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.

VOLUME 27. MILTON, THURSDAY MAY 31, 1888. NO. 50.

Travellers' Guide.

THERN & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY
GOING NORTH — GOING SOUTH
P.M. 5.05 P. M. — 10.00 A.M. 8.08 P. M.

CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY
GOING EAST
7.22 a. m., 10.25 a. m. 7.42 p. m.
GOING WEST
9.07 a. m. 3.21 p. m. 5.35 p. m.

The Canadian Champion.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
Thursday Morning
—AT—
TON, CO. OF HALTON, ONT.

PBELL & PANTON, Props.

Office—On Main Street, one door east of the
[illegible] year in advance or within one
[illegible] if not so paid
[illegible] of advertising.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]	$75 00
[illegible] months	45 00
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1 year	25 00
6 months	15 00
[illegible]	25 00
1 year	15 00
6 months	10 00
[illegible]	15 00
1 year	10 00

Ten lines or less $5.00 per
[illegible] to be reckoned by the space
[illegible] a scale of Solid Nonpareil.
[illegible] special instructions in-
[illegible] accordingly.
[illegible] advertisements must be
[illegible] publishers will not be
[illegible] subject of which is to
[illegible] of any individual,
[illegible] will be considered an
[illegible] accordingly.
[illegible] admitted among the
[illegible] cents for first insertion,
[illegible] insertion.
[illegible] births and marriages, 25
[illegible] ten cents per line,
[illegible] travel, stolen, and wants,
[illegible] cent for first insertion,
[illegible] insertion.
[illegible] order in every case to
[illegible] will be stopped until
[illegible] at the option of the
[illegible] to discontinue is
[illegible] HEARD FROM.—Recent
[illegible] extensions have
[illegible] developed exceptionally
[illegible] mineral, stock and
[illegible] Send full particulars, free
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[illegible] country, Minnesota is
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[illegible] farm and dairy state in the
[illegible] Climate, convenient to
[illegible] Apply for information, free, address
[illegible] Paul, Minn.
[illegible] BUSINESS CENTERS.—The build-
[illegible] in a new and fertile
[illegible] new towns,
[illegible] extended business oppor-
[illegible] Pacific will be sent on
[illegible] H. WARNER, Gen. Pass. Agt.,
[illegible] North Dakota never
[illegible] had better crops than
[illegible] opportunities
[illegible] recently surveyed,
[illegible] and adjacent to railroad,
[illegible] free, upon application to
[illegible] Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.
[illegible] OF LANDS is an unknown
[illegible] in Central and
[illegible] Northern Dakota and Min-
[illegible] Maps and full per-
[illegible] free, upon application to
[illegible] Gen. Pass. Agt., St.
[illegible] ANOTHER, or on
[illegible] Why continue work-
[illegible] on your farm? Why try
[illegible] living from such high-
[illegible] farms? Why work on
[illegible] for yourself? Why
[illegible] the low-priced but very
[illegible] adjacent railroads
[illegible] going to Northern
[illegible] you can make larger
[illegible] the high priced of warm-
[illegible] Why not go and look
[illegible] for yourself, or obtain
[illegible] will be sent free, if
[illegible] Gen. Pass. Agt.,
[illegible] are you mortgaged, paying
[illegible] rents, or running be-
[illegible] Can you move to new
[illegible] Excellent lands,
[illegible] in value several fold in
[illegible] opportunities existing.
[illegible] application to C. H.
[illegible] St. Paul, Minn.
[illegible] chances exist in thousands of
[illegible] are surprised by the
[illegible] of invention. Those who
[illegible] of profitable work that
[illegible] at home should at once
[illegible] Hallett & Co., Portland,
[illegible] information how (either
[illegible] from $5 to $25 per day and
[illegible] Very few have
[illegible] made over $50 in
[illegible] All succeed.
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[illegible] this and then act; they will
[illegible] honorable employment
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[illegible] families. The profits are large and
[illegible] every industrious person, many have made
[illegible] several hundred dollars a
[illegible] no one to make $5 and up-
[illegible] who is willing to work. Either sex,
[illegible] capital not necessary; we start you.
[illegible] Several ability required; you
[illegible] as well as any one. Write to us
[illegible] which we mail free. Address
[illegible] Portland, Maine.
[illegible] Invention has revolutionized the
[illegible] world during the last
[illegible] half century. Not least
[illegible] among the wonders of
[illegible] is a method and system of work
[illegible] which may be followed all over the country without
[illegible] leaving home, from their homes. Pay
[illegible] to commence the work; either sex, young
[illegible] ability required. Capital not
[illegible] needed; we furnish you everything
[illegible] free. Cut this out and
[illegible] we will send you free, something of
[illegible] importance to you, that will start
[illegible] you in business which will bring you in more money
[illegible] than anything else in the world. Grand
[illegible] Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.
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[illegible] Guaranteed salary
[illegible] EXPENSES PAID. Any de-
[illegible] succeed with us. Peculiar ad-
[illegible] Stock complete, including
[illegible] specialties. Outfit free.
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HAMILTON, ONT.
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THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4 Bulfinch St. 44

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MAIN ST., MILTON,
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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.

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. Fauton.	27	29	25	13	28	30	10 a.m.
2	Oakville	R. Palmer	11	7	9	11	12	7	10 a.m.
3	Georgetown	L. Grant	17	13	15	4	18	13	9.30a.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	Jas. Robinson	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 am

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, T. G. MATHESON, Clerk of the Peace.

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For $47.50 a first-class round trip ticket, good for 90 days, with stop-over privileges, can be obtained from St. Paul to Great Falls, Montana, the coming manufacturing centre of the northwest. Only $56.00 to Helena and return. Similar reductions are made from points east and south. Rates correspondingly as low will be named to points in Minnesota and Dakota, or upon Puget Sound and the Pacific Coast. For further particulars address C. H. WARNER, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.
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Fire Insurance Co.
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AUTHORIZED GENERAL AGENT FOR SAID COMPANY.
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THOS. HOLTBY, Pres. L. CHEYNE, Sec

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Yours truly,
JNO. S. GEORGE,
Baker and Confectioner.

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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.

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CURES Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, and all Impurities of the Blood from whatever cause arising.
THE GREAT SPRING MEDICINE
Price 75c (with Pills $1.)
TRY
DR. HODDER'S
Little Liver Pills,
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NO GRIPING. NO NAUSEA.
Sold everywhere; price 25 cents.
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Call and examine my New Stock.
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All kinds of JOB WORK promptly attended to.
A first-class Horse-Shoer will always be engaged.
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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
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FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,
A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a Trial, and it will cure you. Address
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DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, DOORS WINDOW FRAMES, BALUSTRS and NEWELLS, also all kinds of SCROLL SAWING.
Planing and Matching done to Order,
LUMBER, FLOORING, LATH AND SHINGLES,
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Ice Cream in Season.

Now is the Time for the People of Milton to get Bargains!
IMMENSE STOCK OF PARLOR SUITS
Covered in Figured and Crushed Plush, Silk, Peps. and Bracatells.
CALL AND SEE THEM.
Also a very fine line of Walnut, Ash and Antique Oak Bedroom Suits. We charge nothing to see them. Also a large selection of Sideboards, Centre and Extension Tables, Cane and Perforated Chairs. A splendid line of Ladies' Sewing Baskets, Rattan and Reed Rocking Chairs, and Mantle Mirrors. All guaranteed to give entile satisfaction. Remember we do the leading trade of the city. We sell for cash ONLY, and therefore have no losses. Our prices are lower than any other first-class house in the city. Our show-rooms are two blocks from the N. & N. W. R station, light by the electric light, and open till 8 p. m. Favor us with a call.
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N. B.—All goods packed free of charge.

DICK'S SWEETHEART.

By the Author of "MILDRED TREVANION," "LOVE, LORD BERESFORD," "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY DAWN," ETC.

"That is a good thing for you to know," returns she coldly. "Perhaps, if you came to the same knowledge about many other women of your acquaintance, you would find yourself on a safer level than you are at present. You think Miss Drummond——"

"I don't think that; I'm sure of it. When she had for the third time done me the honour to ask me to be her partner, I felt I must run for it. And then I thought I'd come down here and ask you what she meant."

"Even if she did make up her mind to marry you," said Miss Ponsonby, surveying him with leisurely contempt, "she would be miles too good for you."

"That's just what I thought," smiles he equably—"so I flew. 'Never,' said I to myself, 'shall I be the cause of bringing down misery upon the head of this admirable girl. Were I to be the means of rendering her unhappy, I should never forgive myself. No; even though the determination cost me my life, I will be generous in this matter; I will not marry her!' And then, as you know, I arrived here in a state of mind bordering upon coma. You remember I couldn't give you so much as a decent answer to a most simple question. You recollect that? I say, Audrey, couldn't we find some supper somewhere? I'm right down hungry; self-denial of the sort I have just described and suppressed affection and all that are very exhausting, and—or—very appetizing."

"Certainly not," said Miss Ponsonby, with stern decision. "If you want supper, go back to Mrs. Drummond.

"Not if I were starving! Do you think I'd risk Georgina's blandishments again? Don't be brutal, Miss Ponsonby. 'Tis ill fighting with a hungry man. what had you for dinner?"

"Roast beef," confesses she reluctantly.

"Cold roast beef," says he meditatively, "Worcester sauce, fresh bread-and-butter. It might be worse—far worse! Come along"—jovially tucking his arm *bon-camarade* fashion into hers—"and we'll make a night of it!"

"Come—where?" demands she, making an ineffectual effort to unluck herself. Evidently "dad's" old boy is not to be lightly got rid of.

"Into the pantry, of course," returns he, unabashed.

"You have made a mistake," says Miss Ponsonby, stubbornly resolved not to yield an inch. "Into the pantry I don't go. Go back to the Drummonds!"

"I have told you already why I can't. Would you thrust me into the arms of Georgina? Is this your vaunted affection for me?"

"Affection for you!" exclaims she, regarding him with withering scorn.

"You would deliberately fling me into the prepared pitfall. Was it for this you kept Chaucer at home? I dare say you knew, if he had been there, my danger would not only have been lessened, but have been *nil!* A baronet is doaer to their souls than a commoner could ever be. A title counts. Your studied cruelty is more than I can bear. Would you have me marry Georgina?"

"I don't care whom you marry," exclaims she, with a passionate stamp of her little foot—"only go away."

"I can't," says Mr. Vyner, sinking into a chair—"I'm too far gone. The walk home would be too much for me. Do you think 'dad,' if he knew it, would send me hungry from his door?"

At this she struggles wildly with a rising force within her, and at last they both burst out laughing. It does her good. When the small paroxysm is over, she sighs heavily, and looks at him.

"By-the-bye where is 'dad'" asks he.

"In bed—two hours ago."

"Sleeping the sleep of the just, no doubt; if not, no one ever did it. And Sir Chicksy?"

"In bed too, I trust."

"So do I. For once we are agreed. And an excellent place it is for him. I hope his dreams are rose-coloured. I'm so fond of Chancer that I'd always have him in bed, if I couldn't have him in heaven. Servants in bed also?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean to say"—with a quick glance at her pale profile—"that you have been keeping a lonely vigil here for nearly three hours?"

"I didn't find it lonely. Do you think"—with an angry contraction of her brows—"that I am a child or a fool to be terrified by the mere fact of being alone?"

"Ah, true! I forgot that mind of yours—the amazing strength of it! But even that, I suppose cannot keep you from feeling the pangs of hunger at times? Do say you could eat something now, if only to please me!"

In truth the girl is looking very wan and tired and disheartened, in spite of her efforts at control.

"If I am not, you are," she says evasively. "Come to the pantry then, since you won't go back to Mrs. Drummond. As you say"—wistfully—"I suppose 'dad' would not like you to leave his house hungry."

"I expect 'dad' is my saving clause. You have no bowels of mercy. Never mind; I forgive you. By-the-way, why did't Sir Chicksy turn up at the Drummonds' to-night?"

"Because I declined to go."

"Well done himself! Now who says men are deceivers ever—constant to one love never?? William Shakespeare, I despise you! Your supposed knowledge of human nature is a big swindle! But stay—I forget! He never knew our Chicksy—that perhaps accounts for it. I say, Audrey, you've got a new lock to the pantry since I was here! The last one—at least, the one I knew—used to wobble—so! Remember? By-the-bye, I'm not a bit surprised, you know, that Sir Chicksy is so head over ears in love with you!"

"No? Neither am I," says Miss Ponsonby indifferently.

"Good girl," murmurs Mr. Vyner.

Whereupon Audrey, stirred by some secret emotion, breaks into a low gay laugh—a laugh very different from the mirth of a moment since, which indeed had been half vexatious. She is one of those people whose laughter is infrequent, and therefore her mirth, when heard, is more infectious than that of most.

"Dear me!" exclaims Mr. Vyner, with concern, gazing at her with exaggerated amazement. "Are you ill? has anything hurt you?"

"No; still my laughter has done me good; it has opened my heart. To prove it, I will confess that, if you unfasten the door of the safe over there, you will find not only the beef I spoke of, but a chicken."

"Ye gods," cries Mr. Vyner, "why don't ye come down from Olympus?" He opens the door of the safe. "And a very nice plump chicken too!" he remarks admiringly. "After all, I'm rather glad the gods have not responded to my call. It will be just enough for you and me."

Miss Ponsonby, with the most astonishing rapidity, has covered the small table near her with a white cloth. Not the very faintest suspicion of *mauvaise honte* is discernible in her movements—not even the knowledge that at Mr. Vyner's own home servants in livery perform for him all such services as these has the power to render her awkward or self-conscious. Anthony Vyner was for too many years one of "the boys"—though during his time she was but a tall slender impetuous child, only half conscious of the existence of anything save fruits and flowers—ever to be considered a stranger to her, no matter how antagonistic she may feel towards him now that the waves of time have rolled a little farther on.

Just at this moment he is on his knees before a small cupboard, searching it diligently for something that evidently is not there. To even an unobservant looker-on it might suggest itself that it is not the first time he and she have supped together in this pantry.

"You won't find them there," says Audrey at last, becoming aware, after a prolonged patting of her cloth to take out certain creases, that her guest is still sprawling on the floor in his evening-clothes and with his head lost in the dim recesses of the cupboard. "We always keep the forks and spoons in the big press now."

"Do you?" says Vyner, scrambling to his feet once more. "So much the better; an affair like this, with its lower shelves almost on the ground, is very trying, and, besides, it is such a rickety old thing!"

"It is not a bit more rickety now than it was—then," declares Miss Ponsonby, in an offended tone; yet there is just now a little softness about her anger that would have been foreign to her in more orthodox moments.

"Not a bit—not a bit!" acquiesces he cheerfully. "As you say, I defy it to be more unstable now than it was then—then!" repeats he, with a sigh—is it a real sigh or only part of his usual idle careless manner, which is never more than half earnest? "What a very dear little girl you were," he says, "in that pleasant far-off 'then'!"

"There is one thing I would say to you," says Miss Ponsonby, standing very still and very upright on the other side of the table, with a salt-cellar in one hand and a mustard-pot in the other, "and I would have you remember it for all your days; it is this—I object to compliments in every shape and form, whether they refer to my past, my present, or my future. You will be so good as never to forget that."

"I shall be so good," promises Mr. Vyner, amicably, who, for his part, is armed with a loaf of bread, a carving-knife, and a decanter; "I promise you most faithfully never to forget!"

There is a slight depth in his tone that causes her to glance at him suspiciously. Just then, as it happens, he too is looking at her; her brows contract.

"No, really," he says gaily, "there is no occasion for distrust; I mean it. I sha'n't forget, ever. That is obeying you, is it not? And fortunately my memory is excellent. Why, it seems to me now only as yesterday since I, an overgrown lad, used to carry you for miles through heather and stubble, and think myself richly rewarded at the last if you—what a little tyrant you were!—would give me a kiss for my reward!"

"Ah!" says the girl. She lays her hand upon the back of a chair and gazes at him with a pale face and with an expression of concentrated wrath within her eyes.

"Well, what if you did kiss me then?" persists he, with a little laugh, raising his brows. "You were but a wilful child of nine, and you don't kiss me now, worse luck"—laughing again—"so why look at me like that? But come to supper, I entreat you, with what appetite we may. By-the-bye, how is it with you?"

"I feel as if I hadn't eaten anything for a week," confesses Audrey—with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she finds herself smiling back at him. "After all, what is to be gained by encouraging disdain, or nursing one's wrath for a creature so indifferent to one's love or hatred? And, besides, what comes of one's joys and griefs? An end once attained, how poor it appears! All life's big designs are so many glittering myths only put forward to tempt one to a betrayal of one's sad weaknesses, to show up the very poverty of one's so-called strength. She will forget for a little hour all her poverty, her secret sorrow that is scarce acknowledged even to her own heart, that little dread about "dad's" health—everything, and take the good the moment gives. "Just imagine—if Mrs. Drummond were to see you now," she says, with a bright eager light upon her beautiful face which is very seldom seen there, "despising her ball, her guests, her——"

"Daughter, the fair Georgina—and all for you! There would lie the sting. I'm sorry only for one thing," says Mr. Vyner thoughtfully—"and I must say it was amiss of me; why on earth didn't I think of secreting a bottle of her champagne about my portly person before quitting her ancestral bowers?"

A little shade falls on Audrey.

"Ah!" she says. "You see you should have staid there; you would have had a so much better supper." A vivid fixed crimson springs into her cheeks, an expression that may be termed shy creeps into her downcast face. It is not so easy, in spite of strong resolution, to forget that terrible bugbear, the want of money.

"You don't often make silly speeches," remarks Mr. Vyner calmly, after a long minute's silence spent in contemplation of the wonderfully new and pretty diffidence upon the face opposite; "but just now you have managed it. Let me assure you that the supper is not known upon earth that would tempt me from the one now before me."

She makes him no answer; and again he loses himself in a lengthened study of her expression. To make an analytical examination of every character that might come beneath his notice has been his almost unconscious habit for many years. And what a programme she has presented him with to-night, what a hurried list of most of the deeper emotions—dignity, gaiety, reproach, anger! And, after all, this strange sweet embarrassment that has fallen upon her, this most childish of all the emotions, this girlish shyness, this last phase of her varied humours has suited her best. How pretty she looks! How beautifully white are her hands! How——Pshaw!

"To return to our first thought," he says lightly. "You were wondering what Mrs. Drummond would say if she could now look in upon me. I turn the tables upon you, madam. I ask you how would it be were Sir Chicksy at this awful juncture to look in upon you?"

"Well, what if he did?"—coldly.

"I should be afraid to think. Would he—you know him well!—would he murder me? Fancy an apparition of Sir Chicksy standing in yonder doorway armed with a claymore—he is a Scotch Baronet, is he not?—and with a dangling nightcap upon his sunny head! By-the-bye, he wears a nightcap, doesn't he?" He pauses, and gazes at her as if for information.

"What!" cries Miss Ponsonby, considerably taken aback by his rather suggestive question; then—"I'm sure I don't know!" she says indignantly.

"Then, as none of us know, I'm absolutely positive he does!" declares Mr. Vyner, unmoved. "A high one, generously tasselled! I believe it would be a tassel that would bob over his aristocratic nose—a most confounding tassel of abnormal stoutness and unparalleled length! I feel I should go down before it—I should go——"

"Go home?" suggests Miss Ponsonby.

"Oh, not yet! Do not make your gentle hint more apparent; I have not yet half finished this paragon among chickens. Now tell me why you would not go to Mrs. Drummond's to-night."

"First, because she did not choose to ask me until she found the Duchess was in my favour. But the joke of this part in my story lies in the fact that she might quite as well have given me my invitation at the proper moment, as I should undoubtedly at any time have refused it."

"But why—why?"—a little impatiently.

"'Because I could not so
By dress
As I wore going to a feast,'"

replies she, with a faint flush. "I might perhaps have got the money to buy a new gown, if I had asked dad for it, at the expense of his denying himself half a dozen of the little trival things that go to make his life sweet. He would give me every penny he possesses; he would probably sell some of his dearest possessions—his books—to get me a few yards of muslin in which to pretend to enjoy myself for an hour or two. But do you think I should enjoy those two hours, knowing how they were procured? What a purgatory they would be!"

"They would indeed," says Vyner softly. He does her full justice in this matter at least. He understands perfectly the loyalty of the affection that could find no happiness in a pleasure secured at the expense of one beloved.

"The boys are bother enough to him," she goes on regretfully. "Why should I add to his worries? At this affair at the Duchess's it will be differant, as she has insisted upon giving all the dresses, and we are to wear our stage-costumes during the evening. But you now see"—with a wavering smile—"that I could not have gone to-night, though my very heart had been set upon it."

There is silence for a full minute; then Mr. Vyner, pushing back his chair with a rather ungovernable haste, rises to his feet.

"The scales of this world are too uneven," he says, in a low voice. "One has everything that he wants, and then wants everything! And—and there are those who would alter this injustice—yet dare not!"

He raises his eyes to hers with an effort.

"No, they dare not," returns she very distinctly.

"It seems past belief hard that, when you have so few enjoyments, you should be denied even one."

"This one would not have been an enjoyment. Console yourself with that thought. Even you"—with an expressive gesture and a smiling glance at the impromptu supper-table—"did not find it so."

"But any break in upon your monotony should count."

"Tut!" says she, shrugging her shoulders with the vehement half-foreign gesture she has inherited from her mother. "Monotony is a thing for which we must all prepare ourselves.

"'We dance like fairies in a ring, and
Our whole life is but a nauseous tautology.'

And now good-night." She holds out her hand to him.

"Come with me at least as far as the door," entreats he.

Throwing wide the door when they come to it, they let in a flood of moonlight that brightens up the sombre hall and lies in a silver pathway across the gravel. The stars have come out even more brilliantly in the clear sky, and a soft wind plays upon Audrey's cheeks as she steps into the pale porch hung with sleeping roses, whose perfume makes sweet the passing hour. A few thin luminous clouds crossing the horizon darken it momentarily, otherwise the tranquil expanse of heaven is undisturbed.

"I suppose I shall see you to-morrow at the Castle about those rehearsals?" says Vyner, holding her hand.

"Who shall say?" returns she, stepping back from him and releasing her fingers.

"'To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow—
It is a period nowhere to be found,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.'"

She moves away from him, the moonlight following and catching amorously at the trailing folds of her soft gown. At the door, almost as she is lost in the enfolding darkness of the house beyond, she looks back at him and waves her hand. One ray from Diana's throne, more venturous than the rest, falls into her liquid eyes as they turn slowly to where he still is standing on the gravel. Are there tears in them? Again she makes him that mute adieu, and then is gone.

CHAPTER XV.

"Ah! You, Dick?" says Dolores, with a little fond flush and a gesture of glad surprise. She has stepped through the armoury door that opens upon the western end of the garden, to find herself almost in her lover's arms.

The sun, shining generously upon all things, is dancing attendance in quite a pointed fashion upon the soft cream-coloured folds of the Indian silk in which she has encased her dainty body, and is revelling in her sunny locks and in the happy innocent eyes so like forget-me-nots. Lace ruffles of an olden dry come barely to her elbow; but long Suede gloves of a pale colour lie in pretty wrinkles upon her rounded arms. Of a hat she is guiltless, disdaining it in this glorious weather; but her lovely face looks up at him from under a cream-tinted umbrella that seems as an aureole round a face so pure, so calm, so sweet, as to be almost saintlike.

"Oh, love," says Douveric to himself, as he gazes mutely at her exceeding beauty, "what am I that I should have gained not only your pure face, but your heart that is even still more pure?" But what Dick really does say to Dolores has nothing whatever to do with the adoration for her of which his soul is full.

"You, Dick?" says she, in her glad surprise.

"You have guessed aright," returns he gaily, taking and holding the little hand she extends so readily. "But why this blush, Miss Lorne, and why this suspicious confusion, and why this very fetching array? If I am in the way, if I am to come under the head of 'trumpery,' say so, and, whilst there is yet time, let me depart with my broken heart."

"I think I see you going—even then," says Miss Lorne, making him a contemptuous little *moue*. "But my gown—do you really like it? I—I—fancied you might come up this afternoon; and Lalla"—a little shyly—"says I look so nice in it that I thought I'd show it to you. But I did'nt dream you would be here so early."

"You should have dreamt it then; you should never dream of anything but me!"

"Perhaps I did not dream at all."

"A paltry way of getting out of it! Be it known to you, madam, that, according to some great thinkers, the brain is never idle; and so, in your sleeping moments, dreams of something or some one must have entered into it!"

"But I wasn't asleep," says Dolores, drawing up her brows. "Now where does your argument go to—eh? Bah! What a goose you are!" All this she says with the most open and flagrant want of respect, and, having said it, slips her hand into his, and rubs her soft cheek up and down in kittenish fashion against his sleeve. "What a sweet day it is," she says, in a little sighing whisper, "and how happy I am!"

A passionate tenderness floods the young man's face.

"Really—really?" he whispered back to her. "Then I can make you happy?"

"Dick," says she, with a sudden change of tone—her smile fades, with a little clinging half-frightened gesture she slips her arms round him—"I hope I am not too happy." She sighs. "When people are too happy, what then?" She trembles.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NOTICE.
The Bank of Hamilton will allow 4 per cent. per annum on money deposited since the 1st November last, and the same rate for new deposits.