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The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

VOLUME 26. MILTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1887. NO. 33.

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. Pauton	28	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	12	12	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	5	"	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.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts.—Tuesday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July & 4th October.

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HER MARTYRDOM.

"What woman?" he asked.

"Gladys Rane," she replied. "You know that she was coming, and you came here to meet her."

He winced for a moment under the straightforward charge, then laughed contemptuously.

"What if I did?" he retorted. "In marrying you I did not renounce my freedom. I can surely go where I like and meet whom I will!"

"You have no right to meet a woman who does her best to take your heart from me."

"Heart!" sneered the captain. "What nonsense! I have no heart."

"That is indeed true," said her lady-ship; "and that is why you care so little how cruelly you wound the hearts of others. You cannot deny it, Vance, that you came to Brighton on purpose to meet Miss Rane. All that you said about liking the place, all your show of kindness to me, was an excuse—a piece of hypocrisy from beginning to end."

"Well, what if it were?" he asked indifferently.

"You do not deny it?" she asked in return.

"I neither deny nor affirm it, Laura. I leave you to think and decide what you will. If you intend by all kinds of jealous fancies and absurd suspicions to spoil what might be a pleasant visit, you are at perfect liberty to do so. But let me give you a word of warning. You have seen only one side of my character as yet. Do not try me too far. The tragedy-queen business is a kind of thing I would not bear from any woman in the world, and therefore, if you are wise, you will never repeat it."

In the fierce-spoken man whose face was livid with anger, whose eyes shone with a dangerous light, no one would have recognized the handsome genial captain. Where were the musical voice and the caressing manner that won the love and admiration of all women? An almost fiendish hate shone in his face, and his wife shrank from him as though he had struck her a blow.

"If you are wise," he cried threateningly, "you will not enrage me again!"

"You may be sure that I shall not do so," she replied and swept from the room, leaving her husband ashamed of his victory.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

From that time the shadow deepened and the breach between husband and wife widened. The captain avoided his wife, for her pale sad face was a reproach to him, and he knew well that his whole conduct was indefensible. Day by day the coldness increased; but it did not interfere with the captain's enjoyment. He called at Lady Kinloch's as often as he thought prudent, and he troubled himself about his wife just as little as possible. The old gloom and melancholy returned to the unhappy woman, who, do as she would, could not tear her heart from the man she loved—could not love him less, although she knew that he was unworthy of her.

Then there came a new phase of her martyrdom, one that was most painful, when her heart and soul rose in hot rebellion against the cruel fate that was hers, when she cried to Heaven and asked why such torture and punishment fell to her lot. There were hours when she would sit watching the sea, brooding silently over her sorrow, and then giving way to such bitter tears that Angela grew seriously alarmed. The unhappy and slighted wife had not felt this keen rebellion against her fate before; now she was keenly alive to it.

Mother and daughter were walking one morning down the King's Road, and they stopped before a shop with a number of pictures in it. Lady Laura's attention was riveted by one of them. The subject of it was the martyrdom of a young and beautiful woman. Underneath it was inscribed, "A Woman's Martyrdom." Her ladyship stood gazing at it with fixed attention. A woman young and fair, with a veil of golden hair falling over her white neck and shoulders, lay fastened to the rack. In the background were the dark walls of a prison-cell, and the white body of the woman stood out against them in bold relief. The two grim executioners stood ready to begin their hateful task. In the corner, half hidden by the shadows, was a handsome man with a cruel, triumphant, evil face.

It was not the fair limbs bound so tightly, it was not the cruel deep lines made by rope or chain that drew Lady Laura's attention and kept it; it was the expression of unutterable pain on the face, the agony in the upturned eyes. What her history could be who should doubt? Why she was dying that terrible death none could tell. But it was plain to see that before the physical pain of her martyrdom had begun her heart was broken. Her ladyship seemed fascinated by the picture.

"Angela," she said, in a low voice. "I should like to buy that. I must have it for my own."

"It is a melancholy picture, mamma," returned Angela, who knew by instinct what her mother thought and felt.

"I must have it, my dear," she declared. "'A Woman's Martyrdom'! Angel, I have been thinking that, despite their smiling faces, most women are martyrs in one way or another. Some live and move with a dagger in their heart, others with a sword suspended over their head; but I live as the woman in the picture, fastened to the rack. That woman's martyrdom, however is more merciful than mine. When her executioners apply that instrument she will soon cease to feel any pain; and the ropes that fasten her delicate body are not so terrible as the weight that drags at my heart. She will die quickly; but I must live on while suffering torture. Angel, is every woman's life a martyrdom?"

"No, mamma," she answered gently. "Think how happy you were when my father was alive. Think how happy and beloved you would be if he were living now."

"I must have the picture, Angel," repeated Lady Laura. "My dear, I am the woman fastened to the rack; and there is one who sees all my pain and smiles over it. But in the picture of my martyrdom it should be Gladys Rane who stands by the rack ready to apply the instrument!"

"Oh, hush, mamma! I cannot bear to hear you say such things; it breaks my heart. Do let me persuade you not to buy the picture. It will fill your mind with melancholy thoughts whenever you look at it."

"No," she said dreamily; it will be to me a realisation of my life and death. I must buy it, Angela; and it shall hang in my own room."

When the captain first saw the painting, he examined it with unusual interest and curiosity.

"'A Woman's Martyrdom!'" he said, when he had finished his inspection. "What a gloomy, terrible picture, Laura!"

"That is how women were tortured in olden days," she remarked, in answer to his observation. "It is managed differently now."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"It is the heart that is racked and tortured now, not the body," she answered. "The best part of the woman is killed, the worst lives on—yet no one heeds or cares."

"If I were you, I should send that thing away," he said, ignoring her words.

"It gives me the horrors to look at it."

"I am not surprised to hear you say so; but I shall not remove my picture," declared her ladyship decisively.

For a few days after that the captain did not seem so careless or so light-hearted. "'A Woman's Martyrdom!'" he repeated to himself over and over again. It was not quite pleasant for him, reckless as he was, to know that his wife regarded herself as a martyr; but he tried to convince himself that her martyrdom existed only in her imagination, and reasoned that fair-haired, fair-faced women seldom had much depth of feeling. He could not attend to all the wants and whims of his wife, and he felt that she ought to be well content. Still the matter weighed upon his mind so much that he spoke to Gladys about it.

"You see," he said, "I do not believe in sentiment—in fact, I hate it; but this makes me feel uncomfortable."

They were together on the new pier, the captain having met Miss Rane quite by accident. They stood by the rail, nothing before them but the wide, open expanse of sea.

Gladys looked at him thoughtfully.

"There are so many forms of martyrdom," she observed quietly. "If it is a question of real suffering, I think my pain is greater than Lady Laura's. She has you; I am alone."

The thought of his wife's suffering had not caused Vance Wynyard a moment's regret; but at the thought of Gladys's pain his heart ached.

"Does your wife really love you," asked Gladys—"love you with all her heart?"

"I believe she does," he replied.

"I am sorry for her then," said Miss Rane. But with his words there crept into her heart a deeper jealousy of the fair-faced woman who had the only claim to his love.

One morning, when the band was playing and the pier was unusually crowded, Captain Wynyard escorted his wife and stop-daughter to the pier-head. Having found seats for them, he proceeded to move about among the crowd. Whilst thus wandering aimlessly his attention was attracted by the conversation of two gentlemen standing near him, one of whom uttered his wife's name.

"Lady Laura Wynyard—the one with the golden hair. All the town is talking of her beauty."

"She was a widow, was she not, when the captain married her?" asked his friend.

"Yes; she was a widow, with one daughter—that lovely young girl who is sitting near her. Lady Laura looks very delicate. I have heard strange things about her."

"What have you heard?"

"Why, that the captain—I do not know him—do you?—married her solely for her money, while he was deeply in love with Miss Rane."

"Do you believe it."

"What I have heard of the captain is not much in his favour, and I should say that he was quite capable of that, and worse. If anything were to happen to Lady Laura, rumour says he would not lose much time in making Miss Rane his wife."

"That is true," said the captain to himself, with a grim smile. "None the less I should like to send the fellow over the pier-head for saying so!"

"Nothing but the life of those two delicate women stand between Captain Wynyard and that enormous fortune," one of the speakers remarked presently; and from that moment the world was never the same again to Captain Wynyard.

The sound of voices, the sweet music, the wash of the sea round the pier died away; he heard them no more. But the words "Nothing but the lives of those two delicate women stand between Captain Wynyard and that enormous fortune" rang in his ears to the exclusion of every other sound.

"What is in them?" he asked himself sharply. Nothing. He had always known that fact. But it was not at all likely that two women, both young, would live fifty years. And, with these thoughts running through his mind, Captain Wynyard escorted the ladies home.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Lady Laura Wynyard was suffering from nervous headache. She had tried many remedies, but had found no relief. Yielding to her mother's entreaties, Angela had joined a party of young people intent upon going to see the picturesque ruins of Bramber Castle and driving home by moonlight. The captain and his wife had also been invited; but the latter was not well enough to go out, and the gallant captain found a greater attraction nearer home. He had left the hotel soon after luncheon, saying that he should be home in time for dinner. Lady Laura had been alone during the afternoon and evening, and it was in consequence of her terrible weeping that the nervous headache came on. Doris Newsham, one of the most faithful of maids, was in despair, for her mistress's headache would not yield to any of her usual remedies.

"I know what would do you good, my lady," she said; "but perhaps you would not like to try it."

"I would do anything to get rid of this trying pain," returned her ladyship.

"What is it, Newsham?"

"Why, my lady, if you would go and stand at the pier-head, and let the sea-breeze blow round you, I am sure it would do you good."

"The remedy is simple enough; I will try it, Newsham," said her ladyship.

"Shall I go with you, my lady?" asked the maid.

"No; I prefer to be alone. Give me a cloak and veil; I do not care to be recognised, for I could not talk to any one. No one will distinguish me will they, Newsham?"

The maid looked at the tall graceful figure and thought to herself that nothing could disguise her mistress.

"I think not, my lady," she replied.

Lady Laura walked to the head of the pier. The sea was rough; the waves seemed to tumble over each other in their haste; the breeze was full of refreshing briny odour. Gradually it cooled the burning temples, it eased the weary, heavy eyes. It was like a breath of relief. The evening shadows were falling thick and fast over land and sea as Lady Laura stood looking at the white cliffs beyond which lay Rottingdean and Newhaven, the lights that shone on the vessels out at sea. In the presence of the grandeur of Nature's work, she forgot herself and her troubles.

Suddenly she became aware of two figures sitting not far away from her on one of the side-seats looking towards the sea—a man and a woman—and the man was leaning with an air of loving tenderness towards his companion. In a moment she recognized the outline of her husband's broad shoulders. She could not see his face; but she was none less sure that it was he, and that the woman who was with him was Gladys Rane.

Drawing her veil more closely round her face, Lady Laura stood still and watched them. They were talking earnestly, but she could not distinguish what they said. Once she saw her husband clasp Gladys's hand; but the hand was quickly withdrawn. She watched them like one spell-bound. This was her own husband; this man who had stolen out in the shadows of evening to meet another woman—her own husband; and, though he cared so little for her, she loved him with all the devotion of a true and loyal wife. Should she go to him and demand an explanation of his conduct? No; for he might say that he had followed him; he might humiliate her before her rival; he might say that he had met Miss Rane accidentally, and that they were enjoying the beauty of the soft gray evening together. No; it would be useless to confront him. He would only laugh her to scorn, and her rival would triumph.

The shadows deepened, and still she stood watching the two who were so unconscious of her presence. After a time, they rose, and the silent watcher saw the captain draw Gladys's cloak more closely around her. Then they began to walk slowly up and down. They were so engrossed in each other that neither of them noticed the black-robed figure standing near them. As they passed and repassed Lady Laura could just distinguish a few words of the conversation. She overheard the captain say—

"No, not yet; do not go in yet, Gladys. Nothing can be more delicious than this."

The next time he passed her he was saying, "I have longed to tell you all this, but have had——" And the sea-breeze, which was to cure her headache, carried away the rest of the words.

When they passed again, it was Gladys who was speaking; she was talking earnestly and in a low tone of voice. The only words that the unhappy wife heard were these—"Stronger than fate."

She wondered, in a dull vague fashion what was stronger than fate. Was it love, or hate, or circumstances?

Still the untiring footsteps went up and down; still the faint murmur of voices reached her. Then the soft gray shadows of evening were dispelled, and the light flashed crimson from the pier-head, and the coloured lamps along the pier gave forth a sudden glow. On turning round, Lady Laura found that her husband and Gladys Rane were gone.

"She will go home to Lady Kinloch, and talk about the beauty of the evening, the soft falling shadows, and the dreamy sea; but she will not mention my husband's name. My husband will come home to me gay and animated because he has seen her; but he will not allude to her in any way."

She sat down on one of the seats at the end of the pier, her brain on fire, her heart beating wildly. She longed with an inexpressible longing that the calm and repose of death would come to her rescue. Life held nothing for her but utter misery unrelieved by a gleam of happiness. Even should her husband love her in return, it would never blot out from her memory this terrible ordeal. If death would but come to her she would release her from the pain and the fever of life!

She never knew how long she remained musing thus; but she was at last roused from her miserable thoughts by the playing of the band on the pier, by a crowd of people surging to and fro and the sound of laughter and conversation.

Rising from her seat, she made her way through the crowd, and returned to the hotel. She went softly up the great staircase, and met Newsham at the door of her room. The maid uttered an exclamation of alarm at the sight of her mistress's colourless face.

"Why, my lady," she exclaimed, "you look worse!"

"I am worse, Newsham," returned her ladyship; "I will not go down again to-night. Has Miss Rooden returned?"

"No," replied the maid. "Miss Rooden said she should not be back before ten. But, my lady, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing," was the languid reply.

Before she had opened the door of her room, Lady Laura heard light rapid footsteps, and the captain, looking the beau-ideal of manly beauty in his evening-dress, stood before her.

"Not coming down to dinner, Laura?" he cried. "How is that?"

"I am tired," she answered coldly.

"Tired! You puzzle me. The quiet-er you are and the less you go out the more you complain of fatigue. What has tired you?"

She did not answer him at once, but looked at Doris Newsham, who stood awaiting her orders.

"When Miss Rooden returns, will you tell her I want her in my room?"

"Yes, my lady."

"You can go now, Newsham; I shall not want you again."

The maid disappeared, and then Lady Laura, turning to her husband, said—

"You ask me why I am tired; I will tell you. I had a bad headache, and I went for a walk to the end of the new pier. You will understand."

And the expression of the captain's face was a study as the full meaning of her words dawned upon him.

CHAPTER XXX.

At midnight most of the lights of the Grand Hotel were out, and silence had fallen over the vast building. Outside, the moon was shining brightly; the tide was in, and the steady wash of the waves sounded continuously. The lights of the pier shone in the distance; the moonlight rested on sea and cliffs, silvering the roofs of the houses, whitening the streets, brightening the green shrubs and the grass.

But the moon's rays fell on one spot where they brought no brightness, no beauty, no hope. Lady Laura Wynyard would not have a lamp, but had opened her window, and, despite the chill night air, sat watching the moon-beams lighting up the outside world. She had ceased weeping now, and it seemed to her as though she should never be able to shed another tear. Her heart was cold and hard; her whole soul had risen against her unhappy fate. "Better to have been anything on earth than an unloved wife!" she said to herself. "Better any fate than mine!"

Angela had found her sitting at the window, with pale face and woeful eyes.

"Tell me all about your drive, Angel," she said. "I should like to go to Bramber Castle."

"Mamma," cried the girl, "you must go. It is simply one of the most picturesque ruins in the world; and the drive home by moonlight was charming. I wish you had been there."

Presently she noticed the deathly pallor of her mother's face. She started with a cry of pained surprise.

"Mamma," she said, "you are ill! How I wish I had not left you! I did wrong; but you urged me to go. I shall never leave you again. Tell me what has happened. I can read every line of your dear face, and I know you are ill."

"I have a bad headache, and I went out on to the pier to see if the fresh air would relieve it."

"And did it, mamma?" asked Angela.

"No, my dear; I am afraid it made it worse."

"You are not happy to-night," said Angela, to whom every tone of her mother's voice bore its own meaning.

Lady Laura rose from her chair. The black cloak she had worn on the pier still covered the tall graceful figure; the light of the moon just touched her golden hair, and gave a weird supernatural beauty to her pale sweet face.

"Angela," she said, after a pause, "I am afraid the time is come when I can no longer bear the grief that oppresses me. If I could die by wishing for death, I would willingly die now, for the misery of my life is greater than I can bear."

She walked up and down in the darkness of her room, wringing her hands and giving vent to a low wailing cry that went to Angela's heart.

"I can bear it no longer!" cried Lady Laura. "Oh, Angel, if I could but undo this unhappy marriage—if I could but undo what I have done! Oh, my darling, when you saw me bent on so mad a proceeding why did you not prevent me?"

No word of reproach crossed Angela's lips. She simply kissed her mother and assured her that she would do her best to comfort her and brighten her desolate life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Self Made Man.

The above is the title of the new novel by M. S. McClelland, published complete in the February number of Lippincott's Monthly Magazine. The number also contains 'A Day With the President,' Wm. Curtis; 'Mere Egotism,' John Burroughs; 'Counterparts,' Alice Wellington Rollins; 'Rohenburg Felicity,' Mrs. A. L. Wister; 'Our Actors and Their Preferences,' Charles E. L. Wingate; and Two Ways of Telling a Story,' Robert Grant. The Monthly Gossip and Book Talk departments are as interesting as usual. Lippincott's new departure in publishing a complete new novel in each number is taking immensely. Next month Lucy C. Lillie's new story 'Kenyon's Wife' will appear. Lippincott's costs $3 per annum; single numbers, 25 cents. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, 715 and 717 West Market Street, Philadelphia.

The Russian authorities in Odessa have ordered the discharge of all Jews employed there.

Another new and powerful explosive has been added to the list of Germany's weapons of war.

An expedition composed of Belgians and Swedes is starting out to explore the Congo country.

NEWS PICKS.

Turkey has found is advisable to make a change of governors in Crete.

Welsh Liberals have resolve to introduce a Land Bill for Wales at the coming session of Parliament.

A society for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals will shortly be formed in Hamilton.

The United States House of Representatives passed the Inter-State Commerce bill as finally amended in the Senate.

One hundred Chinese soldiers and Mandarins were drowned by a British steamer sinking their transport.

The Salvation Army purpose to erect a $3,000 barracks in Brampton, and have already raised $1,000 for the purpose.

At Guelph on Tuesday a mad dog was locked in a room, then lassoed through a window, tied to an apple tree, and shot.

The Manitoba Government have agreed to make a grant for the circulation throughout the province of information regarding dairying.

Two English gentlemen paid $1,000 each for the privilege of accompanying Mr. Stanley on his expedition for the relief of Emin Bey.

Tenders for the new drill shed at Hamilton are called for; to be sent in to the Department at Ottawa up to February 7th.

Bishop Grandin is authority for the statement that there is still discontent among the Halfbreeds in the Northwest.

Lady Macdonald has an article in Murray's Review, London, on the opening of the Canadian Pacific railway.

The Loudon Echo says if trouble with the United States is to be avoided Lord Salisbury cannot too soon turn his attention to the fisheries question.

The U. S. Senate passed the Bill to retaliate on Canada, on Monday, after a debate, in which the British Lion came in for considerable objurgation.

The evictions at Glenbeight have been resumed, and the agent of the landlord proclaims his intention of razing to the ground the habitations of all the tenants

The war rumors are becoming more frequent, and France is reported to be making elaborate preparations to despatch to the German frontier strong reinforcements.

Forty-one ejectment decrees have been granted against tenants on the Londonderry estates belonging to the Skinners' Company, of London.

The Scottish Protestant Alliance has sent a petition to the Queen setting forth that the aggressions of the Papacy are subversive of the Queen's authority.

Under the Austrian Landsturm bill 185 battallions consisting of 1000 men each, will be formed and territorial battalions will be created according to requirements.

It is stated that Miss Van Zandt's marriage to August Spies, the condemned Chicago Anarchist, is finally broken off her parents having induced her to cancel the engagement.

During last week eighteen cases of smallpox were reported in New York, and one death. Smallpox and diphtheria are on the increase Six cases of smallpox were reported Saturday.

A London correspondent, reviewing the situation, says:—Not war, but rumors of war, is likely to be the summary for many weeks to come: but most men who are behind the scenes say that war must come.

Bismarck is reported to have said that the alarming statements regarding French war preparations which the German papers have lately been publishing were intended to frighten France out of her warlike attitude.

The committee in charge of the Queen's Jubilee celebration in New York city have decided upon having a monster parade of English, Scotch, Irish and colonial residents, and expect to have at least twenty-five thousand persons in line.

Austria is making most gigantic war preparations, not so much on account of the Bulgarian situation as from a fear that an impending struggle between Germany and France will cause Eastern complications from the consequences of which Austria can hardly expect to escape.

It was in the prohibition town of Dedham, Mass., that a man obtained whiskey at a druggist's "to soak roots in." The druggist, with pardonable curiosity, asked what kind of roots he meant. Waiting until he had the bottle secure, the purchaser replied; "The roots of my tongue."

A party of Salvationists, which had gone to meet General Booth upon his arrival at Northampton, England on Sunday, was mobbed by the populace. Missiles of all kinds were thrown by the mob, and the General himself was made a target for lum