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I have a large stock of goods to chose from, consisting of Cotton Warps, Denims and Cottonades; also Fine Grey Flannels, Check Flannels, Grey Unions and Woolen Dress Goods.

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VOLUME 27. MILTON, THURSDAY MARCH 29, 1888. NO. 41.

Travellers' Guide.

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GOING NORTH: 9.45 A.M., 7.20 P.M. GOING SOUTH: 10.20 A.M., 7.50 P.M.

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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 Acton	J. Matthews	19	16	17	"	20	15	10 a.m.
5 Campbellville	S. R. Lister	5	3	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.

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By order, JOHN DEWAR, Clerk of the Peace.

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" " Young People	2.00	2.65
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" Supplement	5.00	5.10
" and Supplement	7.00	7.00
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Canada Farmer	1.00	1.70
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Rural New Yorker with seed premium	2.05	2.50
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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.

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PRICES MODERATE.

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Lord Lansdowne is to leave Canada in March, Lord Stanley 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.

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CHAMPIONSWEETHEART.

By "TWENTY-ONE," "TWENTY-ONE," "PEARLIE," etc.

"Very." Miss Ponsonby, with a fatigued air and an impatient gesture, shuts up her fan and frowns slightly. "How uninteresting you can be at times!" she says. "If, as a boy, you were as dull in your *tete-a-tetes* as you are now, he wonder I treated you with scorn!"

"Well, but that's just it, you see; I don't think you did scorn me," says Mr. Vyner mildly.

At this moment, through the open doorway that leads into the dancing-room, one can see Sir Chicksy Chaucer perambulating aimlessly about.

"I don't think I ever saw Chaucer in evening clothes before," remarks Vyner thoughtfully, seeing she will take no notice of his last speech. "How exceedingly—or—uncomfortable he looks! They shine, but he doesn't; they are new, I suppose."

"And he—isn't? You pay him a very great compliment; yet six months should make one quite a dear old friend down here, when one is a baronet, unmarried, and with unlimited means."

"You see he has kept himself so exceedingly dark for those six months," remonstrates Mr. Vyner. "We have scarcely been allowed to see him; now that he has condescended to emerge into the fuller glare—and in his best clothes too—we all bow down before him and acknowledge the effect—maddening!"

"I wonder why you dislike him so?" questions Miss Ponsonby, with a furious smile.

"Far be it from me to dislike such a bright and shining light as he promises—his guardian—to be," says Mr. Vyner genially. "His name alone should pull him through—it is a miracle of art. Is there its rival, I wonder? Shakespeare has vaguely hinted that there is nothing in a name; but he had never heard Sir Chicksy's. Surely there is much in it! Some names, we are told, 'mock destruction;' they survive the doom of all creation. Of such is your friend's; indeed I think, if the poet said it 'tickled all creation,' he would have been even nearer the mark."

"Much wit hath commonly much froth, and 'tis hard to jest and not jeer too," quotes Audrey demurely. "And even Sir Chicksy has his uses. See now what a fund of amusement he is to you! How could you exist without such a one upon whom to strike the brilliant matches of pure genius that emanate from you so frequently?"

"You cover me with confusion," says Mr. Vyner; but he does not look confused. "I should not dare to find amusement in a Chaucer! And besides, you know, I honestly regard Sir Chicksy as a very nice fellow and a young man."

"I know at least you have always a pretty tongue!" returns Miss Ponsonby, with a pale smile and an angry flash from her beautiful eyes.

"I wonder what he is looking for?" says Vyner presently, as Sir Chicksy again passes the doorway, apparently in eager search for something. "Is it for you?"

"Very likely."

"I think he will go mad if I left much longer in the dark as to your whereabouts. Are you without mercy? Did you note the expression on his face as he passed just now?"

"Did he pass just now?"

"Well, you could hardly call it a passing—it was a flight."

"He will the sooner get to where he is going then. And why should he go mad?"

"Too much learning! You know what a brain he has! Won't you let him see where you are, and so ease the strain a little?"

"If you want to go—go!" says Miss Ponsonby abruptly. "As for me, I shall do very well here. That Sir Chicksy should be looking for me does not concern me."

"Your cruelty is barbaric."

"Is it a necessity to you to make silly speeches?" asks the girl, with much profound contempt as to waken some faint amusement in the breast of her companion. "I am not cruel. I simply make it a rule to be happy when possible, at all costs to others."

"There is something reckless and defiant in her tone as she turns her eyes to his.

"A very sensible sentiment!" returns he laudably; yet there is a note in his voice hardly to be desired. It touches her.

"Why should I consider others?" she asks sharply, noting and resenting it. "Do they consider me? Do the silly fools round here who call themselves 'society' regard me with even scanty favour? They turn aside from me because they have the money that I lack and I the pedigree that they lack. They can't forgive me that last."

"I think you might be content with it."

"As long as I know poverty, I shall never know content," returns she, in a low voice. "But still that is not it; it is their settled dislike to me, the drawing away of their skirts, as it were, that angers me. They shake their heads and revile me, only because I have a lover or two more than their girls, and because—because—well!—with a frown—because once or twice a recreant knight has deserted their ranks for mine! Do you know what that yellow-haired girl of Mrs. Drummond's called me the other day? 'The recruiting-sergeant,' and all because of Mr. Allonby!' She pales visibly, and tears of passionate mortification rise to her large eyes. "I never spoke to that man twice," she says, "so it wasn't my fault; and, whether or no, he wasn't good enough. But I suppose her hair was too much for him! They accuse me of making their lovers false. Pah!" cries she, with a shrug and a bitter wild little laugh. "I dare say I am not good for much myself; but I'm good for that, any way!"

"A proud boast!" says Vyner carelessly.

"Ah! I have no doubt you side with them," she rejoins, biting her lip; "one goes with the stream because it is least trouble. I don't know why I talk to you like this, unless it is that I must say it to somebody."

"Thank you," says Vyner.

"They dare to be uncivil to me because dad takes pupils—I detest that sort of person!"

"If so, I wonder that you care so much what that sort of person may or may not say of you."

"That would be the correct feeling, of course; but I have no correct feelings, I think—at all events, I do care. Oh to be rich for once—enormously so, I mean—to see them all cringe and fawn to me as they do to others, and then spurn them!"

"To be rich—if that is your highest ambition—is surely within your reach. Remember"—airily—"your face. That is a fortune in itself."

"A poor one!"—"a rare one."

"I would gladly exchange it for a better," she says discontentedly. "It brings me in but poor returns."

"Utilise it then!" counsels Vyner, turning to her with cold deliberation, and gazing straight into the beautiful dissatisfied face beside him. "If, as you say, money is your idol, gain it at all hazards. Compel your face to do you service."

"But how?" asks she, half frowning; her tone is defiant, and, as though daring him to answer her question, she raises her eyes resolutely to his.

"My Sir Chicksy," replies he slowly, with an involuntary curl of the lip.

Across the girl's face passes an expression that would have startled him had he seen it. But, as the insult leaves his lips, he withdraws his gaze, and is now looking steadily at the door beyond. Her lids have half closed, her colour has faded to an ashen gray, there is something that is almost murderous within the shadow that has fallen on her great gleaming eyes.

Sir Chicksy, his boyish foolish face flushed with anxiety, at this instant comes towards her with a fatuous smile.

"I—I've been all over the place looking for you," he says; "and now!—growing melancholy—" our waltz is almost over."

"You shall have another one to make up for it," returns she, with such unwonted gentleness that the silly lad's heart beats heavily against his breast. "And the next time I must tell you where to find me, so that there need be no disappointment for either of us."

She smiles, lays her hand upon his arm, and moves away without a backward glance. When she is gone, Vyner rises too, and stretches his arms over his head lazily.

"Well, I was a beast," he says emphatically; "but—she deserved it!"

"The final bars of the last waltz have died away into a sobbing silence. The greater charm of the conservatories and empty corridors have weeded out the ball-room so considerably that now one can see without trouble who is and who is not present.

Dick Bouverie, moving here and there among the crowd, but chiefly on the staircase and in the halls, for reasons best known to himself, at last catches sight of a little fragile figure that sets his heart beating, standing in a distant corner talking to Bruno.

It is Dolores. For a long time he has sought her and now all at once she is there, standing out from all the others, a thing apart, at least to him, smiling, radiant. She is clad in a creamy Indian silk, soft and clinging, with no sleeves to hide her perfect arms, and great high puffings on her shoulders. So clear is her pure skin that scarce one may say where the gown ends and her fair self begins. Every word and gesture are rounded with youth, and each glance is full of infinite variety.

She is talking gaily to Bruno, with parted lips and shining happy eyes upraised to his. Then, in a moment, she sees Dick, and she wavers in her speech to Bruno, and the glad eyes send to the elder brother a smile of quick welcome.

Battling his way to her through the crowd of matrons, men, and virgins that separates them, Dick comes up to her presently, breathless but victorious.

"Why, when did you come?" he asks eagerly. "How late you are!"

He has quite forgotten to say, "How d'ye do, Miss Lorno?" or anything of that sort.

"It is quite a long time now since we came; isn't it?" says Dolores, appealing to Bruno. "Half an hour at least! Late? Oh, yes; we were late! Auntie and I always are, I think."

"How could I have missed you all this time?" says Dick almost indignantly. "I have been searching for you up hill and down dale for an hour or more—it seems like a week or more, if the truth be told."

She glances at him quickly, and a little odd expression crosses her face. She opens her lips impulsively, as if to say something, and then repents herself apparently of her intention; for she closes them again without saying anything. But she breaks instead into a faint, low, irrepressible laugh.

"What is it?" asks Dick, who cannot take his eyes off her face, and has therefore marked her hesitation.

"Nothing," returns she demurely.

"Miss Lorne wants to tell you," says Bruno mildly, "that to call a search for her up-hill work is rude."

"Oh, no—no, indeed!" contradicts Miss Lorno, shocked, flushing warmly to the very roots of her short sunny hair. "That was not it at all! It was only—I merely wanted to say—that——"

She grows hopelessly confused, and her eyes seek the ground.

"What?" asks Dick again gently.

"Never mind. Ask me some other time," murmurs she, with an almost childish appeal to him not to press the subject.

"Well," he says quickly, "I hope your card is not full yet, though I am so late in finding you. I dare say"—laughing—"if I had not sought you so diligently, I should have found you long ago. What dance may I have?"—he has taken her programme from her.

"Not this," she says—"I am engaged to your brother for this—but the next, if you will."

"And the ninth and fifteenth?"—anxiously.

She looks undecided.

"Oh, you will!"—pathetically. "They are the only dances vacant. And remember what ill-luck I had in not being able to plead my cause with you at first!"

His manner is growing positively servile.

"Don't cry, Dick," entreats Bruno; whereupon they all laugh a little.

"Miss Lorne, if you are going to be unkind to me in this matter, you will have much to answer for," says Dick persistently. "You would not knowingly consign me to an early grave, would you?"

"Don't mind him, Miss Lorno," says Bruno. "He is quite too tough for that sort of thing. You take my word for it that the grave won't see him for years to come. If you put faith in Dick's promises to die, you will be disappointed."

"Alas, Mr. Bouverie, that your word should be so unreliable!" says she mischievously. "You do protest too much, it seemeth me. Fewer words and more would be better. Have you forgotten in muchospeaoche sinne wanteth not?"

"Well, punish me if you will," says Bouverie; "though I deny my guilt. But understand, at all events, that, if you refuse me those two dances, you leave me with nothing to do all night. Think—think of the mischief my idle hands are sure to commit!"

"Nothing to do? Go and dance with all the others."

"There are no others."

"No woman in the room but me?"—

"Not one!"

"Oh, Mr. Bouverie! It was true then what your brother hinted about—about your veracity?"

"I maintain," says Bouverie stoutly, but in a low tone, "that for me there is no woman in these rooms to-night save and except yourself."

A little smile gathers about her lips. She casts a swift glance at him, and then looks down. Bruno is talking in an interested fashion to some one near them, so that virtually they are alone.

"You shall have your dances," she murmurs softly, with an adorable blush.

"To thank you is impossible!" says Bouverie.

"Now, Dick, do go away!" exclaims Bruno, returning to his charge. "I never saw such a fellow to talk as you are; and Miss Lorno and I want to finish our waltz and our conversation, though we have almost forgotten what it was about now. Is my partner the only one in the room that will satisfy you?"

"It seems so," says Dick, with a quick glance at Dolores; then he bows slightly, and moves away with a half-formed intention of bribing the musicians to cut short the waltz now playing.

"What a beautiful old house this seems to be!" says Dolores, when he has gone, gazing round her. "Is that the picture-gallery down there?"

"Yes. Would you like to see it by lamp-light? It is rather worth looking at when lit as it is at present."

They go slowly towards it, guided by the clear light that streams from its many lamps within and makes quite a little pathway of yellow glare all along the shining oaken floor.

"We've been here, you know, for centuries," says Bruno, as they move leisurely down the almost deserted gallery—"that is not exactly Dick or me, you know, but our people; and there is really nothing in the way of rascality we haven't done. We are old enough and disreputable enough for anything. There—that cavalier over there with the villainous squint was hanged for piracy on the high seas; and the one beside him was beheaded for murder in some forgotten reign; and the little innocent simpering thing just behind you poisoned her own husband because she wanted to marry some other woman's husband. We have been assassins and swindlers for a sufficient length of time to enable us now to call ourselves ominently respectable."

"I don't think we have any shameful story in our family," says Dolores, pondering regretfully.

"Then, take my word for it, you are not half so worthy of regard as we are," says Bruno, laughing. "Look at that old colonel over there! Isn't he like Dick? He is a great-grand-uncle, I think, or something of that sort."

"He is like him certainly."

"Dick's a good sort, isn't he?" says Bruno suddenly, turning to look at her.

"A very good sort, I should say," she replies, smiling.

"You should not force Miss Lorne's hand," murmurs Dick's voice behind them. He looks down at Dolores with an amused glance. "Do listeners hear bad of themselves? I don't believe it," he says. "This is our dance, Miss Lorno, I am glad to know."

"So soon!" exclaims Bruno. "Well, that was the shortest waltz I ever heard them play!"

"It really was, I think," returns Dick, with an innocently thoughtful air.

Then Dolores lays her hand upon his arm, and goes down the handsome gallery and into the ballroom with him. As she does so, Sir George Bouverie, who has dragged himself away from his books to "do the civil" to his cousin the Duchess, exclaims excitedly—

"There now—who is that with Dick—eh, eh? Who is it—eh?"

"A most sweet face indeed!" says the Duchess earnestly.

"That is Miss Lorne—the latest acquisition to our society here," answers Lady Bouverie, quite pleasantly for her.

"A very pretty one," puts in her Grace.

"Because so fresh; a year will spoil her," declares lady Bouverie, in her insolent fashion. "Meantime I admit she is charming. You remember old Mr. Maturin of Greylands? She is his grand-niece, and an heiress."

"Is it much?" asks the Duchess.

"She will inherit Greylands, we hear, and a considerable property in the North, and all her aunt Miss Maturin's money, which amounts to a good sum."

"A desirable wife for some one," remarks her Grace, smiling; "and what a face and figure for an Ophelia or a——" She pauses, as though lost in thought.

"I hope she will suit Richard," says Lady Bouverie, in her cold measured tones. "He seems very attentive to her. It is the one sensible move I have ever known him make. Her fortune would be of use to him."

"He will certainly be open to congratulation if he gains her," observes the Duchess, who was a handsome woman in her time, and has still a weakness for beauty.

"So will she, if she gains him," returns Lady Bouverie, with some *hauteur*, to whom even a Duchess—in her own opinion—is not a superior.

But her Grace, lost in abstruse calculations about a projected theatrical entertainment to be given at the Castle to propitiate her engaged girl, does not hear her. Here, in this benighted village, where hope seems hopeless, she has seen two faces full of life and happy possibilities; and, even as she thinks this, she sees a third.

"Who is that pretty creature over there with—or—yes, it is your younger son," she says eagerly—"a small woman in a queer gown, but a face full of life, vigour——"

"That is Mrs. Wemyss," answers Lady Bouverie, disapprobation in her tone. "She is a widow, though not one indeed—a very frivolous person, and much wanting in respect for her elders. Fast is, I think, the obnoxious modern word that would best describe her."

"A very speaking face. What an excellent Constantia Neville she would make!" says the Duchess dreamily. "Is she—er—anybody? Nowadays education and dress so unite the classes that really one doesn't know to whom one is speaking, and one woman looks quite as well as another; though, after all, why should it not be so?" winds up her Grace, who is a large, soft, liberal-minded fraction of humanity.

"She married the Honourable George Wemyss, and her father was Lord Brandrum," explains Lady Bouverie tersely.

"Bless me! Is that poor Michael Brandrum's daughter?" says the Duchess, for once forgetting stage effects. "I should have known the eyes. What a Lady Teazle she could be! You must present her to me—and your niece and that pretty child Miss Lorne as well. By-the-b