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MILTON, THURSDAY JUNE 14, 1888. NO. 52.

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

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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.
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Price 75c (with Pills $1.)
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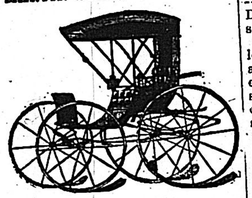

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Call and examine my NEW STOCK.
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PICTURE taken in the very latest style
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GIVE HIM A CALL
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No pains nor expense spared to suit each and every customer who may favor him with their order.
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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.
DOMINION FURNITURE CO.,
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DICK'S SWEETHEART.

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

It is the night set apart for the theatricals at the Castle—perhaps most of the actors therein feel some natural nervousness as the hour of performance draws nigh. But for Dolores the hour has no terror. She, standing before the mirror in which her charming image is depicted, is lost in a happy reverie in which Dick alone has place, and is hopefully wondering whether he will be pleased with her costumes, and if indeed in this present one she will seem good in his sight. In many ways she is still but a child, and the longing to seem fair to her lover is a paramount feeling with her. No part has been assigned her in the play that is to open the proceedings at the Castle; but she is to appear in the *tableaux* later on in some character unknown to all save those who are behind the scenes. Even to her aunt—Miss Maturin—she has been forbidden to reveal the secrets that are to be kept sacred until the night of representation.

It is a very charming reflection that meets her gaze as she glances thoughtfully into the mirror—fair shining eyes and pretty yellow locks and small mouth soft and sensitive, lovely dimpled arms bare to the shoulder, and a throat of marvellous beauty. She seems to rise out of the white lace that enshrouds her like a very dream of rapturous childhood hardly as yet awakened to a knowledge of the world's storm. A string of priceless pearls encircle her neck—her only ornament, save the diamonds that flash upon her little snowy hands. There is a glad expectancy in her glance and in the smile that curves her lips—this smile widening with some happy thought of him who fills her being—her lips part, and suddenly, with a suspicion of coquettish shyness most sweet to see, she covers her face with her hands.

"There is no touch of sun or fallen rain
That ever fell on a more gracious thing."

"Ha, conceited baby! At last I have caught you," says Miss Maturin, entering her room, "standing in an entranced attitude before your glass. And indeed!—with loving admiration—'no wonder! Darling child! That gown suits you so! You look just like a picture."

"Of what? Prosperity?" asks Dolores, with a laugh full of amusement, as she remembers how she will have to enact the other side of the picture very shortly. But that is a secret known only to her and the Duchess and a very select few.

"No, no; as— But I must not make you vainer than you are. By-the-by, we would it not have been better to dress at the Castle, as you must change this gown for the mysterious garments that are to astound me later on?"

"Well, I thought of that; but, you see, as I am not to be in the first part of the entertainment, and as Audrey is acting, I thought I should like to see it. And—and Dick"—with a sweet shy blush—"would be there too, and I thought I should like to look nice when first he meets me."

"Reasons as plenty as blackberries," quotes Miss Maturin gaily; "but the last is the reason—eh? However, that is neither here nor there. "I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, if I were you. Well, it is as pretty a gown as ever I saw! That woman is a jewel! Nothing like getting one's things from a good place, after all! 'A good place—a good price!' cry some. But, tut—nonsense! cry I. What does a penny or two matter more or less, so long as one is pleased? Dearest heart, you are as sweet a thing as ever eye did rest upon!"

"You think he will like me—that is it?" asks Dick's betrothed, with an anxious air and a conspicuous blush, and an elaborate gesture towards her gown.

"If he doesn't he ought to be ashamed of himself! But even the doubt wrongs him." Then she grows silent, and the fond appreciation of the beautiful girl before her dies from her eyes, and she seems lost in a painful reverie. "So long ago it seems," she says; "and yet to-night it is so near. Just in such a gown I have seen her, with those very pearls around her neck! I am thinking of your mother, child—your counterpart—and all the past rises within my heart and fills me with dread."

"With dread, auntie?"

"Ay, child! Has any one lived a lifetime to find no dread in their past? But"—hastily—"half my fears are imaginary, as they always are. Let us forget them."

"I am like my mother, then?" says Dolores, looking at herself once more very earnestly in the long mirror.

"Strangely like! Yet I think I never noticed the resemblance so much before. What is it"—impatiently—"that brings back to me the past to-night with such terrible vividness? I seem to hear and feel and see, as though it were before me, all that should be forgotten! Is it a presentiment of evil?" Then, seeing the girl's rapt inquiring look, she sinks into a chair. "Tut! What a brain I have!" she says, with a light laugh. "Does it ever rest, I wonder? Come, darling; the carriage will be round soon. Come to the library, and have some tea before starting."

on the stage, and is only too good for a private performance.

From first to last she is the one person who claims and holds a hushed and undivided attention. Her beauty alone—undisputed as it is—would not suffice for this; there is a touch of insolence about her face that accords well with the character chosen and raises her far above all her compeers.

Some old play was selected, after all, in which kings and queens and all the mightiest of the earth hold chief parts, and Audrey, in her white-and-gold draperies, which seem to cling to her and make one with her slender exquisite shape, looks like a queen indeed, with a golden crown upon her head and gold chains hanging from her gemmed girdle, and all her beautiful hair let loose to hang far below her waist in a waving shattering mass.

There is a restless fire in her eyes, and a strange pallor on her cheeks. She acts her part—almost indeed creates it—with a *verve*, a passion for which no one there is at all prepared. Some are subdued, some a little shocked, all are fascinated. A more utter transformation than has taken place in her could hardly be conceived. The girl, so haughty and reserved in ordinary life, has for once thrown aside all constraint, and is in turns a fond impassioned woman, a queen stern and offended—a being made meek by love's power, made mad by jealousy. She holds every brain captive while she stands upon the mimic stage.

And now it is all over, and, glad, radiant, she passes away from the plaudits that still follow her, her bare lovely arms filled with flowers.

"To praise is almost an impertinence in this case," says Vyner, going forward to meet her as she enters the green-room; "yet I must speak or die! You were perfection—that rarest of all things. Let me congratulate you."

"Was dad looking at me? Had he a good place? Was he pleased?" asks she hurriedly, ignoring his words as though unheard, and speaking with an intensity of longing that betokens her desire to get affirmations to all her questions. Plainly her whole soul is in them.

"Yes; he could see you. And he was pleased, I know. Once when you were more than usually pathetic, I saw tears in his eyes."

"Dear dad!" says the girl, pressing her flowers to her bosom, and whispering his name very softly.

"I said to my dear old fellow, Vyner; "I used to say it over and over again to him every morning. Such trouble as he took with me! But now I hope"—smiling—"he thinks this last pupil of his has not disgraced him. Did I really get through it well? What did you think of me?"

The excitement of her success, the warmth of the applause is still with her. She has not yet gone back again to the old reserve. There is a distinct touch of coquetry in her beautiful eyes as she half raises them to his and glances at him from under her long lashes.

"For years I have been trying to answer that question satisfactorily to myself without the faintest result," replies Vyner slowly. "And, as for to-night, when one has fallen beneath the spell of an enchantress, where is the time for any serious reflection? Thought was beyond me; I could only sit still and humbly admire."

"Where is Mrs. Wemyss?" calls somebody, rushing frantically through the room. "Seen her anywhere, anyone? She's wanted for the first *tableau*; they are all arranged, only waiting for her."

"She was here with Bouverie a moment ago. Try the little ante-room beyond."

The little ante-room beyond, being tried, yields up its treasure. Mrs. Wemyss, gliding out from it into the more brilliant room outside, in a quaint but seductive costume of crimson-and-gold and literally hung with sequins, asks in the mildest of tones if any one is looking for her, and is instantly captured and carried off by the frantic young man to be posed in the coming *tableau*.

There are only four or five *tableaux* in all, put on as little bits of light and colouring, seen through a gauze mist, to finish off the play—pictures to represent in living form some already seen ever. They are all exquisitely arranged, a celebrated R. A., a friend of her Grace, having taken them in hand, and all are exquisitely portrayed.

As the velvet curtains part, and Dolores, in a gilt frame, stands revealed in all her sad beauty, a thrill of delight runs through the audience. To many of them she is unknown, and to them her sweetness is a revelation.

But through Miss Maturin there runs a shiver of unexpressed agony. She sinks back in her seat, as though she would escape from the vision before her, and at last a few incoherent words are forced from her.

"Oh, no," she murmurs indistinctly—almost unconsciously; "they should not have given her such a part as that—no, not that!"

Her voice, subdued though it is, is heard by a strong effort and neighbour. Glancing at her, he notices how thoroughly unstrung she looks, and what an ashen pallor has overspread her face; and, with a desire for a more minute criticism, he again turns his gaze to the representation before him.

Dolores as "Adversity"! Alas, how the character suits her! It seems as though the feeling of it has sunk into her very soul, so sadly resigned she looks, so replete with gentle melancholy. Leaning against a wall, with her mournful eyes looking straight before her into a possibly happy past now gone for ever, with one soft arm upraised and a pale bunch of flowers in the small clinging fingers, with a divine resignation upon her perfect face, she appears before them all, more sweet, more sorrowful than words can tell.

"It is horrible!" mutters Miss Maturin through her pale lips.

"A mere bit of exceedingly pretty acting, after all," says Vyner cheerfully. "Dear me, how wonderfully well she looks the part! Rather spoils the effect to think how she will be laughing over it in a minute or two—eh?"

He feels a strange tenderness towards the woman beside him as he notes her pain, and tells himself how she cannot endure even in imagination to see her darling so distressed.

"Yes, yes, no doubt!" says Miss Maturin, recovering herself with an effort. "It is only that I cannot bear to see her look like that."

She draws a heavy breath, and turns her head with a smile that is almost tragic to her companion. This change of position brings her glance towards the other side of the room. She raises her eyes—

And then all at once she is unaware of Vyner's vicinity. The very walls of the room seem to fade away from her; the mists of twenty years are pushed aside; there is nothing now in reality but the earnest piercing gaze of two dark eyes.

The owner of them bows to her. Afterwards it seems impossible to her; but in truth she does return the salute. How many years have come and gone since last she and this stranger—who still is not strange—thus gazed at each other, and to what a time his presence carries her back—to what miserable hours, what moments fraught with shame! Once in that terrible past this man had lived in the old village where her home had been, where she and her sister had dwelt.

Great Heaven, how it all comes back! First the happy, quiet, quaint old days, with no disturbing element, with no griefs, if no great joys, in them—days perhaps now the bitterest of all to dwell upon; and then the break-up of the calm household, her flight into Egypt, as it were, and her fond vain hopes that all who know of her or hers then might haply be dead ere her return to England; and lastly the return, and with it now the discovery that, after seventeen long years of silence and growing blessed forgetfulness, one lives who is here smiling at her, remembering as he dares no doubt, and ready to betray.

Oh, the cruelty of it—the bitter cruelty of it—to escape for so long, to be at last undone! Like the lost spirits in the shades, she has been for ever grasping after the waters of oblivion, and, like them, her eager hands have failed to seize them.

And still Dolores stands there a too perfect "Adversity"—a thing most beautiful, but to her—Miss Maturin—positively repellent. How has the girl caught that mournful expression? Is it only acting, or is it real—the faint growth of what will one day rest upon her face for ever? A desire to rise and cry aloud to her, to command her to cast from her this miserable counterfeit of a grief that may yet touch her, almost overcomes Miss Maturin.

She conquers herself however; but, oh, the relief of it when the curtains close and the pretty drooping figure and sad face are hidden away behind it, and she can lean back on her chair and loose herself in a semi-insensibility that yet is not strong enough altogether to kill the terrible thrilling sense of pain that runs all through it!

The other *tableaux* are unseen by her, although her open eyes appear to rest upon them. She is hardly awake to anything going on around her, until two soft hands are laid upon her shoulders, and Dolores, clad once more in her clinging lace gown, stoops over her with a little low happy laugh.

"So far, so good," she says merrily. "Business first, you know, and pleasure afterwards. Business is at an end, and now for the other thing. Well, Lallie, what did you think of your lovely niece to-night?" She laughs again saucily, and pats Miss Maturin's shoulder. "Did I look sufficiently forlorn?" she asks gaily.

"It was horrible!" says Miss Maturin huskily. "You never do it again, child—never! Do you hear?"

"Why, my success then has been a genuine one!" exclaims Dolores, with a bright laugh. "I have positively impressed you."

"Are you really happy, darling," asks Miss Maturin, with curious irrelevance, tightening her hand convulsively upon the girl's fingers—"quite happy? There is nothing—no thought or fear of coming evil—no——"

"Really happy, Lallie," says Dolores, turning her little hand, palm upwards, within Miss Maturin's and giving hers a loving squeeze. "I never felt so sure of being happy as I do to-night. The very sweetest luck will attend me—all good sprites are near me; I feel it—I know it!" She turns a radiant glance upon her aunt, and a laugh of pure youth and enjoyment issues from her lips.

"Ah, Mr. Vyner," she cries, catching sight of him—"you again! When is the dancing to commence?"

"Almost directly. They are giving a few minutes to Lady Gertrude to change her dress; she was in the last *tableau*. How d'ye do, Mrs. Drummond? Charming affair all through, wasn't it?"

"I am not a judge perhaps," says Mrs. Drummond solemnly, who, with her friend and rather doubtful ally Mrs. Dovedale, has drawn close to where he is standing, "but to my eyes the—the exhibition of to-night was extremely painful."

"You—you forget your glasses?" asks Vyner, a little uncertainly perhaps, but with unquestionable politeness and the gentlest regret.

"It was no question of glasses," says Mrs. Drummond, reddening rather furiously. "I can see perfectly, Mr. Vyner, without the aid of art—a fact I never had reason to deplore until to-night."

"You mean to tell me that something occurred sufficiently distressing to make you wish yourself blind?"

"Perhaps that is putting it a little strongly," objects Mrs. Drummond; "but this much I can say, that, when I find myself forced to witness the forward conduct of—of people with whom I am on speaking terms, and of whom I would wish to have a better opinion, I confess it both shocks and grieves me."

"People!" echoes Mr. Vyner anxiously. "How many of them? Have the whole lot of us sunk in your esteem? Must I too consider myself undone? 'Forward,' did you say? Oh, I hope I wasn't 'forward'!"

"When the word 'people' occurred to me, I spoke unadvisedly," corrects Mrs. Drummond, still on the solemn tack; "though it was through a kindly desire to shield one of whom we all know that I used it. But sometimes kindness is mistaken. Had I given utterance to the word 'person,' I should have been nearer my real meaning."

"Oh, yes, much nearer!" murmurs Mrs. Dovedale sweetly.

"Bless me, this is terrible!" exclaims Vyner. "I had no idea Lady Gertrude had so offended against good taste as to convey to her audience the impression of being bold and forward! Forward? Yes; that was the word, I think. I am sure, Mrs. Drummond, were the Duchess to hear you disapproved of her daughter's conduct, she would be——"

"Grossly offended—with Lady Gertrude," puts in Mrs. Dovedale mildly from behind her fan.

"Oh, pray hush!" entreats Mrs. Drummond, looking fearfully around her—Mr. Vyner's tone has been in no wise subdued. "How could you imagine I was alluding to dear Lady Gertrude, who is in all respects what a gentlewoman should be? No; I was speaking of Miss Ponsonby. Her dress, her unmaidenly attitudes, her evident and very distressing craving for admiration, her boldness and effrontery, all pained me to the last degree!"

"We could all see that," murmurs her friend, in her soft childish treble. "We all noticed your open distress and your brave efforts to conceal it—efforts so great as to make you look at times almost out of temper. You see how one suffers for one's good actions! But them, fortunately, we all know you," says Mrs. Dovedale, with a sweet little caressing smile, "and exactly how you felt."

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XVI.

The theatricals at the Castle are like all other theatricals, neither better nor worse, with one great—nay, startling exception. It is given to Audrey Ponsonby positively to electrify her audience by a display of histrionic talent that, with culture, might make her fortune

HIGH LICENSE.

The recent disastrous defeats met with by the Temperance Party in Ontario in the contests in "Scott Act" counties, prove that our neighbors are more or less heartily disgusted with that measure. They have tried local option and found it altogether a failure as an instrument for the suppression of the traffic. Thousands who voted three years ago or more for the adoption of the Act, in the hope that it would produce a great reform in the habits of the people, are now prepared to pin their faith to the Crooks License Act, under the operations of which the business is kept in a fairly decent condition, and the traffic placed in respectable hands. The Crooks Act has stamped out low groggeries; improved the accommodations offered by hotel-keepers to the public, and given the Province a quiet Sabbath. The moderate men of the country, those who want everything conducted in decency and in order, have a high opinion of the Crooks Act, even if the Local Government, through their inspectors, do make it an instrument for their political aggrandizement. It is felt that it is the best practical measure yet devised to control the traffic; and that with a few improvements added to it Canada will, without a doubt, have the very best license act in the world. What many want is a high license attachment. High license has been found to produce most excellent results in the United States. Its adoption in Canada would be another step in advance. Aside from the fact that it would bring in a much greater revenue than is received at present; it would, in the cities especially, close up houses that are only hotels in name. The change would not be as great as has been witnessed in Minnesota, for instance, where High License was not long ago carried, because in Canada they went in years ago for the reforms Minnesotians are now striving to adopt in their determination to completely control the traffic in the public interest.

The question of High License, we venture to assert, will soon force itself upon the attention of our friends over the border.—Chicago Canadian-American.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowel, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind. 1-1yr

The most ancient document in the archives of the Town House of Dundee is one, dated 1825, by Robert the Bruce, conveying a piece of land in the Seagate to the Magistrates of Dundee, on which to erect a Town House or Tolbooth, "with cells for the amelioration of the people."