The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

VOLUME 26. MILTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1887. NO: 34.

RCED SALE

GOODS

EORGETOWN

orced Clearing Sale of

Cloakings, Tweeds,

oats, Blankets, Flannels,

Winter Goods.

are bound to effect a clearance:

order, and are turning out stylish

Silks, and Cloakings to choose fro

specialty. Come and patronize o

CO. Georgetown.

LD McNAIR

he is prepared to fill all orders

Buggies,

&c.

M. BEWS,

MILTON,

ent of Canadian and Imported Tweeds

&c., and can supply his patrons wit

terial and finish to none. His prices

be remarkably low considering th

sells.

Wm. BEWS.

TS & SHOES

WILSON.

the latest manufactures in the Dominion, and will

Boots and Shoes made to order. A perfect fit an

ship guarantee. Sent for your pairs.

FORGET TO CALL ON

Thos. Wilso

N PLANING MILL

& MITCHELL, PROPRIETORS.

pared to fill all orders for all kinds of

FURNISHINGS

SUCH AS

Blinds Mouldings, Case, &c.,

DEALER IN

d Shingles All kinds of Lumber Match

AL BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

urnish estimates for all kinds of Buildings and Co

or, either in part or whole.

S MODERATE.

HAMILTON AND NORTH-WESTERN STATION.

NOW COMPLETE

THE FOLLOWING LINES, AT

H. MACNAB'S

HARDWARE STORE

--MILTON.--

oss Cut Saws,

thinner on the back—will run without setting.

HOPPING AXES,

celebrated Michigan pattern—every one good.

ains,

Cutlery,

Buck Saw

STOVES, LANTERNS, &c., &c.

Wire Needles for all Machine

hester Lamps,

n extant for large rooms of public buildings.

Canadian Champion.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

ursday Morning

AT

S, CO. OF HALTON, ONT.

ELL & PANTON, Props.

On Main Street, opposite the Thompson

$1 a year in advance or within one month from date of subscribing if not so paid, $1.50 thereafter.

ATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 year	$75 00
6 months	45 00
3 months	30 00
2 year	40 00
6 months	25 00
3 months	15 00
1 year	25 00
6 months	15 00
3 months	10 00
1 year	15 00
6 months	10 00

Cards of ten lines or less $5.00 per annum.

Advertisements to be reckoned by the space they occupy by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Contracts without special instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Advertisements without specified instructions inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance, or find, will be considered an account, and charged accordingly.

Business notices not admitted among the local notices of any kind at less than 50 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Charge for each subsequent insertion.

Notices of births, deaths, and marriages, 25 cents each.

Job advertisements ten cents per line, nonpareil, for first insertion, and five cents for each subsequent insertion.

Cash must accompany order in every case to insure insertion.

Payment for job work strictly cash.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—No paper will be stopped until arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher. A personal notice to discontinue is sufficient.

BEWARE, Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Office Town Hall, Milton. Also agent for Sun Fire Office of London Fire Insurance Companies. 41

W. J. FENTON, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, Chancery, etc. Office—Heath's Block, Milton. 59

M. E. MITCHELL, Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c. Office—First door west of the CHAMPION Office, Main St., Milton. Money to loan at lowest rate.

CHISHOLM & ELLIOTT, Barristers, &c. OFFICE.—First door east of Bank of Hamilton, Milton, Ont. CHISHOLM. J. W. ELLIOTT, B.A.

R. A. PRINGLE, Barrister and Solicitor of the Supreme Court, MILTON STREET, ONT. Office—Water St., opposite Wray's. Open Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. To loan at lowest rates of interest. 9-6mos.

MAIN, LAIDLAW & Co. Barristers & Solicitors. Money to loan in Bank, 34 Wellington Street East, Entrance, Exchange Building. WILLIAM LAIDLAW. COUNSEL. GEORGE KAPPELE.

F. CARRIQUE, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons. Office—Main St. MILTON, Sundays excepted. Office hours—10 to 4. Visits at Acton and Georgetown on the last Tuesday of each month. Office at Acton at the residence of Mrs. Thompson. Artificial teeth to be consulted by persons wishing to have services. 1-y

S. ZIMMERMAN, DENTIST, HAMILTON, ONT. Office—Corner King and North Streets. 18

PALACE HOUSE, MAIN ST., MILTON, LEADING HOTEL IN TOWN. Wallace, Prop.

$500,000 TO LOAN ON FARM OR TOWN PROPERTY AT 6 P CENT.

Wanted—advances made on second mortgage purchase farms. Parties paying off mortgages can procure money at above rate, and pay off their mortgages and save money. All dealings fair and honorable. Write or call for particulars. E. R. REYNOLDS, 20 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

Capman & Burger, LICENSED AUCTIONEERS, FOR THE Counties of Halton, Peel, Wentworth and Wellington. CHARGES MODERATE. Satisfaction Guaranteed. All orders promptly attended to. CAPMAN, W. BURGER, Campbellville. Hornby. "CHAMPION" OFFICE, MILTON. POST OFFICE—D. McGibbon's Office.

Arrangements made to get all good sale advertised at a liberal discount.

$500.00 REWARD! We will pay the above Reward for any case of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Indigestion or Costiveness we cannot Cure with WESTS LIVER PILLS, when the Directions are strictly complied with. Large Boxes, containing 25 Pills, 25 Cents; 5 Boxes $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

You can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes. Any one can do the work. Large profits assured from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Cost you nothing to send for address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

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.	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	18	10	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	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.

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

By order, JOHN DEWAR, Clerk of the Peace.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples and duty FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich. 4-1yr.

Farms for Sale.

A choice list of Fruit, Grain, Stock, and Dairy Farms, Wild Lands, Suburban Residences, Mills, and other properties, with thirty provincial and county maps, compriled in "CANADIAN LAND ADVERTISER," sent free on receipt of 3c. stamp for postage. W. J. FENTON & CO., Real Estate Agents, 50 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

WORKING CLASSES ATTENTION We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5.00 per evening. Boys and girls earn as much as men. That all who see this may send their address and test the business, we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

ADVERTISERS Before you place a dollar's worth of Newspaper Advertising, get our prices. The exact cost of any paper, or list of papers cheerfully furnished, free upon application. Agent for New Catalogue. J. C. HOUGH, Advertising Agent, HOUGH BLOCK, Detroit, Mich.

Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE FERRY'S SEEDS. D. M. FERRY & CO. are admitted to be the LARGEST SEEDSMEN in the world. D. M. FERRY & CO'S Illustrated, Descriptive & Priced SEED ANNUAL For 1887 will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers without ordering it. Invaluable to all. Every person should have a copy of this Annual. Send it and 1c. for it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO. Windsor, Ont.

Scientific American Established 1846. The most popular WEEKLY newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, mechanics, inventions, discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings. This publication furnishes a most valuable encyclopedia of information which no person should be without. The popularity of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN to which it has its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price, $3.20 a year. Discounts to Clubs. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 361 Broadway, N.Y.

PATENTS. Munn & Co. have also had Thirty-Seven Years' Practice before the Patent Office, and have prepared more than One Hundred Thousand Applications for Patents in the United States and Foreign Countries. Caveats, Trade-Marks, Copyrights, Assignments, and all other papers for securing to inventors their rights in the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany and other foreign countries, prepared at short notice and on reasonable terms. Information as to obtaining patents cheerfully given without charge. Hand-books of information sent free. Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the Scientific American free. The advantage of such a notice is well understood by all persons who wish to dispose of their patents. Address MUNN & CO., Office SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 361 Broadway, New York.

CAUTION EACH PLUG OF THE Myrtle Navy IS MARKED T. & B. IN BRONZED ETTERS NONE OTHER GENUINE. 10-1yr

MILTON PLANING MILLS. Hunter & Ezard, Proprietors. We are prepared to fill all orders for all kinds of HOUSE FURNISHINGS SUCH AS SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS BASE, &c. BALUSTERS and NEWELLS, Also all kinds of SCROLL WORK done to order. ALL KINDS OF TURNING DONE TO ORDER. DEALER IN LUMBER, FLOORING, LATH, SHINGLES Lumber Matched and Dressed to Order. ALSO GENERAL BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS. We are prepared to contract for the erection of all kinds of buildings, either in part or whole. PRICES MODERATE. Factory—Mill Street, Milton.

ADVERTISERS or others, who wish to examine this paper or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago will find it on file at 45 to 49 Randolph St., the advertising Agency of LORD & THOMAS.

BAINE'S $65 ORGANS Highly Recommended by the Musical Profession.

THE REASON WHY I CAN SELL A FIRST-class organ for $65 is that I manufacture them myself and employ no agents, and sell to the consumer direct from the factory, thereby saving the purchaser the agents' enormous profit. My Gem Organ contains two full set of reeds, of 5 octaves each, with improved double octave couplers and Vox Humana, elegant walnut case 58 inches in height. Price $65 only. A fine instrument, fully guaranteed for 5 years.

Factory and Warerooms, 84 King street west, Hamilton.

T. J. BAINE, Organ Manufacturer and Dealer in first-class Pianofortes and Music Goods of every description.

N. B.—The piano tuning department is under the supervision of Mr. Jas. Dooley. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Bank of Hamilton

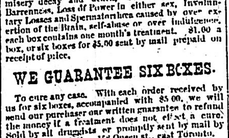
Capital $1,000,000 | Reserve Fund $300,000

MILTON AGENCY. Deposits received and interest allowed at best current rate. No notice of withdrawal required. Office hours—From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturdays—From 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.

J. BUTTERFIELD, AGENT.

Milton, Nov. 18, 1886.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration, caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in Insanity and leading to disease and death, Premature Old Age, Impotency, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over exertion of the Brain, self-abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00 sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES. To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if a treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only for sales made in Canada. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail by Jyo. C. West & Co., 156 Queen st., east Toronto.

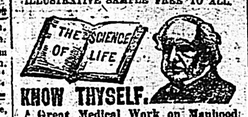
FINE OLD WHISKEYS Gooderham's, Walker's, Club.

$5, 6 & 7 YEARS OLD. Jas. Shields & Co. 138 Yonge St., Toronto.

Canvassers Wanted! IMMEDIATELY IN THIS COUNTY TO SELL "OUR NORTH LAND," A PURELY CANADIAN BOOK, describing the wonders of our own country, with thrilling incidents of travel and adventure. This is by far the most saleable subscription book ever published in Canada. Not a book of scraps and clippings, but an original copyright work, richly and profusely illustrated. To energetic men who will promise to canvass at least one township, we will offer the most liberal inducements. As we manufacture the book ourselves, upon our own premises, we can afford to place it in the hands of canvassers at a very low figure, while the retail prices place the work within the reach of all classes. Applications for Territory received at once. We want at least one man in every county in Canada. "New Home Parallel Bibles," and Photograph Albums in over 200 varieties. C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher. 5 JORDAN ST., TORONTO.

ADVERTISERS can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St., New York.) Send 10cts. for 100-page Pamphlet.

A STANDARD MEDICAL WORK For Young & Middle-Aged Men ONLY $1 BY MAIL, POSTPAID. ILLUSTRATIVE SAMPLE FREE TO ALL.



KNOW THYSELF. A Great Medical Work on Manhood. Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretion or excess. A book for every man, young, middle-aged and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each one of which is invaluable. So found by the Author, whose experience for 23 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 350 pages, bound in beautiful French muslin, embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every respect than any other work sold in this country for $2.25, or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only $1.00 by mail, post. Illustrative sample free to any body. Send now. Gold medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association, to the President of which, the Hon. P. A. Bissell, and associate officers of the Board the reader is respectfully referred.

The Science of Life is worth more to the young and middle-aged men of this generation than all the gold mines of California and the silver mines of Nevada combined.—S. F. Chronicle.

The Science of Life, points out the rocks and quicksands on which the constitution and hopes of many a young man have been fatally wrecked.—Manchester Mirror.

The Science of Life is of greater value than all the medical works published in this country for the past 50 years.—Atlanta Constitution.

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

There is no member of society to whom The Science of Life will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman.—Argonaut.

Address as Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully without an instance of failure. Mention Champion, Milton, Ont. 38-1y

HER MARTYRDOM.

"I regret it most bitterly," continued the hapless lady. "As you have said to me often, we were very happy, my darling, you and I, by ourselves. I had your father's loving memory; and I cannot think now why I was guilty of so rash an act. Oh, Angel, why did you let me do it? Why did you not prevent it? I must have been mad! I was free, happy; I could do as I would, go where I chose; I was mistress of my own fortune; I had no cruel pain as now ever gnawing at my heart. Oh, Angel, I repent, I repent!"

Angela could only whisper words of love and comfort to her unhappy mother.

Lady Laura caught her daughter's hands in her own.

"Angela," she said, "you must do something to help me. I cannot bear this life. Think of some way in which I can escape—oh, think, my darling!"

But, alas, there was no way of escape! The chains which the unhappy lady had forged for herself could be broken only by death.

"I look around me in vain," she continued. "Oh, Angel, can you who love me think of no means of escape for me? My misery is driving me mad. Oh, why has heaven punished me so hardly?"

Angela could have told her miserable mother that her marriage was never likely to turn out well, for she had married a man, not for his spotless honour or his excellence of character, but for his personal appearance, knowing at the same time that his reputation was not of the best. How could such a marriage be blessed or prosper? It was impossible, Angela told herself; but this was not the time to say as much to her mother.

"I knew the time would come when I should not be able to bear it any longer, and now it has come!" cried her ladyship, with a ring of despair in her voice. "Oh, Angel, what can you do to help me?"

"I am afraid I can do but little, mamma."

"I cannot stay here, Angel," her ladyship whispered—"here, where my rival is; I must go away from here."

"I will go with you, mamma. You shall not remain here to be tortured and made miserable, but shall go back to our dear old home, where we can be happy."

"And leave him, Angela," queried the unhappy lady—"leave the captain?"

"It seems to me you must do so, mamma. If your wish to have any comfort, your most leave him for a time. He does not study you."

"Is there no other way, Angela? Is there nothing you can think of, no plan you can suggest except that?"

"My darling mother, I can see no other," she replied. "It makes you very unhappy to see the captain's great friendship for Miss Rane; but, as we cannot send her away, the only thing is for us to go."

Lady Laura hesitated for some minutes. True, her husband made her very unhappy, he caused her the greatest of pain and misery—yet she loved him still.

"It is torture to be with him," she sighed; "but would it not be greater torture still to be without him?"

"You know best, mamma darling," replied Angela. "No one can answer that question but yourself. You know what you suffer now. It is daily and hourly torture; you have no respite. That which grieves you so much is continually under your notice; but away from here other things would claim your notice."

"You are right, Angel," said Lady Laura. "It will be best to go away. I would go anywhere rather than remain here to suffer as I have recently. This visit to Brighton, which I had hoped would be a pleasant one, will be remembered with pain."

"We will go to Rood Abbey, mamma; you shall not stay here a day longer."

"Will the captain be angry?" asked her ladyship timidly.

"I do not think that need concern us, mamma," replied Angela. "We must think of you, not of him. Make up your mind to go back to Rood to-morrow. I will tell the captain you are going, and I will also tell him why."

Lady Laura was tired of her misery, yet uncertain as to whether the course she was going to take would not make her more wretched, she wanted to be away from her husband, yet with miser able tenacity her heart clung to him. At last she decided to adopt Angela's suggestion and go to Rood.

For some time mother and daughter were discussing their plans and arrangements. Now that she had arrived at a decision, Lady Laura grew calmer, and at last Angela persuaded her to retire to rest.

"Have no fear, mamma," she said encouragingly; "you shall not be troubled again. To-morrow we will go back to the dear old home. Oh, would to heaven my father were there to welcome us!"

"You will tell the captain, Angel—for I could not go through a scene with him."

"Yes; I will tell him, mamma, that I am going to take you back to Rood."

"He will not be angry with you, Angel, I hope."

"It will not matter if he is," replied Angela. "Even if I dreaded his anger, I would bear that and much more for your sake; but I have the utmost scorn for it."

She sat by her mother's side until the hapless lady fell asleep. Lovingly Angela regarded the beautiful face, which seemed recently to have grown so colourless and troubled. If this marriage could but be undone, if her mother could but be freed from what was now a most galling burden! But no; so long as life lasted, so long must she remain the unloved, neglected wife of Captain Wynyard.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Miss Rooden wants to see me?" said Captain Wynyard doubtfully, as Angela's maid delivered her message. "Are you quite sure that there is no mistake?"

"Quite sure, sir," replied Jean. "Miss Rooden told me to see you before you went out, and ask if she could see you."

"Certainly," said the captain, "no one has failed to courtesy in those about him; tell Miss Rooden I am quite at her service."

A few minutes later Angela, in all the grace of her girlish beauty, entered the room. The captain was a stranger to fear, but he winced before the reproachful eyes of this young girl.

"You want to see me, Angela?" he said, somewhat nervously.

"Yes," she replied gravely. "I will not detain you long."

He did not ask her to sit down, for she walked to the window and stood there, he following and taking a position by her side. He could better have borne twenty hysterical reproaches from his wife than the glance of his stepdaughter's pure indignant eyes.

"Captain Wynyard," she began, in a clear low voice, "you are my mother's husband, and I do not wish to say anything that is disrespectful; but I cannot endure to see my mother suffer as she does without doing something to help her. Do you remember the promise you made me on the unhappy day when you married my mother?"

"I made so many promises on that day," he replied, trying to speak lightly, "that I may be excused for forgetting one."

"I will remind you of it then," she said. "You promised me on that morning that you would make my mother happy, and you have not kept your word."

There was a straightforward simplicity about her which he found very awkward to evade.

"My dear Angela," he said, with just a trace of annoyance in his manner, "your interest in me is most charming; I am grateful to you. But do you not think it would be better that these little matters should be discussed between your mother and myself?"

"No, I do not," she replied; and her courage in speaking compelled him to listen. "My mother is not strong, and she is so sensitive that what would not affect another woman is keen pain to her."

"I know it," he said; "but I am not to blame for your mother's peculiar temperament."

"No; still, knowing it, one would have expected you to treat her with all your kindness and consideration. Finding that you do not do so, and that you avail yourself of her great sensitiveness to wound her, I have decided to speak for her. Do you know," she continued indignantly, "that my mother is so changed, so ill, so miserable, that her very life is in danger?"

Could she be mistaken? Was it a flash of light that she saw in his eyes, an expression of relief that she noted in his face, a something that came quickly and went quickly, and was rather gladness than pain? A pang went to her heart as she noticed it.

"If it were not," she went on, "that my mother's death would be your ruin, I do not believe you would deplore it."

"That is another question," he interrupted carelessly. "We are not discussing that now." And, as the captain spoke, he thought to himself, "What a good thing it is she knows nothing about the will!"

"I told you," continued Angela, "before you married my mother, that you did not love her, that you cared only for her money. All the love that you could spare from yourself you gave to Miss Rane. I told my mother so, and I tried my best to save her; but she did not believe me. What has happened since your marriage proves that I was right. But it is too late for my mother to help herself; I must help her."

She spoke very gently; but there was a ring of pain in her voice which was more embarrassing to him than would have been a passionate outburst of anger.

"I wish with all my heart that my dear mother had been saved from such a disastrous fate," she went on, her voice gaining strength as she proceeded. "You married my mother for her money; and you know best how she has lavished it on you. You have all you desire; why therefore can you not be kind to her? Why not—poor mamma here to suffer as I have recently—have let her live on in her delusion as to your being great and good? She worshipped you, and thought you a hero. You are but a very commonplace man."

Her tone amazed and irritated him. He might be admired by others, but this girl's quiet contempt was most apparent.

"You might have let my mother live on in her delusion," pursued Angela, steadily, "seeing how happy it made her. You have roused her from it very rudely and very cruelly."

"That is your opinion," interrupted he, "and I do not remember I was unprepared to find your mother both jealous and suspicious."

"It is not becoming of you to speak to me of my mother's faults," retorted Angela.

"If it is absolutely necessary, if those faults exist and chise the greater part of the unpleasantness that lies between us."

"That is not true," said Angela. "My mother is one of the sweetest and gentlest of women. You have broken your word and broken her heart. You promised to make her happy, and you have not done so, or even tried. You must see for yourself that my mother's life is a daily martyrdom; and it is time that her misery was ended. You know why it is unpleasant for my mother to remain in Brighton; and I wish to say that I have persuaded her to return with me to Rood."

"Just as you will," he said carelessly.

"There," remarked Angela, "my mother will not be made miserable. She will not have obtruded on her notice every hour of the day that which makes her most unhappy. I shall take her away."

"You are a very determined young lady," he said. "Is your mother willing to go?"

"You cannot doubt her willingness to leave a place where your chief effort is to make her miserable," answered the girl bitterly. "I have no more to say, Captain Wynyard. You have failed to make my mother happy. I will take care of her myself for the future, and you can go the way that seems best to you."

He looked at her in wonder. She seemed to have suddenly grown older, and her fair young face was full of calm courage and high resolve. He felt abashed and uneasy before her.

"I know," she continued, "that it is useless to make any appeal to you. You did not love my mother when you married her; you are not likely to love her now. It is of no use appealing to your honour, and asking you to leave Brighton—to leave the society that my mother dislikes, and go to Rood."

"No, that is certainly is not," he replied promptly. "If your mother and you choose to make yourselves ridiculous, that is your own affair. I like Brighton, I am enjoying myself very much here, and I shall not curtail my visit because your mother chooses to encourage one of her jealous tempers."

"My mother has no tempers," said the girl sadly; "she is simply breaking her heart. I have no more to say. We shall leave Brighton at noon."

"I may consider myself fortunate in that you have condescended to inform me of your plans," he observed mockingly.

"I should not have done so had it not been a necessity," said Angela gravely; and then, without another word, she quitted the room.

It was well for her that she could not see the look of hatred which followed her. It was well that she could not read the evil thoughts of the man who had so completely ruined her mother's life.

Captain Wynyard tried to laugh at what had passed—to sneer at it; but the grave noble face of the young girl rose before him, the pure reproachful eyes would not leave him.

Shortly afterwards he went to his wife's room, and said, loud enough for it the maids to hear—

"So, Laura, Angela has persuaded you to return to Rood. I am sorry that Brighton does not suit you."

Lady Laura made no answer; nor were the maids deceived by the regretful words of the captain.

"I am sorry that I cannot run down with you myself," he continued. "But your decision has been so sudden, and I have so many engagements, I cannot leave just at present."

Still no remark fell from his wife. Her thoughts had flown back to the pier and the two figures she had seen passing to and fro in the dusk of the evening.

"Good-bye, Laura," he said, drawing nearer to her.

"Good-bye," she returned coldly.

"Have you anything to say to your servant, or dress to me?" he asked.

"I have nothing to say," she replied.

He was surprised at the change which had come over his wife, and half sighed as he left the room.

"I shall be free from reproaches and scenes for some weeks at least," he said to himself a little later, "and I will make hay while the sun shines."

At noon Lady Laura Wynyard and Angela left the Grand Hotel for Rood, and the captain was left to his own devices. He did not feel quite so happy as he had expected, notwithstanding the greater freedom he now enjoyed. Every one seemed to think his wife's sudden departure rather strange, and people looked curiously at him when he spoke of Brighton not suiting her.

Lady Kinloch made some very unpleasant remarks about it, and even Gladys seemed to grow more circumspect.

"It is Angela's fault," the captain said to himself. "Laura would not have gone but for her; she would never have had the courage to concoct such a scheme." And he hated his wife's fair young daughter with a hate that was to lead him—whither?

CHAPTER XXXII.

The time-worn and ivy-covered old walls of Rood Abbey that had witnessed so many grand ceremonies, that had been the centre of so much hospitality and gaiety, where a monarch had sought shelter, and had found loyal hearts, where a queen had rested and had carried away with her pleasant memories of the charming grounds, where warriors of old had ridden forth to victory, and men, of a nearer generation had reigned in noble simplicity now looked down upon a very different spectacle. Knights and ladies no longer wandered over the grounds as of yore; beautiful women no longer watched from the turret-windows for the coming of their lovers; valiant chieftains no longer gathered faithful followers around them; fair ladies no longer held high revel there. The spectacle on which the old walls looked down was a sad and solemn one; it was the martyrdom of a fair woman—a woman who sought the most hidden paths, who wandered aimlessly through the gardens and the grounds with despair on her pale face and unutterable sorrow in her blue eyes. No pictured face hanging on the old walls was fairer than hers; no lady among the many noble ones who had reigned over Rood Abbey was ever more sad or gentle.

Angela did her best to cheer her mother's desolation; but the task seemed almost hopeless.

In the meantime Captain Wynyard had not found it all sunshine at Brighton. Lady Kinloch roused to indignation by the fact that he had allowed the ladies of his family to travel without an escort to Rood, while he remained idly at the seaside, gave orders to her servant to say that she was not at home when he called; and from that time she kept a closer watch on Gladys. There were no more walks on the pier in the dusk of the evening, no more morning rides; and for this curtailment of his pleasure the captain blamed Angela, and hated her with a bitter hatred. It was she, he told himself, who had taken his wife from Brighton, and so spoiled all the plans which he had laid down. He fancied that society did not welcome him as warmly as usual, while he could not help hearing that there was an idea abroad that all was not well in the Wynyard domestic circle—that he was not what a kind and devoted husband should be. There were some who thought with sorrow of the beautiful mother and the fair young daughter; and from these Gladys Rane and the captain met with a very cool reception.

The captain was quick enough to detect the awkwardness of the situation. He saw and understood it all at once. Lady Payne, the leader of fashionable society in Brighton, who had always welcomed him with bright smiles and pleasant words, now passed him with a cool bow. Mrs. Stamers, the most irreproachable of matrons, crossed the road if she saw him in the distance obviously to avoid her usual greeting. A straw shows which way the wind blows; and the captain found that he could not do just as he would—that, if he broke the laws of society, he must suffer the penalty; and for this, as for all the rest, he hated Angela the more. He began to see that, if he wished to retain his place in society and to shield Gladys Rane from scandal, he must, at least, keep up appearances with his wife.

Captain Wynyard did not recognize this without considerable regret. He enjoyed the revenues of Rood—indeed his wife's large fortune was a source of profound satisfaction to him; but he would greatly have preferred the fortune without his wife. He had never loved her; but her beauty, her grace—above all, her passionate worship of himself—had impelled him to treat her with something like affection and kindness. Now, however, he was tired of her—tired of the fair sweet beauty which might have held another man's heart captive for ever—tired of the love that had no charm for him—tired because she was the living barrier between himself and the woman he loved better than any other—Gladys Rane. Still, if the world was so stupid as to require some conformity to outward appearances, perhaps he had better go to Rood. He did not like the idea of it; but there were many unpleasant duties to perform in life, and this was one of them. He argued with himself that there must be two sides to everything; and, if he enjoyed the advantages of a large fortune, he must at times put up with the disadvantage of having to share the society of the one who had endowed him with it.

So one fine morning at the end of October the gates of Rood opened to admit the man who was now practically its master.

"I did not write or telegraph to you that I was coming," he said to his pale, startled wife; "I thought my arrival would be a pleasant surprise for you."

"It is indeed a surprise," she responded coldly; but she did not add that it was a pleasant one.

To Angela the captain's return meant every kind of annoyance. He had been passively indifferent to her before, now he was actively antagonistic. He lost no opportunity of annoying and irritating her, and his favourite method of attack was to speak lightly or sneeringly of the father she had loved so devotedly. He never lost an opportunity of wounding the heart of the girl whose chief fault in his eyes was the great love she bore her mother.

"You call this place an abbey, Laura," said the captain, laughingly one morning. "It is really a hermitage. Pray let us have some visitors down."

"You can invite whom you will," returned Lady Laura.

"I wish to heaven I could!" he cried impetuously; and she knew well of whom he was thinking. "Give me carte blanche, Laura," he went on, "and you shall have the gayest party ever gathered within those walls."

He minded back for a minute to the noble men and the fair women who had lived under the roof of Rood, and she smile that curved her lips was one of unutterable contempt. The captain, in nowise daunted by this, became only more eager in respect of his plan.

"I should ask Sir Hal Markham first and foremost," he declared enthusiastically. "He is perhaps the most popular man in England—after myself," added the captain, with an assumed modest smile. "He sings, dances, and rides to perfection. I will ask him, if you are not afraid of his falling in love with Angela."

"I am not at all afraid of Angela falling in love with any friend of yours," said her ladyship; "such persons are not at all to her taste."

The captain laughed; he was not to be put down.

"You know and like Lord and Lady Alan," he continued. "He is a good comrade, and she is one of the most amusing and cheerful of women. You do not object to them?"

"Not in the least," said Lady Laura. "Then," he added, "there is Miss Boscawen. She is, in my opinion, one of the finest singers in amateur circles."

"She is not particularly refined or ladylike," observed Lady Laura.

"That will not matter," said the captain impatiently. "You have refinement enough for half a dozen women, and the company would be difficult to get on with if they were all very refined. Then, last, but by no means least, comes my old friend Captain Manton."

"I do not know him."

"He is a relic of my bachelor days," explained the captain laughingly, "We had many adventures together."

"If that be so, I should hardly think he would be a very desirable guest," said her ladyship quietly.

"Laura," exclaimed the captain, "you are getting quite satirical!"

They were standing in the breakfast-room, the long windows of which opened on to a lawn studded with shrubs and flower-beds. A bright sunbeam touched the golden hair, and fair face of Lady Laura; it fell on her white dress and jewelled hands. Her husband regarded her with an uneasy look, and his face flushed strangely. He had evidently something to say which was difficult to put into words.

"It will be a pleasant party," he went on, "and I shall enjoy it very much. There is one addition—or rather two—that I should like to make."

She heard him in silence, having a presentiment of what was coming.

"Lady Kinloch is a very old friend of mine," he stammered out, after a pause; "I should like to ask her and Miss Rane."

"Lady Kinloch does not like you if you are a very old friend," she replied calmly, "and Miss Rane will never enter my house."

"Permit me to remind you, Laura, that it is now my house."

"By courtesy."

"Not at all. While you live, my dear, by the simple and happy law of our land, all that is yours is mine."

Lady Laura declined to argue the point; but she recalled the time, not long since, when the happiest thought in her life had been that she could share her fortune with him.

"So you will not invite Lady Kinloch and her niece?" he asked presently.

"I will not," she answered.

"Suppose I do it myself, without any reference to you?" said the captain.

"In that case I should leave the abbey at once, and I should not return until they had left it," she answered.

"For which," he said to himself, "I have to thank Angela; and I will do so with a will some day."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"It was, as the captain had predicted, a very pleasant party. Lady Laura was a kind and attentive hostess. She did not spend much time with her visitors, for she felt that in some degree she was a restraint upon them. "I am not like the rest of them," she reflected. "They are happy, gay, and bright; but for me there is nothing but cruel tormenting misery." She was calm and indulgent, but she did not share in the general merriment, and none of the guests ever saw her eyes brighten with happiness.

At breakfast-time she would take her place at the table, having a kindly word for every one. She was a perfect hostess, graceful, considerate, and thoughtful. Though she seldom joined in the morning rides or drives, she was always present at luncheon and dinner; but in the intermediate hours she saw little of her guests.

"I can hardly believe this is the old home, Angela," Lady Laura would say to her daughter at times; "all the rest and peace are gone from it."

They were a happy and noisy party; music, laughter, and singing hardly ceased resounding within the old walls. The guests seemed scarcely ever to be at rest. Every hour of the day brought some new amusement, some new occupation, and the captain thoroughly enjoyed bustle and movement. Lady Laura however felt that she should be thankful when it was over and quiet once more secured.

During those days the captain was not unkind to her. But he paid far more attention to his guests than he did to her, and she could not help seeing that he was relieved by her absence, and that he felt her presence to be a restraint. She smiled bitterly when she thought how completely he had forgotten that Rood Abbey was her own, and his only by courtesy. He never seemed to think of that, but assumed absolute authority, and did not, as he had the grace to do at first, even consult her. If he had been the owner of Rood and she a portionless wife, he could not have more persistently ignored her claims. She made no complaint, for she knew that she had prepared her trouble for herself; but at times she cried out to her daughter that she repented bitterly what she had done.

So the rest of October passed. The captain contrived always to have the abbey full of visitors; but he did not again propose to invite Lady Kinloch and Gladys Rane.

The state of affairs at Rood Abbey did not quite escape the notice of the guests assembled there. It was a matter of comment that the handsome captain, so chivalrous, so devoted to other women, was most neglectful of his wife. Miss Boscawen was outspoken on the subject.

"It is the way with all handsome men," she declared, "Nothing would ever induce me to marry a handsome man; such men never love their wives."

"That is a sweeping assertion," laughed Lady Alan, who, secure in the love and devotion of her own husband, could afford to be generous. "I think," she added, "that handsome men are generally kind men, therefore kind to their wives."

"I do not," said Miss Boscawen. "If I had to choose this minute between a plain man and a hands