WOOD!

Brown Street,
is prepared
with

ll kinds.
om prices.
Bowes.

ES
nen & Child-
mer wear.
nion, and will be
A perfect fit and
Wilson

D'S
Ware.

NEW PLANING MI
Ezard & Appleby
BUILDERS & MANUFACTURERS
Having, recently purchased and furnished with an entire outfit of new machinery, are now
all kinds of Building Material, such as
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, DOORS, WINDOW FRA
and NEWELLS, also all kinds of SCROLL WO
Planing and Matching done to Order
LUMBER, FLOORING, LATH AND SHINGLES
kept constantly on hand and for sale.
Also Builders and Contractors. We are prepared to contract for the erection of
either in part or whole. PRICES MODERATE. Factory—Mill yard, foot
Wm. E.

DONALD McNA
Begs to intimate that he is prepared to fill all
Wagons,
Democrats,
&c.
Short notice at fair prices, good workmanship and lasting satisfaction guaranteed.
Agricultural implements on hand, including Minneapolis Self-Binder, Horse Rakes,
Repairing and Repainting on wood work a specialty. 41-yr.

Roper the Baker to the Fro
Gang down to Roper's and get some cakes,
Some buns and shortbread and some bakes
For a'thing o' the kind he makes,
And set our table cheery O.
Plain and Ornamental Cakes of every description for the Holi
Please send in your favors early. Orders from the country
prompt attention, should be in not later than December 16th.

Established in 1872
MARSHALL BRO
IMPORTERS OF
TEAS AND COFFEE
No. 67 Dundas Street, LONDON, ONT.
A. Pilkey, Hamilton, Agent for the County of Halton.

Ware.
ESTABLISHED 1873. ESTABLISHED
WM. BEWS,
MERCHANT TAILOR
MILTON,
has a splendid assortment of Canadian and Imported T
Worsteds, Meltons, &c., &c., and can supply his patron
clothing inferior in material and finish to none. His p
too, will be found to be remarkably low considering
quality of the goods he sells.
earing im-
respect.
BLOCK.

CASH FOR WOOL
AT THE
CAMPBELLVILLE Woolen Mi
I will pay cash for good, clean merchantable Wool, and for ordinar
half cash and half trade. Strong, coarse, barry and unwashed wools
in trade or in pay for work.
I have a large stock of goods to choose from, consisting of Cotton
Denims and Cottonades; also Fine Grey Flannels, Check Flannels,
Grey Unions and Woolen Dress Goods.
I have also a full line of Summer and Winter Tweeds from 45c. to
yd., and I have a large stock of Blankets, Blankets and Horse
all double width; have also a large variety of Yarns, all colors, made
Wool, as I use no substitutes for Wool to boast which few mill yarns c
so that you can depend on good sound Yarns or any other goods you
factured, and always from your own wool when desired. Carding, Spi
Weaving well and promptly done. Give us a call and you will be
dealt with. The highest possible price allowed for all kinds of W
D. VICKERMAN, Prop

FURNITURE
MANUFACTURER'S PRICES.
The subscriber will sell for Cash at the Manufacturer's Prices for on
his stock of Furniture, consisting of
Parlor Suits, Bed-Room Suits, Lounges, Extension
Side Boards, Wire Mattrasses of all kinds, Also a
quantity of Sea Grass and Fibre Mattrasses,
wool on both or on one side.
Now is the time for families who wish to furnish their houses for
money at the Furniture Rooms in the STEVENSON BLOCK, MAIN S
MILTON.
Milton, Dec. 19, 1887. JAS. A. FRAZE

ROCHESTER LAMP
These lamps are still at the fr
for lighting large rooms or pu
buildings. Chimneys are
breakable by heat and will
smoke up even when using
cheapest oil. They are non
plosive and easy to manage.
ROCHESTER
For sale, wholesale or retail, by
W. H. MACNAB
Hardware, Mil

Sellers' Guide.
NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.
GOING SOUTH
9-45 A.M., 7-50 P. M.
NIAGARA FALLS RAILWAY.
GOING EAST
10.28 a. m., 7.42 p. m.
GOING WEST
3.21 p m., 5.33 p. m.

The Canadian Champion
AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

TERMS:
$1.00 per year in advance.
OFFICE:
On Main St., one door east of Wallace House.

ME 27. MILTON, THURSDAY MARCH 15, 1888. NO. 39.

Canadian Champion.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
Thursday Morning
AT
CO. OF HALTON, ONT.
LL & PANTON, Props.
Main Street, one door east of the
year in advance or within one
of subscribing it not so paid
ed.
OF ADVERTISING.
year.....$75 00
months.....45 00
.....30 00
.....20 00
year.....25 00
months.....15 00
.....10 00
year.....15 00
months.....10 00
.....7 00
year.....10 00
months.....7 00
lots of ten lines or less $5.00 per
of lines to be reckoned by the space
ured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.
ts without special instructions in-
ted, and charged accordingly.
contracts for discontinuance must be
ested to the publishers will not be
Notice the object of which is to
ular benefit of any individual,
tution, or church, will be considered an
and charged accordingly.
Notices of any Club admitted among the
Wants at the rate of one cent per insertion,
each subsequent insertion.
ths, deaths, and marriages, 25
Advertisements ten cents per line,
ert, 1st of each month for first insertion,
ent for subsequent insertion.
Job Printing order in every case to
work strictly cash
ns.—Papers will be stopped until
are paid, except at the option of the
ers.—Notice to discontinue is
ed.

D. DEWAR, Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Office—the Dewar Block, cor. Main and Martin streets, Milton. Also agent for Sun Life, and City of London Fire Insurance Companies. 41

D. McGIBBON, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, etc. Office—Booth's Block, Milton. 59

THOMAS G. MATHESON,
County Crown Attorney Barrister, Notary Public, &c.
OFFICE.—In Court House, Milton. 38-tf

M. E. MITCHELL,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.
OFFICE—First door west of the CHAMPION Office, Main St., Milton. Money to loan at 6 per cent.

R. A. PRINGLE,
Barrister and Solicitor of the Supreme Court
BURLINGTON ONT.
OFFICE—Water St., opposite Wray' Hotel, open Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. 9-6ms.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & Co.
Barristers & Solicitors.
OFFICE—over Imperial Bank, 34 Wellington Street, East. Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.
JOHN BAIN, Q. C. WILLIAM LAIDLAW.
C. A. MASTEN GEORGE KAPPELE.

C. FREEMAN, M. D.,
Specialist in each and every branch of Surgery, Medicine and Midwifery. Consultation day every Tuesday Forenoon and Saturday Afternoon. Office Hours—8—9 a. m., 12—1 and 6—7 p. m.

G. S. THOMAS, L. D. S., Dentist Licentiate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Ontario, will be in Milton on the last Tuesday of every month. Office in the Thompson House, where he may be consulted by persons wishing his professional services.

DR. S. ZIMMERMAN,
DENTIST,
HAMILTON, ONT.
Corner King McNab Streets. 18-

A. G. NEDHAM,
TOWN HALL, MILTON,
AGENT FOR
The State Line of Steamships to Europe
GENERAL AGENT
Books kept and accounts made out.

WALLACE HOUSE,
MAIN ST., MILTON,
THE LEADING HOTEL IN TOWN
J. Wallace, Prop.

LITTLE'S HOTEL,
PALERMO.
No sour beer, adulterated whiskey, or cabbage leaf cigars. Everything good. First-class accommodation for the travelling public.
50- f T. F. LITTLE, Proprietor.

Farms for Sale.
A choice list of Fruit, Grain, Stock, and Dairy Farms, Wild Lands, Suburban Residences, Mills, and other properties, with thirty provincial and county maps, comprised in "CANADIAN LAND ADVERTISER," sent free on receipt of 8c. stamp to pay postage.
F. J. PENTON & CO., Real Estate Agents, 50 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

6% 6%
$500,000
TO LOAN ON FARM OR TOWN PROPERTY AT 6 PER CENT.
Mortgages bought—advances made on second mortgages and to purchase farms. Parties paying higher rates on notes or mortgages can procure money from me at above rate, and pay off their mortgages and save money. All dealings fair and open. No costs for applications. Write or call for printed particulars.
E. R. REYNOLDS,
20 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Bank of Hamilton
Capital $2,000,000 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,
Milton, Nov. 18, 1886. AGENT.

NASAL BALM
Tottenham, Ont., May 3rd, 1887.
I have been troubled with Nasal catarrh for the last five years. Seeing Nasal Balm advertised I procured a bottle, and although I have only used part of it, I do not hesitate to pronounce it the best remedy in the world for that loathsome disease, catarrh. It is easy and pleasant to use, soothing and healing in its action, instant in giving relief, removes and changes the poisonous secretions to a healthy state, stops the droppings from the head into the throat, and removes all the symptoms of catarrh and cold in the head. In fact if the directions are faithfully followed, nothing but a sure and permanent cure can be the result. Yours truly,
JNO. S. GEORGE,
Baker and Confectioner.
Subscribe for the CHAMPION.

Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton.
For the Year 1888.

No.	Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1	Milton	Wm. Panton.	27	29	25	13	28	30	10 a.m.
2	Oakville	R. Balmer	11	7	9	11	12	7	10 a.m.
3	Georgetown	L. Grant	17	13	15	4	15	13	9.30 a.m.
4	Aldon	J. Matthews	19	15	17	"	20	15	10 a.m.
5	Campbellville	S. R. Lister	6	2	4	"	7	2	9.30 "
6	Burlington	G. C. Bastedo	10	6	8	10	11	6	11 "

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury. Tuesday 12th June, and 11th December, at 10 a.m.
County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 3rd April, and 2nd October, at 10 a. m.
County Court Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 2nd January, 2nd April, 2nd July, and 1st October at 10 a.m.
Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts.—Tuesday, 3rd January, 3rd April, 3rd July & 2nd October.
By order, JOHN DEWAR, Clerk of the Peace.

OUR CLUBBING LIST.

	Regular price.	With Champion
Daily Globe.	$1.00	$1.25
" Advertiser	1.00	1.75
Farmer's Magazine	4.00	4.20
" " Weekly.	4.00	4.20
" " Bazar,	4.00	4.20
" " Young People	2.00	2.65
Scientific American,	3.20	3.50
" " Supplement	5.00	5.10
" " and Supplement	7.00	7.00
National Live Stock Journal	2.15	3.00
Canada Farmer,	1.00	1.70
Canada Medical Surgical Journal,	3.00	3.50
American Agriculturist,	1.50	2.10
Godeys Lady's Book,	2.00	2.60
Turf Field and Farm with seed premium	2.00	2.50
Lippincott's Magazine,	5.00	5.25
Eclectic Magazine,	5.00	5.00
Art Interchange,	3.00	3.25
Demorest's Monthly	2.00	2.50
Rural Canadian,	1.00	1.70
Daily Witness	3.00	3.50
Weekly Witness,	1.10	2.00
Toronto Daily World	3.00	3.50
Century Magazine	4.00	4.00
St. Nicholas	3.00	3.00
Scribner's Magazine	3.00	3.50
American Magazine,	3.00	3.50
The Independent,	3.00	3.00

GEO GRIMSHAW
Licensed Auctioneer
FOR THE
County of Halton,
DRUMQUIN, P. O.
Orders left with Mr. James A. Hall, Milton, will be promptly attended to. Sales attended to on shortest notice. Terms liberal. 32-y

WEBSTER
In various Styles of Binding, with and without Patent Index.
WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY & LIBRARY ITSELF
Besides many other valuable features, it contains
A Dictionary of 118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings,
A Gazetteer of the World locating and describing 25,000 Places,
A Biographical Dictionary of nearly 10,000 Noted Persons
All in One Book.
3000 more Words and nearly 2000 more Illustrations than any other American Dictionary
WEBSTER IS THE STANDARD
Authority in the Gov't Printing Office, and with the U. S. Supreme Court. It is recommended by the State Supts of Schools in 36 States, and by the leading College Presidents of the United States and Canada.
The London Times says: It is the best Dictionary of the language.
The Toronto Globe says: Its place is in the very highest rank.
Toronto Week says: It is the one final authority safely to be relied on.
The Montreal Herald says: Its use is becoming universal in Canada.
The Canada Educational Monthly says: No teacher can afford to be without it.
The New York Tribune says: It is recognized as the most useful existing "word-book" of the English language all over the world.
Illustrated Pamphlet sent prepaid
G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

J. Miller & Co.
Groceries, Wines and Liquors.
STREETSVILLE, ONT.
Davies's; Carling's and Labatt's. and Toronto Brewing and Malting Co.'s bottled and draft ales always on hand and ready for shipment on the shortest notice.

—Baine's Organs—
AT
Wholesale Prices!

Catalogue Price.	Agt's Price.	My Price.
$225	$125	$ 65
250	135	75
275	140	80
325	150	100
400	175	125

Highest testimonials. 6 yrs. guarantee.
T. J. BAINE,
Factory and Warerooms, 84 King Street West Hamilton.
N. B.—Send for circular.

Medicinal and Family
LIQUORS,
In cases of one dozen bottles, and in wood, five gallons and upwards.
Agents for Corby's celebrated
RYE WHISKY,
Guaranteed seven yrs. old.
Orders by mail promptly executed.
Reid, Birely & Co.
Direct Importers, 16 King St. E. Hamilton.

Water, Water.
Persons requiring their old wells drilled deeper can have same done by applying to
EDWIN BROWN,
33-8 MILTON.

OVER 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE
FERRY'S SEEDS
D. M. FERRY & CO.
are admitted to be the Largest Seedsmen in the world.
D. M. FERRY & CO'S
Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced
SEED ANNUAL
For 1888
will be mailed FREE TO ALL applicants, and to last season's customers without ordering it.
Invaluable to all.
Every person using Garden, Field or Flower SEEDS should send for it. Address
D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

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.

MILTON
Planing Mill
SOMERVILLE & MITCHEL
PROPRIETORS.
We are prepared to fill all orders for all kinds of
HOUSE FURNISHING
—SUCH AS—
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Case &
—ALSO DEALERS 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 erecting of same, either in part or whole.
PRICES MODERATE.
Factory near G. N. W. station.

Lord Lansdowne is to leave Canada in March, Lord Stanlee of Preston relieving him at that date.

W. C. ADAIR,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
wishes to thank the people of Milton and surrounding country for their very liberal patronage during the past year. He also wishes to inform them and the public generally that he is now turning out more artistic and finer finished work than heretofore. All who desire a real life-like and "almost speaking"
PICTURE taken in the very latest style
of the art, should not fail to
GIVE HIM A CALL
at their earliest opportunity.
No pains nor expense spared to suit each and every customer who may favor him with their order.
None but first class material and the purest chemicals used, consequently the work is more permanent and will retain its original brilliancy much longer than the work turned out of those cheap city galleries where only the poorest material is used.
Prices lower than any other gallery in the country for same quality of work.
Gallery open every day (except Sundays) from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

PEEL FARMERS' MUTUAL
Fire Insurance Co.
JOHN COONEY
AUTHORIZED GENERAL AGENT
FOR SAID COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE, BRAMPTON.
THOS. MOLTBY, Pres. J. CARTER, Sec.

DICK'S SWEETHEART.

By the Author of "MILDRED TREVANION," "LOVE, LORD BERESFORD," "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN," Etc.

"You are candour itself," declares Miss Ponsonby, with a little laugh and a little shrug of her rounded shoulders. "Let me emulate you by telling you what is on my mind. It is—what brought you?"

"A message from my mother principally."

"To beg I will hold myself with greater dignity in church of a Sunday, and so set my father's pupils a worthy example?" asks she, with a little tremulous sneer. "Or is it a hope that I have sought to cure myself of my reprehensible habit of using slang words and phrases, which I could not but pick up from the aforesaid pupils?"

"Neither of these advices has been entrusted to me," says Bouverie coldly. "Why are you always so hard upon my mother?"

"But, even as he said this, in a rather lofty manner, he reminds himself that he too has been harbouring hard thoughts in his mind during his walk hither.

"'I hate them that my vices tells me, and so do more of us (God wot) than I!'" quotes the girl, with a little disdainful *moue*.

"Whom were you talking to just now as I came up?" asks Bouverie presently.

"Was I talking to anybody?"

"I certainly fancied so. I fancied too he went round that corner"—pointing to it—"as I came in sight."

"What an excellent chaperon you would make, Dick!" says his cousin, with suspicious admiration. "One feels positive regret that you should have so few opportunities of exercising your talent. You see"—raising her sombre eyes with a sudden flash to his—"I can't employ you, your mother being more than enough for me. She keeps not only her own eyes, but the eyes of all the neighbourhood upon my every action."

"Still you haven't told me about your new friend," persists Dick, unmoved. "Some—here he comes! Now"—without lowering his voice—"may I know who he is?"

"Certainly—one of dad's boys."

At this "one of dad's boys" stops short, flushes, and looks ineffable things; but, as is his wont, says nothing.

"Ah," says Bouverie, his eyes on the limp youth, who is unwearily shifting his lanky body from foot to foot beneath his steady gaze, "that is an excellent introduction, no doubt. But I think I should like one a little more formal."

"Too happy, I'm sure!" murmurs "dad's" last boy in a milk-and-water tone, while trying to do impossible things with an eye-glass—a late purchase evidently, and dreadfully in the way.

"That is nonsense," says Miss Ponsonby sharply. "No one was ever too happy. However, if it will make you a joyful man to know you are looked on by Dick Bouverie as my joyful—Are you ready for your introduction, Dick? Sir Chicksy Chaucer—Mr. Bouverie. Feed any thrill of bliss, Sir Chicksy?"

"Could hardly help that, you know—so near you—able to see you, you know, and—er—that!" chirrups Sir Chicksy, with a feeble attempt at gallantry.

"You will be able to see me a great deal better if you drop that insane bit of glass," says Miss Ponsonby calmly. "What on earth did you buy it for—eh? You have the best sight of any one I know."

"Been long in the country, Sir Chicksy?" asks Bouverie, coming to the rescue; but Miss Ponsonby's last remark has overwhelmed Sir Chicksy and left him speechless.

"Oh, yes, a long time!" says Dick's cousin, answering for her victim. "Ever so long—years, I think! You came last February, didn't you, Sir Chicksy?"

"Last April. Seems like yesterday to me," sighs the smitten Baronet, with a reproachful glance at her. "Very glad indeed to—er—make your cousin's acquaintance. Any"—with a rush—"cousin of yours—sure—Heavy fall!"

"Any cousin?" says Miss Ponsonby. "Will they all make you 'too happy?' Why, you will be surfeited with gladness! Very good; I'll send word to the lot. By-the-bye, where is that racket I sent you for a moment since? No? Oh, it must be where I said it was!"

"It isn't indeed. Give you my word; I searched for it high and low," declares Sir Chicksy, growing quite warm through fear of her increasing displeasure.

"Well, try the pantry. I know I had it in my hand yesterday, when I went there to speak to Mary."

"I didn't know you had such an old boy as that on the premises," says Dick, when Sir Chicksy has disappeared once more round the corner, with coat tails flying.

"That is because you have been so long away. You and Bruno so seldom visit your home that you give us time to quite forget you now and then."

"Not quite, I hope," protests Dick politely, but impolitely too, the want of interest in his face being only too apparent.

"Don't trouble yourself to make pretty speeches, to me, Dick. I'll let you off," returns she, with a slight shrug and a peculiar smile.

"Well, I hope 'dad's' new boy will prove a credit to him," says Bouverie with the air of one who is laboriously endeavouring to make a conversation.

"Like 'dad's' old boy," says a fresh voice coming from behind them "though misunderstood by all but 'dad' himself! What, you, Dick, old fellow? What good wind has blown you hither?"

"A cab and a down train," replies Dick, turning with a friendly smile to this new comer, a tall young man of not thirty, with a square face, rather sensual lips, and chesnut hair.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Vyner, for the second time to-day," says Miss Ponsonby, holding out her hand to him—the beautiful hand, as fair and as cool as a lily.

Bouverie stares at her.

"I thought Vyner was always Anthony to you?" he says.

"So he was"—demurely. "But of late"—mimicking her aunt's formal tones to perfection—"I have striven to conquer that deplorable habit I have fallen into of calling young gentlemen by their Christian names."

Both men smiled.

"My mother sent you her love, and she hopes you will dine with her to-night," says Bouverie.

"How sweet of her! Are you sure you have delivered your message correctly? Are you certain of the 'love' part of it? I think I could do it better. Tell Audrey that if she will care to dine with me to-night—which I greatly doubt, my society being scarcely calculated to suit her—I shall be pleased. Give her my love in return, however, and tell her I am sorry a severe and crushing headache will prevent my coming to Kingmore this evening."

"Oh, do come; you may as well!" says her cousin. "Bruno is at home to-night; it won't be quite so slow for you."

"Why," asks Vyner, knocking the ash off his cigar, "is Bruno the one in favour now?"

"I confess to a weakness for Bruno," says Audrey. "But indeed"—raising her dark eyes to his—"you are all so high in my favour, I could not put one before the other. Still no—I shall not leave dad to-night."

"Happy Sir Chicksy!" murmurs Mr. Vyner inuocently.

"It was dad I spoke of; but, if you will have it so, yes. I shall stay here with him and Sir Chicksy," says the girl, just a little defiantly.

"And a very nice entertaining boy he is to stay with," returns Mr. Vyner, with suspicious cordiality. "Having been frequently in his society of late, I may be considered qualified to speak. He is quite an antique in his way—a bit of old English, like his name. By-the-bye, has he inherited any of the talent of his great namesake? Taken any rides to Canterbury—eh?"

"No," says Miss Ponsonby rather shortly. She had drawn herself up, looking at him with a slight frown on her low brow.

"Tastes are unaccountable, we all know," remarks Bouverie carelessly; "yet I should have thought any girl would prefer Bruno to that callow youth I saw just now."

"Remember how often you have told me I am unlike most girls; and to me Sir Chicksy at present is preferable. He is newer, and therefore better fun."

"Isn't it hard to know any one?" says Mr. Vyner, with an air of deep surprise. "He doesn't look funny. Sad, I'd call it. Here he is, by Jove, and full of go, as usual!

"'He comes, he comes, with his flashing eyes,
And his cheek of passion's hue!'"

This quotation is most unfortunately apt, as Sir Chicksy comes panting up to them, rubicund as a peony.

"I've got it!" he says, waving the lost racket triumphantly above his head, and smiling broadly. "Not such a bad messenger, after all—am I?"

"Bad! The very best!" says Miss Ponsonby, suddenly and most unexpectedly bestowing upon him one of her rare smiles.

The smile carries Sir Chicksy into the seventh heaven, where he remains for a considerable time. Not that his goddess follows him thither! She moves a little apart from the three men, and, stooping, picks up a ball or two lying near her on the tennis-court. As she bends and rights herself again, it is impossible not to mark the extreme grace and beauty of her lissom figure. She is dressed in a style slightly bizarre, but very pretty; and, though there is nothing about her costume to detract from the careful charm of it, still there is something that suggests the idea that now, gowns with her are few and far between.

Mr. Vyner's eyes, as she picks up the balls, follow her intently—not lovingly—simply curiously, and with that air of studying, of striving to master the secret workings of the hearts of those with whom he finds himself in contact which distinguishes him.

"That's a very pretty gown you have on," he says presently, without enthusiasm; whereupon Sir Chicksy—who has been wildly but vainly endeavouring to float on a conversational sea with Bouverie—turns a murderous eye on him.

"I'm glad you like it," says Audrey indifferently; "you will the less soon tire of it. As it is my latest, you are likely to see a good deal of it before it finds a worthy successor." As she makes this candid avowal, she laughs a little bitterly.

"'Long may it wave' then!" says Vyner cheerfully.

"I must be off!" exclaims Bouverie, looking at his watch. "You won't change your mind, Audrey, and come up to dinner, after all?" He says this earnestly.

"And so help you to get through a monotonous evening?" returns the girl, carelessly throwing her balls into the air and catching them again. "No"—with a shrug—"I would do a few things for you, but not that."

Bouverie laughs in spite of himself.

"You would have been a help, I confess," he says lightly. "Will you come to the rescue, Vyner? Does the *mater* frighten you?"

"Your invitation comes too late," says Mr. Vyner, with dignity. "You offended me half an hour ago by ignoring my existence. Now I have made up my mind to dine with 'dad' and Sir Chicksy."

"You can't, indeed," declares Miss Ponsonby hurriedly, letting her balls reach the sward unheeded; "it is quite impossible—quite!"

"Nothing is impossible! I'm all alone at Moorlands this evening; and, as you well know, I can't endure my own society. It is useless your regarding me with that forbidding frown, Miss Ponsonby, because I won't take a denial. I shall appeal to 'dad' himself if you refuse me a hearing, and he will certainly treat me as I deserve."

"You cannot dine to-night!" says Audrey, with emphasis. "For one thing"—colouring warmly through her pale clear skin—"there is only cold mutton for dinner."

"Is it a loin?"—unmoved—"You'—unwillingly.

"Then I shall stay. If there is one thing for which I have a settled hankering, it is a loin of mutton, cold; besides"—lowering his voice—"you have so whetted my curiosity about Sir Chicksy—describing him in such glowing colours as a wit and all that—that I am bent on improving his acquaintance."

"You are bent on nothing of the kind!—angrily.

"I am indeed. Do you think, if I ask him to Moorlands for the grouse, he will promise not to shoot himself? By-the-bye, I may come to dinner, may I not?"

"Oh, you can come if you like!" returns she ungraciously.

"Then I must go home disconsolate," says Dick, "and listen all through dinner to diatribes against the servants, uttered before their faces, an ordeal greater than which I know not. Good-bye, Audrey; I hope this cruelty will be forgiven you! Oh, look here—you won't refuse to come to us on the nine-teenth, at least—will you?"

"To Aunt Maria's dance?"

"Yes. It ought to be a success. My mother, poor soul, has taken so much pains about it—though why she can't go to town in the season, and give her 'At homes' in a rational manner, I can't conceive."

"I shall be at her irrational one, at all events. The Duchess is to be there, is she not? And I quite long to find myself for once face to face with a real live 'big D.' My acquaintance with them up to this has been confined to that charming lady in *Alice in Wonderland* who dandled a pig."

"I'm glad you'll come," says Dick, "though I won't swear you will enjoy yourself. My mother believes herself irresistible; but I hardly know any one so universally unpopular. Is it her misfortune or her fault?"

He is talking now exclusively to Audrey, Mr. Vyner having engaged himself in a desperate argument—hopeless of termination—with the terrified Sir Chicksy.

"Far be it from me to decide so delicate a point," says Miss Ponsonby, with lowered lids and an untranslatable smile. "Good evening, Dick, if you must go so soon. You leave at least one regret behind you."

"And that is?"

"That you cannot induce Mr. Vyner to accompany you?"

"Very poor, very poor indeed!" says Mr. Vyner, with open contempt. "It would take thrice that to make me forgo the cold loin and—Sir Chicksy."

"Oh, I knew the hint would be useless!" retorts Miss Ponsonby, with a contemptuous gesture.

"Well, good-bye again, sweet coz," says Dick lightly. "I am off to fulfil a second mission. Let us hope I shall be more successful in that than in my first."

"The gods grant it!" returns Audrey piously.

"Where are you going, Dick?" asks Vyner.

"To 'Castle Dangerous'—that is, to Greylands, where Venus embodied lives, I hear."

"Ah! To see Miss Lorne! Well, you won't be disappointed; she is as lovely as a dream! I saw her yesterday."

"A good reason for seeing her again to-day. Walk so far with me, Anthony."

"Can't, my dear boy. Must stay here, as I have told you already, to pick up Miss Ponsonby's balls and such sparks of wisdom as fall from the cloudite lips of Sir Chicksy. Cultivate the talented at all risks—that is an undeviating rule with me."

"Till we meet again then!" says Bouverie, fading swiftly from sight."

CHAPTER III.

A short walk across the sunny meadows brings him to the gates of Greylands.

"Beastly bore, my mother's insisting on my taking a message here, to people of whom I know nothing, nor wish to know," he mutters to himself, as he stands outside the gate, hesitating about demanding admittance. "Freshly painted, by Jove," he says, regarding the decent gate with scorn, "and the grass gone thro the avenue! What a difference a brush and a scraper can accomplish! I hardly know the old place now. What a number of years it is since I went through this gate! Never since old Jasper's time, and never then, I think! A short cut through the high grass and the hanging branches was more in my line at that! Let's see if I could feel like ten now, and if that sidewood"—with a half laugh—"and that rustic gate leading into the garden still sniff of paradise."

Turning aside from the principal entrance, he follows the road a little higher up until he comes to a wooden style; springing over this, he finds himself knee-deep in scented clover, with a vision of leafy shade beyond. Reaching the wooded hollow on the left, he plunges into its mystic recesses with a faint return of the old boyish delight in its glories which once held him captive, and even now awakens a thrill of keenest pleasure in his breast. It is short-lived however; years and the world's scorching touch have killed the freshness that could once find joy prolonged in the secrets of mysterious Nature.

Even as the perfumed branches press down to bar his path, and myriad forest-flowers cry out for notice in the gathering twilight, his mind reverts with an angry impatience to his mother's last hints and innuendoes.

To ask a fellow to spend his entire summer buried alive in a hole of a place like this! Could there be anything more unreasonable? But women and reason were two! That he had known to his cost for many a day, be the woman mother, or cousin, or—

He had told himself before leaving town that he was enacting quite the part of the model son in acceding to her request that he would be present at her dance on the nineteenth, given in honour of the Duchess, who was a sort of thirty-first cousin of his father. The Duchess, for some inscrutable reason, had elected to go down to her place in Blankshire, about ten miles from Kingmore, at this unholy time, missing her season point-blank, to the astonishment of all her friends. He had indeed felt he had done a good deal in the filial line when he had gone down to Blankshire, meaning to stay a week or ten days at the outside. And now he finds himself lot in for a visit extending over an indefinite period. And what the douce does he know of accounts, or Watkins, or—

There is that dinner at Richmond to which he is almost bound, and, *entre nous*, that dance at Lady Millefleur's, and the time running short now! Well, a week of accounts ought to mean a good many figures, and this is only the fourteenth, and the last week of June and the first of July are never half so bad—and—and of course "duty" is a beastly word, especially when thrust upon one in that uncompromising fashion; but—with a sigh he acknowledges this—it means something in the long run; and a man, if he wants to keep straight at all, must have some chart by which to steer.

These glimpses into a profound morality bring him to a small rustic gate studded with iron nails which is gunk, in a high wall. There are two steps leading up to it, and, as he mounts them and pushes it open, one can see that six more steps must be ascended before the garden beyond is reached. Closing the small gate gently behind him, Bouverie, with a relapse into his former dreamy state—born of the old happy days when he was a boy, and their memories—springs lightly up the inner steps, and, looking straight before him, sees, not ten paces from him, something that dispels all boyish visions, something most sweet, most fair and rich in grace and beauty!

A little rose-red hammock swung by silken ropes; a childish form lost in lazy tranquil slumber, with, upon its bosom, a great cluster of pale blossoms that rise and fall with the coming and going of the breath that stirs the heart beneath; a pure blue sky that shows through the fretted tangle of the branches overhead, a singing of many birds, the fond murmur of a distant stream, and, over and through all these, the rush of a soft wind laden heavily with the perfume of the innumerable roses that throughout the enchanted corner

"Lightly too this scented wind is rocking to and fro the crimson bed; but still its little, pale, fair occupant lies unconscious. Bouverie, seeing this, his latest, sweetest vision, moveth not, draws nearer, nearer still, until he is gazing down upon the sleeping marvel, so strangely found. Her long dark lashes lie motionless upon her cheek, flushed delicately, her lips are slightly parted; one arm, half bare, is flung above the shapely head, the other lies languidly—lost in part among the scattered flowers—upon her breast, the slender fingers still sleepily clutching the rosebuds they had been holding when consciousness departed.

So pure, so fragile seems the sudden vision that Bouverie, afraid to stir lest the faintest sound should drive it from him forever, stands mute before it, wondering. There is a calm beauty about the tranquil face which fascinates him. Unbidden comes to him the thought—

"That, as of light the summer sunne shoon
Passeth the star, light so over measure
Sho fairer is than any creature."

Then, all in a moment, as he stands spell-bound—fearing to withdraw lest he should disturb her, yet doubting his right to stand here and admire without let, or hindrance, or permission, so fair a thing—the soft white lids uprise, and two eyes—"sweetest eyes were ever seen"—look calmly into his. Vaguely they look at first, and in no wise coldly, he being as yet but a fragment of the wild dream she had just left; then, with wide lids and growing knowledge, she stares at him, and, rising on her dainty elbow, lets amazement have full sway, and something else too, that might pass for a feminine indignant wrath in one with lips and eyes less sweet.

"How did you come here?" she asks, in a low clear voice; there is surprise largely mingled with the grave displeasure in her face.

"By this gate," says Dick Bouverie, quailing beneath the severity of those searching eyes. "I used to come into the garden by it long ago when I was a little fellow, in your—your fa—your uncle's time. I forgot I was trespassing."

There is abject humility in his tone but expression, but the look of the hammock rises to be softened.

"This is my own garden; no one comes here without my permission," she says austerely.

"I—I might have asked for permission certainly," says Dick vaguely; "but I didn't know. I—"

"It would have been of no use; I wish to be alone here always!" she returns, with distinct meaning. "The mistake is in part my own, of course; yet I was quite sure I had turned the key in the lock."

"No, there was no key at all," says Dick. "But, of course that is nothing. I should not have come here if I could feel like ten now, and if that sidewood"—with a half laugh—"and that rustic gate leading into the garden still sniff of paradise."

"I believe that. And now"—coldly—"you can go if you like."

"I don't like, I can't bear to go away without your forgiveness," says Dick, with such earnestness in eyes and voice as verifies his words and speaks for the depth of his contrition.

"Oh, well, you may have that," she tells him, looking down. "And then—if—if your name is—Dick Bouverie, I suppose it was your mother who called here yesterday?"

"Did she call?" says Dick, who knows well she did, but, through very longing to hear again the low *tremant* voice, pretends ignorance. And why has she brought up this question about his mother? Perhaps to soften the cruelty of her dismissal; perhaps—oh, goodly thought!—to do away with the dismissal altogether.

"I think it must have been your mother," remarks Dolores reflectively, tapping her red lips with her forefinger in meditative fashion, "a tall woman—very tall—without, I mean—that is"—quick confusion covering her as she thinks of what she has so nearly said—"I mean a very tall woman!"

This is distinctly lame.

"Your description is perfect—a very tall woman, with an enormous nose," says Mr. Bouverie, sublime gravity marking every feature.

At this she grows red, and glances at him slyly from under her curling lashes, and looks down again, and up again, and finally they both burst out laughing. Laughter with the young is a quick road to friendship; but Dolores is not as yet prepared to hold out the right hand of fellowship. She checks her merriment, and stands back from him a little step or two, and clasps her hands behind her.

"I think you had better come in and see auntie," she says, with increased dignity—"that is, if indeed you meant to pay her a visit this evening"—glancing at him suspiciously.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)