**************************** A Golden Heart

BY BERTHA M. CLAY

Author of "The Gypsy's Doughter," "Another Women's Husband," "A Heart's Bitterness," "A Mad Love," "A Heart's Idel," "Gladys George," Die

(Continued from last week) gred perries under snow.

Had this love of theirs anything to do with the advertisements? They seemed very happy. She watched them, fascinated; she could not withdraw her eyes. The handsome young lord was attentive to his mother-no want of hers seemed to escape himbut his heart was at bonny Gertrude's feet.

Gertrude, glancing toward the winflow, by the purest accident, caught the gleam of the dark, miserable eyes and the white hair, on which light shone. She started with a cry -a cry of fear quite unusual with was "something" in it, and deterher, for she was naturally brave. . a face at the window-a woman's he retired to rest.

"A woman's face!" he said. "Are you quite sure, Gertrude? It must have been the shadows that startled wou."

She had quite recovered from her fright now, and walked at once to the window. "It was no shadow," she said. "It was a woman's face, with wild, dark

eves and white hair; she was looking in through this pane of glass." Lady Fielden came to her.

"I think," she said, "you must have been mistaken; no woman could get in here without the servants' knowledge, and they would not admit a stranger." She drew the lace hangings back. "I have no doubt," she said, "that it was one of the pale passion-flowers that blew against the glass."

Gertrude smiled. "You know, Lady Fielden," she said, "that I do not suffer from nervousness. I was startled for a moment, but by no means nervous, and I am perfectly convinced that it was a woman's face I saw. I noticed the dark, wild eyes and white hair; there could be no mistake. You will wonder more, perhaps, when I tell you that I am sure those eyes are familiar to me, that I have seen them be-"My dear child, I am convinced i

is fancy," said Lady Fielden, smiling -"quite convinced." Gertrude raised her hands with a pretty, graceful gesture to her tamples.

"Let me think," she said; "where have I seen that face before?" They looked at her in astonishment.

"Now I remember," she said, "and I can verify my words. I called in at Grey's, the fruiterer's, to purchase some grapes, and that woman was in the shop. I thought she was going to faint; but when I spoke, she answered coldy-almost rudely, poor creature! I noticed her eves then. how dark and wild they were, and what a weird contrast they presented to her white hair."

Lord Fielden was listening intent-"Did she speak to you, Gertrude?"

"No-only a few words. I think she said, 'I am quite well.' " "Did you notice her voice any pe-

culiarity in it?" he asked. "No: I cannot say that I did. But you see, Harry, it was no fancy. Was Mt. Lady Fielden?"

"No, my dear, I begin to think mot. Harry, you had better take a couple of men out with you and search the grounds. I feel uneasy." "I will go first myself," he said; and he did.

But he found no one. Close to the window, however, there was a broken spray of passion-flower and some rose-leaves, as though some one had pulled aside the branches in order to look in. That was the only suspicious circumstance. Then the but-Ber and two footmen accompanied Lord Fielden through the grounds. Mms. St. Ange, from her hidingplace amongst the ferns, saw the reflection of the light that they car-

ried, but they failed to discover her. Harry was grave and thoughtful that evening. Lady Fielden said that there was no cause for any anxiety; evidently it was a woman who had some idea of begging from them, and who was curious to see the inmates. "Good-night, Gertrude," he said, Florget all about the woman peeping through the window, and sleep

"I do not think I shall ever forget



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her," was the answer, "but I am not in the least nervous, if that is what you mean, Harry."

He watched her as she went up the that wicked woman herself!" broad staircase. She stopped half like that fairest creature, Juliet, she she was helpless as a child. looked.

would pass before they would meet again! Gertrude went to her room, and soon forgot her troubles in sweet sound slumber; while Harry, with felt more and more sure that there mined to go out once more and see "Har-1," she exclaimed, "there is if he could discover anything before I can see you!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

S. E. S. Lord Fielden was in no way daunted by the darkness of the night. the moon or the stars had been shining, the woman, let her be whom she might, would never have ventured through the park. The darkness had favored her; it would also favor him in finding her. He thought that the best thing to do first was to go down to the lodge and see if any person had been noticed there.

The people at the lodge had seen no one; they were quite certain that no strange woman had passed through the gates-in fact, no person pass through them without their knowledge; nor did they believe that it was likely any person could into the park by the other entrances. Lord Fielden's suspicions increased. The woman had evidently gained access to the park in some secret manner; therefore her purpose could

not have been legitimate or honest. It was idle to suppose that robbery had been the motive; consequently Harry was more convinced than ever that the stranger was some person edy. who had read the advertisement gates, it seemed probable that she Europe-you are Lola de Ferras!" grounds well himself, but he could she fell upon the ground, shuddering, not decide at what point to begin trembling. a search. He vowed to himself that he would linger all night in the park rather than she should escape him.

More than an hour passed, and he was no nearer the object of his search. Oh! surely there was a sound at last-that of slow, creeping stealthy footsteps on the other side of the beeches. The footsteps came nearer. He must see who it was without alarming her, and so he began to noiselessly retrace his footsteps, only pausing now and then to see if the other stealthy footsteps faltered.

He reached the end of the grove and stood waiting. He was brave and fearless as a lion, but there was a queer sensation at his heart as the stranger drew nearer and nearer.

The footsteps grew more distinct now that the grove was past, and presently they sounded quite close to him. He put out his hands, and they grasped a woman's garments. The woman stopped with a faint low

"Who are you?" he exclaimed; but there was no answer. It was too dark to see. He only knew that he clutched a tall figure that seemed frozen with fear. There was silence for a minute, and then the woman struggled violently to free herself,

all without a word. "You shall not go," cried Lord Fielden, "until you have told me who you are! You need not struggle; you are a strong woman, but I am a strong man. Such efforts to escape are useless. Tell me who you are and what is your business here, and then I will let you go."

She struggled with such violence to free herself from his grasp that the black cloak she wore was torn, her bonnet fell off, and with it something white and soft. She knew it was the wig which had so effectually disguised her, and with the knowledge came an access of despair; it made her so strong that this time she almost tore herself from her captor's grasp.

"No," he said, "I will not hurt you. I could bind you fast this moment if I liked; but I will not. If it pleases you, though we will stand here until morning-until daylight dawns-so that I may see, if you will not tell me, who you are."

It was as much as he could do to hold the strange woman, but he kept her hands tightly grasped in his. How long a time passed in the terrible struggle he could not tell. He found presently that she was panting for breath, and that her strength was failing her, and that in a short time she must be still from sheer exhaustion. So it happened. After a few more efforts to free herself, she gave up struggling, and stood panting and trembling. Then came a longdrawn sigh, a low, piteous cry.

"For Heaven's sake, let me golet me go!" she murmured. "Tell me who you are and what you want, he said, "and you shall go the next moment." "I am no one whom you know. I

have been looking for work. I am a poor woman, and I have been to all the big houses to try to get some sewing. I came here to-day; but there was nothing for me to do. was tired and hungry, and I fell asleep among the ferns in the park. I am only trying to find my way out of the park. I have done no harm. The woman's story might be true.

who looked in at the dining-room alyzed her. He raised her, and she window at the Manor and terrified a made no resistance. He trampled

question. "Yes," she said, "It was. I not mean to frighten any one. was cold and hungry. The bright cond time, his eyes fell upon lights attracted me, and I looked in. I meant no harm-I did no harm. Was she married, and to whom? Let me go!"

That one word "attracted" proved fatal. She had spoken in a low, House. Where are we going?" murmuring, hoarse voice, almost impossible to distinguish; but in that word he had recognized the never-to- you solve the mystery of Sir Karl's be-mistaken roll of the French "r." which the people of no other nation can imitate.

He grasped her more closely. "You are a Frenchwoman!" he

She struggled afresh with way, and, looking down at him, kiss- strength of a man, uttering low. ed her hand to him. He thought how piteous cries; but in his strong grasp "You cannot escape." he said

How little they dreamed of what "Your struggles are more vain than those of a bird in the fowler's net." Just then a few rays of light broke through the clouds; they parted in majestic grandeur, rolling away in the new idea growing in his brain, heavy masses of black and white vapor, leaving the moon sailing peacefully in the sky. "Thank Heaven!" he cried. "Now

> "Let me go," she wailed, piteously let me go!

> Resolutely she turned and bent her head, lest the moonlight should fall upon her face.

"I will kill myself if you try to look at me!" she cried. "You cannot.6 Have you not the sense, woman, to know when you are conquered?"

She made a wild dash at him. was her last hope. It was as though an ocean wave had flung itself against a rock-useless, vain, indeed injurious to herself. The last shred of disguise fell from her, and stood revealed in the moonlightwhich she cursed in her heart - a tall, stately woman, with a mass of black hair and dark, wild eyes, contrasting vividly with her white face; the false hair had been trampled under foot in the struggle. The moon now shone out more fully and clearly, so clearly that Lord Fielden could see every line of the stranger's face and figure.

In a moment it flashed across him who she was. This was no poor, common woman looking for work. She was rather like a queen of trag-

"I know you." he said. "You are about Lola de Ferras, and wanted the woman for whom I have been to discover the reason for it. As the searching morning, noon and night. woman had not passed through the for whom I have sought all over might still be in the park. If he A low cry came from her lips. could but find her! He knew the and, Lord Fielden releasing his hold,

> "You are Lola de Ferras," he repeated, "the woman who alone knows the secret of Sir Karl Allanmore's fate. You must come with me." Her strength was gone. The men-



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tion of her name seemed to have parthe false hair under his feet.

"You will not want this again," he said, "you will have no more need for disguise. Come with me." As he took her hands for the sewedding-ring, and it startled him. "Whither are you taking me?" she

asked. "I will not go to the Manor "To the keeper's cottage," he replied. "I shall keep you there until

"Then I shall die there!" she replied, with a trium hant laugh. "There are many clever inventions in this world, but I have not yet cried. "You have perhaps come from heard of one which can make a woman speak when she chooses to be the silent.

"Nor have I," he agreed, gravely. "I shall leave it to your sense of honor to speak. I am quite aware that I cannot compel you."

"You can lock me up, shut me in prison-you can do anything and everything you will; but I am queen of the position, and I shall remain so." They reached the keeper's cottage at last; and she stood in silence while the door was unfastened. Lord Fielden kept a keen watch upon her, knowing well that she would make her escape if it were possible, and that he was resolved she should not

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The keeper looked bewildered when he opened the door. There stood Lord Fielden, and by his side, held fast by him, was a lady, with a face very beautiful and proud, yet white and weird, with great, black eyes that seemed to blaze with liquid fire, and a mass of black hair. She had neither bonnet nor shawl; her dress was of plainest black; yet, in some vague way, the man felt that she

"Walk in, madam," said Lord "Mrs. Turnbull will find you all needful accommodation. You will lile tea, or coffee, or some refreshment, perhaps?"

He closed the door behind him as he spoke, and then turned with stern face to the keeper and his

"I have brought this lady here," he said; "and here she is to remain in close custody until to-morrow. Let her have every care, every attention -all that she requires; but she must not be left alone, so that she can escape."

Lola looked at him defiantly. "You may do all that, cannot make me speak." she plied. "I tell you frankly that, if I Fielden, I feel quite certain of it." can get a chance to kill myse!!, I will do it, if I can find the least op- son were of reproach that he had

portunity to escape, I shall take it." "Will you excuse me, my lord?" said the keeper, after a steady look this lady, I am not used to such a rude's face flushed and her eyes task. Foxes, pheasants, and part- flashed. ridges, and such like I understand, but not ladies. I should not be able

to detain her, my lord, if she made prayer at last?" up her mind to go.' "Then I will stay myself," said pale. Lord Fielden. "You have a room "Lola de Ferras! Oh, Harry, up-stairs, Mrs. Turnbull; the lady cannot see that woman-that wicked

will prefer it to this, and you can woman!" take her some tea there. I shall sit up here. Madam," he continued, cried Gertrude. "Oh, Lady Fielden, turning to where Lola stood with a my dearest and truest friend, you window. Remember, if you make cussing what had happened. any desperate attempt to escape, I "She will never speak," said Lady that you are all right in your supwill give you in custody for a crime Fielden; "she is still, as she says, you would not like to hear me 'queen of the position.' "

a mocking smile-"merci, you will so in my father's name." have to prove every charge you bring against me."

She went up the narrow staircase bull answered. "Yes" more with the air of an injured queen than of a prisoner. It was a plain, pretty room into which she was shown. For a few moments she stood like some caged tigress in the middle of it, and then hastily closed the door.

"Are you open to a bribe?" she asked, turning to the keeper's wife. "I will make you a rich woman for life if you will do one of two things. Either bring to me poison that I may destroy myself, or give me the chance of escape through the window here. I swear to you that I will make you rich for life." "I cnnot," said the woman, "I

dare not; we have always served my lord faithfully." "If he and you but knew what was

best for the whole family, you would beg of me on your knees to go," she But the woman shook her head;

she could never, come what may, betray her trust. The night passed in pleading and useless prayers. Once or twice the

keeper's wife nodded, and awoke suddenly, to find the dark, beautiful face bent over her with murderous gaze. "I warn you," said Lola; "I am a desperate woman. I should set little value on your life. If you wish well to yourself, do not expose

This so effectually scared the keeper's wife that she checked all further inclination to slumber, and watched every movement of her companion. It was pitiful to see the way in which Lola de Ferras paced up and down the room, at times wringing her hands and crying out that she

was trapped and lost, at others that

they should never make her speak -

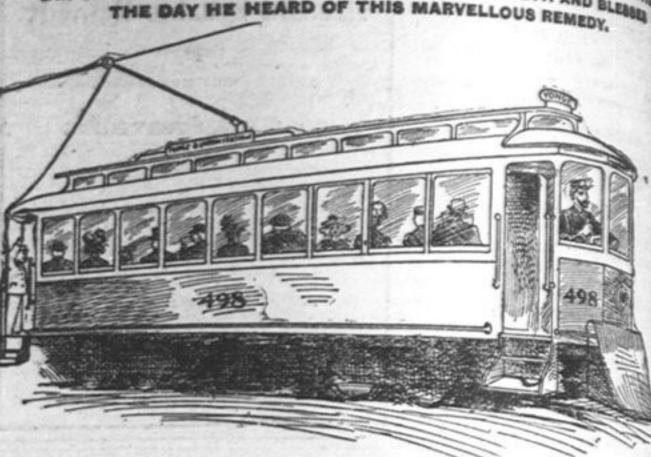
me to temptation."

never; no one could do that. When morning came, and the watch was ended, when the dark head, tired and wearied, was laid to rest, Lord Fielden wrote a little note to his mother to say that she was to come to the cottage at once, and bring Gertrude with her-that there was immediate need for their presence. He cautioned the keeper to be silent as to what had happened-indeed, he had little to reveal-Lord Fielden

had told him nothing. In less than an hour the two ladies were on their way, Lady Fielden deeply anxious and agitated, Gert-

of Motorman Walden, in the employ of TORONTO STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

DID NOT WANT TO GIVE UP WORK BUT WAS FORCED TO DO SO_TELLS HO EIGHTEEN MONTHS HE HOVERED BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, TREATE THE BEST PHYSICIANS IN TORONTO AND HIS CASE PRONOUNCE SERIOUS THAT HE WAS ADVISED, AS A LAST RESORT, TO USE DR. SLOCUM TREATMENT-IS NOW IN GOOD HEALTH AND BLESSE THE DAY HE HEARD OF THIS MARVELLOUS REMEDY



Mr. Alfred Walden, 7 Cornwall St., Toronto, who has been in the employ of the Street Railway Company for a number of years as motorman, informs us appetite improved and night sweats were he had an attack of la grippe, followed by and in about three months he was able to go whold fever, and after many weeks of suffering it work, feeling as well as ever resulted in a complication of throat and lung troubles. When interviewed, Mr. Walden seemel a During this illness he was under the care of one of the best of spirits and expressed himself the best physicians in this city, who pronounced it a grateful terms, as he considers hims which he was finally compelled to do. Mr. Walden heard about the Dr. Slocum Remedies Mr. Walden has also been accomplished in fi

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rude full of wonder. "I am sure," said she, as they yet you drove along, "that it is something re about the advertisements; Lady Lady Fielden's first words to her

Toronto. Mention this paper.

been out all night, and that she had been greatly alarmed about him. He went up to the side of the low at the flashing black eyes. "I am pony-carriage, and in a few words afraid to undertake the charge of told them what had happened. Gert-

> "Lola de Ferras!" she cricd. it possible? Has Heaven granted my But Lady Fielden grew deadly that."

"You must see her for my sake!

white, aefiant look on her face, "I must forget everything else except shall be on the alert. I can hear the that you have to help me, and that ruin d already." stealthicst of footsteps, the slightest | my father's name must be cleared!" | "Have 1?" she cried. creak of a board or upraising of a They spent some few minutes dis-

"She will speak," declared Gert- Karl's fate. You want to know, of "Merci, monsieur," she said, with rude, "for I shall implore her to do

Then Lord Fielden asked if they -if he thought the world well lost could go upstairs, and Mrs. Turn-

They found Lola sitting in a chair by the window, and in her eve was the look of a hunted animal driver to bay. She never glanced at the ladies, but spoke to Lord Fielden at

"Have you any further indignities to offer me?" she demanded. "AmI to be kept here in prison, a show for you and your friends?" "Lola de Ferras," said Lady Fielden, in a solemn voice, "do not us

weak as you have be n, make the best atonement you can. "I have no atonement to make." she answered. "I shall die as have lived-mute; you may be sared

such words to my son. Wicked and

tell it. Is Sir Karl living or dead? A curious smile curled her lips.

"I shall tell you nothing," shere-

we'll pleased; that is just what I inposition. I, and I only, so far as know, can solve the mystery of Sa course, if he went away with me or not-if he asked me or I asked him

(Continued on Page 3.)

BACK PAINED SO BAD COULDN'T TURN IN BED.

A citizen of Trenton, Ont., who suffered agony with his back and kidneys, tells of his rapid and complete restoration to health by the use of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets.



We desire to present to you the history of the case of Thomas Douglas, of Trenton, Ont., whose occupation is that of carter in the Gillman Co., an avocation which involves heavy lifts and fre quent exposure to wet and cold—all hard on the kidneys. That Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets could so quickly care b case so severe as that of Mr. Douglas is a splendid tribute to their rapid-acting, thorough-going curative qualities.

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MRS. DOUGLAS CONFIRMS IT.

ets. They ented and and husband says about Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets. They acted splendidly in his case and have inspired me with such confiden of their efficacy that I am using them now myself.

"I have been troubled for some time with sick headache, weak spells, tired feet ings, and generally run down. I have used the Tablets only for a short time, bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets only for a short bottle or two of the Tablets on the tablets of the Tablets on the tablets of the Tablets on the tablets of tablets on the tablets of tabl bottle or two of the Tablets, you will hear from me. "I tell all my friends that Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets have don't splendidly for us, and both Mr. Douglas and myself have no hesitation in allowing

(Signed) MRS. THOS. DOUGLAS SO DOES MR. SHURIE, DRUGGIST.

am well acquainted with Thos. Douglas, of this town, who is a teamster in the employ of the Gillman Co.
"He is a hard-working and respectable citizen, and I have no hesitation."

Bitcher's Backache Ki Tablets, as it was from my store the Tablets were purchased, and I know the condition he was in prior to taking them, and that he is now, to the best of my knowledge working hard every day without any trace of his former trouble."

(Signed) JAS SEVER Dr. Pitcher's Backnohe Kidney Tablets are 50c. a bottle or 3 for \$1.25, at all Aruggiote or by mail. The Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto, Onk.

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