THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1905



upon his daughter's shoulder, "and

He looked at it intently for an in-

"Yes, without a doubt. What a

good-looking fellow he was! He and

"So I have often heard you say.

large, nor is the likeness flattering,

"Oh, yes; I'd know him anywhere,

"No." Margaret laid her hand

fore all our troubles came."

many long years."

he might become my rival if he " re- sigh of relief and returned to the library. mained at Riversdale." "Well, Miss Meg," putting his hand

"Then he is no longer dangerous?"

ve in view."

"I cannot explain now-here in this may forget to be angry and blow you crowd. But, Lady Linton, there is up." trouble coming for you and yours."

She grew very white and sank into a chair close by.

"Trouble? Oh! I know. I felt today that something was wrong." "If Margaret," he bent and whis-

same, I-" pered into her ear, "will but marry "Well, for goodness sake, come to room. me, I may avert the catastrophe the point, Meg. What have you diskeep things as they are. You have covered?" power over her. Go to her-persuade

her. Tell her the happiness, the wellbeing of her family depends upon me. ly untying the cord tound a small threshold, and gazed with horrified Tell her that if she refuses poverty packet that she held in her hand. will come upon you all, ruin-"

"Sir Julian Goldsmid, are you laid them face downwards on the ta- whiskey. mad?" Lady Linton's voice was ble. The last one, a large head, she hoarse; she was white to the lips, handed to her father, saying: "My husband may be in debt. But "That is your cousin Archie, isn't

the estate is a fine one. He-" it, the late Lord Linton?" "The estate is," he laughed, "certainly a fine one. Extravagant as you stant.

both are, it would stand the drain, upon it for many, many years. But supposing it did not belong to him supposing the rightful owners had turned up to claim it? What then, Lady Linton?"

"What the?" Her eyes had a scarphotograph representing a group of ed look, she trembled in every limb. "You remember what I told you some weeks ago," he continued, in suppressed tones, "when I suggested to you that there might have been a Cousin Archie." mistake-" poor chap. But what the deuce are

"About the late Lord Linton's wife. Oh! Sir Julian, that was only a wood of chaming at, child? What's the stared at him with dull, heavy eyes, horrible suspicion of yours. I-I always thought you told me of it to frighten me."

'That suspicion has grown and gathered strength till it has become a heavily upon her father's arm. "You may beg, borrow, or steal where you Smith's hand. have many good and indisputable are mistaken. See here," holding out please; I-" proofs of the fact, that the late Lord Lin'ton's first wife, Madeline Delorme, died twelve or thirteen years before he did."

She grasped his arm. "Then who was the second Madeline Delorme? Why did he go to see that woman the night before he was killed?" "That is still a mystery. The one

thing we know is that she was not him as a brother." his wife."

"And-and had he married again? Had he children?" "Yes, and he left two children - a

bey and a girl." "My God!" she gasped. "I know -

now I understand. Linton has heard

number eight?" questioned Lord Lin- did, and there he got all belonging to brary. She was still wearing the ton, gazing over the boy's head at me, and amongst other things my pa- simple leghorn hat and dark serge the open door. pers; the story of my marriage, por- jacket in which she had travelled up

trait of my wife, and the entire his- from Grove Ferry, and drawing on "This is haight. Can't yer read yet, guv'nor?" replied the urchin, with a tory of my dealings with you, my her gloves, she suddenly resolved to chuckle. "There's haight on the door Lord Linton." go for a walk.

"You-you had written all that?" gasped Lord Linton, staggering to a she thought. "But what matter? I'll floor back, an' yer'll find Mr. Smith, "I did not say that. I sad I feared this time-the ruffian." He heaved a if 'e's at 'ome, but 'e's mostly hout, chair. "Oh, you madman-you-" "I felt I must. Some day I was joy the fresh air. It's a lovely even-'e is, when gents like you come along. sure I should have to protect myself ing, and my head burns. I must go Hup yer go."

against you. I-I didn't trust you - out. Lord Linton's fingers tightened and so-" "Not in that sense. In fact, now I what may this wonderful discovery and he raised it as though to give

rust he may help me to the end 1 of yours be? For your sake I trust the insolent youngster a well-merited destroy you-you as well as me." it's something of real importance, chastisement; but suddenly controll-Smith raised one transparent hand past in her carriage.

"How on earth could he do that?" and then, perhaps, your stepmother ing himself, he muttered something and laid it on his clammy brow. "No one can hurt me now. My day then pale. She had no wish to be under his breath, and passed on into is over. Before long I'll leave this seen by her step-mother, and was the black, filthy passage. With some wretched room-for my grave. And so anxious to postpone her meeting with Margaret looked at him with grave difficulty and feelings of most intense to me it matters little.

eyes. "I hope she will not do that. disgust he staggered up the narrow, "But to me it may mean everything not have been uneasy. Lady Linton Aunt Miriam allowed me to come. greasy stair, and at last, breathless -life or death-to me and mine. did not see her. Her eves were fixed She thought the discovery most im- and exhausted, he reached the top of Where is this Grogan?" He grasped upon a distant part of the far-off sky. portant. I am sure you will think the the fourth flight, and knocked loudly the wretched man by the shoulder. "I Her mind was absorbed with strangewith his stick at the door of the back have given him money-for you - a ly unpleasant and perplexing

further sum to keep him and you thoughts. Her visit to the studio A low, feeble voice bade him enter, silent. Where is he? Where can I find that day, her conversation with Sir and turning the handle he pushed him?" open the door, then paused upon the Smith looked up with a gleam of had got of John and his sister, had

The girl made no reply, but silentsomething like terror in his glassy made many things clear to her. eyes into the darkened chamber, reeyes. took out several photographs, and dolent of stale tobacco and bad

done he'll go to the others. I know usurper, an imposter; of that she was "What a den!" he muttered. "Can him; maybe he's there now."

anything human live here?" "The others? What others?" Linton was livid; he trembled in ev- give up the name and property that Upon a bed in the corner he descried a thin; wretched-looking ery limb. man, with a ghastly face and a hack-"It's all written here. I kept this"

ing cough. -taking a greasy pocket-book from ture of her children, looked very black "Come in, can't you?" he said, under his pillow-"from him-and indeed. here-" Again a convulsive fit of peevishly. "You've taken all I've got, and want to kill me right out at coughing shook him from head to Goldsmid," she decided. "He will be

I were great friends, Meg, once - beonce; for you know I can't stand a foot. draught." Lord Linton snatched the pocket-And here," taking up a much smaller "Good heavens!" cried Lord Linton,

over the grimy pages. sickened by the foul atmosphere, but people, "he is again. The head is not stepping across to the bed as he stare, as he dropped back spent and come to this not altogether unsatisspoke. "What has brought you to livid. but still anyone cane see that it is this? I had no idea-I- But are you

"I see-all the names and addresses troubles that lay before her, Lady -can you be the man I want - Her--John Fane, Beryl Fane, Mrs. Ot- Linton drove on into Park Lane. bert Smith-the actor Fane?"

way. But they're poor; he'll get no-thing out of them," Lord Linton that she had not been noticed by her The unhappy creasture on the bed said, with a wild laugh. "Still, it's stepmother, Margaret wandered away good of showing me these portraits and his emaciated frame was shaken a good thing you did not give him across the park. It was a lovely evof poor Archie? He's been dead and by convulsive coughing, "I-I'm the gone, and all belonging to him, for man-Smith-once Fane, the actor," this. I'll take it now, for safety. This ening, though rather warm, and thinkman-Smith-once Fane, the actor," will pay you for it, and get you a he gasped. "But I've nothing for you few things you may require." And none-from the water would be pleas-

to-day-not one halfpenny. So you he pressed a ten-pound note into ant, she bent her steps towards the Just then a heavy step on the stair

ly. "Is this some one coming here?"

dangerous." The man in bed made no reply. spasm of terror passed over his livid the cool shade of the trees. countenance, and there came suddenly

into his fast-glazing eyes a wild and hunted look. "Grogan!" he ejaculated. "Oh! if he So

died to a whisper-"cannot bear- He there. Everything is-ought to be will-"

John's." The door burst open, and Grogan,



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another large group. "On the back "Smith, don't you know me? I am of this you will see the names-John Lord Linton." Fane, Beryl Fane, Archibald and Isabel Fane. In other words, Cousin is that I know them all, a little - less and exhausted on his pillow. his son a great deal, for he was Auntie's steward, and Hugo loves visitor said with a shudder and glance of horror and disgust round

face, and tried to speak, but no a few months ago you were in good words came forth from his drawn, set health, and I gave you money to "It's so funny," Margaret went on, how have you come so low?"

not noticing his strange looks. "How? Drinking and gambling led "Hugo was always wishing John was me into bad society. For since I his cousin, and now, you see, he is — agreed to support, aid, and abet you

"You?" The man sat up with an oath, and continued to swear loudly Archie, his wife and children; and, till obliged to stop by another fit of oh! father, the wonderful part of it coughing. Then he sank back speech-"How did you come to this?" his

He stared at her glowing, happy the miserable room. "When I saw you

keep you well and comfortable. ture - torment me - I'' his voice feel sure that we have no right to be

more disreputable looking than ever at least, a kind of cousin. How near and keep you in your false position; relled across to the bed.

"Margaret must marry Sir Peter generous to me and the little ones. For the sake of old times and the book, and with shaking hands turned help I'll give him in the winning of his bride he'll look after us, I know, Smith gazed at him with a fixed in every way he can." And having

then. That accounts for his misery today."

lips.

Sir Julian smiled grimly, then laid his hand upon Lady Linton's arm. "Don't give way to despair. John Fane is in my power, acting under my advice."

She shrank away from him with a sudden loathing. She was in sore straits and he stood by tempting her. "Poverty and disgrace," she murmured, "for me and my children. Oh! I could not bear it. I could not bear it."

"And you must not." he said. watching the livid face, and guessing what her miserable thoughts must be, "bear it. Why should you? Possession is nine points of the law. Work for me - win Margaret's consent to marry me, and I'll fight John Fane to the bitter end, and we'll come of victorious. You know I'm a clever

lawyer, and-" "Give me time to think. The whole

thing is so terrible. Linton will never consent-Linton-" A mocking laugh from Sir Julian

interrupted her, and she stood up, her eyes flashing indignantly. "Call my carriage, if you please, Sir Julian Goldsmid, - will-give you my decision-to-morrow."

As Lady Linton made her way through the crowd, the smoking-room door opened, and Gerald Fairfax came out, followed by his sister Enid, a fair and beautiful girl, and a tall, serious-looking young man.

Catching sight of Beryl's lovely face as she passed. Lady Linton paude, and drew a deep breath.

"A striking likeness. Oh, Hugo! Oh, my Doris! What life will be ours henceforth?"

And shivering, Lady Linton drew her dainty cloak round her shoulders, and hurried out of the studio to her carriage.

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CHAPTER XL.

Margaret's unexpected arrival was a surprise to her father, and coming as she did at a most inopportune moment, he was not at all pleased to see her.

"You came without permission. You should not have done so," he cried, in a tone of annoyance, "Your stepmother will be very angry, for, as you know, she likes to be obeyed."

"I know, father, but I had to come time."

wait a moment, and then you can tell me all about it." And opening the door, he went out and looked up and stick. UDers Mr. Stourt a small boy, tattered and dirty and pawned them, and I was too ill to know or care what he did. He went to my old lodgings with my card—a few lines written on it hy me down the hall. "Gone-safely gone

is he, father? Was Cousin Archie since I took money from you that your first or- But oh! what's the was not yours to give; since I swore matter? You are ill-faint. Sit I'd keep your secret, I've known no down, father. Shall I ring for peace. I had to distract my mind -Richardson? Get some brandy? Why, I deaden my feelings-and this is what declare, you are livid."

"No, no; it's nothing. It will pass," he gasped, as he sank down upon the he"-clenching his fists-"will come couch. "I-I'm often like this, Meg; to a bad end. That's my one com-I'm getting old, and my heart's fort, and-" weak." "Yes." Margaret was all sympathy

at once, and dropping the photographs, laid a cool hand upon his

forehead. "I'm very sorry." "Excitement is bad for me, and those photos revived sad memories, Meg.

"But don't you long to set things I_" right, father? Think of the injustice that's been done." He flung her hand aside. "Injustice!

has been done." "But, father, if John"-she said the

-"is Cousin Archie's son, he ought to be Lord Linton."

between his teeth. Then laughing a wild, nervous laugh, he said: "These are things you don't-can't understand at your age. I-I-don't deny that John Fane is Archibald Fane's

son; but he is not, and never will be, Lord Linton."

CHAPTER XLI.

Alarmed and excited, his mind full lips. of all kinds of distressing and terrify-

cabman in a loud voice, so that Rich- ed, and closed his eyes with a sigh. ardson might hear, to go to the Carlton Club, drove away. But at Zicca- Linton said fiercely. "You can't live

shillinh, and got out. Then, walking ens! if you die-and-and have kept a short distance back, he hailed an- your word, I and mine are safe. So Margaret put her hands before her

street. Here he once more dismissed or not?" his conveyance, and strolled on down "I did not betray you," Smith anfound

Guire street.

"Indeed? I trust it is a pleasant At the door of one of the grimiest can force another to-"

tick. "Does Mr. Smith live here? Is this when all but unconscious of what I Thus

"Smith, I've got the prog. from the old fool who calls himself Lord Linton, and lucky it is I got it, for those blooming idiots refuse to do anything. John Fane, 'e's a roarin' that game has brought me to. Cheats hass, if yer will-he won't disturb the never prosper, Grogan says, and so family. Goldsmid-you know the old

in' to take no steps unless- But good "Grogan!" Lord Linton blanched. "Is he the villain he looks? Did you

in the bed. "Why, I declare. Oh! well not send him to me?" -I never-you are bad." "Vilfain! He couldn't look half the

He bent over Smith and held the villain he is. He's one of the very worst ever made. But then, we're all glass of medicine to his lips. "That's villains-rogues-you and I." better, old cove. I've 'eaps and 'eaps "Speak for yourself, Mr. Smith. to tell yer; so wake hup an' listen.'

Grogan had not noticed Lord Lin-"You-oh! you"-raising himself on his elbow-"are a whited sepulchre - staggered into the room, and all un- trying to appear calm and unmoved. an outwardly respectable rogue. But conscious of his presence bellowed out You talk like a child. No injustice your day is short, I warn you; you'll his information.

soon be torn from you high place." "So the whole thing's blowed," he Lord Linton caught his arm with a went on, "an' I'm hoff to Amername softly and with deepening color cry of fury. "You have betrayed meickey's shore. We've been pals, you sold my secret. Speak, man! You have an' me. an' I thought I'd leave you

broken your word. Confess-to whom a cooter or two of the swag. But "You fool!" hissed her father from have you betrayed me? Tell me now, why don't yer speak? Good Lord!' or I'll shake the breath out of your starting away, "'e's a dead un. Well, miserable body." never. Poor old Smith." But Smith was incapable of speech.

Lord Linton stepped as close to the He coughed and choked and gasped bed as he dared, and gazed into for breath, and coughed again, then Smith's ghastly countenance.

CHAPTER XLII.

lay back panting, and holding out his "Yes; it's all over," he murmured, hands towards a glass upon the tawith a feeling of horror. "He's dead, "Oh, my love, does this mean that-" ble. Unmoved by any pity for the and if only I dared throttle this rufsufferer, but anxious to quiet the disfian I might henceforth rest in peace. tressing cough and get the information he required from him, Lord Linton held the glass of water to his

Bond street in a hansom, this time Smith swallowed a few drops, made really to the Carlton Club. ing possibilities, Lord Linton left his a wry face, and pushed the glass

house in Park Lane, and telling the away. "Villainous stuff," he murniur-"Tell me all I want to know," Lord

dilly he stopped the hansom, paid his long, and before you go I-oh, heav-

caped her. "It's not just; and nothing, no

the street. After a time he inquired swered in a low, feeble, almost inau- matter what anyone says, will perhis way to Lee's Court, and at last dible voice. "But I was betrayed. I suade me that it is. IL Cousin Arhimself picking his way went one day, two months ago or chibald believed his first wife dead, through the dirty, narrow passage more, to empton Park races. I bet, and married again, he meant his chilthat runs from Oxford street into Mc- and lost heavily, and then, to drown dren and his second wife to have evmy sorrow, I drank. Grogan found erything he possessed when he died.

Wondering vaguely why Smith, me, and took care of me. Any money I'm sure he did. He looks so kind and alias Fane, had chosen such an awful I had in my pockets he transferred to loving in all those photographs. In locality for his place of residence, he his own, and then, thinking I might one, I remember, he had Beryl on his went along, sickened by the unwhole- be useful, brought me here-to" - knee, and his arm round his little made a strange discovery, and felt I some smells, appalled by the look of must tell you about it without loss of poverty and misery that he encount- bed."

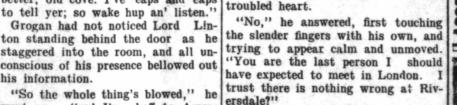
"But why did you stay? No man his trouble that day; for if I had I'd have been kinder-more gentle. And discovery, Miss Meg," he said, won- and most dilapidated houses in the "Wait a bit. He took my clothes oh!" springing to her feet, a red spot dering at her earnestness. "But first court a small boy, tattered and dirty and pawned them, and I was too ill burning hotly on each cheek, "I was

Thus musing, Margaret left the

A firm step came along the gravel-HEAD OFFICE-8 Co Branch-St. John St. Montreal led path, quickly at first, then more CAPITAL slowly, and at last stopped short, straight before her. Startled, the girl felt her color rise, and fearing

passerby, kept her eyes fixed resolutely on the ground. "Mis Fane."

bloke in Chancery Lane? 'e's not go- touched her hand gently, "she was She looked up with a start, and 'evings, what's hup?'' He laid his with a bright blush and a little cry hands on Smith and pulled him up of glad surprise met John Fane's eves fixed upon her in wondering inquiry. "You did not expect to see me here?" she said, holding out her hand with a sweet, fresh laugh that was like a breeze in spring to John's



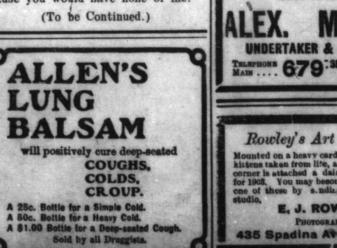
"Nothing. The new steward," smiling, "is all he ought to be, and we are all very well. But," a wave of crimson swept over her face, "I am glad I met you, as-as I wish to," her words came forth in little, short gasps, "say-to tell you that I am sorry for my rudeness to you. I didn't-"

"Margaret!" He caught her hand, and drew her quickly towards him. She smiled into his eyes. "That I love you, John? Yes. I was proud and Still, if what he says is true, I've horrid and scornful. But I loved you nothing to fear." And he stole away all the time; though I never knew on tip-toe and was soon driving down till I found you were in trouble."

"My darling!" His arms were round her, his lips were pressed to hers in one loving, impassioned kiss. "My Margaret, nothing matters now. Nothing, since you love me, and will be my wife."

"That I will be gladly," she said in a soft whisper, "come what may."

As the door closed behind her father "God bless and keep you! And tell other cab, and was taken to Oxford speak-Smith, have you betrayed me eyes, and a deep, long-drawn sigh es- me, sweetheart, what you meant by saying I had troubles? Did you mean that I was pining with sorrow because you would have none of me?'



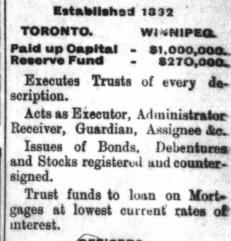
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