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Y., will proceed to C. Nay-ton's Hotel, Cambraj, for SDAY, will proceed to Mr. ur's, lot 15, con. 16, Mar-for noon, thence to

DAY, will proceed to Camp- Hotel, Kirkfield for noon; to Victoria Hotel, Victoria, for night.

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**Burdock Blood Bitters**  
Has No Equal.

It acts promptly and effectually and permanently cures all derangements of digestion.

**A GOLDEN HEART**  
Continued from Page 4.

And she ever present with me. You will find the shame and sorrow follow you as it did me, and that people will regard you with kindly pity. Ah, give me anything rather than that.

"But, mamma," said Kathleen, "we have no cause for shame; we had nothing to do with what happened."

"It falls and rests on us just the same," she replied. "A deserted wife! Ah, children, when you know more of the world, you will understand all that that means! A deserted wife is branded even by the pity and compassion she excites."

Then Sir Karl's daughter rose from her mother's side and stood erect in the white moonlight. She raised her clear, delicate face to the sky. She had been a child when she knelt in the long grass two hours before; she was a woman now, with the light of a high resolve on her face.

"Mamma," she said, "have you the two letters written by this woman? Will you show them to me?"

"I will. I have your father's portrait, too. I have not looked at it for sixteen years; but I will show it to you."

"Thank you. And during these years you have not heard one word of the man who loved you and his children so dearly?"

"No—not one, Gertrude."

Gertrude lowered her childlike face to her mother.

"And you believe, mamma, that for sixteen years he has been with-out this rival of yours?"

"I must believe it, Gertrude. Sure-ly, if he had been anywhere in the wide world but with her, he would have written to me. Why should he not? We parted on the most loving terms."

"But, mamma, that argument cuts both ways. If you parted on such loving terms, so much the less reason is there for deserting you in such a fashion."

Dolores looked in bewilderment at the child; she had never viewed the matter in that light before.

"Mamma," said the girl, with a grave solemnity, that startled Dolores. "I do not believe it—I will not believe it. If my father was the good and honorable man you describe him, would he have an interview with a person for whom you say he had little affection or respect make him false to his whole life—false to you and to me? A thousand times no! If

the whole world swore to me that my father was guilty, I would maintain his innocence as I would maintain the truth of Heaven. He is innocent, mamma," continued Gertrude, "as surely as the stars shine in the sky above us. Oh, how could you who loved him have believed him otherwise!" She turned and pointed to the river. "You might as well say that suddenly and without cause that water could become black as ink. Oh, mamma, how could you believe that my father was false?"

"What else could I do, Gertrude, my child?"

"Do? Trust him! I am only his child, and I do not remember one line of his dear face, but I would scorn to believe him guilty on the word of such a woman as that."

"Oh, child," said Dolores, faintly, "you have a golden heart!"

The depths of her soul were stirred; it was as though an angel stood before her and spoke for the long-lost man. From the hour in which she had received Lola's letter she had accepted her husband's guilt as a matter of course.

"But, Gertrude," she said pitiously, "do you not see that this is the only possible explanation of his absence? If he is elsewhere, why has he not written to me? He must have known that, loving him as I did, every hour of his absence would be torture to me; and, if he is not under baneful influence, I repeat, why has he not written to me?"

"I do not know. You will say, mamma, that reason or judgment does not enter into my counsels. I know by my feeling, by my feeling, by the voice of my own heart, and I know he is innocent—innocent as you or I."

Dolores' fair head drooped on her breast; she felt rebuked by the firm faith of her daughter.

"I am sure of this," said Gertrude, her fair face glowing with excitement—"that the truth will be discovered one day. If murder will out, inno-cent will be vindicated. My father's name will yet be as unsullied as the stars in the heavens. Rely upon it, mamma, there has been somewhere or other a terrible mistake."

"Could it be possible? A terrible mistake! In what way? Dolores, my dear, I wish I could see your father's writing only too well. Her husband had vanished—there was no doubt about that."

What mistake could there be? Was it possible that she had allowed her jealousy to be too easily aroused, that she had been quick to judge and condemn? Sir Karl in the same man-ner. Almost before she had time to form a thought herself, she had read the story in a dozen different jour-nals, in a hundred different faces, had heard it in a hundred different voices. How could she be mistaken?

"Innocent will be vindicated," re-peated Gertrude. "I know there are people so weak of faith that they think Heaven does not interfere with the concerns of this lower world. If the falling of a sparrow be a matter of moment, of how much greater im-portance is the character of a man? Mamma, I believe most solemnly that what we thought chance—the dropping of that lady's purse—was the very finger of Providence. For sixteen years men and women have believed my father guilty; but some-thing tells me that the terrible mys-tery will be cleared up. I will de-vote my life name."

"You have a golden heart, Ger-trude! You are so like him!"

She was startled and unnerved by this sudden change; it seemed like a new atmosphere, a new world to her. She could hardly believe that she was the same woman who had said the words that she had heard her re-vile or while overwhelmed by the sense of her husband's guilt. It was as though a strong and vigorous ad-versary had risen for him; as though fresh light were thrown upon this dark mystery.

"I pray Heaven," cried Gertrude, with sudden passion, "that I may never lie down to die until I have accomplished my end! Mamma," she continued solemnly, "show me my father's portrait. I wish to see him and better when I have seen him, mam-ma—loved me very dearly?"

"Then I am the most fitting per-son to work for him. Do you mean to say that of all those who loved him there was not one to defend him or believe in him?"

"Not one," replied Dolores.

"Poor papa! Well, I will establish his innocence, be he living or dead! Oh, how I love you, mamma, with this terrible cloud hanging over you? Some in-doors quickly; I long to see papa's face!"

again, mamma. They are like veno-mous snakes. I could fancy that even the paper was full of poison. Put them away; perhaps some day I may ask for them again. Now, mam-ma dearest, show me my father's portrait."

With reverend fingers Dolores placed it in the girl's hand.

"Do not let me see it," she said. "I think it would kill me to look at his face again."

But Gertrude studied it eagerly; and Kathleen, coming to her side, looked over her shoulder.

"That is the face I remember!" she cried. "Oh, mamma, it comes back to me so vividly. He had a soft, kind voice too. I thought he was my papa. I should know him in a mo-ment if I saw him. What a hand-some face it is, and how like Ger-trude's! Why, mamma, any one would know that Gertrude was Sir Karl's daughter!"

But Gertrude gazed on in silence.

"Mamma," she said at last, "a man with a face like that could not have done what you think papa has done. How could you doubt him? Those eyes are clear, true and hon-est. They have never drooped with shame. What a noble face! Every line of it is full of goodness and hon-or. I pray Heaven that I may see him! Oh, mamma, if I might but hope some day to see him, to hold his hand, to hear his voice!"

"You must remember, my dear," said Dolores, with gentle dignity, "that your father left us; we did not leave him."

"I shall never believe anything wrong of him, mamma," replied the girl—"never, while I live! His dis-appearance was mysterious—I acknow-ledge that—but I am convinced that my father's name is untarnished. Do you not think so, Kathleen?"

"I always think as mamma thinks," answered Kathleen. "I could not pretend to judge. Mamma knows best."

"Mamma is a darling; but this time she has made a mistake," cried Gertrude. "And some day she shall acknowledge it. I wish I had been grown up when the trouble came. I would have loved the cleverest detec-tives in England and France."

"My dearest Gertrude," said Dolores, "there was not a stone left unturned. My father and Lord Rhyworth did everything that could be done."

"I am not reproaching you, dear-est," returned Gertrude. "You would have worked harder and longer if it had not been for that false, treach-erous letter which made you abandon your efforts in search of the truth when they were most needed."

But the girl began to see that not even her firm faith in her father could influence her mother. She was startled, but still unconvinced. Ger-trude read that in her mother's face. It only strengthened the resolve that had changed her from a child into a woman.

"Let me keep the portrait, mam-ma," she said, "for a short time, will you? If ever the dream and hope of my life are realized, I will give it back to you framed in diamonds. One look at the pictured face will give me strength to do anything and everything."

So, far into the night, they sat talking of the same mystery which sixteen years before had thrilled all of England. Gertrude, although full of hope and faith, had no satisfactory answer when Dolores asked—

"Where can he be? If he did not go away with her—at her request—where can he be? Ah, Gertrude, who shall answer my question?"

"I will, mamma. Some time or other before I die I will answer it without fail."

Then Gertrude kissed her mother and said they must all go to rest.

"Have you decided, mamma?" she asked. "Shall you see Lady Fielden to-morrow?"

"Yes, I think so. She was very kind to me, and I liked her very much; I cannot refuse to see her. And yet it will be a terrible trial to me."

"You must not look at it in that way, mamma. You must believe that the hand of Heaven is with you and that perhaps through her coming my father's inno-cence may be established."

So the girls and their mother parted, but not to sleep. Dolores was excited. She trembled at the idea of seeing her friend again. She knew the rush of pain, the bitter, burning memories that would come over her at the sight of the well-re- membered face. Years before when she had met it on her knees, praying for health and strength. So she prayed now. Heaven had taken pity on her, and would do so again. As for Ger-trude, with flushed face and burning eyes she paced up and down her room, talking through her bare, white arms round Kathleen's neck.

"To think," she cried, "that after all we are only half-sisters. How strange it seems!"

"But we shall love each other just the same," returned Kathleen. "It will make no difference. We are both mamma's children, you know; and Gertrude, when I was little, I loved your father very much indeed. I can remember him quite well, so that you must love me even more on that account."

"I do not think I could love you better," said Gertrude; and then she intended to do.

"I thought only last week, Kath-leen, how pleased I should be when we went to more balls and parties, and saw more of life, and when I saw that handsome young Englishman to-day in the Pitti Palace, I pictured to myself how pleasant it would be to have such a lover—so young and handsome. Did you see his eyes, Kathleen? But now I shall never give again! I feel as though one single night had changed me from a girl to a woman, with a great wrong to set right."

"But, Gertrude, you are not seri-ous? You do not mean that you will give your life to clear up a mystery which has puzzled older and wiser heads than yours?"

"My dear, I will, I shall live for

it. Do you not love the memory of your father, Kathleen?"

"Yes; but I never saw him. I have only the instinctive love that I sup-pose every child has. I think—may, I am quite sure—that I love your father best. But, Gertrude, darling, do not fix all your hopes on fathoming this mystery. Depend upon it, mam-ma knows best. It would be a pity to spoil your life. Remember, three have been ruined already; do not add yours to the number. What a strange story it is! And we have lived here sixteen years in happy ignorance of it all."

"It is like a romance," said Ger-trude; "but you must recollect some-thing of it—the names and the faces. Do you remember Harry well?"

"Yes—him and your father best of all. And I remember a large house full of pictures, and with great trees round it."

"If I had known Harry when I was four years old, I should never have forgotten him," declared Gertrude. "Did he really love me so much when I was only a weak, little baby? How good of him! Kathleen, how little we know what a day will bring! How little we dreamed, when we started for the Pitti Palace, that all this would result from our visit! And mamma must have told us soon. We could not have lived here until we were old women. I have never com-plain-ed; but in reality I am just a little bit tired of the monotony, sweet as it is, of the Villa Baira. Kathleen, what a dear Harry, what a dear friend of yours, Harry, has! He is the ideal Englishman, one reads about—fair, honest, and true!"

"You take a great deal for grant-ed, Gertrude," laughed Kathleen Rhy-worth; and Gertrude turned away with an impatient gesture.

**CHAPTER XXVI.**

It was all over; the two friends had met and the meeting had been less terrible than Dolores had feared. It touched her greatly to see the difference that years had made in the stately figure and handsome face of Lady Fielden. Her hair was white as snow, and deep lines marked the fair face.

"I suffered much when my husband died," she said, "and it has changed me greatly, but you, Dolores—I ex-pect to find you grow old. Why, my dear, you look as young as—oh, and far more beautiful than—when you left us sixteen years ago! Dolores, it was very cruel, because I loved you so."

"I could not remain," returned Dolores. "If I had not severed my-self from everything and every one connected with the past, I must have when I had my two children for whom to live. I could not help it, Lady Fielden. I did not want any human being to see how I suffered. You must forgive me. I have always thought of you with faithful love and affection."

"Do forgive you; but it is time this unnatural state of things was ended. Your children must take their place in the world."

"But," said Dolores, "you forget that the shadow of their father's sin will rest upon them, no matter how beautiful or how good they are; people will point my bright, beautiful Gertrude as the daughter of the man who deserted his wife and home."

"Do you suppose that the world will be so unjust as to visit the sins of the father on the children?"

"I know it will," answered Dolores.

"You must not take so dishearten-ing a view of the matter," said her friend.

"Ah, Lady Fielden, you know I am right. Think of my Gertrude, so beautiful and high-spirited and proud! Suppose she went out into the world; men would admire her, but who would marry her, not know-ing whether her father was living or dead, whether he was a disgrace to society or not?"

"Hundreds of men would love her for her own sweet sake, and marry her, notwithstanding the past," re-joined Lady Fielden, quietly. "Then there is Kathleen; what need to keep her in seclusion? So far as I can see, she has nothing whatever to do with the matter, no disgrace can in any way be reflected on her. It would be a most cruel injustice to keep her in ignorance of her real po-sition."

"I have never intended to do so, believe me, Lady Fielden; I know that when Kathleen came of age I must tell her the whole story."

"I consider," said Lady Fielden, "that ever since your mother's death, Dolores, I have been your best friend, and now, my dear, I tell you very plainly that all this must end. You must take your own place in so-ciety, and give the children theirs."

"I cannot," said Dolores. "You do not understand. I have had no life or energy, or spirit since he left me."

"Ah! Dolores, it was a mystery; for he loved you! We will talk more about it before we leave; we shall remain in Florence for a month at least, and I shall come every day to see you."

As time passed on, Lord and Lady Fielden seemed almost to live at the Villa Baira. Harry had his wish, and took the young girls, one by one, the mother as person to see all the beauties of Florence. And very hap-py days they were, save in one re-spect—Gertrude appeared so frequ-ently to be preoccupied. She was long-ing to begin what she had grown to consider the work of her life.

A month passed, and letters arriv-ed recalling the young nobleman to England; business affairs on his es-tate required his attention and pre-sence.

They were all together in the vine walk when Lord Fielden told them this. Dolores looked sad; she did not like the idea of losing the happy, with whom she had been so broken only by the murmur of the river and the song of the birds. It was Ger-trude who spoke at last. She stood up alone, a perfect picture, framed by the boughs of a luxuriant lemon-tree above her and purple violets at her feet.

"Mamma, I have something I wish to say. May I say it?" she asked.

Dolores looked up in surprise.

"Certainly, my dear," she replied; "say what you will."

"Dear mamma," Gertrude began, "I ought to beg your pardon for tak-ing what Lord Fielden calls the floor of the house; but I want to say something to you, and I wish also to say it before our best friends."

Then the violet eyes shot a glance at Harry, which said:

"I am obliged by courtesy to in-clude you; but do not think too much of that—it means nothing."

Harry interpreted the glance cor-rectly, and turned away with another sigh.

"You must not think I am Quixot-ic," she continued. "Elizabeth of Sic-ily was not much older than I am when she began her long journey. Her father, for whom she undertook so much, was living; mine may be dead. She had his life to save; I have my father's memory at least to clear from stain. I have my mother to restore to happiness. No girl living could ask for a higher, nobler task. I shall devote myself to it, and think of nothing else."

Harry raised his handsome face de-spairingly to the bright sky when he heard that—it was a death-blow to his hopes; then his eyes turned to the fair, graceful figure standing before him.

"I want you, mamma, dearest—and I ask the favor in presence of Lady Fielden—to let me go back to England with her"—Harry would have cried out, but prudence restrain-ed him—"and begin the work to which I intend devoting my life. She will help me; and something tells me that I shall succeed. Do not say I am too young. Mamma, dearest, youth has wisdom sometimes. Lord Fielden—and here Gertrude's eyes rested upon the young nobleman with a softened light that stirred every pulse in his strong frame—"will help me. He is the son of our best friend; my dear father must have known him when he was a boy. He is strong and patient; and no man could do a more noble work than clear away the shadow that rests on the fair name of a gentleman. I am sure Lord Fielden will give me a few months of his life."

There was a faint murmur heard as if some one saying that he would give his life and all it held. It did not seem extravagant to the young enthusiast; for to mind the whole world must give way to the object she had in view; it was the one topic of interest to her. She was deaf to all others.

"Mamma," she continued even more earnestly, "will you come to Scar-sciale and help me?"

Dolores shook her head.

"Do not ask me, my dear. I could not bear it," she replied, hastily.

"Will you let me go?" she pleaded.

"Yes, if you really wish it, Ger-trude."

"I do, indeed; and, mamma, you shall remain here, if you will, until you receive a message from me say-ing 'The mystery is solved.' You will come then?"

A quick flush rose to Dolores' face, a troubled light shone in her eyes.

"If ever you can send me that mes-sage, Gertrude, and it means that that he is clear from guilt, I will come, but, if it means simply that you have found him, do not ask me to let me stay here until I die."

It was a touching sight to see the fair young daughter kneel at the feet of her mother as she said, in clear, firm tones—

"It shall be so, mamma. When a-mind, I do not say 'if'—when I can prove my father's innocence, I shall write to you and ask you to come."

So it was arranged that Gertrude should go back to England with Lady Fielden.

(Continued next week)

**Mother's Ear**

A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR! WHEN NURSING AN INFANT, AND IN THE MONTHS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME.

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**G. T. R. TIME TABLE**

**ARRIVALS.**

30. From Toronto, 1st ..... 5.00 a.m.

32. From Haliburton ..... 8.55 a.m.

21. From Port Hope ..... 9.10 a.m.

22. From Port Hope ..... 10.50 a.m.

30. From Cobocook ..... 10.10 a.m.

35. From Port Hope ..... 2.00 p.m.

42. From L. B. & O. Jct. .... 6.23 p.m.

23. From Whitey ..... 7.30 a.m.

54. From Toronto ..... 8.05 p.m.

24. From Whitey ..... 8.45 p.m.

56. From Midland ..... 8.10 p.m.

94. From Belleville ..... 5.50 p.m.

45. From Belleville ..... 10.20 p.m.

**DEPARTURES.**

12. For Belleville ..... 6.25 a.m.

51. For Whitey ..... 9.15 a.m.

21. For Toronto ..... 10.53 a.m.

22. For Port Hope ..... 11.00 a.m.

43. For L.B.&O. Jct. .... 11.05 a.m.

65. For Whitey ..... 12.05 p.m.

27. For Toronto ..... 2.40 p.m.

33. For Haliburton ..... 6.23 p.m.

23. For Toronto ..... 6.35 p.m.

31. For Cobocook .....

**CHAPTER XXV.**

In silence Lady Allanmore unlocked the drawer that had not been opened for sixteen years, and took from it a little parcel tied with faded blue ribbon. Opening it, she gave to Lola d' Ferras's two letters to Gertrude. In silence the girl read them.

"People say it is possible to tell character from handwriting," she said then. "I were to judge from this, I should say that the woman who wrote these letters was a combination of good and evil. There is about this writing nothing open, frank or free. I should never have trusted her. In these letters I find which you find a certain proof of her father's guilt. I read his perfect innocence. She does not say, 'Sir Karl is with me.' He was not. She writes, 'You triumph over you. She again.' She tells us that she has her revenge; but she does not tell you in so many words. After reading her letters, I would be the more certain that he is quite innocent."

Dolores could not take her eyes from the fair, flushed face, so bright, so eager, so full of proud defiance.

"If the whole world," she cried, "had told me that my father was guilty, I would have disputed the statement. Put the letters back

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For Spavins, Ringbone, Splints, Curbs, and all other Lameness, bruises or bony growths.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure for six years and have found it an invaluable remedy. It is the only cure for spavins and ringbone. I have sold it for years and it has cured more horses than I can count. It is the only cure for spavins and ringbone. It is the only cure for spavins and ringbone.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enclosure Falls, Vt.

**MORTGAGE SALE**

—OF—

**Farm Property**

UNDER and by VIRTUE of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by Public Auction on the Benson House in the Town of Lindsay on

**SATURDAY, JUNE 27th, 1903**

At 2 O'clock P. M.

That certain parcel and premises known as the Hawkey Farm, being comprised of the north-east quarter of lot number fifteen in the Township of Emily, and also a portion of the Township of Victoria, containing fifty acres more or less, all cleared.

The property is situated about 8000 miles from Downeyville, and there are on the premises a log house and log barn.

TERMS—\$50.00 cash at the time of sale and balance in one month, or may remain on mortgage if desired. For further particulars apply to

G. H. HOPKINS  
114 Vendors' Square, Lindsay

**DR. MCGAHEY'S**

**Hoarse Cure**

For Broken-headed Horses, Croup, Hoarseness, and all chronic affections of the throat and lungs. The only medicine in the world that will cure the above diseases, making the animal sound without any other treatment.

The Dr. McGahey's Hoarse Cure is sold everywhere.

