The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

VOLUME 26. MILTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1887. NO. 51.

Canadian Champion.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

Thursday Morning

—AT—

...N, CO. OF HALTON, ONT.

...ELL & PANTON, Props.

...ce Main Street, opposite the Thomp...

...of 1 year in advance or within one ... date of subscribing if not so paid ... cent.

...ES OF ADVERTISING.

...1 year	$75 00
...6 months	45 00
...3 months	30 00
...2 years at and for 1 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	10 00
...6 months	7 00

...Cards of ten lines or less $5.00 per ...

...ber of lines to be reckoned by the space ...assumed to a column of solid Nonpareil.

...ted without special instructions in-...dvertisements must be ...dis-continued by the time ordered or otherwise the publishers will not be ...able.

...Notice, the object of any individual ...necessary benefit of any individual ...institution, or fund, will be considered an ...vertisement, and charged accordingly.

...notices of any kind admitted among the ...ocal ... cents for first insertion ...than 5 cents for subsequent insertion.

...of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, 25 ...

...Advertisements ten cents per line, ...of Lost, Strayed, or Stolen, and Wants, ...charged at 50 cents for first insertion, ...for each subsequent insertion.

...not accompany order in every case to ...

...Job work strictly cash.

...changes.—No paper will be stopped until ...are paid, except at the option of the ...A post-office notice to discontinue is ...

...WAN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Office ...Dewar Block, cor. Main and Martin ...Milton. Also Agent for Sun Life, and City ...Fire Insurance Companies. 41

...DEWAR, Barrister, County Crown Atto-...Notary Public, etc. Office: the Dewar ...cor Main and Martin streets, Milton.

...BIDDON, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, ...Solicitor in Chancery, etc. Office—Heath's ...Block. 50

M. E. MITCHELL,

Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.

...—First door west of the CHAMPION ...in St., Milton. Money to loan ...cent.

...HISHOLM & ELLIOTT,

Barristers, &c.

...FICE.—First door east of Bank ...ton, Milton, Ont.

...CHISHOLM. J. W. ELLIOTT, B.A.

R. A. PRINGLE,

...and Solicitor of the Supreme Court

...ARLINGTON ... ONT.

...—Water St., opposite Wray's ...open Tuesdays, Thursdays and ...

...to loan at lowest rates of interest. 9-6mo.

...AIN, LAIDLAW & Co.

Barristers & Solicitors.

...Office Imperial Bank, 34 Wel-...street, East Entrance, Exchange ...Toronto.

...O. C. WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

...A. MACDONALD. GEORGE KAPPELE.

...THOMAS, L.D.S., Dentist Licentiate of ...College of Dental Surgeons, Ontario, ...will be in Milton on ... of each Tuesday ... every Month, office ... in the Hall ... Operations ... to be executed by persons wish-...professional services.

S. ZIMMERMAN,

DENTIST,

HAMILTON, ONT.

...Street & Nelson Streets. 18

G. NEDIAM,

...TOWN HALL, MILTON,

...ENTS FOR ...

...Mail Line of Steamships to Europe

...GENERAL AGENT.

...Money accounts made out.

...ALLACE HOUSE,

...MAIN ST., MILTON,

...LEADING HOTEL IN TOWN

Wallace, Prop.

$500,000

...LOAN ON FARM OR TOWN ...PERTY AT 6 PER CENT.

...Mortgages bought—advances made on second ...and to purchase farms. Parties paying ...fees on notes or mortgages can procure ...money at above rate, and pay off their ...and save interest. All dealings fair and ...Costs for applications. Write or call for ...particulars.

E. R. REYNOLDS,

20 Adelaide St. East,

Toronto.

...Chapman & Burger

...LICENSED AUCTIONEERS

—FOR THE—

...Counties of Halton, Peel, Wentworth ...and Wellington.

...CHARGES MODERATE.

...Satisfaction Guaranteed. All orders promptly attended to.

...CHAPMAN, W. BURGER,

...Campbellville. Hornby.

...P.O. "CHAMPION" OFFICE, MILTON.

...FAIR OFFICE—D. McGibbon's Office.

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

$500.00

REWARD!

...will pay the above Reward for any ...case of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, ...Headache, Indigestion or Costiveness ...cannot Cure with WEST'S LIVER ...PILLS, when the Directions are strictly ...followed with. Large Boxes, containing ...30 Pills, 25 Cents; 5 Boxes $1.00. Sold ...by Druggists.

Farms for Sale.

...Splendid list of Fruit, Grain, Stock, and Dairy ...Farms, Mill Lands, Suburban Residences, Mills, ...Village properties, with thirty provincial and ...State maps, comprised in "CANADIAN LAND ...REGISTER," sent free on receipt of 3c. stamp ...postage.

...WINSTON & CO., Real Estate Agents, 50 ...Adelaide street east, Toronto.

...LOAN ON FARM OR CITY PROPERTY AT 6 PER CENT.

...Mortgages bought—advances made on second ...mortgages. Parties paying fees on notes or mortgages can procure ...money at above rate, and pay off their ...and save interest. All dealings fair and ...Costs for applications. Write or call for ...particulars.

E. R. REYNOLDS,

20 Adelaide St. East,

Toronto.

...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	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.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $100 a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of easy little fortunes. All is new.

MONEY is made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex: all ages. Something new, and just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, 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. Send for New Catalogue. J. C. HOUGH, Advertising Agent, HOUGH BLOCK. Detroit, Mich.

BAINE'S $65.00 ORGANS

11 stops, double improved octave couplers and Vox Humanna, 2 full sets of reeds of 5 octaves each; elegant black walnut cases 6 ft. 4 in. high.

EVERY INSTRUMENT GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS.

I have no agents but sell direct from the factory and save you the agents' profit.

REFERENCES.

PROF. D. J. O'BRIEN, Organist of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton.

PROF. S. C. MATHESON, Teacher of Piano, Organ and Harmony, Canada Life Buildings, Hamilton.

MRS. WIGMORE, R. A. M., Organist Centre St. Methodist Church, Hamilton.

PROF. C. J. NEWMAN, Organist and Choir Master, St. Thomas Church, Hamilton.

And many others whose testimonials can be had on application.

Agents price for an organ of this quality is $125; my price, $65 only.

E. J. Baine.

Factory and Warerooms—No. 84, King St. W., Hamilton. Send for circular.

Scientific American Established 1846.

The most popular WEEKLY newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, discoveries, inventions and objects 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 is such that 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. In connection with the Scientific American we have also held 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, 261 Broadway, New York.

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 misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over indulgence. One pill 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 our purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if a treatment does not effect a cure. Sold by all druggists or promptly sent by mail by JNO. C. WEST & CO., 150 Queen st., east Toronto.

R. JONES,

HARNESS & SADDLE MANUFACTURER.

(Next door to the Thompson House,)

MAIN ST., MILTON,

Has on hand a good stock of Harness, Saddles, Trunks, Valises, Whips, Combs, Brushes and all Kinds of Horse Clothing of the very Best English Canadian and American Manufacture.

Harness, Saddles, &c., made to order promptly and at reasonable prices.

Repairing done with neatness and all work warranted.

ADVERTISERS or others, who wish to examine this paper, can find it on file at 50 to 65 Randolph St., the Advertising Agency of LORD & THOMAS.

F. A. NORTH & CO., 130 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., keep Everything in the Musical Line. Sheet Music, Music Books. All the Foreign and American Editions. Pianos and Organs by the best known makers, sold on liberal terms. Catalogues sent on application. Mention this paper.

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 money almost as fast 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 in payment for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

PEEL FARMERS' MUTUAL Fire Insurance Co.

JOHN COONEY

AUTHORIZED GENERAL AGENT FOR SAID COMPANY.

HEAD OFFICE. - BRAMPTON.

THOS. HOLTBY, Pres. L. CHEYNE, Sec.

$22.00 worth of CHOICE MUSIC FOR $1.00

Send us $100 and we will mail you NORTH'S PHILA. MUSICAL JOURNAL One Year. We give every Subscriber $2.00 worth of Sheet Music selected from of catalogue as a premium, and the Musical Journal, during the year, music which would cost in sheet form, $22.00, possibly more; thus every subscriber receives $22.00 worth of music for $1.00. The JOURNAL is published monthly and contains instructive articles for the guidance of teachers and pupils; entertaining musical stories, an unique record of musical events from all over the world, and Sixteen Pages of New Music in each issue, making it the most valuable publication of the kind in existence. Do not fail to subscribe at once.

Address, F. A. NORTH & CO., No. 130 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION

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

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.

MILTON PLANING MILL

SOMERVILLE & MITCHEL, PROPRIETORS.

We are prepared to fill all orders for all kinds of

HOUSE FURNISHINGS

—SUCH AS—

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Case &c

—DEALER IN—

Lumber, Lath and Shingles.

ALL KINDS OF LUMBER MATCHED AND DRESSED TO ORDER.

Also GENERAL BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

We are prepared to furnish estimates for all kinds of Buildings and Contracts for erection of same, either in part or whole.

PRICES MODERATE.

Factory near H. & N. W. station.

Medicinal and Family

LIQUORS,

IN BRONZED LETTERS

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

Guaranteed seven yrs. old.

Orders by mail promptly executed.

Reid, Birely & Co.

Direct Importers, 140 King St. E., Hamilton. 23-1y.

DORA THORNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HER MOTHER'S SIN."

CHAPTER XVI.

Valentine Charteris never told the secret. She listened to the wonder and conjectures of all around her, but not even to her mother did she hint what had passed. She pitied Ronald profoundly. She knew the shock Dora had inflicted on his sensitive, honourable disposition. For Dora herself she felt nothing but compassion. Her calm, serene nature was incapable of such jealousies. Valentine could never be jealous or mean, but she could understand the torture which had made shy, gentle Dora both.

"Jealous of me, poor child!" said Valentine to herself. "Nothing but ignorance can excuse her. As though I, with half Florence at my feet cared for her husband, except as a true and dear friend."

So the little villa was deserted; the gaunt, silent servant found a fresh place. Ronald's pictures were eagerly bought up; the pretty countess after looking very sentimental and sad for a few days forgot her sorrow and its cause in the novelty of making the acquaintance of an impassive, unimpressionable American. Florence soon forgot one whom she had been proud to know and honour.

Two months afterward, as Miss Charteris sat alone in her favourite nook—the bower of trees where poor Dora's tragedy had been enacted—she was found by the Prince Borgezi. Every one had said that sooner or later it would come to this. Prince Borgezi, most fastidious of men, who had admired many women but loved none, whose verdict was the rule of fashion, loved Valentine Charteris. Her fair English face, with its calm, grand beauty; her graceful dignity, her noble mind and pure soul, had captivated him. For many long weeks he hovered round Valentine, longing, yet dreading, to speak the words which would unite or part them for life.

Lately there had been rumours that Lady Charteris and her daughter intended to leave Florence; then Prince Borgezi decided upon knowing his fate. He sought Valentine, and found her seated under the shade of her favourite trees.

"Miss Charteris," he said, after a few words of greeting, "I am come to ask from you the greatest favour, the sweetest boon you can confer on any man."

"What is it?" asked Valentine, calmly, anticipating some trifling request.

"Your permission to beep for my own the original 'Queen Guinevere,'" he replied; "that picture is more to me than all I possess. Only one thing is dearer, the original. May I ever hope to make that mine, also?"

Valentine raised her magnificent eyes in wonder. It was no offer of marriage, then, that he was making.

"Have you no word for me, Miss Charteris?" he said. "I lay my life and love at your feet. Have you no word for me?"

"I really do not know what to say," replied Valentine.

"You do not refuse me?" said her lover.

"Well, no," replied Valentine.

"And you do not accept me?" he continued.

"Decidedly not," she replied, more firmly.

"Then I shall consider there is some ground for hope," he said.

Valentine had recovered her self-possession. Her lover gazed anxiously at her beautiful face. Its proud calm was unbroken.

"I will tell you how it is," resumed Valentine, after a short pause. "I like you better perhaps than any man I know; but I do not love you."

"You do not forbid me to try all I can to win your love?" asked the prince.

"No," was the calm reply. "I esteem you very highly, prince. I cannot say more."

"But you will in time," he replied. "I would not change your quiet, friendly liking, Miss Charteris, for the love of any other woman."

Under the bright sky the handsome Italian told the story of his love, in words that were poetry itself—how he worshipped the fair, calm girl, so unlike the women of his own clime. As she listened, Valentine thought of that summer morning years ago when Ronald had told the story of his love; and then Valentine owned to her own heart that, if Ronald were in Prince Borgezi's place, she would not listen so calmly, nor reply so coolly.

"How cold and stately these English girls are!" thought her lover. "They are more like goddesses than women. Would any word of mine ever disturb the proud coldness of that perfect face?"

It did not then, but before the morning ended Prince Borgezi had obtained permission to visit England in the spring, and ask again the same question. Valentine liked him. She admired his noble and generous character, his artistic tastes; his fastidious exclusiveness had a charm for her; she did not love him, but it seemed to her more than probable that the day would come when she would do so.

* * * * * *

Lady Charteris and her daughter left Florence and returned to Greenoke. Lady Eaxle paid them a long visit, and heard all they had to tell of her idolised son. Lady Charteris spoke kindly of Dora; and Valentine, believing she could do something to restore peace, sent an affectionate greeting and asked permission to visit the Elms.

Lady Earle saw she had made a mistake when she repeated Valentine's words to Dora. The young wife's face flushed burning red, and then grew white as death.

"Pray bring me no more messages from Miss Charteris," she replied. "I do not like her—she would only come to triumph over me. I decline to see her. I have no message to send her."

Then for the first time an inkling of the truth came to Lady Earle. Evidently Dora was bitterly jealous of Valentine. Had she any cause for it? Could it be that her unhappy son had learned to love Miss Charteris when it was all too late? From that day Lady Earle pitied her son with a deeper and more tender compassion; she translated Dora's curt words into civil English, and then wrote to Miss Charteris. Valentine quite understood upon reading them that she was not yet pardoned by Ronald Earle's wife.

Time passed on without any great changes, until the year came when Lady Earle thought her grandchildren should begin their education. She was long in selecting one to whom she could intrust them. At length she met with Mrs. Vyvian, the widow of an officer who had died in India, a lady qualified in every way for the task, accomplished, a good linguist, speaking French and Italian as fluently as English—an accomplished musician, an artist of no mean skill, and what Lady Earle valued still more, a woman of sterling principles and earnest religious feeling.

It was no light task that Mrs. Vyvian undertook. The children had reached their fifth year, and for ten years she bound herself by promise to remain with them, night and day, to teach and train them. It was true the reward promised was great. Lady Earle settled a handsome annuity upon her. Mrs. Vyvian was not dismayed by the lonely house, the complete isolation from all society, or the homely appearance of the farmer and his wife. A piano and harp were sent to the Elms. Every week Lady Earle dispatched a large box of books, and the governess was quite content.

Mrs. Vyvian, to whom Lady Earle intrusted every detail of her son's marriage, was well pleased to find that Dora liked her and began to show some taste for study. Dora, who would dream of other things when Ronald read, now tried to learn herself. She was not ashamed to sit hour after hour at the piano, trying to master some simple little air, or to ask questions when anything puzzled her in reading. Mrs. Vyvian, so calm and wise, so gentle yet so strong, taught her so cleverly that Dora never felt her own ignorance; nor did she grow disheartened as she had done with Ronald.

The time came when Dora could play pretty simple ballads, singing them in her own bird-like, clear voice, and when she could appreciate great writers, and speak of them without any mistake either as to their names or their works.

It was a simple, pleasant, happy life; the greater part of the day was spent by both mother and children in study. In the evening came long rambles through the green woods, where Dora seemed to know the name and history of every flower that grew; over the smiling meadows, where the kine stood knee-deep in the long, scented grass; over the rocks, and down by the sea-shore, where the waves chanted their grand anthem, and broke in white foam-drifts upon the sands.

No wonder the young girls imbibed a deep warm love for all that was beautiful in Nature. Dora never wearied of it—from the smallest blade of grass to the most stately of forest trees, she loved it all.

The little twin sisters grew in beauty both of body and mind; but the contrast between them was great. Beatrice was the more beautiful and by far the more Lillian the more sweet and lovable. Beatrice was all fire and spirit; her sister was gentle and calm. Beatrice had great faults and great virtues. Lillian was simply good and charming. Yet, withal, Beatrice was the better loved. It was seldom that any one refused to gratify her wishes.

Dora loved both children tenderly; but the warmest love was certainly for the child who had the Earle face. She was imperious and willful, generous to a fault, impatient of all control; but her greatest fault was a constant craving for excitement, a distaste for and dislike of quiet and retirement. She would ride the most restive horses, she would do anything to break the *ennui* and monotony of the long days.

Beautiful, daring, and restless, every day running a hundred risks, and loved the better for the dangers she ran, Beatrice was almost worshipped at "The Elms." Nothing ever daunted her, nothing ever made her dull or sad. Lillian was gentle and quiet, with more depth of character, but little power of showing it; somewhat timid and diffident—a more charming ideal of a young English girl could not have been found—*spiritual*, graceful, and refined; so serene and fair that to look at her was a pleasure.

Lady Earle often visited the Elms; no mystery had been made to the girls—they were told their father was abroad and would not return for many years, and that at some distant day they might perhaps live with him in his own home. They did not ask many questions, satisfied to believe what was told them, not seeking to know more.

Lady Earle loved the two young girls very dearly. Beatrice, so like her father, was undoubtedly the favourite. Lord Earle never enquired after them; when Lady Earle asked for a larger cheque than usual he gave it to her with a smile, perfectly understanding its destination, but never betraying the knowledge.

So eleven years had passed like a long tranquil dream. The sun rose and set, the tides ebbed and flowed, spring flowers bloomed and died, the summer skies smiled, autumn leaves of golden hue withered on the ground, and winter came to the snow fell; yet no change came to the quiet homestead in the Kentish meadows.

Beatrice and Lillian had reached their sixteenth year, and two fairer girls were seldom seen. Mrs. Vyvian's efforts had not been in vain; they were accomplished far beyond the ordinary run of young girls. Lillian inherited her father's talent for drawing. She was an excellent artist; Beatrice excelled in music. She had a magnificent contralto voice that had been carefully trained. Both were cultivated, graceful, elegant girls, and Lady Earle often sighed to think they should be living in such profound obscurity. She could do nothing; eleven years had not changed Lord Earle's resolution. Time, far from softening, imbittered him more against his son. Of Ronald, Lady Earle heard but little. He was still in Africa; he wrote at rare intervals, but there was little comfort in his letters.

Lady Earle did what she could for her grandchildren, but it was a strange, unnatural life. They knew no other girls; they had never been twenty miles from Knutaford. All girlish pleasures and enjoyments were a sealed book to them. They had never been to a party, a picnic or a ball; no life was ever more simple, more quiet, more devoid of all amusement than theirs. Lillian was satisfied and happy; her rich, teeming fancy, her artistic mind, and contented, sweet disposition would have rendered her happy under any circumstances; but it was different with brilliant, beautiful Beatrice. No wild bird in a cage ever pined for liberty or chafed under restraint more than she did. She cried out loudly against the unnatural solitude, the isolation of such a life.

Eleven years had done much for Dora. The coy, girlish beauty that had won Ronald Earle's heart had given place to a sweet, patient womanhood. Constant association with one so elegant and refined as Mrs. Vyvian had done for her what nothing else could achieve. Dora had caught the refined, high-bred accent, the graceful, cultivated manner, the easy dignity. She had become imbued with Mrs. Vyvian's noble thoughts and ideas.

Dora retained two peculiarities—one was a great dislike for Ronald, the other a sincere dread of all love and lovers for her children. From her they heard nothing but depreciation of men. All men were alike false, insincere, fickle, cruel; all love was nonsense and folly. Mrs. Vyvian tried her best to counteract these ideas; they had this one evil consequence—that neither Lillian nor Beatrice would ever dream of even naming such subjects to their mother, who should have been their friend and confidante. If in the books Lady Earle sent there was any mention of this love their mother dreaded so, they went to Mrs. Vyvian, or puzzled over it themselves. With these two exceptions Dora had become a thoughtful, gentle woman. As her mind became more cultivated she understood better the dishonour of the fault which had robbed her of Ronald's love. Her fair face grew crimson when she remembered what she had done.

It was a fair and tranquil womanhood; the dark eyes retained their wondrous light and beauty; the curling rings of dark hair were luxuriant as ever; the lips wore a patient, sweet expression. The clear, healthy country air had given a delicate bloom to the fair face. Dora looked more like the elder sister of the young girls than their mother.

The quiet, half-dreamy monotony was broken at last. Mrs. Vyvian was suddenly summoned home. Her mother, to whom she was warmly attached, was said to be dying, and she wished her few last days to be spent with her daughter. At the same time Lady Earle wrote to say her husband was so ill that it was impossible to look for any lady to supply Mrs. Vyvian's place. The consequence was that, for the first time in their lives, the young girls were left for a few weeks without a companion and without *surveillance*.

CHAPTER XVII.

One beautiful morning in May, Lillian went out alone to sketch. The beauty of sky and sea tempted her; fleecy white clouds floated gently over the blue heavens, the sun shone upon the water until, at times, it recembled a huge sea of rippling gold. Far off in the distance were the shining white sails of two boats; they looked in the golden haze like the brilliant wings of some bright bird. The sun upon the white sails struck her fancy, and she wanted to sketch the effect.

It was the kind of morning that makes life seem all beauty and gladness, even if the heart is weighed down with care. It was a luxury merely to live and breathe. The leaves were all springing in the woods; the meadows were green; wild flowers blossomed by the hedge-rows; the birds sang gayly of the coming summer; the white hawthorn threw its rich fragrance all around, and the yellow broom bloomed on the cliffs.

As she sat there, Lillian was indeed a fair picture herself on that May morning; the sweet, *spiritual* face, the noble wings and cold fly over the sea, and see the bright, grand world that lies beyond it. Good-by; I am tired of the, never-ending wash of those long, low waves."

He saw a young girl rise from the fragrant heather, and turn to descend the cliff. Quick as thought he rushed down by another path, and, turning back, contrived to meet her half-way.

Beatrice came singing down the cliff. Her humour, never the same ten minutes together, had suddenly changed. She remembered a new and beautiful song that Lady Earle had sent, and determined to go home and try it. There came no warning to her that bright summer morning. The south wind lifted the hair from her brow, and wafted the fragrance of hawthorn buds and spring flowers to greet her, but it brought no warning message; the birds singing merrily, the sun shining so brightly, could not tell her that the first link in a terrible chain was to be forged that morning.

Half-way down the cliff, where the path was steep and narrow, Beatrice suddenly met the stranger. A stranger was a rarity at the Elms. Only at rare intervals did an artist or a tourist seek shelter and hospitality at the old farmhouse. The stranger seemed to be a gentleman. For one moment both stood still; then, with a low bow, the gentleman stepped aside to let the young girl pass. As he did so, he noted the rare beauty of that brilliant face—he remembered the longing words.

"No wonder," he thought, "it is a sin for such a face as that to be hidden here."

The beauty of those magnificent eyes startled him. Who was she? What could she be doing here? Beatrice, turning again, saw the stranger looking eagerly after her, with profound admiration expressed in every feature of his face; and that admiring gaze, the first she had ever received in her life, sank deep into the vain, girlish heart.

He watched the graceful, slender figure until the turn of the road hid Beatrice from his view. He followed her at a safe distance, and saw her cross the long meadows that led to the Elms. Then Hugh Fernely waited with patience until one of the farm labourers came by. By judicious questioning he discovered much of the history of the beautiful young girl who longed for life. Her face haunted him—its brilliant, queenly beauty—the dark, radiant eyes. Come what might, Hugh Fernely said to himself, he must see her again.

On the following morning he saw the girls return to the cliff. Lillian finished her picture. Ever and anon he heard Beatrice singing, in a low, rich voice, the song that had charmed her with its weird beauty,—

"For men must work, and women must weep—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-by to the bar and its moaning."

"I like those words, Lillian," he heard her say. "I wonder how soon I will be 'over' for me. Shall I ever weep, as the song says? I have never wept yet."

This morning the golden-haired sister left the cliff first, and Beatrice sat reading until the noonday sun shone upon the sea. Her book charmed her; it was a story, telling of the life she loved and longed for—of this gay, glad world. Unfortunately all the people in the book were noble, heroic, and ideal. The young girl, in her simplicity, believed that they who lived in the world she longed for, were all like people in her book.

When she left the path that led to the meadows, she saw by her side the stranger who had met her the day before. Again he bowed profoundly, and, with many well-expressed apologies, asked some trifling question about the road.

Beatrice replied briefly, but she could not help seeing the wonder of admiration in his face. Her own grew crimson under his gaze—he saw it, and his heart beat high with triumph. As Beatrice went through the meadow he walked by her side. She never quite remembered how it happened, but in a few minutes he was telling her how many years had passed since he had seen the spring in England. She forgot all restraint, all prudence, and raised her beautiful eyes to his.

"Ah, then," she cried, "you have seen the great world that lies over the wide sea."

"Yes," he replied, "I have seen it. I have been in strange, bright lands, so different from England that they seemed to belong to another world. I have seen many of the wonders that books tell of—sunny climes, bright skies, and glittering seas, where the spice islands lie."

As he spoke, in words that were full of wild, untutored eloquence, he saw the young girl's eyes riveted upon him. Sure of having aroused her attention, he bowed, apologized for his intrusion, and left her.

Had Dora been like other mothers, Beatrice would have related this little adventure and told of the handsome young traveller who had been in strange climes. As it was, knowing her mother's utter dread of all men—her fear lest her children should ever love and marry—Beatrice never named the subject. She thought much of Hugh Fernely—got of him himself, but of the world he had spoken about—and she hoped that it might happen to her to meet him again.

"If we had some one here who could talk that way," she said to herself, "'The Elms' would not be quite so insupportable."

Two days afterwards Beatrice, wandering on the sands, met Hugh Fernely. She saw the startled look of delight on his face, and smiled at his pleasure.

"Pray forgive me," he said. "I—I cannot pass you without one word. Time has seemed to me like one long night since I saw you last."

He held in his hands some beautiful lilies of the valley—every little waxen bell was perfect. He offered them to her with a low bow.

"This is the most beautiful flower I have seen for many years," he said. "May I be forgiven for begging permission to offer it to the most beautiful lady I have ever seen?"

Beatrice took it from him, blushing at his words. He walked by her side along the yellow sands, the waves rolling in and breaking at their feet. Again his eloquence charmed her. He told her his name, and how he was captain of a trading vessel. Instinctively he seemed to understand her character, her romantic, ideal way of looking at everything. He talked to her of the deep seas and their many wonders; of the ocean said to be fathomless; of the coral islands and of waters in whose depths the oysters containing the pale, gleaming pearl are found; of the quiet nights spent at sea, where the stars shine as they never seem to shine on land; of the strange hush that falls upon the heaving waters before a storm. He told her of long days when they were becalmed upon the great deep, when their vessel seemed

"A painted ship upon a painted ocean."

With her marvellous fancy and quick imagination she followed him to the wondrous depths of silent waters where strange shapes, never seen by human eye, abound. She hung upon his words; he saw it, and rejoiced in his success. He did not startle her by any further compliments, but when their walk was ended he told her that morning would live in his memory as the happiest time of his life.

After a few days it became a settled thing that Beatrice should meet Hugh Fernely. Lillian wondered that her sister so often preferred lonely rambles, but she saw the beautiful face she loved so dearly grow brighter and happier, never dreaming the cause.

For many long days little thought of Hugh Fernely came to Beatrice. Her mind ran always upon what he had told her—upon his description of what he had seen and heard. He noted this, and waited with patience, born of love, for the time when she should take an interest in him.

Words were weak in which to express the passionate love he felt for this beautiful and stately young girl. It seemed to him like a fairy tale. On the morning he first saw Beatrice he had been walking a long distance, and had lain down to rest on the cliffs. There the beautiful vision had dawned upon him. The first moment he gazed into that peerless face he loved Beatrice with a passion that frightened himself. He determined to win her at any cost.

At last and by slow degrees he began to speak of her and of himself; slowly and carefully, his keen eyes noting every change upon her face, he began to offer her delicate compliments, and flattery so well disguised that it did not seem to her flattery at all. He made her understand that he believed her to be the most beautiful girl he had ever beheld. He treated her always as though she were a queen, and he her humblest slave.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Mount Ætna is again in eruption.

The New Zealand Government has been defeated.

Governor Hill, of New York, has vetoed the Vedder Liquor Tax Bill.

Italy will expend 85,000,000 lire on iron-clads, torpedos and forts.

The rebel Chiltzais have gained another important success over the Ameer's troops.

The new French Cabinet announce the intention of continuing the military policy of their predecessors.

The Camberwell Radical Club is making arrangements to give Editor O'Brien a banquet on behalf of the Radicals and Irishmen of London.

Mr. Gladstone writes that as the Unionist-Liberals have assisted in passing the second reading of the permanent Coercion bill, the Irish question is virtually settled for the present.

The American Missionary Society sent 5,000 pairs of trousers to Burmah last year. The civilizing influence of trousers, next to that of red flannel shirts, must be apparent to even the most thoughtless observer.

It is stated that the principal transatlantic steamship companies contemplate bringing their passengers direct to Montreal instead of landing them at Quebec as heretofore.

Prince Bismark recently drank at one gulp a quart of champagne, which had been poured out for him into a drinking cup of a former German king, and then called for another.

Mrs. Gladstone never fails to accompany her husband to the House of Commons. He is so absent minded and careless that he does not know how to take care of himself.