He had been most devoted, and his loss was an irreparable one to her; but she was still young and beautiful; and, as her sorrow died, all her love of social life returned, all her keen sense of enjoyment, all her desire for pleasure and gaiety. True, she would miss the kindly husband who had made her days so bright, her home so happy, who had surrounded her with such loving care and tenderness; but life had innumerable sources of interest left for her yet.

When Lady Rooden first spoke to her daughter of returning home, the girl's face beamed with delight, and then suddenly grew sad.

"I am glad, mamma," she said—"glad yet sorry. We shall seem nearer to papa; but it will almost break my heart to see Rooden Abbey without him."

Four years had in a great measure healed the wound that the death of her husband had caused in Lady Rooden's heart; they had given her time to forget him, they had shown her how it was possible to live without him; but those same four years had brought Angela Rooden to look upon her father as a hero and a saint. The most reverential affection filled her heart and soul. In the ranks of the living there was no one like her father; and she worshipped his memory with a growing and strengthening ardour. During these years of travel she had never lost an indefinable sense of his near presence; she had never forgotten her mother's words, that she was to think of him always as watching her from the blue skies. And now she was going back to the home she had left in such a passion of sorrow and despair a few years before—returning with her mother to begin a new life.

While Miss Aveland had lived with them, Angela had of course spent the greater part of her time with her in perfecting her education. Lady Rooden was somewhat of a Sybarite; she delighted in easy couches and French novels. Her daughter, although living under the same roof with her, and never having been parted from her for a day, did not understand her mother's character so well as some who met her only casually. Naturally enough, she idealised it. In her loving eyes, what others considered faults she recognised only as virtues.

When Lady Rooden and Angela returned to Rood Abbey, Miss Aveland left them. The old home was more beautiful than ever in the eyes of the young girl who had spent such a happy childhood there; the loveliness of the dawning spring added to its attraction, and Angela was loath to leave it even for all the promised glories of London. She had reached her seventeenth year now, and Lady Rooden was anxious that she should be presented at the first Drawing-room held in May.

So in May they went to town; and Angela's presentation was a great success, and society welcomed mother and daughter with open arms. Before many days had passed they were inundated with invitations and courted by all the leaders of London society. The world found Lady Rooden more beautiful and charming than ever, and it found her daughter even more beautiful than herself.

"What a curious life it is, mamma!" Angela remarked one morning, when they were dressing to attend a fashionable wedding. "It always seems to me so unreal."

"In what way, Angel? It is real enough to me."

"It gives me the impression of always being at a theatre, or on a stage," she replied. "We go from one thing to another—riding, driving, visiting; we go to dinners, balls, gatherings; nothing occupies us for long together, and every hour brings a change. I should not like the rush of a London season always, mamma."

"I should," confessed Lady Rooden; and the girl looked up in undisguised wonder at her mother.

"Would you?" she questioned; and then she flung her arms round her mother's shapely neck, and cried, "No wonder, mamma; you are so lovely, and every one loves you! It is a fancy of mine that no room is bright until you enter it."

And Lady Rooden, who delighted in nothing so much as praise, smiled at the eager young face. She enjoyed thoroughly her daughter's worshipping love and honest admiration. She liked to know that her child admired her and thought her the fairest of women.

It was a new experience to Angela to see her mother surrounded by admirers. She had idealised her so completely, and had so convinced herself that her mother's heart was enshrined in her father's memory, that she had never contemplated the possibility of her mother's contracting another alliance. She had never in her own mind separated her father from her mother. Although he was no longer on earth, they were still united in her thoughts—not parted, even though death lay between them. No girl ever wept more bitterly than did Angela when her mother took off her widow's cap and allowed her luxuriant tresses to be seen.

Lady Rooden could not understand such strange conduct.

"You ought to be pleased, Angel," she said, rebuking the girl. "I cannot even understand why you cry."

Nor could the girl herself explain the feeling of jealous love for her father's memory which made her dislike to see the outward sign of mourning laid aside.

Now, when she saw her mother surrounded by admirers, the sensation was a novel one. To see men hovering about her, trying to outvie each other in paying her attention, trying to discover who could win from her her brightest smiles, astonished her. She forgot all about her own admirers in her contemplation of the new situation.

It was a fresh light in which to view her own mother; and she was not at first quite sure whether it pained her or pleased her most. She was unconscious of the admiration which she herself excited—indeed she did not care much about fashionable life or the homage she unwittingly extorted. Hitherto she had lived more in the world of art than of men; and to herself she acknowledged that she preferred the former. She was wonderfully inexperienced in the ways of fashionable men and women. This was the result perhaps of not having any youthful friends of her own sex with whom to converse "on lovers and fashions," and the many other subjects so dear to young girls. Miss Aveland had never encouraged conversation on such matters. Many girls of twelve know more of love and flirtations than this tall slender girl who took such a serious view of life. She brought with her into the world of fashion and frivolity all the noble thoughts, the lofty and spiritual ideas, the tender, delic