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The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

VOLUME 26. MILTON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1886. NO. 25.

Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton.

FOR THE YEAR 1887

Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1 Milton	Wm. Panton	23	25	27	15	30	25	10 a.m.
2 Oakville	R. Balmer	12	9	4	13	7	2	10 a.m.
3 Georgetown	L. Grant	18	15	10	12	15	8	9.30 a.m
4 Acton	J. Matthews	20	17	12	"	16	10	10 a.m.
5 Campbellville	S. R. Lister	14	11	6	"	9	4	9 30 "
6 Burlington	G. O. Bastedo	11	8	3	"	6	1	11 "

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury. Tuesday 14th June, and 13th December, at 10 a.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 4th April, and 3rd October, at 10 a. m.

County Court Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 3rd January, 4th April, 4th July, and 3rd October at 10 a.m.

Judges Chambers.—Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, except on Court days and during vacation, at 11 a.m.

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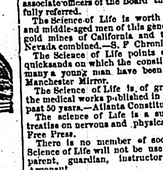

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HER MARTYRDOM.

Still no glimmer of the truth came to the girl, who loved her mother with the single love of a loyal heart.

"I always love your friends, mamma," she answered; "they are the same to me as my own."

"But the person of whom I speak is nearer and dearer than a friend. Oh, Angela, it seems hard to tell you; yet I cannot tell why it should be! I am young yet, and I have, I hope, a long life before me. I have the right to please myself in all my actions."

Angela took the white gemmed hands in her own and kissed them with passionate love.

"Why do you say such strange things, mamma?" she cried. "I do not understand."

Lady Rooden's lips grew stiffer and colder as she continued—

"Let me tell you in few words, Angel. I love with all my heart, and I have promised to marry, Captain Wynyard."

A dead silence seemed to fall over the room, a terrible chill silence that was broken only by a passionate cry from Angel—a cry so full of anguish and despair that Lady Rooden's heart was touched by it.

"It cannot be true," the girl gasped; "it is not true! Oh, mother darling, I would rather die than believe it!"

"It is true, Angel, and it makes me happier than words can tell."

With a cry even more despairing than the first, the girl slipped from her mother's arms and fell to the ground. Deep passionate sobs shook the slender figure; it was a very tempest of grief that seized the girl and rendered her helpless for the moment.

At last Lady Rooden said sadly—

"Oh, Angel, do not weep so bitterly; you will break my heart!"

But the storm of weeping did not abate.

"You know, my dear," continued her ladyship, "that I am still young—hardly more than thirty-five—and every one says that I look quite ten years younger—that I have the prospect of a long life before me; and, if I find some one who loves me, and will make the remainder of my life happier than it is, why should I not marry again, if I choose?"

She started back the next moment in real alarm, for Angela had sprung from the ground, and stood before her with flashing eyes and burning face.

"Why should you not marry again?" she cried. "Oh, mamma, how can you ask such a question? You are my father's wife!"

"I am your father's widow, Angel," corrected Lady Rooden.

Withering scorn flashed from the girlish eyes.

"There is no difference!" she cried. "You told me yourself that my father had but gone before us. You said he would love us just the same. You told me that the boundaries which separated us were very narrow. You told me that love, true love, began in time and lived in eternity. Oh, mother, mother," she continued wildly, "what will you say to my father when you meet him as another man's wife? It is horrible to think of!"

"You speak too strongly, Angel," said Lady Rooden, in a trembling voice.

"I do not; I could not! Oh, mamma, forgive me, but it seems to me shameful! You, whom my father loved, you with whom he left his heart! If you had died first, my father never would have married again; he would have cherished your memory until death. How then, knowing this, can you love another man? You have the right to please yourself; but I repeat that it is shameful. It seems to me that it is a sin for my father's wife to marry another man."

"But, Angel," urged Lady Rooden, "you could not expect that I should live all the rest of my life alone."

"You are not alone, mamma; you have me with you."

"But you will marry some day, Angel, and then I should be alone."

"We need never be parted, mamma darling, even if I do marry; and, if you will give up this horrible marriage, I will promise you most solemnly never to leave you while I live."

"That is all nonsense, Angel. You must marry just as other girls do. Be reasonable, my dear, and we shall all be happy. I am sure that in time you will learn to like Captain Wynyard."

The flame gave a new turn to Angela's thoughts. Hitherto she had realized nothing but the horror of the fact that her mother cared for another man; now she remembered who that man himself was, how from the first she had always mistrusted and disliked him. She sank upon the ground at her mother's feet.

"Oh, mother," she sobbed, "it is like a hideous dream to me that you are going to put the man I dislike above all others in my father's place!"

"You will learn to like him in time," said Lady Rooden; "no one could help it."

But the scorn that flashed in her daughter's face was like a flame that scorched her.

"I like him," she cried, "when every honest impulse of my heart is against him? Never! The more I know of him the more I shall dislike and mistrust him. Oh, mother, you are so sensible in everything else! You choose your friends, your servants wisely; how is it you make such a terrible mistake in choosing a husband? Why does not your instinct, which is keen and true, rise against the man?"

"Hush, Angel—you are going too far!" said Lady Rooden. "You forget that I love him."

"Love him! Oh, mother, how can you love one who is ignoble, who has nothing but a handsome face—and even that is spoilt by a selfish and cruel expression!"

"The world does not say so," answered Lady Rooden; "the captain is generally admitted to be one of the handsomest men in town."

"By people who do not look beneath the surface," cried Angela, "not by those who know how to read character, not by those who have keen observation. True, the face is handsome; but the character written upon it is that of a vain, selfish, cruel man. Oh, mother darling, if you will marry again, if one love in a lifetime is not sufficient, choose wisely! Choose a man who in some degree resembles my father, one who is noble and good; choose with your judgment, darling, and not with your eyes!"

"Hush, Angel—you forgot yourself! I am sorry my choice does not please you; but it pleases me, and that is the most important point to be considered. It is useless to discuss the matter in this spirit, as the time for the marriage is already settled."

Another cry of pain and distress escaped the girl's lips.

"Settled, mamma! Do not say that! Oh, mother, by the love you bore my dead father, pause and think! How can I reach your heart? How can I make you feel what I myself feel so keenly? How can I make you read aright the character of the man whom you have idealised? You do not see him as he is, but as you believe and wish him to be. He is no hero, mother; he is cruel by nature—cruel because he is vain and full of self-love. Oh, mother, my darling, you have known the love of a noble man! You have been cherished and beloved by one of the worthiest men that ever lived; you have borne the name and shared the fortunes of one of the dearest and best of men; how can you put this other man in his place, all unworthy as he is to fill it? If it were any one else," cried Angela, wringing her hands with a gesture of bitter despair—"if it were but any other man we know! Mamma darling, the first moment I saw his face I loathed it, the first moment I heard his voice I disliked him, and I had a forboding of coming evil that deepened each time I saw him; but I never dreamed that it would come to me in this shape. It seems hard and cruel for me to say it; but, mother darling, as surely as sun and moon shine, you will repent this foolish step. As surely as now you disbelieve me, so surely the time will come when you will cry to me for help in your distress. I foretell it."

"It will not follow, my dear, as a matter of necessity," said Lady Rooden, with a touch of sarcasm.

"Mother," Angela appealed again, "forget him; give up all thoughts of this marriage. Let us leave England and go back to the dreamy old Italian life; and be happy as we were before. I will love you and take care of you—I will live with you always, and never leave you. I will do anything to save you from the hands of a man whom I dread and mistrust."

Lady Rooden was touched by the passionate appeal; but the misery of the beautiful young face and the pain in the entreating voice.

"My dearest Angela, I do not want to be what you called 'saved.' I love Vance Wynyard, and I wish to marry him."

"Mother," she urged earnestly, "I am certain, that he loves Gladys Rane. I saw love in his face when he looked at her."

"And I, my dear Angel, am equally sure he does not." Then she added, and he told me so: He denied it most positively. He has been the spoiled darling of London society for many years, and I am, he assured me, the first woman he has ever loved."

"And you believe him?" asked the girl, who seemed suddenly to have grown so much older than her mother.

"Certainly I believe him, Angel. If he loves Gladys Rane, why should he not marry her?"

"Because she may not have money enough to tempt him," was the scornful answer. "Mother," continued the girl, "as surely as the sun shines in the heavens you will repent it! If words or prayers of mine could but move you!"

"They cannot, Angel," said Lady Rooden serenely; "my mind is firmly made up."

"Harm will come of it, I am sure," declared Angela. "Oh, mother, can you not see that he wants to marry you for your money, while in his heart he loves Gladys Rane?"

"It is not true," cried Lady Rooden, with warmth; "and I will not have such things said of the man I have elected to marry. I forbid it, Angela. Unless you can speak of him with respect, keep silent."

"I will, mamma," she answered, with a long-drawn bitter sob. "But, darling, do you not see the evil beginning, how already he is coming between us? Our first unhappiness is caused by him."

"It is caused by your manner of speaking of him, Angel," retorted Lady Rooden. "You must not so offend me again. You must not say that Captain Wynyard loves Gladys Rane, and you must not say that he does not love me, or that he is going to marry me for my money. I will not hear or tolerate any such disgraceful charges. If you wish to please me, you will learn to love and respect the man I am going to marry. Good night, Angel. You had better leave me. You will be calmer to-morrow."

"Yes, "returned Angela; "I shall be calmer; but I shall never be happy again. To-night I have lost all that is best and brightest in my life; to-night my hope and happiness have died."

"You will be wiser to-morrow, Angel," said Lady Rooden coldly. "Now say good night."

With weeping eyes and aching heart the girl bade her mother good night. Coldly, for the first time in her life, she kissed the beautiful face—coldly, for the first time in her life, Lady Rooden dismissed her daughter; but, when the door closed and the sound of the bitter sobs had died away, Lady Rooden felt very unhappy. She asked herself if it were worth while to persist in this engagement which was so repugnant to Angela. Her answer to herself was "Yes." After all, she had a perfect right to do as she would in a matter that so deeply affected her future happiness. She was not compelled, she argued with herself, to pass a long lonely life because her daughter had romantic ideas concerning what was due to her father's memory. It was unheard of that a woman should decline to marry the man she loved simply because her daughter objected to him. It seemed to her both selfish and unkind that Angela should so bitterly oppose this her dearest wish. Yet warm tears filled her eyes when she thought in her daughter's loyal love of her father. A vague foreboding came to her; but she drove it away. To her there seemed nothing strange in the fact that Captain Wynyard should be deeply in love with her. She felt that she was beautiful enough to win and to keep the love of any man, and she could not understand why Angela should persistently deny that the captain loved her, and persistently assert that it was for her money alone that he wanted to marry her. If she were plain or old, one might believe such an assertion; but, being what she was, she argued to herself that it was impossible.

It was not with a feeling of unmixed happiness that Lady Rooden laid her head on her pillow. Side by side with her love and her happiness was the memory of her daughter's sorrow and despair. Angela could neither sleep nor rest; nor could she yet thoroughly realise the terrible blow that had fallen upon her. Rood Abbey, which to her had always been the fairest spot on earth, her father's inheritance and his home, would now have a new master. This man whom she instinctively disliked would take her father's place there, would use his rooms, rest in his favorite chairs, read his books, monopolise the love of his wife, usurp his place in every shape and way. Her father's old servants would have to obey him; the tenants and dependants who had love and respected her father must now transfer their allegiance to him.

"If he were worthy of it," she cried to herself; "I should not care so much; but he is not—he is not! He will make my mother miserable when the veil falls from before her eyes."

The first red flush of dawn was in the skies before Angela had wept herself to sleep.

CHAPTER X.

It was late when Angela woke the next morning, and even as her eyes opened a dark shadow seemed to settle upon her as she remembered that her mother was going to marry Captain Vance Wynyard. A weight as of lead lay upon her heart; her brain seemed bewildered.

"My misery is greater than I can bear!" she cried in an agony of despair.

It seemed impossible to her that she could again face the realities and duties of life. Hitherto her first thought in the morning had been to fly as soon as she could to her mother, to kiss and caress her, to know what her plans were for the day, to find the fairest and sweetest of flowers for her, to show her every possible mark of love and attention. Now she shrank from meeting her. Hitherto she had felt that her mother's waking thoughts were given to her, that her mother's first desire was to see her; but that would never happen again. Already a barrier had sprung up between them, and the girl's heart was desolate.

The pretty breakfast-room, usually redolent of roses, was empty when she entered; her mother was not there. Thinking she was in the drawing-room, Angela made her way thither listlessly enough. She had opened the door and entered the room before she saw that the very sight of him her face flushed hotly and her heart began to beat violently. She would have withdrawn at once; but Lady Rooden saw her, and called to her. She looked at her mother's face, and that one glance caused her sharpest pain. Never had she seen the beloved face so charming as now, lit up as it was with love and softened into deepest tenderness. On the face of the man by her side there was a smile of triumph, which only served to raise every antagonistic feeling in the young girl's breast.

"Angel, come here," said Lady Rooden. "I have something to say to you."

Slowly, and with aversion in her eyes, she went up to her mother. Captain Wynyard noting keenly the expression of her face.

"She does not like me, and does not like the marriage," he said to himself. "I shall have an enemy in this slender girl; but it will not matter."

"Angel," went on Lady Rooden, "I am glad you came in. I want to speak to you." Then a flush rose to her face, and a certain shyness came over her manner.

"Let me speak for you, dearest Laura," interrupted her lover; and Angela started at the words. Never since her father's death had she heard her mother addressed by that name.

"I am sure that the daughter who loves you so dearly and so devotedly will be pleased to hear of anything which will add to your happiness." The captain spoke fluently enough, and he turned his handsome face with a smile to Angela; but there was a certain uneasiness about him, a restraint that almost made his manner ungraceful, for he knew well in his heart that he did not love this woman whom he was so anxious to make his wife. "Your mother," he continued, "has been so good and generous as to look upon me with favour, and I have promised to devote the remainder of my life to her. I shall do my best to make her happy; and with the love of the mother I hope to win the love of the daughter. I will do my best to deserve it."

As Vance Wynyard spoke, Angela's face grew white even to the lips. A burning feeling of hate rose in her heart against him. She could not control it for a few minutes so as to answer him, and he, almost glad of her silence, went on—

"I promise you to devote myself to your interests, and, as far as I can, to fill worthily your father's place."

This unfortunate allusion to her father roused the girl at once. She raised her face to his with such an indignant flash of anger that, callous as he was, he quailed before it.

"We will leave my father's name quite out of the question. Let me say once and for all that you will never fill his place, and that to my mind it is a desecration of his memory even to say such a thing. He was my mother's husband; he loved her; he was a noble-minded man."

"I hope in time to win your good opinion," he said. Vain, cold, and calculating as he was, there was something in the attitude of the girl standing at bay, as it were, that touched him.

"My dear Angel," cried Lady Rooden, "speak to Captain Wynyard; have you nothing to say in answer to his kindly words?"

"Nothing, mamma," she said, wringing her hands. "I have not a word to say."

"Then, Vance," said Lady Rooden, turning to Captain Wynyard, "I must love you doubly, to atone for my daughter's ungraciousness."

Inwardly the captain felt deeply mortified. He had been so worshipped by women, he had always been so popular, he had always received such homage and adulation from the fairer sex, that his present experience with Miss Rooden was as unexpected as it was disagreeable. But he knew that he must be diplomatic in this instance, and that to recent the girl's manner would be a fatal mistake; to be gentle, generous, and forgiving would impress Lady Rooden more favourably.

"I shall hope," he said suavely, "to win from Miss Rooden greater grace and greater kindness."

Then Angela raised her eyes to his; there was something both pathetic and wistful in their expression.

"Captain Wynyard," she said, "my mother and I have been very happy together; we shall never be so happy again. Why do you want to marry her?"

Somewhat taken aback by so straightforward a question, he replied quickly nevertheless, and with great presence of mind—

"Because I love her, Miss Rooden."

"I do not believe it," said the girl promptly. "I am sure that you do not love her; and time will prove that I am right."

"Angel," cried Lady Rooden, "I have told you that I will not allow you to say such things!"

"I cannot help it, mamma," she answered. "It is the voice of my heart that speaks, and I cannot control it."

"Believe me," interposed Captain Wynyard, in his sweetest and suavest voice, "I quite understand; and, Miss Rooden, though some in my place might feel hurt, I do not, for I understand. I may say even that I admire you all the more for your fidelity to the memory of your father. I can only hope that as time rolls on you may judge me more favourably, and learn to like me better."

Lady Rooden felt quite a glow of pride as she heard these kindly words. How noble and generous he was! Angela must surely come to like him in time. The falsity that was so apparent to the daughter the mother could not detect—indeed she was more delighted than ever with her lover, more ready to resent her daughter's ungraciousness.

"Angel," she appealed again, "have you no answer to make to such kind words?"

"No, mamma," she replied sadly; "I have none. I trust more to my own instinct than to any words I hear."

"I will wait patiently," said the captain gracefully. "I have been fortunate beyond all other men in winning the love of the mother; I shall never weary in trying to win the affection and confidence of the daughter."

"Oh, Angel," cried Lady Rooden, "I wonder how you can listen to such generous and noble words and not love the person who utters them?"

In spite of her distress, Angela could not help smiling at the utter simplicity of such a speech.

"I value the words, mamma," she said, "at their just worth."

And Lady Rooden, finding that the interview was not likely to be a pleasant one, thought it prudent to put an end to it. She dismissed her daughter therefore with a few words; and Angela left the drawing-room without touching the hand that Captain Wynyard extended to her. She went to her room, and remained there until the bell rang for luncheon.

"I am so grieved," said Lady Rooden apologetically to her lover. "I saw last night, when I told Angela about our marriage, that she did not like the idea of it; but I never dreamed she would treat you as she has."

The captain was on his guard. He felt angry, and resented Angela's manner holly; but he was wise enough to see that assumed generosity would best answer his purpose.

"I hope, my dearest Laura," he responded, "you will think no more about it. I shall never resent Angela's dislike, but shall, on the contrary, do my best to overcome it."

Lady Rooden kissed him.

"You are truly noble, Vance," she said. "You make allowances for Angel. She certainly did worship her father."

"Quite right too," he replied; "and she shall love me if I can persuade her to do so. I should hardly have expected, so much spirit from her," he continued; "but we will forget the incident. Trust to me, dearest Laura. Do not be even in the least degree unhappy about your daughter. It is hardly right for me to say it; but I have never met girl or woman yet who could refuse to care for me if I tried to make them."

"I do not wonder," said Lady Rooden, touching his handsome face gently with her white gemmed hands. "Every one must love you. But you have never cared for any one except me?" she whispered.

The dark, passionate, beautiful face of Gladys Rane rose before him as he bent over her, yet he kissed her, and vowed that she was his first love and would be his last.

"Let us speak now of our wedding-day, Laura darling," he said. "Can I persuade you to let it be the tenth of July? Why should we wait? I love you with all my heart, and shall never be happy again for one moment out of your presence. Why need we wait until August?"

"It seems so very soon," she objected shyly.

"There is no such thing as time in love," declared the captain; and, after a few more persuasive words, Lady Rooden consented.

"We need not have any delay over marriage-settlements," he remarked carelessly; but there was a keen, shrewd look in his eyes which belied the lightness of his words. "Ah, Laura, dearest, how I wish now that I had been more careful! How I regret that I have lavished my wealth in idle follies! I wish I had it all to lay at your feet."

And in the blindness of her love she responded—

"There can never be any question of money, Vance, between you and me. It matters little which has it. As it happens, I have enough for both."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEWS ITEMS.

Dr. Cook is mentioned as the candidate for the Napanee Mayoralty.

Herr Klotz, of the new German party, has been elected to a seat in the Reichstag.

Pitcher Davis is about as good as engaged with the Torontos for next season.

It is about settled that Decker will play with the Torontos, Washington being willing to let him go.

Miss Booth of the Salvation Army will be married to Captain Gibborn of Paris in January.

Major Von Brandis suicided in Berlin Monday while insane. He shot himself to death in the street.

Only two horses ran one mile in 1:41 this season. Those were Burch, by Enquirer, and Swift, by Great Tom.

The winter race meeting at New Orleans will begin on Dec. 15. Over 300 horses are expected at the track before that date.

B. F. Coniez, who caught for the Bridgeports in the Eastern League last season, has been engaged by the Newarks for next year.

The managers of the Thousand Island Park have sued the Orleans announcers who returned the assessment at $30,000 instead of $60,000.

The colored coal miners imported from the South to Danville to fill the place of strikers, are themselves on strike for higher pay.

Prominent Irishmen in Philadelphia look with emphatic disapproval on O'Donovan Rossa's attempt to work up a Fenian agitation.

The foster Merlatti is going it on pure grit, without his liquor, and is trying to commit a most dangerous suicide.

Three out of five Cork magistrates have decided to Police Inspector Mulling for assault upon Commoner Tanner.

A society has been formed at Murten, Germany, to promote mixed marriages, especially between Christians and Jews.

A number of Quaruks have captured the fortress at Chatin, Siam, and massacred a hundred members of the garrison.

The eighty-six Parnellite members of Parliament have determined not to consider other business till Dillon's case is settled.

The Burmese rebels are reported as rapidly submitting to the British and there is a prospect of the campaign terminating shortly.

Alphonso Martel, the Aylmer hotelkeeper who was charged with robbing the late Charles Aylwin, has been honorably acquitted by an Ottawa court.

Alexander Mitchell of Aberdeen, Carlton County, N.B., has fallen heir to a fortune left by a relative in Ceylon. The amount is placed at half a million.

Pat Sheehy writes from San Francisco that John L. Sullivan's share of the gate receipts in his fight with Paddy Ryan was $6,722.50, and Ryan's share was $2,239.50.

The lockout at the Excelsior colliery, Shamokin, Pa., which began a month ago, was ended Monday through arbitration, the miners being conceded an advance of five per cent.

In Washington Monday John Howe, a New York graduate, shot Minnie Raymond and then himself. The woman had discarded him for another man. He is dead and she is dying.

Mr. O'Brien of St. John, N.B., will try a pair of his carrier pigeons against one of the fastest express trains on the Intercolonial Railway, next week, and the result is eagerly watched for.

The Princess Beatrice is in good health and is able to enjoy company. The baby is very red, a sign that he will be fair, and he savors of crics.

The students of St. Petersburg on Nov. 30 tried to hold memorial services at the tomb of the liberal Mr. Dobrolubiloff, but were prevented by the police.

Judge Hartw