The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

VOLUME 27. MILTON THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1887. NO. 4

Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton

For the Year 1887

	Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1	Milton	Wm. Panton	28	25	27	15	30	25	10 a.m.
2	Oakville	R. Balmer	12	9	4	13	7	2	10 a.m.
3	Georgetown	L. Grant	18	15	10	12	13	8	9,30a.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.

Judge's 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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BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HER MOTHER'S SIN."

"Even as she spoke a gentle arm stole round her, a fair *spiritual* face, eyes full of clear saintly light looked into hers, and a soft voice whispered to her of something not earthly, not of flowers and music, not of life and gaiety, something far beyond these, and the proud eyes for a moment grew dim with tears.

"Lilly," she said, "I am not so good as you; I will endeavour to be. Let me enjoy myself first, just for a short time; I will be good, dear."

Her mood changed then, and Lord Airlie thought her more entrancing than ever.

"That is the kind of wife I want," said Lionel Dacre to himself, looking at Lillian—"some one to guide me, to teach me. Ah, if women only understood their mission! That girl looked as I can imagine guardian angels look—I wish she would be mine."

Lord Airlie left the conservatory, with its thousand flowers, more in love than ever. "He would wait," he said to himself, "until the ball was over; then he would ask Beatrice Earle to be his wife. If she refused him, he would go far away where no one knew him; if she accepted him, he would be her devoted slave. She should be a queen, and he would be her knight."

Ah, what thanks would he return to Heaven if so great a blessing should be his!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Lord Airlie muttered something that was not a benediction, on the morning following, Casper Lawrence made his appearance at Earlescourt.

"We cannot receive visitors this morning," said Beatrice, half impatiently. "Mr. Lawrence must have forgotten the ball to-night."

But Mr. Lawrence had forgotten nothing of the kind. It was a delicious morning, the sun shining brightly and clearly, the westerly breeze blowing fresh and cool. He had thought it likely that the young ladies would spend the morning out-of-doors, and begged permission to join them.

Lady Earle was pleased with the idea. Lord Airlie mentioned something about fatigue, but he was overruled.

"Stroll in the grounds," said Lady Helena, "go down by the lake, I will afterward join you there. A few hours in the fresh air will be the best preparation for the ball."

They went together. Gasper's preference soon became apparent—he would not leave Beatrice, and Lord Airlie devotedly wished him at the antipodes.

They sat down under the shade of a tall lady-birch, the deep, sunlit lake shining through the trees. Then Gasper, taking a little book in his hands, asked—

"Have you read Undine, Miss Earle, —Fouqué's Undine?"

"No," she replied; "I am half ashamed to say so."

"It is the sweetest, saddest story ever written," he continued. "This is just the morning for it. May I read it to you?"

There was a general and pleased murmur of assent. Lord Airlie muttered to himself that he knew that the fellow would air his German sentiment—at their expense.

Still it was very pleasant. There was a gentle ripple on the deep lake, the water washed amongst the tall reeds, and splashed with a faint, musical murmur on the stones; the thick, leafy branches rustled in the wind; the birds sang in the trees.

Gasper Lawrence read well; his voice was clear and distinct; not a word of the beautiful story was lost.

Beatrice listened like one in a dream. Her proud, bright face softened, her magnificent eyes grew tender and half sad. Gasper read on—of the fair and lovely maiden, of the handsome young knight and his love, of the waterspirits, grim old Kuhlehorn, and the cottage where Undine dwelt, of the knight's marriage, and then of proud, beautiful Bertha.

The rippling of the lake and the singing of the birds seemed like an accompaniment to the words so full of pathos. Then Gasper came to Bertha's love for the knight—their journey on the river—to the huge hand rising and snatching the jewel from Undine's soft fingers, while the knight's love grew cold.

Even the waters of the lake seemed to sob and sigh as Gasper read on of sweet, sad Undine, and of her unhappy love—of Bertha's, proud triumph, her marriage with the knight, and the last, most beautiful scene of all—Undine rising from the unsealed fountain, and going to claim her love.

"How exquisite!" said Beatrice, drawing a long, deep breath. "I did not know there was such a story in the world. That is indeed a creation of genius. I shall never forget Undine."

Her eyes wandered to the sweet *spiritual* face and fair golden hair of her sister. Lionel Dacre's glance followed hers.

"I know what you are thinking of," he said—"Miss Lillian is a perfect Undine. I can fancy her, with clasped hands and sad eyes, standing between the knight and Bertha, or rising with shadowy robes from the open fountain."

"It is a beautiful creation," said Beatrice, gently. "Lillian would be an ideal Undine—she is just as gentle, as fair, as true. I am like Bertha, I suppose; at least I know I prefer my own way and my own will."

"You should give some good artist a commission to paint a picture," said Lord Airlie. "Choose the scene in the boat—Undine bending over the water, a dreamy expression on her fair face; and half scornful of her companion. Imagine the transparent water—Undine's little hand half lost in it, and the giant fingers clasping hers. I wonder that an artist has never painted that scene."

"Who would do for the knight?" said Beatrice. "Lillian and I will never dispute over a knight."

"Artists would find some difficulty in that picture," said Lillian. "How can one clothe a beautiful ideal like Undine? Sweeping robes and waving plumes might suit Bertha; but how could one depict Undine?"

"The knight is the difficulty," laughed Lionel.

"Why should we not go out on the lake now?" said Gasper. "I will row."

"I have been wishing for the last ten minutes," replied Beatrice, "to be upon the lake. I want to put my hand in the water and see what comes."

Gasper was not long in getting the pretty pleasure-boat out of the boat-house. Lionel managed to secure a seat near his Undine, and Lord Airlie by Beatrice.

It was even more pleasant on the water than on the land; the boat moved easily along, the fresh clear breeze helping it.

"Cheer for those water lilies," said Beatrice, "they look so fresh and shining in the sun."

And, as they floated over the water, her thoughts went back to that May morning when Lillian sat upon the cliffs and sketched the white far-off sails. How distant it seemed! She longed then for life! Now every sweet gift which life could bestow was hers, crowned with love. Yet she sighed as Hugh Fernely's face rose before her. If she could but forget it! After all, it had been on her side but a mockery of love. Yet another sigh broke from her lips, and then Lord Airlie looked anxiously at her.

"Does anything trouble you, Miss Earle?" he asked. "I never remember to have seen you so serious before."

She looked for a moment wistfully into his face. Ah, if he could help her, if he could drive this haunting memory from her, if ever it could be that she might tell him of this her trouble and ask him to save her from Hugh Fernely! But that was impossible. Almost as though in answer to her thought, Gasper Lawrence began to tell them of an incident that had impressed him. A gentleman, a friend of his, after making unheard of sacrifices to marry a lady, who was both beautiful and accomplished, left her suddenly, and never saw her again, the reason being that he discovered she had deceived him by telling a wilful lie before her marriage. Gasper seemed to think she had been hardly used. Lord Airlie and Lionel differed from him.

"I am quite sure," said Lord Airlie, "that I could pardon anything sooner than a lie, all that is mean, despicable, revolting to me is expressed in one word 'liar.' Sudden anger, passion, hot revenge—anything is more easily forgiven. When I once discover that a man or woman has told me a lie, I never care to see their face again."

"I agree with you," said Lionel; "perhaps I even go further. I would never pardon an act of deceit; those I love must be straightforward, honest, and sincere always."

"Such a weight of truth might sink the boat," said Beatrice, carelessly; but Lord Airlie's words had gone straight to her heart. If he only knew! But he never would. And again she wished that in reply to her father's question she had answered truthfully.

The time came when Lillian remembered Mr. Dacre's words, and know they had not been spoken in vain.

Beatrice had taken off her glove, and drew her hand through the cool, deep water; thinking intently of the story she had just heard—of Undine and the water sprites—she leaned over the boat's side and gazed into the depths. The blue sky and white fleecy clouds, the tall green trees and broad leaves, were all reflected there. There was a strange, weird fascination in the placid water—what went on in the depths beneath? what lay beneath the ripples? Suddenly she drew back with a startled cry—a cry that rang out in the clear summer air, and haunted Lord Airlie while he lived. He looked at her; her face had grown white, even to the very lips, and a nameless, awful dread lay in her dark eyes.

"What is it?" he asked breathlessly. She recovered herself with a violent effort, and tried to smile.

"How foolish I am!" she said; "and, what is worse, you will all laugh at me. It was sheer fancy and nonsense, I know; but I declare that, looking down into the water, I saw my own face there with such a wicked, mocking smile that it frightened me."

"It was the simple reflection," said Lionel Dacre. "I can see mine. Look, both," he said.

"I feel sure it will for me," said Beatrice, with a smile. "I am thoroughly happy, and am looking forward to the ball with delight."

Lord Earle smiled half sadly as he gazed at her bright face, wondering whether, in years to come, it would be clouded or shadowed.

"Will you dance, papa?" asked Beatrice, with a gleam of mischief in her dark eyes.

"I think not," he replied, and Ronald Earle's thoughts went back to the last time he had ever danced—with Valentine Charteris. He remembered it well. Ah, no! all those pleasant, happy days were over for him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The dinner-party was over, and carriage after carriage rolled up to the hall; the rooms began to fill; there was a faint sound of music, a murmur of conversation and laughter.

"You have not forgotten your promise to me, Miss Earle?" said Lord Airlie. "I am to have the first dance and the last, certainly, and as many more as you can spare."

"I have not forgotten," replied Beatrice. She was never quiet at ease with him, although she loved him better than any one else on earth. There was ever present with her the consciousness that she did so love him and the wonder whether he cared for her.

They opened the ball, and many significant comments were made upon the fact. Gaspar Lawrence was present. He was deeply engaged for more than two hours in making up his mind whether he should ask Beatrice to dance with him or not—she looked so beautiful, was so far above him. Gasper could not help loving her—that was impossible; the first moment he saw her he was entranced. But his was a humble, hopeless kind of adoration. He would sooner have dreamed of wooing and winning a royal princess than of ever asking Beatrice to be his wife.

At length he summoned up courage, and was rewarded by a bright smile and kind words. Poor Gaspar! When the beautiful face was near him, and her hand rested on his shoulder, he thought he must be dreaming.

"There," he said, when the dance was over—"I shall not dance again. I should not like to lose the memory of that waltz."

"Why not?" she asked, wonderingly.

"I must be candid with you," said Gaspar, sadly. "Perhaps my confession is a vain one; but I love you, Miss Earle—so dearly that the ground on which you stand is sacred to me."

"That is not a very timid declaration," said Beatrice with a smile. "You are courageous, Mr. Lawrence. I have only seen you three times."

"It would make no difference," said Gaspar, "whether I had seen you only once, or whether I met you every day. I am not going to pain you, Miss Earle. Think kindly of me; I do not ask more; only remember that living in this world there is one who would stand between you and all peril—who would sacrifice his life for you. You will not forget?"

"I will not," said Beatrice, firmly. "Never could I forget such words. I am willing to be your friend—I know how to value you."

"I shall be happier with your friendship than with the love of any other woman," said Gaspar, gratefully.

Just then Lord Earle came and took Mr. Lawrence away. Beatrice stood where he had left her, half screened from sight by the luxuriant foliage and magnificent flowers of a rare American plant. There was a thoughtful, tender expression on her face that softened it into wondrous beauty. She liked Gasper, and was both pleased and sorry. This delicious homage of love—pleasant was it to know that strong, brave, gifted men laid all they had in the world at her feet—to know that her looks, smiles, and words moved them as nothing else could.

Yet she was sorry for Gasper. It must be sad to give all one's love and expect no return. She would be his friend, but could never be anything more. She could give him her sincere admiration and esteem, but not her love.

The proud, beautiful lips quivered, and the bright eyes grew dim with tears. No, not her love—that was given, and could never be recalled; in all the wide world, from among all men's, Lord Airlie's face stood out clear and distinct. Living or dying, Lord Earle's daughter knew she would care for no other man.

She had taken in her hand one of the crimson flowers of the plant above her, and seemed lost in contemplating it. She saw neither the blossom nor the leaves. She was thinking of Lord Airlie's face, and the last words he had said to her when suddenly a shadow fell before her, and, looking up hastily, she saw him by her side. He appeared unlike himself, pale and anxious.

"Beatrice," he said, "I must speak with you; pray come with me, away from all these people. I can bear this suspense no longer."

She looked at him, and would have refused; but she saw in his face that which compelled obedience. For Lord Airlie had watched Gaspar Lawrence—he had watched the dance and the interview that followed it. He saw the softened look on her face, and it half maddened him. For the first time in his life Lord Airlie was fiercely jealous. He detested this fair-haired Gaspar, with his fund of German romance and poetry. Could it be that he would win the prize he himself would have died to secure? What was he saying to her that softened the expression of her face? What had he said that left her standing there with a tender light in her dark eyes which he had never seen before? He could not bear the suspense. Perhaps a ballroom might not be the most appropriate place for an offer of marriage, but he must know his fate, let it be what it might. He went up to her and made his request.

"Where are you going?" asked Beatrice, suddenly; for Lord Airlie had walked rapidly through the suite of rooms, crowded with people, and through the long conservatory.

"We are not alone," he replied. "See, Lady Lawrence and Mr. Gresham are for the rose-garden here to those warm rooms. I must speak with you, Miss Earle. Let me speak now."

They stood in the pretty garden, where roses of varied hues hung in rich profusion; the air was heavy with perfume. The moon shone brightly in the evening sky; its beams fell upon the flowers, bathing them in floods of silver light.

A little rustic garden-seat stood amidst the sleeping roses; and there Beatrice sat, wondering at the strong emotion she read in her lover's face.

"Beatrice," he said, "I can bear it no longer. Why did Gaspar Lawrence bend over you? What was he saying? My darling, do you know how I love you—so dearly and so deeply, that I could not live without you? Do you not know that I have loved you from the first moment I ever beheld you? Beatrice, my words are weak. Look at me—read the love in my face that my lips know not how to utter."

But she never raised her eyes to his; the glorious golden light of love that had fallen upon her dazzled her.

"You must not send me from you, Beatrice," he said, clasping her hand in his. "I am a strong man, not given to weakness; but believe me, if you send me from you, it will kill me. Every hope of my life is centred in you. Beatrice, will you try to care for me?"

She turned her face to his—the moonlight showed clearly the bright tears in her dark eyes. For answer she said, simply—

"Do not leave me—I care for you now; my love—my love—did you not know it?"

The sweet face and quivering lips were so near him that Lord Airlie kissed the tears away; he also kissed the white hands that clasped his own.

"You are mine—my own," he whispered, "until death; say so, Beatrice."

"I am yours," she said, "even in death."

It was a stolen half hour, but so full of happiness that it could never fade from memory.

"I must go," said Beatrice at length, unclasping the firm hands that held her own. "Oh, Lord Airlie, how am I to meet all my friends? Why did you not wait until to-morrow."

"I could not," he said, "and you perhaps would not have been so kind." He loved her all the more for her simplicity. As they left the garden, Lord Airlie gathered a white rose, and gave it to Beatrice. Long afterwards, when the leaves had become yellow and dry, the rose was found.

They remained in the conservatory a few minutes, and then went back to the ballroom.

"Every waltz must be mine now," said Lord Airlie. "And, Beatrice, I shall speak to Lord Earle to-night. Are you willing?"

Yes, she was willing. It was very pleasant to be taken possession of so completely. It was pleasant to find a will stronger than her own. She did not care how soon all the world knew she loved him. The only thing she wondered at was why she should be so unspeakably happy.

CHAPTER XXX.

Beatrice never recollected how the ball ended; to her it was one long trance of happiness. She heard the music, the murmur of voices, as though in a dream. There were times when everything seemed brighter than usual—that was when Lord Airlie stood by her side. Her heart was filled with utterable joy.

It was strange, but in that hour of happiness she never even thought of Hugh Fernely; the remembrance of him never once crossed her mind. Nothing marred the fullness of her content.

She stood by Lady Earle's side as guest after guest came up to say adieu. She saw Lord Airlie waiting for her father.

"Lord Earle will be engaged for some time, I fear," he said. "I must see him to-night. Beatrice, promise me you will not go to rest until your father has given us his consent."

She could not oppose him. When girls like Beatrice Earle once learn to love, there is something remarkable in the complete abandonment of their will. She would fain have told him, with gay, teasing words, that he had won consent enough for one night; as it was, she simply promised to do as he wished.

Lord Earle received the parting compliments of his guests, wondering at the same time why Lord Airlie kept near him and seemed unwilling to lose sight of him. The happy moment arrived when the last carriage rolled away, and the family at Earlescourt were left alone. Lady Earle asked the two young girls to go into her room for half an hour to "talk over the ball." Lionel, tired by the evening was over, retired to his room; then Hubert Airlie went to Lord Earle and asked if he might speak with him for ten minutes.

"Will it not do to-morrow?" inquired Ronald, smiling as he holding his watch—"See, it is past three o'clock."

"No," replied Lord Airlie; "I could not pass another night in suspense."

"Come with me, then," said the master of Earlescourt, as he led the way to the library, where the lamps were still alight.

"Now what is it?" he asked good-humouredly, turning to the excited, anxious lover.

"Perhaps I ought to study my words," said Lord Airlie; "but I cannot. Lord Earle, I love your daughter Beatrice. Will you give her to me to be my wife?"

"Sooner than any one else in the world," replied Roland. "Is she willing?"

"I think so," was the answer, Lord Airlie's heart thrilling with happiness as he remembered her words.

"Let us see," said Lord Earle. He rang the bell and sent for his daughter.

Lord Airlie never forgot the beautiful blushing face half turned from him as Beatrice entered the room.

"Beatrice," said her father; clasping her in his arms, "is this true? Am I to give you to Lord Airlie?"

"If you please, papa," she whispered.

"I do please," he cried. "Hubert, I give you a treasure beyond all price. You may judge of my daughter's love from her own words. I know it has never been given to any one but you. You are my daughter's first lover, and her first love. You may take her to your heart, well satisfied that she has never cared for any one else. It is true, Beatrice, is it not?"

"Yes," she said, faltering for a moment, as, for the first time, she remembered Hugh.

"To-morrow," continued Lord Earle, "we will talk of the future; we are all tired to-night. You will sleep in peace, Airlie, I suppose?"

"If I sleep at all," he replied.

"Well, you understand clearly that, had the choice rested with me, I should have selected you from all others to take charge of my Beatrice," said Lord Earle. "Do not wait to thank me. I have a faint idea of how much a grateful lover has to say. Good-night."

"What is it, Beatrice?" asked Lillian, as the two sisters stood alone in the bright little dressing-room.

"I can hardly tell you in sober words," she replied. "Lord Airlie has asked me to be his wife—his wife; and, oh, Lilly, I love him so dearly!"

Pride and dignity all broke down; the beautiful face was laid upon Lillian's shoulder, and Beatrice wept happy tears.

"I love him so, Lilly," she went on; "but I never thought he cared for me. What have I done that I should be so happy?"

The moonbeams never fell upon a sweeter picture than these fair young sisters, Lillian's pure, *spiritual* face bent over Beatrice.

"I love him, Lilly," she continued, "for himself. He is a king amongst men. Who is so brave, so generous, so noble? If he were a beggar, I would care just as much for him."

Lillian listened and sympathized until the bright dark eyes seemed to grow weary; then she bade her sister good-night, and went to her own room.

Beatrice Earle was alone at last—alone with her happiness and love. It seemed impossible that her heart and brain could ever grow calm and quiet again. It was all in vain she tried to sleep. Lord Airlie's face, his voice, his words haunted her.

She rose, and put on a pretty pink dressing-gown. The fresh air, she thought, would make her sleep, so she opened the long windows gently, and looked out.

The night was still and clear; the moon hung over the dark trees; floods of silvery light bathed the far-off lake, the sleeping flowers, and the green grass. There was a gentle stir amid the branches; the leaves rustled in the wind; the blue, silent heavens shone bright and calm. The solemn beauty of the star-lit sky, and the hushed murmur, appealed to her. Into the proud, passionate heart there came some better, nobler thoughts. Ah, in the future that lay so brilliant and beautiful before her she would strive to be good, she would be true and steadfast, she would think more of what Lilly loved and spoke about at times! Then her thoughts went back to her lover, and that happy half-hour in the rose-garden. From her window she could see it—the moon shone full upon it. The moonlight was a fair type of her life that was to be, bright, clear and unshadowed. Even as the thought shaped itself in her mind a shadow fell among the roses. She looked, and saw the figure of a tall man walking down the path that divided the little garden from the shrubbery. He stood still there, gazing long and earnestly at the windows of the house, and then went out into the park and disappeared.

She was not startled. A passing wonder as to whom it might be struck her. Perhaps it was one of the gamekeepers or gardeners, but she did not think much about it. A shadow in the moonlight did not frighten her.

Soon the cool fresh air did its work; the bright dark eyes grew tired in real earnest, and at length Beatrice retired to rest.

The sun was shining brightly when she awoke. By her side lay a fragrant bouquet of flowers, the dewdrops still glistening upon them, and in their midst a little note, which said—

"Beatrice, will you come into the garden for a few minutes before breakfast, just to tell me all that happened last night was not a dream?"

She rose quickly. Over her pretty morning dress she threw a light shawl, and went down to meet Lord Airlie.

"It was no dream," she said, simply, holding out her hand in greeting to him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Catholic statistics are to be established in Palestine.