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

For the Year 1887

No.	Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1	Milton	Wm. Panton	28	25	27	15	30	25	10 a.m.
2	Oakville	R. Balmer	12	9	8	12	7	2	10 a.m.
3	Georgetown	L. Grant	18	15	10	19	13	8	9.30 a.m.
4	Acton	J. Matthews	20	17	12	"	15	10	10 a.m.
5	Campbellville	S. R. Lister	14	11	6	"	9	4	9 30 "
6	Burlington	G. C. 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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HER MARTYRDOM.

He saw the spasm of pain that passed over her face; but he felt no compassion for her suffering. He decided resolutely that this sort of thing must be nipped in the bud.

"Do not laugh at me, Vance," she pleaded, with gentle dignity. "I have come to you with my soul on my lips; do not meet me with ridicule. I have been very unhappy ever since I noticed how much time you spend with and how attentive you are to Gladys Rane. Oh, Vance, I have watched the glances from your eyes to hers and I have seen the love in them—deeper love, Vance, than you ever gave to me! And your voice—do you know how much love and music comes into it when you speak to her? Do you know how your eyes follow her—how she seems to draw you to her by touching your very heart-strings? Do you know how everyone makes way for you to occupy a place by her side? So soon as you enter a room where she is, it is as though a magnet drew you together. People smile; those nearest to Miss Rane make way for you, as though you had a right to be near her; and when I see that, Vance, my heart aches. Then, when you are near her, both you and she seem to forget everything in the world but each other; and I—oh, Vance, I feel as if I were left out in the cold and the darkness! I go away, for I cannot bear the pain as it is. Again, you do not know how often you dance with her; and, Vance, when one has seen you waltzing with her, there can be no more doubt—no more. I see, besides, so much that I cannot put into words; and, Vance, I have seen you wear her flowers. When she sings, she sings only to you, for her eyes never leave your face; and once I saw you kiss her hand. Something—it must be the instinct of my own heart—tells me that she is my rival. I want you to give up your intimacy with her, Vance. It pains me—it is killing me—I cannot bear it!"—and her voice died away in a little sob.

The captain was silent for a time, and the look on his face was not pleasant to see.

"Have you quite finished, Laura?" he asked drily.

"No; I could talk to you for hours out of the fulness of my heart," she answered. "I was so happy before we came here, before you met her, although I was told before we were married that you loved Miss Rane, and that you were going to marry me only for my money."

"Did you believe it?" he asked.

"No," she replied; "nor do I believe it now. I could not live with such a belief. Oh, Vance, make me happy again in the old light-hearted fashion!"

"If I had not heard all this nonsense," said the captain, "I could never have believed that any woman could be so weak, so foolish, so ridiculously jealous. I am astonished at you, though it is true I never gave you credit for being strong-minded. Jealousy is ridiculous at all times; but it is doubly ridiculous when it exists without cause."

"Can you say truthfully, Vance, that my jealousy is without cause?" asked the distressed wife.

"I say so clearly and distinctly; it is an absurd folly, an absurd fancy."

"You do not really love Gladys Rane?" she asked.

"I consider the question an insult!" he exclaimed.

"Then, Vance, if you do not love her, if you do not take an undue interest in her, why not make me happy by giving up the greater part of your intimacy?"

"Because I will not," he replied. "If I were to do that, it would prove at once that you were right in the ridiculous conclusion you have come to. If I gave up my friendship for Miss Rane at your request, it would be tantamount to admitting that there was something in it which required giving up."

"I do not think so," Lady Laura returned. "It would simply prove that you love me above all others, and that you would do anything to make me happy."

"I would do a great deal, certainly," said the captain; "but you may take this answer once for all, Laura—I shall never relinquish my friendship for Miss Rane. If you are wise, you will never reopen the subject."

Lady Laura Wynyard looked at her husband with eyes full of wondering pain. That he could so coolly dismiss a subject of such vital interest to her was incredible. Her whole future was involved in this matter, and he had put it aside as unworthy of discussion. A vision seemed to pass before her of the dead husband who had been so kind to her, to whom her every wish had been law, to whom her lightest words had been of greatest consequence. Were Angela's words really true, that she could not expect such love twice in one lifetime? At last her surprise found voice.

"Vance," she said, "you cannot speak earnestly. I, your wife, come to you with the happiness of my whole life at stake, holding my very heart in my hands, and you dismiss the subject that causes me concern as coolly as though we were discussing the weather."

Captain Wynyard shrugged his shoulders.

"My whole life is at stake," continued her ladyship. "I cannot live as I have been living; I can bear no longer what I have borne. I pray you, dearest, give up that which has come between us, and take me to your heart again."

"What nonsense, Laura!" he cried impatiently. "I am tired of it!"

"You must listen," she said. "I have a claim upon your attention; I have a right to speak. You are doing that which makes me unhappy, and I have a right to ask you to give up the cause of my unhappiness. Oh, Vance, if you love me, make me happy! Give up Miss Rane! It is not much to do for me."

"Little as it is, Laura, you may be sure that I shall not do it. I shall not scatter my friends like chaff before the wind to please your ridiculous fancies."

"Have you no pity for my pain?" she asked.

"I should have pity for a real pain; but I have none for what is only a fancy."

"Will you do nothing, Vance, to make me happy?" she asked wistfully.

"Nothing of the kind to which you refer," he answered carelessly. "I should never dream of giving up my old friends for such nonsense as this, Laura."

"Will you dance less with her, Vance?" she asked. The unhappy lady seemed to think that, if she could win some small concession from him, she might ultimately win all she wanted.

"No, I will not, Laura," he replied.

"Will you devote yourself less to her, so as not to attract public attention?" she asked again

"My dear Laura, in no single thing will I change my present course of conduct," he answered warmly.

"Not even if it is likely to kill me?" she said.

"It will not do that; and, if you die of it, your own folly will have killed you."

The frankly brutal words seemed to stun her. She raised her pale dazed face to his.

"I thought," she said slowly, "that you would comply at once with my wish; I thought you would kiss me and comfort me, and tell me there was no one half so dear to you as I; I thought you would promise for my sake to give up Gladys Rane."

"Your thoughts were all wrong," he interrupted sneeringly.

"Yes, they were. I am sorry you do not love me as much as I thought you did," she went on. "I see that I am not the first object in the world to you. Oh, Vance," she cried, clasping her white hands and holding them out to him entreatingly, "think before you send me away without love and without comfort—think!"

"I have nothing to think about," he replied curtly, "except that it is a pity you are not a more sensible woman."

"Vance," she cried—and the courage of despair came to her—"tell me, if you had to choose now between my love and the friendship of Gladys Rane, which would you prefer?"

"I decline to answer so foolish a question," he replied.

"You hesitate!" she said, and the beautiful pleading face grew perfectly white.

"I do not hesitate," he returned; "I simply decline to answer unreasonable questions."

"That is an evasion," she said. "If you could honestly say that you preferred me and my love, you would say so. You cannot. It is useless for me to say more."

Slowly, and with a heavy heart, she went away from him, her sorrow deeper and more intense than when she sought him. But she had much more to suffer yet.

The captain smiled to himself as he watched her enter the house. Her white face and downcast eyes, the listless sorrow of her whole attitude, did not distress him.

"I have taught her a lesson," he said to himself, with a feeling of satisfaction—"and she needed it. She will not interfere again with Gladys."

If Gladys Rane had looked up at him with tears in her eyes, he would have soothed her trouble. If Gladys had told him that she was unhappy, he would have done his best to remove the cause at once. But to his wife he did not give a thought after she had left him. He had not the slightest pity for her; he simply felt indignant and irritated at her attempting to interfere with him.

Lady Laura went back to her room like one in a dream. She could hardly realise as yet what had happened to her. That her husband had sneered at her, had laughed with brutal frankness at her, had flatly refused to yield to her wishes, had tacitly admitted that he cared greatly for Gladys Rane, were truths too horrible for her to look in the face all at once. As she walked along she met Angela, who said to her gently—

"You look ill, mamma! Shall I come and sit with you?"

"No, thank you, dear," she answered; "I would rather be alone. I am tired."

All the music and the sweetness had gone from her voice; it was weak and languid. Angela felt uneasy about her mother; she knew that this was the beginning of what she had all along foreseen.

When Lady Laura tried to realise her position, she could not. It was the first time in her life that she had met with such cruel conduct, and, she felt it all the more keenly because it came from the man she loved. He would not, at her request, made with tears, give up his intimacy with Gladys Rane. He would spend as much time as ever with her; he would dance with her as often. And she—

"How shall I bear it," she cried; "it will break my heart!"

She had always felt secure in her husband's love, and now the very foundations of her life and happiness seemed to have given way, and she stood alone amongst the ruins.

On the night following they were invited to a grand ball given by Lady Holte. Lady Laura knew that her rival was to be there, and her first decision was not to go, although a charming dress of white satin, elaborately trimmed with blush-roses, was prepared for her. She felt unequal to the effort; for she knew it would bring the same heart-anguish over again, the same sorrow, and she told herself that she could not endure it.

When the captain asked her at what hour she wished the carriage ordered, she answered that she did not feel sure that she should go; she was tired and indisposed—and her looks fully bore out her words. But she saw the sudden look of relief that came over his face when he heard the words, and she altered her mind instantly.

"I will go," she said; "Lady Holte always gives good balls;" and, as she expressed her intention, she saw a look of annoyance come into his eyes. "He would have had a long evening's enjoyment with Miss Rane," she thought to herself bitterly.

But, if her ladyship flattered herself that her presence would prevent the captain would amuse himself with her rival, she was mistaken, for he was more devoted to her than ever.

Lady Laura took more pains than she had ever done before over her toilette, much to the astonishment of Doris Newsham. Her dress, her jewels, the blush-roses, were all subjects of anxious interest.

"Make me look extra well to-night, Doris," she said, with a kindly smile; "I have something to do."

And the maid glanced at her mistress in surprise.

"I could not make you look more beautiful if I would, my lady," she responded.

Lady Laura's lovely face had a delicate flush, her eyes were bright and clear; she had never looked better than she did on this night. Her ladyship had come to what she considered a very sensible determination. She resolved, if possible, to outshine her rival, to win her husband to herself by dint of her dazzling beauty and her brightness. He should not see a sad look on her face; she would be all light-heartedness and smiles. She would try to amuse him, and keep him chained by her side, even as Gladys Rane did.

She was full of this idea, and resolved that nothing should daunt her, that nothing should interfere with her purpose. She had won him once, why could she not again? She tried resolutely to trample her pain, her sorrow, her disappointment under foot, and to reveal nothing but smiles and light-heartedness.

"You look like a queen of roses tonight, Laura," the captain remarked.

She looked at him with a satisfied smile.

"The strangest part of it is," he said, "that amongst them there is not one thorn."

CHAPTER XXIII.

There was a faint murmur of admiration as the beautiful mother and daughter, accompanied by the gallant captain, entered the ballroom at Lady Holte's. Angela was soon surrounded by a small and select group of the *jeunesse dorée*, to most of whom she was a queen. Lady Laura, after speaking to her hostess, crossed the room with her, and in doing so met Lady Kinloch with Gladys Rane. The meeting could not be avoided even had Lady Laura wished it. For a few minutes these two beautiful women, who were destined to cross each other's lives so fatally, stood looking at each other, each measuring the other's strength, the one triumphing in the consciousness that she was loved, the other triumphing in the knowledge that she was a lawful wife. Outwardly everything was pleasant and gracious; within were the elements of tragedy. The men awarded the palm of beauty to Lady Laura—for few understood the dark passionate face of Gladys Rane. It never lighted to perfection save for Vance Wynyard, and none but he knew the full beauty of the dark eyes and crimson-tinted lips. It was when the two women looked steadily at each other that the soul of each shone in their respective eyes.

"I am his wife; he is mine for ever and ever!" could be read in Lady Laura's face.

"He loves me!" shone in the dark eyes of Gladys.

And then came another phase of Lady Laura's martyrdom. Hitherto it was from a distance that she had seen her husband's devotion to Miss Rane. He was standing by his wife's side now when he asked Gladys for her programme and begged to know how many waltzes she would spare for him.

It was Lady Kinloch who answered the question. She did not seem well pleased with the captain, and, setting aside his questionable conduct in showing such marked preference for her niece, Lady Kinloch considered that it was for Gladys a waste of time to flirt with a man who already had a beautiful wife of his own.

"You must not expect to monopolise my niece, Captain Wynyard," she said, in a clear voice. "Miss Rane has many friends in the room."

Lady Laura felt a glow of gratitude towards this woman, whom she had never even liked before; but the captain was not to be put down by so mild a protest. He merely bowed to Lady Kinloch, and turned to Gladys with a smile on his face.

"Monopoly is charming in such a case as this. There are plenty of waltzes. May I have the first, 'La Bercause'?"

Gladys blushed with delight under the eyes of the two who were looking on so coldly.

"You may have that and the third, the 'Manola.'"

"Better give Captain Wynyard your programme to fill at his pleasure, Gladys," said Lady Kinloch satirically.

And the girl's dark eyes, looking at him, said plainly, "I would if I dared."

Lady Laura saw the look, and realised all that it conveyed.

Then the captain and Miss Rane went to join the dancers, leaving the two ladies together. Lady Kinloch would have made some remark as to the captain's conduct, but one look at the pale face beside her disarmed her. She never forgot the yearning expression in her companion's wistful eyes.

A few minutes Lady Laura was surrounded by a little court of admirers. She remembered her resolution, and she tried bravely to carry it out; but her heart gave way, her wistful eyes turning ever to her husband, who seemed only happy when with her rival.

That night her partners wondered what had befallen the lovely Lady Laura. She talked, but it was easy to see that she did not take any interest in what she was saying, and her smiles were forced and cold. While she danced and conversed her whole heart and thoughts were with her husband and her rival.

Later on, as Lady Laura, tired and dispirited, was sitting out a waltz instead of dancing it, the captain came up to her.

"Lady Holte has been telling me that you are not well and are very tired, Laura—is it so?"

She remembered her resolution; and it was almost pitiful to see the effort she made to banish the pain that was gnawing at her heart. The colour rushed into her fair face as she denied that she was either tired or ill. She made desperate efforts to amuse him and keep him by her side, but she saw—and the pain of it went to her heart—that he was watching Gladys Rane the whole time that he stood by her side.

"Of what use is it?" she cried to herself.

Suddenly he bent over her, as if suddenly remembering why he was there.

"If you are tired, Laura," he said, "you had better go home and retire to rest."

"Will you accompany me?" she asked.

"I will take you home; but I shall come back again," he answered. "I consider this the best ball of the season, and I do not care to leave it so early."

"Nor do I," she said.

And the captain, without further ado, turned away abruptly and went in search of Gladys Rane.

A short time afterwards Angela came up to her mother, and sat down by her side.

"Mamma darling," she said, "you look so ill, so tired and weary; many people have spoken of it."

Lady Laura looked at her daughter with a startled expression on her face

"Do you mean that?" she asked. "Are people really talking of me? Do they say that I look ill or unhappy?"

"Every one thinks you look ill," she answered gently.

"Do you think any one knows why?" asked Lady Laura.

"No; but, mamma darling, I know. You must do one of two things—either you must transfer your trouble under lock and look your usual bright self, or you must go home."

"I have tried to smother my grief, but I cannot. I must go home," said Lady Laura. "But, if I do, Angel, he will spend all his time with Miss Rane. It will be a relief and pleasure to him if I go;" and the beautiful woman looked at her with such despair in her face that Angela hardly knew what to say to her. "Think of that, Angel!" she went on. "I believed he loved me dearly, and now it is a relief to him that I should go away and leave him to enjoy the society he prefers so infinitely to mine. Oh, Angel, what a mockery my roses and diamonds are! He does not care for me. I—I think I will go home, Angel; I cannot stay here."

"I am sure it will be best," urged Angela. "Shall I tell the captain?"

"No," said the unhappy lady; then her mood suddenly changed. "After all, I will not go. He would be pleased. I will not go, Angel. Why should I leave her to triumph over me? He is my husband, Angel."

"Mamma," said Angela, "you are ill, and feverish; your face is flushed again, and your eyes are too bright. Never mind them; do not look at them. Let me go home with you."

"Then do not let him know, Angel; the carriage can come back for him," said the unhappy woman.

They left the ballroom together; and, when they were in the carriage, Lady Laura wept as though her heart would break.

"Mother," Angela said lovingly, "the matter is not worth all those tears; it is not indeed."

No daughter could have been more loving, more devoted than Angela. She sent Doris the maid away, saying she would wait upon her mother herself, for she did not care the servant should witness her ladyship's bitter weeping. She laid the golden head on the white pillow, and sat by her mother's side until she had fallen asleep. Who could tell the love and pain in her heart as she did so? She heard her mother speaking in her sleep, and, bending over her, she caught the words, so full of pathos—

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie, I have had such a terrible dream!"

She drew back again, for she knew then that in her dreams her mother's spirit had gone back to the kindly husband who had loved her so well, and who had never caused her one tear.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was when the reality of her position forced itself upon her that Lady Laura turned to her daughter for love and sympathy. It was when she found her mother's happiness so completely wrecked that Angela devoted her whole time to her.

When Lady Laura came to town, and while she still retained her implicit faith in her husband's love, she looked quite ten years younger than she really was, being bright, blooming, and happy. Now she looked her age—and to a fashionable beauty that meant much. Quite suddenly the exquisite bloom faded, the light seemed to die from the blue eyes, and even the golden sheen of the hair was less bright. There was little wonder that it should be so, for she wept incessantly.

Her life was a martyrdom and the captain had grown quite callous, quite regardless of all the pain his wife suffered. When she saw him going out in the morning, looking bright and handsome, full of health, strength, and vigour, she would hasten to him. She had a pretty caressing fashion of clasping her hands together and laying them on her husband's breast. At first he had professed to like the graceful action, and would kiss the white hands; now he barely endured it.

"Vance, where are you going?" she would ask; and he could read the anxiety in her pale anguished face.

His answers varied. At one time he would say that he was going to his club; at another that he had an engagement; but she suspected always that he was going to see Gladys Rane.

In like manner, when he returned, she would go to him in the same wistful, anxious, tender fashion, and inquire—

"Where have you been, Vance?"

And he would tell her that he had been to his club or keeping an engagement. But, when he came home with a sweet, subtle odour of violets about him and a flower more choice than usual in his button-hole, she knew that he had been with Gladys Rane.

One morning she was in the drawing-room when he returned home after a absence of two hours. He looked so bright, so gallant, and handsome that her very heart leaped with joy. She forgot for the moment all her jealousy and unhappiness, and went up to him eagerly, love shining in her eyes and her face.

"How well you look this morning, Vance!" she said, with a smile.

Then she detected the subtle odour of violets, and saw that he wore an exquisite moss-rosebud, so beautiful as to be a rarity, and she knew at once that he had been with Gladys Rane. Swiftly, with flashing anger, Lady Laura tore the flower from the breast and flung it away.

"You had that from Gladys Rane!" she cried. "You shall not come home to me wearing her flowers!"

The captain caught her wrist in an iron grasp.

"Never dare to do that again!" he shouted, in angry tones.

A low cry of pain came from her white lips, and, recollecting himself, the captain loosened his hold.

"I beg your pardon, Laura," he said, in a quieter tone. "I did not mean to hurt you; but you—you annoyed me."

TO BE CONTINUED

NEWS ITEMS.

The Sultan intends sending a diamond ring to the Pope and decorations to the Cardinals.

The Prince of Wales has taken a year's lease of Lord Kilwarden's mansion in County Dublin.

The Pope has made arrangements to retire to Monaco in the event of a European war involving Italy.

The Marquis of Queensberry, who is being sued for divorce, has not not lived with his wife for twelve years.

Russia is said to have proposed a feasible plan for the settlement of the Bulgarian trouble.

A steamer with cholera on board arrived off Callao, but was ordered off without landing any one.

A St. Thomas hotelkeeper escaped conviction on a charge of violation of the Scott Act, on the ground that what he has sold was St. Jacob's Oil.

Owing to the hostility of two or three of their number, the hotelkeepers of Guelph have decided not to close up their hotels and stables as threatened.

Applications for the purchase of between one and five thousand acres of the Canadian Pacific railway lands about Calgary were received during December.

Count Von Schwarzenburg, a Prussian nobleman, has been arrested in San Antonio, Texas, for bigamy, having married two women in that State.

The Irish Executive has taken steps to ascertain the names of all proprietors, editors and writers connected with the Nationalist press.

Out of 937 cases before the Police Court of St. John, N.B. last year 531 were for drunkenness, 100 for assault and 46 for abusive language.

Negotiations between the United States and Canadian Governments have resulted in an agreement stopping the introduction of Chinese coolie labor the United States.

Mrs. Milne, Charlotte street, Aberdeen, has got a divorce against her husband, Wm. Milne, farmer, Paris, Ont.

The female proprietor of a Paris hotel has just been fined $50 and costs for selling "sticked" drinks in contravention of the provisions of the Scott Act.

Saturday night was the coldest of the season in some parts of Canada and the States. Spirit thermometers at Fort Keough, Montana, registered 50 below zero.

The Dundee Block, Winnipeg, and the Sherbrooke House, at Sherbrooke, Que., have been destroyed by fire.

A number of peasants at Smolensk, Russia, are in rebellion and three companies of infantry have been sent from Charkoff to suppress them.

Sexton has been served with five writs, each claiming $2500 damages for wrongful arrest and false imprisonment. The plaintiffs are electors of Belfast

F. J. Jenkinson, assistant Irish Under-Secretary for police and crime, intends, says the Pall Mall Gazette, to resign.

Mr. Gladstone thinks Lord Churchill's resignation was justifiable, and adds that he favours more economy in the army and navy expenditure.

The Russian Military Commission has decided to adopt a new repeating rifle for use by the army, and orders for large numbers have been given.

The roller flouring mill at Carberry, Man., was completely wrecked by an explosion, caused by the flour dust igniting. Mr. Ritchie, the miller in charge, was seriously burned.

The Caucasus has appeared for the first time as a competitor for the wheat trade of Europe, large cargoes having been sent from Black Sea ports to Odessa, on its way to the West.

An effort is being made to induce the Prince of Wales to visit Austalia to open the Centenial Exhibition next summer; but the Queen, it is understood, is opposed to the undertaking.

The International Curling Bonspiel took place on the 12th inst., resulting in a victory for Canada by 289 points. Twenty-nine rinks from the United States took part in the bonspiel.

Rev. Mr. Grant, F. C., Broadford, has raised a storm in Skye through opening a grocery in the manse and supplying poor people with goods below cost price. The merchants are holding indignation meetings.

The tenants on the Londonderry estates of the Skinner Company have refused to purchase their holdings at same aggregating eighteen years' rental. They will not pay more than seven years' rental.

Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Earl Selborne, Duke of Westminster, Canon Farrar, Prof. Tyndall, the Archbishop of Canterbury and others have signed an appeal to the English press not to publish details of divorce and criminal trials.

Gabriel Dumoun, when in conversation with some French Canadian snowshoers while on their recent excursion to New York, stated distinctly that the late Louis Reil was perfectly sane and quite responsible for his acts in the Northwest.

James Carrol, of Biddulph, notoriety, has opened a general store on the C.P.R. at Rogers's Pass, the highest point in the Selkirk range of the Rockey Mountains, and asserts there has been a snowfall over thirty feet in depth in the mountains.

Three actions against Ayer & Co., in connection with the seizure of their patent medicines, are reported to have been entered in the Court of Exchequer by the Department of Customs. The total amount of the penalties sought to be recovered by the actions is nearly $700,000.

A car of fur recently shipped from Winnipeg by the Hudson's Bay Company represented the destruction of 487 bears, 65 silver foxes, 5,137 beavers, 800 foxes, 4,255 fluxes, 8,178 martins, 291 wolverines, 207 wolves, and a host of small animals.

A Detroit dude, who has caught the tobaggan infection, The Evening News relates, attended the Athletic Association slide Monday evening in company with some ladies whom he was going to initiate into the mysteries of the festive sport. He was in the act of arranging his new sweet at the top of the slide, when his lady fell from under him and he slid alone to the bottom. His trousers were seriously injured and his neck that night he came home in a blanket.