HEARTS AND CORNETS

atinued from Page 6.) atchful gaze was on him, ed the door she came There was a look of a her calm face. It at seemed to give him

o none he said to her, his breath coming fast. "Mildred, whom did you promise to marry-the vaga-bond or the heir of the manor?" She was startled, but she did not

witate a second. "I promised to marry the man I love," she said. "Is he the man who loves me?

"Always, from now on, and for-ever, so help me God."

His earnestness stirred her very soul. It was a moment too deep for speech. Then he put his hands on her shoulders and bent his eyes to hers.

"Go to Hugh Lindsay and ask him to come to see me-his Cousin Laurence. I will be waiting for him in the drawing-room. Tell him that I am devoured by curiosity to see that will of Uncle Eric's-that I wish be

will of Uncle Eric's—that I wish he would bring it to me. And do you come, too, Mildred—there is nothing now, in my life, from which you can be separated." When [Mildred tapped at Hugh's door, and delivered Laurence's mes-sage, the young man wondered at curiosity so ill-timed. But he took up the will at once, and Mildred, pre-ceding, went gravely down to where ceding, went gravely down to where the new master of the manor waited. Laurence was standing before the fire that burned in the open hearth, for the dampness of yesterday's rain made a fire necessary in the long room. As Hugh came in he paused, and the glances of blue eyes and black eyes met. They stood measuring each other as men do, then Laurence

can scarcely wait to hear the words that will give it to me."

Hugh handed him the folded parchment sheet. Laurence took it in both outstretched palms. A great whiteness had shut down over his tace, an awe, as if he were afraid.

"The seal will not be broken, course, until Mr. Banks arrives. We expect him at any moment now," said Hugh, smiling a little, and his smile was not unmixed with contempt.

ously into his cousin's face. "Hugh,

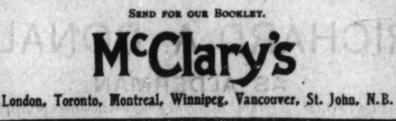


posed of three bars, with short bull-dog teeth, which grip, chop up and throw down the gritty clinkers, but squeeze the hard coal upwards.

The two outer bars work on the centre one, and all

three are held together in one strong iron frame, which can be removed by merely unscrewing one bolt. This is a great point in a range. Most range grates require expensive experts to take out old ones and put in new grates . You can do the trick on a "Pandora" in ten minutes, with a ten cent piece for a screw driver. Isn't that simple, convenient, inexpensive?

The more you know about the "Pandora" the better you'll like it,



PLEDGE WELL KEPT that vile-tempered old tyrant! Never

each other as men do, then Laurence stepped forward in greeting, and Hugh grasped his extended hand. "The fortunes of war!" said Laur-ence. "Can you forgive me, Cousin Hugh?" "Freely, honestly," said the young-er man, cordially. "There are things above wealth in this world, Laur-"".

"Thank you—so I have proved. Will the sweetest and futiest of bloch. bour such a saint. you let me see that famous will? It may seem unnatural to wish to han-dle it, but I love Lindsay so that I the sweetest and futiest of bloch. Two great elms, just far enough apart to swing a gay Mexican hammock, shaded the tiny yard where Dick Der-dle it, but I love Lindsay so that I nent, junior, lay on a rug, sicking and crowing, while his pretty mam-ma bustled in and out, busy as only a little wife-mother and housekeeper of twenty can be. At-forty, even with a dozen children, mo-ther can afford sometimes to take a ther can afford sometimes to take a

nap or so between the acts; but at twenty life's drama is too stirring for even a wink. "And I'll get another job in a day or two, I am sure. Ridgely, in the mills across the river, hinted to me while his pipe fell from his hand and speet him at any moment now," said lugh, smiling a little, and his smile as not unmixed with contempt. "Of course." Laurence gazed curi-ty, who had captured Dick's honest

boyish heart in her graduation dress, come out right." isn't your heart breaking to lose this glorious home of ours-to have anoth- found life a series of glad and won- was a faint tremor in her tone that and cringe to every young upstart er come in and reign where you derful revelations ever since. There told the mother-bird felt her nest never was such a husband, never such quiver in the breeze that precedes the 2 a home; never-oh, never-in ali the storm.

brought out from hidden storerooms! For every lonely, cheerless, he me-less, motherless creature within Moher Barbour's reach was remembered "Thanksgiving,"-from good Father Barry, whose simple bachelor board was always graced by her finest turkey, to poor crazy "Cris," who "ame grinning from his haunts on the "amp lands to eat his dinner for in the year like a Christian on kitchen porch.

ISTER. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1304

But it was of "good-will," that could not be baked or brewed, Moth-Barnour was thinking to-day as she glanced through her pantry win-dow to the porch, where her husband sat smoking in the sunset. Grim and grey and rugged was "old Pepper," with frowning brow and firm-set lips; but Mother Barbour's hand had been on this "lion's mane" for forty years and she knew no fear of his roar. She slipped out into the sunset to her old lover's side. "I saw little Mrs. Dernent in church

this morning, Silas," she said. "I am afraid they are in great trouble." "Glad of it!" growled "old Pep-

per." "An insolent young puppy. Deserves trouble!"

"She is such a pretty little crea-ture," continued Mother Barbour, not in the least abashed by this inauspi-clous opening. "Not a day older than our Ellen, and with the same soft wavy hair-you remember El-len's beautiful hair. And the poor

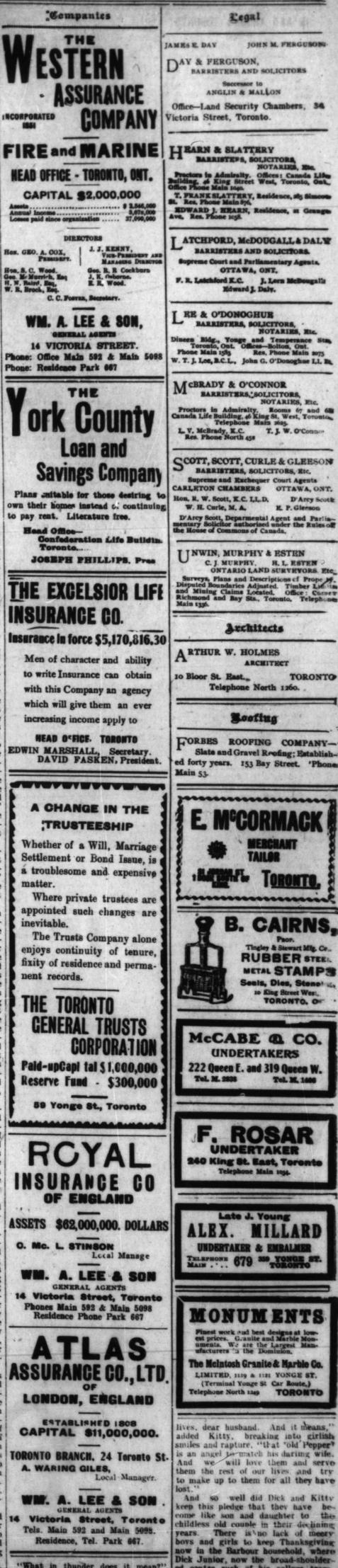
child was crying-" "Let her cry!" snapped the old man, fiercely. "Serves her right for marrying such a hot-tempered young

"I hear she has been looking for work at Meyers'."

Silas gave an angry grunt. Meyers' shirt factory and its sweat-shop prices were justly his abomination.

"It seems the young fellow himself has been down with a fever. He went

friendly word indeed,-a friendly that chooses to fly in my face like



Plans and Descriptions of Prope

thought to be master?' answered Hugh, frankly.

"No, it is not., I like this old place -the home of our fathers-affection for it has grown upon me, but I have no such craving-

"God!" cried Laurence Lindsay in voice that shook with passion. "God, how you tempt me-for I love it so!. Every stone in it I could press to my lips-every tree in it is dear to me. The very air I breathe here is purer, sweeter, fresher. It is home, home, home, and only here is my heart at rest!"

Hugh looked at him gently. "I am glad for your sake that you will have it, Laurence-

"Hear me out, Cousin. Long ago, I left here with a bitter heart, reme. I came to Uncle Eric. I plead-"He was sick and had been ailing

for a long time-

"I know all about that. Nevertheless, I told him I was sorry. How can I prove it? By carrying out his wishes. What were his wishes? That you would be master here. And by heaven, master you shall be, though it break my heart." bitter spell.

He turned, and bending, laid the parchment on the blazing logs. Hugh stared at him-and gave a lunge forward.

felt it was hot and wet.

pered.

'fired.' Kitty."

sick and faint.

"Yes, 'fired.'

-I've lost my place."

your living, Kitty?"

my precious little wife!"

"O Dick! what is it?", she whis-

"You might as well know first as

last," he answered, bluntly. "I am

ing the word and growing suddenly

"Worse!" he echoed, grimly. "What

Old man Barbour

"You madman!" he cried. "You foolt

"Both in the past, Cousin Hugh," with a reckless laugh. "Fool and madman, ingrate and spendthrift-but honest, thank God, for the first time ing my life. Mildred----"

He opened his arms wide to her and she came to him with a little sob and I had hot words this evening, and and clasped her two hands about his neck, clinging to him.

"My hero, my king!" she said. "Oh, Laurence, my hero, my king!"



Pain-Racked Woman Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills

Strong Statement by Mrs. Jas Hughes of Morley, Ont-She's and the Mexican hammock swung off Strong and Healthy Once More. into paradise again, even though Dick had a tale to unfold that might have

Morley, Ont., Dec. 12.-(Special).- [had a tale to unford that wiser heads What Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing and older hearts. for the suffering women of Canada For Mr. Barbour, the proprietor of and conservative; and Dick was young breaks the secrecy that covers wo- and high-spirited and venturesome: man and her troubles that a passing and there had been more than one se of their great work is given. difference about business methods befor this reason a statement made by fore now. But this afternoon had

port, had found the small parlor so favor went dead against him. Even all the dinners you please,-but he inadequate for her flounces that she Ridgely's, the rival mills across the may starve or beg or die before he had to allow them to sweep the tiny hall. Pelle had glanced commiserat-ingly over Kitty's home-made toil-ettes, and vowed she wouldn't do her

own work for any man under the "Something wrong about him," said to the sun. Much more had Belle said that the long-headed Yankee proprietor; his eyes savored of rank heresy to the love "or 'old Pepper'" (the sorbriquet Mr. But Mother Barbour smiled, -that reigned in the little cottoge un-der the elms, but Kitty was far too "would never have let such a clever had gathered as she spoke of her chil-

solved to shake its dust forever from dow on his handsome young brow, elms; but all in vain: It was a dull to its core. solved to shake its dust forever from my feet. But I could not. I had to come back—the Lindsay curse was on me. I came to Uncle Eric. I plead-fles; utterly regardless of the baby's I came to Uncle Eric. I plead-with him. He spurned me. I sked him to prove my penitence. I at the coffee. Then indeed Belle's a hand at the late harvesting, and cause there was little in the larder He offered me money. That inter-view with me killed him-" warning returned to Kitty, and she contracted a malaria in the swamp and less in the purse. All these question the appalling change. Not pale, hollow-eyed, trembling, the have faced with a smile. But this until she had stolen away in the twi- mere gaunt ghost of the Dick of long morning had come a letter from Eelle

> bidly in the hammock, had broken the of the elms were drifting in dead hand upon her young husband's cheek, groceries in the little pantry, no money in the pretty purse.

And Dick? Ah! the demon of malaria had laid its grasp upon bright, handsome Dick; and he was as moody "Tired!" she gasped, misapprehend- as petulant, as unreasonable, as only a man with malaria poisoning the springs of his young life can be. Joseph's altar and let her tears fall she wishes you a happy Thanksgivwhere only God could see.

would you call worse than losing But other eyes were upon her-ten-And then the little wife, still tremreach.

reach. True, there were no glad home-com-ings in the big, hospitable Barbour mansion; no gathering of sturdy in a saving flood, weeping away all ry sauce; extra help were summoned

tamecock if I chance to ruffle his pinfeathers! A friendly word! ' I history of man and woman kind, such a blessing of a baby! True, Belle Morris, stopping to see the leading people of the little town, her old classmate on her way to New-and Dick found that the loss of their

"Something wrong about him," said to the house as if the sunset hurt

happy to hear or heed. Until one beautiful evening Dick came home with a strange black sha-cle of little towns within reach of the silas had pierced the rugged heart dren; for she knew "old Pepper,"

light and sung the baby to sleep with ago. For "long ago" now, indeed, Morris offering a place and a pass the old convent hymns that had al-ways been his lullaby, did the expla-the little house-mother. Morris was working a mine. It nation come. For the sweet Ave The warm sunshine had paled; the told Kitty to sill out the little Maria, floating out into the star- late autumn was upon them with bird's-nest and come to her in the light while Dick lay stretched mor- its chill and gloom; the last leaves city, where she would find music scholars. It spoke of years of enforced showers over the tiny lawn and gar- separation, as if love were naught, Little Kitty, laying a caressing den; the Mexican hammock swung and gold were all. And Dick's eyes empty in the frosty air. And there had kindled feverishly at the glitterwas no fuel in the tiny cellar, no ing hope. Dick's burning lips had whispered: "It is our only chance, Kitty. We must take it."

And then indeed to the hapless little wife and mother the light seemed to go out of earth and sky into blackest gloom, in which even the Star of Faith vanished. It was a hard-eyed little Kitty, too wretched for tears Hope and Love seemed to have or prayers, who was stirring the failed Kitty; only Faith was left .- broth made from her last chicken the sweet, childlike faith that, kin- for Dick's dinner when a knock came "Oh!" murmured Kittv, with a sob of relief, "is that all, Dick? I sent the troubled little wife and mo-thought-I thought it was something ther every day to kneel before St. "Mrs. Barbour's compliments, a dled in the sanctuary of St. Clare's, to the door and a grinning negro boy "Mrs. Barbour's compliments, and

Thanksgiving! Kitty's lips quiv your living, Kitty?" "Losing your living!" she answer-ed, half laughing through her tears. "For I thought you said you were tired, Dick—tired of me, of home, of the baby. Belle Morris said you would be before long; that young men always are." "Tired of your!" Dick started up inder human eyes, that, though dimmed ered at the mocking word. Thanks-"Tired of you!j' Dick started up in-dignantly from his moody stretch in the hammock..."Belle Morris is a good woman turned the bitterness of Barbour lot; of the memorial window meddling idiot. . Tired of you, Kitty, her own desolation into a fount of over St. Joseph's altar; of the sweet, sweetness and joy to all within her saintly old face in its halo of silver

sons and fair daughters to make the hardness. all bitterness, as she unmother-heart glad; no lisping little covered the friendly offering. There ones to bring the jov of a second was a fat brown turkey reposing on soring to that fairyland of childhood, a bed of crisp lettuce, a flaky mince-"grandmother." But, for all that, pie, a tumbler of jelly, a bottle of will never be fully known. It is the great cotton mills in which Dick hecatombs of fat turkeys browned in these that made Kitty's eyes open celain kettles brimmed with cranber- wide, while the tears in their depths sparkled into rainbows. On the top to bake and boil; while Mother Bar- of all was an envelope directed in an bour herself in white cap and apron, old-fashioned business hand to Mrs. weighed and measured and stirred and Richard Dernent; and, ovening it,

For this reason a statement made by Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of this place, is of more than passing interest. "I was a great sufferer for four years," says Mrs. Hughes, "I was treated by five doctors and a special-ist from the U.S. I tried nearly of, but none scemed to do me any of, but none scemed to

