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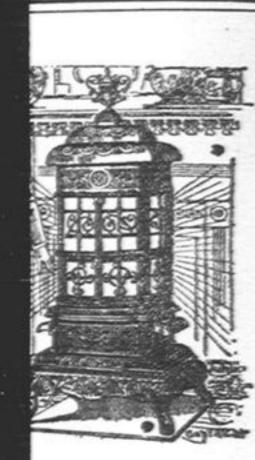
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ention given to Midwifery and disache, kidney trouble or biliousness." Price 50c. a box, at all druggists or by mail, THE DR. ZINA PITCHER Co., Toronto.

ALL FOR LOVE

(Continued from Page 4) discovered by Ranty, who, hearing of her melancholy fate, came up-stairs and took his station outside the "Hillo, Pet!" he began.

Office over Anderson & Nu-"Hillo yourself," replied Pet sulk-"You're locked in - ain't you?" went on Ranty.

"Where's your eyes? Can't you see I am?" snapped Pet. "Well, you know it serves you Office over Morgan's Drug | right?" said Ranty. "Oh, if I was only out at him,

muttered Pet. "You haven't seen Erminie since F. A. WALTERS, dentist, Lindyou came home, I suppose," Honor graduate of Toronto vertity and Royal College of Ranty. ental College. All the latest and

"No. I haven't! You know very well, I haven't," said Pet, crossly, "How's Ray?"

"Oh, he's first rate-up and about His wound didn't amount to much. I'm going over there now, got any

message to send?" "No; only to bid them good-bye. never expect to see any of them any

more," said Pet, with a deep groan. "Why, where are you going?" asked Ranty. "To commit suicide. Do you know if choking hurts much, Ran-

he has given the gas to 186,you've done it. I'm off." And Ranty decamped, whistling.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Courcy fell heavily on the hearts of is an essentially selfish luxury; and Lord Villiers and Lady Maude; but I trust my Maude will view it they mourned as those on whom the its proper light, and pray for heaviest blow Fate can bestow has more Christian spirit.' eth and rubber. Plates guaran- already fallen, and all other griefs "Forgive me, my husband," ed not to break. No charge for seemed light in comparison.

shrouded figure who had been seen rebellious; but, oh! there never was to enter and never depart; but as it sorrow like unto mine !" was evident that the earl had died, But from that day a change was and not been murdered, no suspicion manifest in Lady Maude. Loving her was attached to this. And so, with husband with almost adoring worstately pomp and ceremony, Hugh ship, for his sake she strove Seyton, fourth Earl De Courcy, was shake off the "luxury of grief" laid to rest in the family vault, had spoken of, and resume her place and Lord Villiers, took the title, and in the world as before. At first, the was now fifth Earl De Courcy.

he found means to withdraw his mind earnest pressure of his hand, told at times from the loss of his child; her her efforts were understood and but his lovely countess mourned still appreciated, and more than rewardand "would not be comforted."

true; but not as she grieved now. cording. Had she beheld her beautiful child The young Eael De Courcy, as laid in the grave, she would have statesman and politician, had bemourned; but not with mourning like come a demigod with the public and

tidings were brought her of the come, to pray for him there. lost one: and still she wildly hoped. The intense sorrow of the Countess

principal and interest repaid last. Barristers, etc., Lindsay. | self in deepest mourning, and, in sil-20 250 3 6 52 4 2 54 27 28 4

On the heart of her husband, the to his own noble heart, he calmed attention and make her forget himself to console her. Of all her friends-of all who loved her, but him; and folded to his heart, shape of creature-comforts; and even she sat for hours, day after day, as she idolized children, so was she white, still, cold and silent.

row would be less enduring if left ed in trees, with splendid parks, fine came, and he saw her growing whit- the earl and countess were in er and more fragile day after day, habit of going each summer, to he began to think it was time something was done to rouse her from piest moments of Lady Maude were this destroying grief.

this is sinful!" he said, holding her undisturbed, of her lost darling little wan hands, and looking sadly Taking her accustomed walk down into the white, cold face. "This day, she was arrested by the rebellious murmuring must not be cries of a child near. With is in the hands of One who 'doeth

the heart, and that was all. words came from the pale lips. "Have faith, sweet wife, and trust ed in this little stray waif in God. Overcome this selfish grief It was a face of singular beauty and remember that there still remain many for you to love many complexion, large, brilliant who love you. Live for them, my eyes, coal-black hair, that now hung own Maude; live for me; live for tangled and disordeered over her the heaven where our Erminie has shoulders. Her little dress was torn

"O my child! my child! Would with brambles. The child was evito God I had died for thes!" broke dently lost.

love. And am I not left to you locks off the dark little face, and

fault ! I left her alone, helpless and her own. It seemed to her she must one to watch her-no one to save her. All were gone, and she was left to perish! O my child! my child. No words can describe the agony the remorse, the undying despair of her tones, so full of a mother's utmost woe. Then blessed tears came to her relief, and, bowing her head on her husband's shoulder, she wept convulsively.

It was the first time she had shed a tear since the loss of her child. Lord De Courcy hailed this as a favorable symptom, and permitted her to weep, undisturbed, until the very head, and smoothing back the dark curls from her high pale brow, he off his hat, said: said, softly:

"My Maude is morbid in her grief. She has nothing to reproach herself with. Since Heaven willed we should lose one angel it gave us, is it not our duty to be resigned?" "()h! if she had died-if I knew

she were sleeping quietly in her grave, I could be resigned. But this dreadful uncertainty is killing me. O Ernest! since God gave me two children to live, why has he decreed that I should lose them both?" It was the first time since her marriage that she had spoken of that other child; and, for one instant,

Lord De Courcy's brow grew dark, at the unpleasant memories it brought back. The shadow was gone as quickly as it came.; and, stooping down, he pressed a kiss on her brow, as he replied: "He knows best, love. If He has

given us griefs, was He not a sufferer of sorrow himself? Rouse yourself from this lethargy of grief, Maude. "Can't say-never tried it. If it's Does it console you to make those easy death just let me know when around you wretched? For, Maude, I to my grief-how miserable it makes all those who love you, to see you yield to this lethargy of despair. Do you think I do not feel the loss of our beautiful child? And, yet, Maude, And now, reader, are you will- I do not give way to this utter abing to retrace your steps with me, andon of despair, because I know it and go back to those we left behind is positively wrong. There is a sort of luxury in yielding to grief, and The sudden death of the Earl De permitting it to have its way; but it

softly murmured. "Bear with me The servants spoke of the dark little longer. I know I am weak and

trial was hard-almost too hard for In the bustle of the funeral, and her to bear; but his pleased smile, the duties of his elevated station, his thrilling whisper of thanks, the ed her for the sacrifice she had made. Had she been assured of Erminie's And thus five years glided away, death she would have grieved, it is unmarked by any event worth re-

one of the leading men of the day. What had been her fate.? Was she In the whirl of busy life, in the maelliving or dead? Into whose hands strom of politics, little Erminie was not forgotten, but her memory had Night and day these thoughts were grown to be a sweet, haunting shauppermost in her mind, darkening dow of the past-a tender, beautiful her very soul with anguish and de recollection, that came to him like spair. Enormous rewards had been a strain of sweet music heard amid offered for the slightest clue of her the discortant crash of the busy abductor: for upwards of a year, the world. He thought of her now as an McSWEYN & WEL- keenest detectives of England were angel-visitant, sent to smile on him Solicitors, etc., Ontario put on the track. But all was in for a moment, and then taken back vain. Day after day passed and no to the heaven from which she had

Every passing footstep sent a shrill De Courcy had also been subdued to her heart, in the anticipation that and rendered far less poignant by BORROWERS—We are loaning it might be the bearer of glad tidblowest current are loaning it might be the bearer of glad to the bearer of glad to the bearer of glad to the bearer of glad the long, weary her elevated position, to resume that be lowest current are loaning it might be the bearer of glad to lowest current rates. The bus, months of vain watching and waiting place in the fashionable world she is done in our own office and she had hoped against hope until the was so well fitted to fill. But when she principal and she had hoped against hope until the was so well fitted to fill. But when in the glittering assembly, the brilus without any expense of re- But now-now when the search was liant ball, the gorgeous pageant, was ting. We also expense of re- But now-now when the search was liant ball, the gorgeous pageant, was But now now when the search was liant ball, the gold forgotten? Never!

Sweet lost Erminie forgotten? Never!

Sweet lost Erminie forgotten? Never! ORS—We invest. To INVES- realization of her utter bereavement. Outwardly, that one great sorrow We invest money for clients Then the mortal anguish and desmortgages, also upon munici- pair she had long struggled against, pallor of the lovely face, in the subdebentures, investment stocks overwhelmed her soul; she buried her- dued light of the large, melancholy overwhelmed her soul; she buried herbonds. McLAUGHLIN & self in deepest mourning, shut out dark eyes. in the soft. tend - smile.

her lost one, and would not be com- hovered about the sweet beautiful lips. Her lave for children amounted almost to a passion; those "human blow had fallen no less heavily; flowers," as some one prettily calls but crushing back his bitter sorrow them, could at any time arrest her would admit no one to her presence ed proof of her affection, in the

invariably loved by them in return. At first, he had permitted Nature | The country-seat of the De Courto have her way, thinking her sor- cys was a fine old mansion, embowerto wear itself out; but when months preserves, and surrounded by beautiand months passed and no change ful scenery. Here, with their friends spend a few weeks; and here the hapspent, wandering through the dim "Maude, Maude! this is wrong - old woods, where she could dream,

indulged longer. Dearest Maude sympathies ever enlisted for children, rouse yourself from this trance of she glanced quickly in the direction despair, and remember our Erminie and beheld a little, infantile-looking child of two years old, apparently gazing bewildered, and screaming A shiver, a shadow, a fluttering of away at the top of its lungs. No Lady Maude approached, and at a

> single glance became deeply interestthat met her eye. A dark, and her hands and face scratched

Lady Maude approached; and child, turning to gaze on her, for a "Our child prays for her mother in moment ceased her cries. Stooping eye-lashes, and then going over, heaven. Grieve not for her, dear down, she parted the tangled elfgazed long and earnestly down into "Oh! it was my fault-it was my the bright eyes that fearlessly met unprotected, while I was enjoying have seen a face like this somewhere with some dark memory- what, she could not tell.

The child looked up to the pale, sweet face of the lovely lady, and artlessly lisped : "Ma mere."

'Trench,' murmured Lady Maude in surprise. "How in the world can she have come here? Where is 'mother,' little one?" she asked, in the same language. "Gone away-bad man get Rita,"

lisped the little innocent. The Countess was at a loss and perhaps would have gone with violence of her grief had exhausted little one farther into the woods, had itself; and then raising back her not one of the earl's game-keepers come up at that instant, and taking

"Better not venture into the woods, my lady; a gang of gipsies passed through last night." Then catching sight of Rita, as the child called herself, he burst out, in surprise:"Why, bless my soul, here's one of 'em.!" "Does this child belong to the

"Yes, my lady; saw her with them when they passed through last night.

S'pose she's got left behind in mistake. I don't believe she's one of 'em, though; stole, most likely." "Do you think so?" said Lady Maude, with interest. "Why do you

think she has been stolen?" "Why, my lady, if she had been one of themselves, some of the women would have had her; but nobody seemed to own this one, or to care about her. I saw one of the men draw her alongside of the head last night, with a blow that knocked her down. Lord! how my fngers were itching to do the same to

him!" "Poor little thing!" said Lady Maude compassionately, folding her cannot tell you how much it adds in her arms with a sudden impulse. "Poor little thing! Yes, now think of it, it is more than probable she has been stolen, for she cannot speak English. Carry her to the hall; her poor little feet are all cut and bleeding, and we cannot allow her to

The man lifted the child in arms, and followed the countess to the hall, where she gave orders to have the little foundling properly dressed and cared for, before presenting her to the earl. He smiled as he listened to her story, and followed her to the room where little Rita now washed and neatly dressed, sat on the floor, playing with some toys. But as his eyes rested on the dark, brilliant face, the smile faded away, universe into the regions of space; and a half-puzzled, half-doubtful look I'll set fire to every blessed one took its place.

"Is she not beautiful, dear Ernest? Does she not remind you of some dark, rich tropical flower?" said Lady Maude, in admiration. little butterfly-yes," said Lord De fall in love with anybody else;" me-I cannot account for it-but it dashing middy, gave his friends at



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"O, my forer have you, too, lessly. "It was the first thing that struck me, too. How very singular!"

this little bird of paradise you have "Let her remain her in charge of

for the strange interest I feel in this little one, Ernest."

there no means of finding out to whom she blongs. Her parents may be living, and lamenting her loss, even now, dear wife." "There are no means of discover-

ing them, Ernest," she said halfsadly. "The gipsies are gone; but Martha found a little silver cross round her neck, on which were engraven the letters, 'M. J. L.' have laid it carefully aside, though I fear her parentage may never be dis-

'Well, do as you like with her, dear Maude. The child is certainly very beautiful. I believe you love

little one had blue eyes and fair hair like her, I could find it in my heart to adopt her for our darling's sake." "You would not let such a trifle as that prevent you Maude, if you really wished it. But let the child remain. Rita-that's her name, isn't

"Oh, I do-I do! my sweet, pre-

it?-come here, Rita." ed at him from under her long nestled within them just as Erminie

used to do. The simple action awoke a host of tender memories that for a moment nearly unnerved the earl. Rising hastily, he kissed Rita and left the myself downstairs. There was no before, and that it was connected room. But from that day the little stray waif was an inmate of the hall, and with every passing day, grew more and more deeply dear to the earl and countess.

Without legally adopting her, they learned to look upon her, as time passed, in the light of a daughter sent to take the place of the one. Rita addressed them by the endearing name of father and mother: and the world tacitly seemed to to keep her in proper sailing order. take it for granted that little "Lady I know a good place to send youto, Rita" was to be heiress and daugh- Snowdrop, and go you shall, and ter of Earl De Courcy.

At seven years old, Lady Rita had her governess, and began her education. She seemed to have forgotten she ever had any other father and mother than Lord and Lady

Courcy. And so, while the lost daughter was living in poverty, in a little cottage, in her far-distant home, pendent on the bounty of others, the adopted daughter was growing up, surrounded by every luxury that fond hearts could bestow upon her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Your pardon, dear reader, if, without further preface, I skip over a threw a peaceable community into period of six years. One brief bird's | convulsions. Never did a pupil drive

go on with our history. and Ranty from boys of fifteen to nified "parient" into such undignifiyoung men of twenty-one, and had ed paroxysms of rage as our Firefly metamorphosed Erminie and Petron- | did; never was a guiet, orderly, stateilla from little girls of twelve and ly mansion thrown up-side-down, as if eleven to young ladies of respectively a tornado had torn through it every eighteen and seventeen. Beyond that day, as Heath Hall was; never in it had wrought little change in

Judestown or its inhabitants. Master Ranty having displayed, during his rapid career at College, sundry "fast," tendencies, was sent to sea to take the nonsense out of him. That young gentleman bore his fate with most exemplary patience

Great was the delight ol the worthy admiral, his uncle, when he heard of his nephew's destination: and it was partially through his influence, that, some months after, Ranty, radiant in blue roundabout and bright fashioned remedy for conthe "Sea Nymph," and wrote his sumption. "Eat plenty of brass buttons stood on the deck of name in tremendous capitals, "Randolph Lawless, U.S.N."

"Now, remember, Minnie, you must not go and fall in love with anybody else,"was his parting words,"if years ago. you do I'll knock all creation into everlasting smash; I'll hurl the whole

the United States, and bring all the world and Nebraska Territory to universal ruination!" Duly impressed by these appalling

and blood-chilling threats, Erminie "Or some bright-winged, gorgeous dutifully promised not to "go and Courcy. "But, Maude, it seems to Mr. Lawless transformed into a seems as if I had seen it somewhere home his blessing, and set off on his

first voyage. Ray, who even in his boyhood had displayed great talent in legal matters, was now, by the kindness of the Admiral in New York City, stu-

dying law. Erminie, too, was absent from home now. Having completely captivated the heart of the generous and eccentric Admiral Havenful, as she did that of most others, he set about thinking one day, what was the best means to display his affection. Just then he recollected her fondness for learning, and the few apportunities she had to indulge that fondness; and jumping up, he struck the table a vigorous blow, exclaiming:

"I'll send her to school! Pet learns all them heathenish foreign languages and makes a noise on that big sca-Snowdrop. I'll send her to school this very day!-shiver my timbers if action on the diseased lungs.

And on the spur of the moment, the admiral, with many a doleful grunt, dumped himself on old Ringbone's back, and jogged over the

There he made his proposal to Erminie, whose sweet blue eyes lit up at first with joy and gratitude; then came the thought of Ketura, now a helpless cripple, unable to leave her room, and her countenance fell, and the joyful light fades ".om her face.

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"I am very sorry, but I cannot leave my grandmother," was her sad

"Fiddle-de-dee!" exclaimed the admiral, testily. "She's got Lucy to attend to her; and if Lucy is not enough, she can have half-a-dozen female women from the White Squall that's all about it I'll speak to the

old lady myself about it." So the admiral stamped up-stairs and spoke to Ketura, accordingly, who gave a cold, curt assent. And the result of this was that, three weeks after, Erminie was sent to a Convent of the Sacred Heart to study everything necessary for a

finished education. "So of ourf our young friends only Firefly remained at home, under the surveillance of a tutor. Pet had lost none of her mischief-loving propensities as she grew up; in fact, they scemed to grow with her growth,until she became the maddest, merriest skip-over-the-moon madcap that ever eye glance at the past and then to a well-disposed teacher to the verge of distraction as Pet did hers; never Those six years had changed Ray did a naughty daughter throw a digany other house was there heard such banging of doors, and slamming. down of windows, and tearing like a (Continued next week)

I'oncumntion Phill Phillips

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