WIDOW BY BERTHA M. CLAY. WOODD DE COMPTON DE CO continued from last week).

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can't let you have it now -" I mean," Lady Nora stamishing. "It is quite safe, but i to raise some money on it Bulas. I wanted it very and you know I have scarcely - only what Yolande gives

s glances at the luxurious carwith its dark brown linings own silk rug with monogram at Lady Nora's fresh crisp and costly laces and sparkling ents; and he thinks "only what "sie gives" is given in lavishlywas measure indeed. squite safe - perfectly safe,

se you, Dallas," she repeats sly, as Dallas sits silent. m sorry you let it go out of onn keeping," he says in a t was the only thing of value possession, and you had been and it, and seemed to wish for ecurity for the money you lent I had no right to trust any sin it when the ring was not but I thought I could trust other at least to keep it safe-

t yours!" Lady Nora gasps.

not mine," he answers curtly sternly. "It is Joyce Murray's 83 you know, and she and I ged rings one day - a sort of sental jest - a piece of abir which I have paid dearly h for! I meant to return it as soon as I could repay you reive pounds you lent me," he mes, looking straight before and speaking in a hard represone of smothered anger. "I do that now, as I am pinost eless. I have been ill, and I am of a situation, and until my d Daville comes over from the tes I have no prospect of one. thought that in any case you dd let me have the ring back so I might return it to the owner. w much did you pledge it for?" Ten or fifteen pounds. I forget it it was exactly," Lady Nora wers confusedly, wondering disdedly what she shall do, and at she will have to pay Isabelle ner to get the ring back again. gave me forty-five pounds for

nds for it at the very least! What I do?" ell, I suppose, mother, since you so badly off," Dallas says, lookat her with gleaming eyes and a hard, haughty face, "I must dare ask you to spend ten or en pounds in getting it back Will you, however, give me nawnbroker's ticket for the

wenty on that evening she call-

o see me, and twenty-five by that

ue," she thinks affrightedly.

e'll make me pay fifty or sixty

H will. That is-I haven't a It was money lent me by a "Lady Nora stammers, flushd growing angry as a last re-"I tell you the ring is persafe, and as soon as I can I it back for you. I wish to I had never seen the thing! no idea, I am sure, that you pounce on me in this manner

is exceedingly unpleasant when reminded of our wrong and sh deeds, I know well," Dallas gravely and bitterly. "That has carried ill-luck with it from ery first. I won't trouble you ager with my company, mothdare say I am making a nuisof myself. Please tell them to me down at Albert Gate."

are displeased with me, of "Lady Nora says mournfully, of her head with its little jet old bonnet, and looking up into his face with her most perely tender look and a deep ing sigh. "Dallas dearest, if new all, you wouldn't be. ong to part with the ring even of necessity, but I will get a for you as soon as I can-I adeed! And - and do you a little money now, dear?" By you cannot spare anything

our 'necessities,' mother," he with a slight contemptuous while he touches the check-I can, Dallas," Lady Nora

agerly - "a little, you know! dear!" - and she pushes a ound note into his hand as he it of the carriage. thank you," he says coldly, g it back again. "By-the-bye, not asked you-how is Yo-

she is very well," Lady Nora briefly, biting her lip uneasale she looks at him. "You Mr. Dormer has been very ill,

I have heard nothing about her son answers curtly. You saw Yolande?" Lady esks in surprise, but feeling her

, I saw her," Dallas says

You have heard from her, of I have not heard from her of he replies, with a cold smile.

e, mother. Give my kind o my wife" - with another t smile - "that's as near alless husband ought to Dallas," Lady Nora ex-

holding his hand, but still way very cautiously, comfertable assurance dawns that a very convenient mismisunderstanding har taken members or somehory.

Prince Edward Island Parmer compelled to stop clearing up his farm.



Mr. Job Costain, Mininegash, P.E.I., writes: "In the Spring of 1900 I started to clear up a piece of land, but had not worked many days before I was taken with a very lame back, and was compelled to stop work. The trouble seem-I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and before I had taken the whole box I was completely cured and able to proceed with my work. I take great pleasure in recommending them to all farmers who are troubled as I was."

50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25. All dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

It would be excremely awaward and inconvenient, to say the least of it, if Dallas returned to his wife now in the present horribly-disturbed state of affairs - the house about to be given up, the family leaving town, aid tone. "I gave it to you be- | Yolande with the care of those two old people on her hands, very little money for a great many needs, and Lady Nora's own marriage about to take place immediately with a man of whom her son has never even heard - a marriage he is sure to disapprove of and be displeased at, and concerning which he will ask all manner of questions. How much better then if he knew nothing about it until it was all over, and when this wretched smash-up of Mr. Dormer's affairs was all arranged, and Yolande and the old people quietly settled down in that little place in the country, how very much more comfortable it would be for poor Dallas to rejoin his wife and her relations then than now! But still she must not do anything treacherous or unfair, Lady Nora tells herself - anything which would be brought up against her afterwards.

"But, Dallas, my dearest boy," she says in her sweet maternal fashion, caressing his arm with her daizty hand in its long shining black glove, "surely Yolande has written to you? I am sure I heard her speak of doing so a few days after she saw you!" "No, she has not written to me,"

he declares, drawing away his arm from the dainty maternal touch. "But I dare say her time is very fully occupied. Perhaps" - with an icy tone in his voice - "when the season is over and she is quite at leisure she will write; she knows the address. You are all going abroad, I suppose?"

"He doesn't know a syllable aLout the failure, and what good would it do to tell him now?" Lady Nora thinks. "He has trouble enough of his own, poor boy!"

"I am going abroad, dearest." I ady Nora says softly - "going to Switzerland, I think, with some friends." "I can write from there, and tell him all about it. That will be much the better way," she decides instantly. "I believe Yolande is going into the country as soon as her uncle is able to leave town," she adds aloud. "I shall tel! Yolande met you, - may I, dear?" she asks timidly. "And, Dallas, my dear boy, you must take this trifle from me - you must indeed, to please me, and some day I hope to do much more for you. I mean to try to

help you, my poor boy." There are even tears in Lady Nora's bright eyes, she feels so tender and self-sacrificing just at this moment, But her son puts the crumpled note back on her lap very decidedly, and touched the little black-gloved dainty hand with his lips.

"Thank you, madre mia," he says with a little of his old graceful pleasant manner - "I said I would not, and I will not. Good-bye again. met me, if she cares to hear of me." He raises his hat. and his bright, tawny, close-cropped hair gleams in

he disappears in the crowd. His mother has let him go - "almost penniless," as he said, homeless, friendless - back into the depths of absolute poverty, battling miration to account. for his daily bread, a unit in the great army of London toilers. His mother has let him go without one effort to save him from it. The carriage drives on, but Lady Nora bursts into tears in the shadow of her huge satin-covered lace-flounced

"Poor boy," she says, sobbing little. "To think of my having to see my own son, a dear, handsome fellow, well bred, well educated, a perfect gentleman in every way, brought down to actual poverty by those abominable Penheart-breaking," and, maternal affection having thus asserted itse'f, Lady Nora dries her eyes, adjusts her little gold-beaded veil, and bows and smiles sweetly at a pass-

ing acquaintance. CHAPTER XL.

2000

On Lady Nora's return home, she finds Mr. Carter waiting for her and the worthy man-for he is a worthy man-is already on the friendliest terms with Miss Dormer, who is knitting away busily, and talking to him while she knits. Delighted indeed he is to discover poor Miss Keren's homely presence in the midst of the aristocratic atmosphere that surrounds his titled financee, whom honest John Carter, jeweler, gold and silver smith, and pawnbroker-a very wealthy and respectable man of plebeian antecedentsregards with most slavish reverence

and admiration. "For you know, my dear fellow," he says in strictest confidence to seven or eight intimate acquaintdon't mind saying to you that I

never thought of marrying into the Peerage!"

With a keen look one very Intimate crony indeed ventures to ask him a question. "That's all very well, Carter, but

what's the set-off? What's on the debit side ?" "Nothing, sir-nothing!" Mr. Carter replies boldly and proudly. "An Earl's daughter, an Earl's son's widow, a beautiful, amiable woman, and one of the most elegant highbred ladies that ever drove in the Park!"

"By Jove, Carter, you're a lucky man!" the confidential crony says

solemnly. "I am a łucky man!" honest John Carter agrees, with a glow of tri-

the gauntlet for his "ladve faire," | tone. as faithfully if not as romantically ed to be down in the centre of my back and | with a costly bracelet set with about six months later-to the man my right side and I could not stoop over. | cat's-eye and diamonds in one pock- | whom she had absolutely defrauded ready for signing in the other.

little ready money, Lady Nora, my future. dear," and admires the bracelet, and | Lady Nora gave the promise, deprovides for her handsomely if she

"I-I-hope you are satisfied, Lady Nora?" he says nervously. "I did what I thought was just and fair. The children of my first marriage, you know-I didn't want to make them jealous-"

"Oh, dear, no - not on my account!" Lady Nora interrupts graciously; and then she smiles sweetly, and taps the enraptured John on one of his big red ears, comparing herslef mentally to Titmia as she does so. "I think you are very good and generous, my dear fellow. But you were always pending over the Dormers. that'-with a deep sigh and castdown eyes. To herself she allowance."

"Indeed I wasn't generous," in love with you the minute I laid my eyes on you, Lady Nora, my dar- in a gracious mood, says affablytake, though it was a sad one." he adds in a low tone, "and a thing I'm sure you wouldn't have done for worlds the minute after you had done it! And-don't ever speak of it again, dear; I can't bear to thick

of it!" "Nor can I," Lady Nora rejoins meekly, looking up at him very innocently. "I must have been mad, you know-mad with trouble and worry, and the debts of my poor boy to pay, and-oh, I couldn't to:

vou all!" "Yes, dear, I'm sure of it," say

and foolish ones.

honest John. But for that hateful Lord Po treath and that more hateful Isabelle Glover, she might now confortably bury the very richory of that past deed, la with ang. reflects Nora impatience, one of the most foolish and dangerous things she has ever done amongst many dangerous

Three years before, when staying that she dared not even leave the hotel, as she had not the means of paying her bill, and stayed on week after week, buoyed up by the hope that, as the Viscount and the Viscountess Glynne were coming to Cheitenham, things would be made

smooth for her. At the eleventh hour their plans were changed in consequence of Lady Maria's health, and they went to Carlsbad instead. In an evit Of course you may tell Yolande you hour, she used to think, but in a lucky hour, she thinks now, made the acquaintance of a Carter, staying like herself at the the sun, and with a smile of adieu hotel, and she was scornfully amused at the vulgar-looking little man's evident reverential admiration for her, until in her desperate plight she thought of turning his ad-

> From being freezingly gracious to him, or disdainfully amused by his homage of words and looks tones, and hot house flowers and costly fruit, and new books and r.agazines sent continually to her rooms, Lady Nora condescended to become friendly and confidential with him, and asked him to afternoon tea with herself and some lady friends.

Mr. Carter went to tea, and discounted a hill for Lady Nora Glynne on very easy-remarkably easy terms, a bill drawn in her favor by Lyulph, Lord Glynne. And Lady treath people! It is absolutely Nora the next morning was summoned to town . by a telegram "from my niece, the Viscountess," she explained, and departed by the early express, having paid all claims on her in Cheltenham most honorably, leaving Mr. Carter disconsolate, with only that bill at two months which he discounted for her to comfort him-that bill which was a for-There was an awful quarter of an

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hour for Lady Nora when the bitt came due-a time she shudders to remember-when Lyulph Glynne, her own nephew by marriage, in Mr. Carter's office, told her in coarse and cruel language what he thought of her conduct, and menaced her and denounced her and renounced

her in a fiendish manner. "For a wretched trifle of three hundred pounds!" Lady Nora cried amidst her sobs, seeing not the sin, but the amount for which the sin was committed.

But. Viscount Glynne continuing fiercely obdurate, and even merciless, Mr. Carter interfered, and with a grave stern face, cancelled the

"Lady Nora will repay me one day And, fresh from thus casting down perhaps," he remarked in a low

Acting on that hint, Lady Noraas a mediaeval knight could have never a proud woman-wrote a daindone, John Carter comes a-wooing ty and most friendly letter to him et, and a check for two hundred of three nundred pounds-asking for pounds and a marriage settlement a "loan" of fifty more. She obtained it by return of post, and Something like a lover! Lady obtained other "loans" each time Nora thinks so, and feels almost she asked for them, until at the end, satisfied with her future husband. of the year she owed John Carter She accepts the cheque with an airy nearly nine hundred pounds; and grace of indifference when honest John Carter asked for payment by John mutters something about "a a promise for "some day" in the

hears him read the terms of the lighted to get off so easily, and, marriage settlement-which gives her arranging matters with her confive hundred a year pin-money and science, permitted Mr. Carter to go on trusting to this future "some survives him-with calm attention. | day," and to pay into her banking account the sum of three hundred pounds yearly for two years longer, until the Earl of Pentreath, or rather his faithful friend Miss Glover, played Deus ex machina, and advised Mr. Carter to meet Lady Nera at the costume ball-got the invitation for him indeed-and gave him a friendly hint to press his cause, as the time was favorable.

Lady Nora was advised by Miss Glover as to the answer she ought to give her faithful lover, and advised also of the ruin that was im-

"So your troublesome kinswoman says is off your hands, my lord," with confidence, "I can dress as I says, in her half-laughing, half-sarplease and spend money com- castic way. She has had the news his marriage connections. It does fortably. He will never refuse to privately from Mrs. Vavasor, her pay any moderate bills beyond my former employer, with whom made- two Earls are dead-they are Earls moiselle has become very intimate still. Mr. Carter, thinking painful and friendly of late. "Poor Mr. thoughts are hers, interposes, hast- Carter is now the only one entitled to bear all the anxieties and exhe penses that the dear little lady's Glover, and she is quite aware of says, his honest face reddening with taste for practising caligraphy may emotion, "for I fell head and ears entail on her nearest and dearest!" And the Earl of Pentreath, being

ling! So there wasn't much gener- "You're awfully clever, Belle! I'm osity in my looking over that mis- much obliged to you for putting the spur on."

CHAPTER XLI. Twice before she goes to bed Lady Nora has rashly-generous impulsesso she tells herself afterwards. One is, considering she has more than two hundred pounds in her possession, and a prospect of much more in the near future, to send her son something-say, twenty pounds - a slice of her newly-acquired prosperity. But, on second thoughts, she wisely considers that if does so Dallas will only begin worrying about that unfortunate ring again-perhaps go on teasing and writing and asking questions until the whole story comes to Mr. Carhim to pay off his debts, to get an- in the cool nights and frosty dews other situation, do everything that of morning. she has written, and Dallas's utter of its neighbors.

impulsive.

faded she does look lately!" she he rings the bell. was at thirty.

voice, as of one who introduces a fully aware of it.

frigidly careless. "Yes," Lady Nora sighs. "He asked how you were, and desired to be remembered to you. His 'kind

kind word for him." ed by Yolande's pale face and blaz- one trace of home left - not one ing eyes, and tries to shift all the trace of the existence of his wife blame and wrath and burden of Yolande in the house which he wrong-doing on the absent one's thought her home! shoulders.

"He is quite well, I hope?" Yolande inquires, in a hard, indifferent tone, absorbed in remedying a fect in her bed-room candle-wick. "Yes; he looked rather thin. said he had not been very well," Lady Nora answers impatiently. "I got him to drive a little way with

me, but he would not come any farther than Albert Gate." "He was very busy, perhaps," Yolande says with a slight yawn. "I think I will say good-night, Lady

Nora; I feel very tired." The same words used by the wife as by the husband in their miserable separation-each with bitter secret blame supposing the other to be abthe other which increases day by

day 1 Lady Nora knows it well; shallow ____ she is, she

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knows it well, but she will not speak one word to soothe the pain and heal the wound.

"Good night, love! You do look awfully ill and tired!" she says with her young face haggard with misery, to brood in sleepless wretchedness over her wrongs.

The first touch of autumn has come, though it is but the end August-six weeks from the that Lady Nora Glynne had last interview with her son.

She is not Lady Nora Glynne now, but Lady Nora Carter, having been married very quietly at St. Peter's. Eaton Square, one beautiful sunny by the Earl of Pentreath. unbounded delight and pride of honest John Carter, who has now a not matter to him that the other

For this unexpected kindness and condescension Lady Nora has no one to thank but the omniscient Miss the fact.

"My lord," Miss Glover says impatiently, "Mr. Carter is worth cultivating. He's a 'solid' man, 'square' man, a 'cubic' man, in word; and, if you don't gain goodwill now, you will never gain folly, to be able to tell her that I it. She will prejudice him against was quite independent of her- my you; and, if you don't take my gentle loving little wife, who would advice, you will regret it only once give me her life, I believe, if I need--that will be always.

So his lordship took his "little friend's" advice, and was so ami- my wretched folly-I shall never able and gracious at the wedding- forgive myself." the breakfast was at an hotel "because of Mr. Dormer's state of health"-that no one would have dreamed that the urbane peer had ever called the charming bride cheat and a forger," and told her she was "a disgrace to every one belonging to her." But the bride and the bridegroom both recalled it, and

an ugly dream it was. That is three weeks ago now, and the yellowing leaves on the trees ter's ears before she is married to in the parks and squares have behim. Later on she can arrange gun to flutter down thickly on to everything-get back the ring, send the faded sod beneath, and the Vir-Dallas a handsome present, help ginian creeper leaves are reddening

is affectionate and motherly and "But I suppose if I left a letter at Chettenham, Lacy Nora lount generous; but for the present she for her it would be forwarded with that Wilmot Sarjent thinks this berself in delt to such a degree sends him-nothing. Her other gen- other business communications," himself—that he looks down on the erous impulse is to tell Yol- Dallas Glynne says bitterly to himande about her husband and the self, pausing before No. 9, Rutevident miscarriage of those letters land Gardens, which has even a more which Lady Nora knows quite well shut-up desolate look than some

unconsciousness of the change that | The broad pearl-gray steps are behas taken place in poor Yolande's grimed with London smoke and fortunes. But here again, wise se- dust, and quite a shower of red cond thoughts prevent her from do- leaves from the Virginian creeper ing anything so ill-considered and next door had rained down on the area steps and flags.

When Yolande comes into her "The house I went out of on my room to say good-night, Lady Nora ill-starred wedding-day, and have looks at her dubiously for a few never entered since, and have no moments. "How ill and thin and right to enter now," he mutters, as

thinks, with a satisfied glance at A very dingy but amiable elderly her own brilliant face, almost as lady of the genus char-woman opens fair and smooth at forty-eight as it the door, and stands blinking at the bright light, and staring at Captain "I saw Dallas to-day, Yolande," Glynne amazedly as he stands starshe says, in a cold, sad, unwilling ing at her, speechless with surprise and with a numb pain at his heart disagreeable subject and is sorrow- which seems to tingle through him. "Was you wishful to see anyone, "Did you?" Yolande responds, sir?" the civil and grubby old personage inquires, with a propitiatory

smile on her heavily-smudged countenance. It is as if he has suddenly come regards,' he said. Such a phrase upon a grave-the grave of some for a husband to use!" She sighs one he knows and loves. The house again. 'Dallas is very much al- is empty. The great hall is bare tered-so cold and curt and im- and gloomy and echoing as a vault; patient! I could scarcely get a the wide stairs, all dusty and marked with feet, lead up to empty She is secretly very much frighten- shadowy chambers. There is not

> "Oh, my darling, the girl that used to love me so fondly, my faithful little wife whom I treated so cruelly!" is the cry that goes up from his heart while he is standing confronting the alarmed Mrs. Bodger--"Cornelia Bodger" is her classic name-who is filled with misgiving by this time that the handsome gentleman has deadly designs on herself and the empty mansion of which she has the charge.

"Have they all gone away? They are not living here now-Mr. Dormer's family?" he asks, his heart beating in great slow throbs that make him feel dizzy. "There-there misunderstanding, their miserable has not been anyone sick-anyone

"I dunno, sir, indeed," Mrs. Bodures—each heart lonely and wretched, and with a rankling pain against knobby fingers. "The family's left, sir, an' the furniture was all removed only three days ago. An' the men an' the vans left the place in such a state, sir, I haven't given

"But you did not hear that there was anything-illness or that- to cause the family to leave so suddensweetly, and lets the girl go away ly?" he persists-and the blood seems to run chill in his veins. "If I have lost her-if I have lost her!" he mutters, with his hand cienched on his stick.

"I dunno, indeed, sir," replies the intelligent Cornelia Bodger. "The

house-agent could tell you, sir." And she is glad to get rid of him, and to shut the door with a hollow clang behind him, while Dallas walks on and on like a man in a dream-He has walked on into the Marylebone Road before he knows where he morning; and she was given away is; and, while he pauses to think to the | what he shall do next, an empty cab crawls up temptingly beside him. He hears the insinuating "Keb, third Earl to bring into the list of sir?" softly spoken, and, stepping in, like a man in a dream still, he bids the cabman drive to Regent's Park Road. He dimly recollects in his stunned bewildered state that the Sarjents live there, though he is not sure of the number of the house.

"I must see them-I must see some one - hear something about her to put my mind at rest, or I shall go mad!" he says, fevered with the sudden dread and longing and a pain that have seized him. "I waited to have good news before I went his to her; I waited, in my pride and ed it-and I may have waited too long! May Heaven forgive me for

He chafes himself into a fever at the delay in finding the house; he is half mad with suspense and dread and impatience when it is found at last, and he is ushered into a room where Wilmot Sarient sits writing

calmly. In Dallas Glynne's innermost heart there is and has always been a secret jealousy-unacknowledged even to himself-of Yolande's cousin. Not from anything he has ever seen or heard, not from word or deed of either Yolande or her cousin perhaps from the whisperings of conscience that the plain homely young city man would have been so much kinder and truer to a young wife than he, Dallas, has ever been, and perhaps from an irritating fancy dashing well-born man with disapproval and contempt all the deeper that it is silent, and that he regards Yolande Glynne with a compassionate pity for being the wife of such a husband as Dallas Glynne. This feeling is tingling through

him as with haughty humility and forced composure he apologizes for his "intrusion," and asks Mr. Sarient if he will kindly give him Mr. (T) ha concluded.)

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