The Canadian Champion

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OFFICE
On Main St., one door east of Wallace House.

MILTON, THURSDAY APRIL 26, 1888. NO. 45.

THE -:- LATEST -:- SCIENTIFIC -:- DISCOVERY !

PROF. SELWONK, of the Retixo Academy of Science, has proved beyond a doubt that the theory regarding what is known as the Glacier Age is without foundation. He has made recent discoveries proving that the frigid zones of the present time were once temperate. It is a well-known fact that the Mastodon was a grass-eating animal. The bones of this animal are found on the shores of the Artic Ocean, where it is impossible for vegetation of any kind to grow. Where, then, did these monsters obtain their food? Prof. Selwonk's theory is that the formation of immense quantities of ice at the North Pole has topled the Earth over from its former position, causing, perhaps, what has been handed down in history as the flood. He also claims that the sun's rays are so early horizontal at the North Pole that only about one-third of the ice formed in winter can be melted in the short summer. He believes that that the Earth may at any time lose its equilibrium and once more topple over.

But the DOMINION FURNITURE Co., of 120 and 122 King St. East, will have the largest stock of Furniture in Hamilton, consisting of 100 PARLOR SUITS, covered in figured and crushed plush, silks and brocatelles; a very fine line of Walnut, Mahogany and Antique Oak Bedroom Sets; also a large selection of Sideboards, Extension Tables, Cane and Perforated Chairs; a splendid line of Ladies' Sewing Baskets, Rattan and Reed Rocking Chairs and Mantel Mirrors—all guaranteed to give satisfaction. We sell for cash only, and therefore have no losses. Our prices are lower than any other first-class house in the city. Favor us with a call.

DOMINION FURNITURE CO., 120 King st. East, Hamilton.

N. B.—All goods packed free of charge.

DICK'S SWEETHEART.

By the Author of "MILDRED TREVANION," "LORD BERRESFORD," "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN," ETC.

There is no answer—only the soft arms cling to her and the pretty rings of hair stir uneasily upon her breast.

"How did you know it was Dick?" comes in a little whisper to her presently.

"Have I no eyes in my head? And yet— No; I know nothing until five minutes ago; your manner told me. Well, I am content to take second place—at least, I am second—is it not?"

"No," says Dolores firmly, throwing back her head and looking earnestly at her aunt, "not that! These two loves I hold now within my heart are so different, yet both so great, that I could not make one second to the other. He is first in his, your are first in yours; you shall never be second, my own Lallie!"

"Fond little heart!" says Miss Maturin, pressing the sunny head down once again upon her breast. She is, after all, happier when the child's innocent eyes are not looking at hers. "And so you love him well?" she says.

"And he loves me. Is it not all quite wonderful?" She passes over her aunt's question as though it requires no answer—which in truth it does not. "He wanted to tell his mother about it all; but I said only know of it just yet; time to—"

"Go before me, darling," says Miss Maturin, in a low voice.

CHAPTER X.

The village choir has mercifully ceased from troubling the congregation for the time being. The ancient and much dilapidated organ has sunk into a fitful slumber, out of which it wakens every now and then to give way to a dismal scream, as one after another the windy gobs die out of the wheezy pipes. These irreverent screams, coming as uncertain periods, have a distinctly demoralizing effect upon the more youthful members of the choir, and reduce the school-children sitting demurely upon the forms below to such a low state of morality that it requires only one shriek more to bring their suppressed mirth to a head and cause a dangerous outbreak. Upon this my hour of need," she whispers feverishly, bringing her palms together. "Yet it is for her I pray—for her, not for myself. Spare her! Let me be forgotten; but have her ever in merciful remembrance! Let me suffer; but save her!"

She raises one hand to her head in a distracted fashion. The agony of her mind is reflected upon her face, which is white and drawn.

"If he must be told—if all is to be opened up afresh—what am I to say—to do? And she—ignorant, unknowing, it will kill her! Alas, alas—my lamb—my innocent one!" A sob checks her. "Why need he ever know?" she murmurs, her pale lips growing still more pallid. "Why not conceal it to the end, and trust to chance to befriend her? Who is there here to betray us? And yet if at any time fate should throw in her path one who knew! But they are so few who know. And, once his wife, she would be safe, even should the truth come out. But as to her mind? Knowledge of that sort coming too late would destroy her—would break her loyal heart. No; she could not endure the shame to him! Oh"—stretching out her arms to the darkening heavens—"how difficult is life! With what torn and bleeding feet the pure must tread the world! How can I help her—how?"

Her head sinks upon her breast, and for a little time she remains lost in thought; then she sighs wearily and sinks, as though overcome with bitter conclusions, into a lounging-chair.

"The truth—the truth is best!" she murmurs brokenly. "He shall know the worst before he weds her. For her sake I will run no risks. There shall be no after-discovery. To him I shall confide all; but she shall never know; I will not have her sweet life darkened! But, when he hears her story, how will it be with him? Will his love be strong enough to bear the strain? If so, all will be well; if not—" Her voice sinks, and a shadow coming from the gathering night falls athwart the room. "If it must be, so be it!" she says at last faintly. "For her sake I shall bring myself even to the betrayal of my dead. After all"—wearily—"old griefs are never buried; they come to us again and again when we believe ourselves free from them for ever. And yet I should have expected this. With her angel-face some day it should be. Well, I shall speak when the right time comes; but not yet—not yet!"

A clear voice rings through the hall; the refrain of a gay little French song echoes through the air; the door is suddenly thrown open.

"Lallie—lazy Lallie! Here still?" cries a singing voice. "Come—come this instant and get yourself ready for dinner! I shall be your maid-to-night. A fig for Elizabeth and her old-maidish ways! I alone have the power to make you as lovely as nature intended you should be. Come—unless you want cook to cast maledictions upon your head!"

"Go before me, darling," says Miss Maturin, in a low voice.

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the elder members of the congregation however the result of these screams is simply depression.

The hot sun is rushing through the stained windows and casting bright patches of colour here and there—upon poor Quakerish bonnets that would scorn such finery if supplied by earth, but must needs bear it when sent from heaven direct—upon poor bald heads and heads most daintily tressed—upon the rich and poor, the sinner and the saint alike; upon Dolores, sitting with clasped hands and a rapt angelic face, it casts a brilliant crimson flush that lights up her lovely eyes to greater beauty, and throws rich stains upon her white gown, and is put to shame only by her soft parted lips.

Sing, song, sing, song, goes the cantor; his voice alone can be heard; the words of the second lesson are nowhere.

Lady Bouverie, in the square pew, is sitting therein in a scrupulously upright manner, with an expression upon her cold face that she fondly believes to be pious, but which is only disagreeable. She is holding a Bible straight before her, and is gazing at it with a severity as forbidding as her[illegible] meant to im[illegible]

mond, being fat, forty, and unwieldly, is sighing heavily and inwardly anathematising the scorching sun. Miss Maturin, in an exquisite toilette, is reading her Bible diligently. Mr. Vyner, in his own pew, somewhat distant from the rest, is apparently sound asleep.

More and more sleepy grow the people, the sun more vigorous; the whole church seems flushed with its yellow light. Naught can now be heard but the response of the clerk as he helps the curate through the Commandments. Through all the heat and sunlight and general languor his voice comes lazily.

And now comes the sermon. It may be to a good one—it may be quite the other thing—who shall say? Nobody hears it. Nobody wants to hear it, which is very satisfactory, as they could not, even if they would. The extreme heat has reduced most of those present to a state bordering upon insensibility. Even Dolores, with a swift inward sense of remorse, raises her delicately-gloved hand to her lips to suppress [illegible] Two only of the [illegible]

[illegible] her body. But [illegible] little heiress can boast; the Maturins being second to none in family, and counting as many generations as most.

That Dolores, pretty fly, should have so readily fallen into her web, or her arrangements, and that Dick should have followed suit, seems to his mother an unprecedented stroke of good luck. Nothing can exceed her amiability just at this time, or her excessive affability; she seems indeed to have cultivated a serene and placid temper to which most assuredly she was not born. She lavishes upon Dolores—who is a little bewildered by them—all the attentions and caresses of which she is capable. The attentions are simple, the caresses works of art.

Dolores' fortune, she has assured herself, is by many thousands greater than that of any other marriageable young lady in the county. Dick—she admits, even to herself, is all that can be desired in manner and appearance. Her style is perfect, her taste unimpeachable. As a daughter-in-law, it will be quite possible to be absolutely proud of her. The girl's little, dainty, haughtily-set head can be seen by her as she turns her glance to the right and looks at her from over the high oaken walls of the Bouverie pew that board her in on every side, and seem to add to her pomp by separating her so entirely from her fellow-creatures.

To-day the world is a week older than when Dolores and her lover stood by the rushing river and grew glad because of the fire of love that glowed within their eyes and burned so warmly in their hearts.

There had been a little change in Dick since that day, a change his mother had not been slow to mark—the glad abstraction in his face, his many reveries, the happy expectancy that betrayed itself each morning in his manner and spoke of the blessed certainty that soon he would be face to face with "her," the restlessness that grew upon him with the evening, when hope of seeing her failed him, until long dull hours should have passed away.

"The god of love, ah, benedicite,
How mighty and how great a lord is he!"

One would be dense indeed not to know when Dick Bouverie was in love!

Warmer and warmer grows the day, drowsy and drowsier grows the congregation. Audrey Ponsonby, with a little imperious gesture, bids Sir Chickey Chaucer open the window nearest her an inch or two more. It is all it will open, and no good comes to her from it, as winds are asleep to-day and breezes dead.

"You should bring a fan with you," whispers her father to her absently, yet in a tone of loving concern—"a fan—eh?"

He is an elderly man, worn, white, with the orthodox stoop of a book-worm. His likeness to his sister Lady Bouverie is very striking; but an observer studying both would have said she ought to be the man, he the woman. In fact, "dad" is as mild and gentle and simple at heart as she is quite the reverse.

"I must remember it," says Audrey, in a little soft whisper, turning upon him a smile that lights up all her supercilious face and softens it into great beauty. The fact that she possesses but one fan on earth, and that one fit only for evening use, she carefully hides from him. Where is he to find money for such frivolities as fans, when books, the food of his soul, are debarred him because of the emptiness of his purse?

In the pew opposite to Audrey's Mrs. Wemyss is leaning back gazing upon space. That Bruno Bouverie is gazing upon her is a fact of which she appears utterly unaware. Yet is she? There is something just a trifle too innocent about the droop of her pretty mouth.

The Vicar's wife, Mrs. Dovedale, is sitting open-eyed, leaning a little forward, as though engrossed with the lesson, of which not one word is intelligible to her. Her friend Mrs. Drum-

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[illegible] Every one crowds into the porch outside with an alacrity that betrays their joyfulness at their escape. "I do hope you will all brave the heat, and come and rouse me up this afternoon, or I shall be bored to death. Sunday afternoons are always so oppressive."

She smiles—nay, beams on every one; she returns Bruno's warm hand-clasp with a pressure that leaves nothing to be desired. She is perfectly delightful even to Lady Bouverie, who is not quite as fond of her as she might be.

Yes; most of those she addresses will be charmed to drop into her during the afternoon. It is her usual day of reception, and is generally well attended. Even Mrs. Drummond, who goes in for the heavier type of religion, and always calls Sunday "The Sabbath" in big letters, and makes that holiest of days a perfect torment and a cause of lifelong regret to her household, so far overcomes her prejudices as to go to Mrs. Wemyss's every Sunday between the services. But then Mrs. Wemyss is an "honourable," and that, according to Mrs. Drummond's lights, makes such a difference!

Mrs. Dovedale too is always to be seen here on Sunday afternoons, with her little curious smile, that means nothing or a great deal.

"So quite too good of you all to come!" says Mrs. Wemyss, rising from her garden-chair about two hours later, to greet Mrs. Drummond, and comprehending in her speech those who have already come. She alters her style to suit her guests at times, and therefore occasionally makes rather funny little speeches; but whatever she may choose to say at the moment always becomes her. She glances in a quick flickering fashion at Bruno Bouverie as she greets Mrs. Drummond, and there is something about the expression of her eyes suggestive of the idea that she could laugh were she to find herself sudden[illegible] alone. "An hour ago," she goes on, smiling, and clicking her huge black fan with as good a grace as any Spanish señora, "I feared no one would have the charity to break in upon my monotony, and then I felt suicidal."

At this Mrs. Drummond regards it as her direct duty to enter a faint protest.

"But you had your books surely," she says, with a meandering smile—"your good books—your De Quincy that I lend you, your Hall, your A'Beckett?"

"I had," responds Mrs. Wemyss promptly. "I had them all in a row. I tried them every one in turn; and that, I am convinced, is why I felt so specially murderous this afternoon! Ah, Miss Maturin, this is a pleasure! And you too, dear Dolores! And"—with a little mischievous smile—"of course you, Mr. Bouverie!" Her manner is altogether different now, and full of a tender gladness as she greets these last-comers.

"It takes but a simple intellect to see how it is with Dick," says Bruno presently, when his hostess is once more seated in her garden-chair—they are all out of doors—and he is, as usual, lounging at her feet.

"Why, yes! He seems in excellent health," replies she indifferently.

"I'm not talking about his health," says Bruno, somewhat indignant. "What I mean is that he is quite gone in that quarter."

He nods lightly to where Dolores is standing, the centre of a small group.

"Gone?" repeats Mrs. Wemyss innocently. "Dear me, no—he isn't over there at all! He is standing quite close to Audrey, on this side. See?"

"How you amuse yourself!" says Bruno, with a slight shrug and an amused glance. "What I want you to hear me say, then, is that Dick is in love."

"Ah!" exclaims Mrs. Wemyss, raising her brows. "You should break your news more gently. In love? With whom?"

"Miss Lorne, if you will have me say it. And she, it seems to me, is quite as *empressee* about him. There is nothing to choose between them; she is quite as much in it as he is. Don't you think they will make a charming pair?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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	16	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.

By order, JOHN DEWAR, Clerk of the Peace.

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J. BUTTERFIELD, AGENT.
Milton, Nov. 18, 1886.

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W. C. ADAIR,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

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