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DENTIST,
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MAIN ST., MILTON,
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Good Stabling.
Milton, Jan. 1, 1886.
1886.
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Milton, Dec. 1, 1886.
AGENT.

The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

VOLUME 26. MILTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1887. NO. 40.

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

For the Year 1887

Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1 Milton	Wm. Panton	23	25	27	15	30	25	10 a.m.
2 Oakville	R. Balmer	12	9	4	13	7	2	10 a.m.
3 Georgetown	L. Grant	18	15	10	12	14	9	10 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 5th 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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RYE WHISKY,
Guaranteed seven yrs. old.
Orders by mail promptly executed.
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A PURELY CANADIAN BOOK,
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HER MARTYRDOM.

"I respect your secret and the mystery surrounding you," continued Lord Arleigh. "I would not for worlds, now that you have told me that you cannot take me into your confidence, seek to unravel them. I respect them; but I cannot bear that you should pass out of my life, and that I should see you no more. You will say that I have not known you long. I answer that that does not matter. Such knowledge as I have of you has left an impression that will never be obliterated. I appeal to your kindness of heart, without seeking to know that which you think it best to keep from me. There are however one or two things I cannot help knowing. I am quite sure that, although you are Mrs. Bowen's guest, you are not a friend, companion, or associate of hers. You do not mind my knowing that?"

"I cannot help it," she replied.

"And I am equally sure that your name is not 'Charles.' I would not ask what it is. I shall hope to meet you again, when you will tell me more than you are willing to tell me now. Will the time come when your name and position will cease to be a secret?"

"Yes," she cried eagerly; "I hope so."

"And you will be able to resume your regular walk in life?" he added.

"I hope so," she replied.

"Then you will leave Brantome Hall?" he interrogated.

"Yes," she answered briefly.

"That is the time I dread," he said. "You will go away, and I shall see and hear no more of you. I cannot let you go thus, for you would take the best and brightest part of my life away with you."

She looked at him with innocent wondering eyes.

"But you have not known me long—indeed I may say you do not know me at all."

"If I had been your most intimate friend for years, I should not understand you better, or feel a greater reluctance to lose you," he assured her earnestly; "but you do not perceive my position, and I cannot explain." The idea seemed to be firmly established in his mind that he should be consulting in chivalrous respect to her if he declared his love for her while she remained in his house. Yet he would have given the world to declare it and ask her to be his wife. "When this trouble, or whatever it is, is over," he asked eagerly, "will you not continue our friendship? Will you promise that this secret shall not stand between us always as it does now?"

She thought for a few moments before answering him, and then said gently—

"When my trouble is over, it will be dead and buried; but even then I can tell you nothing what it is or has been. It is a secret that for another's sake must die with me."

"I respect it," he cried, "and I shall never seek to know it; but tell me one thing. When it has passed, this trouble of yours, where shall I find you?"

"I cannot tell you now," she replied, "nor do I know when I shall be in a position to tell you. There is however one promise I must ask—nay, almost exact from you."

"I will give any promise you ask for," he said promptly.

"Promise me that, if we meet in after days, it shall be as strangers, that you will not recognise me, that you will never mention this incident in my life."

"I promise most faithfully."

"Promise me even more," she went on. "Promise to forget it yourself, so that, if ever you meet me in my right place in the world, you will never ask yourself why I was here."

"I promise most loyally," he replied. "But do you think it likely we shall meet again?"

"It is much more likely than not," she answered.

"And, when we do meet, you will allow me to seek an introduction?" he asked.

She smiled a faint dreamy smile, while her heart thrilled with delight, for she could not mistake the fact that he loved her. It was love that looked at her out of the blue laughing eyes—love that spoke to her in the mellow cadences of his voice. But she must not think of it while the present shadow lay over her.

The sketch of the Brantome beech did not make much further progress. Her hands trembled and her thoughts were elsewhere. If the lovers lingered near the shady beech tree just a little longer than was prudent, there was no one to scold. Angela's had been a troubled life latterly, and this hour of perfect rest and perfect happiness was one that she never forgot. It was like a bright sunbeam let in upon her darkened life; and, when they parted, it was with hope and gladness.

On the day after this most momentous one of her life Angela was busy arranging some flowers, when Mrs. Bowen sought her, holding a note in her hand.

"Good morning, Miss Charles," she said. "You will be surprised and no doubt glad to hear that his lordship went away this morning."

Surprised indeed she was. The colour faded from her face, and her heart sank. Gone, and without telling her! Surprised, but not pleased, Angela realised in that moment how much of her happiness had gone with him. She realised too the fact that she loved him.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Bowen, "his lordship went away this morning quite early. He will not return perhaps for a week or so. Miss Charles, you will have the whole place to yourself again."

But "Miss Charles" did not look very happy over it, and only heaven knew the blank that the young man's going had left.

"His lordship," continued Mrs. Bowen, "asked me to give this little parcel into your hands when you came down-stairs. There was no message with it."

Angela thanked the old housekeeper, and went to her favourite retreat—the white room. She knew by instinct that the parcel was a letter, although he had so disguised it. She opened it hastily, and found that her suspicion was correct. The letter read as follows:—

"My dear Miss Charles,—I address you so, but I feel most strongly inclined to write instead, 'My heart's own darling.' How little I dreamed, when I came home, that I should find my declared light awaiting me on the very threshold—a vision of grace and loveliness that seemed to penetrate the blue ether. The interior was, quaint and picturesque; there was a curious oak-groined roof, and the walls were freely adorned with tablets, over which the windows of stained glass shed a subdued and solemn light.

"We can use the family-pew," said Mrs. Bowen, not ill-pleased to show her importance. "I always do when my lady is not at home."

A few minutes later Angela found herself seated in the comfortable old-fashioned pew belonging to the Arleigh family. The little church was well filled, and with a hasty glance round she saw that some elegantly dressed ladies were near her.

"The Culdale party!" whispered Mrs. Bowen; and Angela raised her eyes, when, lo, they fell on the dark beautiful face of Gladys Rane.

With a stifled groan, her face unnaturally pale, her limbs trembling, Angela fell back to her seat. Fortunately no one had noticed the slender veiled figure, all eyes being directed towards the radiant loveliness of Gladys Rane. When Angela recovered herself, she looked again, half hoping that she had made a mistake. But no; there was the face the fatal beauty of which had ruined her mother's life and had rendered her own one of constant peril.

What had brought Gladys Rane there? Angela wondered. Then she remembered suddenly what Mrs. Bowen had told her. This was the Culdale party, and Gladys Rane was evidently one of it. The explanation was simple enough—Gladys Rane was on a visit to Culdale Park!

Angela took courage. No one had noticed her, and she flattered herself that those who knew her well would not recognise her under her black veil. She looked again at the face which had been the bane of her mother's life and happiness. It was beautiful enough to captivate men, as it did; but it was not so serenely beautiful as her mother's face—not so sweet, so good. It was rather the face of a siren than a saint.

As Angela watched for a moment the fair face of her mother's rival, her heart suddenly stood still and she experienced a terrible shock. A gentleman bent forward to give Miss Rane a book, and she saw that it was her mother's husband, Captain Wynyard. The church-walls seemed to close round her; a red mist rose before her eyes, there was a rush as of many waters in her ears. She grew bewildered; all her senses seemed to be confused. There they were before her, Gladys Rane and Captain Wynyard—the man and the woman who between them had ruined her mother's life.

For a moment a fear seized her that her mother was dead. Then she remembered that that could not have happened without her knowing it, for Jane would have written to her. But why should these two be here together? She watched them with burning eyes and wildly-beating heart. All the old jealous bitter dislike of the captain came back to her with increased force; all her experiences of the last few miserable months, all her hatred of Gladys Rane, returned to her. What were they doing here? Why was the captain away from his wife?

The truth soon dawned upon her. He also was one of the Culdale party; and she had no doubt in her own mind that the meeting between him and Gladys Rane had been prearranged. She wondered if her mother knew of this; and her heart burned within her as she watched them.

The captain looked handsome and fascinating, Miss Rane brilliantly beautiful. Angela longed in her heart to rise and denounce them, for the one had destroyed her mother's happiness, the other had sought her child's life.

Suddenly a remembrance of her own danger came to her. The fatal veil had not yet been cancelled, or she would have seen the advertisement; and she knew that her life would not be safe if the captain found out where she was before that happened. She was glad that she had taken the precaution to wear a veil, for so protected he could not possibly recognise her. She saw the dark eyes of Gladys Rane rest for a moment on her, but there was no gleam of recognition in them, and she did not see the captain even glance in her direction.

But for all that he had seen her; his keen eyes had pierced her disguise, and he recognised the slender graceful figure, the stately carriage of her head. He gave no sign of the discovery he had made; but the cruel lines around his mouth deepened, and his white hands were ominously clenched. He glanced a second time to be quite sure that it was Angela, and then did not look again in her direction.

He did not tell Gladys Rane whom he had seen in church. He formed quickly his own wicked and cruel plans, and was resolved upon carrying them out with the utmost possible speed. He would have no confidant; his secret should be kept to himself.

CHAPTER LI.

There were many amongst the gay party at Culdale Hall who noticed the change that had come over Captain Wynyard. From the Sunday morning when he saw Angela in church he was a changed man. His high spirits, his smiles, his cheerful humour forsook him, and he went about morose and gloomy, with a lowering face and a light in his eyes not pleasant to see. Gladys Rane, who was accustomed to him in all his moods, had never seen him like this before. To her he had always been courteous, gentle, and deferential, and it was therefore a new experience to her to see him morose and silent. She recognised that there was a side to his character as yet unread by her. During the next few days she went up to him repeatedly, and asked him what was wrong, what it was that was preying on his mind and making him quite unlike himself.

The first time that he answered her roughly and brusquely she could not believe the evidence of her own senses, and for a moment the thought flashed through her mind, if he could speak in such a fashion to the woman he loved best, what was he like to the unhappy wife? And for the first time Gladys Rane felt a sensation of pity for the woman she had hitherto envied. If Lady Laura loved the captain—and every one seemed to think she had worshipped him—what must she have suffered?

Vance Wynyard had not been a happy man for weeks, and the mystery of Angela's leaving home had not tended to improve his temper. He tried to assure himself that she could not by any possible means have suspected him of stole into my heart at once, and will never leave it! While I was under the same roof with you, I did not dare to tell you how dearly I love you. I loved you from the first moment I saw you, and I shall love you until I die. Under my own roof I did not dare to ask you to be my wife. I ask you now, my darling, and lay my fortune, my love, my life at your feet. I leave my heart in those white hands that I think the fairest in the world. I love you with a true and perfect love, perfect as is my implicit trust and faith in you. I do not ask who or what you are; I ask you only to be mine. I do not ask your name, but that you shall take mine. I might have waited, you will think, until the mystery was cleared; but I prefer to ask you while the shadow of mystery hangs over you, while the cruel world is against you. I offer you, my darling, the safe and sure protection of an honourable name and an honourable love; and, if there be truth in those beautiful eyes of yours, you care for me just a little. It will be the aim of my life to make you love me more.

"My love, I pledge myself to you. Whatever mystery shrouds you, whatever your lot in this world may be, I elect you my queen and my love, my wife. I trust my future to you. I would have given much to remain at Brantome; but I could not have done so after telling you this. Love, I have done what I considered best in the circumstances. I have left my home to you, proud, glad, and happy to know that it is yours. I shall be more proud, more glad, more happy still, when you are really mistress of it. I will not return while you are there. Happy as I should be to see you again, I deprive myself of the pleasure for your sake, and save you all embarrassment by my presence.

"And now, love—I am at your mercy. My fortune and life are yours. If it be your will and pleasure that I should wait yet a while for my answer, I will wait. But when the shadow has passed from your life, send me one line. My love for you deserves as much. You need give no residence, no sign, no name, but say simply, 'I shall be at such a place at such a time'—that is all. Thus I will meet you. Address the note to me at the Agamemnon Club, Piccadilly. I shall wait anxiously for that note, and till I receive it may heaven give me patience! I kiss the white hands I hold so fair, and on my knees I do homage to the loveliest and sweetest girl in the land, my future wife.

"From her devoted lover,

"GLEN ARLEIGH."

Happy tears filled her eyes, happy smiles curved the sweet lips as she finished reading the letter.

"There never was so loyal a lover," thought Angela to herself. How few men would have left her in so chivalrous a manner! She admired the chivalry of the act; it was that which appealed to her. Could he had done more? He had left his home in order that she might remain there. It was the courtly action of a true gentleman, and she loved him for it. She buried her face in her hands and for a time gave herself up to happy thoughts of a happy future. The world had suddenly grown most dear to her because it held him, her life most precious to her because he wished to share it. Now more than ever she longed for the day when the advertisement should appear and set her free.

CHAPTER L.

One morning, when Angela had put away the *Times*, feeling sad and disappointed because she looked for advertisement did not appear, Mrs. Bowen came to see her about some little matter, and the young girl began talking to her of the country and the neighbourhood.

"What is the very large house with tall white towers which we can see from the park?" she asked.

"That is Culdale Hall," answered Mrs. Bowen. "Lord and Lady Culdale live there; and I hear that they have returned with a large party of guests. They generally return to the hall about the middle of June." And Mrs. Bowen went on to describe the wealth and the grandeur of the family. "Not," said the loyal servant, "that they rank so high as the Arleighs—my lady takes precedence of Lady Culdale—but they are very rich. Nearly all Culdale belongs to them."

"Are they old people?" asked Angela.

"No; they are quite young. I have heard that Lord Culdale is thought to be rather a 'fast' man; and I have been told that Lady Culdale is too fond of cards—a strange taste for a young lady—but then we must not believe gossip."

"Are the two families intimate?" asked Angela.

"Well, I should not use that word in speaking of them. They are friendly, but they do not visit much—Lady Arleigh is considered very proud. I hear that they have a very gay party at Culdale now, and amongst them is a famous London beauty; I forget her name." Perhaps, had she remembered it, a great tragedy might have been avoided.

"Did Lord Arleigh visit Culdale while he was at home?" asked Angela.

"No, not this time, I think. I never heard him say so. You should see Culdale Hall, Miss Charles; it is worth a visit."

But Angela took no especial interest in it. Had she known who was there probably she would have done so.

The household of Brantome Hall, during the summer months, attended service at St. Cuthbert's Church, Culdale—there was no other church nearer—and on Sunday morning after Lord Arleigh had left the hall Mrs. Bowen went to Angela.

"Miss Charles," she said, "I am going to St. Cuthbert's Church this morning. Would you like to go with me? You have not been to church since you have been here."

"I should like it very much," she replied. In her simple loving heart there arose a great desire to go. It was not perhaps quite prudent, as she was so desirous of concealing her whereabouts; but then, as she thought the risk would be small, for she would see no one who knew her; and, besides, she would wear a thick black veil. "I will go with pleasure," she added.

Angela never forgot the beauty, the calm of that Sabbath day, and her heart, naturally full of devotion, was raised to heaven in earnest loving gratitude for all the manifold blessings she saw around her in luxuriant nature.

The church stood on a hill that overlooked the sea, and the chime of the bells seemed to float away over the restless waves. St. Cuthbert's was an ancient edifice, with a battlemented tower from which rose a tall graceful spire when, or where he would achieve his object he could not tell. He only knew that she must be removed from his path with as little delay as possible.

On Thursday, the night he had set for the ride from Culdale Hall to Brantome Park, fastening his horse to a tree while he reconnoitred the house. He watched the shadows on the blinds, and recognised Angela's. In this way he discovered which was her room. It was not very high—only on the second storey; and, as he stood in the soft darkness, he said to himself that he could easily reach the window by means of a ladder. There his horrible thoughts stopped—thoughts that appalled even himself.

He did not tell Gladys Rane that he had found his lost stepdaughter. He conceived it to be more prudent not to do so. If anything happened, no suspicion could fall upon him; Gladys herself had not the least idea that the daughter of her rival was so near.

CHAPTER LII.

Angela devoted the early hours of Friday afternoon to packing the trunks which were to be sent on to London, at which place she would claim them. Of the few things which she forgot to pack away one was a silver-gray wrapper.

It was a peculiar garment, long enough to cover her dress, exquisite in texture, and graceful in form. There was no special designation for it. It was neither cloak, cape, dolman, nor mantle, and Lady Laura always called it a wrapper. In their early married days the captain had purchased one similar to it for his wife; and she had been much pleased with it that she had expressed a desire that Angela should have one like it; and the captain, who was at that time most attentive to his wife's wishes, immediately ordered another for Angela. Lady Laura liked her wrapper all the more because her husband had given it to her, while, because it was her stepfather's present, Angela had never cared for hers. The mother had long since worn out hers and forgotten it, while the one belonging to her daughter had been buried in the recesses of the wardrobe. When Peggy packed Angela's clothes to send them to Brantome, she sent the gray wrapper with them, and the girl had worn it at times because she had little else to wear. She had worn it last when she went to the rose-garden, and had left it there carefully on one of the seats, and forgotten all about it. It was not until her boxes were packed that she remembered the silver-gray wrapper and went in search of it.

It lay just as she had left it, on the seat by the great rose-trees. She carried it back to the house, and then it occurred to her that she wanted to make some purchases in Culdale, in order to give a few presents to those who had been most kind to her during her stay at the hall. She was doubtful for a few minutes as to whether it was prudent for her to go into Culdale, knowing that the captain was in the neighbourhood; but the afternoon was very pleasant, and she longed for the walk. Restless and excited, she was glad of a pretext that would occupy her time, and she told herself that it was not likely that she would meet any one she knew; still, to provide against such a contingency, she resolved to wear a veil.

It was after four o'clock when Angela started for Culdale, wearing the silver-gray wrapper, and little dreaming of all that would spring from the circumstance. Her way lay through the park, over the pretty rustic bridge that spanned the river, through some clover-fields, then by the shaded highroad to Culdale. The afternoon was not too warm for walking, a sweet western wind bringing great gusts of perfume from the clover-fields; and her heart rose as she walked on, all nature smiling around her.

She reached Culdale, and, having made her purchases, set out for her walk home. She had left the town, and had just turned into the highroad, when suddenly, without any warning, she met Gladys Rane. There was no time to draw down the veil, which she had intended to hide her face, no time to avoid her; they had met face to face.

"Miss Rooden!" exclaimed Gladys, in utter wonder. "Is it really you?"

Then came into Angela's mind the words—

"Truest friend and noblest foe."

Could she make of this woman, her mother's rival, a noble foe? She must try. After all, she need not be alarmed at the discovery, for she would have left the locality on the morrow.

TO BE CONTINUED

The contract for building the Hamilton drill shed has been awarded to Messrs Piggot, of Hamilton, for $33,000. The next lowest tender was $35,000.

Dr. Leeds, of Lincoln, Ill., offered $5 to the Ladies' Missionary Society if twenty or more young ladies would sit together two hours without speaking. Twenty-six won the money, in spite of the efforts to make them talk.

The legislature of Maine has passed a new and improved prohibitory law. Thus the legislature of Maine admits what no Canadian prohibitionists ever would admit, that the prohibitionary law heretofore existing in that state did not work well.—Spectator.

An order has been made by a British Columbia court granting immediate possession of the right of way to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in a number of the injunction cases, the company to deposit $60,000.

Col. William Henry Browning, paymaster at Chatham, England who has been 20 years in the service and was entitled to a retiring pension of £250, has been found guilty of embezzlement to the extent of £4,000, and sentenced to sixteen months' imprisonment with hard labour.

Six hundred paid-up shares in the Cochrane Manufacturing Company of the face value of $100 each, in all representing $60,000 were sold at auction at St. Thomas, Ont., by the sheriff. The whole of the shares were purchased by the solicitor for the Molson's Bank, who paid $38 for them. Some of the shares sold for one cent each, others for ten cents, the highest price paid being fifty-two cents for a share of $100.

Sharpers are at work in Essex. A farmer was nearly caught by signing a simple acceptance of the offer of an agency for a lightning rod firm. There was nothing suspicious about the document, but in signing it he stopped to get more ink, and while doing so the paper slipped, revealing the blank beneath. There was a duplicate signature on the paper below, the ink having gone through the upper sheet. Don't sign any paper until you understand it.

The cow-boys have a language of their own, which no "tenderfoot" may attain unto until he has served his novitiate. They call a horse herder a "hoss wrangler," and a horse breaker a "broncho-buster." Their steed is often a "cayuse," and to dress well is to "rag proper." When a cow-boy goes out on the prairie he "hits the trail." Whiskey is "forty-rod liquor," and to eat is to "feed." His hat is a "cady," his whip a "quirt," his rubber coat a "slicker," his pistol or revolver is a "gun," horses in general "broncs," and unbranded cattle are "mavericks."