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1 Milton	Wm. Panton	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	15	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 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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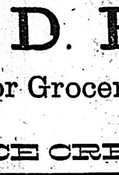

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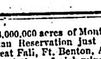
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DICK'S SWEETHEART.

By the Author of "MILDRED TREVANION," "LOTS, LORD BERESFORD," "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN," Etc.

"Farewell!" she repeats, with a mirth that is almost wild. "Why should you speak of farewell? Is the wish father to the thought? No, no, of course I did not mean that! Do not believe it. Our last thoughts—that is, I mean every thought of ours—must be full of tenderness." She leans her forehead against him. So standing, her face is hidden. "I am so tired," she says presently, in a stifled tone. "And yet I felt that I must see you again. You were right, you see, when you used to accuse me of capriciousness." She raises her head, and, laying her hands upon his arms, bends back from him suddenly and fixes her eyes upon him with a strange persistency. "I like you in that gray suit," she says, with a peculiar smile. "Do you know, whenever I think of you in the future—and it will be often—often—I shall always see you dressed just as you are now, and with the moonlight falling on your face—so! Turn a little more this way now."

"What a fantastic fairy! Am I always then to wear but one colour to gratify you? Are evening-clothes to be abjured? And I? How am I to remember you?"

"Do not remember me," she says quickly; and then, her face blanching—"Ah, no, I did not mean that! At times it will do you no harm. Think of me, call me to mind," she breaks off incoherently, and lets her hands fall to her sides.

"Not much harm, at all events," says Bouverie, with a careful laugh. "But what am I to call to mind? Your willfulness, your tyranny, the many malignant devices you have invented for my undoing?" He seeks by his own affected gaiety to rouse her from her sad mood. "But why should I promise to think of you at all?" he goes on tenderly, taking her into his fond arms. "I can rejoice in the certainty that the one thing closest to my heart will also be the one thing before my eyes for ever. We shall always be together, sweetheart, you and I."

She makes him no answer; but the small hand pressed against his shoulder tightens its grasp convulsively. There is a long silence. Holding her as he does against his heart, he can feel how hers beats wildly, passionately. But no word or sigh escapes her. What are her thoughts? Of him, or of that most grievous tale that has darkened her young life? There is a sharp frenzy of despair in the clutch of the little hand. He stoops to lay his lips upon it.

At last the violence of the voiceless emotion she has been fighting with dies away; a long, long sigh breaks from her. She raises her head.

"Dick," she says very gently. "You love me, Dick?"

"It would be but a poor thing to say better than my life," replies he gravely. "Where is there room for doubt, my darling?"

"If," she says softly, with lowered lids and lowered tone—"if I were ever to disappoint you, how would it be then?"

"Disappoint me?"

"Yes, yes!"—with just a faint touch of impatience in her sad voice.

Why will he not understand? And yet—she pales and shrinks back within herself as some thought occurs to her—oh, if he should understand!

"I might do something unexpected," she goes on feverishly—"something which you might disapprove, something—"

"Dolores, what do you mean?" asks he gravely, puzzled by the vehemence of her manner.

"Why, nothing!" says she, with a miserable little laugh. "It is only that it occurred to me how often one does a thing that—that might not look altogether lovely in the eyes of others. Now if I were to do a thing of that sort—eh?"

"Nothing that you could do would alter my love," says the young man earnestly.

"Not even if I forsook you?" asks she, with a forced smile more sorrowful than any tears.

"Not even then," says he distinctly, perhaps a little coldly. He is feeling puzzled by her manner, and uncertain.

"Oh, but it would—it shall!" cries she, with a sudden burst of passion. "At all events—I hardly know what I say—but at all events, if I ever should be the cause of grief to you, tell me it would not be lasting grief, that your love for me, tried too severely, would by degrees lessen, decrease, fade away into a kindly remembrance. Ah"—with a quick sob—"it should be kindly! Tell me you would, for instance, after a little while, not feel so pained about me in your thoughts as you did before."

"I cannot follow you," says Bouverie slowly. "I only know that nothing you could ever do would make me love you less. I am yours body and soul. Do not mistake me for an instant. You speak of love's decay, its decrease, which means its death. Oh, darling, my best beloved, what words from you to me!" He strains her to his heart, and looks down upon her with a face made pale by passionate reproach. "It is hard of you," he says.

"It is hard," she answers dreamily. She draws herself away from him, and glances at the moon through the illuminated window. "To-morrow will be fine," she says calmly.

"I think so. The night is so undisturbed." He is wondering at the sudden alterations of her moods, from quick grief to apparent indifference. "If so, it will be a great change," he says.

"Yes; to-morrow will bring a great change," returns she absently.

Bouverie's gaze grows keener as he turns it upon her.

"You are tired," he says immediately. "I insist on your going to bed at once! You are overwrought. But, before we part"—tenderly—"tell me I shall not see this sad brow to-morrow."

"Good night then, my own. I am cheered by your promise," says Bouverie, drawing her to him and pressing his lips to hers.

She hardly returns the pressure. He is perhaps a little hurt by her seeming coldness; but who shall fathom the depth of the anguish she is enduring? Who shall describe the strength of the constraint she has laid upon herself? It is all a burden too heavy for her to bear.

A little wounded, he holds her away from him and tries anxiously to read her face; but she has so lowered her head that scrutiny is impossible to him in the dim sweet light of the moon. Then comes back to him all she has suffered since first this day dawned, and he forgives her, accusing himself the while of a cruel want of sympathy.

"Good night," he says tenderly, and, with a last embrace, he turns to leave her.

Mute and cold, she stands there where they have parted until he has reached the very farthest end of the corridor. Then all at once the studied quiet of her face breaks up. Is he going for ever thus—for all eternity? Not knowing, a terrible cry parts her white lips; she stretches out her arms to him.

"Oh, Dick, come back to me—come back!" she cries desperately. "Say good night to me, if only once again!" And then she runs to him and flings herself upon his breast, and twines her gentle arms round his neck, and clings to him, as though she would never let him go—aha, who has ever been so chary of her caresses!

There is something in the very abandonment of her grief—something so unlike her usual radiant little self—that frightens Bouverie.

"My soul, what is it?" he whispers caressingly; but she scarcely seems to hear him.

She throws back her head and looks at him; it is a long earnest look, such as one might direct upon the well-beloved dead ere yet the coffin-lid has closed upon him.

"Good night, good-bye," she murmurs brokenly. "Oh, darling, darling, darling!"

* * * * * * *

Sitting at her window all night long, sleepless, motionless, Dolores watches for the dawn.

A weary vigil! Slowly, reluctantly it comes at last, with a tremulous sigh, as though sorrowing still for the death of the night. And yet it breaks upon the world with a glorious promise. All the passion of yesternight is forgotten, all the storm and rain and hurrying tempest. There is now nothing left but a suggestion of peace to come and a most blessed calm.

The darkness severs, light grows upon the sky; another day is born only to die.

"Dawn skims the sea with dying feet of gold,
With sudden feet that graze the gradual sea."

With grief and misery within her heart, she has sat and mourned throughout the livelong night; but, though she mourned, she never wavered. Her promise has been given to his mother; it must be kept, if only for his sake alone. She will be true; but she, for his sake, must be false, and false alone to him in whose keeping lies all her truth and hope and love.

To the opening streaks of crimson light upon the sky's face her eyes cling, wearied as they are from their long unrest. She hears the first soft rush of the scented morn as it touches the sleeping earth and wakens the drowsy flowers in its headlong flight o'er meadow, vale, and hill.

When the tenderer lights have grown into more established dawn, and this again has given place to gaudy day, Dolores bestirs herself. Rising half mechanically from her low seat, as though unwillingly compelled to the doing of some act long ago determined upon, she moves about her room and puts together a few trifles in a pretty fanciful little basket. At the bottom lie, in tissue-paper lovingly folded, a few faded flowers, a miniature, a letter, a necklet golden and fragile—her first gift of jewelery from Miss Maturin, after first! Yet it seems only as yesterday when it was clasped around her neck by fondest fingers. Even now she can hear the kind voice wishing her again "many happy returns of the day." Ah, why had she not died then? Why had she lived to see her latest birthday?

All was in preparation since last night. All now is soon arranged. She has not removed the white gown she wore yesterday, but slips over it a light, cool-coloured ulster of thinnest texture, and covers her sunny curls with a hat that, after all, succeeds only in very partially concealing them. But in the poor child's distracted mind there is no room for the thought of concealment.

Taking up her basket, she opens her bedroom door and steps out upon the corridor in the broad still light of the early morning. Miss Maturin's door lies directly opposite to hers. Swiftly she goes to it and lays her hand upon the handle. Then she hesitates. Her lips quiver. Must she go without even one silent farewell, one last glance at the dear familiar face that has never shown her anything but the lines of deepest love?

She stifles a passionate sob, and, bending forward, presses her lips lingeringly to one of the oaken panels. It is a last, a final adieu! Yet no tears stand within her miserable eyes as she upraises herself and gives a rapid glance around.

Perhaps there is an involuntary delay in her gaze as it comes to that spot where he and she had stood together last night, and had "kissed and kissed and parted," to meet again—ah, never! Then she turns away, and, going with great steps down the great staircase that crosses the hall, and, as though in a dream, unchains the hall door and steps out into the thrilling sweetness of the young and growing morn. The mists are rising from the valley and are clambering up the sides of the hills in merry haste. It seems as though they, of all the world, were clamouring for death, calling upon the sun to come forth to them and cause their dissolution. And, as though in speedy answer to their prayer, he comes, slowly, majestically, with a resplendency of glory that lights up mountain and vale. On the instant the heavy mists arise and float in dainty clouds into the far heaven. And then—all at once—the sea lies bare—the opaline sea—that, lying there sun-smitten, trembles and aways beneath the magic touch of fiery Sol.

The paths have grown golden: the hedgerows, made thick by growing summer, are sending out far and near their dainty sweets. The birds are giving voice to their first joyous matin.

"Sunbeam by sunbeam creeps from line to line,
Foam by foam quickens on the bright'ning brine,
Sail by sail passes, flow'r by flow'r gets free."

The day has indeed arisen in perfect beauty!

As one lost in a vague dream, Dolores takes her way through briar-grown lanes and scented wood. Her path lies between dim hedges, with faint suggestions of a wide country lying far beyond, broken by giant ferns and tall dog-roses that top the banks as she walks along. The bushes are full of twittering birds that, waking into life, where the air resound again. The first stiff grayness of an early dawn is dying away, and the land is gaining in colour with every minute that makes the young day older.

Through the country, pale and ghost-like, goes the small solitary figure with bent head and sad unseeing eyes. The wondrous beauty that surrounds Dolores is lost upon her feverish sight; only when she draws near the little wayside station, and sees the wreaths of smoke that rise from the panting engine, does she at all show any signs of animation.

She raises her head then, and, increasing her speed, enters the gate, and is soon standing upon the platform. A little nervous tremor passes over her as she moves forward deliberately to take her ticket. The man in the office is well known to her; he will probably recognise her, will probably ask a question or two, and, worst of all, may retail an account of her sayings and doings to those she leaves behind! Her trembling increases as she draws nearer to the small opening behind which her innocent enemy may be standing.

But chance favours her. A face quite strange meets her gaze, and, with a sigh of relief, she takes up her ticket and seeks refuge in one of the carriages. The porter she has successfully avoided; and now, as the train moves and she finds she has really set forth on the journey the end whereof is unknown to her, she sinks back in her seat, and draws a long, long breath of thankfulness.

CHAPTER XXV.

The train speeds onward with Dolores. London is her destination. In that great city she hopes to lose herself so effectually that the mightiest effort on the part of aunt or lover may not discover her whereabouts.

But London—that universal hiding-place—is very far removed from hers—Deadmarsh.

Leaning back against the cushions, she tries to sleep; but no such comfort comes to her. Sleep—ever shy when most besought—flies from her now, leaving her with wide and saddened eyes.

One station is reached and passed at last, and now another. There is no one to share with her the monotony of the first-class carriage in which she has seated herself. In spite of the slenderness of her resources, all of which lie to-day in her pretty basket, it has not occurred to her to travel by any lower class. Custom has cheated her. To want money—that is a lesson as yet to be learned by Dolores.

How fast the train seems to go—and yet what little ground it covers! It is now half-past seven, and still what hours and hours must elapse before London is reached! A sun that is almost tropical is pouring its beams in through the window.

When the fourth station is passed, she grows restless. This isolation is intolerable; it gives too much room for thought! She paces impatiently up and down the empty carriage. So hot! So dusty! Why, it was cool in comparison with this at——But no, no, she must not think of Greylands! There shall be no past for her—only a future! Alas, how sweet her future was to think on only two days ago!

She clasps her hands tightly together. Yes, this monotony is intolerable—she will put an end to it! And then all at once she tells herself she can hear the train no longer. What does it matter that she has taken a ticket to London? What indeed does it matter about anything? She will get out at the next station. To walk, to move, no matter where, will be better than this—to go somewhere—anywhere!

She is growing somewhat confused. Her mental misery, combined with the last long terrible night of cruel sleeplessness, is now telling upon her delicate organisation. Was it indeed only last night she lay awake waiting for the dawn? Was it only yesterday that Lady Bouverie spoke to her—or was it a year ago since first she heard that she was—was——

She shrinks back into her seat, and her lips grow deadly white. Oh, no, not that! She will not think of that! It is all over now and done. Nothing can undo it. Why torture oneself with memories that serve only to crush and kill the already broken spirit?

She rouses herself and looks out of the open window upon the sameness of the green fields as they fly past her aching eyes, clad in their summer verdure. The growing desire to leave this terrible inactivity presses sorely upon her; the compulsory quietude of it becomes an agony at last. Oh to leave it! When will the next station be reached?

She feels no anxiety about quitting the train, and thus finding herself on soil strange to her. She will meet some woman—so run her unspoiled thoughts—some kind woman who will befriend her and tell her where to go, and who may perchance offer her employment. Up to this she has found all the world kind; and why should it not be the same now? No one in all her short sweet life has given her so much as a chilling glance or a cruel word, except—Lady Bouverie. She shivers, as though stricken with mortal cold, as she remembers her, and lays her head back wearily against the cushions.

With a slackening of speed the train steams into the station—a little insignificant "pick-me-up" of a place, hardly worthy of notice, but pretty nevertheless because of the gay creepers that cover the gray walls of it, and the red pots containing redder geraniums which stands upon the sills of the waiting-room.

Dolores, without any hesitation, steps on to the platform. It is a spot where very few alight, except on certain occasions; and presently the train rushes away again, leaving her behind.

Bewildered, she looks round her. Not a living soul save herself is on the platform. For the first time she feels the hideousness of being alone. Fear seizes upon her. How terrible it is to be in this strange place, not knowing whither to turn!

A man, advancing towards her, accosts her very civilly; but, still possessed by this new fear, she steps back, makes him some little cold indistinct rejoinder, and moves away from him; then, appalled by the uncertainty that lies before her, and knowing how hopeless a thing it will be to set out upon her adventure without advice of some kind, she turns back to him, and asks timidly where the nearest town may lie.

"The village is just here," he tells her, with a bend of his thum in the meant direction; but, seeing that such news is not desired by her, he widens his information. "If you mean Dolores, the largest town nearest to it, is about five miles from here; and there's the road to it yonder."

He points as he speaks to a dusty line that spreads eastward and travels ever onwards, until far away it looks like a pale ribbon dividing the green fields on either hand.

Thanking him softly, Dolores leaves him, and is soon lost to his sight behind a curve on the dry road.

A long road! Dolores, spent and weary by her night's vigil, toils over it bravely, whilst feeling, without acknowledging it, the fatigue that already is growing too much for her. There had been, besides the sleeplessness, that terrible walk in the morning to catch the train, accompanied by scathing recollections cruellier than death.

She has passed upon the road a cottage or two, but has felt no inclination, though by now very footsore and sad at heart, to entreat the hospitality of their inmates. Were ever five miles before so heavy a task to be accomplished? Her feet are aching, through her thin shoes the sharp stones cut; each step grows painful. It is now past noon, and she has had no breakfast; but this last thought does not distress her; she feels no desire for food of any kind, only a longing to go farther, ever farther, and lose herself in the bustling unconcern of some large town.

But now her strength gives way a little, and, seeing a small ivy-covered cottage on her right hand, a few yards in advance of her, she timidly makes up her mind to draw nigh to it and ask for permission to rest a while.

Coming to the door of this small oasis in her wilderness, and finding it open, she crosses the threshold, and there stands looking irresolutely to her left.

She can see a kitchen, a blazing fire, and near it some one—who is plainly the good wife of the house—moving to and fro.

"May I come in?" asks Dolores at last, in her low soft voice.

The woman turns.

"Just for a little moment," says Dolores hurriedly, tears in her voice—"I am so tired!"

"Why, surely, yes, miss!" answers the woman, regarding her with intense surprise and a good deal of honest kindness. "Come in, dear." She gazes with strong curiosity, oddly mingled with admiration, at the dainty little stranger with the pale and face. "Sit you down," she says heartily, "and find rest for yourself a while."

"Find rest?" repeats Dolores drearily. She looks at the woman absently, as though her thoughts had flown away from her, leaving only her body behind. She sighs heavily.

TO BE CONTINUED.