A Golden Heart

BY BERTHA M. CLAY

Author of "The Gypsy's Daughter," "Acother Wessen's Husband," "A Heart's Bitterness," "A Had Love," " A Heart's Idol," "Gladys Geeye," Ele-

(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER XXVII,

English life and scenery were quite a new experience for Gertrude. The washed shores, the tall white sliffs, the clover meadows and green lanes, the woods, streams, and valleys had a nameless charm for her. She even went so far as to declare that she loved the gray mists and fegs, the cold winds and keen frost. The fair scenery and coloring of ferthe Italy were nothing to her beside these beauties of her own home. Her poetical emotional nature was awak- into plain English, we want to know essed, and there were times when Lar | the best plan for finding a lost man dy Fielden was afraid that the girl's -one man lost in this great wide young heart was roused to its work. We can send to Scotland Yard

on the next Lord and Lady Fielden Grove her to Scarsdale. It was bouching to see the girl's face as she reamed over the old house. again faint gleams of memory came over her, and she would stand guite still, struggling with her tears. It was then that Harry had some difficulty to restrain himself from taking her in his arms and comfort-

Mrs. Pickering, the old housekeeper, wept for joy. "You are welcome, indeed, Miss Al-

lanmore!" she cried. "I had never even hoped to see any of the family here again.

Gertrude's eyes opened widely at the sound of her name; but Lady Fielden made a gesture for silence. One or two of the old servants who ter. Gertrude would have taken up no more than make suggestions, they her residence at Scarsdale, for she longed to be alone; but Lady Fieldwould not hear of such a thing. A faint rumor had spread through the county that Sir Karl's daughter, young as she was, had returned to the old home, because she was not satisfied with regard to her father's | have made a start. fate; that she had refused to believe that he had voluntarily left home and his wife, and that she was staying under Lady Fielden's

ing inquiries. Every one pitied her. People had long believed Sir Karl's fate sealed and settled; he had left the country with Miss de Ferras sixteen years be be so very difficult a task." fore, and his name was almost for-They had lamented his downfall, they had sympathized with his wife, and sorrowed for her chil-

dren; then they had consigned the matter to oblivion.

Gertrude spent day after day in the old house at Scarsdale, questioning the housekeeper until she knew every detail connected with Sir Karl's disappearance far better even than her mother; she spent hours in the rooms that had been her father's, trying to imagine from his surroundings what he had been like. She made friends with the old groom James, who nevwearied of repeating all that he knew in connection with his master's disappearance.

Of Lord Rhysworth, who was still unmarried, Gertrude had made a complete conquest. He teased her by calling her "Donna Quixote;" but he owned to himself that, if it were possible for any one to succeed in throwing light on Sir Karl's fate, it would be his devoted daughter who would accomplish that end.

One day Gertrude sat down with her three friends to hold their first deliberation together. She had made



FOR

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ITS EFFECTS ARE MARVELLOUS. IT ASTS LIKE A CHARM. RELIEF ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS.

Pisasant, Rapid, Reliable, Effectual.

EVERY HOUSE SHOULD HAVE IT.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT. TAKE NO OTHER. PRICE,

herself mistress of the case; she knew every detail. She had steeped her mind, thoughts, and senses, in this story of the past, in this knotted mystery, which she had set herself to uaravel. Her face always were the preoccupied expression of one whose thoughts are seldom with the present. If she could, she would have given her life to have proved her father's innocence. People spoke of her with tears in their eyes. and said

she had a golden heart. The consultation took place in Lady Fielden's boudoir. "It seems a puzzle to me," said Lord Rhysworth. "To put our task

intense feeling would endanger her world. It seems a difficult mission, health. But it did not. The brave, but we have much to encourage us. Gertrude took one day to rest, and one or two of its cleverest detectives; we have steam and electricity; we have, above all other things, the love of a brave and devoted daughter to Now, as a matter of help us. course, the first question is, How

shall we proceed?" "Send for one or two detectives to help us; those men always think of things that never occur to any one else," said Lord Fielden. "I agree with you; it would be

very wise thing to do," said Gert-Then Lady Fielden objected-"A detective was employed at the

time, but he could make nothing out of the case." "Perhaps we may obtain the services of one with more brains," said Lord Rhysworth, "in any case, we can but try. Detectives have every had been there at the time of Sir facility for communicating with each Karl's disappearance were equally de- other, and of obtaining information. lighted to see their master's daugh- Even should the man we employ do

> may lead to something. So it was agreed that the first thing to be done was to send to Scotland Yard for one of the ablest men in the police force. Gertrude gave a sigh of relief. To her sanguine mind it was a great deal to

"After all," she said to her friends, "the world is but a small place When I think how soon we can go round it, to look for one man lost in roof for the express purpose of mak- it cannot be so hopeless. I have been told that, no matter where person goes, he is sure to meet some one he knows. If that be true, surely to find the being one loves cannot

"We shall have difficulties enough, but we must not let them discourage us," said Lord Fielden; "indeed, my idea is that nothing in life is worth doing, unless there are plenty of obstacles to be overcome. I like meeting them as if they were so many enemies, and conquering them one after another."

He was rewarded by a grateful look from Gertrude's blue eyes. After a few more words, the council for that

It met in more solemn conclave four days afterward, and Mr. Shaw. the detective, was at the head of it -a keen, thoughtful man, with brilliant eyes-eyes that, Harry declared, appeared as though they could see through a stone wall. He was quiet and calm, but with the keen instinct of his profession so completely developed, that it was wonderful with what sagacity he followed the slightest clew, how he studied minute details, how he gave importance to events that had been considered trivial. He had successfully conducted some most intricate criminal cases. In short, he was a wonderful man, and it augured ill for some one when he said that he was "not sat-

He listened attentively while Lord Rhysworth gave him the particulars

of the baronet's disappearance. "I should say myself," Mr. Shaw remarked then, "that the reason my confrere failed was because he did not know the whole of the details. Details, in a case like this, are everything. I think, if he had known more, he would have done better. It should be with a detective officer as with a doctor-nothing should be kept from him."

"Nothing shall be kept from you," said Gertrude, promptly. Squire, my dear mother's father, who would have been an important witness, is dead. James Ashford, the groom, and Lord Rhysworth, who were the last to see my father, will tell you all that they know. I will show you the letters and my father's portrait," added Gertrude, whose hopes were strengthened as she saw the detective's interest increase. "Are you a good physiognomist?" she asked, as she placed the portrait

before him. Mr. Shaw looked at it long and thoughtfully. "It is the face of a good man," he

answered, gravely. "Now read these letters," said Gertrude, "and see what you gather from them."

The letters that her mother had held so long were placed in his hands, and he seemed to weigh every word, as he read them. Then he was silent for some few minutes, after which the oracle spoke.

"My opinion is that it all rests with the lady, he said, slowly. "With the lady!" was re-echoed in different accents of wonder and incredulity.

"Yes, with the lady," ne repeated. 'Indeed I should not be surprised to find that the gentleman did not accompany the lady at all." The interest of the listeners in-

"Take this first letter," continued

to Sir Karl. She does not write as though he cared for her-not in the least. She wants him to do her a favor, and does not wish his wife to know about it. He evidently-from all you tell me, Miss Allanmore dislikes it, yet he goes, and is never seen again. The supposition of every one is that the lady persuaded him to elope with her. There can have been no previous arrangement-that is quite clear from the tone of the writer's letters. Now consider this second letter, which every one seems to have taken as proof conclusive. I do not believe that Sir Karl was with the person who wrote it. It reads to me as though it were intended to suggest that idea, but that is all. She does not write, 'Sir Karl is with me'-perhaps she dared notshe writes: 'You will never see Sir Karl again. I have had my revenge. Who knows what her revenge was? She may have murdered him. may have induced others to murder him, and have hidden his body. She may have had him kidnapped locked up in a lunatic asylum. She may have done anything and everything except the one thing which I am quite sure she did not do-persuade him to run away with her. Who can tell what shape or form her vengeance took?" Gertrude listened with wide open

"Those are my ideas exactly," she

said, "and those are the thoughts that came to me when I read the let-"I should say myself," continued

Mr. Shaw, "that the quickest and best way of learning the gentleman's fate is to search for the lady." "To search for the lady!" they re-

"Yes. I am sure the key of mystery lies with her. If any one has thought that all these years Sir Karl has been wandering about with her a happy man, they have made a mistake. Taking all things into consideration, together with the fact that the gentleman has never drawn one farthing of his income, I should rather say that he was dead than living, and I should rather say that the lady had in some mysterious fashion made away with him than that he had run away with her."

They listened to him breathlessly. "If the case is left in my hands, he said, "that is the clew I shall follow. I shall look first for the lady, and find out all about her."

"That is just what I have always thought should be done," said Gertrude. "How strange that we should think alike!" "It would be easier to find twenty

men than to trace one cunning woman," observed Lord Rhysworth. "We shall do it, my lord, I feel sure. She is the party who should have been traced from the very beginning. If Sir Karl had been alive, he would have drawn his money. No man would have allowed an income like that to accumulate. I must say that my great wonder is that no one saw the matter in that light before,

for it is the true light, I am sure." They all agreed with the officer; and Mr. Shaw entered in his notebook every detail with which they could supply him. There was no limit as to expense.

It was certainly a puzzle now in what quarter to commence conducting the search. There was no portrait of Lola de Ferras; but Lady Fielden remembered her so well and described her so accurately that Mr. Shaw felt hopeful of recognizing her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

From that day mysterious advertisements began to appear in the journals-advertisements that puzzldressed to Lola, and were variously heart sink. One morning a whole subscribed; but no answer to them bundle of letters came; none of them

de Ferras had invested her money were discovered; and, when urged as a matter of life and death, to tell Gertrude, when the last envelope was what they knew of the whereabouts directed, "if ever there will be an end of Miss de Ferras, they had but one to this quest of mine?' fact to reveal. It was this-that the account had been closed soon after Gertrude," he replied, thinking to madame's death, and that they had himself that the one exception was not the least notion as to her daugh- his own great love for her. There ter's place of residence or the state could never be any end to that-it of her affairs-in fact, they knew was impossible. nothing at all about her. There was "I wonder," she continued, "what therefore no intelligence to be gained I shall have to fill my life and to infrom that quarter; nor was there in- terest me when this is over. I shall deed from any other. Yet Gertrude's be quite lost. Now every day brings brave young heart never quailed. Do- its own work, and that work occulores wrote, imploring her to come back, and give up what was after all but a chimera, a fancy, a will-o'-thewisp, a delusion that would wear away her heart and life. But never did one thought of yielding, one thought of giving up the hope of her life come to Gertrude.

Prevented and Cured.

Jour marvelous free remedies for all sufferers reading this paper. New cure for Tuberculosis, Consumption, Weak Lungs, Catarrh, and a rundown system.

Do you cough? Do your lungs pain you? Is your throat sore and inflamed? Do you spit up phlegm? Does your head ache? Is your appetite bad? Are your lungs delicate? Are you losing flesh? Are you pale and thin? Do you lack stamina?

you, if you are sick, by writing for a

These symptoms are proof that you have in your body the seeds of the most dangerous malady that has ever devastated the earth-consumption.

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT and the Four Free Preparations will be forwarded you at once, with complete directions for use.

The Slocum System is a positive cure for Consumption, that most insidious disease, and for all Lung Troubles and Disorders, complicated by Loss of Flesh, Coughs, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Heart Troubles.

Simply write to the T. A. Slocum Chemical Company, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, giving post office and express address, and the free medicine (the Slocum Cure) will be promptly sent.

Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's free offer in American papers will please send for samples to Toronto. Mention this paper. I had never been born?"

When every inquiry had been made, every means exhausted, the council

"Our task does not seem so easy now as it did when we first met to consult together," Gertrude said, "but we shall accomplish it as surely as the sun shines in heaven. Many things have failed us, but our courage and perseverance are not among

Her listeners assented warmly; it would have broken her heart had they

not done so. "My dear mother has written, and wants me to return to her; but I cannot-I must not. I will finish my

task or die over it." No one had any further suggestion to make. Mr. Shaw owned that he was baffled, but that he did not despair, and was by no means inclined to give up the case, though more fully convinced than ever of the difficulties with which they would have

to contend. "If we had any clew, however small," he said, "if we only knew whether Miss de Ferras was living or dead, it would be some satisfac-

"It would be much easier to discover if she were dead than to find any trace of her living," declared Lord Fielden. "If she is dead, and has been buried, some one must know something of it. We can take action so far. Let us advertise in the French and English papers that any one who can give proof of the death of Mademoiselle Lola de Ferras, shall receive one hundred pounds reward." "One hundred pounds," cried Mr.

"Yes," answered Lord Fielden-"double that amount if it be needful, if the news be worth it. Why, I would give almost the last farthing I had for the purpose."

And the beautiful eyes thanked Harry with one of those glances he loved so well.

It was agreed that the advertisement should be sent to all the leading Continental journals and English newspapers. It could hardly fail to bring about a good result. If Lola de Ferras were living, and any one knowing her wrote to say so, they would be able to find out her whereabouts; if she were dead, they would know that further efforts in that direction were useless. "If she be dead," said Gertrude,

slowly, "what has become of my father?" "We must be patient," said Lord

Fielden. The next thing was to send off the

new advertisement. In due course there came many answers; but thay all bore but little upon the matter Lord Fielden's own idea was that

Lola had taken refuge in France; it was most probable for many reasons, and he spent some weeks in Paris. The Paris officials began to grow interested in the search; even the Russian detective service had been drawn into the business; and no news that the telegraphic wires could flashed from one end of the world to the other would have given greater satisfaction than the intelligence that, living or dead, something was known of Lola de Ferras.

Then Lord Fielden had another idea; he believed that it was very probable she would be found in some religious house, in one of those institutions where wearied hearts find rest. So in England and France the strong arm of the law was brought into force; but the search in this direction was equally futile. The dark, beautiful face which had brought ruin and desolation to Searsdale remained undiscovered.

It was almost pitiful to see how Gertrude and Lord Fielden watched the post-the sickness of hope defer-They were all ad- red indeed made the young girl's contained any news of particular in-The bankers with whom Madame terest, but they occupied considerable time in the reading and answering. "I wonder, Lord Fielden," said

"There is an end to everything.

pies my whole time. I do not think I could ever live without some real employment again." "You need not do so," said Lord

Fielden, with a quick throb at his heart. "I know work that will just suit you." "What is it?" she asked, her eyes

fixed on the spreading beeches. "Women's rights?"

"Women's rights in one sense of the word, Gertrude." he replied, "decidedly not in the other. You ought to have a husband who loves you, not with a commonplace affection. but with an unfathomable love." "He has to be found," interrupted

Gertrude, with a shy, sweet smile. "No, indeed, he has not : he is But Gertrude would not listen.

finding my father," she said gently. "Gertrude," he cried, "suppose that some man-we will presume that he would be in every way eligibleshould, through his own exertions and skill, bring to you certain proofs of your father's innocence, the sure solving of the mystery that surrounds his name and that of Lola de Ferras, would you, as a reward, marry him?"

His heart beat so violently as he asked the question that he was afraid she would hear it; his suspense was so great that he could of answering his question. "Yes," she replied, "I think I

would," He turned away with a deep sigh, and without seeing the furtive glance from Gertrude's blue eyes, "I wonder," said Harry, with an impatient stride across the room, "if it would have been better for me if



Booklet free.

tion," observed Gertrude. And so their conversation ended, old house issued from her select but he did not forget it. Lord Fielden felt convinced that the only way man, with a strange beauty to win the prize of Gertrude's love own. A story of passion was was by clearing up the mystery of ten on her face. The dark even her father's disappearance and that ed with almost lurid light and was the task he set himself to per- but distorted, darkened soul but

CHAPTER XXIX.

Near the pretty town of St. Remy, in a remote corner of France, stands a chateau, quite shut in from world by the forest that surrounds Ange. People watched ben it. It is supposed to have been built by a king of France who, passionately fond of hunting, enjoyed the chase best when he had only a few select friends about him. He would spend a week at a time at the chateau, and while he was there the merry sound of the hunting-horn was frequently her. heard. The next king sold it to one of the bourgeoisie, who purchased it simply because it had been built for the pleasure of royalty. He gave it his own name of Fleuris, which it re-

tained. Then-for it has quite a history, this chateau-it was purchased by a French nobleman who had married a very wealthy heiress. She was mad; but as all his income was derived from her, he kept the matter as secret as possible, and sent her with nurses and attendants to the Chateau Fleuris, where she lingered all the years of her life, a victim to the terrible malady. How often those walls had re-echoed to shrieks and cries, frightening even the birds from

their nests! Once every week a cart was driven from the chateau to St. Remy by a surly-looking man-a Belgian evidently, from his accent. He made his purchases without more comments than the occasion demanded; and if any one presumed to question him as to the number of the household-if it were madame or monsieur whom they had the honor of serving-his reply was a gloomy suggestion that the

inquirer should mind his own affairs. Persons drew their own conclusions. Articles of every kind were purchased-books, papers, cigars, wines, old cognac. There must certainly be a gentleman living at the chateau, and a lady too; there was no mistake about that. Gradually, however, all curiosity ceased, for the simple reason that it never was gratified, and

"I should say that it is many the Chateau Fleuris remeis years too late to answer the ques- great a mystery as ever. Bet a time, one of the inhabitants of She was a tall, dark, stately out of them, with proud, pained

fignce. She was frequently at St 1 no one knew whether she was the widow. She never spoke of his or children; but she wore . well ring, and called herself Madam ? something like awe. It was strange that she never spoke to one. The children, when they her, ran away frightened and mi no little one ever went to he m outstretched arms; even then dogs refused to make friends

She always wore black in gracefully-hanging garments that in statuesque folds about her walked with a proud, stately a that was peculiar to herself passing through the streets of & Remy she never looked either to 5 right or to the left; she swept me though there were nothing to inter her on earth. Those who not her were startled at the tragical row expressed on every feature dis face. Once, as she was passing in the Rue d'Espange, a pretty l girl fell down a few yards in vance of her, and hurt herself to ly. The child's cries were plus yet Mme. St. Ange did not go w her, as any kind-hearted was would have done, and raise be to the ground; she had no work sweet womanly compassion to be but stepped aside so that even dress should not touch the little With a cry on her lips, the mon came rushing out of her house, saw madame passing by with no head, as though she neither at heard the child.

"Who are you?" she cried, you treat my pretty child as the she were the dust under your in She had placed herself so couple ly before the haughty lady that a could not take another step forms "Your child is nothing to me me pass," madame said haughth and the mother almost forgot the jured little one in her anger.

EXCRUCIATING LUMBAGO PERMANENTLY CURE

A severe case which proves the power of Dr. Backache Kidney Tablets to cure so that you stay cured.



There are very few people in Havelock, Ont, a who do not know Mr. William Reynolds, the popular brakesman, whose picture appears here. About two years ago he was laid up with a severe at

lumbago, which caused him exeruciating pain, so that over or turn in bed was agon He heard of Dr. Pitcher's Bac a splendid remedy for such compa Tablets and they cured him. no return of his old trouble, conductors and fellow-brakesmen, all of whom, from the nature of their Tablets to many men on are liable to bad backs and kidney trouble, and, in every instance, the Tab

proved effectual. STATEMENT MAY 31st, 1900

This is what Mr. William Reynolds had to "I can think of nothing yet but Kidney Tablets on May 31st, 1990, just after he "I had lumbage so bad when I got Dr. Pitcher's A. C. Denike, the druggist, that I could hardly bed. There was a dull nagging aching in the small of stoop or assume an upright position after sitting was not the only time I suffered that way; my case remedies that formerly gave me relief did not help though, that as soon as I started taking Dr. Pitcher's helped me at once. They have removed the whole trouble lameness now. I cannot say too much for them, and I he

STATEMENT MARCH 29th, 1902

When our representative called on Mr. Reynolds, recently, he did not his in the highest the called on Mr. Reynolds, recently, he did not he speak in the highest terms of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets, and the nent cure they had made in his case. Said he: "I have never had any reland lumbage and hidron to his case. Said he: "I have never had any reland to the saint." You are invited to test what this system will do for ou, if you are sick, by writing for a forgot all about him in the thought

ENDORSATION OF A. C. DENIKE, DRUGGIST.

Mr. A. C. Denike, Phm. B., the well-known druggist and optician of Hos

who sold Mr. Reynolds the Tablets, writes:
"I am acquainted with Mr. Wm. Reynolds, brakesman on the C. P. R., and that about a part kidney trouble that about two years ago he suffered greatly from lumbago and kidney to purchased Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets from me, and claims that the means of curing him, and I believe this to be the case. I understand that since Dr. Proceedings him, and I believe this to be the case. that since Dr. Pitcher's Tablets cured him he has had no return of the trouble (Signed) Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are 50c. a bottle or 3 for \$1.50.

aruggists or by mail. The Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto, Ont.

Vol. XLVI, No. 4

The mont to have them

Waists, Silk Blouse Depar who know wh because it is di 50 Print and Lawn 25 Print and colore 38 White Lawn Em 10 Colored Silk Blo 12 Print Wrappers, 6 pair Crimson and 3 pairs Fawn, Crin 36 Shade Blinds, r 50 Green and Cream 12 pairs Lace Curt 38 pairs Lace Curta 100 pairs 31 yards Ladies' Silk Paraso Ladies Silk Paraso

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Tucked Apron Law Gray, Navy, Light Bargain Day 5 designs in Black 4 bunches of Tape 3 papers Pins for White and Cream 10 pieces Light Pri 15 shades Black White Spotted Law Men's, Boys' and New Straw Hats. 10 per cent, off al Ladies' White Net 10 per cent. off all Men's White Vests. 100 Soup and Tea

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squeak) p Men's, Boys' at and faced Men'. White Maple Leal

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pile bridge across near Irondale another at Head township The local Court tended divine serv

church on Sunday Ir printe sermon