# The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

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OFFICE
On Main St., one door east of Wallace House.

MILTON, THURSDAY OCTOBER 18 1888.

NO. 18.



Travellers' Guide.

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GOING EAST — 10.25 a.m. 7.42 p.m.
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ELL & PANTON, Props.
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Milton, Nov. 18, 1886.

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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 | 15 | 13 | 9.30 a.m |
| 4 Acton | J. Matthews | 19 | 15 | 17 | " | 20 | 15 | 10 a.m. |
| 5 Campbellville | S. R. Lister | 5 | 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.

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Harness, Saddles, &c., made to order promptly and at reasonable prices.
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HAMILTON: 42 North James Street. 17-6m


## MONA'S CHOICE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

"Oh, you were always civil," exclaimed Waring.

Mr. Oakley obeyed the summons. Mrs. Newburgh, revived by her new hopes, was up and dressed when Sir Robert and the solicitor arrived. She had, with the help of Wehner's arm, descended to the drawing room; but she looked like a ghost of her former self.

Then ensued a long, melancholy discussion, at which Mrs. Newburgh insisted her granddaughter should be present, and from which the latter gathered that it was of no use endeavoring to save anything out of the wreck—that whatever the unfortunate shareholders possessed must pass into the clutches of company's creditors; a call had already been made, and would be followed by others, until all was swallowed up. It was therefore deemed more prudent for Mrs. Newburgh to reside in the house she had bought, than to move to another for which she would have to pay rent. Her income had of course been narrowed to a miserable eighty or ninety pounds a year, and even on that she could not long count.

"You see, Mona, the condition to which we are reduced," said Mrs. Newburgh, when their friendly counselors, with grave faces and kindly expressed sympathy, had withdrawn. "I purposely asked you to be present at this conference, that you might understand the true state of the case. I leave you to draw your own conclusions. No, dear, do not re-open she discussion. I trust to your own common sense and right feeling. I am quite exhausted. Ring for Wehner to help me to my room. I can see no one else to-day—no one—remember, Mona."

Thus cut off from remonstrance, Mona felt she was left to her fate, and Mr. Waring; grannie was resolved to leave the decision—the responsibility—to her.

Mrs. Newburgh had not long returned to her own room, and had just taken some refreshment, when Mr. Waring's card was brought. A strong feeling of humiliation and disgust rose in Mona's heart; the calm indifference of which she boasted the previous day failed her at the moment of trial.

"Do not keep the poor young man waiting," said Mrs. Newburgh.

"It is frightful, having to go deliberately to listen to an offer of marriage!" cried Mona, starting up and walking to the window instead of the door.

"I thought you would not mind,"

"I *thought* so; but I will go, dear grannie."

She came back quickly, kissed the old woman's cheek, and disappeared.

Mr. Waring stood on the hearth-rug. He was not so tall as Lisle; his broad shoulders and rather short neck further diminished his height. He was built more for strength than grace, and though not fat, was, it must be admitted, fleshy. His hair was dark, almost black, abundant and wavy, and his broad, good-humored face was redeemed from absolute plainness by a pair of fine, soft, dark-brown eyes. He was in general ruddy and fresh-looking, but the excitement, indeed it may be said the terror of the moment, had blanched his cheeks, till he met Mona's eyes, when he blushed furiously.

She hesitated after she had crossed the threshold, and closed the door, standing tall, stately, infinitely sad, in the simplest morning-dress or black silk and cashmere she possessed, a lace scarf pinned round her throat with an old-fashioned brooch, her bright hair turned loosely back surmounting her fair pale face like an aureole.

"I am so much, so very much obliged to you for seeing me!" exclaimed Waring, starting forward to take her hand, which he shook nervously, and dropped immediately. Mona murmured something, he did not hear what, and sat down beside the fire.

Waring resumed his position on the hearth-rug. An awful paused ensued. Mona gazed at the glowing coals, and thought of Lisle's expressive voice and perfect, easy self-possession. Waring cudgeled his brain for some suitable phrase to open the dreaded yet longed for conversation. The result was a restless change of attitude, and the words, "Awful nasty weather!" His voice was strong and harsh.

"I hope you took no cold on your journey to town."

"Not a cold; I had a slight *chill*," returned Mona, who had some sense of humor.

"You are amused, I dare say," he cried, his power of speech unlocked by the magic of her smiling eyes; "you must be amused, to hear me blundering like an idiot about the weather, when my heart and mind are filled with hope and fear. Tell me, Miss Joscelyn, did Mrs. Newburgh show you my letter?"

"She did."

"And will you—will you let me tell you how awfully I was taken with you the very first time I ever saw you at that Richmond dinner Lady Mary Everard gave last year—before you were presented, you know?"

"Were you there?" asked Mona, drearily.

"Oh, I don't suppose you saw me. I never can push. Young Everard and some other fellows were round you all the time; but I have thought of you ever since. De you know, last season's balls were the first I ever went to. I thought they were all rot. I like the racing set better. I used to go only for the chance of meeting you—and you would scarcely ever dance with me. To be sure, I am a stupid begger about dancing."

"I think I always gave *some* dances," said Mona, rather at a loss what to reply.

"Oh, you were always civil!" exclaimed Waring, taking a little cup from the mantel-piece and turning it round and round as if examining the pattern. "Not like some girls, who are killing sweet, or snub you right and left. You are gentle and grave. I used to think I should never have the pluck to ask you to marry me, but—a—you see, when Mrs. Newburgh came to grief, I was ashamed of not offering at least to be of use to you."

"And are you content that I should accept you as a refuge from the ills of poverty?" asked Mona, looking gravely, calmly at him.

"I am," said Waring, after a minute's pause, putting down the cup, and speaking more collectedly. "It's not pleasant, of course, but I have faith in you. If you *promise* to be my wife, you will try to like me, and I'll try to please you with all my soul and with all my strength, as somebody says in the Bible, I think," added Waring, to enforce his professions—his religious studies were slight, and somewhat mixed. "And it will go hard if I don't get you to love me, unless—unless," his large brown eyes grew imploring—"you care for some other fellow! For God's sake don't say you love any other fellow! I never fancied you did."

"I do not, indeed." Her tone carried conviction to her hearer.

"Then—then, Miss Joscelyn, could you make up your mind to marry me? I think you might grow to like me by and by, and I need not say I would be delighted to carry out any plan, any," with emphasis, "that you think would be best for Mrs. Newburgh's comfort."

"It is a tremendous question to answer," said Mona, hesitating, yet feeling she must accept him. There was no other way left, and she was touched by his unaffected humility. "Yesterday or the day before I looked on you as a stranger; to-day I am to decide if I am to pass my whole life with you or not. I must say what sounds unkind, that I do not love you, that if this great misfortune had not befallen Mrs. Newburgh, I should probably have refused you—so I do not deserve your love."

"But I cannot help giving it to you! And if you do make up your mind to take me, you might just let me forget that you were driven to it."

"Yes; I am very ungracious. There is another circumstance I ought to mention; you may not like to know that my name is not Joscelyn. My grandmother always called me by my second baptismal name; I am really Mona Craig. My father was of very humble origin, I believe; and Mrs. Newburgh never forgave my mother for marrying him; but I dearly loved him as a little child, though I have forgotten what he was like."

"I don't care what your name is, as long as you will take mine. I am no great thing as regards family myself. I have heard something of Mrs. Newburgh's whim before."

"Is it possible?"

"I don't fancy that anything is a secret," said Waring. "Perhaps it is not fair to press you for an answer to-day. But you see time flies, and I long to be able to tell Sir Robert Everard that I have a right to discuss with him what is best to be done. Don't you fancy that I would hold back because you refused me. Whether you say yes or no, I would ask nothing better that to be of use to you; but not being a relation, it would be awkward for—"

"It would be impossible," interrupted Mona, in a low tone; then pressing her clasped hands together tightly, she said with some solemnity—"Since you believe I could make you happy—"

"You will be my wife?" interrupted Waring eagerly in his turn.

"I will, Mr. Waring, and try to be a good one." She grew very pale as she spoke.

"You are a great deal too good for me; and as you do not care for any other fellow, perhaps you may end by caring for me."

There was an awkward pause, then Waring walked over to the writing-table and took up a paper-knife with which he played nervously.

"There are one or two things I should like to tell you, if you do not mind?"

"What can he be going to confess?" thought Mona. She, however, only bent her head in silence.

"I have not been as steady as I ought to be," resumed Waring, looking down and growing red. "You see, my brother and myself were brought up by an old bachelor guardian. We had no women in the house and that made us rather rough. Then I have lost a good bit at cards and races. I'm a little too fond of play, but—now that you are so very good as to promise me your hand, I have an object to live for, and I will never touch a card again, and never lay anything beyond a pony on a race, and I'll try to be—not unworthy of you. I will indeed! Now, have I your permission to go and tell Sir Robert Everard? He is a good fellow, and we'll settle something about Mrs. Newburgh. She ought to get out of town away from annoyances."

"Thank you," returned Mona, touched by his eagerness to serve her. "I am most grateful to you, Mr. Waring."

"Couldn't you manage to call me Leslie?" he said, entreatingly. "If you knew how I long to hear my name from your lips! and to call you Mona. It's not a happy enough name for you, but I love it all the same. I can't call you Mona, if you say Mr. Waring."

"It seems so strange," murmured Mona.

"Well, never mind to-day; but I may go to Sir Robert?"

"You may," said Mona, with white lips.

"Thank you!" cried Waring, his eyes lighting up, his whole face radiant, and so far carried away with joy that he took and kissed her hand, letting it drop directly. "I suppose I ought to go away now?" he said, humbly, "but I should like to stay. It is almost impossible to believe that you have really promised to marry me, that I may stay and talk to you, and will not have to give up my place to anyone! That fellow Lisle always came and turned me out when we were at Harrowby Chase; but he isn't half bad. Do you know, it was he that advised me to try my chance with you?"

"Did you want advising?" said Mona, in an unsteady voice.

"No, not advising, only heartening up! Tell me—would you like to travel on the Continent? I haven't been much abroad myself. Of course I always go to Paris for the Grand Prix, and to the Baden Races—but you?"

"Everything must depend on my grandmother's condition," interrupted Mona.

"And, Mr. Waring—if you do not think it very rude—I think I must go to her now."

"You are looking very white," he said, tenderly, "so I will leave you; but I hope you are not unhappy, and if there is anything you would wish me to do, you will say so!"

Poor Mona longed to cry.

"I only wish you to go away!" she said, pressing her hand to her heart. "I am a good deal shaken and upset to-morrow—"

"Oh, yes! I may come to-morrow! And Mona (I may call you Mona, mayn't I?) when you are talking to Mrs. Newburgh, just say to her from me that it would be so much better if we—if, that is, if the marriage was to take place soon—quite soon! I should be so much better able to be of use. You'll not think me a bore for insisting on this? but it would really be better, putting my feelings quite out of the question."

"I shall be guided by what you and Sir Robert and grannie think best," faltered Mona. "I am afraid I must go now."

"When may I come to-morrow?" asked Waring, lingering.

"Oh, at two or three!"

"Well, I see you are tired, and you'll think kindly of me? You know I would do anything for you, *anything!*"

"Oh, yes, I will! And now good-bye."

Waring caught her hand and looked eagerly at her. For one dread moment her heart fainted within her. Was he going to ask for a kiss? If he had aspired to such a favor, he wisely postponed the demand, and again pressing her long, slight fingers to his lips, he left the room.

Mona ascended the stairs very slowly and deliberately, painfully conscious that she had fully committed herself. It now remained to complete the sacrifice by assuming a cheerful aspect before her grandmother. Then, when she had satisfied her, she might escape to regulate her own thoughts, to face the situation she had accepted.

"Well, Mona?" said Mrs. Newburgh, looking eagerly with her pitiful eyes into her granddaughter's face as she approached, while her thin, tremulous hands grasped the arms of her chair nervously.

"Well, dear grannie," sitting down by her and taking one of her hands in both her own, "I have heard all Mr. Waring had to say, and I have promised to marry him."

Mrs. Newburgh did not reply. She pressed Mona's hand, and, leaning back in her chair, the tension of her muscles relaxed, and a peaceful expression stole over her face.

"You have done well, Mona," she said, after a minute's silence. "You will yet thank me for urging you to this. Yet I did not urge; I only recommended you."

"That was all. Mr. Waring and I have been making our confessions. I told him that I was not in love with him, and that had we not met with such a reverse in fortune, I should probably have refused him; and he told me that he had not been too steady, and was addicted to gambling."

"You were imprudent, Mona. It is not wise to be too frank with the man you are going to marry. He, no doubt, will overlook everything now; but wait till the first cloud comes between you, and he will remind you that you did not care for him."

"I think Mr. Waring is a man who would forgive anything except deceit; and as I have nothing to hide, I shall try to be absolutely truthful with him."

"Yes, it is best; but, Mona, be truthful with me. Are you quite free from any fancy for—for anyone else?"

"Perfectly free, dear grannie," this very steadily.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Mrs. Newburgh! "You have always been a sensible, cool-headed girl, and I firmly believe you will be a prosperous, happy woman. Your conduct in this matter has repaid me for all I have done."

"It is very sweet to hear you say so," said Mona, gently.

"Tell me," resumed Mrs. Newburgh, "is Mr. Waring anxious that his marriage should take place soon?"

"He is; he begged me to say so when speaking to you. He left me to see Sir Robert Everard, and consult with him."

"That is well. He is our nearest of kin in town: Do not oppose this excellent young man's desire for a speedy union, Mona. 'There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.'"

"Young!" repeated Mona, dreamily. "He is almost too young for me."

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Newburgh, with something of her former briskness. "He must be seven or eight years older than you are. What more would you want?"

"He seems a kind of overgrown schoolboy—so unfinished and undecided. I feel quite an old woman of the world near him."

"So much the better. The superior ripeness of your nature will give you influence over him. But I do not think he is so much a boy as you fancy. I know he is a favorite among men, and that always is a good sign."

And so on for half an hour and more. Mrs. Newburgh was quite talkative; she arranged her granddaughter's future household, greatly to her own satisfaction, and settled the amount of pin money she ought to have.

At last Mona was set free, to ruminate with her own heart in her chamber, where she sat very still, reviewing her brief past, and trying to sketch the probable future.

### CHAPTER IV.—ON THE BRINK.

St. John Lisle had not, however, came off as scathless as Mona imagined. He had never been so hard hit by a girl before. Resolute as he was, both by nature and cultivation, he half dreaded the interview he had planned so cunningly. He expected tears, agitation, despair, however she might seek to hide their real source. Her mode of receiving his communication also amazed him. He could not understand how it was that she fell in so readily with his suggestion, and was, in truth, mortified in no small degree, when he found that the elaborate scheme of soothing caresses and ingenious reasoning he had prepared, was so much trouble wasted. If she had cared for him, she could not be so good-humoredly composed—some stinging words would have escaped her lips, some indication of the rage and pain that must be gnawing her heart would have been visible.

He was absurdly anxious to see her again—to ascertain if she still kept up the same friendly ease which had baffled him. Meantime he waited in London while his uncle was engaged in arranging with the military bigwigs the details of his new command. It would be much better to go out to India free and unfettered, to know Mona was unable to approach him. Still, an odd soreness surrounded her image, which was so deeply stamped upon his mind. He was determined to see her again.

A few days after having called in vain at Mrs. Newburgh's, Lisle had been breakfasting with General Stafford, and had remained for some time discussing plans. Walking down Piccadilly to his club, he found himself face to face with Sir Robert Everard.

"Ha, Lisle! did not know you were in town?" cried the baronet.

"And I did not expect to see you at this season, too."

"I was obliged to come up on account of Mrs. Newburgh's business. They won't leave the old woman a rap. First call make yesterday—fifty pounds a share. That will pretty well clear her out. Very foolish to have gone so deep as she did. However, all's well that ends well. Leslie Waring has proposed to Miss Joscelyn, is accepted, and I can tell you, 'Hute to the Welding' is the tune now, ha, ha, ha!—most lucky. Capital fellow, Waring! going to do the thing handsomely; but he and the grandmother are in such a deuce of a hurry that he has decided on a post-nuptial settlement, so I fancy the marriage will come off in a week or so—no grass-growing allowed."

"Very glad to hear it. Miss Joscelyn is far too charming a person to be subjected to the revolting ills of poverty. Waring is a lucky fellow to be able to seize what is no doubt a fortunate opportunity."

"Ay, the fair lady might have given a different answer had this crash not come. No matter, Mona was always a good, quiet girl—one of the domesticated sort—that will stick to her house and her man."

"A somewhat cut-like character," said Lisle, laughing. "To me, Miss Joscelyn is an ideal woman."

"I suspect a little ideal goes a long way with you."

"Oh! I am a more imaginative person than you think. I must call and offer my congratulations."

"Well, you had better look in for tea. Mrs. Newburgh cooms down when the house is shut up, and the lights are lighted—then you won't interrupt the billing and cooing, ha, ha, ha! Good-bye."

"Well-meaning old idiot," muttered Lisle, as he went on his way with knit brows. "'The billing and cooing'—how infernally suggestive. I will just drop in at that particular period; and see if I can interpret the indications aright."

Lisle was, however, too impatient to calculate time accurately, and Mona was talking with a lady when he was announced.

Mona had a slight color, and looked remarkably well. She received Lisle with quiet civility, and immediately introduced him to "Madame Dubrisay." Lisle bowed low, while in mentally designated the objectionable third party to the infernal regions.

*She received Lisle with quiet civility.*

Having inquired tenderly for Mrs. Newburgh, Lisle said, in a soft tone—

"I presume, from what Sir Robert Everard told me, I may venture to offer my very sincere congratulations on your approaching marriage with my good friend Leslie."

"Thank you very much," returned Mona, with sweet gravity.

There was a pause—mercifully broken by Mme. Dubrisay, who, with a marked French accent, observed—

"He is most amiable, the young gentleman, and deserves the good fortune which has befallen him."

"Those concerned in affairs of this kind are usually considered angels all around," said Lisle, cynically. "In this case, I only feel inclined to believe in the angelic qualities of one. May I hope to have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Newburgh?"

TO BE CONTINUED.