The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

VOLUME 27. MILTON, THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1887. NO. 3.

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. Paulton	22	25	27	15	30	25	10 a.m.
2	Oakville	R. Balmer	12	8	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	"	8	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 12th 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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DORA THORNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HER MOTHER'S SIN."

To uninterested spectators Lord Airlie was a handsome, kindly, honourable young man. Intellectual, somewhat fastidious, lavishly generous, a great patron of the fine arts; to Beatrice Earle he was the ideal of all that was noble and to be admired. He was a prince amongst men. The proud heart was conquered. She loved him, and she said to herself that she would rather love him as a neglected wife than be the worshipped wife of any other man.

She had many admirers; "the beautiful Miss Earle" was the belle of the season. Had she been inclined to coquetry or flirtation she would not have been so eagerly sought after. The gentlemen were quite as much charmed by her utter indifference and haughty acceptance of their homage as by her marvelous beauty.

At times Beatrice felt sure Lord Airlie loved her; then a sudden fit of timidity would seize her young lover, and again she would doubt it. One thing she never doubted—her own love for him. If her dreams were all false, and he never asked her to be his wife, she said to herself that she would never be the wife of any other man.

The remembrance of Hugh Fernely crossed her mind at times—not very often, and never with any great fear or apprehension. It seemed to her more like a dream than a reality. Could it be possible that she, Beatrice Earle, the daughter of that proud, noble father, so sternly truthful, so honourable, could ever have been so mad or so foolish? The very remembrance of it made the beautiful face flush crimson. She could not endure the thought, and always drove it hastily from her.

The fifteenth of July was drawing near; the two years had nearly passed, yet she was not afraid. He might never return, he might forget her, although remembering his looks and words, that she feared could not be. If he went to Seabay—if he went to the Elms, it was not probable that he would ever discover her whereabouts, or follow her to claim the fulfilment of her absurd promise. At the very worst, if he discovered that she was Lord Earle's daughter, she believed that her rank and position would dazzle and frighten him. Rarely as these thoughts came to her, and speedily as she thrust them from her, she considered them a dear price for the little novelty and excitement that had broken the dead level calm of life at the Elms.

Lord Airlie, debating within himself whether he should risk, during the whirl and turmoil of the London season, the question upon which the happiness of his life depended, decided that he would wait until Lord Earle returned to Earlescourt, and follow him thither.

The summer began to grow warm; the hawthorn and apple blossoms had all died away; the corn waved in the fields, ripe and golden; the hay was all gathered in; the orchards were filled with fruit. The fifteenth of July—the day that in her heart Beatrice Earle had half feared—was past and gone. She had been nervous and half-frightened when it came, starting and turning deadly pale at the sound of the bell or rapid footsteps. She laughed at herself when the day ended; how was it likely he would find her? What was there in common between the beautiful daughter of Lord Earle and Hugh Fernely, the captain of a trading vessel? Nothing, save folly and a foolish promise, rashly asked and rashly given.

Three days before Lord Earle left London he went, by appointment, to meet some friend at Brookes'. While there, a gentleman entered the room who attracted his attention most forcibly—a young man of tall and stately figure, with a noble head, magnificently set upon broad shoulders; a fine, manly face, with proud, noble features—at times all fire and light, the eyes clear and glowing; again, gentle as the face of a smiling woman. Lord Earle looked at him attentively; there seemed to be something familiar in the outline of the head and face, the haughty yet graceful carriage.

"Who is that?" he inquired of his friend, captain Langton. "I have either seen that gentleman before, or have dreamed of him."

"Is it possible you do not know him?" cried the captain. "That is Lionel Dacre, 'your next of kin,' if I am not mistaken."

Pleasure and pain struggled in Lord Earle's heart. He remembered Lionel many years ago, long before he committed the foolish act that had cost him so much. Lionel had spent some time with him at Earlescourt; he remembered a handsome and high-spirited boy, proud and impetuous, brave to rashness, generous to a fault; a fierce hater of everything mean and underhand; truthful and honourable—his greatest failing, want of cool, calm thought.

Lionel Dacre was poor in those days; now he was heir to Earlescourt, heir to the title that, with all his strange political notions, Ronald Earle ever held in high honour; heir to the grand old mansion and fair domain his father had prized so highly. Pleasure and pain were strangely intermingled in his heart when he remembered that no son of his would ever succeed him, that he should never train his successor. The handsome boy who had grown into so fine a man must take his place one day.

Lord Earle crossed the room, and, going up to the young man, laid one hand gently upon his shoulder.

"Lionel," he said, "it is many years since we met. Have you no remembrance of me?"

The frank, clear eyes looked straight into his. Lord Earle's heart warmed as he gazed at the honest, handsome face.

"Not the least in the world," replied Mr. Dacre, slowly. "I do not remember ever to have seen you before."

"Then I must have changed," said Lord Earle. "When I saw you last, Lionel, you were not much more than twelve years old, and I gave you a tip the day you went back to Eton. Charlie Villers was with you."

"Then you are Lord Earle," returned Lionel. "I came to London purposely to see you; " and his frank face flushed, and he held out his hand in greeting.

"I have been anxious to see you," said Lord Earle, "but I have not been long in England. We must be better acquainted; you are my heir-at-law."

"Your what?" said Mr. Dacre, wonderingly.

"My heir," replied Lord Earle. "I have no son; my estates are entailed, and you are my next of kin."

"I thought you had half-a-dozen heirs and heiresses," said Lionel. "I remember some story of a romantic marriage. To-day I hear of nothing but the beautiful Miss Earle."

"I have no son," interrupted Lord Earle, sadly. "I wrote to you last week, asking you to visit me. Have you any settled home?"

"No," replied the young man gaily. "My mother is at Cowes, and I have been staying with her."

"Where are you now?" asked Lord Earle.

"I am with Captain Poyntz, at his chambers; I promised to spend some days with him," replied Lionel, who began to look slightly bewildered.

"I must not ask you to break an engagement," said Lord Earle; "but will you dine with us this evening, and, when you leave Captain Poyntz, come to us?"

"I shall be very pleased," said Lionel, and the two gentlemen left Brookes' together.

"I must introduce you to Lady Earle and my daughters," said Ronald, as they walked along. "I have been so long absent from home and friends that it seems strange to claim relationship with any one."

"I never could understand your fancy for broiling in Africa when you might have been happier at home," said Lionel.

"Did you not know? Have you never heard why I went abroad?" asked Lord Earle, gravely.

"No," replied Lionel. "Your father never invited me to Earlescourt after you left."

In a few words Lord Earle told his heir that he had married against his father's wish, and in consequence had never been pardoned.

"And you gave up everything," said Lionel Dacre—"home, friends, and position, for the love of a woman! She must have been well worth loving."

Lord Earle grew pale as with sudden pain. Had Dora been so well worth loving? Had she been worth the heavy price?

"You are my heir," he said, gravely—"one of my own race; before you enter our family circle, Lionel, and take your place there, I must tell you that my wife and I parted years ago, never to meet again. I do not mention her to me—it pains me."

Lionel looked at the sad face; he could understand the shadows there now.

"I will not," he said. "She must have been—"

"Not one word more," interrupted Lord Earle. "In your thoughts lay no unjust blame on her. She left me of her own free will. My mother lives with me; she will be pleased to see you. Remember—seven sharp."

"I shall not forget," said Lionel, pained at the sad words and the sad voice.

As Lord Earle went home, for the first time during the long years a softer and more gentle thought of Dora came to him. "She must have been—What—what did Lionel suspect her of? Could it be that, seeing their divided lives, people judged ill of his young kinsman had judged—that they thought Dora to blame—criminal, perhaps? And she had never in her whole life given one thought to any other than himself; nay, her very errors—the deed he could not pardon—sprang from her great affection for him."

Poor Dora, the pretty, blushing face, with its sweet shy eyes and rosy lips, came before him—the artless girlish love, the tender worship. If it had been anything else, any other fault, Ronald must have forgiven her in that hour. Let his whole heart recolled again as the hated scene rose before him.

"No," he said, "I cannot forgive it. I cannot forget it. Men shall respect Dora; no one must misjudge her; but I cannot take her to my heart or my home again. In the hour of death," he murmured "I will forgive her."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lady Earle thought her son looked grave and sadder that day than she had ever seen him. She had not the clew to his reflections; she did not know how he was haunted by the thought of the handsome, gallant young man who must be his heir—how he regretted that no son of his would ever succeed him—how proud he would have been of a son like Lionel. He had but two children, and they must some day leave Earlescourt for homes of their own. The grand old house, the fair domain, must all pass into the hands of strangers, unless Lionel married one of the beautiful girls he loved so dearly.

Lady Helena understood a little of what was passing in his mind when he told her he had met Lionel Dacre, who was coming to dine with them that day.

"I used to hope Beatrice might like him," said Lady Earle; "but that will never be—Lord Airlie has been too quick. I hope he will not fall in love with her; it would only end in disappointment."

"He may like Lillian," said Lord Earle.

"Yes," assented Lady Helena, "Sweet Lilly—she seems almost too pure and fair for this dull earth of ours."

"If they both marry, mother," said Ronald, sadly, "We shall be quite alone."

"Yes," she returned, "quite alone;" and the words smote her with pain. She looked at the handsome face with its sad, worn expression. Was life indeed all over for her son—at the age, too, when other men sunned themselves in happiness; when a loving wife should have graced his home, cheered and consoled him, shared his sorrows, crowned his life with love? In the midst of his wealth and prosperity, how lonely he was! Could it be possible that one act of disobedience should have entailed such sad consequences? Ah, if years ago Ronald had listened to reason, to wise and tender counsel—if he had but given up Dora, and married Valentine Chiverton, how different his life would have been, how replete with blessings and happiness and free from care!

Lady Earle's eyes grew dim with tears as these thoughts passed through her mind. She went up to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Ronald," she said, "I will do my best to make home happy, after our bonny birds are caged. For your sake, my son, I wish things had been different."

"Hush, mother!" he replied gently. "Words are all useless. I must reap as I have sown; the fruits of disobedience and deceit could never beget happiness. I shall always believe that evil deeds bring their own punishment. Do not pity me—it unnerves me. I can bear my fate."

Lady Helena was pleased to see Lionel again. She had always liked him, and rejoiced now in his glorious manhood. He stood before the two sisters, half dazzled with their beauty. The fair faces smiled upon him, pretty, white hands were outstretched to meet his own.

"I am bewildered by my good fortune," he said. "I shall be the envy of every man in London; people will no longer call me Lionel Dacre; I shall be known as the cousin of Les Demoiselles Earle. I have neither brother nor sister of my own. Fancy the happiness of falling into the midst of such a family group!"

"And being made welcome there!" interrupted Beatrice.

Lionel bowed profoundly. At first he fancied he preferred this brilliant, beautiful girl to her fair, gentle sister. Her frank, fearless talk delighted him. After the general run of young ladies—all fashioned, he thought, after one model—it was refreshing to meet her. Her ideas were so original.

Lord Airlie joined the little dinner party, and then Lionel Dacre read the secret which Beatrice hardly owned even to herself.

"I shall not be shipwrecked on that rock," he said to himself. "When Beatrice Earle speaks to me her eyes meet mine; she smiles, and does not seem afraid of me; when Lord Airlie speaks she turns from him, and her beautiful eyes droop. She evidently cares more for him than for all the world besides."

But, after a time, the fair *spiritual* loveliness of Lillian stole into his heart. There was a marked difference between the two sisters. Beatrice took one by storm, so to speak; her magnificent beauty and queenly grace dazzled and charmed one. With Lillian it was different. Eclipsed at first sight by her more brilliant sister, her fair beauty grew upon one by degrees. The sweet face, the thoughtful brow, the dreamy eyes, the golden ripples of hair, the ethereal expression of the calm features, seemed gradually to reveal their charm. Many who at first overlooked Lillian, thinking only of her brilliant sister, ended by believing her the more beautiful of the two.

They stood together that evening, the two sisters, in the presence of Lord Airlie and Lionel Dacre. Beatrice had been singing, and the air seemed still to vibrate with the music of her passionate voice.

"You sing like a siren," said Mr. Dacre; he felt no diffidence in offering so old a compliment to his kinswoman.

"No," replied Beatrice, "I may sing well—in fact, I believe I do. My heart is full of music, and it overflows on my lips; but I am no siren, Mr. Dacre. No one ever heard of a siren with dusky hair and dark brows like mine."

"I should have said you sing like an enchantress," interposed Lord Airlie, hoping that he was apter in his compliments.

"You would have been equally wrong, my lord," she replied, but she did not laugh at him as she had done at Lionel. "If I were an enchantress," she continued, "I should just wave my wand, and that vase of flowers would come to me; as it is, I must go to it. Who can have arranged those flowers? They have been troubling me the last half hour."

She crossed the room, and took from a small side-table an exquisite vase filled with blossoms.

"See," she cried, turning to Lionel, "white heath, white roses, white lilies, intermixed with these pale gray flowers! There is no contrast in such an arrangement. Watch the difference which a glowing pomegranate blossom or a scarlet verbena will make."

"You do not like such quiet harmony?" said Lionel, smiling, thinking how characteristic the little incident was.

"No," she replied; "give me striking contrasts. For many years the web of my life was gray-coloured, and I longed for a dash of scarlet in its threads."

"You have it now," said Mr. Dacre, quietly.

"Yes," she said, as she turned her beautiful bright face to him; "I have it now, never to lose it again."

Lord Airlie, looking on and listening, drinking in every word that fell from her lips, wondered whether love was the scarlet thread interwoven with her life. He sighed deeply as he said to himself that it could not be; this brilliant girl could never care for him. Beatrice heard the sigh and turned to him.

"Does your taste resemble mine, Lord Airlie?" she asked. "Do you not prefer everything of a striking character?"

"I!" interrupted Lord Airlie. "I like whatever you like, Miss Earle."

"Yourself best of all," whispered Lionel to Beatrice, with a smile.

* * * * * * *

As Mr. Dacre walked home that evening, he thought long and anxiously about the two young girls, his kinswomen. What was the mystery? he asked himself—what skeleton was locked away in that gay mansion? Where was Lord Earle's wife—the lady who ought to have been at the head of the table—the mother of his children? Where was she? Why was her place empty? Why was her husband's face shadowed and lined with care?

"Lillian Earle is the fairest and sweetest girl I have ever met," he said to himself. "I know there is danger for me in those sweet, true eyes; but, if there be anything wrong—if the mother is blameworthy—I will fly from the danger. I believe in hereditary virtue and in hereditary vice. Before I fall in love with Lillian I must know her mother's story."

So he said, and he meant it; but there was no means of arriving at the knowledge. The girls spoke at times of their mother, and it was always with deep love and respect. Lady Helena mentioned her, but her name never passed the lips of Lord Earle. Lionel Dacre saw no way of obtaining information in the matter.

There was no concealment to Dora's abode. Once, by special privilege, he was invited into the pretty room where the ladies sat in the morning—a cozy, cheerful room into which visitors never penetrated. There, upon the wall, he saw a picture framed, a beautiful landscape, a quiet homestead in the midst of rich, green meadows; and Lillian told him with a smile, that was the Elms, at Knutsford, "where mamma lived."

Lionel was too true a gentleman to ask why she lived there; he praised the painting, and then turned the subject.

As Lady Earle foresaw, the time had arrived when Dora's children partly understood there was a division in the family, a breach never to be healed. "Mamma was quite different from papa," they said to each other; and Lady Helena told them their mother did not like fashion and gayety, that she had been simply brought up, used always to quietness and solitude, so that in all probability she would never come to Earlescourt.

But, as time went on, and Beatrice began to understand more of the great world, she had an instinctive idea of the truth. It came to her by slow degrees. Her father had married beneath him, and her mother had no home in the stately hall of Earlescourt. At first violent indignation seized her; then calmer reflection told her she could not judge correctly. She did not know whether Lord Earle had left his wife, or whether her mother had refused to live with him.

It was the first cloud that shadowed the life of Lord Earle's beautiful daughter. The discovery did not diminish her love for the quiet, sad mother whose youth and beauty had faded so soon. If possible, she loved her more; there was a pitying tenderness in her affection.

"Poor mamma," thought the young girl—"poor, gentle mamma! I must be doubly kind to her, and love her better than ever."

Dora did not understand how it happened that her beautiful Beatrice wrote so constantly and fondly to her—how it happened that week after week costly presents found their way to the Elms.

"The child must spend all her pocket-money on me," she said to herself. "How well and dearly she loves me—my beautiful Beatrice!"

Lady Helena remembered the depth of the mother's love. She pitied the lonely, unloved wife, deprived of husband and children. She did all in her power to console her. She wrote long letters, telling Dora how greatly her children were admired, and how she should like their mother to witness their triumph. She told her how many conquests Beatrice had made, how the proud and exclusive Lord Airlie was always near her, and that Beatrice, of her own fancy, liked him better than any one else.

"Neither Lord Earle nor myself could wish a more brilliant future for Beatrice," wrote Lady Helena. "As Lady Airlie, of Lynnton, she will be placed as her birth and beauty deserve."

But even Lady Helena was startled when she read Dora's despairing reply. It was a wild prayer that her child should be saved—spared the deadly perils of love and marriage—left to enjoy her innocent youth.

"There is no happy love," wrote poor Dora, "and never can be. Men cannot be patient, gentle, and true. It is over self they worship—self reflected in the woman they love. Oh, Lady Helena, let my child be spared! Let not so called love come near her! Love found and dark brows like mine."

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"See," she cried, turning to Lionel, "white heath, white roses, white lilies, intermixed with these pale gray flowers! There is no contrast in such an arrangement. Watch the difference which a glowing pomegranate blossom or a scarlet verbena will make."

"You do not like such quiet harmony?" said Lionel, smiling, thinking how characteristic the little incident was.

"No," she replied; "give me striking contrasts. For many years the web of my life was gray-coloured, and I longed for a dash of scarlet in its threads."

"You have it now," said Mr. Dacre, quietly.

"Yes," she said, as she turned her beautiful bright face to him; "I have it now, never to lose it again."

Lord Airlie, looking on and listening, drinking in every word that fell from her lips, wondered whether love was the scarlet thread interwoven with her life. He sighed deeply as he said to himself that it could not be; this brilliant girl could never care for him. Beatrice heard the sigh and turned to him.

"Does your taste resemble mine, Lord Airlie?" she asked. "Do you not prefer everything of a striking character?"

"I!" interrupted Lord Airlie. "I like whatever you like, Miss Earle."

"Yourself best of all," whispered Lionel to Beatrice, with a smile.

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As Mr. Dacre walked home that evening, he thought long and anxiously about the two young girls, his kinswomen. What was the mystery? he asked himself—what skeleton was locked away in that gay mansion? Where was Lord Earle's wife—the lady who ought to have been at the head of the table—the mother of his children? Where was she? Why was her place empty? Why was her husband's face shadowed and lined with care?

"Lillian Earle is the fairest and sweetest girl I have ever met," he said to himself. "I know there is danger for me in those sweet, true eyes; but, if there be anything wrong—if the mother is blameworthy—I will fly from the danger. I believe in hereditary virtue and in hereditary vice. Before I fall in love with Lillian I must know her mother's story."

So he said, and he meant it; but there was no means of arriving at the knowledge. The girls spoke at times of their mother, and it was always with deep love and respect. Lady Helena mentioned her, but her name never passed the lips of Lord Earle. Lionel Dacre saw no way of obtaining information in the matter.

There was no concealment to Dora's abode. Once, by special privilege, he was invited into the pretty room where the ladies sat in the morning—a cozy, cheerful room into which visitors never penetrated. There, upon the wall, he saw a picture framed, a beautiful landscape, a quiet homestead in the midst of rich, green meadows; and Lillian told him with a smile, that was the Elms, at Knutsford, "where mamma lived."

Lionel was too true a gentleman to ask why she lived there; he praised the painting, and then turned the subject.

As Lady Earle foresaw, the time had arrived when Dora's children partly understood there was a division in the family, a breach never to be healed. "Mamma was quite different from papa," they said to each other; and Lady Helena told them their mother did not like fashion and gayety, that she had been simply brought up, used always to quietness and solitude, so that in all probability she would never come to Earlescourt.

But, as time went on, and Beatrice began to understand more of the great world, she had an instinctive idea of the truth. It came to her by slow degrees. Her father had married beneath him, and her mother had no home in the stately hall of Earlescourt. At first violent indignation seized her; then calmer reflection told her she could not judge correctly. She did not know whether Lord Earle had left his wife, or whether her mother had refused to live with him.

It was the first cloud that shadowed the life of Lord Earle's beautiful daughter. The discovery did not diminish her love for the quiet, sad mother whose youth and beauty had faded so soon. If possible, she loved her more; there was a pitying tenderness in her affection.

"Poor mamma," thought the young girl—"poor, gentle mamma! I must be doubly kind to her, and love her better than ever."

Dora did not understand how it happened that her beautiful Beatrice wrote so constantly and fondly to her—how it happened that week after week costly presents found their way to the Elms.

"The child must spend all her pocket-money on me," she said to herself. "How well and dearly she loves me—my beautiful Beatrice!"

Lady Helena remembered the depth of the mother's love. She pitied the lonely, unloved wife, deprived of husband and children. She did all in her power to console her. She wrote long letters, telling Dora how greatly her children were admired, and how she should like their mother to witness their triumph. She told her how many conquests Beatrice had made, how the proud and exclusive Lord Airlie was always near her, and that Beatrice, of her own fancy, liked him better than any one else.

"Neither Lord Earle nor myself could wish a more brilliant future for Beatrice," wrote Lady Helena. "As Lady Airlie, of Lynnton, she will be placed as her birth and beauty deserve."

But even Lady Helena was startled when she read Dora's despairing reply. It was a wild prayer that her child should be saved—spared the deadly perils of love and marriage—left to enjoy her innocent youth.

"There is no happy love," wrote poor Dora, "and never can be. Men cannot be patient, gentle, and true. It is over self they worship—self reflected in the woman they love. Oh, Lady Helena, let my child be spared! Let not so called love come near her! Love found and dark brows like mine."

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