# The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

TERMS:—
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OFFICE
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MILTON, THURSDAY JULY 19, 1888. NO. 5.



Travellers' Guide.

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VOLUME 23.

The Canadian Champion.
PUBLISHED EVERY Thursday Morning
—at—
MILTON, CO. OF HALTON, ONT.
MITCHELL & PARTON, Props.

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| | Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks. | Clerks. | Jan. | Mar. | May. | July. | Sep. | Nov. | Hour of Opening |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Milton | Wm. Panton. | 27 | 29 | 25 | 13 | 28 | 30 | 10 a.m. |
| 2 | Oakville | R. Balmer | 11 | 7 | 9 | 11 | 12 | 7 | 10 a.m. |
| 3 | Georgetown | L. Grant | 17 | 13 | 15 | 4 | 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.

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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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NO GRIPING. NO NAUSEA.
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In returning thanks for the patronage bestowed upon the late firm of Hustler & McKenzie, I beg to announce that I will continue the business as before, and trust that by using first-class material and the best skilled labor will continue to give the same satisfaction to customers as did the late firm.
Call and examine my NEW STOCK.
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BUGGIES,
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PICTURE taken by the very latest style
of the art, should not fail to
GIVE HIM A CALL
at their earliest opportunity.
No pains nor expense spared to suit each and every customer who may favor him with their order.
None but first-class material and the purest chemicals used, consequently the work is more permanent and will retain its original brilliancy much longer than the work turned out of those cheap city galleries where only the poorest material is used.
Prices lower than any other gallery in the country for same quality of work.
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CALL AND SEE THEM.
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*N. B.—All goods packed free of charge.*
DOMINION FURNITURE CO.,
*120 and 122 King Street East, Hamilton.*


## DICK'S SWEETHEART.

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

Lady Bouverie's hands tremble slightly as they rest upon the chair near her; but her face remains impassive.

"For this dutiful speech," she says, "I have to thank Miss—I mean the girl Dolores. Really"—with an insolent smile—"one forgets at times that she no longer has a name!" Then, pouting imperiously to the door, "Go!" she says. "I have done with you!"

* * * * * *

Lady Bouverie's threat to her son to go down to Greylands and interview Miss Maturin on the subject of this sad tragedy that has fallen into his life proves no idle one. To order her carriage, dress herself with almost unusual care, and start on her unholy expedition is but the work of a few minutes. No womanly hesitation, no godly shrinking from such godless work, stays her. An overpowering desire to bring down shame on the head of her rebellious son urges her forward. She will either gain the victory over him or leave him abased in the eyes of the world so dear to her.

As she enters the library at Greylands, Miss Maturin rises instinctively to her feet. She is looking pale and haggard. There is a world of expectant misery in her face, a strange outward gaze at things that she would fend from her, were that possible.

Fear and misery mark her. It seems indeed as though a lifetime has swept over her since last she and Lady Bouverie stood thus face to face. The old proud sweet graciousness is gone from her, and she looks crushed, despoiled of hope, of peace, of all that makes life pleasant to the soul.

But yesterday, and she had been a comely smiling woman holding old age—that barren desert—as still far away from her in a region as yet untraversed. To-day she is feeble, broken, already entered on the unloved heritage, standing shrinking on the outskirts of it, with the last shreds of youth and hope lying well behind.

She makes no attempt to greet her visitor beyond that involuntary uprising; she makes no step towards her. All her bravery and her high courage have forsaken her, and there is something almost terrible in the timidity of the glance she casts at Lady Bouverie.

She stands, irresolute supplication in her whole form, her head bowed upon her breast, her body slightly bent, her hands clasped together with a convulsive pressure.

To see her standing thus—humbled, speechless—increases in Lady Bouverie's breast a sense of vindictive pleasure. The poor soul is pleading voicelessly for the happiness of the creature who makes her happiness, waiting hopelessly for a mercy that some kind inner spirit warns her will not be granted. To Lady Bouverie it is even exhilarating to know that the waiting is hopeless, and that the most passionate prayer for mercy will fall on sterile ground.

"This is a very unpleasant affair," says Lady Bouverie, at last breaking the silence, and speaking in her clearest, most *staccato* tone.

Miss Maturin, raising her melancholy eyes, regards her wistfully.

"A very sad one," she murmurs, in a voice scarcely audible.

She unlocks her fingers and points to a chair. Lady Bouverie sinks languidly into it.

"Ah! Doubtless it is so from your point of view," she says indifferently, unfurling her fan. "How warm it is today—quite tropical! No, thanks, no—one window is sufficient. Well, you see it was to talk over this—er—'sad' affair"—with a little bow meant as a recognition of Miss Maturin's "point of view"—"that I have come over here to-day. I think it always better to get to the root of an ugly matter at once—don't you?"

If she were discussing the last new poaching affray with a companion as unconcerned in the affair as herself, she could hardly display greater coolness. Miss Maturin, as though incapable of speech, makes some faint movement with her hand which stands for a reply.

"No matter how distressing a thing may be to me," goes on Lady Bouverie, in a self-righteous tone, "I never shrink from my duty. And really I have suffered more through this—er—uncomfortable report than I can describe. Very great annoyance has been mine." She leans back in her seat, and there is almost an audacious claim for sympathy in her highly uplifted brows and drooped lips. "Now you, who know all about it, will kindly give me an exact idea of how the true story runs."

"What is there to 'tell?" says Miss Maturin wearily.

"The truth"—promptly. "Whatever it may be, I have tutored myself—as a mother—to hear and receive it. I assure you"—with a self-regretful shake of her head—"I should not dream of mixing myself up with such a—a—for my life—questionable imbroglio as this, did I not feel it to be imperative upon me, for my son's safety, to listen to a succinct account of the whole matter from reliable lips."

"Colonel Oswald's lips are reliable," says Miss Maturin without lifting her head.

"Ah, but yours—for a headstrong boy—carry so much more weight!" remarks Lady Bouverie, with a careful smile. "And you may perhaps have noticed"—dropping into quite a confidential tone—"that my son Richard has of late imagined himself to possess a somewhat exaggerated friendship for Miss—for your niece."

"Not friendship!" says Miss Maturin softly.

"Don't depreciate it; it is, I assure you, a very great friendship," returns Lady Bouverie, still smoothly smiling. "But, great as it is, I fear it must cease from to-day."

Miss Maturin starts and, if possible, grows a shade paler than before.

"Yes, from to-day," repeats Lady Bouverie, the cold society smile still upon her lips. "And to insure this arrangement I look to you for assistance."

"To me?" says Miss Maturin faintly.

"You! Of course," goes on Lady Bouverie, shutting up her fan with a little click. "You see it is absolutely necessary that Richard should be convinced that no falsity lies in the statement made to me by Colonel Oswald about Miss Lorne. You are the one to confirm all that he has said!"

She leans back in her seat and gazes with calm scrutinising eyes upon her victim. A dull colour flames into Miss Maturin's cheeks. Hitherto she has been standing; now she sinks upon a lounge near her, as though physically unable longer to support her own weight.

### CHAPTER XXI.

"You would have me be my child's murderer!" Miss Maturin cries, in a choking voice. Then, a moment later—"It is impossible!" She covers her face with her hands and a dry sob bursts from her. "Yet stay!" she says suddenly, a feverish light coming into her eyes. "I am wrong. You shall hear all the pitiful tale of my child's birth; and make what evil use of it you may! Her happiness"—solemnly—"lies not in my hands or yours, but in his—your son's—keeping. Let him be true and all the world false, and still some joy may be hers!"

"You mean," begins Lady Bouverie angrily, forgetting her assumed *rôle* of calmness and half starting to her feet.

"What have I said," says Miss Maturin slowly, absently. "Let him hear the entire truth; let nothing be withheld. Then, if the strain be too great, why, then——" An expression of agony crosses her face, but she does not continue the sentence. "But, if, when he hears all," she goes on hurriedly, "he still remains faithful, there is hope before her yet!" She ceases abruptly, as though lost in some happy train of thought too bright for the soul's comprehension.

"I trust I misunderstand you," breaks in Lady Bouverie, with haughty displeasure; "but, if you really imagine that any son of mine would wittingly ally himself with dishonour and disgrace, you woefully miscalculate, and raise within yourself false hopes that no earthly power can realise."

"And yet there is something about him—Dick," says Miss Maturin dreamily—"that still bids me hope. And, in truth, madam" turning to her with sad dignity—"there is that in the mournful story I am about to relate to you which might well soften any heart towards the innocent child who alone survives the storm to battle with the shame connected with it. But I crave no pity from you!" she exclaims, breaking off abruptly. "Hear this story, and repeat it to your son if you will, and let him decide if love be strong enough to crush the fear of the world!"

Lady Bouverie flings her fan upon the table with a little crashing noise, and, leaning back in her seat, folds her hands tightly.

"Now for your story," she says contemptuously.

"Nineteen years ago there came to the village near which I and my sister lived a young man. He called himself an artist, and certainly did some pretty dabbling in water-colours. He was, as I have said, young; he was handsome, in womanish fashion, and of pleasing manners." Here she ceased speaking for a moment, as though compelled, and then breaks forth again. "He was a demon!" she says in a low voice quick with concentrated passion. It is as though these last words are wrung from her anguished heart.

"Oh, pray be calm!" says Lady Bouverie, with a lady-like shrinking from a scene of any kind. "It is all very—er—horrible, no doubt; but let us be calm whatever we are. Nothing is to be gained by violence."

"His name was James Belton," goes on Miss Maturin, precisely as if she had not heard the other's delicate appeal, as doubtless she had not, being lost in miserable memories of her own. "'James Belton?'" repeats Lady Bouverie thoughtfully, as one committing something to memory. "But why not 'Lorne,' my dear Miss Maturin? Your niece's—er—assumed name is——"

"Entirely different from his," interrupts Miss Maturin feverishly. "I tell you I would for ever have obliterated his name from the earth if such a thing were in my power; and to let her bear it would have seemed to me like desecration!"

She grows quieter again presently, and her eyes go back to their old monotonous unseeing contemplation of the carpet.

"Well, he came; and through the Vicar of our parish we got to know him. My sister was fond of painting, and an intimacy sprang up between them. She was a young girl then, gentle, innocent, devoid of all knowledge of intrigue. But he was a subtle teacher! What he really was, or who, I never knew then or later, except that the sun never shone upon so fair-faced a fiend! Just at that time I was summoned to Rome. My uncle, an old man, lay dying there. He was wealthy. To secure greatest advantages to the sister I so loved, and, in truth, because I pitied the friendless old man, I obeyed his summons and hastened to his sick-bed. He lingered longer than one would need for the commencement and termination of many a love-tale or tragedy; and, when at last kind death released him and me, and left me free to seek my English home once more, it was to find that time in my absence had created tragedy for me, and that home was home no longer. An empty nest awaited me! It was shorn of its brightest treasure. The being who had been all in all to me since my mother's death had betrayed me. She had gone away—unwedded—with James Belton. Oh, the shame of it!" she cries, in a voice sharp with pain, flinging out her hands in an unconscious protest against fate. There is at this moment strong upon her a cruel reflex of that terrible far-off time when first dishonour came to her.

"Very unpleasant—really distressing!" murmurs Lady Bouverie. "You perhaps followed her?"

"There was no clue—nothing—only a line or two from her, to say she had been compelled to fly with him, as his uncle, from whom he had expectations, and who had arranged a marriage for him with some heiress, would disinherit him were he to disobey his orders; so, for the sake of worldly gain, he sacrificed a human life."

"I beg you will not excite yourself," says Lady Bouverie, applying a dainty smelling-bottle to her aristocratic nose. "It is, after all, only a very ordinary occurrence belonging to every-day life—it is, I assure you, though I grieve to acknowledge it of the world in which I hold a part. Women are so mistaken!"

"And men are so wicked!" supplements Miss Maturin sternly, though perhaps no woman born was ever kinder or a better friend to young men than she. "But it is not to moralise that I so stand before you. Hear me to the end. When a whole miserable year had dragged by without word or sign from my sister, when I had come to the conclusion that all my searchings were of no avail, a letter came to me in her handwriting, but so faint, so feeble, as to be almost illegible. It was addressed from a small village in Brittany. I went to her. That journey, short as it may sound to you, will live in my brain for ever—ay, death itself will not quench the remembrance of it. You see my hair!" cries she, lifting her hands to her iron-gray head. I was but twenty-six then; yet, when I got to that journey's end, it was no less white than that is now."

"And, when you did arrive," asks Lady Bouverie, careless of the other's anguish, and anxious to know only the result of the meeting, "what did she say?"

"She was dead," says Miss Maturin.

A singular silence follows this solemn announcement, broken at last by Miss Maturin.

"Quite dead," she says, in a dull way—"dead for an hour at least. Such a little time it seemed, but yet it carried her beyond all recall. I stooped over her, and, as I did so, a faint cry came to me. I pulled down the clothes; there—there a baby lay upon her breast! It was alive. It is impossible to describe to you the sense of comfort, of hope, of courage I sustained as I heard that feeble cry issuing, as it were, from the very dead herself. It was part of her—a recognition to me from her from that invisible untraversable land to which she had gone. I lifted the baby and laid her upon my heart; and there she has lain ever since."

"No doubt Providence is all-wise," remarks Lady Bouverie, with a pious but protesting lifting of her brows; but, if that poor infant shared its—er—most inconsiderate mother's grave, how much better it would have been for itself and every one else!"

"Not for me," says Miss Maturin slowly. "I thank God for the day when, in His great mercy, He gave her to me to be the joy and solace of my life. But let me give you the termination of my sorry tale. There was nothing amongst my unhappy sister's clothes to prove from where she had come to this foreign land. Her clothes were not poor—there was indeed no sign of poverty in all her surroundings; yet how could I doubt but that she had been forsaken, abandoned, cast aside, when some newer toy arose? In death she was lovely. There were no marks of waste or disease. She had simply given her life for the child, which knowledge somehow—I can't explain it—made the child even dearer to me. It was as if the mother's spirit, tender, repentant, had passed into the frail creature she left behind her when she sought the world of shadows. I saw her buried. I then took the child; and shortly afterwards I went abroad."

"A wise precaution; yet here it has failed, most fortunately for my son," observes Lady Bouverie, who has listened to her companion's narrative without so much as one throb of pity. Every point in the case she has carefully taken into her brain, to be retailed to Dick later on. Her purpose in coming is still her purpose now—to present to her son such a succession of disgraceful details as will kill within him all desire to ally himself with any one closely connected with them.

"Your son must answer for himself," says Miss Maturin slowly.

"My son will hardly care to commit a *bêtise* that must necessarily separate him from his family."

"Would it be separation?" asks Miss Maturin, passionate entreaty in her eyes. "Is society inexorable? She is so beautiful—she has the nature of a very saint! Will not these things plead for her?" There is a wistfulness in her gaze that might have melted a heart of stone, but not Lady Bouverie's heart.

"She is like her mother, I presume," she says coldly. "It is probable that this is meant more for a reminder than a sneer, but it maddens Miss Maturin.

"She is like all that is good and true—innocent!" she cries vehemently, her dark eyes flashing. "Whatever be the story of her birth, she is herself a perfect creature beyond all price!"

"That depends on the price," says Lady Bouverie, with an insolent smile; "you forget that she inherits her mother's blood!"

The entire coarseness of this remark hardly reaches Miss Maturin, who has grown confused with the day's misery; but that something has been said to disparage her idol is clear to her.

"Whatever her story may be," she says, rising to her feet and advancing towards Lady Bouverie, "I must insist that you will treat her—absent or present—with respect."

"Her story!" exclaims Lady Bouverie, throwing down the gauntlet at last, and in turn pushing back her chair and standing haughtily erect. "I wonder you are not ashamed to allude to it. Knowing"—with a wicked sneer—"this story, you brought her here! You allowed my son to make love to her! You deliberately planned a marriage between them—a marriage with her—her!"

No words could express the insolence that her emphasis on the pronoun conveys to Miss Maturin.

"It was a fraud, a swindle!" goes on Lady Bouverie, carried away by her loosed passion, so long pent up. "You threw her into the decent society around you, knowing well it would recoil from her as from a pestilence, were the truth known to it. You inveigled my son into an acquaintance here. You drew him into your net, hoping to wed him to this nameless girl, and so cover her shame by bestowing upon her the shadow of a stainless ancestry. You would have forced upon us this base-born girl with——"

Miss Maturin, laying her hand suddenly upon Lady Bouverie's arm, checks her words and forces her backwards until once again she sinks into her seat.

"Not another word!" she says hoarsely. "Of me—what you will; but of her—nothing!" She loosens her grasp and stands back a little, though without removing her eyes from her adversary. "If the concealment was a sin," she says deliberately—"if it was a crime to seek to restore that poor girl to the position to which she should have been entitled—why, sin I did! But, mind you, I do not repent it. I feel no remorse; I am disheartened only in that I have failed."

"It was a crime," declares Lady Bouverie, with slow vindictiveness, "for which I am almost certain you could be punished by law."

For a full minute Miss Maturin's eyes rest searchingly on hers. Then—

"Go home, woman," she says, with cold contempt, "and pray upon your knees to God to grant you a better mind!"—and she turns from her.

"Let me fully understand you," insists Lady Bouverie, a dark flush rising to her face. "Do you decline to put an end to this engagement between my son and your niece? Do you absolutely refuse to deny him access to your house?"

"Absolutely," says Miss Maturin. "Let him act as he will. I shall neither help nor hinder him."

"This is your final decision?"

"It is."

"Then I shall have recourse to other means to save my son," says Lady Bouverie, in a low threatening tone. "If such means prove displeasing to you, remember, you brought them on yourself."

Silence, and then a little rush as of cold air, the sound of soft footsteps on the balcony outside, a fresh sweet voice lilting some happy lay, and Dolores, stooping daintily to get beneath the half-raised sash of the central window, steps into the room.

### CHAPTER XXII.

With soft roughened hair and smiling eyes, she advances towards them, some gaudy wild-flowers in her hands. The day seems to have grown suddenly dark, there is the scent of storm near and vehement in the air that comes with her through the window. The clouds are massed together in a sullen grandeur; there is a fearful stillness in the shrubberies—a strange pause—as if nature were gathering herself together for some mighty effort. A frightened bird fluttering past the open space hides timorously in the branches of the myrtles.

Advancing to greet Lady Bouverie, Dolores happens to glance at her aunt, and is so startled by the wild look of horror upon her face that involuntarily she stands still and glances irresolutely from Miss Maturin to her visitor, and back again.

"What is it?" she asks at last, in a low troubled tone, the nervousness that has followed her all day growing now almost unbearable.

Lady Bouverie turns as though to address her; but Miss Maturin, by a sudden passionate movement, checks her.

"Not a word to her—not a word!" she cries fiercely.

"Stay, auntie," says Dolores softly, raising one little hand and holding it out from her palm ways with all the pretty slender fingers extended as if in childish protest. "Let Lady Bouverie speak. What can she have to say to me?"—with gentle dignity—"that I may not hear?" Her voice is sweet and low and plaintive as usual; but her heart is beating wildly.

"I have that to say that you must hear," says Lady Bouverie remorselessly.

She is untouched by the girl's gentleness. The pale pathetic little face stirs within her no feeling of compassion. Pity, that heaven-born thing, is unknown to her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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