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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 | 16 | 13 | 9.30 a.m |
| 4 | Acton | J. Matthews | 19 | 15 | 17 | " | 20 | 15 | 10 a.m. |
| 5 | Campbellville | S. R. Lister | 6 | 3 | 4 | " | 7 | 2 | 9.30 " |
| 6 | Burlington | Wm. Robinson | 10 | 5 | 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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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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## DICK'S SWEETHEART.

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

"Ay, dear, rest!" says the woman gently. "I think you had better come into the parlour; it is cooler there."

She takes the girl's languid hand within her own and leads her into a carpeted apartment made gay with crimson moreen curtains and decorated profusely with the orthodox bead-work and many-tinted sea-shells. This room is evidently the pride of the good woman's existence, and it is with an ill-concealed pleasure she ushers her unexpected guest into it.

Dolores, sinking into a chair, draws a long breath of extreme exhaustion.

"Eh, but you are done up!" says her hostess compassionately. "Come a long way perhaps?"

"A long, long way!" murmurs Dolores.

Were she a Machiavelli in petticoats, she could have said nothing more calculated to mislead the mind of her interrogator. To that stalwart dame the five miles more or less the girl has travelled would seem as a mere nothing. "A long, long way"—and uttered so pathetically—must mean a day's journey at the very least. And a day's journey it has seemed indeed to poor Dolores.

Her face is haggard; already the ravages of excitement and grievous recollection have made their marks upon it. Her eyes, grown delicately large and dark, look out with a singular incongruity from the pallor of their surroundings. Beneath them lie like shadows fatigue-lines tinted with palest purple. Something in her whole mournful appearance appeals powerfully to the woman's heart.

She notes the traces of gentle breeding in the girl's air, and marks, when the light ulster opens at the end, where the pretty costly white dress peeps out. She is not insensible either to the soft frills of Mechlin lace that cling to the rounded throat and fall over the slight wrists; the little ten-button gloves are in themselves a revelation.

"If you have run away from home, dear," she says bluntly, but with evident kindly intent, glancing reflectively at the blanched cheeks and darkened lids before her, "why not go back? If they have been angry with you——"

"No one has been angry," interrupts Dolores hurriedly.

"Eh, now!" says the woman, regarding her keenly. "And yet something tells me you are not altogether as happy as you might be."

"Ah, that is true indeed!" cries Dolores, with a sudden passionate agreement, covering her face with her hands.

"But I do entreat you," she murmurs brokenly, "to ask me no questions!"

"I will not," says the woman hastily. "Keep your secret, my dear. There's no great harm in it, I warrant! And now what shall I give you? A cup o' milk and some bread-and-butter? 'Tis handy to me; and I can see you are mighty tired and badly in want of food."

"I am not hungry," declares Dolores very truthfully.

"Then you ought to be. I'm thinking 'tis a long hour since last you broke bread. What would you say to a broken egg now with a drop o' brandy in it?" asks this good Samaritan, with quite an insinuating air. "My John, he do say as how a beaten egg and brandy is the finest cure known for all the woes o' the world. Have it—do 'e now, dear!"

"No, no; I will not trouble you," says Dolores gently. "See how good you have been to me already."

"Tut, my dear! Let me now do something really for you," entreats her hostess earnestly.

"If you will then," says Dolores timidly, blushing warmly—"if you will be so very kind, let me—bathe my feet; they ache so!" Her voice quivers slightly. "The road was very hard," she goes on tremulously, raising pathetic eyes to the face of her new friend, "and my shoes, I think, are very thin—though I never found that out until today. A little water is all I want. I shall give you no further trouble; I"—eagerly—"can bathe them myself."

The very anxiety with which she says this would prove to the dullest observer that such a task will be new to her. Her hostess laughs the idea to scorn.

"Indeed—as if I should let you, miss!" she says. "You just lie back in that easy-chair and wait until I come to you again."

She leaves the room on the instant, and presently returns, bringing in both her hands a large bowl of tepid water. Depositing this upon the floor, she departs again, only to reappear this time with a small tray on which lie a plate of bread-and-butter and a tumbler half filled with some opaque substance.

"Now, just to please me, you'll drink this," she says coaxingly.

Dolores eyes fill with tears. She leans toward her hostess.

"Have you a daughter?" she asks, irrelevantly as it seems; but her train of thought is followed by the good woman of the house.

"One, miss; but she's away from me most of her time. She's a very likely girl is my Susan, and as good as her looks. She's clever enough too, and engaged to as decent a young fellow as ever stepped in shoe-leather."

"She has a lover?" asks Dolores involuntarily, with a sudden false brightness.

In a moment the deceitful glow fades; the swift painful flush that has dyed her cheeks, now ebbing, leaves her only one degree ghastlier than she was before. Alas for her own lover! Where is he now—of what thinking? She checks by a supreme effort the sob that rises in her throat, and tries to listen to the answer to her question.

"A lover indeed!" says the mother, with a pardonable pride—she is kneeling before Dolores, and, being in the act of untying her silken shoe-string, is blind to the agony in the young face above her. "Such a deal as he thinks o' my Susan!" she says. "But fact is, miss, they're too poor to marry until he has a certain sum in hand. He can rent a farm well enough; but he must have money to stock it, you see. So our Susan she said as how she'd go into service a bit and save her wages and that. And he said he'd work himself to skin and bone until the sum was made up. It seems as how he's going to serve for his Rachel too, miss, don't it?"

"Is it much—the money I mean?" asks Dolores. She has recovered herself through the good woman's speech, and now feels sufficiently interested in this honest love-affair to wish to hear somewhat more of it. To her it seems strangely horrible that mere money should be the means of parting two true lovers. Money! What a bagatelle it sounds! What an easily surmountable difficulty it seems when one thinks on the other things—such cruel things—that no power on earth can overcome!

"Two hundred pounds," says her hostess sadly. "Eh, but it do sound so big a loomp! I doubt but my Susan will be many a year older before she is Mrs. John Easier now, dear—eh?"

She has drawn off the thin shoes and silk stockings some time since, and is now busied in bathing with all a mother's tenderness the little white bruised feet.

"The water feels like satin," says Dolores gratefully. "Oh the relief of it! What a kind, kind woman you are! I wish your Susan had that two hundred pounds. Perhaps"—slowly—"she may some day."

"Oh, some day, yes!" returns the woman, with gentle cheerfulness. "In the meantime she must only work and hope. Hope is a great strengthener. Well, and have you taken that drink of John's? Ah, that's good now! And, if you must, as you say, set out again, why, it will do you a world o' good! And where be you bound for, miss, if"—smiling—"I be not asking a cross question?"

"For Dorminster," says Dolores. "I must, I think, be near there now, because, when I asked the man at the station, he said it was only five miles away, and I have been walking for many hours."

"Dorminster! Dear heart alive, what has brought you this way?" exclaims the woman, uplifting her arms in consternation. "Why, you be ten miles from it now! You must have come the wrong way!"

"Ten miles!" repeats Dolores faintly. "How could I have come the wrong way? He pointed it out to me."

Then all at once she remembers how she came to a cross where four roads joined, and was not sure or not turning. Doubtless, in her ignorance, she took the wrong one.

Oh, it is too cruel! But she will not give in. She is yet too near her home. She must go on, on, until all trace of her is lost.

"Would no other town do you for the night?" asks the woman, with sagacious concern; she has secretly clung to her first wise belief in the fact of the girl's having run away from home.

"Is there one nearer than Dorminster?" asks Dolores anxiously.

"There is Thurston; it is but six miles from this if you take the northern road."

"I had better go there," says Dolores in a low voice.

The thought of the six miles lying before her, to follow on the five miles lying behind, quite overcomes her. She, who has never been accustomed to hardship of any kind, to be compelled to trudge along a lonely road—alone! She smothers her fear however, and, with a bravery strange as it is pathetic, looks up at her hostess with a faint smile.

"Come with me to the door," she says, "and point out to me the direction in which Thurston lies."

The woman, accompanying her to the threshold, gives her full directions as to her route.

"But ask as you go along," she says gravely, "that no mistake be made a second time. And, if you grow too tired, my dear, why, come back to me, and you shall have a bed here, though no doubt a rough one!"

Dolores, turning to her suddenly, throws her arms around her neck, and kisses her warmly.

"Good-bye," she whispers softly, "I shall never forget you—never! And some day I think—I know—we shall meet again!"

She loosens her embrace and goes from her quickly. Without so much as one backward glance, she disappears up the hot and dusty road.

"Poor little heart!" says the woman, watching her as far as the bend in the road which presently must hide her altogether—there is an honest anxiety in her tone.

Just at the very last Dolores turns and waves her hand.

"God grant she come to naught but good!" says the woman fervently, returning that last adieu with a strong pang of regretful uneasiness at her heart. "But where be her friends—where?"

Another moment and Dolores is out of sight.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

It is seven hours later, and Dolores is still walking along the lonely highway. But not now is her step light and impatient as it was in the early morn. It is slow and languid, and as the step of one who has given house-room to despair.

Where is she now—how far advanced towards her journey's end? Alas, she knows not at this moment where her journey's end may be! She has her way, and is walking onwards mechanically, stupefied in mind and worn out in soul and body.

Not that she has been actually moving all this time. Some hours ago, conquered by a desire for rest, she turned aside into an adjoining field, and, overpowered by weakness, crept under the shelter of a friendly haycock and sank into a slumber unsatisfying, fretful, and broken by cruel dreamings.

Unrefreshed, she arose from this half-unconscious sleep to find the day far spent and noontide merging into night. Twilight darkened the air, and a faint dull mist springing from a watery marsh far down below in the hollow was rendering even more desolate the unutterable melancholy of the dying light. It burdened the very passing breeze, which yet was heavy with the intolerable heat. But on—on! Her early watchword clung to her then; echoing in her ears and urging her to further daring: Springing to her feet, she stepped out again upon the thirsty road, but indifferently touched by the soft mist, and looked eagerly around her.

Here too the roads joined: A sense of confusion filled her tired brain: No one was in sight; no help near: Miserable, purposeless, she took the nearest way almost unconsciously, and toiled with heavy footsteps and forlorn hope along the isolated road.

And now how her head aches, how weary are her limbs! She will seek the very next cottage, and, in spite of her horror of being questioned—a horror that has kept her aloof from every house since she quitted that first kind soul who had so well accepted her—will crave from the owners of it a night's shelter.

With stumbling steps and quickened breath and poor sad eyes, half blinded by dust and drifting mist, she fights her way onward. She is almost at the end of every hope when at last a small ugly dwelling upon the wayside looms in sight. She hastens towards it as fast as her tired feet can carry her. Whilst yet some little way from it, angry voices, rising on the clouded air, come to her. Reaching the rustic gate that guards it from the road, she glances nervously through it, and sees, a few yards from where she stands, a large angry-looking woman.

She is larger than anything in female shape as yet imagined by Dolores. She is standing very upright, with her head thrown well back, and is brandishing in her right hand a huge broom. The other hand is fixed, as if immovably, upon her hip. She is scolding with might and main, and without the faintest intermission, a stolid-looking girl, who gives one the impression of being accustomed to this sort of thing ever since she saw the light, and who is leisurely shaking the dust from a small strip of carpet as she listens, or is supposed to be listening.

There is an indifference about this girl's face and entire bearing that might have made her a study to Dolores at another time. Now she is too filled with fear and nervous anxiety to note aught but the angry woman and the suggestive broomstick. Some little motion on her part makes the woman turn towards her.

"Will you," begins Dolores desperately; then the request for a night's rest dies upon her lips. How could she find rest here? "May I," she murmurs faintly, "have a glass of water? It is so hot—I am so——"

"No. Get you gone!" shrieks the woman furiously, with an oath. "I have had enough to do with idle hussies lately to spare time for tramps!"

Dolores, though hardly comprehending the words, shrinks backwards; a cold chill strikes to her heart. She sways a little, as though some unexpected blow has been dealt her, and then, with a fictitious strength born of acute fear, she flies the spot. On, on!

A deadly languor is creeping over her; with a wild energy she battles with it, but all in vain. Her wearied feet almost refuse to move, her hands, hanging limply by her sides, have lost all feeling. This strange sensation threatens every moment to overpower her, to drag her to the dust. And still she creeps onward through the fast deepening twilight, faintly, uncertainly, as one might in a strange dream!

Oh, if Dick could only see his darling now, with her drooping head and pale dejected face and lips full of earth's keenest misery! Her eyes are dull and lowered—for some time she has forgotten to raise them from the ground; her pretty white gown is soiled and dragged. In one dainty shoe a large rent is visible; already the stones hurt the tender foot it holds. From her parted lips comes a sighing sound, weak and low, that might be born of one who is enduring mortal pain—the pain of a broken heart. All this long day she has been haunted by miserable thought. It is the only thing she has had to accompany her upon her weary way.

Night is descending fast; the shadows have caught her. And now at last, when hope is at an end, her vision fails her too. Every nerve quivers, and her sight begins to play her fantastic tricks. A common bush rising between her and the lowering sky sends a horrible fear into her inmost soul. She shudders and comes to a stand-still and cowers before it, so large it seems to rise against the dull horizon, so fantastically shaped is it to her distorted fancy.

She drops back step by step into the darker seclusion of the high grassy bank that guards her side of the road, and stands there trembling. Then all at once, as it were, her vision clears, and this terrible apparition resolves itself into a mild elder-bush, out of which peep two pale dog-roses. Did she intentionally take them for the eyes of some resentful monster?

She rouses herself and again presses forward. Her tired feet almost refuse to bear her. Again that curious dimness oppresses her; blotting out the landscape and casting an opaque veil over the nearest objects.

The wonderful courage that has sustained her all through, does not desert her now; but it has sunk into a dormant state, heavy of rousing.

"Oh that I might find some resting place!" she murmurs to herself faintly; "Only a little place to——"

Something has met her with a sudden violence. She staggers back weakly, and puts out her hands with a sensitive haste, as though to ward off the approach of this new enemy. Her hands come in contact with a stone wall.

At this discovery she breaks into an hysterical laugh, and asks herself half humorously why the wall should have chosen to arise from its place and advance upon her of all people—a foe so unworthy of his strength! This strained mirth of hers is sadder than all tears. Her smile is wan and melancholy. At this moment it occurs to her with a cruel distinctness that she would be glad if she might only cry. But such a luxury as tears is denied her.

Once more she continues her way—this time with her hand against the aggressive wall, as though seeking its support. How weak she has grown—how dependent! Again that terrible growing unconsciousness attacks her, and again she overcomes is; but each victory leaves her weaker than before.

Is she to meet and battle with death—here on the broad highway, in the very heart of mild and happy summer? It would be more picturesque, she tells herself, with a last return of the old girlish gaiety that was hers—when? How many years ago?

She sighs heavily. The wall coming suddenly to an end, she finds herself before a small green-jelled entrance with a small iron gate before it, and a small avenue beyond. At the end of this avenue a pretty house, ivy-clad, may be seen, small too, but exquisitely kept; with trailing roses covering it, and the green shoots of an early Virginian creeper just showing themselves, which later on will blossom into vivid hues of orange and crimson, and at the sides a purple jacmanti just bursting into flower.

An ideal cottage, kindly, hospitable! Dolores; faint in body and sick at heart and bereft of all hope, clings trembling ly to the iron railings of the gate, and longs passionately for the rest and calm that lie beyond it; but the memory of her last cruel repulse still lives within her, and, in spite of the failing consciousness that bids her stay, she shudders and turns aside.

But Nature, the all-powerful, stronger than pride, greater than sensibility; the mother of all, now asserts herself. She cries aloud for succour for this sad child of hers. Dolores, obeying her mandate, comes back, and, by a sudden impulse, lifts up the latch of the gate, and goes mechanically down the tiny avenue. As if in a dream she goes, and presently finds herself standing beneath the rose-crowned portico of the house.

The door is open to admit the warm summer breeze. Across the hall a woman is passing leisurely—a short stout woman of the housekeeper type, with a back generously broad.

She neither hears nor sees Dolores; the light steps of the forlorn little wayfarer have not reached her ears. Dolores, laying one hand upon the lintel of the door, raises the other and holds it out imploringly to the departing figure of the woman. Alas, her back is turned and she cannot see! Swiftly, swiftly she goes from her. Another moment, and she will have turned the corner; and Dolores's last chance will be gone!

Tightly clenching her hands, the poor child tries desperately to give utterance to the words burning within her, only to find that she cannot. Something terrible has happened to her! She cannot speak! Her voice is dumb—dead! At the very last moment it has failed her. A prolonged nightmare of horror and misery and fatigue has rendered her mute.

She struggles with her failing powers; an agonised expression convulses her face. Her last hope is escaping her; yet she cannot call aloud to it to stay. She shivers from head to foot. Another instant, and this unknown woman—who yet is human, and may perhaps be her saviour—will have turned the corner and disappeared. She cannot see the trembling hand outstretched or note the pitifulness of the face. Deliberately, ignorant of the pain that lies behind her, the housekeeper continues her way, humming a simple ditty as she goes.

Dolores, desperate, makes one last violent effort to overcome herself. A cry breaks from her; low and bitter exceedingly; the woman, startled, turns:

"One moment!" cries Dolores, hoarsely, holding out both her hands to her now. "One!"

That strange cloud is again enveloping her; she seems ever falling, falling; and her voice—how strange it sounds! Is it her own voice?

"Help me!" she whispers faintly.

"Bless me!" exclaims the woman, in a frightened tone.

She flings aside the feather duster she has been carrying, and rushes towards the girl with arms nervously extended. Another instant, and Dolores has sunk into them, exhausted, insensible.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

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