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MILTON, THURSDAY APRIL 12, 1888. NO. 43.



Travellers' Guide.

GRAND TRUNK & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.
GOING NORTH — 9.00 A.M. 3.00 P.M. — GOING SOUTH — 9.45 A.M. 7.50 P.M.

CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.
GOING EAST — 10.28 a.m. 6.42 p.m.
GOING WEST — 3.21 p.m. 3.55 p.m.


## Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton.

For the Year 1888.

| 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 | 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.

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D. DEWAR, Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Office 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. 88-tf

J. W. ELLIOTT, B. A.,
Barrister, &c., Notary Public.
OFFICE.—In rooms occupied by Duncan Dewar, Esq., (upstairs) Dewar's Block, Milton. MONEY TO LOAN. 42-tf.

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## DICK'S SWEETHEART.

By the Author of "MILDRED TREVANION," "LOYS, LORD BERESFORD," "PHYLLIS," "LOLLY BAWN," Etc.

"I have spent more time than that on her without awakening any gratitude within her breast."

"It is your modesty that makes you say that. How can you know what thoughts are stirring in her breast?"

"I don't believe any thoughts are stirring there; it is too frozen to admit of movement."

"Oh, how you malign her!"

"Do I? You should know best!"

"Then I will prophesy that your wooing—if you put sufficient heart into it—will prosper."

"If you can assure me of that, it is the best news I have heard for many a day; yet I have my doubts."

"A true lover always doubts. But why should you believe her ungrateful?"

"She looks so."

"I don't agree with you. I think she looks only happy," says Mrs. Wemyss, with one swift glance at Dolores, who is laughing merrily.

"That is no good sign."

"What!"—archly. "Would you have your love always on the very verge of despair? That is so like a man! See now how much prettier she looks when laughing."

"She is not laughing."

"How can you say that? What! Has Cupid indeed made you blind?"

"I cannot see that she is laughing;"

"Why, where are your eyes?"—"On you," says Bruno.

"Oh, then, of course you can't see her."

"I can indeed," persists Bruno.

"Who?"

"We were talking of my love, I think, weren't we?" says Bruno, with an assumption of meekness, but with the most glaring audacity; whereupon they both laugh.

"May the gods grant you sense!" says Mrs. Wemyss, with a little scornful tilting of her chin.

"And you a kinder mind. Amen!" returns Bruno.

"Already it is too kind. It is well I am not of a jealous disposition."

"I would you were a trifle more so; it would betoken deeper feeling."

"Outand out the prettiest thing you know!" reproachfully.

"If you believed that nonsensical speech, it didn't seem to effect you much." Still more reproachfully—"You would have made me over to her with a light heart. Perhaps it would have been an easy way of getting rid of me."

"Whose kingdom is so large that she would seek to rid herself of her best possession?" asks she in a low tone and with an adorable glance.

A little shout from the triumphant side of the tennis-court breaks upon their ears. Then sides are changed, and the game begins again, the abrupt and uncertain noise of the balls falling pleasantly upon the monotonous sound of nature.

"You two always seem to me to be the happiest people in the world," says Dolores, coming up to them presently and sinking into a seat near Mrs. Wemyss.

"I say, Bruno, where is Dick?" asks Vyner, who has also strolled up to them, more in the wake of Audrey Ponsonby than actually with her.

"I can't think," answers Bruno, "Perhaps he didn't mean coming."

"He did!" says Audrey, who is looking really beautiful, but listless and cold as usual.

"He told you so perhaps?" asks Vyner who seems anxious in a lazy sort of way to bridge over the unpleasantness of last night.

"No," returns Miss Ponsonby, uncompromisingly, gazing not at him, but at something that is not in the "far, far distance."

"The information is vague, but full of interest," remarks Mr. Vyner, unabashed. "It gives us every hope that he has been foully murdered. Miss Ponsonby, the last person who saw him alive, at precisely thirty-five minutes and twenty-one seconds after three a.m. declares on oath he was then bent on being here early to day. Has any one telegraphed to Scotland Yard?"

"I shouldn't wonder if our beloved mother had sent him all the way to Horton to make some modest purchase," says Bruno. "It would be just like her, considering the day is eighty in the shade."

"A warm day indeed to go so far as Horton!" says Dolores lightly.

Yet her face had changed at the mention of Dick. Had he kept away purposely? Had he repented him of those few, hurried, honeyed words last night?

"Here comes Mrs. Dovedale," says Cecily Wemyss suddenly, "and with her her *fidus Achates*, of course, in all her war-paint. How I detest that Mrs. Drummond and her Georgie! I never know which is the more objectionable of the two."

"Or the three," puts in Bruno. "Mrs. Dovedale is to me as objectionable as the others. Her tongue is sharper than the serpent's tooth. See now how tenderly she smiles upon Miss Maturin. I dare say she has taken her in completely, and made her believe her 'altogether such an one as herself.'"

"That would be a simple task," says Dolores, with a fond glance at Miss Maturin, who is smiling her kindest at the Vicar's wife. "Auntie is always sure that every one she meets thinks just as she does."

Here the Vicar's wife leaves Miss Maturin and goes trippingly across the lawn to some one for whom she has a barbed arrow in quiver. She is therefore looking quite her sweetest; and she has a simple little pompadour gown on her, and a baby hat that suits her "down to the ground."

"How very picturesque and idyllic!" says Vyner softly.

"Dear little saint! I wonder what venom lies beneath that simper?" suggests Mrs. Wemyss.

"I would not be Mrs. Harcourt at this moment for a good round crown," declares Bruno—which certainly is not much of a sum, but is evidently meant to represent a fabulous amount, the very roundness of it being a guarantee of its immensity.

"She's a nightmare," says Vyner; "but still, I think, can hardly hold comparison with her patron in that respect."

"Oh for that! Mrs. Drummond, and oh for her Georgie! Eh—ah! How d'ye do, Mrs. Drummond? So glad to see you! Your daughter here to-day?"

"Yes, over there," answers the matron blandly. "I'm sure she would be glad if you would see her through a game of tennis. She plays well—excellently well, I may say—but she is so nervous! Quite a child in many ways, I assure you!"

"She looks it," murmurs Vyner tenderly.

"By Jove, here's Chicksy!" exclaims Bruno, when Mrs. Drummond has carried herself off. "'Better late than never!' I wonder who makes his clothes? They are the tightest fit I ever saw!"

"He dresses himself very well, I think," says Mrs. Wemyss, who is good-natured.

"On the principle that 'fine feathers make fine birds.' Well, he is wise!" says Bruno.

"Now I wonder why on earth he wears that eyeglass?" remarks Mr. Vyner plaintively. "The very mental anxiety connected with the fixing of it, to say nothing of the injury to his sight, must be terribly wearing to his constitution!"

"Oh, don't fret about him!" says Bruno, with tender anxiety. "I assure you it does him no harm; he always takes it out when he wants to see."

"He is very clever, is he not?" asks Dolores, in perfect good faith. "He is very well read, I mean, and likely to take honours and that?"

At first there is an astonished silence, and then every one laughs involuntarily, forgetful of manners and all the rest of it. Even Audrey, after a swift, curious glance at Dolores, gives way to low but unrestrained mirth.

"There is no knowing what he isn't going to take," says Mr. Vyner, with a swift glance at Audrey, "but, in accordance with his appearance, which is charmingly youthful, I should say measles first, after that mumps, and so on. We should be proud to have such an erudite youth in our midst. Do you feel proud, Mrs. Wemyss?"

"I'm too meek a woman for that," laughs Mrs. Wemyss. "Pride and I parted company many a day ago, and I have felt much more comfortable ever since." As she says this, she smiles kindly at Audrey, who is moodily trifling with a large moss-rose. "And, after all, it is quite a shame to laugh at Sir Chicksy, because he has more good points than most of us."

"He has indeed, says Bruno. "If you mean his elbows and knees, I never saw a man in all my life so oppressed with them. Why, they are all over him!"

"Mrs. Wemyss is right," remarks Vyner, with suspicious gravity. "Let us cease from evil-speaking. Sir Chicksy is not to be despised. He wears good clothes, has money, a title, and no relations; he is considered clever by one very charming young lady, and is the sworn admirer of another—I mention no names, so no actions can be taken—and is on the whole a very nice girlish boy. I myself regard him with the very keenest veneration! Have I summed up all those good points you mentioned, Mrs. Wemyss?"

"You laugh! But do you know he reads poetry very well indeed?" says Dolores, who is a tender little soul, with whom the absent are always right. "He came up here the other day and read 'Locksley Hall' for auntie and me, and we were quite pleased."

The two men look at her, and perhaps at the same moment the same thought runs through both their minds. At all events, it is a very kindly glance she gets from each.

"He is fortunate at least in having so sweet a champion," says Vyner gently, with a little graceful bend of the head.

"He isn't a bad old chap when all is told," acknowledges Bruno, with sudden and most unexpected clemency.

"Here come the Montgomerys!" cries Mrs. Wemyss suddenly. "I wonder if there is any one in the county that isn't here? I expect"—turning with a genial smile to Dolores—"that this is going to be the one popular house in the neighbourhood. Mine used to be the general rendezvous—at least"—with a glance at Bruno—"boys found it a useful place in which to air their griefs and joys. But now I give in to your aunt—I cede popularity—all to her. I may as well before I must. You see submission is more honourable than defeat."

"What a cowardly sentiment!" laughs Miss Maturin, who has strolled up to them, her heavier duties being at an end. She has indeed longed secretly at heart to be with them for an hour or more, silly youth being always dearer to her than sober age. She lays her hand now on Audrey's shoulder who is nearest to her. "I hope you will all come here just as often as ever you like," she says kindly with a comprehensive glance. "Not"—laughing—"that I have any right to invite you. There"—indicating Dolores with a slight wave of the hand—"stands the little mistress of Greylands."

"Yes, I am the real *chatelaine*. This is but my slave and vassal," retorts Dolores saucily, but with the proudest, fondest smile at Miss Maturin. Slipping her hand within her arm, she presses close to her in a little confiding tender fashion.

Here the conversation is interrupted by the approach of servants armed with trays and small round tables, and a happy confusion of tea, curacos, strawberries and cream, cakes, and brandy and soda.

"Nothing like soda after being up all night," says Bruno cheerfully.

"Plain," supplements Mr. Vyner severely.

"I don't think I ever saw so many ugly women together as I saw last night," says Audrey suddenly, without any preface. "I hate unpresentable people."

"I thought all the women shockingly *fagotees*, certainly," acquiesces Mrs. Wemyss, with a shrug. "But what will you? Beauty is a rare weed, and the art of dressing up to one's style almost unknown."

"I liked that queer-coloured gown on the Duchess," says Dolores. "It was old-fashioned, but somehow it suited her. It was a sort of kindness to her complexion, her choosing that colour."

"What a speech from you!" exclaims Vyner, opening his eyes. "It only shows that the very sweetest of us can sometimes be severe."

"Was that severe?" says Dolores, colouring. "I didn't mean it. But indeed it occurred to me that—that—that *in* anything but that shade she might not look her best!"

At this everybody laughs a little.

"*A bas les Jesuites!*" says Bruno, with a downward motion of his hands.

"What strikes me about the Duchess is this," says Mrs. Wemyss—"that she makes me feel myself unreal. I am not Georgie I. or Georgie II., or a Betsy, as the case may be. Is it fatiguing, and productive of a sort of waking nightmare, to go through life as a perpetual and actual 'Betsy' would be more than weak woman could endure. I wonder what she is going to do with us when she gets us to the Castle?"

"I anticipate the worst," says Bruno gloomily. "Dick treats the whole thing as an immense joke; but I fear he will find himself in the wrong box."

"Oh, there won't be any boxes!" exclaims Sir Chicksy kindly, who has just joined them. "Just a sort of small theatre, you know, and quite a plain stage."

"'A clear stage and no favour,'" quotes Mr. Vyner sadly. "What an awful thought! I was thinking of having a few humble friends to applaud me and throw me one or two hundred bouquets at a guinea apiece; but I suppose, from what Chaucer has just said, it would not be allowed. Bless me, in what a tyrannical age we live!"

"Compelled to act against our will," begins Bruno.

"Not against mine," interrupts Dolores quickly. "Do you know I am quite delighted with the prospect of these private theatricals at the Castle; though I'm sure I can't act a bit, never having even tried. You all seem sorry; but as for me, I think it will be the greatest fun."

For a moment it occurs to Mrs. Wemyss that the little dove-eyed girl before her may be wickedly satirical; then she repents her of the notion.

Vyner laughs aloud.

"I believe we all think just as you do," he says, "and should be miserably disappointed if anything were to arise to scatter our hopes of making ourselves fair names and famous out of these coming plays. But confession is bitter to us, and we love to play at indifference."

"As good practice for the coming mummeries," says Audrey contemptuously.

"Dolores! Come here, and give us some tea," calls Mrs. Maturin, her voice coming to them from over the soft turf; Dolores, rising, goes to her.

With little deft slender fingers she pours out the tea, and smiles upon the many men who throng around her, only too anxious to be her Mercurys. And yet through all her smiles and kindliest glances, the pathetic strain is shown, the faint sadness of a hidden regret, the shadow of a vague disappointment. He had said he would come; she had not so much depended on the delicate tenderness of his look or tone as on his spoken promise; she had been quite sure of his coming, she had dwelt upon his evident passionate desire to be with her, when, in the mystic calmness of her own pretty room, she lay awake watching the widening of the morn. She had risen in glad expectation of what the full day would bring to her; and now—now it is eventide, and all her sweet beliefs have crumbled into unsightly ashes, and the light of her soft hope has grown so dull as to be almost unseen by her—a barren hope indeed, productive of naught but secret and painful blushes, born of a hurt self-love, and something perhaps deeper still.

And then, all at once, as it seems to her, he is here—is coming to her over the cool sweet grass. With glad quick eyes and eager step, he comes to where she is sitting in her white gown, with a gracious smile upon her lips, and "blown soft hair and bright"—her pretty hair; it seems to him like the aureole of a saint surrounding that pure and lovely face, as he draws nearer, nearer still, until he is at her side.

She, seeing him, has grown a little pale, and has turned a disdainful shoulder somewhat in his direction, and let her mobile lips take a sweet haughty curve that suits them somehow, but should not be there for him. Leaning back in her chair, she turns up her face in a fashion a degree kinder than usual to the young man bending over her with lover-like assiduity, as it seems to the approaching Bouverie.

He is a very good, harmless young man; but at this moment he awakens in Mr. Bouverie's breast a hatred as wild as it is unreasonable. He is hanging over Dolores, he is gazing with apparent delight into her eyes; and she—she, whom he, Bouverie, had believed above the trivial cruelties of her sex—is smiling back at him as sweetly as though he were the male unit in the universe!

Paler and paler grows Dolores as she hears the approaching footstep; and yet it is with the calmest air in the world, and with the prettiest indifference, that she acknowledges his greeting—which now has grown somewhat constrained—and puts her hand in his.

"Another cup of tea?" she asks lazily, as though not clear as to whether she herself gave him one a moment since or not, and is therefore somewhat surprised at his fresh "How d'ye do?"

"I have not had one yet," says he, rather taken aback by this unexpected question.

"No? What a shame! But I dare say you do not care about it. Men only pretend to like tea, it seems to me. And yet,"—drawing up her brows reflectively, the little hypocrite—"I did think I gave you some just now."

"You gave me nothing," replies he somewhat coldly—"not even a welcome," he could have added.

"It must have been to your brother, then."

"Very possibly," says Bouverie, white with indignant disappointment, "as I have only just now come."

"Ah, so," she says, as though slowly awaking to a possible fact, "now you have come—now, when the others are all leaving? It was scarcely worth your while, was it? Sugar?" She smiles quite kindly—abominably kindly—at him as she says all this.

"No, thank you—nothing—not even the tea. But you are wrong; it was worth my while to come. I have learned within the last few minutes the meaning of that strange word 'mutability.' The others are going, you say? Being only one amongst the many, I suppose I must go too?"

"Oh, no!"—with gracious indifference. "Not until it quite suits you."

"This very moment will suit me admirably."

"Now here, now gone," says she, with a little pale smile. "Well, don't let me detain you."

"I never dreamed you would so far trouble yourself—that would be too much to expect. To be allowed to come was the greatest grace to which I aspired."

"Humility is somebody's darling sin," murmurs she, with a fine contempt and a flash from her large eyes. "That grace you coveted and gained might have enabled you to come here sooner."

"I think I came too soon!" retorts he, with sudden vehemence, the colour springing to his face. "I wish the road to Horton had been twice as long."

"To Horton!" It is her turn to change colour now; the blood recedes a little from her lips and brow. "Have you been to Horton and back to-day?"

"Yes"—shortly.

"It is thirty miles; but"—with sudden hope—"of course you went by train."

"Unfortunately," says he, smiling politely but coldly, "the trains didn't suit. It was important I should see our man of business before the post went out in Horton, and no train from that would bring me home before eight o'clock."

"And wouldn't that have done?" asks Dolores, anxiously.

"It would, I suppose; but I didn't think so then—not when I was riding there and back, I mean. The only thought that possessed me during those thirty miles was that I could not well present myself to—to Miss Maturin at eight o'clock." He pauses, and looks at the sky with a rather barren admiration. "What a charming day you have had for the reception of your friends!" he says indifferently.

She gives him to understand she agrees with him by a little movement of the head; but she says nothing, and stands before him trifling nervously with a spray of stephanotis. Her lids are lowered; how can he tell then that her eyes are full of tears?

"You have quite got over last night's fatigue, I hope?" he goes on, cruelly conventional because so sad at heart. Is it possible that he should now think of tender things to say of this girl to whom last night he gave his heart only to have it trodden on to-day? He is unconsciously cruel—needlessly miserable.

"Quite, thank you," she says slowly; and then she turns away from him, and walks, with a sudden vague longing for comfort, to where Miss Maturin is standing at a little distance.

Her eyes are dry again now, her head is uplifted, but her face is still pale, and her sensitive lips are touched with a shadowy pain. She had wronged him, that was only too true, she told herself; but how could she have known? He had been cold, bitterly so, and had refused to see how grieved she was when her mistake had become known to her. He had talked to her in a strange unfriendly voice of the beauty of the day—how could he have felt the beauty of it just then?—and had hoped she had forgotten last night's fatigue, as might the commonest stranger! Had he quite forgotten that sweet last night, that now seems as though it had never been, and must for evermore be regarded as the mere gilded dream-child of an idle brain? And what was the meaning of that strange accusation he had brought against her—that charge of fickleness? Why should he tell her that she had taught him the signification of that sad word "mutability"? Well, it is all over now—all is at an end, if indeed one can speak of the end of anything that has had scarce a beginning. Perhaps he had not meant those few words last night; perhaps—and yet—— Yes; it is all for the best, no doubt; but—why had he said those words?

With a secret sense of bitterest self-contempt, she casts a hurried glance to where she has left him standing. But he is not there—he is not indeed anywhere. And, with a little catch at her heart, she tells herself that she was right. All—what a little all, and how sweet it now seems!—is surely at an end between them!

### CHAPTER VIII.

Another day is added to the mass of buried ages. Already it is high noon. The world, grown weary of June's jollity, is lying quiescent, lost in a languorous slumber.

High overhead a tiny speck of quivering brown, grown mad with the mere ecstasy of living, is carolling aloud its fond praise of earth and its Creator. Down below a little dainty figure, clad all in white, and somewhat sad and somewhat dejected in its going, is wading its way through scented grasses and waving meadow.

"Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at her feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet."

A hot and radiant sun is sitting up above, holding a stately revel. All the heavens are spotted with pale clouds edged with faintest amber, whose youthful beauty is made even more conspicuous because of the presence of one sad sister, draped all in mournful gray and tipped with gold, that hangs right over the clump of firs.

Dolores, glancing upward at this forlorn little cloud, sighs resentfully, and tells herself that she resembles it—sad, despondent, angry. Alas for that sorry yesterday and all its attendant regrets! She clenches one small hand hastily, with a touch of sharpest self-disdain, and throws up her head impatiently.

All the morning depression had sat so persistently upon her that at last it had seemed to her a good thing to bestir herself and go forth into the calm soft air, to see if that could not banish it. There is still a good deal of anger in her heart as she thinks of Mr. Bouverie—he had been "Dick" for one sweet night and half a day, but now is "Dick" no more. How eager he had been to accept her small mistake as a wilful incivility—how determinedly blind to her regret! Perhaps he had not noticed it—had thought her cold as himself! Well, a good thing too! But there is a pang at her heart as she tries to convince herself of this.

Behind the giant firs there is a little river—a brawling noisy river that rushes headlong to the sea. It is a favourite of Dolores's, and to it she turns her slow feet. The beauty of the day is lost upon her, the fair sweetness of the growing noontide and all its fuller lights and rich charms perfected, the faint sea-line upon the west, the delicate clearness of the hills, the misty light that floats tremulously low down between earth and sky, and the tender salt breath from the ocean that comes upward from the beach, where the

"Dark green waves are lying
Foam-clad on the distant shore."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Gilbert, the assailant of young Blake at Paris, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

Queen Victoria will visit the German Emperor and Empress at Potsdam before returning to England.

The petition against the return of H. Watson, M.P., for Marquette, Man., has been dropped, and the Beauharnois petition has been dismissed.