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at night, a dose of the Syrup will
stop it at once.

A GOLDEN HEART
 (Continued from Page 4)
 words: she felt that if she did she should despair or die.
 "Did you see the little one?" she asked presently—"Kathleen? What a lovely child she is! But what sad eyes she has! Did you notice the pathetic expression of her eyes?"
 "Yes, and tried to dispel it by giving her some wonderful dolls," he answered.
 "Had you thought so much of her as to bring toys purposely for her?" inquired Lola.
 "Certainly I had; why not? I have thought of the little one continually since she was born."
 The flush deepened. With the bitterness of death in her heart, but a careless smile on her lips, she said—"That is because you thought so much of the little one's mother, I—"

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G. T. R. TIME TABLE

ARRIVALS.

30. From Toronto, Igts.	5.00 a.m.
31. From Haliburton	8.55 a.m.
32. From Port Hope	9.10 a.m.
20. From Toronto	10.50 a.m.
22. From Cobocok	10.10 a.m.
35. From Port Hope	2.00 p.m.
42. From I. B. & O. Jet	2.20 p.m.
23. From Port Hope	6.23 p.m.
24. From Whitby	7.30 a.m.
26. From Toronto	8.05 p.m.
24. From Whitby	8.45 p.m.
26. From Midland	8.10 p.m.
94. From Belleville	5.50 p.m.
23. From Belleville	10.20 p.m.

DEPARTURES.

12. For Belleville	6.25 a.m.
17. For Whitby	6.30 a.m.
21. For Toronto	9.15 a.m.
22. For Port Hope	10.53 a.m.
13. For I.B.&O. Jet	11.00 a.m.
65. For Whitby	11.05 a.m.
27. For Toronto	12.05 p.m.
33. For Haliburton	2.40 p.m.
37. For Toronto	6.23 p.m.
23. For Cobocok	6.35 p.m.

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 Guaranteed best workmanship, best teeth and rubber. Plates guaranteed not to break. No charge for extraction when plates are ordered.

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"That is the precise reason," he answered. "That was a shrewd guess of yours."
 Some one interrupted them then; but Lola had made up her mind as to what she would do. She could not say to him, "Tell me at once whether you are really in love with Dolores, or not." She would have given much for courage to do so. She had said just as much as she dared—as it was prudent for her to say to him. She had resolved upon a plan of action.

Before this, when she had felt that she wanted a change, Dolores had pressed her to remain a week at Deeping Hurst; she would so manage that Dolores should repeat the invitation, and, once there, she could see for herself if there was any truth in this rumor.

The next morning she went over to Deeping Hurst and complained to Dolores of languor and weakness. "A few days with you, Dolores, always sets me right," she began. Lady Rhysworth interrupted her. "Then by all means come, Lola," she said, earnestly. "Stay, now that you are here. You do not look well. Send one of the grooms with a note to madame, and let him bring what you require back with him."

"You are very kind," answered Lola, with a smile; but her heart smote her for entering that hospitable house as a spy upon its mistress. Then she kissed the fair face, wondering a little at the increased beauty and brightness of it. Was it Sir Karl that had brought that delicate flush there and that radiant expression?

"She could not let the matter rest. When she had sent off her note and was sitting with Lady Rhysworth in the morning-room, she said: "Sir Karl was at Lady Fielden's dinner-party last evening. It was given in honor of his return. I am sorry you were not there. It was very enjoyable. Sir Karl told me that he had been to see you several times—three times, I think he said."

"I have not counted the number of his visits," laughed Lady Rhysworth. "Deeping Hurst is not very far from Scarsdale."
 "He seems to be very fond of your little one. That surprised me. I should hardly have imagined him to be a man fond of children. I suppose it is because Kathleen belongs to you."
 "Most likely," was the laughing answer.

Lady Rhysworth's heart was at rest now. What Sir Karl had told her had reassured her. No matter what Lola said or what impression she tried to convey to her, nothing would destroy her faith in Sir Karl again.

"I should not be surprised," she added, "at his riding over this morning. He spoke of it; but I am not sure if he decided to do so or not."
 It would have been amusing, had it not been so pitiful, to see how often Lola made some pretext for going to her room, now to fasten an amber rose in her hair, now to put one in the bodice of her morning-dress.

Sir Karl did come; and he looked anything but pleased at seeing Miss de Ferras there. He was not embarrassed, for he knew of nothing that need embarrass him. He had always acted in a straightforward manner, and it was not his fault if other people were different.

At last he became annoyed. He said to himself that she must be trying to vex him. He had come over to talk to Dolores, and he could hardly get a word out of her. From something she was to be Lady Rhysworth's guest for a week, and he resolved that he would run up to London and stay there that week. He would find no pleasure in visiting Deeping Hurst while Lola was there. He could not talk at his ease to the mistress; besides which, he could not endure, in the presence of Dolores, the air of confident intimacy that Lola assumed toward him.

"I am going up to London tomorrow, and shall be absent for a week," he remarked.

The face of one lady darkened, and that of the other brightened. Lola was vexed that her scheme was so very comfortable, and did not care to have the interview repeat how matters presented themselves. It was Lola who cared for Sir Karl, and not Sir Karl for her.

Lady Rhysworth and Sir Karl had no opportunity of exchanging one word. Lola fired one parting shot at the handsome young baronet. "You are going to London," she said; "will you write to me from there as you did from Paris?" He felt rather than saw the sweet, moist eyes of Dolores, fixed full upon him; and he answered gently— "No; I am afraid I shall have no time for writing. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No. If you will not write, you shall not do anything else. Lady Rhysworth, do you not think it very unkind of him? He wrote to me from France and Italy, yet will not have time to send one line from London."
 "Sir Karl could never be unkind to you or anyone else," replied Dolores; and her eyes rested in sweetest trust on his face.
 "You have a far higher opinion of him than I have," said Lola.

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 Oxygen is a tonic to you—the very source of vitality. Its effects are exhilarating, purifying, vitalizing. In this liquefied form it stimulates to the utmost every process of nature.

But germs are vegetables, and an excess of oxygen—the very life of an animal—is deadly to vegetable matter.
\$1,000 for a Germ
 The results from Ozone are so certain—so inevitable—that we publish in our pamphlets an offer of \$1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill.

And there is no other way to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison to you and it cannot be taken internally. All that medicine can do for a germ disease is to aid nature to overcome the germs—so that the results are too indirect, too uncertain. Success depends on the patient's condition, and there are some of these diseases which medicine never cures.

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| Bronchitis | Liver Troubles |
| Croup | Leucorrhea |
| Diphtheria | Malaria—Neuralgia |
| Hemiplegia | Pneumonia |
| Whooping Cough | Piles |
| Consumption | Scarlatina—Quincy |
| Colic—Croup | Rheumatism |
| Constipation | Skin Diseases |
| Catarrh—Cancer | Sore-throat—Syphilis |
| Diarrhea | Strabismus |
| Dysentery | Stomach Troubles |
| Jaundice | Tuberculosis |
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CHAPTER XVI.
 Sir Karl wanted Dolores to marry him at Christmas. He told her that her period of mourning had been long enough to satisfy the most scrupulous and exacting. He urged, pleaded, he even brought down little Kathleen and told her to ask "mamma" to be kind to him. At Christmas Lord Rhysworth was coming to take possession of Deeping Hurst. He would but say "Yes," he would be at once commence making the necessary preparations at Scarsdale, and, if she did not care to have their engagement announced, it should be kept a private secret until two or three weeks before the wedding took place. There was no resisting his pleading, especially when he raised little Kathleen in his arms and told her not to cease kissing "mamma" until she had said "Yes."
 "You love me, Kathleen, do you not?" he asked.
 "The little rosebud face nestled on his breast as the child answered "Yes."
 "Your own little daughter gives you to me, Dolores. You must not be cruel. It is not as though I had only just learned to love you. I remember my years of faithful, hopeless love. Say "Yes.""
 "What is it you are saying?" he cried, in utter astonishment. "You are what, Dolores? Say the words again. You are frightened because of Lola? My darling, what nonsense! Even should she take umbrage at it! Even should she be angry with you? What could she do to you? Dolores, you are a fanciful, nervous woman, I believe! What could she do to you?"
 "I cannot tell why I am afraid of her; but I do know that, as I am sitting here quite happy with you, that thought of her frightens me. When I look forward to the time when I shall be with you, the thought of Lola darkens it."
 "How strange!" he murmured. "It is not so strange," said Lady Rhysworth. "Do not think me wanting in delicacy if I say that I am quite sure that she loves you." Her sweet face flushed hotly as though she had been confessing some great transgression of her own.
 "The more I think of it," she continued, "the more I am sure that I am right. While you were away from home she had many offers of marriage, all of the kind that the world calls good, but she would not accept any of them. I remember how people wondered. I am sure now that it was for your sake, Karl. She was quite a different girl when she heard that you were coming home. Whether she had any suspicion that you cared for me I cannot tell; but she has always spoken of you to me as though you belonged to her." he said, "You did not believe it?" he said, quickly.
 "No, I did not because you had told me the truth about it; but I am very sorry for her, and I am frightened."
 "You need not fear," he replied. "But she could not help owning to herself that the situation was awkward. He ought not to feel angry with any one for showing him great affection, but he wished with all his heart that Lola was married and safely away. He could not bear to see her smiling's face clouded even by the shadow."
 "You must cheer up, Dolores. All will be well," he said, "there is no cause for fear. As for deferring our wedding for that, it would be utter nonsense. Our marriage will at once put an end to all unpleasantness. Say Christmas, like a darling, and forget Lola!"
 The sweet eyes looked up with trust and confidence into his face. "Did you ever, when you first became acquainted with her, flirt with her without any thought of love?" she asked.
 "No! I pledge you my word that I never did. Before I loved you and every thought of my heart was concentrated on you, I was perhaps given to admiring every pretty girl I saw. I could not help it," acknowledged the handsome young fellow, blushing for his weakness; "and I may have admired her. But I was on my guard, Dolores, from the first moment I saw that she was kind enough to take any interest in me. I had never missed her in any respect—neither by word or look. You believe me, do you not?"
 "Yes, implicitly. I see no motive for deception. If you had wished to marry her, you could have done so. My faith and trust in you are perfect, Karl!"
 In the troubled after time, those words, "My faith and trust in you are perfect, Karl," came to her again and again; they pierced her heart with their memories and stood before her in letters of fire.
 "You must see for yourself, Dolores," he continued, "that our wedding will put a stop at once to all this kind of thing. Now look at me with your sweetest smile. Say "Yes," and let me have the infinite happiness of beginning to prepare Scarsdale for you."
 She whispered the word; and, if ever any man felt grateful to Heaven, felt his heart thrill with happiness, it was Sir Karl Allanmore.
 The secret of her engagement was well kept for a time. The redecoration and refurnishing of Scarsdale was excited no surprise. It had long been doing, and it seemed only natural that Sir Karl should embellish his mansion on his return, and after so long an absence. But the news got wind at length through the indiscretion of the old Squire. He was so delighted that his beautiful Dolores was to be so happy at last. Speaking of her one day to an intimate friend of hers, he said that she had carried off the two best prizes in the neighborhood. This remark awakened the visitor's curiosity, and then their inquiries were made, and then the whole affair came to light. Certainly Sir Karl was in love with his daughter.

It happened that Madame de Ferras had driven over to make a call on Mrs. Marabout; and when she entered the drawing-room of that lady, the news was being discussed. Lady Fielden was present. She was kind of heart as a rule, and seldom said ill-natured things; but even she had waxed indignant at the information that Lady Rhysworth was to marry Sir Karl. She had two daughters of her own, and she felt it rather hard that Dolores should have carried off the two most eligible men in the neighborhood. Lord Rhyworth she had not grudged her. It was a good match for the girl, who had no motion to let her in the most important event in her life—getting married. But it was hardly possible to feel so well disposed when Sir Karl would have made so excellent a husband for one of her own daughters, was taken captive by the same fair hands.
 All the pleasure of her visit was over for Madame, she took no further interest in the gossip that was going around. Pale and troubled, she rose to go home.
 When she had departed, Lady Fielden said, laughing—
 "Mademoiselle Lola will be vexed at the news. I have always fancied she had a liking for Sir Karl."
 Madame drove home, her heart filled with grief for her daughter.

"I would rather have to tell her anything than this," she said to herself. "If she love him, as I fear she does, it will almost kill her."
 When Lola saw her mother's face, she knew that something terrible had happened. She sprang to meet her, crying:
 "What is the matter, mamma? Why do you look so sad?"
 But Madame was afraid to tell her. "I am tired, my dear. It is a fatiguing drive, and the weather is very warm and oppressive."
 "My dearest mamma, it is not the weather that makes you look so unhappy. Have you had news from France?"
 "No. I am not quite sure, Lola, whether I have heard bad news or not; you must decide. When Sir Karl called here first on his return to England, and I saw how delighted you were at his coming, I fancied you there was something between you that might have been for his sake that you had sent so many of your lovers away, and that you liked him. Was I right, Lola?"
 "Quite right, mamma. I should have said nothing about it unless you had spoken first. But the real truth is—why should I disguise it?—that I love him with my whole heart."
 She did not blush or avert her face; she showed that a girl feels when she speaks first to her mother of her love affairs. The beautiful face had grown perfectly white.
 "I feared so," said Madame. "I have heard something about him which I hope and pray may not be true."
 "What is it?" asked Lola, eagerly. She went up to her mother, and laid her hands upon her shoulders, and looked straight into her face.
 "Tell me what it is. I can bear anything but suspense. Is he ill? If so, I will go to him. No one has more right than I have."
 "It is not that," replied Madame. "It is something quite different. He is well and happy—too happy, if all I hear be true. He is supposed," faltered Madame, "remember Lola, that not one word may be true—he is supposed to be on the point of marriage."
 Madame never forgot the haggard, stricken, despairing look that came over her daughter's face, which seemed to her in one moment to take the youth and beauty from it. Lola did not speak, but from the white, set lips came a long, low, lingering cry. "It may not be true," continued Madame, falling back on the only comfort she could give. "Things are so often exaggerated. Lady Fielden was the first to mention it; she said that Sir Karl Allanmore was to marry Lady Rhysworth in two or three weeks' time, that it was for his bride the Hall had been re-decorated!"
 Suddenly the hand that had been clasping her shoulders relaxed, their hold; the white face was raised for a moment with a faint cry, and then Lola fell, a senseless, helpless mass, at her mother's feet.
 Madame called for no aid; with her own hands she raised her daughter, and laid her upon the couch; then she knelt by her, weeping bitterly.
 "It has broken her heart," she moaned, "my only child—broken her heart."
 Presently she thought of the sorrowful awakening, and she fancied that it would almost be better for her daughter to die then and there. It was her warm kisses that brought life back to Lola, that caused the dark eyes to open and the locked lips to unclose.
 She murmured a few words, and then Madame drew her head to her breast, but Lola sprang from her arms—she would not listen to the soothing voice.
 "Say no more, mamma!" she cried, her indomitable pride and spirit coming to the rescue. "It is all a mistake. I—I do not care. Let Sir Karl marry whom he will; it is nothing to me."
 Her voice had in it such a ring of pain, that tears came into her mother's eyes.
 "Did I say that I loved him, mamma? It was perfect nonsense, quite untrue. The white rose, you know—always the white rose!"
 Madame thought that she was wandering in her mind; she could not see what a white rose had to do with her disappointment. Lola's dark eyes flashed as she went on.
 "Never remind me of my folly,
 (Continued Next Week)

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