The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

—TERMS—
$1.00 per year in advance.
OFFICE
On Main St., one door east of Wallace House.

MILTON, THURSDAY NOVEMBER 8, 1888. NO. 21.

Travellers' Guide.

GREAT TRUNK RAILWAY (N. & N. W. Division).
GOING NORTH 9.40 A.M. 3.35 P.M. GOING SOUTH 10.00 A.M. 5.08 P.M.

CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY
GOING EAST 7.22 a.m., 10.28 a.m. 7.42 p.m.
GOING WEST 9.07 a.m. 3.21 p.m. 5.35 p.m.

VOLUME 28.

The Canadian Champion, IS PUBLISHED EVERY Thursday Morning —AT— MILTON, CO. OF HALTON, ONT. BELL & PANTON, Props.

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Terms—$1 a year in advance or within one month from the date of subscribing if not so paid, $1.50 will be charged.

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Bank of Hamilton Capital $1,000,000 Reserve Fund $300,000

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DR. HODDER'S BURDOCK AND SARSAPARILLA COMPOUND CURES Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, and all Impurities of the Blood from whatever cause arising. THE GREAT SPRING MEDICINE Price 75c (with Pills $1.) TRY DR. HODD R'S Little Liver Pills, (very small and easy to take) NO GRIPING. NO NAUSEA. Sold everywhere; price 25 cents. UNION MEDICINE CO., PROPRIETORS. TORONTO, CAN.

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R. JONES, HARNESS & SADDLE MANUFACTURER. (Next door to the Thompson House,) MAIN ST., MILTON, Has on hand a good stock of Harness, Saddles, Trunks, Valises, Whips, Combs, Brushes and all Kinds of Horse Clothing of the very Best English Canadian and American Manufacture. Harness, Saddles, etc., made to order promptly and at reasonable prices. Repairing done with neatness and all work warranted.

FREE $85 solid GOLD WATCH Sold for $15 only to lately. Last SEND watch in the world. Perfect time-keeper. Warranted. Heavy solid Gold Hunting Case. Elegant and magnificent enough for ladies' and gents' size with works and case of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes as show to those who call, a complete test of our Celebrated Gold and Silver Watches, which we send free, and also our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and also our Illustrated Catalogue, which we have priced, they become your own PROPERTY. We have kept them in our home for 3 months and shown them to those who call, and have sold many watches from the samples. It is possible to make this great offer, because it is our business to make GOLD WATCHES and COATS samples free, as the showing of GOLD watches and COATS samples results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $5000 to $6000 in orders from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and be the first to receive benefit of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card costs but one cent and after you know all, if you wish to write us costs but cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of costly SAMPLES. We pay all expenses, freight, etc. GEO. STINSON & CO., 362 Fifth St., PORTLAND, MAINE.

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	9.30a.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.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts—Tuesday, 3rd January, 3rd April, 3rd July & 2nd October.

By order, T. G. MATHESON, Clerk of the Peace.

NEW PLANING MILL. Ezard & Appleby, BUILDERS & MANUFACTURERS, Having rebuilt and furnished with an entire outfit of new machinery, are now prepared to fill orders for all kinds of Building Material, such as DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, DOOR WINDOW FRAMES, BALUSTRS and ENVELLS, also a kinds of SCROLL SAWING. Planing and Matching done to Order, LUMBER, FLOORING, LATH AND SHINGLES, kept constantly on hand and for sale. Also Builders and Contractors. We are prepared to contract for the erection of all kinds of building either in part or whole. PRICES MODERATE. Factory—Mill Street, Milton. 16-1yr.

GO TO D. Butchart's For Groceries, confectionery, etc. Oysters by Bulk or Can.

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GET THE BEST. The cream is the best part of the milk, and if you wish to get the best -CREAMER- Now is use, go to W. J. STEARN, who has now had 4 years experience in making the various kinds, and will give purchasers all information; also how to make creamery butter, by M. Moyer. I am also prepared to do EAVETROUGHING, either Tin or Galvanized Iron, at prices to suit the times, and all work guaranteed. W. J. STEARN.

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I will pay cash for good, clean merchantable Wool, and for ordinary fleece half cash and half trade. Strong, coarse, burry and unwashed wools only taken in trade or in pay for work.

I have a large stock of goods to choose from, consisting of Cotton Shirtings Denims and Cottonades; also Fine Grey Flannels, Check Flannels, Winceys, Grey Unions and Woolen Dress Goods.

I have also a full line of Summer and Winter Tweeds from 45c. to $1.80 per yd. And I have a good assortment of Sheetings, Blankets, and Horse Blankets, all double width; have also a large variety of Yarns, all colors, made from pure Wool, as I use no substitutes for Wool (a boast which few mill owners can make) so that you can depend on good sound Yarns or any other goods you want manufactured, and always from good new wool when desired. Carding, Spinning and Weaving well and promptly done. Give us a call and you will be squarely dealt with. The highest possible price allowed for all kinds of Wool.

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CARRIAGE & BLACKSMITH WORKS, MARTIN STREET, MILTON.

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. Milton, Dec. 5th, 1887.

BUGGIES, CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, Waggons, AND ALL DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES Always on hand and made to order. All kinds of JOB WORK promptly attended to. A first-class Horse-Shoer will always be engaged. No Factory Work. All material made up on the premises. MCKENZIE.

SPURGEON says:—"Economy is half the battle of life." You therefore should in starting housekeeping spend your money to the best advantage by making your purchases from men of business whose record for honest dealings has stood the test of many years, and prominent among this admirable class of business men stands the ever reliable old established furniture firm of the Dominion Furniture Company. We would, therefore, advise the CITIZENS OF MILTON AND VICINITY to pay us a visit and take a look through our large showrooms. You will then see that we are able to give the most cultured or refined and fastidious purchasers entire satisfaction in every detail. We can give you BEDROOM SUITS FROM $12 UP TO $125. CALL AND SEE OUR WONDERFUL $20.00 SUITS.

Our stock of Parlor Suits are immense, covered in figured and crushed plush silks and brocatells. Now is the time to buy a Parlor Suit CHEAP. A description of our immense variety of Extension Tables, Winder Tables, Sideboards, Cane and Perforated Chairs, Reed and Rattan Rocking Chairs, Ladies' Sewing Baskets, Mantle Mirrors and odd pieces of furniture we are sure would serve no practical purpose. We can only say call and see. Our prices are extremely low. We sell for cash only. Our showrooms are two blocks from the N. & N. W. R. station. Give us a call, it will well pay you.

DOMINION FURNITURE CO., 120 and 122 King Street East, Hamilton.

N. B.—All goods packed free of charge.

MONA'S CHOICE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

Her reflections were suddenly broken in upon by a familiar voice exclaiming—"By Jove! It is Mona! Mona Joscelyn!" and she found her further progress barred by Bertie Everard, Sir Robert's only son, who was studying law, having no military proclivities, and thinking legal knowledge would be useful in managing the family estate, which was by no means flourishing under his father's munificent rule.

"Bertie! I never dreamed of meeting you," as though the ban which had fallen on her had been "banishment"—that an encounter between two inhabitants of the same town had been thereby rendered impossible.

"Nor did I. I thought you had emigrated, or been sent to a penitentiary, or some such thing. You see, when anyone drops out of sight in London, it is such a drop in the ocean, that he or she leaves no trace behind. I am quite glad to see you. Come, tell me all about yourself. Evy has wept gallons over you. She wanted to write, and the Lord knows what, but my mother strictly forbade her. You are an awful black sheep, you know—a lost mutton."

"Of course I am," said Mona, smiling. She understood her cousin's dry bluntness. "But you must acknowledge I have kept out of sight and not troubled you."

"Yes, it is quite true. Now I have met you, I am amazed to find you still exist. How have you managed it, Mona?"

"Why trouble about details? I exist, and want nothing—that is enough. Now, tell me some news. How is your dear mother? She was always so good!"

"She is exceedingly flourishing and busy, for Evelyn is going to be married—very good match—to Lord Finistoun. He is a pleasant, easy-going fellow—rather an ass, but that will suit Evy. She hasn't much brains herself."

"She has sense enough not to think she has all the brains of the family, as you do, Bertie."

"Yes, I do, and I am no great things after all. Your troubles have not taken the sharp edge off your tongue, Miss Joscelyn," he said, laughing.

"There is no Miss Joscelyn now. I have resumed my poor father's name. It is more suited to my fortunes and fancy."

"By Jove! And what is it? Cruiz? Um! It was a queer notion of Mrs. Newburgh's to suppress it. I suppose you haven't heard or seen anything of Waring?"

"No; of course not."

"Nor anyone else either! Can't think what's become of him. Some one did say he was training a colt for the Derby. I dare say he is glad enough now that you have broke with him. Can't understand why men marry!—must be an awful bore."

"I have no doubt he is obliged to me."

"And you are demedly sorry you gave him the chance, eh?"

"You would not believe me if I denied it."

"Well, no, I would not, though you are a rum sort of a girl, Mona. I always liked you. You say what you think, and you hold your own with that grand mother of yours, who was as big a tyrant as I have met. You are a fool, too, in many ways—ready to cut your own throat for an idea; but there's something taking about you. I never thought St. John Lisle would lose his head as he did on your account. I had a letter from him some time ago—asked why he had not seen your marriage announced—asked it in a postscript—always a bad sign of womanish weakness. Where do you live, for Heaven's sake? We must be approaching the far west."

"Do not come any further, Bertie—you will die of fatigue."

"No, I will not, but you will, if it's a few miles further out; let me secure a cab, before we leave the haunts of civilization behind us."

"I think ten minutes more will bring us to our destination, but to copy your own amiable candor, I would rather you did not come."

"Ah, but I will. I am determined, to see your lair."

"Well, I cannot prevent you, but I do not want you," rejoined Mona.

In a few minutes they reached Mme. Debrisay's abode, and on opening the door that individual was discovered resting in an arm-chair, beside a table set for tea. Her thick and undeniably disordered black hair was uncovered.

"This is Bertie Everard," said Mona, quietly; "Evelyn's brother."

"Very pleased to see him, I'm sure," said madame, rising bravely to face the intruder, and not deigning to pick up her bonnet. "Your sister was one of my most charming pupils."

"Oh, indeed!" returned Everard. "I should not have thought it."

"And you find your sweet cousin looking well! I have done my best to take care of her."

"My cousin?" elevating his eyebrows. "Can you tell me the exact degree, Mona?—first, second, twenty-fifth?"

"Oh! a cousin removed to the vanishing point of relationship. I have not the faintest wish to claim you, Bertie."

"Really, Mona, my dear, that is not the retort courteous."

"If you knew Mr. Everard better, dear madame Debrisay, you would know that he despises courtesy in himself and others."

"I only hate shams," said Bertie, frankly.

"Let me offer you a cup of tea," said Mme. Debrisay, rather scandalized.

"Thank you; I shall be glad of it, after our long, dusty walk. Really, it's not so bad, now we have got here," looking round with visible examination. "It is a better room than mine in the Temple. Now, tell me, how do you manage to rub along?"

"Madame Debrisay and I have entered into partnership; she takes the big pupils, and I take the little ones."

"By George! Does the squalling and strumming pay for all this?" waving his tea-spoon comprehensively round.

"It does; but then you must remember it is all in the fourpence three farthings style of expense," said Mme. Debrisay.

"Gad, what heaps of money we waste!" exclaimed Everard, putting down his cup. "What sums my father gets through! I suppose you never go to parties or things of that kind, so living out here is no consequence. Why one might live for half nothing up here."

"There are no rooms to let in this house, Bertie."

"That is a pity. Good-morning, Mrs. Debrisay; good-bye, Mona."

"Happy to see you again," said Mme. Debrisay. "You are really quite a character."

"What the deuce does she mean?" asked Everard of himself, as he took up his neatly rolled umbrella, and opened the door, while Mme. Debrisay screamed after him to turn right and go on to a large church where the city omnibuses passed every ten minutes.

CHAPTER VII.—AN ACCIDENT.

The variable spring, the hot dusty summer days, succeeded each other, and the partners worked steadily through all.

They had gleams of diversion too, for Mme. Debrisay had friends and acquaintances of her own profession who often gave her tickets for concerts, and orders for the theatre. These were amusements of which Mona had enjoyed but little during her residence with her grandmother, whose fixed principle it was never to pay for anything of the sort. They were a source of great enjoyment, for Mona was peculiarly alive to beauty and harmony, and had something of the dramatic gift herself.

A very hot July had driven away all Mme. Debrisay's pupils, save two or three. The ranks of Mona's were also thinned, and both were planning a course of needle-work and reading during the approaching time of rest.

Mona quickly snatched up the shawl.

Mona had been out one morning to do some small housekeeping errands as Mme. Debrisay had a headache, and on re-entering the house with a latch-key, was surprised to hear a sound of snarling and scuffling in their sitting-room, the door of which was open. Going in quickly, she beheld Mme. Debrisay, her cap slightly awry, endeavoring to drag a lace shawl from the fangs of Dandie, who, snarling and yelping, held on like grim death, a corner of the shawl to its fullest length, stretching and dancing backward, while she struck at him ineffectually with a small hearth brush.

"*Diable de bête!*" she exclaimed. "Keep away from him, Mona. I believe he is going mad."

"I believe he is only frightened and angry. Let it go, and probably he will, too."

Thus diverting Mme. Debrisay's attention, she relaxed her grasp. The dog gave a vigorous pull, and trotted triumphantly with the lace in his mouth—head and tail erect—into the hall, where he proceeded to tear it vehemently.

"Just look at that! The only decent thing I have to put on my shoulders when I go out. Get away with you, you cur!"—a thrust of the brush—"Call him off, Jane!"—another thrust—"Take that!"—a thrust of the brush—"Call him off, Jane!"—another thrust—"Take that!"—throwing the brush at him finally.

This routed the foe. He jumped back, and Mona quickly snatched up the shawl.

"Me beautiful Chantilly shawl," almost wept Mme. Debrisay. "I got it at a sale the last year you were with us in Paris. Thirty-five francs seventy, and it's worth two hundred! It was as good as new. I will not live in the house with such a brute!"

"I am sure, ma'am," said the landlady, coming in, "I am that sorry—I don't know how to express it. I don't know what's in the dog. He is always trying to run up here, as if he knew it worried you."

"I have no doubt he does," returned Mme. Debrisay, examining her lace. "Look here! There's a tear for you! Here's another! It's just ruined."

"I think I can mend it, dear," said Mona, sympathetically.

"Now, Mrs. Puddiford," insisted Mme. Debrisay, impressively, to her landlady. "I give you your choice—either that savage brute leaves the house, or I will. Be sure you explain matters to Mr. Rigden this night, and let me know the result. Either he sends away his dog—or goes away with his dog—or Miss Craig and I go, *this day week!*" tragically.

"I will, ma'am!—I will!" sniffed the little landlady. "I foresee a heap of trouble. Mr. Rigden—he is that obstinate and touchy!"

The landlady retired, pressing the corner of her duster to her eyes; while the yelps of the dog were heard from below, where he was being tied up.

The next day was stormy, with heavy thunder-showers, and Mme. Debrisay would not hear of Mona taking a journey to town in search of materials to repair the damage done by the delinquent Dandie. Moreover, a council of war had to be held. Mr. Rigden was observed that morning to draw his umbrella from the stand with a degree of violence which upset all the other umbrellas and sticks, and "banged" the front door with a recklessness which was in itself a *casus belli*. Soon after, Mrs. Puddiford appeared with a rueful countenance.

"Well'm, I have spoken to Mr. Rigden. He is noways inclined to hear reason!"

"He wouldn't be a man if he did, unless it were on his own side!" ejaculated madame.

"He spoke most disrespectful," continued the landlady, beginning to play with the corner of her apron. "He said he would stand no more of—nonsense (them was his words, ma'am), and was sorry he had just begun a month, as he would have to pay for it (he is a monthly tenant); that he would look out for rooms, and as soon as ever he found another place, free from cantankerous old women, he'd leave, if he forfeited a fortnight's rent. I am sorry to say he so far forgot himself, but them was his very words, ma'am."

"I assure you, Mrs. Puddiford, it is not of the slightest consequence whether Mr. Rigden considers me old and cantankerous or not. I congratulate you on getting rid of a troublesome, ill-bred inmate!"

The next day was bright and fresh after the thunder, and Mona having given a lesson in Gloucester Place early in the afternoon, went on to Regent's Circus to match the lace, intending to make madame's shawl as good as new.

Having done her shopping, she crossed to the other side, and walked a little way toward Tottenham Court Road, hoping to find room in an omnibus, without having to struggle at the regular stopping-place. Presently a Royal Oak omnibus came up, and paused before she hailed it. Mona hastened to enter as soon as an elderly and somewhat decrepit-looking man had descended, with the help of a stick and a "baggy umbrella."

The omnibus moved on before the old gentleman had one foot clear of the step and he fell prone on the damp, profusely watered ground. The driver of a hansom could hardly draw up quickly enough to prevent his horse from trampling on the prostrate figure, which seemed unable to recover the perpendicular.

Mona, by a natural impulse, bent down to assist him, and a burly policeman soon set him on his feet.

"No bones broke," he said, cheerfully, feeling his legs and arms. "Here's your stick and umbrella. You go into the confectioner's there, and take summat. You will be as right as a trivet in five minutes."

So saying, he proceeded on his stately march, leaving the sufferer standing, with difficulty supporting his trembling self on his stick, and looking round him with a pitiful expression of bewilderment.

"I am afraid you are hurt!" said Mona, kindly. She did not like to desert him, for she felt he was not a Londoner.

"I've just an awfu' pain i' my back," he said, pantingly, "and feel dazed like. If I could sit doon a bit."

"Come into this shop and have a glass of water;" and she guided him to a pastry-cook's close by, where she found a chair, and feeling alarmed at the old man's extreme pallor, asked if he would not try a little brandy and water.

"Ay," he said; "I must have something to raise my heart!"

His eyes closed partially, and Mona begged an attendant to bring the restorative. Her patient was a small, spare man, with thin gray hair, small whiskers, faded blue eyes, a contemptuously upturned nose, and a wide, thin-lipped mouth. He was neatly dressed in a pepper-and-salt colored suit, and though not a gentleman, was by no means of the working class, nor yet like a clerk.

"Try and take a little of this," urged Mona.

"Thank ye—thank ye."

He put the glass to his lips and drank very slowly. "The Lord be thankit," he said, placing it half emptied on the table, "for saving my life; but I am sair shaken!"

Again he drank. "Ow!" he uttered a strange sound between a groan and a sigh. "It was near a' ower wi' me! I am much beholden to you, my young leddy. I must try an' get awa' to my bed, but I can scarce stan'. I had better get into a cab."

"You had better rest a few minutes first," said Mona, who felt sincere compassion for him. "I am afraid you are more hurt than you think."

"I am a puir frail bodie. Eh, but my back is twisted! What'll they ask now for a cab"—he called it a "cawb"—"to Camden town?"

"I am not sure—eighteenpence or two shillings."

"It's a cruel, costly place; but," apologetically, "I canna help it; I'll just pay for the spirits and water, and gang my lane."

He dived into a side pocket—he routed out his trousers pockets—his breast pocket—all in vain.

"There is my card, but I live ever so far away."

"Guid preserve us!—it's clean gane! My pocket has been picked!"

"Oh! that is dreadful! I hope you had not much in it?"

"Too much to lose! A bit of gold, half a crown, and a saxpence. Now I canna pay for my drap o' speerits."

"That is a mere trifle—I will pay for it." Going to the counter, she said—"This poor gentleman's purse has been taken, I must pay for what he has had."

"I dare say it is an accident that may happen to him again, if he finds kind young ladies to pay for him," said the buxom woman behind the desk, smiling—"sixpence, please."

"Do you feel equal to go home," said Mona, who was beginning to feel a little ashamed of her quixotic attentions to this elderly waif. "I will get you a cab if you like."

"Wait a bit. Where do you bide? I want to pay ye what you've laid out."

"Oh! never mind; it does not matter."

"Ye are a Scotch lassie?"

"No, I never was in Scotland."

"Ah! I thocht ye were, from yer bonnie reed held."

"Indeed!" said Mona, laughing.

"Weel, I'll no leave this till I know where I'll find ye."

"There is my card then, but I live ever so far away. Pray do not trouble about me; I am very glad to have been of any use to you."

"Ah! but you were—you saved my life! If you had not stood between me and that cawb, I'd have been a deid mon! I'll try and get home."

Struggling to his feet, and seizing his umbrella, he hobbled to the door. Mona followed him.

"You'll hear from me," said the old man, thrusting the card into his breast pocket; "and I'll never forget ye, never. Could you find me a shut-up cawb? I canna bide yon things, wi' the driver stuck up behind."

Mona hailed a passing cab, and, after some haggling, with infinite difficulty and many groans, he scrambled in, dropping his umbrella during the process. Mona picked it up and gave it to him. He seated himself with his back to the horse, smiling and nodding to his young protectress as he drove slowly away.

"What a funny adventure!" thought Mona. "I wonder if Madame Debrisay will scold me."

But Mme. Debrisay was in a placid mood when Mona reached home—for madame had her moods. She had passed the morning and some of the afternoon auditing her own and Mona's accounts. The result was on the whole, satisfactory, though—"The way money slips through your fingers is most amazing," she observed; "though we have done pretty well, we couldn't afford a trip anywhere—not prudently; and you cannot put by anything. At all events, you have not reduced your own bit of money much, that's a comfort; keep a tight hold of it, dear."

Having heard her friend's summary; and assisted to reduce the sea of small account books, scribbled scraps of paper, bills, and receipts to something like order, Mona related her adventure, and madame did not scold.

"Well, it was funny! May be the old gentleman is a millionaire in disguise; they are generally queer. May be your sixpence will prove the sprat that caught a whale."

"You have too much imagination, Deb," said Mona, laughing. "There was nothing of the millionaire about my old man. He was too humble for a moneyed man. If they are queer, they are generally consequential. I fancy he will make his way here. He is very feeble, however, and I imagine 'cawbs'—as he calls them—are too costly for his taste."

"Well, I shall be curious to see what will come of it! It is my belief that your meeting didn't happen for nothing," and Mme. Debrisay shook her head solemnly. "I believe you are a lucky girl, Mona."

"Only lucky in having you to befriend me! Your cap is very crooked, dear—go and put on your bonnet! I am not a bit tired. Let us indulge in a hansom to Kensington Gardens, and stroll about till it is time for a late tea."

The Saturday following Mona's rescue of the old Scotchman, she was surprised and delighted by the receipt of a letter from Evelyn Everard, now Lady Finistoun. After voluminous apologies for her silence, she expressed her warm sympathy with her "dearest consin."

"They were all so angry with you, that, without giving myself the trouble to think (my usual way, you know), I took for granted that you were a dreadful criminal; still I was as fond of you as ever—but mother would not hear of my writing. Then I was so bewildered about Finistoun. He came and went, and some people thought he was going to marry Lady Georgina Fitz-Maurice; but I did not. At last it was all settled; then we were frantically busy, and then I was traveling so much, and so selfishly happy, I never gave a thought to any one, which is disgraceful, I know. Now, dear, that I am married to the nicest, kindest, pleasantest of men, I feel you were quite right to refuse Mr. Waring. Poor man—I liked him very much! It must be quite awful to be united to anyone you cannot love with all your heart. Of course if Mrs. Newburgh had lived, it would have been different. I have told Finistoun all about you. He remembers you last year, and admires you very much. He says you are a plucky girl, but does not think you were wise to throw over Leslie Waring. The best of men, dear Mona, have very little sentiment about other people's marriages. Let us hope they have about their own. I do trust you are not very unhappy.

"We are getting tired of moving about, and intend returning in August to Scotland. Finistoun has a deer forest in the Western Highlands. We shall be there almost all the autumn. If I can at all manage it, I will come and see you as I pass through London; and you must come and stay with me. I am sure you will like Finistoun; he is not exactly handsome, but *distingue*, and really very clever. My father thinks very highly of him; and he is a sound Conservative. The dear mother is flourishing, and looks forward to presenting Geraldine next season. It is lonely, not having a daughter 'out.' Good-bye, dearest Mona. You will forgive my neglect, and grant I had a good excuse.

"Ever your attached

"EVELYN FINISTOUN."

"I am not so sure about that," said Mona, smiling, as she put the letter which she had read aloud, back into its envelope. "But I am most grateful to her for writing at all. She is really a nice, dear thing."

"So she is," replied Mme. Debrisay. "Why, Mona, there's a little man trying to open the gate—an old man, with a stick and an umbrella. It must be your millionaire."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Three New Dances.

Three new dances were introduced at the Dancing Masters' Convention held in New York city last week. The dances are called the "glide mazurka," introduced by Prof. A. M. Lomas, the "diamond lancers," and "the Berlin," by Prof. Pitt Rivers. The only difference between the "glide mazurka" and the old dance of that name is that the waltz is substituted for the polka step. The effect is graceful, but the "glide" in this respect will not be without its usual complications, sometimes disastrous. The "diamond lancers" is facile and graceful, and is destined to become very popular. "The Berlin" possesses a slow, graceful polka movement which can be converted into a waltz, a galop or a schottische.