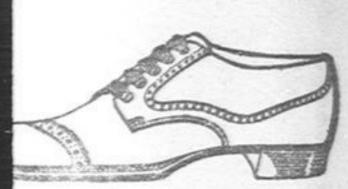
WARDER, JUNE 25th, 1903.

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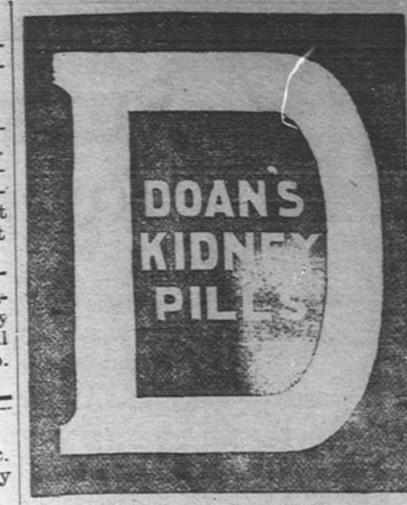
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is the first sign of Kidney Trouble. Don't neglect it! Check it in time! Serious trouble will follow if you don't. Cure your Backache by taking

A GOLDEN HEART

Continued from Page 4. "Who are you?" she repeated, in a shrill, angry voice, "who have a woman's shape and not a woman's "I do not want it," she murmured;

The dark face, lowered slightly be of the least use to me."

Funds. I am The fierce words and fierce look so she was dead. Dolores dead! Her to a hotel that long years before ment of the graceful girl. She listen-Private ready to buy good mort- completely startled the woman that face flushed hotly, and her eyes Mme. de Ferras had made her home. ed to each word she spoke; she E. WELDON, Solicitor, she stepped aside and picked up her gleamed fiercely, injured child without saying another "But the dead," she said to her- the proprietor had little time to She was nearer losing her senses and forget what madame had said-"A She looked carefully through the woman who asked for a bedroom and been. Karl's eyes, Karl's voice! Her woman's heart should always be list of "Deaths." but she did not wanted nothing more. made of stone! Mine is, thank Heav- find Dolores name there.

herself. "She calls that pain - a She took out her note-book and eyes now. She sat quite upright, Karl's were bent upon her compasbroken limb, a wounded arm, a few copied the advertisement. The tu- watching the familiar scenes. She sionately. bruises! Ah, Heaven, what do they mult in her mind was so great that know every field, every clump of "Thank you, I am quite well," maknow of pain! I would endure the she determined to go home at once trees; she saw in the distance the dame answered, coldly; and the most terrible physical suffering if it and think over the matter at her Fielden woods, the gray towers of young girl drew back with a chilled would but raise me from my living leisure. Curiosity had never been a Scarsdale, and the forest near Deep- and disappointed air.

passed the injured child without ev- made for her after more than sixteen | ter anguish filled the dark eyes; the one spoke of Lady Fielden she knew; en deigning to look at it.

One morning some books of poetry lay upon the reading-tables, and she Midtor, Dominion Bank Building, took me one. As a rule, she never read poetry or romance; but the page opened at words so beautiful that she read them again and again-"Nothing is better, I well think,

Than love; the hidden well-water Is not so delicate to drink." She closed the volume quickly, as

though the arrow had suddenly pierced her heart. "The hidden well-water is not so

delicate to drink." "that I should seek to pain myself?" long love is surely the hardest."

ness of life or love?

griduate of Trinity University, thered berries in snow. Ah, Heaven, known her in her youth would know if I could but live my life over her now. again!" She walked up and down There was nothing for it but dis-Ma Lindsay-st. Telephone 107. the long empty room. "How foolish guise. She could see that, although I am!" she muttered. "Why should her proud heart revolted against it; I do this? I will never look into a she hated the very thought of going book of poems again while I live - back to her old home, the place over

never again." On the table she saw the English newspapers, but this morning she was not so anxious or so eager to read tham

affections is the only successful remedy, and is now used by the best physicians and hospitals in Europe and America. It is confidentially recommended to the afflicted. If you suffer from PANCE, or graduate of Toronto University and Royal College of Dental Surmons. All the latest improved when writing mention this when writing mention this part of the second for a free trial bottle friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle friend that is afflicted. When writing mention this paper, and give full address to

G. T. R. TIME TABLE ARRIVALS.

	- 4. fort	5.00 a.m.
0.	From Toronto, fgt_,	8.55 a.m.
2.	From Haliburton	9 10 a.m.
1.	From Port Hope	10.50 a.m.
22.	From Toronto	10 10 a.m.
30.	From Coboconk	2 00 p.m.
35.	From Port Hope	5 20 p.m.
12.	From I. B. & O. Jet	6 23 p.m.
23.	From I. B. & O. Set From Port Hope -	7 30 a.m.
	From Port Hope -	8 05 n.m.
24.	From Whitby	9 45 p.m.
56.	From Whitby	2 10 p m
94	From Midland	5.10 p.m
15.	From Belleville	10.20 p.m
13.	From Belleville	
-0.	DEPARTURES	6 25 a.m
12.	For Belleville	6 30 a.m.
51.	For Belleville	- 0.00 a.m.
21.	For Toronto	10.53 a.m.
22.	For Port Hope	11 00 a.m
13.	For Port Hope For I.B.&O. Jct -	- 11.05 a.m.
65.	For I.B.&O. Jet	12.05 p.m
97	For Whitby	9 40 p.m
20	For Toronto	- 6 23 p.m
00.	For Toronto	- 0.25 p.m
31.	For Coboconk	_ 0.00 p.m
31.	roi com	

LINDSAY, ONT.

what may be in those papers?"

ber for some weeks past. The first beauty of land or sky should touch that nothing would be more delicthing she saw was the advertisement her heart. She hardened herself lous and refreshing than a bunch of alluding to herself. One hundred against it. What if the birds sung, purple grapes. She went in to purpounds reward was offered to any the flowers bloomed, and the golden chase them, and sat down. There one who would give certain informa- sunlight flashed upon green meadows was some little delay in serving her, tion as to Lola de Ferras' death; or, and silver streams? It was all less and, while she was thinking that this if it could be proved that she was than nothing to her-a woman whose would be a good opportunity to ask still living, the amount would be heart was hardened. ed as she read.

want with me in either case?" she on the shore. She opened her eyes ed from it. said to herself. "It is, it must be then, and in their depth there was a Mms. St. Ange, watching eagerly, Dolores!" she cried.

Waterloo Road, London."

And who is Mr. Shaw?"

lish newspapers, and found to her these long years. air. "It is a ruse of Dolofes'," she | moment grew harder and colder. Lady Allanmore had left England last. She alone knew why it was grapes, Mrs. Grey, for a sick wo-

long years before. The first idea that occurred to her her feet touched English ground. her in the olden days had died and London, intending, after resting one ly but kindly at the bent figure in and silver plate of which Lord Fieldleft her some money.

on Farm, Town and of Farm, Town and beart, should always be made of anything the should be s property at very lowest heart should always be made of anything to say to her she would from the dead."

"Pain!" laughed Mme. St. Ange to | way had she died," she thought. | ing. There was no closing of the sweet, kindly voice; and the eyes like years had elapsed."

CHAPTER XXX.

Mme. St. Ange decided rapidly, and she lost no time in carrying out her plans. It was many years since she had left England, and one would have imagined there would be but little danger of her being recognized. Yet, when she stood before a glass that more than sixteen years before had reflected her superb beauty, it seemed to her that she was but little changed. It was true that the "Am I mad," she cried to herself, bloom of her youth was dimmed, and that sorrow had left its traces on "Why can I not be like other wo- her face and somewhat marred its men," she thought - "love for a loveliness. The light, too, of the year, a month, a day, love and grow dark eyes had grown fierce, and the cold, as they do? Of all fates, a life- lines round the lips were cold and cruel; indeed the whole expression Alas for the love that lives al- was one of bitterness, defiance, pride, and sullen gloom. But nothing could She wished with all heart that she rob her of her distinguished bearing, had never opened the book. Of what of the proud, graceful carriage of the avail to read anything of the sweet- head, the beautiful curves of the neck, shoulders and figure; and her "No hidden well-water for me," she magnificent hair had lost none of its said, "no amber in cold seas, no ga- dusky beauty. Those who had

which she had reigned as queen, in

an assumed character. "I shall have to sacrifice my beauty," she thought; "but that need not alarm me. It has not done much

for me." Having come to this decision, Mme. St. Ange made the necessary purchases to effect a disguise; and when, after two hours' seclusion, she emerged from her room, the transformation was complete. In her place stood a white-haired old woman, whose face was lined and pale. It had been no small sacrifice to madame to cut off some of her luxuriant, shining locks, but in no other way could she conceal her dark tresses beneath the white wig that she

She had been somewhat scared and bewildered at her own reflection in the glass. Of what use was beauty after all? There was no trace of it left with her white hair and eyebrows. The shape of the forehead was hidden by the low, white front, the expression of her face totally altered by the pallid, gray coloring

with skillful lines upon it. "Shall I ever look like that really, I wonder?" she said. "Shall I grow ugly, white and withered as I matter? I have lived but for one ob- iar paths winding through the ject, and that object I have gained." grounds round to the side-door. In black, and drew a deep, black veil mother's face as she had seen over her face; then she called the sur- hundreds of times. looking out ly Belgian to her. Be what he n.ight the great bay-window, with

keep the house exactly as it is until Could it be that but a few years I return. I may be absent weeks or ago she had been a beautiful, hapmonths. I do not know the precise py, innocent child? She could re-

Even through the thick veil he de- friends and to love each other altected that face, but he said never a ways.

teeth and rubber. Plates guaran- -"the most mysterious and the most was all I asked." extraction when plates are order- here as she has told me, and think again. She looked into the old hall; teed not to break. No charge for stubborn, too. Still I will remain Meanwhile Mme. St. Ange leaned been only yesterday that she placed

"I have suffered enough for one beautiful country through which she day," she thought. "Who knows was passing-the vine-yards, the the High Street she saw a fruit-shop hills crowned with myrtles, the where some fine grapes and peaches Yet she took up the "Times;" it laughing streams, the quaint old were for sale. She was thirsty and was lying there in piles, every num- towns with gray church-towers. No faint from fatigue, and she thought

doubled. The color of her face chang- Presently a sound roused her and attention, a smart, little pony carsent the color in a hot flush to her riage stopped at the door, and a "Living or dead-what can they face. It was the noise of the waves beautiful girl in a blue dress descend-

look of keen pain. address-Lord Fielden, or Mr. Shaw, board the "Queen of the Seas." An the girl's face, and clung to the elderly lady, plainly dressed, she chair, as though to prevent herself "What can it mean? What can passed unnoticed. How vividly she from falling. It was Sir Karl's face Lord Fielden have to do with me. remembered the time when, from the under another disguise; there were She looked through the files of the until she had left the steamer, she shadow of guilt or guile in their "Times" and saw that every copy had been the one great attraction. depths. There were his clustering contained the same advertisement; All that was ended now. She had, waves of hair, there was his mouth, then she examined the other Eng- as it were, been dead and buried all at once so gracious and so proud.

nouncement in each. She put her and the winds wafted her onward; dumb. Then the girl was by her hand to her head with a bewildered whilst Mme. St. Ange's heart each side, and a sweet, silvery voice was

that she trembled and faltered when man whom I am going to see." On landing she took a ticket to The soft, blue eyes glanced careless- a few priceless pictures, and a magnight there, to go to Deeping on the the black dress. If each could have and silver plate, of which Lord Fieldmorrow. It was so strange to hear but have known! If some good en had been very proud. She remem-"all the money in the world will not | English spoken all around her, to spirit could have told Gertrude that | bered every detail, and clinched her | bear the least was so strange to hear | but have known; It was so strange to hear | but have known; It was so strange to hear | but have known; It was so strange to hear | bered every detail, and clinched her | bered every detail. see English faces again. She felt this was the woman for whom she fingers as she looked on the silver

By the earliest train in the morn- could not hold it up. "I must have learned it in some ing Mme. St. Ange went on to Deepance was one of mute misery. Once, she sat there with her grapes before with some of her old impetuosity, she her, threw herself back in the carriage, "I cannot bear it!" she said. "I woman who had just served her.

was mad to come!" But she had more to suffer yet. She asked. stopped at the station, every brick the platform of which, with her kind- repulse of Gertrude's well-meant ly, loving mother, she had been hund- kindness. reds of times, always happy, triumcame to it alone, unloved, with the or," she said. seeds of death and a life-long hate in

There was an omnibus waiting to tale passengers to Deeping. The conductor looked at her as she entered. "Where to. ma'am?" he said, with a touch of his hat.

"The Rhysworth Arms Hotel," she answered; and her blood grew cold

as she uttered the words. At the Rhysworth Arms there were new faces-no one recognized her. She wanted a sitting-room and a bedroom-she could not tell for how long. She was on her way to the North of England, but wanted a rest. She might remain two or three days, or a week-it was uncertain.

Those who attended upon Mme. St. Ange noticed her curious manner, her bewildered looks, her strange face and loss it is to us at Deeping. Sir Karl wild, burning eyes. Still she seemed was the best customer that ever came to have plenty of money, and that into this town. The grapes are three was the chief consideration. After partaking of some slight re- noon."

freshment, she went out, saying that the hour of her return was uncertain. "What does she call herself?" asked the landlady of the chambermaid. "I do not know. She is a married lady; and I think she said her name was Onge. I did not quite catch it."

CHAPTER XXXI.

ly, the rooks were cawing in the er's wife she could in that manner great oaks, the blackbirds were sing- perhaps learn something of what was ing in the hedgerows, the whole earth lay smiling and glad, when Mme. St. Ange, left the hotel to revisit the places she had once loved so dearly. They were all in the vicinity of Deeping Hurst. The old home of her rival was nearest; then came Scarsdale; Beaulieu lay at some little distance to the west, and Tielden Man- her! or toward the south. It was neighborhood singularly rich grand, old historic houses. Mme. St. Ange decided to look first of all on the home of her youth-Beaulieu-again; she attracted no attention as she went through the streets. Once more she trod the old famil-

She dressed herself quite plainly in her mind's fancy she could see her to others, he was a devoted slave to wreath of flowers around it, waitinb "I am going on a visit," she said, "There is no love like a mother's," "I canot tell how long I may be Lola thought; and a great, tearless away. You will remain here and sob rose from her heart to her lips. The man was aware that there was Cliefden came from White Cliffe,

"The most beautiful woman in the "Well," she said, "if I have suffer- the room. In the dark shadows,

a first-class carriage and closed her hall table, and laughed at her own hall table, and laughed at her own the miserable watcher gazed upon. Sold by Morgan Bros. Drug Store.

The room was large and lofty with

She walked back to Deeping. In a few questions without attracting

with eyes full of pain, fell back with Then she looked eagerly at the A few minutes later she was on a low, startled cry when she saw moment she had stepped on board Sir Karl's clear, blue eyes, with no For a few moments its was as surprise that there was a similar an- The waves beat against the vessel, though the sight had stricken her

thought. And yet she knew that The white cliffs rose before her at "I should like some of those nice

The low voice was like Sir Karl's. had sought, the woman with and glass, the fruit and flowers, SIGNED is prepared to "A woman's heart!" she replied, be that . "Living or dead." What "I have been buried so long," she whom rested the knowledge of her fawhom rested the knowledge of her fawhom rested the knowledge of her fachandeliers. What a comfortable, lux-

have sought her long since. Perhaps | Arrived in the metropolis, she went | Mme. St. Ange watched each movespare for the plainly-dressed, elderly reason just then than she had ever "I am afraid you are ill," said a

failing of hers; but now the very fev- ing Hurst. Ah, Heaven, the Tain Mme. St. Ange did not hear what After that people hated her; they er of wonder seemed to have taken that rent her heart was like the else passed; it seemed to her that had heard the story of how she had hold of her. Why was search being stinging of a poisoned arrow! Bit- her mind was all chaos. That some

> She raised her miserable eyes to the "Who is that young lady?"

The woman replied coldly. She of which was familiar to her, and on had been displeased by the stranger's

"That is a visitor of Lady Field hant, blithe, and gay. Now she en's-Lady Fielden of Fielden Man-"But who is she-what is name?" cried Mme. St. Ange. The voice was so carnest that the

woman was compelled to answer. "Her name is Allanmore," she replied. "She is the only child, I have heard of Sir Karl Allanmore, who She remembered the name of only ran away from his wife and his home many years ago." "He-what?" asked a voice that

was hardly human. "Ran aRay from his wife," was the brief reply. "And his daughter is on a visit to her mother's old friend, Lady Fielden." "And her mother-is she living or

dead?" asked madame. "Her ladyship is living abroad- l believe with her other daughter." "And Scarsdale?" Scarsdale is shut up; only the servants are living there; and a great

shillings. Thank you. Good after-The next minute Mme. St. Ange was standing in the sunlit street, scared and bewildered, and really

more at a loss than ever. She decided on goigg home and resting; and then, when the shades of evening fell, she would make her way to Fielden Manor. She remembered the keeper's cottage; she could call there under pretext of having lost her way, and talk to the keep-

She lay down to rest, but she could not sleep. Karl's daughter ! She must see her again. How cruelly she had repulsed her! When the gentle hands had touched her, why need she have shaken them off? Yet -strange contradiction-she hated It was growing dusk when she took

the road which led toward Fielden Manor. It had been one of her favorite spots; she knew the grounds quite as well as she knew those of SATURDAY, JUNE 27th, 1903 Beaulieu. . She would like in the dusk to steal up to the windows and get just one sight of Gertrude in her That certain farm and premises evening dress, and then she would spend an hour or two in the keeper's cottage. She felt that the key of the mystery would be found there. So. in the falling evening light she stole round among the tall trees where once she had been proud to show her face. In her dark dress, and with her light footsteps, she passed on, making no sound. She knew the road too well to make any mistake, and fortune favored her. The night was so densely dark that it was almost impossible to see even one s own hand. The moon was hi-tuen behind a mass of clouds. Madame hid herself behind the thick leaves and sprays saw plainly that she was disguised. madame had said they were to be of the creepers which clustered tially drawn, and she could see into



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721 E, 164 St., New York, Sept. 8, 1902. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Gentlemen :- I have used your Spavin Cure on my horses for the past fourteen years and it has always given me good results in every particular.
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solemnly occupied at his post, and then those whom she wanted to see entered and took their places. Lady Fielden looking very stately and beautiful even in her old age, was attired in a warm-loo ing dress of maroon velvet; a cap and fichu of delicate lace completed a most recherche costume. Lord Fielden looked handsomer than ever in his evening dress, and Gertrude bright and beautiful in a robe of white lace and rich, ruby silk, a spray of white jasmine in her golden hair, and in the bodice of her

As her eyes rested on the group, the miserable watcher at the window drew back, unable to restrain the burning tears and bitter sobs that would come in spite of her. Was it possible that she had once been young, beautiful, happy, and beloved, as that fair young girl?

She soon read Lord Fielden's secret; there could be no mistake about it. Harry could not help showing it in every line of his face, in every gesture, in every tone of his voice; it was plain and palpable to every one, and madame's dark, sad eyes were not deceived. Oh, for the days and the love that were past! Love is better than hidden well-water, than amber lying in cold seas, than gath-(Continued next week)

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