The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

VOLUME 26. MILTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1887. NO. 39.

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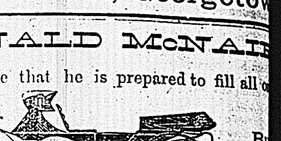

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1 Milton	Wm. Panton	28	25	27	15	30	25	10 a.m.
2 Oakville	R. Balmer	12	9	7	13	7	2	10 a.m.
3 Georgetown	L. Grant	18	15	10	12	15	8	9.30 a.m
4 Acton	J. Matthews	20	17	12	"	15	10	10 a.m.
5 Campbellville	S. R. Lister	14	11	6	"	8	4	9.30 "
6 Burlington	G. C. Bastedo	11	8	3	"	5	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.

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THE MARTYRDOM.

She saw the surprised look in his eyes, and she felt that he had recognised at once that she was not of the class from which Mrs. Bowen's visitors came; but she had the satisfaction of knowing that she had saved herself from having to remember that her first spoken words to Lord Arleigh had been false ones.

"I came," she added, "in search of a book."

"I hope you will use the library and the books as often as you like," he replied courteously. "I have just returned from Italy in consequence of a telegram from my agent, and I had no time to send any notice of my coming to Mrs. Bowen."

"And I ought not to be here," thought Angela. She had no explanation to offer as to her appearance; and what could he think, she asked herself, on finding her so completely at home in his own house?

Lord Arleigh seemed to understand her confusion and embarrassment, for he hastened to add—

"I know that Lady Arleigh, my mother, wishes Mrs. Bowen to give her friends every opportunity of enjoyment. I beg therefore that you will use the library and take from it what books you will."

At the same time the earl was fully satisfied that the young lady was a friend of Mrs. Bowen's. To his mind she looked, with her delicate grace, her high-bred air, her patrician bearing, far more like a princess than the friend of the homely housekeeper. There was some mystery with which he was unacquainted.

Then Angela hastened away, feeling keenly conscious of her utterly false position. "I ought never to have come," she said to herself. "I must not stay any longer; yet how kind he was! My father's face must have been just like his when he was young."

What a position! Why could not the young earl have remained in Italy a few weeks longer? And yet there was another aspect of the matter that was not altogether displeasing to her. If he had not returned just at this juncture she would never have seen him, and she was pleased to have done so.

Angela went in the greatest dismay to Mrs. Bowen, whom she found wringing her hands in what seemed like utter despair.

"Oh, Miss Charles," she cried, "here is a shock! His lordship has come home, and there is nothing ready. I have neither fish nor game in the house. The rooms are all prepared, but there is nothing to eat."

Angela listened in patience, giving the best advice and consolation she could in the circumstances, and gradually Mrs. Bowen lost her fears.

"I came to speak to you about myself, Mrs. Bowen," she said, "I cannot remain here now that his lordship is at home."

The housekeeper looked at her in astonishment.

"Why, pray?" she asked briefly.

"It is impossible," replied Angela.

"I do not think so, Miss Charles. It will make no difference whatever to his lordship or to you. You need never see him if you are careful, and he need never see you. It is not," she added presently, "as though you were a visitor to the family; you are my guest."

Angela then told her what had passed in the library.

"I am almost sorry that you saw the earl before I had time to tell him," said Mrs. Bowen. "Not that it will matter in the least, for I am quite within my rights. My lady told me herself that, when the family were from home, I could have a friend to stay with me. If you keep to your rooms, my dear, there will be no annoyance; and he will not stay long, I am sure. The rooms that his lordship uses are all in the western wing. We are as far from him almost as though we lived in the village. You need not be uneasy, miss, nor trouble yourself in the least degree about it."

Still, despite these comforting assurances, Angela did not feel quite at ease. She could not forget that she held an utterly false position. She therefore resolved that, while Lord Arleigh remained in the house, she would keep to her rooms, and not go into that part of the house where she would be likely to meet him. She would go out early in the morning or late in the evening, and there was little chance of encountering him. It was possible that even on the morrow the advertisement might appear, and then she could go away at once.

"Oh, mother," she cried impatiently, "if you knew all, you would not delay!"

The coming of the earl made a great difference to Angela. She felt both awkward and under restraint, and she hoped fervently that she should never see him again; yet at the same time she had a vague longing to look upon his face once more, because it was so like her father's. She shrank back at the sound of his voice, yet she would have liked to speak to him again.

"I have travelled through many lands," said Lord Arleigh to himself; "but I have never seen a face and figure like that. I must know more about her."

He rang for Mrs. Bowen, ostensibly to give some orders. When these were done with, he remarked carelessly—

"I am glad to find that you have not been lonely, Mrs. Bowen. You have a young friend staying with you?"

"Yes, my lord," was the brief reply.

"What is her name?" was the next question.

"Miss Charles, my lord."

"A vague kind of name," he thought; "neither common nor uncommon, neither plebian nor patrician."

"I hope," he continued, "that my sudden return will in no way interfere with your guest, Mrs. Bowen."

"I do not see how it need, your lordship, as Miss Charles is my guest."

He longed to ask more questions about her, but was courteous enough to refrain. He said to himself that he must accept the position as it was; yet he was sure there was some mystery. Miss Charles was a lady; why was she on visiting terms with his mother's servants? Lord Arleigh went to sleep that night with the fair face of Angela Rodden shining through his dreams.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Another day passed, and still no advertisement appeared. By this time Angela had grown accustomed to the thought of Lord Arleigh's presence. She had not seen him since the morning of his arrival; but she knew that he thought of her, for Mrs. Bowen frequently brought messages to her—Lord Arleigh hoped that she would use the library as if he were not at home, that she would feel at liberty to visit the picture-gallery and the conservatories. He hoped that Miss Charles was supplied with fruit and flowers. The fact was that he longed to see her again, and he would have given anything for a chance interview; but he was courtesy itself. He would not take any steps to bring about such a meeting; and Angela was most prudent, so that there seemed little prospect of a meeting. Even Mrs. Bowen herself, most stately and decorous of housekeepers, was perfectly content.

But there came a morning when the weather was unusually warm and only a breath of air stirred the leaves of the trees. The magnolias were all in flower, and the odour of the great white blossoms filled the air; the syringa-blooms were out; the roses seemed to be everywhere; the tall white lilies stood erect like sentinels, their glowing golden hearts open to the sun; the air was languid with rich and luscious perfume. The only relief to the excessive heat was the slight salt breeze that found its way from the sea. Angela had a longing to escape for a time from the heat, the perfume, and the vivid green down to the sands.

The beach at Culdale was charming, steep and rugged cliffs at the back, the summits of which were clothed with rich green grass and purple heather; the yellow sands in front stretched out far and wide. There was a bend in the cliffs which formed a little bay, called Brantome Bay, one of the loveliest spots on the coast; and farther on were great wave-worn caves that were filled with water when the tide was in, and were dark and resounding when it was out. The caves were known by the name of Brantome Hollows. On the other side of the bay there was a streak of firm yellow sand on which large boulders half covered with seaweed lay about in picturesque confusion. Altogether it was a spot to delight the artist-mind, with its blue shining waters, golden sands, and purple heather-crowned cliffs, and just the very spot for which Angela longed on this sultry day.

There was no danger of meeting the earl, for he had gone out some time before, and Mrs. Bowen had told her that it was very uncertain whether he would return for luncheon or not.

"I shall be away for some hours, Mrs. Bowen," Angela said. "I am going down to the beach, and I will take my books with me."

So she walked through the park, with its long grass and stately old trees. The heat seemed to increase until she neared the beach. Then the briny odour of the sea reached her, cool and fresh. She chose a shady spot under the shadow of an overhanging cliff, and, seating herself, her thoughts went away over the blue dancing waves. There was almost a longing in her heart that the rest and peace could last for ever.

Presently her musings were disturbed by the sound of a man's voice singing the words of a love song. Afterwards the odour of a cigar came to her with the sea-breeze; and then Lord Arleigh turned the corner of the great white cliff. He gave a little exclamation of surprise when he saw her, and at once threw away his cigar. He drew near to her with the greatest courtesy.

"You have sought refuge from the heat, Miss Charles," he said. "I do not remember such a warm beautiful June as this."

"June is always a lovely month," she responded; "even the sound of the word has music in it. It is my favourite month."

He noticed that, although she had blushed and had seemed somewhat startled when she first saw him, she had quickly recovered herself. Her manner now was perfectly natural and easy, and she did not seem to feel that there was any difference between them in rank or social status. She was not confused, as one of "Mrs. Bowen's friend's" would probably have been.

"Whoever she is," thought Lord Arleigh, "she is accustomed to good society."

Angela's first impulse was to fly, and she half arose to do so. Lord Arleigh, however, prevented her.

"I am sorry that I have disturbed you," he said, "and I beg most earnestly that you will not go away, Miss Charles. I shall be distressed if you go."

Angela longed to go, yet she had a desire to stay. She determined not to leave, assuring herself that his lordship would not linger, and that a few minutes could not matter.

"How refreshing the sea-breeze is!" he went on. "It is strange that the same idea should have seized us both. I was going over to Blandthorpe this morning; but the atmosphere seemed stifling, and I longed for a breath of sea air. That is what brought me here."

"I came for the same reason," said Angela. "The deepest, greenest shade seems warm this morning; there is nothing cool but the sea."

"So June is your favourite month, Miss Charles? May is mine."

"May is the month of promise, June of realization," she replied. "At home—"

Then she stopped abruptly, her face flushing crimson. What had she been going to say. He perceived her embarrassment, but was far too well-bred to notice it. Then she reflected that she had better finish her sentence; he would not know where her home was. So she continued—

"When I was at home in the country, nothing pleased me so much as what I called the 'procession of flowers.' I waited and watched for them eagerly. I greeted each one as though it had been a living friend. April brought violets, primroses and cowslips. Who shall tell the glories of May? The hawthorn on the hedges, the laburnums, the lilacs. June brings its wealth of lilies and roses. I have a great love for flowers."

"I think all true women love flowers. My sister is a rose-worshipper. That is why we have at the hall so many different kinds of roses. Have you noticed them?"

"No," she replied—"not particularly."

"Have you been into the rose-garden?" he asked.

"I do not think so," she answered.

"You must see it," he continued. "It is believed to contain a greater variety of roses than is to be seen anywhere else."

He was about to add how pleased he should be to show the garden to her, but, on reflection, decided that it would be better not to do so, but to respect the reserve which she had chosen to adopt. As for calling herself "Mrs. Bowen's friend," however, that was sheer nonsense. He looked at her hands, and wondered that she did not perceive how they betrayed her. The hands on which he looked were simply perfect in colour and shape, the fingers slender and rounded, with almond-shaped nails, and there was a faint flush, like that of a delicate rose-leaf, in the palm.

"A hand produced by centuries of cultivation," he quoted to himself.

Presently he found himself watching the changes of the lovely face and the luxuriance of the dark rippling hair. As he gazed, his heart went out to her. It was no sudden tumult of passion that filled his soul; it was the first rapture dawn of a great and deep love. He hardly understood it himself, but he was conscious of a great peace and a great delight, conscious of a thousand new, beautiful, vague fancies that came to him.

Lord Arleigh talked to her of the book she was reading, of the flowers she loved, of any and everything that he thought would interest her. She grew interested, and after a time forgot all except the handsome face with the laughing frank blue eyes. He was the first man who had ever interested her, and she found herself listening attentively to all he said, admiring his ideas and sentiments. They made even in that short interview great strides into the wonder-world of poetry.

More than once Angela had risen to go; but he had begged eagerly—

"Do stay just a few minutes longer, Miss Charles. I may not have the pleasure of meeting you again;" and she had granted his request.

So the time passed, and, without knowing it, they learned the first lesson in love under the blue sky, with the shining sea stretched before them, with sea-gulls circling in the air, the waves kissing the sand, and the sweet summer wind singing as it has sung ever since the first love-story was told.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

It was a lovely warm June evening, and unusual silence reigned in the grand old mansion at Brantome. It was hay-making time, and many of the servants had asked permission to go into the hay-fields. Lord Arleigh had ridden over to Culdale, having first told the housekeeper that he should not return to dinner. Angela sought Mrs. Bowen.

"I think I might go to the piano in the white room," she said; "I shall not disturb any one."

"No, my dear; go by all means. I am sure you have missed your music lately. His lordship will not be back until late."

Angela went, rejoicing at the prospect of an hour or two at the piano. She would never play or sing when Lord Arleigh was in the house lest he should overhear her. Now there was a fair chance, and she longed to touch the ivory keys once again.

The white room overlooked the rose-garden, and was one of the most charming apartments in the house. The hangings were of white lace; the furniture was covered with white velvet; the panels of the walls were white, with delicate groups of flowers painted in bright colours. The long glass doors opened into the rose-garden, which on this evening was one glow of warmth and beauty.

Angela could not resist singing, any more than the flowers could help blooming or the birds chanting their vesper hymn. As she entered the rose-scented room however, she felt lonley and desolate. She had begun in some strange manner to lose sight of her own identity, and could hardly realise that she was Angela Rodden. She seemed rather to be some friendless girl who had no settled place in the world. Mother and home were like a dream, and the dark shadows that had gathered round her life were more dreamlike still. So she sang with her heart on her lips, quite unconscious that she had a listener.

Lord Arleigh had ridden over to Culdale; but the friend he had gone to see was absent, and he had returned earlier than he had expected. The sound of music had attracted him, for he guessed at once that it was Miss Charles at the piano.

"I should imagine that she takes the opportunity of singing when I am out," he said to himself. "How beautiful! I have never heard a voice like that."

He did not intend to go near her; but the sweet voice attracted him—drew him until he felt he must approach more closely. But he would not intrude upon her. He would go into the rose-garden, and sit there while she sang. Her clear voice reminded him of all most sweet in nature—the notes of a bird, the whisper of the summer wind, the murmur of green leaves. The sun had set, the dew was falling, the birds were calling the wanderers home to their nests; the world was full of beauty, fragrance, and song. They were sweet simple words that were wafted to him over the roses.

The stars are with the voyager,
Wherever he may sail;
The moon is constant to her time,
The sun will never fail;
But follow, follow round the world
The green earth and the sea—
So love is with the lover's heart
Wherever he may be!

Wherever he may be, the stars
Must daily lose their light,
The moon will veil her in the shade,
The sun will set at night.
The sun may set, but constant love
Will shine when he's away,
So that dull night is never night,
And day is brighter day.

Then came a lighter composition, the music of which seemed to ripple from her fingers, while she sang—

I will not have the maid Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly queen,
Whom therefore I will shun;
The cowslip is a country-girl,
The violet is a nun;
But I will woo this dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her lips on every hand;
The wolf-bane I should dread;
Nor will I seek for rosemary
That always mourns the dead;
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white like a saint,
And so is no mate for me;
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many lovers,
And the broom's betrothed to the bee;
But I will plight with the dainty rose
The fairest of all is she.

"That is a song that suits her well," said Lord Arleigh. "What dainty words!"

He would have given anything to go to her and tell her how charming her voice was and how exquisitely she sang. It was the singing of a cultured and gifted lady, whose voice had been carefully trained, whose enunciation and articulation were perfect. He would have been interested in her, no matter where he had met her; but to find her here, under his own roof—a beautiful and charming girl—was surprising to him. He felt sure that there was some mystery about her; but what it was he could not even surmise. Then over the roses came a song so sweet, so sad, that his heart was touched as it had never been before, and the words were clear and distinct to him as though he stood by the side of the singer.

Sleep, my love, sleep; rest, my love, rest!
Dieta the moan of the wind in the tree;
Folleth her pinions the bird in the nest;
Sinketh the sun to his bed in the sea.
Sleep, sleep, lulled on my breast,
Tossing and troubled and thinking of me!

Hush, my love, hush! With petals that close,
Bowing and bending their heads to the lee,
Fainteth the lily and faideth the rose,
Sighing and sad for desire of the bee.
Hush, hush—drooping like I one,
Weary of waiting and watching for me!

Peace, my love, peace! Falleth the night,
Veiling in shadows her glory for thee;
Eyes may be darkened while visions are bright,
Some may be fettered though fancy is free.
Peace, peace, slumbering light,
Longing and loving and dreaming of thee!

So sweet, so sad! A sudden conviction rose within him that she was singing those words to him; and a burning desire to go into the room where she was and clasp her in his arms seized him. Surely the June night, with its odour of roses and burden of sweet songs, was teaching him something that he had never known before—something both sweet and subtle that was making his heart beat fast and his pulses thrill.

Lord Arleigh had met many beautiful women; but not one had hitherto touched his heart. Now this girl's voice seemed to reach the very soul within him.

"Sleep, my love, sleep; rest, my love, rest!
Dieta the moan of the wind in the tree."

The words haunted him. He wished she would sing again. Should he ask her? Oh, no, that would betray his presence; and she must never know that he was there! Then came a rich rippling melody that floated over the roses and lilies and died away in the tall shady limes.

There is dew for the flowers,
And honey for the bees,
And lovers for the wild birds,
And love for you and me.

There are tears for the many
And pleasures for the few;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There's love for me and you.

There is care that will not leave us,
And pain that will not flee;
But on our hearth unaltered
Sits love 'twixt you and me.

Our love it never was reckoned,
Yet good it is and true;
It's half the world to me, dear,
And all the world to you.

Then he heard her leave the piano and come to one of the open windows. The moon had not yet risen, and the gray shadows of night had fallen over land and sea; yet he saw her plainly as she stood, calm and lovely, looking over the rose-trees away to the west. He saw her wring the little white hands that he had found so fair, and then she fell upon her knees and wept as though her heart would break.

He could hardly bear the sight of the lovely girl's suffering. He longed inexpressibly to go to her and offer her comfort. The sound of her bitter weeping caused him acutest pain. Who was she, and what was her sorrow? He was strongly disposed to go to Mrs. Bowen and extract the truth from her; but that, he said to himself, would be dishonourable. The girl was "in sanctuary" while under his roof, and she must not be molested by word or deed.

He stole away with a heavy heart, leaving her weeping by the open window. He felt that he must find out who she was and all about her—that he must tell her he was growing to love her so dearly that he had no peace, no rest, for thinking of her. Why did she weep so bitterly, why was she in such terrible distress—she who had been singing—

"Peace, my love, peace?"

That night he was haunted by her bewitching face and voice, by the words she had sung. He fought against it for a time, and then yielded to the spell. Why should he not love her—not seek her? He did not care who she was; he would marry her if she would listen to him and learn to care for him. But his honour as a gentleman reminded him that he must not take advantage of her presence under his roof.

When at last he fell into a troubled sleep these words haunted him—

Peace, my love, peace! Falleth the night,
Veiling in shadow her glory for thee;
Eyes may be darkened while visions are bright,
Some may be fettered though fancy is free.
Peace, peace, slumbering light,
Longing and loving and dreaming of thee!

CHAPTER XLIX.

For two or three days Lord Arleigh saw nothing of the beautiful and mysterious girl with whom he had fallen so deeply in love. Angela had been most careful in her movements, and she no longer placed any reliance on Mrs. Bowen's declaration that his lordship had gone out and would not return until late. Such words were always inaccurate; for he always returned before the time appointed, and then Angela was sure to see him. She hardly knew herself how much she had grown to care for him. At first it had been simply his likeness to her father that had drawn her heart to him, now she liked his pleasant manner, his kindness to herself, his thought for her. Her mind dwelt on him with pleasure; and since she had known him the pain and unhappiness from which she suffered had grown less. She had something else to think of besides her mother's misery and the cruel wickedness of the captain. How courteous he was to her, this handsome young earl, who had found her a stranger under his mother's roof! What a charm lay in his kindly manner! Certainly, in Angela's opinion, there was hardly a finer, handsomer man in England; and he was as noble in mind as he was handsome in person.

When Lord Arleigh met Angela, he had at once lost his heart to her. The exquisite beauty of her face, the simple charming grace of her manner, the rapt spiritual expression of her features, the clear sweet music of her voice, charmed him and held him spell-bound. Still the circumstances in which he had met her were so exceptional that he hardly knew how to proceed. *Noblesse oblige*—he could not make love to her while she was under the protection of his roof. Then he was greatly puzzled to know who she was, why she was there, what was the mystery that surrounded her—nothing, he felt sure, that in any way tarnished her fair soul. She was suffering from his faults and sins of others—not from her own—of that he felt fully convinced. Never, from the moment that he first saw, there was a mystery about her, but one doubt of her occurred to his mind. He thought it was quite possible that she had escaped from a very unhappy home, or from unkind and exacting relatives. He could not guess that it was the "red right hand" of murder raised against her, frustrating her daily wish, cruel device, that had driven her away.

They met one morning in the leafy glades of Brantome Wood. Angela had gone thither one day to see the beeches for which it was celebrated, and one in particular, called the Brantome beech, supposed to be the largest of its kind in the county—a magnificent tree that stood alone in the centre of a green plateau.

She had been much struck with the beauty of the Brantome beech, and had resolved to sketch it; and on this morning she went away to the wood before the breakfast-bell had rung.

She sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree that had been left there for a seat, and was soon hard at work. The strokes of her pencil were almost magical, and it was not long before the outlines of the Brantome beech were on her sketching-board. She was thoroughly engrossed in her work; there was nothing to disturb her but the song of the birds and the hum of the bees.

All at once, without the warning of coming footsteps, a shadow fell over the grass, and a voice startled her.

"Good morning, Miss Charles," said Lord Arleigh. "I must apologize. I cannot pretend that this is an accidental meeting; it is not. I saw the gleam of your dress through the trees, and I—you will not be angry?—I followed it. I have not seen you for some days, and I am anxious to know how you are."

Angela bowed very gravely. Her face flushed, her eyes fell before the delight she saw shining in his, and a sense of unutterable gladness seemed to fill her heart.

"I am afraid," he continued, "that you must be very dull. You are almost as much alone in Brantome Hall as you would be in a desert."

What could she say to him? She could not tell him that she was only too grateful for the shelter afforded her. The next minute he was bending over her, looking at the sketch.

"How perfectly you have caught the outlines of the beech!" he said. "What a capital sketch, Miss Charles! You are an artist."

"Not in execution—only in appreciation," she returned.

"In both I should say," he said. Then, after a pause, he asked, "May I speak quite frankly to you?"

She looked up at him in wonder. What could he have to say to her? There was something in his face which made her own grow pale, something in his eyes which caused her own to droop.

"Certainly, Lord Arleigh," she replied.

"Now that I have your permission, I hardly know how to avail myself of it," he continued. "I long to speak to you, yet I am afraid you should think that I presume—that I take advantage of your being under my roof, even though not my guest, to pry into your affairs; but I assure you that it is not so. It is simple, genuine interest in you—an interest I cannot help, and which is greater even than my fear of displeasing you."

He did not know how much of tenderness had crept into his voice, but she noticed it.

"Do not answer one of my questions unless it pleases you to do so," he went on. "Tell me, are you not very unhappy? Have you not some great trouble?"

The miseries of the past seemed to glide before her even